

AUTOBIOGRAPHY* (1900-1910)

By Grace Worth

Our love of the land, and its scarcity in England, plus the attractive Canadian Pacific Railway propaganda, lured my husband and I to Canada. Previous to our marriage my husband's brother Jack had been living in British Columbia for eight years. In the autumn of 1900 he returned to Devon to marry his sweetheart Flo Edwards of Shaugh Bridge Farm. Jack persuaded Harry to try his luck in the Okanagan, and the only persuasion I needed was an invitation from my boy-friend to "come too".

Early in March 1901 I left London, where I had been teaching school, and stayed with my sister in Devon until Harry and I were married on March 27th at Cornwood Parish church. It was a wedding with little display as we were both orphans with financial limitations.

We took our tickets for Vernon, B.C., from an agent in Plymouth. We wanted to sail on the Parisian which was the first boat to reach Montreal that year, after the ice break-up, and this was her maiden voyage. But she was booked up long before she sailed, and we had to be satisfied with an old boat. A one-way ticket from Plymouth to Vernon cost us 87 dollars.

We left Liverpool on the 26th of April 1901 on the Corinthian, Allen Line, travelling grade B. It was called second-class. We were at liberty to go down into the steerage, but not to go above our deck. The first class passengers were free to descend to us, but I didn't notice any mingling. We used to go to the end of our deck and gaze down on the steerage in pity, which of course is akin to love. The steerage supplied their own blankets, and helped themselves to a big pot of stew or whatever it was. We could not see any sleeping arrangements. But in a few years after we came to Canada, the Montreal Witness exposed the conditions given by the Allen Line to steerage passengers, accusing them of treating steerage passengers worse than cattle. For this exposure the Allen Line sued the Witness and lost, because the accusations were true. After that conditions improved very much, and eventually steerage was done away with.

When we arrived at Montreal, after 11 days at sea, bells were ringing continuously and we wondered why there were so many church services in one evening. These were railway engine bells, a strange experience for us. I think we stayed in the Windsor, a big affair near the departure station. Compared to our farm-house in Devon, everything seemed sumptuous, but Mrs. Jack Worth had little respect for it.

On boarding the train at Montreal we met many of the steerage passengers. After much discussion we decided it would be cheaper to take our food with us. This we did and purchased hot water on the train to make our beverage. Just so did class B and class C become good companions and fellow travellers. But to class A we remained untouchable to the end.

After leaving the boat the Canadian Pacific Railway became responsible for our journey overland, and to them the Bs and Cs were all small potatoes.

There was no audience to sing to, and there were no officers to flirt

*Abridged by the editor.



"The man and woman from Trinity Valley." Mr. and Mrs. Harry Worth, ca. 1910.

with. But viewing the everchanging landscapes, and studying the varieties of the human element, was like watching the world go by, and left little opportunity for looking backward.

We slept on metal contrivances that swung down on chains above our seats. Conditions on the boat for us were luxurious compared to C.P.R. facilities.

The geographical world flew by so quickly that it was impossible for my mind to register many things that drew my attention at the moment. The stone walls of Eastern farms have remained, and the nimble gophers and groundhogs of the prairies. We walked the wooden sidewalk of the main and muddy street of Winnipeg. This sidewalk was on one side of the street only. The other side was sparsely built upon. There were some trees near the station at Medicine Hat, and many Indians wrapped in brightly coloured blankets.

At Calgary, two young brothers called Lloyd, whose mother had introduced them before we left Liverpool, said good-bye to us and left the train to travel north. I have often wondered if they settled near what is now the town of Lloydminster. In-as-much as there was an attempt to colonize here with British immigrants this town has an interesting history. So many Canadians overlook the importance of registering historical facts as they arise. The struggle for existence in those days, left little time for culture of this kind, and in later years we vainly wish we could turn back the clock.

Travel was very slow through the Rockies, and like a snake in fear of haste, with its head nearly touching its tail, we descended in trepidation. Although the mountains were very beautiful it was impossible—for me at least—to enjoy them in full, in what seemed precarious circumstances.

We soon arrived at Sicamous, where we left the mainline to travel

south to Vernon, via "The Molasses Ltd." As the train south ran only thrice weekly, we had to stay in Sicamous overnight. Here is where we got our first real shock of the cost of living in B.C. There were two hotels, the C.P.R. where prices were prohibitive, and another a little way down the branch line, the Lake View I think. Here there was only one bedroom available. It contained two double beds. So perforce we all slept in one room. Both Flo and I voiced objections, but felt there was safety in numbers. My regard for etiquette suffered more severe shocks later.

