

Diary of William A Quantz ©

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Note: Starting with volume 5 the page numbers started at 1 again. Volume 6 starts at page 127.

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1920 - Happy New Year - 1920

A bright new year and a sunny track
Along and upward way,
And a song of praise on looking back Wednesday year has passed away,
And golden sheaves, nor small north you,
This is my New Year's wish for you.

January 3:. Last Sunday I went up to the First Christian Church on Bathurst Street, and heard Morton preach. Went home with him for dinner and had a good visit. Monday Flo and I went up to cousin Jake Quantz's at Edgely. Had another good visit and came back to the city on Wednesday in Joe Quantz's car with them. New Year's Day was spent with the girls again and yesterday we came home. Brother Ed is down from Alberta and he brought Minnie Ruth from Wellington's and I expect they will be with us for some time.

January 10:. We are enjoying ourselves at home once more. Ed and Minnie are here and we are doing as much visiting as work. The weather has been cold and it seems to be a cozy place in the bay-window over the register.

January 17: The weather has been bitterly cold and I have been in the house the greater part of the week. About 6 inches of snow fell yesterday. Ed and Minnie have been down to Joe Garbutt's and are now at L. Tindall's.

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Saturday night, January 24, 1920.

Cold weather still. Have been cutting a little wood and upholstering an old chair that has been around the house for years. Made a dandy of it. Ed went to Toronto and up the Northern track. Expect he will be at Will Spring's before he comes back.

January 31: Cold. Colder. Coldest. Official statements say that there has only been nine colder days in 40 years than it is today. Both John and I have heavy colds and have been laying around the house. Ed is back from the north. Good sleighing.

February 7: The extreme cold has modified and we have had a week of reasonable winter weather. I have been taking down the old henhouse, cutting wood, etc. Ed and Minnie are still here. There has been revival services in the Mennonite Church and I have been attending them regularly.

February 14: Milder weather and snowfalls this week. Have been making a few ornamental pickets in the cellar and poking around.

February 21: Still making pickets and poking around, mostly poking. The weather is still wintry, mostly around zero and there is a heavy coat of snow on the ground. There has been no thaw this winter to lessen it. Ed is farm hunting with headquarters here. Minnie is going to school.

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Saturday night, February 28, 1920.

I have been down at John Houck's, Cashel, this week doing some altering and repairing in their house at the corner. Went up Wednesday and came home this afternoon. Weather still very cold.

March 6: Fussing around home and getting out a little more material for the picket fence. We have had two or three days of warm weather and a shower of rain but it turned cold again. To J A Heise's funeral on Thursday.

March 13: Some showers and warm days have melted away a lot of the snow and set the water running. We are having a March snowstorm today and it is colder. Ed and Minnie are still here. Painting pickets etc.

March 20:. Another snowstorm this week. Part of the snow is still here but we had some warm days the former part of the week. I have been working for Leslie Rowbotham 1½ days at taking down an old building.

March 27:. Working for Rowbotham five days. Today has been wet and cold.

April 3:. Another week's work for Rowbotham with the exception of Thursday afternoon when I attended the funeral of my old workmate Sam Hoover. He and Mrs. Hoover went to New York State last winter to visit their daughters, Mrs. Hanes and Mrs. Mercer, and he has never been able to come

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home until he was brought a corpse. Ed has rented a farm east of Claremont and is trying to gather things together to start farming with. He and Minnie are still bunking here.

April 10:. We have had cold weather and snow flurries nearly all week. Have been working four days for Rowbotham and two at home. Baptist prayer meeting at our house this week.

April 17:. I have put in 60 hours hard work for Rowbotham and am desperately tired tonight. Am through with the job. He has partly built and partly remodeled another old building and will have a roomy up-to-date ice cream parlor. The weather is improving but the nights have been frosty and we have had snow flurries.

April 24:. Monday was a fine day and I planted some strawberry sets and sowed some onions. Tuesday and Wednesday I finished the garden fence, Thursday and Friday started a job for E Barnes at Bloomington and today working at home.

May 1:. The first three days of the week I was making garden and fixing roadway around the house and the last three days working at Barnes' again. The weather is cold and wet and seeding on low land is being delayed. Have been attending revival services at Bloomington conducted by Brown and Lee.

May 8:. Working on the Barnes job six days of 11 hours each this week.

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Saturday night, May 15, 1920.

Making garden two days and at Barnes the remainder of the week. Finished the job and came home tonight. Mildred came out from the city on Thursday and will remain for some time. She is quite unwell.

May 22: Home all week. Making garden, putting up a fancy picket fence across the lawn on the west side of the house, etc. Mildred is here still and Gordon came home today for a visit. Weather warmer.

May 29: Home for the 24th. Gordon, Eva, Mildred and Ed here. Went to Ballantrae by train in the evening and have been working for Ira Pryne 1½ days and W Cockerill 3½ days.

June 5: Working at Cockerill's again this week. Warm dry weather.

June 12: Last Sunday we went to Bloomington to the funeral of Mrs. Van Zandt formally Maggie Stapleton. Elder D Prosser officiating. Monday I was hoeing the garden and Tuesday morning Ira Badgero and I motored to "Lakeview House" Jackson's Point where we have been working till tonight repairing after a bad fire in the "House".

June 19: Monday forenoon Badgero and I motored to Jackson's Point again and started work on the Lakeview House. Thursday evening Badgero came home and I stuck to the job. I am here still and expect to remain over until next week and complete the job.

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Saturday night, June 26, 1920.

Came home from Jackson's Point this morning having finished my work up there. This afternoon Flo, Gordon and I went to Musselman's Lake public school picnic. It was a pleasant day and there was a large crowd there. Eva has gone back to Toronto but Mildred is still here.

July 3: The former part of the week I was attending to the garden and fixing up things in general. Thursday there was a big Dominion Day celebration in Stouffville and in the evening Wesley Hill motored us out to Ed's place six miles east of Claremont. Willie drove us home this evening and when we got here we found brother Wellington waiting for us. He is down from New Ontario on a visit. He has fallen into the same hole I did, his heart is playing pranks with him. The doctor has ordered him to quit work for a time. Mildred is still here and not gaining very much in health.

July 10: Wellington went back with Willie on Sunday and Ed brought him back Monday evening. He has had his teeth extracted at Barker's and has been doctoring with Freel for his heart. He started back home on Thursday. I have been doing a job for Mrs. Robinson and dressing up the garden so I can strike off on another job.

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Saturday night, July 17, 1920.

Monday evening I went to Ballantrae by train to work for Ira Pryne. Have been siding their house and doing other work until this morning when I came home by train again.

July 24: Have been five days working at Pryne's this week. Flo and Mildred are living by themselves most of the time and doing as they like. I visit them once a week. The weather is rainy and vegetation growing rapidly.

July 31: Working at Pryne's again. Came home this morning. Rainy still.

August 7: Finished working at Pryne's last night and came home this morning. This afternoon we have been to Musselman's Lake to the Stouffville Christian Sabbath School picnic. Have had a very enjoyable time at the Lake.

August 14: Monday morning I came up to Lincolnvill with Arthur Stapleton and started working for Joseph Winterstein. I have an implement shed to build for him. Tuesday I came down home to hear WL Mackenzie King who gave a political speech on Sander's lawn. Working until this evening when I came home with Arthur.

August 21: Working all week at Winterstein's. Today shocking oats. First harvest work I have done this year. The harvest is nearly all cut.

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Saturday night, August 28, 1920.

Working at home the first two days of the week, the next three harvesting for Clarence Stafford and the remaining day harvesting for Winterstein.

September 4: Harvesting at Winterstein's again this week. Flo came up on Wednesday and just came home with me tonight.

September 11: Harvesting two days afterward finishing my carpenter work. Just came home tonight accompanied by my kit bag of tools.

September 18: I came home last Saturday evening expecting to have a little rest and was home an hour when Miss Rae came for me to go on a job on Church Street and I have been working there all week. Flo has had a Miss Welch here as a boarder for the last two weeks. John is going to school again in Stouffville. Fine working weather.

September 28: Rae's job is held up waiting for the mason and I have been working at home fixing up the garden and putting in a foundation wall for the garage. Have had exceedingly hot weather the latter part of the week. John is in the telephone office on night service.

October 2: Working on the garage foundation again until today when I went back to Rae's. The weather is still very warm.

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Saturday night, October 9, 1920.

Working on the Rae job attending the masons and doing odd jobs until today when I went to Markham Fair alone as I could not persuade Flo to go.

October 16: John and I have both been working at Rae's house this week. The masons raised the wall of the back part of the house for an upstairs and we have put the roof back on again.

October 23: Monday was Thanksgiving Day and I was working in the garden at home. Tuesday Ed came from Claremont for us and Flo and I have been working hard picking apples and doing chores for them. Sent three barrels of apples to Wellington, three to the girls in Toronto and brought two home. Put piles of them in Ed's cellar and piles in the driving house for cider. Came home this forenoon and have been making cider by hand on Mr. Sander's little press this afternoon. Beautiful summer weather.

October 30: I have been working at Rae's again this week. We have had a few days' cold weather but it is milder again. Flo went to Toronto on Thursday and John and I have been keeping house and boarding Jim Dawson.

November 6: Still at Rae's. Flo came home on Monday and we are being better fed. Dawson is still boarding here. Last night we attended a good lecture by Rev. Sowerby of Toronto.

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Saturday night, November 13, 1920.

Quit working at Ray's on Thursday having worked 307 hours at \$.40 per hour. Have been digging garden etc. at home since. There has been frosty nights and a little snow.

November 20: Taking down the old barn this week. There has been quite a snowfall and the weather is wintry and wet.

November 27: Last week I was taking down the old barn and this week putting up the new. The old barn or driving house was rotten at top and bottom and too large for a garage so I am using the material for a smaller structure on a different foundation. People see me building a garage and say, "Going to get a car eh? And I say, no, I have a car. Mine is a single wheel, armstrong motor, general-purpose machine. The weather has been snowy and wet and the work goes slow. I have passed another birthday this week (66) and am thankful for continued good health.

December 4: I am still working at the garage. The weather is unfavorable for outside work. Monday evening Flo and I walked to Bloomington to hear a lecture given by McGillicuddy of Toronto. Tuesday I attended the Whitchurch Sabbath School Convention at Ringwood.

December 11:. The snow has melted and gone and we are having mild days and frosty nights. Have the garage roofed and enclosed. Am not working ten hours per day.

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Saturday night, December 18, 1920.

We have had a rather nice winter week. Have been working a little more at the garage. Tuesday evening I went down to the seventh of Markham and Wednesday attended the funeral of cousin George Shoults who died Monday. He was in his 80th year. Came home Wednesday evening. Last evening Flo and I attended the Methodist Church Sabbath School Anniversary held in Ratcliff's Hall. I suppose it ought to be recorded here that Flo, John and Gordon have put their means together and bought a Gramophone and we have been listening to the first records this evening.

December 25:. Christmas Day. Not much of a celebration at our house. We are supposed to celebrate on New Year's Day when we expect Gordon and the girls up from Toronto. Ed and his children were here for dinner and tea. They drove from Claremont with the light wagon. There is a little snow on the ground but not very much.

Two or three places back in this memorandum there are some war time quotations on grain and products. Once more, and perhaps for the last time, I would like to quote prices as they have been, not as

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they have been, not as they are just now, because they are on the downgrade and values are coming slowly back to normal. I used to hear my father talk of selling wheat for \$2.25 and of flour being \$10.00 per barrel during the Russian War. They thought that a remarkable price but the European War prices have greatly exceeded it. It might be interesting in years to come to recall these prices and compare them with prices yet to be. Fat cattle on foot have been \$16.00 per hundredweight CWT, Hogs \$23.00, Bran per ton \$8.00 dollars {\$38}, Shorts \$40.00, Flour \$16.00, Wheat \$3.00, Oats \$1.50, Barley \$1.50, Peas \$3.50, Potatoes per bag \$7.00, Carrots \$1.50, Butter \$.75 per pound, Eggs \$1.00 per dozen, Sugar per lb \$.26, Raisins \$.35, Currents \$.30, Rice \$.25, Men's suits from \$60.00 - \$100.00, Wool \$.85, Boots \$16.00. Mechanics wages in the city have ranged from around \$1.00 per hour and laborers from \$.65 - \$.85. A host of laborers have made from five to ten dollars a day as munitions workers during wartime. And yet the majority of people seem to be no better off, in fact there seems to be more privation and want now than before the war. The city of Toronto gave away \$50,000 in meal tickets to its citizens, in something over a month in the beginning of the winter. Unrest, discontent and strikes are prevalent. How people are going to make ends meet when the reversal comes in earnest and we strike "hard times" once more is a problem.

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I have a few more things I would like to say to my book. It is an easy matter to sit down on Saturday night and write where you have been or what you have been doing or who has been to see you and note health conditions or weather conditions or general conditions but those things do not constitute life is a whole, they are only the surface of it. They do not give very much insight into the thoughts and intents of the heart. It is the heart thoughts and the heart life that count in our character and I have had thoughts and experiences during the last year that I would like to commit to my book if I only knew how. If they were there perhaps sometime they might be read and understood by others who are dear to me. Away back in the year 1870 I was converted in the little Methodist Church in Ballantrae. Fifty years ago! Think of working at a job fifty years with such unsatisfactory results with regard to products. And yet, not for anything you could offer would I part with what the experiences of those years have wrought in my life. But in the last year I have had experiences that have been better and beyond the other years. I think it is just because I have been trying to be more simple and humble and faithful in my duties with regard to this life and the next. It appears to me that the fruits of the spirit, love, joy, peace, etc. have been with me to a greater extent

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than before, anyway it has been one of the happiest years of my life. Whether or not these changes have been apparent on the outside, it is not for me to say. But they have been so rich and sweet to me that I have a longing desire that others might enjoy them especially those who are near and dear to me. In the bustle and hurry and worry of life as it exists nowadays the most important things are forgotten. It is not, Love, Joy and Peace, it is Money, Excitement, Pleasure. Just the transient things, not the enduring. Someone has said that "if you miss Heaven you will miss the end of your existence, you will miss all for which life exists". And yet how little thought of Heaven there is in our lives, how little talk of it, a little preparation for it. I have been reading "Baxter's Saints Rest" lately. It seems to be such an old time book with such extreme views, and yet it points out with such exactness and urgency the duty of professing Christians with regard to the careless and the unsaved that it gets you by the conscience and makes you feel as though you were doing a very small portion of what you should be doing for them. Talking straight at careless or indifferent people seems to be beyond me. If that is a duty of mine it is woefully neglected. Very recently the preacher at the Christian Church was talking about words and deeds and said that deeds sounded so loud that

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you couldn't hear words and it comforted me a little and made me resolve to make my deeds talk a little louder than ever before. I hope and pray that the unwritten records of another year may show that these resolutions have not been forgotten.

A good man never dies
In worthy deed and prayer
And helpful hand and honest eyes
If smiles or tears be there.
Who lives for you and me,
Lives for the world he tries
To help; he lives eternally,
A good man never dies.

Who lives to bravely take
His share of toil and stress,
And for this weaker fellow's sake
Makes every burden less –
He may at last seem worn
Lie fallen, hands and eyes
Folded; yet though we mourn and mourn
A good man never dies.

W A Q
1.1.21.

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Saturday night, January 1, 1921.

We have had quite a snowfall this week and there is fairly good sleighing but it is thawing today. Our expected New Year's Celebration has been a failure in part because our guests did not all come. John went down to the city on Monday and came back Thursday bringing Eva with him. Gordon and Mildred were to have come up for New Year's Day but they did not arrive and we were greatly disappointed.

January 8: Have been working at the garage part of the time during the past weeks. Today I went to Bloomington to do a little work for Mrs. Barnes. Thursday morning Gordon came home bringing his chum, Mr. Cook, with him. They went back to work last night. We have had milder weather again and the sleighing is gone.

January 15: Cutting wood. Have worked a little for Raes again. Weather a little colder but not excessively cold.

January 22: Monday and Tuesday were cold days (zero weather) and I was in the house most of the time. Wednesday evening Flo and I went down to Houck's with Frank Stiver and I have been working in his swamp since. Harvey brought us home tonight.

January 29: Doing odd jobs. Yesterday working for L Baker, today building fence. Thursday to the funeral of Robert Fairles.

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Saturday night, February 5, 1921.

Have finished laying the upper floor of the garage. Two or three days in the house again. Have been writing up my memorandum to date.

February 12: Another mild week. Have started to build a little woodshed with the remains of the lumber lying around. Have had quite a number of visitors during the week.

February 19: Working at the woodshed, sorting lumber and cutting culls into wood.

February 26: Finished the woodshed and have it nearly filled with wood. Have sold a couple of loads of lumber to Mr. Barnes. Making a couple of Jardinear stands today. Some sleighing.

March 5: Snow gone. Some cold weather. Working in the yard yet, cleaning up and cutting odds and ends into wood.

March 12: Wednesday evening I started from home for a roundabout trip. Had a ride with Mr. McKinnon as far as Cashel and stayed at John Houck's overnight and on Thursday morning started on the tramp. Landed at cousin Jake Quantz's, Concession five, Vaughan, and visited with him until Saturday morning. He has underwent another operation for kidney trouble, but is better. This morning I walked from there to Woodbridge to see Melven Clayton.

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This evening took the Woodbridge Radial to Toronto, and after taking tea with Libbie Saul and her husband I came down to 54 Dingwall Ave., and I am here with the girls now.

March 19: Sunday morning Mildred and I went to the Unitarian Church on Jarvis Street. In the afternoon I walked out to Woodbine Avenue to see Mr. and Mrs. Madill but they were away from home. Monday morning I came out to Agincourt and visited with Maggie until evening train time when I came home. Have been preparing Sanders' roof, building cement steps to back porch since.

March 26: Have cemented the garage floor and done some cleaning up for myself and WB Sanders. Today working for Arthur Stapleton. John has gone to the North West and we are lonesome for him. He has left his night work at the telephone office and left school for the present and gone out west to Edna's to work on the land. So we two old gray-heads are occupying the big new house and have come back to the place where we started 20 years ago - we are alone. Still there is always something to gladden the heart if we only look for it. On the 13th of March John made a decision to try and live a Christian life. We have been praying hard and long for this result and are still praying and hoping that it may mean everything that it ought to mean to him. The Christian life has come to mean so much to us that we wanted for our children.

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Saturday night, April 2, 1921.

Getting in sand and gravel and building a cement landing and steps to the back porch. No word from John yet except a card from Winnipeg.

April 9: A letter from John says that when he reached Alliance he found that Edna and family were quarantined for diphtheria and he could not go in until he was vaccinated. Also had a letter from Gordon who has been talking some time about coming home for a visit but has not come yet. Working for Sanders on roof of Standard Bank etc. Today have been pruning and planting for Maggie down at Agincourt. Came home tonight.

April 16: Monday working for Mrs. Robinson. Tuesday starting to build a garage for Everton Barnes at Bloomington, and have been there since. Wellington is here again after a visit to Flos and Eva is here from Toronto. Miss Eckardt has been sewing for them.

April 23: Referendum vote Monday. Big majority against the importation of liquor to Ontario. After voting Monday morning I went to Barnes to work. Finished his garage yesterday noon and have been working for Mrs. Patterson since.

April 30: Started working for J Boadway Monday morning and worked four days. Rainy weather the last two days. Eva is still here and Gordon came home on Wednesday and will stay over Sunday.

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when writing insertions in this book I made the mistake of turning two leaves instead of one, thereby leaving two blank pages. These insertions contain quite a number of family records mostly in book number one and mostly records of the Quantz side of the house. So a long time after the blank pages were left, nearly 14 years to be precise, I conceived the notion of inserting the record of the Amoss family and expected to be just as interesting and useful as the other records.

Name	Born	Married	Died
Parents			
George Amoss	Mar. 19, 1837.	Sep. 19, 1866.	Dec. 23, 1907
Nancy Marie White	Feb. 9, 1847.		Dec. 5, 1896
Children			
Thomas Alfred Amoss	Aug. 22, 1867	Feb. 13, 1899	Aug. 29, 1929
Florence Ella	Aug. 15, 1869	Apr. 13, 1898	Jan. 10, 1957
Elizabeth Francis Eva	May 12 1872		Apr. 13, 1934
Ethel Augusta	May 26 1875.	Feb. 16, 1899 Mar. 11, 1911	
Cora Mildred	Dec. 14, 1878		Jul. 4, 1934.
Effie Alberta	July 26, 1881	August 18, 1906	May 2, 1971.
Ruth Loretta	Aug. 9, 1884		Apr. 2, 1966
Malcolm Edwin	Apr. 15, 1888		May 31, 1965

Note by JQ: In the entries in the diary handwriting for the dates at which these people died is in a different handwriting than William's. Probably entered by someone else.

Thomas Alfred Amoss completed his studies and started teaching in '84 or '85 and taught continuously until his decease. While in Ontario, he taught in Mongolia, Warminster, Mitchell's Square, and Fairbanks. After going to Saskatchewan he taught in Fielding, Dalmeny, Langham, etc. He married a Miss Blatherwick. Two children were born to them, George Bruce and Evelyn Eileen. He was buried at Saskatoon.

Florence married your humble scribe and her two boys need no mention here. Their names

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are in the books a thousand times more or less.

Eva, the next mentioned, went to Grand Rapids, Michigan, and came back with a nurse's diploma. She spent a number of years working at her chosen profession and died from the effects of a stroke. Unmarried. Buried in Prospect Cemetery, Toronto.

Gussie lost her first husband, Silas Hoidge, by accident in Toronto, and about 12 years after married WJ Scott and went to Vancouver, and from there to San Francisco. She has been an invalid for a number of years. One child, died in infancy.

Mildred was also a teacher and did a large share of her teaching in Toronto. Eventually her mind gave way under the strain. Also unmarried. She died in Whitby Hospital and was cremated in Toronto.

Effie married George Bain and has one girl, Ruth, living and one deceased. Bain was connected with G.E. Company in Toronto for some time and now has a prominent position with the Philco Radio Company. They spent a number of years in Calgary but are back in Toronto now.

Ruth is another unmarried member of the family and has spent a large portion of her life here and there with her sisters. She has been with her invalid sister Gussie for 14 or 15 years.

Malcolm, commonly Max, the youngest of the family has always been a rover and has tried more ways than he has fingers and toes to get rich without avail so far. They have one boy George and one girl Sophie. Their parents brought up the whole family in the good old-fashioned Methodist way but when they left home all of them, with the exception of Florence, accepted the faith of the Theosophists.

Dated March 1, 1935

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Saturday night, May 7, 1921.

Working for Boadway 3½ days and for Miss Daley two days. At the garden this afternoon. Weather fine.

May 14: Working for Boadway all week. Today we rented our house for the summer months to a Mrs. Banfield, wife of an African missionary who is returning on furlough. Three weeks more and then hurrah for the west.

May 21: Finished the Boadway job on Friday and have been planting the remaining part of the garden today. Mrs. Banfield has paid us another visit and looked over the premises.

May 28: I went to Church Hill Monday morning and have been working for Albert Clarke all week. Have been building a cellar entrance and verandah. Showery weather after a dry spell. Rapid growth.

June 4: Working at Clarke's Monday and Tuesday. Since that time I have been finishing the garden and fixing up things in general preparatory to leaving for the west. We have been besieged with visitors and good wishes during the week, so much so that we are in danger of getting swelled heads.

June 11: Monday we left home bound for the west and last night we landed here in Calgary and are visiting with George and Effie Bain and the children. It might simplify matters a little by giving

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a short explanation. The story of our trip is written elsewhere. These weekly insertions are intended to supply some of the details not written in the story and to tell more minutely of our whereabouts at

certain dates. We are trying as much as possible to avoid repetition, but the story of our trip would not admit of being written in the form of weekly insertions, and we cannot drop our weekly insertions after writing them for over 40 years. The story will be inserted at the end of the year.

June 18: Last Sunday Flo and I went to the First Baptist Church and heard a good sermon. Monday and Tuesday we spent quietly sightseeing and visiting. Little Ruth Bain has been quite unwell since we arrived here and her sickness developed into a case of scarlet fever. The authorities were going to quarantine so we had to leave. Malcolm came from Banff on Tuesday and he had two cars to take up so we decided to go with him. So on Wednesday we reached Banff by motor. Malcolm is running a steam laundry and the upper portion of the building has 14 rooms so we are right at home. Eva is nursing Ruth, George has gone back to his work, so the family party here consists of Malcolm, Mildred, Effie, Baby Helen, Flo and I. Malcolm is driving us around and giving us a splendid time.

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Saturday night, June 25, 1921.

Monday and Tuesday we spent at Banff and Wednesday we left the mountains returning to Calgary by CPR and from there by way of the Calgary-Edmonton branch to Innisfail where we were met by Brother Jake and taken to his home. We are having a homelike old-fashioned visit.

July 2: Last Sunday Jake and Flo and I went to Westwood Schoolhouse to church. During the week we have been at Penhold Sports-day entertainment, visiting, hoeing garden, etc. Today we took the train at Penhold and came to Castor by way of the Lacombe-Kerrobot branch. Clayton and John met us with a car and brought us in to Clayton's.

July 9: Last Sunday Clayton and I went to a Mennonite meeting, also held in a schoolhouse. Monday afternoon and Tuesday I was helping A. Quitter, and neighbor of Clayton's, move a house. Tuesday evening Will Reid and Edna came over from Alliance and took us home with them. We are enjoying ourselves very much. Have been to three Chetoequa [or Chautauqua] sessions in Alliance.

July 16: Last Sunday Will drove us to Alliance to church. The former part of the week I was working part of the time and writing part of the time. Flo is working all the time when she is not asleep, which is not very often. Thursday Will and Edna brought us back to Clayton's.

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Friday cutting brush and visiting. This morning Mr. Jackson, Clayton's brother-in-law, and Clayton brought us out to Castor to take the CPR for Calgary. When we got there we found the train time had changed and the train gone. We had the choice of going back or getting to Stettler 38 miles away and taking the CNR. We chose the latter although it costs us ten dollars. A misfortune, not a fault. When we

got to Calgary we found that Bains were still in quarantine so we decided to take train for Vancouver. I am writing this in the Calgary CPR station. Our train starts at 5:15 AM.

July 23: Flo and I have been visiting at Will Scott's during the week. We have Gussie and Ruth here beside Will who is a brother-in-law whom I have never seen before. We find him a fine friendly fellow, willing to do all he can to give us a good time.

July 30: We are still here in Vancouver with Will Scott and Gussie and Ruth. We have had a number of pleasant drives and walks. Flo and I have spent one day in Stanley Park and have been visiting at Mr. Boden's. Mrs. Boden is an old girlfriend of Flos.

August 6: Last Sunday we went to Boden's. They were going to take us to see Mr. Van Horn, Mrs. Boden's father but the car tire blew out twice and we turned around and ran back home on the rim.

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Tuesday Alf Amoss came in and we are having a visit with him. Wednesday he and I wandered through Stanley Park and had a swim in saltwater on English Bay Beach. Thursday Alf, Flo and I took the CPR steamer Princess Adelaide and went to Victoria. Returned yesterday after having a good time there. Today Alf and I have been downtown fixing up our tickets for the return trip.

August 13: Last Sunday Gussie, Flo, Alf, Will Scott and I took a drive to Capilano Canyon returning by Kitsilano Beach where we had our last bathe in saltwater. Monday Flo and I took the train for Calgary, arriving there Tuesday night. Stayed over Wednesday at George Bain's and Thursday took the train again, Flo for Will Reid's and I for Jake Quantz's. Both of us expect to settle down to work for a while.

August 20: I have been trying to work in the harvest field this week and it seems hard to get going again. I have been off regular work for quite a time and the high altitude or climate or something is getting me. The first day I was in the harvest field I thought I was going to turn keel up, but I plugged through the week somehow and am more than ever thankful for the day of rest.

August 27: Another week of haying and harvest. Have had a letter from Flo and she is waiting on a lot of harvest hands and working too hard and too long. Hope she will be able to stand it.

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Saturday night, September 3, 1921.

The weather is holding fine and we have Brother Jake's grain stacked and getting along with the work finally. I have been growing in value steadily for boils have been coming out on me one after another and I have heard it said that they are worth five dollars each. They are mostly on my hands and when I have been binding and stooking I would have sold them for half-price.

September 10: The weather has broken and we have had rain and snow and frost during the week. I expected Flo back from Alliance today but she will not get here until Monday.

September 17: Flo came on Monday for sure and there was a tickled old man around the place. It was high time she came to attend to my boils and barnacles or I would soon have been fit for the scavengers stump. We finished Jake's harvest and built a pump house, took up his potatoes, etc., and yesterday evening we took train at Penhold and went to Edmonton. After waiting a short time we took the train again - 10 PM - for Saskatoon where we arrived at 12 noon. We found Alf and Annie and Mildred at the station, not to receive us for they had no word of our coming, but to see Mildred off to Rochester, Minnesota. She has been staying at Alf's since coming from Calgary and the ranch

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and as her health is not improved very much she has been having medical advice and has decided to go and see the celebrated Mayo Brothers specialists, and may undergo an operation for goitre. Alf and Annie went back home this evening and we are staying over the night and expect to be taken out tomorrow. We had tea at Will Bovair's and are staying overnight at Mrs. Ducks, Flo's cousin.

September 24: Last Sunday Mr. Sinclair brought us from Saskatoon out to brother Alf's, a distance of 15 miles. We have been hanging around here all week having a good time and are not ready to go yet. Alf lives on the school premises and is teaching every day. There has been some wet weather and the grain is growing in the shock. The threshers are stook threshing whenever the weather is dry enough. Have been out to Dalmeny with Alf.