It was at Sicamous that Flo and I noticed people who apparently had a disease of the jaws, for they were continually moving them, just like a cow chewing her cud. The cud-chewers seemed to increase in numbers as we travelled south. So in Vernon we asked brother John for an explanation. He was much amused, and said it was just a habit they enjoyed, like scratching your back when you take off your undershirt,—a couple of freedoms for which we stand on guard.

On arrival in Vernon we stayed at the Coldstream Hotel, opposite the station, which was called the "dee-po." This hotel was managed by Mr. Muller.

In 1901 the Kalamalka Hotel was patronized by the upper ten. Lord Aberdeen who was Governor General of Canada from 1893 to 1898, was then the owner of the Coldstream Ranch, and had occasionally resided there. A story told by the old-timers was that the Hon. Majoribanks—pronounced Marshbanks—Lady Aberdeen's brother, rode his horse into the hotel when he wished to get a drink. This spectacular behaviour could have been a display of horsemanship, as the approach to the hotel was a short flight of broad shallow steps. Then again, throwing the limelight on ability, is apt to keep inability in the shade, for it is said his riding excelled his management of the ranch.

The day of our arrival in Vernon was a lucky day, or so we thought at the time, but as I look back I wonder. Being unable to see into the future, and very green in regard to the ways of our new world, we drifted along like straws on the stream of life.

Harry's brother John who had lived in B.C. for eight years, had previously pre-empted 160 acres on the upper Arrow Lake. But he caught the gold fever, and neglected the land, to prospect in the surrounding mountains, in order to get rich quickly.

It so happened that Paul Jackman and his sister Minnie were at the Coldstream Hotel the day we arrived. They had come from Cherry Creek with a team and wagon to get provender, etc. Their father kept the Post Office at Cherry Creek, and carried the mail to Lumby weekly. John's shack was 15 miles beyond their home, and they were glad to convey us and our chattels through the mountains to the north fork of the Kettle River.

Sensing breakers ahead, John did his best to persuade Flo and me to remain in Vernon. There were several small empty houses on land south of what is now the National Hotel. Our husbands wanted to rent one of these and leave us there, while they sallied forth to fortune. But we had neither wintered them, nor summered them. Our love exceeded even that of Ruth for Naomi. So we entreated them not to leave us, saying, "Whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge." But while Ruth's determination and trust led to eternal honour and glory, through a wealthy

male in the offing, our determination led to a washout.

So we went shopping and were introduced to W. R. Megaw the mayor. He kept an important supply store where we bought groceries and hardware. But at that time he did not stock some of the things we required. We went to Shattford's drapery store to search for white sheets. Taking white sheets to our mining shacks was about as sensible as sweeping a chimney in white satin.

Canadian Arithmetic baffled Flo, and her trust in salesmen was weak. So it fell to me to change dollars into L.S.D. every time we bought anything. The Shattford sheeting was \$3.75 a yard. When I told Flo that was about 15 shillings she was shocked. She said "My heavens! We could get that in Plymouth for one and eleven pence ha'penny." And although the extraction was painful, we would have gone without a shirt to sleep in sheets, and we had never heard of any sheets but white ones.

A few years later Mr. Megaw extended his store and merchandise. I remember being served by his assistant Harry Stevens who was a good conservative and later became the Hon. H. H. Stevens.

Before leaving Vernon we stocked up with pots, pans, groceries, and white sheets. We left Vernon in the morning of a lovely day in May. The Coldstream ranch orchard at that time was more extensive than to-day, and for miles the roadside was a beautiful picture of bursting apple bloom. Not far from the ranch house was a walnut tree. Later all the old trees were taken out and much of the land used for market gardens, and smaller mixed farms. Early in the century before the land was sub-divided, the Coldstream apple orchard was considered the largest in the world.

Our locomotion was slow and the characteristics of the country side could be enjoyed, and friendships made as one journeyed. One did not travel far but every mile was marked on the memory.

Our first stop was at a creek about seven miles from Vernon. The horses were unhitched and taken down to drink. There was a narrow wooden bridge there which is now built out of concrete. There was no Lavington. Farther along the road there was a wind-mill.

We were welcomed at the Ram's Horn Hotel, Lumby, by Louis and Mrs. Morand. Mr. Morand did the entertaining, Mrs. Morand worked hard, and behind the facade, she was the dependable backbone of the business. Mr. Morand was postmaster and owned a small store which was skimpily stocked. The hotel booze department seemed to be well supplied with liquor, and customers and proprietor were also well stocked. Bedrooms were clean and comfortable, and we got all we could eat for a quarter.