October 1: Tuesday we said goodbye to Alf and Annie and started for Saskatoon at 10 o'clock and boarded the CPR at 12:30 arriving at Winnipeg next morning at 7:00. We were transferred from CPR to Canadian National and left there at 10:30 by way of Cochrane over the GTP line. The distance from Winnipeg to Cochrane is 777 miles. We were again transferred to the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario line and arrived at Englehart Thursday evening. Next forenoon we came from Englehart to Earlton Junction and took the Elk Lake

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branch to Mountain Chutes. We had 2 miles to walk from there to Brother Wellington's and we made part of the way in a pouring rain. Found the folks here all well and we are enjoying our visit here as we have among our many other relatives.

October 8: We have spent the week here at Wellington's mostly indoors because the weather is excessively wet. Between showers Wellington and I have been building a beehouse. Edgar is at home and he seems to be a bright young fellow and able to entertain an audience with his war experiences at any time.

October 15: Monday we left Wellington's taking the train at Mountain Chutes at 9:40. We transferred from Elk Lake branch to T & NO mainline at 11:10 AM and arrived at North Bay at 5:30. As we had a four-hours wait there we went to E. Doan's who is a brother of Sophy and Nancy, and had a visit with them. At 11 o'clock we took the GT train for Allandale arriving at 5:30 Tuesday morning. At 11:52 we boarded the Penetanguishine branch and went to Elmvale which is William Spring's station. Albert Spring drove us from there out, a distance of 7 miles and we have been visiting with them since. Had visits at Herbert Spring's, Joe Spring's and Jas Doan's. While there we attended the anniversary services of the Allenwood Methodist church.

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Saturday night, October 22, 1921.

Monday afternoon William E brought us to Elmvale. Changing at Allandale again we arrived in Toronto at 8 o'clock. We have been at Mildred's since. She underwent her operation at Rochester, Minnesota and just returned home on Saturday last. She is quite nervous and weak and Flo is trying to straighten out household matters for her. John came in on Friday and Gordon has been over to see us.

October 29: Tuesday we completed the last stages of our journey and are home in Stouffville once more after an absence of more than 4½ months. We came out to Agincourt on Monday and stayed over night with Maggie. John came up on Monday evening. It seems good to get back to our own home and greet the home friends again. Have been cleaning up the yard and digging garden. Yesterday attended Mackenzie King's political meeting, and today the U.F.O. Fine weather and no frost yet.

November 5: We have had night frosts this week, the first to freeze anything this fall. I have been working in the garden and around the house all week. John has gone to the city and intends taking a course in the technical school. Gordon has been home on a visit.

November 12: Monday working at home. Tuesday and Wednesday working for

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Levi Hoover at Musselman's Lake and the remaining part of the week around home again. We have had colder weather and considerable snow during the week. There is four or five inches of snow on the ground at present. Brother Ed has sold his farm at Ashburne and has moved to Stouffville during the week.

November 19: We have had a mild wet week and the snow is gone. The four latter days of the week I have been doing carpenter work here in Stouffville for Levi Hoover. I am feeling very much better than when I came home and it is doing me good to put a little work through my hands.

November 26: Finished Hoover's job and have been getting some leaves into the garden, covering strawberry plants, fixing walk, etc. Mild weather.

December 3: Fresh job. Working for nothing and boarding myself. Repairing basement floor in the Christian Church. I am one of a committee of three to accomplish this work and it is some task. Weather mild.

December 10: Working at the church every day except Sunday, but the working part of the day is short on account of the light. Have also been attending evangelistic services conducted by evangelist Janus Emblem. Tonight he gave us a part of his life story. The attendance is small and interest in the meetings not very enthusiastic.

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Saturday night, December 17, 1921.

Special services in the church have been going on during the week, so has the work in the basement. Both will soon be ending up. We have had a few days of cold weather but it is milder and raining tonight.

December 24: The first three days of the week we were finishing the basement. Wednesday evening we gave a report of our work at the children's Christmas entertainment. Thursday John came home for Christmas and Friday Eva, Mildred and Ruth came. The Toronto people are having their Christmas here. One or two snatches of zero weather.

December 31: We have had a nice Christmas time. Wednesday morning Gordon came out from Toronto and yesterday he and Eva went back. Mildred is staying a few more days and Ruth is expected to stay until spring in the hope that her health will improve. Last night Will Reid, who is down from Alberta, came up from Toronto to see us and tonight he went back on the 8 o'clock train.

So endeth another year. How quickly they pass. What figures will represent our last one? Who can tell.

W. A. Q.

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Explanation

In order that the preface to our **"Trip to the West"** might be better understood it would be as well to explain that it was partly written for the people of Stouffville and for publication as a serial in the Stouffville Tribune. This preface might be easily eliminated were it not for a number of other touches in the narrative relating to our home town and our home neighbors. The editor of the Tribune accepted and published the first installment of manuscript and then turned it down in the face of specific instructions from me to either publish all of it or none. Under the circumstances and with this explanation we will insert it as originally written.

A Trip to the West

Dear Editor

I am coming to you for little attention and a little space in the Tribune. I would like to write a series of letters for publication. I have read letters from absent citizens published in the Tribune in the past, and they have been quite interesting to me. These letters have been written by doctors, nurses, etc. These, if worth publishing, will be a novelty in that respect for they will be written by a hayseed, and I have never seen any written by a back number of that

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class before. When you get things from a hayseed you expect to get good things, but you also expect to get them in crude form, so please do not overlook this fact in the present case. I have seen so many wonderful things in nature, so many different characteristics in people, so many different methods of doing things that I have become anxious to give our many friends in Stouffville and elsewhere a few pen pictures of it all believing that it will interest them to a certain extent and help them to remember the strays.

We started from home on June 6 going through all the preliminaries of getting our junk together for the journey and coming out alive. It is a wonderful thing to realize what modern people think they need to help them on a journey. There is a vast difference too, between what people need and what they want, and a serious state of affairs when they come to believe absolutely that they need all they want.

We boarded the CPR boat train at the Union Station at 5:30 PM and reached Owen Sound at 10:45 and immediately boarded the steamship "Manitoba" bound for Fort William. We hustled off to our births and slept well inspite of our strange surrounding and the throb of the powerful engines beneath us.

Tuesday the weather was bright and cool with just a little ripple on the water. We spent the morning exploring the boat

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and walking the decks. One of the past times on deck is feeding the chickens. It is a curious fact that large numbers of gulls will follow the boat day after day for the scraps that are thrown overboard. They are very expert in picking the scraps off the surface of the water, and if they get a larger piece than they can swallow they will fly out of reach of the others and settle down on the water and eat it. Another curiosity to us was the speed indicator. They indicate the speed by a long line attached to the stern end of the boat. On the water end of this line is a screw or propeller which is turned by being dragged through the water. The turning of the line indicates the speed upon a speedometer attached to the boat. It was a beautiful sunny day and we enjoyed every moment of it. Passing the Manitoulin Islands we came into the St. Mary's River with its broad expanse of water with the very little islands here and there called the "Ducks". There is the beautiful scenery to look at, the beauty spots in nature, the shore dotted with cottages and sawmills and coaling stations but not much farming land until you come near the "Soo" [Sault Ste. Marie], and that on the Michigan side. Every little while you meet up pleasure boat or a grain freighter. These grain freighter's may be described as a huge whale with head and tail out of the water. They carry a little machinery

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in one end and a little crew in the other. In between - anywhere from four to six hundred feet - is just a series of grain bins tied together with steel and capable of carrying immense quantities of grain. It may not be generally known that the bulk of the North West grain crop is started out through this channel to help feed the world. A number of Ford boats also ply along this route carrying steel and other mineral products from the shores of Lake Superior, out of which Henry Ford manufacturers "Tin Lizzies" to climb hills and telegraph poles. Entering the narrows of the St. Mary's River you pass through dredged channels marked by the lantern buoys and water stakes. For a considerable distance in one place the dredges have built a line fence between deep and shallow water by dumping the dredgings in a line until they where above water and on this line they have planted trees and telephone poles that connect the outlook stations. Apparently some of these channels are shallow enough to be dangerous yet, for the engines were slowed down to half time in passing through. We docked an hour at the "Soo" facing the locks. To the right is the city of 20,000 inhabitants and to the left some factories and furnaces. Evidently the greater part of its manufacturing plants were not insight for several thousand men find employment in it steel yards. Right across the channel

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opposite the dock was a huge building where they manufacture carbide. In one section of this building where fierce furnace fires that blazed out so much that the people on board had the impression that the building was on fire. I didn't go across and ask for a job but I got the impression that if a man became thoroughly accustomed to working around these fires he might live almost any kind of life afterward without being very much afraid of future punishment as set forth by old time interpretations. Promptly at 6 o'clock the "Manitoba" loosened from the dock and steamed slowly toward the locks. There are the Canadian and American locks, two of each, lying side-by-side, and all in use. The longest Canadian lock is 900 feet and the longest American 1350 feet. There is 18 feet difference in the water levels. In 1920 18,848 vessels passed through these canals and locks. After our boat had climbed the 18 feet upstairs we look ahead and see something stretching across the skyline directly in our way. That is the CPR bridge across the canals. Our boat is too heavy to climb over it and too tall on account of that Marconi apparatus to go under, so the bridge splits accommodatingly in the centre, and by means of its thousand-ton side weights the centres rear 168 feet in the air and we pass through into Lake superior, the largest body of fresh

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water in the world. It is 350 miles long, 160 miles wide and in places 600 feet deep. When you get out on the lake you might as well be 1000 miles from land for you cannot see any. We lingered on the upper deck until sunset, and after watching the shining golden pathway over the waters we went downstairs and to our births, thus ending one of the most wonderful days of our experience.

All through the night while we slept, our location had been changing at the rate of thirteen miles an hour and the ceaseless working of the engines had taken us a long way over the big lake. Toward noon we were sighting land again, and passing the "Sleeping Giant", "Pie Island", "Welcome Island" and others we came in sight of the "Twin Cities". After unloading freight at Port Arthur, the Manitoba backed out and we were soon in Fort William harbor, sorry that we had to leave the overwater part of our trip. The day being far spent we had little time for exploring or observation but the first thing that caught the eye was the numerous elevators. Just across from the station was one of Ogilvie's flouring mills surrounded by their storage elevators looking a collection of huge silos. In the Twin Cities there are 30 of these huge wheat banks with a capacity of 46,000,000 bushels. Collected at Western Canada's three thousand elevators, it reaches Fort William inspected and graded, and from there is gradually

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cleared out again by the whale-back freighters and taken over the Great Lakes to its different far-off destinations. For two months after the harvest is taken in it pours through Winnipeg over the railway

lines into the Twin Cities at the rate of one car per minute and it is stated that the whale-back fleet can move 8,000,000 bushels of wheat in one voyage.

Another place of interest is the CPR's million-dollar coal dock. The river has been dredged out until the largest ocean freighters have free access to the docks which have a storage capacity of 800,000 tons. The machinery operated by electricity, can unload a 10,000 ton freight steamer in 10 hours and load it into cars for shipment in equally fast time. Looking out from the station along the skyline, in the near distance we can see the huge steep sided mountain on the top of which is the lake that supplies Fort William with water. We found that the 10:30 PM train – "Trans Canada" - that we expected to board is a train fitted only with standard sleeping cars. The births are reserved before-hand so we decided to wait for the "Imperial" due at 2:25. When we roused up at daybreak we were speeding through the rock and timber and had passed Kenora, Keewatin, Lake of the Woods and other interesting places.

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There appeared to be no end to these little rock ridges and every little distance their noses had to be blasted off or their backs broken to allow a passage for the railway. Even in between these ridges there arose the little oval "hogbacks" of solid rock. If a person were planted under one of them he would have a magnificent grave, but might experience some difficulty in getting out at the call for the big reckoning, but perhaps some people might like that. At Ingolf we leave Ontario and pass into Manitoba and still we are in the rocky country with the difference that there appeared to be more water. Numerous little lakes where on the right-hand and left and these where often dotted with little islands. I never knew before that there was so much wasteland in Manitoba. Later the character of the country changes, the rocks and lumber give place to the great prairie region of Western Canada, and shortly after Winnipeg is reached, the great prairie city, the third largest in Canada. I couldn't give any impressions of Winnipeg, I had no time to get any. We were hurried out of the train and as soon as they had exchanged for a clean train we were hurried in again and started on our way. We left Winnipeg at 3:20 Central time. Our standard or Eastern time is used until we reach Fort William. From Fort William to Broadview - which is nearly midway between Brandon and Regina - Central time is used. From Broadview to

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Field, B. C. Mountain time is used, and from there to Vancouver, Pacific time. At each of these junctions you may turn your watch back one hour - or vice versa if you are going the other direction - if you have no watch you escape that much of the trouble and worry of life. As it came toward night, and in consideration of the fact that we had slept very little the night before, we decided if possible to secure births. Two upper ones where available and we turned in. I use the phrase "turned in" advisedly for you couldn't walk in, you could scarcely crawl in, you had to "turn in". The birth was 6 feet long, 3 feet wide and about 1 ½ feet high. Only two persons at a time were supposed to sleep in them. Afterward in summing up the things to be thankful for during that day, it occurred to me that I ought to be thankful

that it had always been a rule in our house that I slept behind. You were shut off from the rest of the world by a thin curtain and there was no railing to prevent you from falling out, and if you went overboard you had a sheer drop of 7 feet to the floor. Then came the process of unrobing. I confine this description to myself, I am not saying anything about the rest of the party. I took the precaution of unlacing my boots and taking off my collar and coat before I "turned in". Then commenced a series of twisting and turning that baffles description. I succeed finally in getting off my clothes

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and piling them under my head but found they raised my head so high that in case of bad dreams and a quick starting up I was in danger of getting a black eye or a broken nose, so I crowded them down under my feet. They were well pressed the next morning but some of the creases ran in wrong directions. The ceaseless click-click of the truck wheels passing over the rail joints and the rolling of the car had a soothing effect, and with the old lines "rock me to sleep mother, rock me to sleep" passing dreamily through my head, I was gone. Morning came quickly and with it the task of getting in ship-shape for another day. I finished up my clothes and sorted them out and found that by lying on my back and drawing up my knees to my chin I could start myself into my pants. Then by turning over and standing on my head and knees I could stow away the fag ends of my shirt. Having thus passed the stage where I was liable to be apprehended for indecent exposure, I decided to call for a ladder and climbed down. I backed into a corner among a lot of luggage and finished my toilet, at the same time registering a mental battle that nothing would ever induce me to turn into the upper birth of a railway sleeper again. When, finally, I come to the place where I only require a two-by-six bed, I don't expect to dress and undress every night and morning.

During the night we passed Regina, Moose Jaw, and other intervening stations. We had also passed into another province, the line between Manitoba and Saskatchewan being at Kirkella,

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and nearly midway between Brandon and Broadview. This district comprises some of the best wheat producing lands on the prairies. Farther on in Saskatchewan I was greatly disappointed in the appearance of the country. Here and there were small districts that were under cultivation, but the greater part of the country appeared to be rolling sandy land with nothing on it but scanty pasturage, dotted here and there with houses that reminded you of the shack-town houses near Toronto. There were places where settlers had made a venture, put up a shack and afterward deserted. It would probably be unfair to judge a country by looking at it from a railway line, because as a rule, they traversed the poorest sections, still there appeared to be large areas in Saskatchewan that wouldn't pay for the working. The CPR are spending vast sums of money in some of these districts in irrigation work. It was quite a sight to see the huge cement water channels running for miles and miles over ground. They look like huge troughs standing on pillars. There are also channels dug in the ground, and large reserve

reservoirs. It was explained to me that the CPR irrigated these lands and sold them to settlers on a twenty-year term with irrigation charges whether water were used or not. It is just one more CPR enterprise for selling their lands and getting interest on their money, and I thought any person investing in these lands would need to be young and hopeful for it looked a good deal like tying oneself up for 20 years and

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giving the CPR the other end of the rope. Here and there where dried up sloughs crusted over with hardened alkali, and looking in the distance like ice or snow covered ground. Nearly everywhere you see patches of sagebrush and for hundreds of miles along the fences the last season's growth of the abominable tumbleweed is piled up. I expect to see and know more about the North West weeds when I get on the farm.

We arrived at Calgary, our first stop over, at 8:10 PM Friday. From 2:25 AM Thursday until 8:10 PM Friday we passed 160 stations and traveled 1252 miles between Fort William and Calgary. We expect to visit here for a time and look around.

Calgary

Calgary is a city with a population of about 75,000. In 1881, or 40 years ago, it consisted of the Hudson's Bay Store, the barracks of the North West Mounted Police and the commanding officer's house. Calgary was a baby when Winnipeg was a booming city. The site was chosen by the Hudson's Bay Company for their stores. Edmonton, Fort Garry, Calgary and Winnipeg where all strategic locations selected by the Hudson's Bay Company for their trading posts, and their stores are there today. It is situated at the junction of the Bow and the Elbow rivers and mostly surrounded by hills. It is the boundary line between Prairie and Foothill. St. George's Island Park, Browness Park and the Athletic grounds are among its beauty spots. On the heights guarding

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the city on a clear day you can easily see the Rocky Mountains sixty miles away. Standing up there overlooking the Bow Valley, you can see the CPR trains seemingly drawn out into a thin line, and on the Auto Road running parallel the automobiles look something like big bugs crawling along a string. The city owns the street railway system and it is lighted by natural gas. Calgary is 840 miles from Winnipeg, 620 miles from Vancouver, 138 miles from the boundary between Canada and the United States and over 80 miles from Banff, known as the "Playground of Canada".

Rivers are said to be great determining factors in the development of cities. A historian has said that the history of Winnipeg is the history of the Red River, that of Edmonton is the history of the Saskatchewan and the history of the Bow is the history of Calgary. The word Calgary means "clear running water". The water is an intense green, and always cold. The Bow comes direct from Banff and is fed by the ice water off the mountains, and the Elbow also comes from the mountains in another direction. It is not a navigable river but rather a rapids, falling 1000 feet between Banff and Calgary. Like the peoples of Calgary it is always in a hurry. The Bow River has been a factor in the history of Calgary because the Bow

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Valley offered a roadbed for the CPR, inducing that company to use the Kicking Horse Pass for their main line instead of the southerly pass known as the Crow's Nest.

To Banff from Calgary.

On Wednesday morning June 15 we started out the old trail bound for Banff. There was a crowd of seven drawn by two large cars. Trail it was, up and down, over and around, some places just the old track used long ago by the Indians and hunters and trappers, some places improved by graveling or grading. Gravel is by no means scarce, you don't have to pay three dollars a load for it. Some parts of the country is all gravel, all that is required to make a gravel road is to grade it. I thought of inquiring of the gophers how they managed to take their holes but we whirled along so fast I hadn't time.

Sometimes we were in sight of the Bow Valley but oftener we where winding among the hills. Occasionally we caught sight of a CPR freight train looking like a huge snake crawling along the valley. The railway follows the valley always, sometimes at the water's edge, sometimes on long plateaus ten or fifteen feet above the river bed. We didn't have much breakfast and riding through the mountain air had made us ravenous so we decided to stop for dinner. Rounding a hill we crossed the Ghost River Bridge just a little distance from where it flows into the Bow, and in

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Western parlance, we "struck the grub stake". In ten minutes we had the fire lit, bacon and eggs fried and water hot for coffee. Oh boy! Did you ever taste a meal like that when you felt as though you were half starved? Did you ever take a thick slice of bread and dip it in sizzling bacon gravy and crowded into your face without ceremony or knife or fork? Did you ever pour coffee out of the five-quart pail with the outside blackened over with a quick fire and drink it while somebody else was waiting for the cup? If you went into the Palliser or Banff Springs Hotel and wanted a meal you would have a menu card presented to you on which where names of dishes most of which you couldn't tell from Greek. When you hadn't guessed at and pointed out one or two the waiter would go away and leave you there until you began to wonder if he had died suddenly, and by the time you thought they might be making final arrangements

for his funeral, he brings you back a few spoonfuls of thin stuff, and that is called the "first course" of your meal.

Once upon a time two old sailors dropped into one of these fine hotels for a meal and the waiter brought them in some soup. Looking at it one of the old tars said to him, I say mate, what do you call this? The waiter politely informed him that it was soup. Turning to his companion

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he said; I say Bill, don't this beat everything. Here we've been sailing on soup all our lives and never found it out until now. The meal might run through eight or ten courses and cost you anywhere from five to ten dollars and you wouldn't trade it for the trailer's meal we fished up in ten minutes and that would cost us a quarter each. A meal like that will keep a person from being hungry three or four hours in this climate.

By the look of the mountains I thought we would soon be at our journey's end. I was told that we had come between thirty-five and forty miles and had fifty to go yet. However, I hadn't learned that Banff was twenty miles in the mountains. At the distance of thirty miles away they seem to be towering right above you. It was a bright sunshiny day, and to us it seemed a wonderful sight. It gave you the impression that you had never seen anything stupendous or imposing or beautiful before. The ragged peaks interlined the snow patches, and overall the golden sheen of sunshine made it look magnificent. The mountains are not all snow-covered, but the snow is always there. It gathers in pockets in considerable depths, other places where the rocks rise perpendicularly the snow cannot rest. Timber will grow at an altitude of about 8000 feet, above that there is no vegetation. This is designated as the

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"timberline" at this time of year – July - and later, there is no snow below timberline. The timber on the mountains here is mostly spruce and a species of hard pine, growing from forty to fifty feet high, and anywhere from one inch to two feet in diameter. Here and there you will see a mountain meadow and sometimes get a glimpse of a herd of mountain sheep or goats feeding upon it. We passed other places of interest, among them the Indian reservation and Fire Rangers Aeroplane Station. And always before you or along side of you where those stupendous mountains. When you were heading straight for them they seemed to recede, when you are running alongside of them they seemed to follow you like the moon. When you were twenty-five miles from them you thought you were a mile, when you were five miles from them you thought you were eighty rods away. There was always with you that elusive, undependable computation of distance. I heard a story of a man who concluded to go from where he was standing over to the foot of a mountain to see it before breakfast. He was persuaded to take a guide with him. The story goes that he walked all day and coming to a small stream he stopped short. The

guide asked him to step over and go on but he refused, saying "if that stream is as deceiving as the other distances it must

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be ten miles wide and I am not taking any chances on being drowned.

But bowling along at the rate of thirty miles an hour is bound to take you somewhere and at last we came to the foot of the mountains and the outside limits of the Canadian National Park. It is somewhat larger than Stouffville Memorial Park and other parks I have seen. It contains an area of 5732 square miles. I haven't been around it or through it yet, but I know I am in it because the Government have posted an official sign to that effect on the trail where I came in. You are not allowed to shoot bird or animal within its limits unless it would be the exception of shooting to save your life. The animals seem to know it. The deer stand and look at you as you pass, the mountain sheep scamper off when you blow a warning for them and the bears come out at night and root over the village scavenger heap for anything edible. You can't buy a farm or a building lot or get any permanent title to real estate in the park. For a nominal rental you can lease for 49 years with the option of subletting or renewing, but the park belongs to the Canadian Government and if you are a Canadian citizen you have a share in it, and for anything I know to the contrary you have the privilege of helping to maintain it.

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Banff

Banff is situated right in the heart of the Rockies, about twenty miles in from "the Gap". It has a population of 875. The bow River runs across the main street and there is a new iron bridge across the river, in construction. The main street is very wide with a centre strip of flowers and shrubs. Along this main street are business places of all descriptions, the Park Zoo and Museum, the headquarters of the Mounted Police and the Government Superintendent's offices. Outside of the centre are the residential districts with cottages standing right in among the timber. All along the auto roads running out from the village through the different valleys, you will see these artistic little homes. Some of them are built entirely of the hard pine logs taken from the land. The sight of them takes the old settler back to the time of log houses with saddle corners and cutout windows and doors, but most of these were improved by rustic verandahs, chairs, signs, etc. There is within the park 120 miles of road for vehicle traffic and 337 miles of trail. The word trail here means foot trails, too steep or too dangerous for vehicle traffic, paths that have been cut zigzag up the mountains at a considerable cost.

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You can get all the way up some of the mountains on these trails on horseback if your own head and that of your horse are level enough to look down a few hundred foot drops without bad effect. Among the places of interest connected with Banff are the magnificent CPR Hotel and baths, the "Hot Springs" baths situated farther up the mountain, and the "Cave and Basin" baths, at the foot of Sulfur Mountain westward along the Bow Valley. The formation of Sulfur Mountain is quite different from other mountains. The rock is a great color, soft and porous. The sulfur water used at the "Cave and Basin" and which boils up inside a natural cave from which the place derives its name, has a temperature of 95°, while the "Hot Springs" are about 125°. Both of these are controlled by Government, indeed everything of a public nature in the park is controlled by Government and the park Superintendent is the "Big Chief" whose dictates are carried out by the Mounted Police. Westward, in the immediate vicinity of Banff, and along the course of the Bow River, are a succession of small lakes called the Vermilion Lakes. Farther out in a north easterly direction, is Lake Minnewanka, a beautiful lake we did not see. We visited the paddocks containing Buffalo, Elk, Moose, Yak, Sheep, Goat and Deer, also the Zoo where they keep Grizzly Bear, Brown or Black Bear, Mountain Lion, Timber Wolf

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and smaller animals, also a large collection of birds. We also visited the Sundance Canyon, 3½ miles out from Banff. Crossing the Sundance Creek at the end of the motor road we went up along the mountain path until we came to the falls, or rather the place where the waters of the Creek crowd and rush and pour over and through the mass of rocks that have fallen from the overhanging mountain and obstructed the way of the Creek. Sitting here with the mountain hanging over our heads perhaps 100 feet above us, using one fallen rock as a seat and another as a table to write upon we penned communications to some of our Stouffville friends. Another day we climbed to the summit of Tunnel Mountain and looked around. We carried a field glass with us that put twelve miles into one, so we couldn't help "seeing things".

I am trying to keep personalities out of these descriptions as much as possible, but I would like you to know that when I say we, I refer to Mrs. Q and myself. We haven't paid a motor fare yet, but are trying ourselves out, and in these little trips using the method of locomotion that God gave the first man. This may be the last chance I will have of explaining who we are naturally. We have always been home birds and now we are away and going so far and so fast that the time may soon come when we will not know ourselves, but hope when these experiences are over and we get back to Stouffville that the friends there will be able to "bring us to".

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Trip to Lake Moraine and Lake Louise

Another fine trip awaited us at Banff. This time it was a motor trip and a larger crowd, but still just ourselves. The "Reo" was taken on this trip with Malcolm as driver. The trip was to Moraine Lake and Lake Louise around mountain after mountain for nearly fifty miles, always following the Bow Valley. In writing about Calgary I said the Bow River ran from Banff, now I do not know where it sources. At Lake Louise station, 35 miles from Banff, the Bow is still there, a goodly sized River, fed by the many streams that come rushing down the mountain sides. We had a good look at a flock of mountain sheep which were pasturing alongside of the road.

Another place we saw four mule deer together and got a snapshot of them as they stood looking at us. Numerous places where the roads are cut part way up the mountain there are short and dangerous turns. There are no railings or barricades of any description around these turns. They rely solely on a quick eye and a steady hand. The motor drivers get so accustomed to them that they sometimes raise the tourist's hair, but I was immune in that respect, most of you know that I haven't much hair to raise anymore. Our driver could whistle or sing or point out places of interest all day without a false move on his steering apparatus. One young lady on a Brewster Transport car lost

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her head so completely that she was screaming at every turn and the driver coolly told her either to shut up or lay down and cover your head and not spoil the trip for all the rest of the party. On coming to Lake Louise station - which is some distance from the lake - we turned to the left and took the road leading up and around the mountain to Lake Moraine. Up, up, a steady grade for seven miles and then down grade a mile to the lake in the valley of The Ten Peaks. The lake itself has been formed by a huge block of the mountain falling across the valley and blocking the waterway. We climbed to the top of these fallen rocks - perhaps a hundred feet high - and looked over the lake and Valley. You could see how the huge mass had fallen from the mountain, and how it had slidden where it was seamed, and all lying at one angle. Some people seem to have very little imagination, some contend that imagination plays us tricks, but I am glad I have some. I dare say no human being saw the side falling off that mountain, but since I saw it lying

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there I have imagined a great many times what a sublime site it would have been to see it falling, and how old Mother Earth would reel under the shock. Perhaps a mathematician could take measurements and estimate the weight of it, but I couldn't. One thing I am sure of, at my time of life I would like to take the contract of removing it with a wheelbarrow and those well acquainted with me know that I am pretty well versed in the methods of wheelbarrow transportation. The water has found an outlet

through the rocks part way up this obstruction and you can hear it pouring through. The water is a peculiar deep green color, clear and cold. A story is told of an old lady tourist, who - like ourselves - was green to the country and surroundings, and - again like ourselves - was trying to find out all she could. She had asked the driver "green" questions until he was tired, and then some. Coming to the Lake she had another question ready. My goodness driver, she asked, what makes the water so green? Well madam he answered, I'll tell you, yesterday a party of lady tourists were walking along the lake and one of them lost her balance and fell in.

After we had eaten a camper's dinner and wandered around for some time we started back around the mountain to Lake Louise station and took the trail in another direction

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to Lake Louise. The CPR run a spur line from the main line station at the Bow to the lake itself, a distance of about 2½ miles. This lake is one of the wonderful beauty spots of the Canadian Rockies. I heard one government official say that he had been roaming over the world ever since he was a boy and had never seen a place to be equal Lake Louise. It is not on account of the size of it that is so wonderful, but because of its surroundings. The lake is only 1½ miles long and perhaps half that with, and I was informed that the centre has a depth of 600 feet. In the foreground where you enter by trail or railway may be seen on one side the rapids descending from the lake and on the grounds of the CPR Hotel, or in other words the Lake Louise Chalet. This hotel is one of the CPR's line of magnificent hotels reaching from Montréal to Victoria. On the farther side of the hotel are the terraced lawns and pleasure walks, the boat houses and lake shore. Around you are acres and acres of poppies, at this time of the year just coming in bloom. Looking straight ahead over the length of the lake you see on each side a mountain and in the distance a third one. At the head of the lake, in the depression between these three, seemingly a half mile away, but in reality four, is the celebrated

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Victoria Glacier where hundreds of feet deep lie the eternal snow. If you want to climb and see something worthwhile and even visit the glacier, you can find the trail to the right of the lake that will take you up. Ascending this trail you come to a lookout station where you have a grand view. From this station you get a view of the "Bridal Falls", two falls racing and leaping and tumbling down the mountain side by side. I suppose these falls were so named because they started together and were bound to journey together until they lost their identity in the lake, but, literally speaking, if I had to start on a bridal tour, and was sure my mate and myself were destined to a passage like that down the declivity of time into the sea of oblivion, I would rather be excused.