The town consisted of the Hotel, the small Presbyterian church, a log shack occupied by young Mr. McPherson the minister, who could speak the "Hieland" dialect, Mr. Synder the Lumby school teacher, and Mr. Maine the Blue-Springs school teacher. They batched in co-operation.

There was one good dwelling house. It was pink and occupied by members of the Besette family. There were a few other dwelling places and the one room school was on the other side of the creek, where the office of the lumber mill stands at present.

We slept at the Ram's Horn Hotel that night, and the following morning after collecting the mail we left for Mr. Jackman's home at Cherry Creek. We rested the horses at noon, at the bachelor home of Al. Stansfield,

who kindly invited us to lunch. We had bacon and eggs, flapjacks with butter and apricot jam in a cardboard container which was an innovation to me. Everything tasted delicious.

After lunch we wended our way to Cherry Creek, and I clearly remember a carved loon over the door of Charlie Ringle's shack.

Our unheralded appearance at the Jackman home was a great surprise for the family, which was a large one. But they gave us a hearty welcome, and through improvisation and sacrifice on their part, accommodated us for the night.

The next morning we left our trunks there and started on our last lap. We rode 10 miles to Monashee in the wagon. The pack horses were tied behind for our trip through the mountains, and Mr. Jackman Sr. was our chief guide.

Mr. Jackman came from Luxemburg and was quite a good-looking old gentleman with gray whiskers. As he led us through the wilderness I felt that the Israelites surpassed us in numbers only. He often corrected me saying "Mrs. Wert, my name is not Jackman, it is Yaukmon. And I would retaliate with "Mr. Jackman, my name is not Wert, it is Worth." Although Mr. Jackman left few wordly goods for his descendants, he left what is more valuable,—physical and mental ability, plus other desirable features, which are apparent unto the third and fourth generation.

Along the steep winding wagon track there were outcrops of coal, which our guide said were not mature enough for mining.

Before we said good-bye at the Jackman home, Minnie invited us to return in a few days, to go with them to the sports at Lumby, on the 24th of May. When I asked why Lumby was having a holiday on that day, they were surprized that I, coming from England, did not know that it was Queen Victoria's birthday. Although I appreciated their kindness, I did not think it was worth walking 15 miles to keep anyone's birthday. Since then I have walked 15 miles several times to attend a political meeting. The lane depends on the love.

The most difficult part of the journey lay ahead. The team and wagon were left at the Monashee. Our provender and blankets were loaded on to the cayuses. The men and pack horses went ahead on the trail. Flo and I walked behind in our long flapping skirts and picture hats, suitable for Piccadilly Circus. The trail was very narrow, with steep cliffs on one side and deep ravines on the other, which were filled with water from melting snows. They looked like dark bottomless lakes. Snow and mud on the trail, which often slanted, made it difficult and dangerous. We watched the progress in trepidation. One cayuse with its awkward load slipped and slid down the bank, while we held our breath in fear. But Paul Jackman's horsemanship aided by fallen logs and debris saved the situation, and got him safely back on the trail.

Just before dark we emerged onto an open tract of land and reached the river bank. There was a log shack near the river where we halted for consultation. In order to reach our destination it was necessary to cross the river on a log. The river was a rushing, roaring flood, and the water touched the bottom of the log in the dark. So perforce we all had to sleep the night in the shack. We made tea and ate. We were all very tired so went to bed and

slept the sleep of the righteous. The five men threw blankets on the floor, while Flo and I enjoyed the luxury of the bunk.

The next morning we rose at daylight to get ready for the one more river we had to cross into the land of our dreams.

There was an old stove in the shack, so we had bacon, flapjacks, syrup and tea, and packed up again for the crossing. Although daylight favoured us, the water had risen during the night and now covered the log. The cayuses struggled through the water which almost covered them, and the men walked over the log to demonstrate how easy it was. Mr. Jackman was a wonderful Moses including the whiskers, but he had no brother Aaron, and if we wanted to continue our honeymoon we had to walk on that log. I had always boasted sex equality, and here was a terrible test in which I failed. My pride was humbled by deep waters.

Saying "Heaven help us," but preferring the visible means of support, we held on to our husbands' coat tails. Afraid to look either up or down, we centered on their backs, and proceeded inch by inch, and foot by foot. With a few Ohs! and screams we reached the other side with nothing worse than wet feet.

Following the river for a mile or more we came to John's humble home. There was a low bed on one side, and an old stove on the other, but no room to swing a cat. Flo looked for a moment in consternation, said, "Oh John!", sat on the bed and burst into tears. John said, "I begged you not to come," while I sang, "Oh why did I leave my little back room in Blooms-ber-ree," and tried to persuade Flo that everything would come out all right.