Above this are the "lakes in the clouds" namely Mirror Lake and Lake Agnes. It seemed to me to be a stretch of imagination to call these bodies of water lakes, as they are simply natural depressions filled

with snow water, but the expression "in the clouds" which might seem extravagant to people who have never seen the mountains is literally true. The altitude of Lake Agnes is 6875 feet. It is an ordinary sight on any cloudy day to see clouds hanging around the mountain peaks or drifting along the sides. Sometimes they will settle into the mountain pockets out of reach of the air currents and lie there for hours. Sometimes

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there is a genuine snowstorm falling on the mountain top while there is sunshine in the valley. Another object of interest here is the "beehive". There are numerous other small mountains that are styled beehive mountains, but this one in particular well deserves the name. The conical shape and the honeycombed formation of the rocks readily suggest the name.

Winding on around somewhere was the trail to Victoria Glacier. If you kept going you would probably reach there some time, but we didn't go. We couldn't see the world in a day and we had to get nearly fifty miles back home and see a few more wonderful things yet before we slept.

Castle Mountain is one of the most wonderful sights in mountain scenery. It is 8 miles long with an altitude of 5000 feet. Its perpendicular turrets and bastions and pinnacles remind you at once of the old-time fortresses and castles of the fighting clans. You will nearly always find a picture of Castle Mountain among postcards or booklet collections that you can purchase at any of the pleasure resorts.

Eighteen miles out from Banff is Johnson's Canyon, our last stopping place for the day. We camped on the side of the auto trail where it crosses Johnson's Creek and had our supper and then took the foot trail up the canyon. The trail led us

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along the rocky sides of the canyon, up and down steps, sometimes one side of the creek and sometimes the other. Seven times we crossed the canyon on the footbridges with the water rushing and roaring away down below us. For a mile we followed the trail and then came to the falls and "Twin Pools". There were places on the trail where the creek seemed to be a hundred feet below us, and at the same time the rock would be overhanging our heads at a greater distance above us. The falls are not nearly as high as some of the other falls described, yet they are very wonderful in their way, and quite different. The falls drop into a basin about midway down the rock and form a swirling pool, after which the water pours out in another direction, making another falls and another whirlpool at the bottom, hence the name "Twin Pools".

Notwithstanding the fact that the days here are between two and three hours longer than in Ontario, it was getting dark and we had to leave these sights and start on our way home where we arrived safely, beguiling the time by singing some of the familiar songs of long ago. Thus ended the longest day in the

year, the longest motor ride we ever had in a day, and the most wonderful sights in nature that we have ever seen.

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Wednesday we left the mountains returning to Calgary by CPR and from there by the Calgary-Edmonton branch to Innisfail, from Innisfail by the Lacombe-Kerrobert branch to Castor, and from Castor by motor to Alliance. We are not pretending to give dates or follow our journey in these records, that is written in our weekly insertions.

Western Farming Methods

I have been trying to study Western methods of farming since I came here, but their methods differ so much from ours that it is hard to catch on. There are so many methods followed here that go against the grain of a careful Easterner like myself that I have to sit on myself to keep from exploding or giving them a piece of my mind. There is more good stuff wasted on some of the farms here than I have to live on. I can look out of the window from where I am writing and see machinery lying in junk that would cost more than I am worth. But you see, the lure the west hasn't seeped into me yet, nor the ways of the west transformed my thinking apparatus, and I don't expect to stay long enough for that transformation to take place. I am too old for the West; it is a young man's country.

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I am going to try and give you my impressions as I have gathered them from three homesteads at which I have been visiting, one at Innisfail, one at Castor and one at Alliance. The farm at Innisfail belongs to my brother and was our first visiting place after we left Banff. He can scarcely be classed as a farmer in the west; he has only seventy acres of grain this year. He would be classed as a rancher of the limited type. I heard him say that his cream receipts amount to \$2200 last year, but of course, like a great many other farm products, the price has fallen this year. But I noticed that milking and eating were about all the regular performances around the place. The farm consists of 3¼ sections, or 560 acres. One Quarter was kept exclusively for hay, or rather that portion of it that was not covered with sloughs or bluff. None of this hay land has ever been broken. It is the wild prairie grass that they cut, and it is remarkable for its fattening and milking qualities. Ontario people who are unacquainted with the West think of it as a prairie country. There are portions of the West that are bald prairie land, but I have not seen them yet. The greater part of this country is what we would call "rolling land" and about one fourth of it is covered with what the Westerners call "bluff", that is, small timber principally Poplar and Willow. The poplars

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range from one to eight or ten inches through, and the Willow three or four. The bluff always grows in patches, sometimes an acre, sometimes three or four. Bluff always grows around the sloughs, and any small depression in the land is generally covered with it. The coulees and river bottoms are also covered. The Willow is very durable when put in the ground, and it is used for fencing purposes. You can travel a hundred miles and not see any other kind of farm fence but these Willow poles driven into the ground with three strands of barb-wire stretched along them. These three stretched at certain distances apart constitute a lawful fence. Their gates are simply the same three wires fastened one end by slipping a loop over the pole. The hinges never get out of repair. Of course, these fences will not turn sheep or pigs. They put woven wire around the hog pasture and seldom raise sheep because the coyotes catch them. The coyotes as I saw them running wild here seem to be a large sized animal. They sometimes rear their young in the old straw stacks that are left standing over the grain fields.

But let us go back to the farm. They were summer following a small field, say about twenty-five acres. Summer following here consists of ploughing once in June

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or July, and then harrowing or disking according to the opportunity or inclination until it freezes up, then they sow it with wheat the next spring. Their style of ploughing is to put four or six horses to a sulkey plough and turn one or two furrows about nine or ten inches deep and sixteen inches wide, and they claim that the deep ploughing will retain moisture better than the shallower ploughing and getting and retaining of moisture is everything to the prairie farmer. A breaking rig was busy breaking land by the acre for my brother. Breaking "bluff" land costs anywhere from nine dollars and up per acre. This breaking outfit consisted of a gasoline "Titan" engine and a "brush" plough. This plough turned a twenty-inch furrow. The share is fastened to the end of the coulter or cutter and the cutter is kept sharpened. I have seen them cut through the centre of the green poplar stump ten inches through, and they turn the stumps and brush under the furrow. Anything in the shape of brush that they can tramp down or force an engine or horses through, is never cut. After it is cut they put disks and harrows on the breaking and work it down for the next spring's crop. They disc and harrow in the second crop also on bluff breaking and calculate by that time that the stumps in the brush will be rotted so they can plough them again. Sometimes it works fairly well, and sometimes, as in the case of a dry season

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they have an interesting time back-setting. In odd places there a red colored glue-like clay, known as "gumbo" through which it is almost impossible to get the plough.

On the farm at Castor I saw them breaking with horses, and I assure you it was quite a novelty for me to see a sixteen-horse team at work. They were all hitched to a one-furrow plough, but the plough weighed

sixteen hundred pounds and turned a two-foot furrow. In front of the plough were six horses abreast ahead of them six more and leading four more. Ahead of the first six, between the horses, the driver walked. This man, although ahead of the first six, practically manages all of them although the man at the levers keeps his eye on the first six and makes it his business to shy a club at any of them that are not keeping up with the procession. But the outfit is managed by the two of them and the driver has the most dangerous and tiresome job. In this case the driver happened to be my own boy and he told me it was pretty hot and tiresome traveling all day in between a lot of horses. When he started he thought he might rest himself a little by riding the double-tree - in this case a poplar log - but there was ten horse power on that log, and when the plough struck a solid stump it shot him into the air like a catapult, and it was not a very safe place

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to light among a lot of horses when a person is off his balance, so he concluded it was safer to walk. Another time one of the clubs thrown by the lever man and intended for one of the first six found it's way through the horses and hit him on the back of the head. When he came to and called out from among the horses, the lever man asked him innocently what had happened to him. The driver, being pretty sure that he knew what had happened, and how it had happened, without outside information didn't answer very good-naturedly and for a few minutes it was quite warm around there, but the atmosphere soon cooled again. The procession started on and matters became normal a long time before the bump came off the back of his head. I saw this plough shearing through green stumps six and eight inches through and again I saw stumps set back the sixteen although the horses were fair size and there was four mules in the lot. As a rule the driver watches for the heavy stumps and takes them with a rush. The horses get accustomed to this and when you hear a noise resembling an Indian war-whoop you know they are rushing a big stump.

On the Paulson farm, where we were visiting the son-in-law who is Paulson's foreman, things are managed on a different scale again. It is one of the larger

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farms, consisting of fourteen quarters, or 2240 acres. 1000 or 1200 acres of this are under cultivation. With the exception of enough oats to supply their 35 or 40 horses, the crop is all wheat. They raised 1000 acres last year, and this year have 900. Their main business at this time of the year is, of course, breaking land. But they don't do it with horses. All their horses have to do at this time of year is to run the pasture quarters and fight flies. The flies are an awful torment to them. One kind they call the nose fly will set horses fairly wild at times when they work them they screen their noses with wire, when they attack them in the pasture they scamper for the slough brush. Another kind called the heel fly will torment the cattle until you will see them crossing the pasture on the run with their tails in the air. On the Paulson farm they do their breaking with tractors. The little "Fordson" tractor was busy breaking

land, two furrows at a time. But the big way of doing things - and the Westerner dearly loves doing things the big way - was by using the sixty-five horsepower Caterpillar tractor designated by the outfit hands as "the old cat". In seeding they keep the old cat going day and night and it costs for engineering, gasoline and repairs about fifty dollars every twenty-four hours. It turns eight furrows at once

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and it drags it at the same time, leaving it ready for the drill and packer. The same make of Caterpillar tractor was used during the war for moving their heavy guns and a heavier type for their "tanks".

Instead of bluffing, or as we would say underbrushing, with axes and "armstrong" power, as the smaller fellows have to do, they have a "v-shaped" attachment built of steel rails and iron rods four or five feet high. Running along the ground are heavy cutting shears. When the shares are in good order the old cat will crowd this apparatus ahead of it and cut a 12 foot swath of bluff. The railings crowd the brush half each side as it is cut so that every through leaves a wind-row of brush ready for the fire. It will shear off the heaviest poplars in the bluff, that is, as before stated, trees six, eight and ten inches through. Then it will walk a brush plough anywhere through the bluff breaking, and is easier to drive than sixteen horses in case you know how to do it. But you have to prepare some ground and raise some wheat to pay for it, for the tractor itself costs \$6000.

I will have to quit these descriptions for the present. I have been trying to crowd them into the shortest possible space, but I have a sneaking idea that they are getting too long. I haven't said anything yet about harvesting methods, but harvest is yet to come and I may say something

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about it when I am better posted.

It is not my intention to follow the course of our journeyings week by week here. They will come into my memorandum in the weekly insertions, so our next writing will be some recollections of:

A Trip Through The Mountains.

On July 17th we started through the mountains. Leaving Calgary at 5:15 AM we reached Vancouver at 9:00 AM the next day. The distance is 620 miles and the schedule time for going is 28 hours. In giving the distance I am going by the time table figures. If they include the distance necessary to twist around the mountain's and loop the loop in the grade-reducing tunnels, which I suppose they do, the distance as the crow flies would be much less. We had been over the road as far as Lake Louise station while at Banff, the remaining part of the way was new to us. Six miles beyond Lake Louise station - formally called Laggan - is the dividing line between Alberta and British Columbia known as "The Great Divide". It probably derives its name from the fact that it is not only the dividing line of the provinces, but also of

the waters. I suppose nearly everybody has seen a picture of The Great Divide. The first thing that catches the eye is the rustic framework with these

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inscriptions. On the left, "Alberta", in the centre, "The Great Divide", and on the right, "British Columbia". In front of the framework there is a monument with lengthy inscription upon it which I was unable to get because the train did not stop as it sometimes does. Underneath the framework and behind this monument was a cement watercourse that divided the little mountain stream, carrying part one way and part another, and it stated as a fact that the waters parted here flow one side to the Atlantic and the other to the Pacific. This divide is 5296 feet, or in other words, one mile and 16 feet above sea level. If I were a drop of water and had my choice, I would turn to the right and start down the clear green waters of the Bow River for just across the divide the water is the color of dirty milk. It is mountain water on both sides and the only reason given was a difference in the mountain soil over which it passed. As stated before the CPR follows the bed of the Bow River through the foothills from Calgary to "The Gap" and through the mountains from the Gap to the "Great Divide". At the divide the mighty Bow is only a small creek. On the other side of the divide the railway follows the course of a number of rivers for certain distances. These rivers include the Kicking Horse, the Beaver, the Illicillewaet, the Columbia, the Thompson, and lastly the Fraser. Immediately after leaving the Divide the train passes through

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the Spiral Tunnels. In these two tunnels the trains make a complete turn in order to cut down the grade. At the Great Divide - formally called Stephen - the railway reaches its highest altitude between the oceans. Between Stephen and Field there is an average decline of 126 feet to the mile, and these two tunnels known respectively as the Spiral Tunnel and the Corkscrew Tunnel, and also the crossing and re-crossing of the Valley by the railway serve the purpose of reducing the grade so that two large engines are able to handle an express train going eastward, or up the grade where formally four engines were required. Entering the valley going westward three tracks can be seen running parallel in the valley below. The two tunnels are respectively 3200 and 2900 feet in length, and it took the train three minutes to pass through each of them. One of them reduces the grade 50 feet and the other 54 feet. The cost of these tunnels was 1,500,000 dollars.

The Kicking Horse Pass is supposed to derive its name from the representation of a kicking horse portrayed in rock coloring upon a mountainside. After passing the last of these tunnels, looking directly to the right, this representation can be seen. Although I knew about it and was anxious to see it, I didn't know the location at the time and missed it altogether. I have been told by some who have seen it

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that it takes a considerable stretch of imagination to conjure up the semblance of a kicking horse. In the old days the Royal Train containing the present King of England as a passenger was hauled from Field to Hector through the Kicking Horse Pass by five huge locomotives. Today the grade is reduced over one half by the use of tunnels.

Fourteen miles beyond the divide, nestling at the foot of Mount Stephen, a giant that rises 6500 feet above the railway and the Kicking Horse River, is Field, the stopping off place for Emerald Lake, Yoho Valley and Yoho Park. Field is also a divisional time point, changing from Mountain to Pacific Time. An excellent carriage road crosses the Kicking Horse River at Field to the base of Burgess Mountain and leads through a forest of balsam and spruce to Emerald Lake seven miles distant. This beautiful lake is surrounded by Mount Burgess, Mount Wapta and Mount President. The CPR operates a hotel at the Lake. From the lake the trail leads up through forests to the Yoho Pass where it is joined by the trail from Field over Mount Burgess. Another small lake, called Summit Lake, can be seen here at an altitude of 6000 feet. From here the trail descends into the Yoho Valley and brings the tourist to Takkakaw Falls, the highest cataract in America, and surpassing anything in the known world. The falls have a drop of 1346 feet, being nearly ten times higher than Niagara. Farther on in the Valley

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are the "Twin Falls" - 760 feet - and a number of glaciers the chief of which is the Yoho Glacier overhanging the right-hand fork of the valley.

From Field to Rogers Pass and Glacier is 85 miles according to timetable mileage. Glacier is in the centre of Glacier National Park, a park covering 468 square miles and the point from which trails radiate to all the most interesting points in the Selkirk Mountains. Illicillewaet Glacier, an icefield of about ten square miles, can be reached in ten minutes walk. Geologists tell us that the glaciers are dwindling from year to year, indicating that the loss to the glaciers by melting is greater than they gain by precipitation.

Rogers Pass was the old railway route before the wonderful Connaught Tunnel through Mount Macdonald was built. This is the longest tunnel in North America, the length being exactly 5 miles with a double track through. The cost was \$5,500,000 and it completed in 23 months. It shortens the railway a little over four miles and reduces the elevation of the track through the Rogers Pass by 552 feet, and eliminates four miles of snow sheds and curvature to the extent of seven complete circles. The new route has been in use since the end of 1916. The five-mile line through is so straight that the exits are never out of sight. I timed the train going through, and it takes from 12 to 13 minutes.

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Glacier lies at the western exit of the tunnel and the CPR operate a hotel there. Looming up among the clouds beside the Glacier House is Mount Sir Donald 10,808 feet above sea level and more than a mile and a half above the railway. This famous mountain was named after Sir Donald Smith - Lord Strathcona.

Another point of interest is the Albert Canyon. There is a platform built by the side of the track and the train halts five minutes to let passengers looked down 150 feet to where the Illicillewaet River rushes through a rock bound canyon. The perpendicular rock walls each side give it an eerie appearance.

Stony Creek Bridge, farther on, is another picturesque sight. It crosses a noisy creek of the same name flowing in the bottom of a V-shaped channel 300 feet below the rails, one of the loftiest railway bridges in the world.

Revelstoke is the next main stopping place after Glacier. It is a railway junction. A CPR branch running southeast connects with Arrowhead, the northerly end of the Arrow Lakes. From there the CPR have a lake steamer service running through the upper and lower Arrow Lakes to Brilliant.

These principal stations are marked on the timetable in capitals and the trains halt 20 minutes for refreshments. After an engine and crew have taken the train

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over a certain section of the road an exchange is made at one of these main points and a fresh engine is put on and a new crew take charge.

Sicamons is on the shore of the Shuswap Lake and the next divisional point. It is forty-five miles beyond Revelstoke, and the junction of the CPR branch leading to Okanagan Valley and Lake. The distance from Sicamons to Okanagan Landing is 50 miles, and from Sicamons to Penticton the southern extremity of the lake 155. There is a steamer service on Okanagan Lake also, and another hotel belonging to the company at Sicamons. The Okanagan Lake and Valley are well worth seeing, but we had that privilege.

Kamloops is the next notable place on the way but I have only a dreamy recollection of it because we passed it in the night both going and coming. The twinkling lights of the city seem to extend over a large area of ground. After leaving the city the railway runs along the shore of Kamloops Lake, then along the Thompson River, past Spence's Bridge to Lytton where it strikes the Fraser River. For a distance of 140 miles it follows the mighty Fraser leaving it at Westminster 16 miles out from Vancouver where the river takes a more southerly course. I remember rousing up in the morning when the train was pounding along the Fraser and looking out the window. They ran so close to the river that

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every little while it seemed as though the train was going to pitch into the water twenty or thirty feet below. The mountains hug the river so closely and are so precipitous in places that it is almost impossible to get track space. Every little while the train was darting through little pitch-dark tunnels where the mountain points extended right into the river.

What a stupendous undertaking it was, and what vast sums of money it has taken to build a railway system such as this through the mountains. The CPR system is a wonderful one. They claim, I suppose truthfully, that they span the world. Their train service, their oceangoing vessels and their lake steamers are all wonderfully planned and managed. Their fourteen hotels reaching from Montréal to Victoria are the most costly and efficient. CPR service "goes" with the traveling public. On the other hand they are a gigantic monopoly. All through the prairies their huge government land grants have filled their coffers and retarded settlement. All through the mountains wherever there is a piece of beautiful lake or mountain scenery the CPR have laid their hands upon it and built places of accommodation to the exclusion of all others. Over oceans or lake, wherever there is money to be made by traffic, the Canadian Pacific Railway system is there to rake it in.

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I would like to say a few more words about the wonderful mountains before we leave them. People may get a faint idea of what they are like by reading descriptions of them, but the grand climax is to see them. Anybody who can gaze on them unmoved would be a person whom it would be impossible to move except with a pitchfork or a shotgun. The Alps of Switzerland are world celebrated, but the Canadian Rockies have been described as fifty Switzerland's thrown into one. Five hundred miles of rock piles lifting their peaks into the clouds. From east to west, largely divided, they are known as, 1st The Rocky Mountain Range, 2nd The Purcell Range, divided from the Rocky range by the Columbia and Kootenay Rivers and Windermere Lake, 3rd The Selkirk Range, divided from the Purcell range by the Beaver River and Kootenay Lake, 4th The Gold Range, between the Arrow Lakes and Okanagan Lake, and lastly the Coast Range, reaching saltwater and including Vancouver Island mountains.

Subdivided, there is the Goat Range, the Big-Game District, the Pallisser Range, the Sawback Range, the Bow Range, the Ottertail Range, the Beaverfoot, the Vanhorne Range, and the Cascade Range.

The altitude of mountains is always given in feet and the impressions that numbers of people get from it are very hazy. We must always remember too, that altitude

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is reckoned from sea level, consequently the altitude from the base of a mountain may be vastly different. For instance Sulfur Mountain is given as 8000 feet at the highest point. Banff lying at the foot

of Sulfur Mountain has an altitude of 4534 feet. Subtract 4534 from 8000 and you have 3466 feet or 5/8 of a mile, plus 166 feet. Cascade Mountain lying at the other end of the village is 9800 feet, giving it an altitude from the base of one mile lacking 16 feet. These are the smaller mountains. As has been stated Mount Stephen, at Field, is nearly 1¼ miles higher than the railway tracks and Mount Sir Donald 1½ miles. Mount Robson, the highest, or one of the highest, mountains in the Rockies, is listed at 13,068 feet, or nearly 2½ miles above sea level. If a person could climb up there he would be nearer heaven than a great many people could reasonably expect to be after they died.

Vancouver

Vancouver, the centre of trade and commerce for British Columbia, is situated on a peninsula formed by the Fraser River and Burrard Inlet. To the south is the mighty Fraser, to the west the Gulf of Georgia and to the north Burrard Inlet and the Harbor. It is the terminus of four transcontinental railways. Burrard

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Inlet, the main harbor, is one of three natural harbors of the world. It is a landlocked harbor capable of anchoring the British Navy. It is the natural western outlet for the grain of the Western prairies and the terminal port for British, Australian and Asiatic steamship lines. While we were there we got a permit to visit and look over the CPR's oceangoing vessel the Empress of Russia that was loading at the dock. It carried a crew of 350 Chinamen besides the ship's officers. People who are possessed of the filthy lucre can travel in a palatial little home on board ship with all the accommodation attainable on land with the exception that when they are promenading they have to turn around at certain intervals in order to get good footing. These ships sail to Australian, Chinese, and Japanese ports.

At another time during our stay in Vancouver, a fleet of war vessels belonging to the United States Navy anchored in the harbor. There was a large battleship, hospital ship and five other smaller vessels. The naval cadets were swarming all over the city having a good time, and a good time for many of them meant getting drunk and making a general commotion, knowing that Uncle Sam would pay the bill.

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Liquor is easily obtainable in BC and also in many parts of the West. Vancouver has a population of 123,000, less than one quarter of the population of Toronto. It is only 33 years old, seven years younger than Calgary. There appears to have been in town or centre of population there previous to this time, but it was completely wiped out by fire, and Vancouver as a city, dates from that time. It has a large number of magnificent buildings, but it is not my intention to try and describe any of them. Shaughnessy Heights is the aristocratic portion of the city and contains many palatial residences. This portion of the

city was named after Lord Shaughnessy, the ex-president of the CPR company, and is, or has been, CPR property.

One of the first things noticed by the ordinary tourist is the foreign population. Vancouver has its "Chinatown" and it's "Japtown", and it is quite a novelty to go through Powell Street, or Pender Street and see the Chinese or Japanese inscriptions and advertisements in their own language. There are also large numbers of Hindus doing business in the city, and they seem to be honest and reliable. They have their temple or place of worship in the city, and as we were passing one evening we saw large numbers of them gathering for worship, with their turbans - which they always

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wear - on their heads. The city extends over a large area but apart from the heart of the city, it is not nearly all built upon or populated. There are portions of the city where the underbrush will nearly crowd pedestrians off a 6 foot sidewalk. The city is noted for its pure water, drawing their supplies from glacier fed mountain streams. Vancouver has a very mild climate, the temperature rarely rising above 90° or falling below zero. There is hardly any snow and lawns stay green throughout the year.

Lying to the north, within 5 miles of the city, is the lower coast range of mountains. Close to the city lie Grouse Mountain, 4,200 feet, Crown Mountain, 5200 feet, Goat Mountain, 4500 feet, and the Lions, 6500 feet.

Looking from the city the first thing that catches the eye is the "Sleeping Beauty", a mountaintop resembling the figure of a person lying upon their back, and to the left the "Lions", two conical peaks rising side-by-side nearly 1 ¼ miles in the air, keeping watch over the city.

A Trip and "Trees".

The Marine Drive is supposed to be a pleasure trail and is advertised and recommended to tourists as such by the transport agencies. It reaches from

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Vancouver to Westminster, a distance of 23 miles, counting the distance of the drive part way around the city. Being tourists ourselves, of course, we took this drive. As a rule the trail follows the north arm of the Fraser River. The Fraser proper and the north arm divide at Westminster and while the arms flows into the Gulf of Georgia near Vancouver, the river itself empties about six miles farther south. Along the river near the city are extensive market gardens worked almost exclusively by Chinamen. After passing the gardens there are thousands of acres lying unused. The timber has been taken from these lands, and it is a big job clearing and getting them under cultivation. First, there is a dense undergrowth to be got

rid of, next, there is a lot of old timber lost over with age, and sunken in the ground, and last, but not least, there are the huge stumps to contend with.

The land in this state is valued at about \$100 per acre, it costs 300 or 400 per acre to clear it, and although it will likely be reclaimed in the course of time the white population of the present time seem to be shying around it while the Chinamen and the Japs are taking up the task. Crossing the Westminster Bridge over the Fraser, a bridge three quarters of a mile long with a cantilever section of 380 feet, we drove out for some distance on what is known as the

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Pacific Highway. This auto road, when completed, will reach from Westminster to Seattle and Washington. I wanted to go out in that district to see a BC forest as yet untouched by the lumbermen and shingle makers and I saw it. Since that time I have been in Stanley Park where the magnificent timber remains - and probably will remain - untouched by the woodman's axe.

Most people have heard of the wonderful BC timber. As a matter of fact nearly all builders are using it now, even in Ontario. Being brought up in the bush, I have always been interested in timber. I used to consider myself an expert in falling timber just where I wanted it to go. I remember being dared by one of my bush comrades to "drive the peg" as we called it. I told him to set his peg and I felled the tree and drove the peg into the ground with the trunk of the tree about 40 feet from the stump.

I was in BC and I wanted to see some big trees, and I've seen them. Although we measured trees other places I will confine my measurements to trees we saw in Stanley Park. Somewhere near the centre of the park, reached by a foot trail, are the noted "Seven Sisters". These trees are of the famous Douglas Fir variety. To be more precise there are eight of these trees in the group, evidently

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one of them was thrown out of the count because it was only between four and five feet through. We tapelined what we thought was the largest one and it measured 25 feet around. These eight fir trees and four cedars - the largest cedar measuring 20 feet around - are growing on a space of land 125 feet long and 60 feet wide. There are two other cedar trees not far from the sisters which measure 64 feet around, so I discovered afterward. I am sorry that I cannot give the height of this timber but it was impossible for me to get anyone to hold the tapeline at the top of them and I didn't go up myself, I had on my Sunday clothes. I think a fair estimate would be 200 feet. A flagpole made of one tree, and standing near the city courthouse has a height of 210 feet, so we are not overreaching the mark according to the evidence in that case. Some of these trees have bark on them 6 inches thick. I wondered sometimes how the lumbermen got the logs out of these dense forests. Imagine loading a log nine or 10 feet through on a sleigh or truck and getting it out of the bush. When we were coming in on

the train I saw a sawmill standing by a little lake at the foot of the mountain and up the mountainside, from which they were taking the timber, they had built a trough slide. It extended perhaps

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half a mile up and was steep enough when the logs were rolled in to send them splashing into the lake. That is one way, and of course, would only apply to a mountainside. I was told a little about the big way but did not see any of the operations. Just north of New Westminster, on the banks of the Fraser River, stands one of the largest sawmills in the world. They have timber limits on Vancouver Island and the Comox logging company operates there for the Fraser Mills. I got in conversation with a man who lived on the island and he told me the Comox company employed about five hundred loggers ten months in the year, and two railway trains were engaged in getting out logs to keep the Fraser Mills going. I asked him how they got them out of the forest and with a sort of grin on his face he said "they just bring them out with flying machines". I guess he saw that I didn't swallow his statement literally so he went on to explain what they called flying machines were a sort of aerial cable strung through the bush. Proceeding on the same plan that a farmer would with the hay fork, they would clamp their dogs on the forward part of a log and with a donkey engine on the other end, to take in the slack, no matter how long or how large it was, away it would go out of the bush.

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With the same engine power and the use of a derrick they load them on the trains. Mountain trails were frequently crossed by these railway trains built exclusively for logging operations and are not as expensive as they would appear to be when the great amount of timber they take off per acre is considered. Douglas fir, red cedar and a small percentage of hemlock are about all the varieties of large timber that I have seen.

The Fraser Mills company owned town where they are located. They have their own church and school. They have row after row of houses built on the same plan for their employees, and the size of the place would compare favorably with some of our small towns. What the wages and conditions are I cannot say, but if you live there you live in their houses, you send your children to their school, you go to their church, you trade at their stores, you work in the mills and are known as a Fraser Mills man.

While speaking of company owned towns let me mention one more. Up Burrard Inlet, along the shore, there is a town called loco. I.O.Co. - Imperial Oil Company. The Imperial Oil Company have refineries in loco. There is no duty on crude oil crossing the lines, and with their own boats - I saw some of them in the harbor, black hulls with a heavy red stripe on top - they bring the crude oil from the California oil wells, refine it and send

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it all over to drive machinery of all descriptions and the millions of horseless carriages of Mother Shipton's prophecy. If you got a job up there and wanted oiling up you could get it done cheaply. What other conditions are, I must say again that I cannot tell, but as long as you are there, in a sense you belong to the Imperial Oil Company, body and britches.

Excuse these digressions. We were talking about timber. Let us go back to Stanley Park and measurements again, but the remaining measurements will be of cedar. By the way I have laid so many BC shingles that I thought I would like to see them being made, so I walked 2 miles the other day to the nearest mill. It was only a small mill. There was a number of saws and three men worked a set. One man pulled the timber out of the Fraser by machinery and sawed it into blocks, the second made the shingles and the third pack them. The sawyer would clamp a big block into the machine and start the rip saw, and while the saw ripped them at the rate of 30 per minute, he would edge them, sort them, and slide the first class down one chute, the second down another and kick the wood down another. When the timber was sound and allowed it, he would edge three or four

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at the time. It was done by simply putting them on a springboard and pressing the board down on a saw underneath. I wondered how he kept his hands; anyhow I didn't want his job and came away. I have given the measurement of the cedar standing among the seven sisters as 20 feet, but we soon came to larger ones. The next one we taped was 30 feet and the next 33 feet 3 inches. We were finding them larger and larger but I was getting tired and dirty getting around them and my companion in life was wondering if my clothes would ever be fit to go to church in Stouffville with again. But we hadn't seen the big tree yet, we came to it farther on. The underbrush had been cleared away from it years ago and it was scored by hundreds of initials. It is an even, round upstanding tree, and free of the huge knots that blemish some of them. We measured it four feet above the ground level and found the measurement 47 feet, and saw afterward that it tallied exactly with the official measurement given on the park charts. If the rule is correct that the diameter of a round body is one third of the circumference - less some fractions - the butt of this tree cut off four feet above ground would be about 15 feet, and an 18 foot cross-cut saw would only give you a sweep of 3 feet cutting the butt. If it were laying with the butt at the sidewalk and the top back in his orchard, I wonder if my neighbor WB would help me saw it up.

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The official measurement of the big hollow stump by the side of the park drive is given as 64 feet, but I think this measurement would include some knotty excrescences around its base. As has been mentioned, two other cedars in the park measure 64 feet, and this is the limit measurement of the big

trees there. The most magnificent specimen was the 47 foot tree. You can back a Tin Lizzie almost entirely into the big stump by the roadside and there is a man on the job who will take your picture at so much per. He makes his bread and butter that way and judging by the employment he gets, it is quite possible that he might afford to have molasses on top of the butter part of the time.

I am giving the statements for nothing. It is as cheap as I can afford to write them and you are at liberty to believe them or not. It is a Western accomplishment to stretch the truth in telling a yarn, and if you think I have been too apt a scholar in this respect just talk it over and make what allowances you can under the circumstances. But I want to repeat these measurements were taken by myself at the rate of twelve inches to the foot, and three feet to the yard. You can't dispute them without going to Stanley Park, Vancouver, BC and it is easier to believe them then to go and hunt proof.

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Stanley Park

Stanley Park, Vancouver's only park, lies within a few minutes walk of the business portion of the city. It consists of 1000 acres of forest, lying in the waters of Burrard Inlet, and connected to the city by a narrow neck of land. It is a timber reservation, calculated to stand as a sample of the mighty forest timber of British Columbia. There is a nine mile motor road around the park affording beautiful views of the harbor and mountains. At the entrance of the park there are extensive flower gardens, showing magnificent specimens of the wonderful flowers grown in this climate. We saw walls, trellis work and even huge stumps ten and twelve feet high, literally covered with the bloom of the beautiful climbing roses. On a large plot used for the propagation of roses, we saw all kinds and colors, and measured some of the blooms five inches across. Numerous other varieties of shrubs and flowers were there in abundance and it seemed a veritable paradise to the eye.

Another attraction was the collection of wild animals in the zoo. The collection was superior to the one in Banff. The crowd seemed to gravitate to the cage of the grizzly bear family. Old man bear was a huge specimen, and when he stood up he could very nearly look over the 8 foot iron cage. Mother bear mostly sat in the corner begging for

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peanuts, but the young fellow was full of mischief. He wanted to be wrestling with the old man most of the time. The old man, like most old folks, didn't want to be playing all the time and when the young fellow tormented him too much would give him a clout that would send him sprawling over the floor. To the left of the park entrance is English Bay, the city bathing and picnic grounds where you can get bathing accommodation and roll in the salt water as long as you wish. To the right some distance from the entrance can be seen "Dead Man's Island" lying in the waters of Burrard Inlet. There is a legend connected with this island that I gathered very imperfectly but here it is as nearly as I can remember.

Long ago, in the days of Indian tribal warfare, a great misfortune came to the Capilano Indians. While their warriors were up north on a fishing and hunting expedition a warring tribe from the south took advantage of their absence and captured their women and children. Keeping them prisoners on Dead Man's Island. Word was sent to the braves up north and they came back in great haste. Time and again they tried to capture the island, but were always driven back. Both sides became weary and as the southern tribe found it

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impossible to carry their captives away they decided to kill all of them. Word came to the fathers, brothers, husbands and sweethearts of the prisoners and a truce was called. Many things were offered for the release of the captives but the only thing that would satisfy was a promise that for the total number held, a similar number of braves would give up their lives. Joyfully the women and children were taken off the island, and the young Indians went to their doom. Unarmed they were shot down on Dead Man's Island chanting their death song mingled with the cry of desolation that arose from their women.

Continuing along the park drive you come to another place of interest the "Lumberman's Arch", a structure built of huge round blocks taken from the forest direct. Still farther on the park drive turned sharply to the left along the shore. This is called Brockton Point. On this point stands the Brockton Point Lighthouse. Just here, between Stanley Park and the mountain on the opposite side, is the gap or entrance to the harbor, and although quite narrow the water is deep enough to admit any ocean-going vessel. Farther still, along the shore of the park, there is standing in the water's of the straits, a peculiar pillar- like rock with a lone tree growing

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upon it, called "Siwash Rock". Here is another legend about this rock. Many years ago, before the white man came to that country, there dwelt in Stanley Park a Siwash Indian brave and his squaw, to whom was shortly to be born their first child. On that eventful day after she'd gone into the woods to give birth to the child, as was the custom, and as he was keeping watch at Prospect Point he saw three warriors of a rival tribe in all their war paint coming up English Bay. Just then a breeze from out the woods wafted to him a wailing cry. The cry of the helpless new life added to the courage of the brave warrior and he set out in his canoe and met the foe at Siwash Rock, and in the fight that ensued, not only were two of his foemen killed and the other put to flight, but he himself also lost his life. It is said that his spirit still hovers around Siwash Rock and to those who know the legend a feeling of veneration arises whenever they view the rock. Even back in those days of ignorance and barbarism the spirit of love and sacrifice was understood, and this feeling added to their courage, made them willing to give "a life for a life". "Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friends".

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It is stated that when Pauline Johnson, the Indian authoress from whose pen come these legends in much better form than they are here given, was dying, she requested that her body be cremated and the ashes strewn on Siwash Rock.

Through the park in different directions the tangled undergrowth has been removed and footpaths made. These footpaths lead to the large trees and other places of interest in the park. Outside of these paths nobody attempts to go unless it would be for some special purpose. The nearest description I can give of it is, first, to imagine a dense cedar swamp, add to this the heavy timber, some of it towering 200 feet in the air, and lastly, add a semi tropical undergrowth and you have an idea of the park outside of the improved areas. In the greater part of it the rays of the sun never touch the ground. A few years ago, whether intentionally or not, nobody knows, a man wandered into the park and died, and there, a mile or so outside the heart of a big city he lay until his bones were bleached white before he was found.

Two days was the limit of my wanderings in Stanley Park, I have wanted ever since to go back and spend a week there.

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Capilano Canyon

August 7th we made a visit to Capilano Canyon. The party consisted of five of us and we had a very enjoyable time and saw something fresh in beautiful mountain scenery. Capilano River and Canyon are reached by way of North Vancouver, and people from Vancouver proper cross the harbor by ferry. The ferry boat can carry twelve or fourteen automobiles at a trip apart from the foot passengers and have a twenty minute service. It is about 2 ½ miles from North Vancouver landing to the noted Canyon footbridge, and 2 ½ more to the water intake. The water is taken from the river at this point and piped into the city. The authorities will not allow any person to go any farther up the river without undergoing a blood test. A short distance to the left from here can be seen the mountains of which the Lions form the peak and you have an excellent view of them from this point. The river, as are all other mountain streams at this time of year – August - was quite low, but again we where impressed with the deep green color of the water and the clearness of it. We saw fish 16 to 18 inches long lying twelve feet under water, but we didn't catch any of them. We tried, but they caught sight

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of us and may have known that we where Easterners. Anyway they went farther upstream without waiting for a blood test. A footbridge spans the river at this point which is used only by timber men and

overseers. We took a few snapshots of ourselves standing along the riverbed to make ourselves believe in after years that we had been there. On our return we visited the Capilano Canyon footbridge. There is a tea house there where refreshments may be had in the enclosure leading to the bridge where an administration fee of \$.10 is charged. The bridge is about five feet wide 450 feet long and 200 feet above the River. It is suspended upon two cables and supposed to be tested every day. It is a splendid nerve test. Any person who can stand in the centre of the bridge and gaze at the Capilano River rushing along 200 feet below without any nervous tremors is not any serious danger of nervous prostration, and any person who can travel across with the bridge vibration raising and lowering his underpinning three or four inches at every step without his hair trying to lift his hat, is physically fit. On the far side of the canyon there are some fine specimens of fruit trees and lovely picnic grounds. We returned by ferry and Kitsilano Beach where we had another dip in saltwater.

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Victoria

On Thursday, August 4th, we took a trip to Victoria by CPR steamer Princess Adelaide. It was a delightful water trip. Nearly all the way between Vancouver and Victoria, a distance of 80 miles, the boat was winding around little islands or through the straits between them. According to the maps Victoria is nearly south of Vancouver, and with all our twisting and turning we are still in the waters of the Gulf of Georgia until we turned sharply around the end of the island and enter Victoria Harbour. I would like to say a word here about the wrong impression some people have of "going to the coast". Going to Vancouver and going to the coast means the same thing to numbers of people. You have to travel a distance of nearly eighty miles between the cities and an equal distance from Victoria due west through the straits of Juan de Fuca before you reach the Pacific Coast proper. It could be reached in a shorter distance by traveling by water due west from Vancouver to Nanaimo, and then overland across the island, for the west shore of Vancouver Island is the Pacific Coast.

Vancouver Island was named after Captain George Vancouver of the British Navy, who discovered it in 1792, and should not be confounded with the city of Vancouver

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which is on the mainland. Victoria is situated on the southern extremity of the island, and is the capital of British Columbia. Its population is given as 65,000. The island has an area of 15,000 square miles, is 285 miles long with an average width of 60 miles.

The climate is very mild, closely resembling that of the South of England. It is much milder than Vancouver, and the reason given is that it lies between tidal waters and gets the full benefit of the Japan current. The cold waves from the north that sweep over the prairies break in the mountains and lose their intensity before reaching the ocean. Someone has described it as "a bit old England on the shores

of the Pacific". The city of Victoria was founded by Sir James Douglas, second Governor of Vancouver Island and first Governor of BC in 1843 as a Hudson Bay Company's fort. Settlement of the island was confined to the Hudson's Bay Company's employees until 1857. The Fraser River gold excitement brought thousands to the colony in 1858, from which time general development began. The city was incorporated in 1862. The first thing that catches the eye after leaving the docks are the magnificent Parliament Buildings to which is attached a Provincial Museum containing splendid specimens of the big game animals of BC besides many other interesting relics.

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a little bit farther on to the left is the CPR Empress Hotel and so on through the city. It is useless for me to try and describe it. Their guidebooks describe it as "the island of a thousand miles of wonderland". A few of the places of interest are the Meteorological and Astrophysical observatories, the Butchart Sunken Gardens, Oak Bay, Cadboro Bay, Fowl Bay, the Gorge, Beacon Hill Park, Esquimalt Naval Station and Dry Docks, etc. Farther away is Great Central Lake, Sproat Lake, Shawnigan Lake, Cameron Lake, Campbell River, Cowichan River, etc. Farther still is Naniamo, Alberni, Courtenay, Strathcona Park, Comox, the Timber District, etc., on and on until you come to the end of the island and the big pond.

On account of the mild climate the Orientals are gathering into the city. For other reasons there are numbers of high blooded Englishmen living there, men who have sown so many wild oats in England that they were afraid of the harvest, and who by invitation of relatives have left the old land, and also left someone else to do the reaping. They are classified as "remittance men". There may be other Englishman there whom it would be unfair to classify this way, men who perhaps on account of the crowded conditions of the old country preferred to try their luck in the "bid of old England" on this side of the Pacific.

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Summing Up

British Columbia has an area of 395,000 square miles and a coastline 7000 miles. The population of the whole province is rated at 540,000. Its chief industries are lumbering, mining, fishing, fruit growing and manufacturing. But their agricultural products have grown in belts or valleys, separated by the everlasting mountains, hence a certain amount of expense and inconvenience arises. Last season they claimed a \$6 million crop of apple, peach, cherry, tobacco, etc. for the Okanagan Valley. Whether these claims were realized or not is not for me to say. My impressions were that the Okanagan Valley in British Columbia generally were over advertised to say the least. The impressions that an ordinary farmer would get of it by going through it by train would be, that as an agricultural country, it was useless. I didn't see as much grain in traveling 500 miles in BC as you can see in traveling five miles an old Ontario. But, of course, that is not a fair basis to judge from. But BC is a mountainous country, and through all the

vast area mentioned above, it is doubtful if you could get ten miles away from the mountain. They grow wonderful fruit and flowers around Vancouver, and yet I was greatly disappointed in the soil. There was a

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certain amount of forest soil or leaf mould on top and underneath that was coarse sand. This is just the reverse of the prairies. Rich soil, hard climate, poor soil, soft climate. In one case it is the soil producing in spite of the climate, in the other case the climate producing in spite of the soil. We can't have everything, it wouldn't be good for us.

Another fact about BC is that the white man is going to lose it in the course of time. The climate is enervating to a certain extent, and while the white man is continually agitating against the invasion of the yellow man, he is unwilling to do the work required to bring the waste land under cultivation. The climate suits the yellow man and he is willing to work, and will eventually win his way, for after all right-thinking people respect the man who is willing to work even if he is a foreigner. There are 10,000 Chinamen and 5000 Japanese in and around Vancouver now, and some of them are becoming landowners. There are fruit farms and packing houses in the Okanagan Valley now that are owned and managed by Japanese. It would be interesting for someone who had the ability to study the different dispositions as a whole in different climates, and how far the climate was responsible for those dispositions. Our climate is a medium between BC and the prairies, and Ontario manners and methods have dispositions

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are more nearly like those of BC than are those of the prairie provinces lying beside it. The Westerners are a hardier people. They are gritty to win and gritty when they lose. Getting ahead is a game of chance with them, and like other gambling instincts it gets into the blood. They are optimistic. Someone has said that with the Westerner every creek is a river, every hill is a mountain, and every man is a liar. They stick to their guns and if they win the battle they have a good time over the spoils, if they lose they grin, and go around and try it from another angle. They are lax in their morals. Sunday is generally calculated to be a sport day, or a day to catch up the small jobs of the week. And yet if you were to ask them to go to church with you the chances are that they would throw down their tools and go with you, that is, if there was any church or church service within reach.

There are wonderful possibilities for the West, it is only in the making, and the making will extend over generations yet. They are running over the land now, farther on it will be subdivided, and intensive farming will set in. When that happens the west will support ten persons where it supports one now, without overtaxing the land. There are wonderful possibilities out there for the Christian preacher and

teacher and worker. With all their wild ways the people seem goodhearted, kindly disposed and teachable. There is a great dearth of Christian

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influence and Christian teaching. What a pity that some of our overcrowded towns and cities could not transfer some of their preachers and teachers and churches to them.

For fear someone should ask me about any preference I might have as regards making a home or getting a living in the different provinces, I must say that I prefer Ontario. BC has favored spots for the favored few, the prairie provinces with their vast areas of arable lands have homes for millions yet, but they have a rigorous climate, they have the inconveniences inseparable to new countries, they have a possibility of the calamitous condition of the total destruction of crops by frost or hail. As stated before, there is a dearth of Christian companionship and teaching besides a great many other privileges. I have said that it is a young man's country. If a young man wants to rough it and grow up with the country, land is easily procurable, and these adverse circumstances will probably improve in the course of time, but if a man has a bit of land and a fair chance in Ontario, I wouldn't advise him to swap it for a chance in the Northwest. Old Ontario for me.

And now I am going to quit. We've had a wonderful trip. We have traveled over 7000 miles and seen many wonderful sights in nature. What a wonderful world God

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has created for His children and what an ungrateful wicked thing it is to go through it with unthankful hearts and careless lives. We have visited our relatives in their own homes and carry a mental picture of those homes with us now. We were thankful for the privilege of going, we were glad to get safely back and greet the friends and settle down in our own home again. Thank God for health, for home and for friends.

PS - These are the observations of an ordinary hayseed on his first trip away from the little sphere in which he has always lived. Some of this may not be correct. We do not claim positive correctness in facts, composition or anything else, but we would feel badly if we were to hear anyone say that we were in the habit of sleeping all the time.

Good Bye.

W. A. Q.

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1922 - Happy New Year – 1922

January 7: The first week of the new year has passed quietly away. We are having a nice social time, and are not doing work outside of the regular routine. Mildred and Ruth are here. I have been attending special services in the Methodist Church conducted by Evangelist Brown.

January 14: I have been busy writing up our Western Trip, sending away some letters and going to the meetings. The Methodist Church services are very interesting and helpful, so are the Baptist Prayer Meetings, so are the Christian Church Sabbath School and preaching services. I am getting farther on the road. "The way of the cross leads home".

January 21: Have been around home all week, writing in the daytime and going to church at night. Have taken down a horse-chestnut tree from the front of the house and cut it up for wood. Winter weather and some sleighing.

January 28: The special services will close tomorrow, and they have resulted in much good. Wednesday night there was a roll call entertainment at the Christian Church. There was lunch and a social time.

February 4: Monday helping to cut some trees up at the church. Tuesday in bed with a bad cold and a pain in my head. Have been lying around reading, writing etc. the rest of the week. Mild weather.

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Saturday night, February 11, 1922.

Tonight finds me at cousin Jake Quantz's in Vaughan. Tuesday I came to Cashel with Frank Stiver, Wednesday I was working in Houck's swamp, Thursday Harvey Quantz drove me to Elgin Mills and after walking 2 ½ miles down Yonge Street I was met by Lorne Quantz and carted in here. I am having a good visit with cousin Jake as I always do. Have been to Isaac Puterbaugh's funeral today.

February 18: Percy Puterbaugh brought me back to Houck's on Sunday. Monday and Tuesday working in the swamp again. Tuesday evening came home with Earl Tate. Thursday and Friday attending the sessions at the Markham Township Sabbath School Convention held in the Methodist Church. Tonight and tomorrow the McMaster Evangelistic Band will hold services in the Baptist Church. The Band consists of six young men, and we are entertaining two of them in our home. I am sorry to record here the death of Nelson Mowder, a devoted member of the Christian Church. He died of pneumonia and will be buried in Stouffville Cemetery tomorrow.

February 25: We have had colder weather and a fall of snow which has made very good sleighing. I have been around home reading and writing. Have read "A Face Illumined". John came home yesterday and will stay until Monday.

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Saturday night, March 4, 1922.

Reading and writing, sleeping and eating. Not a very satisfactory life if it continues too long. Copying our Western Trip into my diary and reading "The Master's Indwelling", by Andrew Murray. The weather for the most part has been bright and sunny and the sleighing is spoiled.

March 11: Fine weather. Busy around home the forepart of the week. Yesterday I came up to Ballantrae on the train and was visiting at Ira Pryne's last night. This morning came over to Wilford Lazenby's and tonight I am staying at Wellington Paisley's. Arthur Stapleton is in bed, a cripple for the time being from being kicked by a horse.

March 18: Last Sunday I attended the Sabbath School and meeting at Church Hill and came home with L Fletcher, the preacher. Wednesday morning I went down to Agincourt to make a pair of crutches for Maggie and came back Thursday evening. Yesterday and today around home again.

March 25: Finished copying our Western trip. Looking around trying to locate some work. Snowstorm Tuesday. Colder weather.

April 1: Regular routine last Sunday. Sunday School at 10 AM. Mr. Reesor, teacher. 11 AM preaching service, E Morton, pastor. Afternoon reading Sabbath School papers, Bible or

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other good books. 7 PM to Baptist Church services and after meeting, Mr. Burgess pastor. If you attend services like these in the right spirit you can have a good old time and get courage and strength to fight the devil through the next week. Wednesday and Thursday building a pantry for D Williamson. Thursday night we had a big snowstorm. Four or five inches of snow.

April 8: The snow of a week ago has disappeared and the roads are in a bad condition. I have been taking down D Stapleton's porch and making some posts etc. for a new one to be built when we are able to get material. The weather has been wet and warm.

April 15: Monday I was putting a roof on Miss Daley's kitchen, the remaining part of the week I have been doing a little work for Mrs. Robinson, taking a green stump out of the lawn etc. We expected John and perhaps the girls, would be up from Toronto yesterday which was Good Friday, but they did not come. Have had big rains.

April 22: Making some more posts for the Stapleton verandah. Have taken a sunroom to build for Dr. Smith and have been getting some material delivered here today.

April 29: Have put in sixty hours working at Smith's building. Making garden evenings for recreation.

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Saturday night, May 6, 1922.

Working at Dr. Smith's building all week. Do not feel like kicking up my heels after working ten hours and making garden afterward. Considerable rain and vegetation progressing favorably. Most of the farmers are done seeding.

May 13: Working the first three days of the week and half of today at Dr. Smith's job and have it completed. The odd days of the week were spent making garden. Yesterday afternoon I attended the funeral of my old chum and workmate Ira Pryne who died very suddenly of heart failure. Interment at Church Hill. Services conducted by Elder Morton.

May 20: Started at D Stapleton's job on Monday and have been there all week with the exception of half a day's rainy weather. Have been mixing cement part of the time and getting some tired. Must be getting old.

May 27: Working at Stapleton's again with the exception of the 24th and this afternoon. Mrs. William Paisley had a sale of her household effects this afternoon and is going to Toronto to live with her daughter Pearl. She has sold her house to lawyer McCullough. Mr. Paisley, our old neighbor, died while we were on our Western trip.

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Saturday night, June 3, 1922.

Put in a full week at Stapleton's with the exception of two hours wet weather today. Stapleton has been working with me half of the week. This evening Gordon, John and Eva came from Toronto in a car partly owned and driven by Gordon. The Mother is delighted tonight as her boys have not been home for some time.

June 10: Have made another 60-hour week's work at Stapleton's. Have been working alone nearly all week. Have had hot weather and thunderstorms. Gordon and John went back to the city last Sunday.

June 17: Finished my Stapleton job on Wednesday. Thursday Flo and I went to Ringwood to the Christian Conference in session there. Friday working in the garden and today started working for J Boadway. Heavy rains.

June 24: Finished Boadway's job and started to paint Stapleton's new verandah and house. I furnish the material and do the work for \$100.00.

July 1: Holiday for everybody today. Celebration on Memorial Park engineered by the Stouffville Board of Trade. S. A. Band in attendance. John home from the city. Ruth is here still and Eva and Gussie have rented a house at Mongolia. Shingling for L Baker and painting for Stapleton.

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Saturday night, July 8, 1922.

Painting part of the week. This afternoon we were up to Musselman's Lake with the Christian Sunday School picnic.

July 15:.. Flo and I have been painting at our own garage part of the week. Thursday all of us came down to Houck's, at Cashel, to help them out with their barn-raising. Today the Brown Brothers, Carpenters, raised his new 40 x 60 barn frame. We are here still and expect to go home tomorrow. Last Sunday John, Eva and the Bain family motored out from Toronto and went back the same day.

July 22:.. Finished putting the second coat on the garage and went back to Stapleton's on Wednesday and have been working there since. Have the whole house and verandah to go over again. The Bain family where out Thursday evening and John came home again today.

July 29:.. Painting at Stapleton's five days. Completed the job last night and have started to paint Mrs. W A Quantz's house. Good job but poor pay. Expect I will have to take it out in board during the winter.

August 5:.. Working at home during the week, mostly painting on the house. The Chautauqua entertainments have been running in Stouffville four days during the week but I have only attended one session. Today I put an attic window in the North end of the house. This evening

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George Bain drove his car up from Toronto bringing John, Effie and the children. They expect to stay over Sunday and perhaps Monday which is Civic Holiday.

August 12:.. Painting on the house and the garage and the place looks better for a bit of paint. The neighbors are following suit and a lot of Stouffville homes are getting new dresses. George Bain and John came from Toronto again this evening. Effie has been with the girls at Mongolia during the week.

August 19:.. Fresh job this week. Making a new verandah out of an old one for Mrs. W Irwin. Have had some hot days and thunderstorms.

August 26:.. Four days finishing Mrs. Irwin's verandah, the last two days working at home. John was home over Sunday.

September 3:.. Working at D Stapleton's the forepart of the week and painting at home the latter part. I am taking the work business a little easier than usual.

September 9: We have had some very warm weather this week. Flo and I have been talking of going to the Exhibition, but have not went. Ruth has been feeling worse lately and is not fit to leave alone. Thursday to the funeral of Mrs. Charlie Nendick who died in the hospital after an operation.

September 16: Monday afternoon I went down to Cashel with Frank Stiver and was working at Houck's barn until yesterday noon, putting in stable windows and doors.

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Friday afternoon was a gala day for Stouffville. Premier Mackenzie King visited his friends and adherents in this part of the riding. There was an elaborate display of welcome and a procession starting from Ringwood headed by the 48th Highlanders Band from Toronto. After their arrival at Memorial Park, there were speeches from King - the premier, Hay - leader of the opposition in the Provincial Parliament, Walton - of Aurora, Halbert - M. P. P. for Northern Ontario and others.

Today I have been shingling on WB Sanders' house. John is home from Toronto and working with a GTR gang laying new rails on the Midland Division of the GTR. 80-pound rails are being laid between Scarborough Junction and Blackwater.

September 23: Shingling on WB Sanders' house all week except one rainy day.

September 30: Working in the garden on Monday then for Houck again until last night. Digging garden today. Warm weather.

October 7: Monday and Tuesday Ira Badgero and I were putting on roofing for Tom Williamson, at his farm, 8th Concession of Pickering. Wednesday and Thursday working for Abram Lehman, O'Brien Avenue, Stouffville. Since then I have been working around home and helping WB Sanders. This week has been a sad one for Northern Ontario on account of a tremendous forest fire. Over fifty lives have been lost, 8,000 made homeless and \$8,000,000 of property destroyed.

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Saturday night, October 14, 1922.

Digging in the garden and fixing up things for winter. John is still at home and working on the railroad. Ruth is in bed nearly all the time and not feeling any better. Gussie and Eva are still at Mongolia. Gussie's health is not improving very much.

October 21: Last Sunday John Hoidge took Gussie from Mongolia to Toronto. They have given up the house there and Eva is taking care of Gussie while Mildred is teaching again. I have been working at the Christian Church, taking down the bell tower, shingling the shed, etc.

October 28: The former part of the week I was doing some small jobs, one for J Atkinson and one for Mrs. Robinson. Thursday I went down to Houck's to help him and cut some wood for myself. Just came home tonight.

November 4: I expected to go back to Houck's again this week but have fallen into a new job helping to paint and decorate the Christian Church. Have been working at it all week and it is not half done yet.

November 11: Monday was Thanksgiving Day and because the other workmen on the job did not work neither did I. Put in eight hours per day since. John was home during the week and Mildred came out last night and went back on the 8-29 train tonight.

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Saturday night, November 18, 1922.

The mild weather still continues which should be counted as a special blessing on account of the scarcity of fuel. Working at Stapleton's and the church. The church is about completed. The interior is being decorated at a cost of nearly \$200.

November 25: Monday evening I went down to Houck's with Frank Stiver and have been cutting wood for myself in the swamp until today when Harvey brought myself and a load of wood to Stouffville. Found John at home what I came in. The weather has been cold and frosty.

December 2: Monday afternoon I went to Toronto with D Williamson to do some work for his son at No. 1 Condor Ave. Finished the job and came home on Wednesday. In the meantime I boarded and bunked at 54 Dingwall Ave. Cutting wood, covering strawberry's, etc. the latter part of the week. John has struck a new job and is following the course pursued by his brother Gordon, namely, that of firemen on a locomotive engine. Whether he will like the occupation and follow it up as Gordon has remains to be seen.

December 9: I have been down at Cashel again this week helping Houck's make fence etc. Last week we had soft weather and this week cold, snowfall and an ice storm.

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Saturday night, December 16, 1922.

Houck's brought me up a load of wood and I have been cutting it up, also cutting some wood in Ramer's swamp or rather knocking out cedar stumps and making wood of them. Zero weather.

December 23: Arthur Stapleton and I have drawn up some of the wood out of the swamp and I have been cutting it up. Tuesday evening to the Sabbath School Anniversary of the Christian Church. John and

Gordon are both home for Christmas, John coming by train and Gordon by motor. Have had a little more snow and the sleighing is fairly good.

December 30: Last Sunday Gordon took us all up to the Island Lake to see Tom Paisley who is in a dangerous physical condition from stomach trouble. Had a lovely Christmas with the boys. They went back to the city Monday evening. Ruth was able to come down and eat her Christmas dinner with us. Have been cutting a little more swamp wood. The sleighing is gone again.

So endeth another year, the 47th of the life of this faulty memorandum. I wonder if my boys can read it sometime and follow the spirit of it. I am hoping that it may be some benefit to someone, sometime, after I am through with it which may be soon.

--- End of Volume 6 ---

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