When I asked John where Harry and I could go to carry on the honeymoon, he said "You go along the trail to Fred Williamson's shack, and if he isn't home you stay there." I've never met Fred Williamson, but wherever he is I want to thank him for not being home in May 1901. The shack was roomy,—most all room. There was a bunk with cedar branches in one corner, and a hole in the roof for a chimney in the opposite corner. The fire-place was the floor and the floor was the ground. But with a rustic table, two apple boxes and white sheets it looked homey. No curtains were needed for there were no windows. But with the chimney hole and the open spaces between the logs, fresh air and light were provided, and windows were superfluous.

My first duty was to bake bread. This was new to me, but I borrowed John's Dutch oven and followed directions on the yeast box. I lit a fire outside, put the moulded dough in the oven and oven in the ashes, and watched until the time was up, but when I took it out it was like a lump of lead. That was the first fly in the ointment of the honeymoon. Harry said I didn't have enough fire and I said I did. I bet he couldn't do any better, and allowed him to try just to prove my words. So when the next loaf was ready, he sat by the fire to replenish and watch the time. But all the big man laboured to deliver was—a cinder. John baked the next loaf and showed me how to do it. Since then I have often questioned the wisdom of learning.

One day Flo discovered she had lost a bracelet, and thought she had left it in the shack at the river crossing. So we decided to walk back there in the evening. Harry and I walked ahead, leaving Flo and John—who carried an old-fashioned gun—a considerable distance behind. Before we rounded a sharp bend in the trail, caused by a high bank on our left, we heard a noise of

snapping twigs, and suddenly as we turned the corner we came face to face with a big shaggy animal. Very innocently I said, "Is that a Dartmoor pony?" but almost immediately recognized it was a very big bear. My screams re-echoed between the hills. This caused the bear to turn tail and run. Hearing my screams, John rushed up with his antiquated gun and fired. At the same time the bear stumbled and we thought he had injured him. Despite our pleadings he reloaded, "That's the biggest Grizzly I've ever seen, his hide is worth 30 dollars," forgetting that if the bear turned on us our hides wouldn't be worth 30 cents. It took so long to reload again that the bear was too far away to hit. At the crossing, the waters had abated, so we bravely walked the log and found the bracelet. But our homeward journey in the dark was not exactly enjoyable.

John took mountain fever, and as Harry could not proceed with the mining without his help, we decided to investigate our surroundings.

In a shack across the river lived Al Marsh, with a crop of patriarchal whiskers. He was an industrious neighbour who, all alone, in his search for gold had dug a tunnel hundreds of feet long under the mountain.

One day I wore my Curdurory bloomers and we hiked up the mountain side with John's gun for protection. We saw a rather clumsy animal on a stump, and decided it was a small bear, so to save us from destruction Harry shot it. Then we proceeded to a small lake further up. Here we saw a big bird on the water, making a blood-curdling noise. It dove and popped up occasionally to make "music", so of course as we had a gun it was a god-given target for practice. Although it was a hard target for a marksman, the green Englishman killed it with the first shot. We could not reach it so like conquering heroes returned to tell John of our wonderful progress. We asked the names of the "wild" animals we had slaughtered. He said "You have killed a loon and a porcupine, they are both protected, so keep your mouths shut or the gamewarden will get you." This was discouraging, so Harry being a farmer said "I think I'll go down to that big Coldstream Ranch and try to get a job." To which John replied, "If you go down there with those breeches and leggings on, the foreman will know you're a bloody Englishman and think you're no good for work." Deeper discouragement!

But when the butter, potatoes and jam gave out, I told Harry I was tired of bacon and beans, and that if he wouldn't go I would walk out alone. Another fly!

The next day we rolled our blankets, packed a lunch, said good-bye, and walked to Jackman's—15 miles. I wore buttoned boots; with high heels, and after walking a few miles, walking became a torture. When I took them off I suffered from tender feet.

Eventually we reached the Jackman home which seemed like a palace. We enjoyed raw cariboo meat which had been cured by the Indians, and feasted on Mrs. Jackman's home cooking. We rested a few days and then went forth to find land from which to carve a farm. From then on there were more flies than ointment, so it was good-bye honeymoon.

While staying at Cherry Creek for a few days we visited a Chinese settlement close to the Jackman place. They were placer mining, and Duck who wore a pig-tail gave us "hookie liney to catchie fishie." We caught trout in the mining ditch, and Duck invited us in to lunch. He cooked our trout and steamed stale bread which made it taste like new. In a conspicuous place on

the wall was a gorgeous picture of Queen Victoria, and his praise and admiration put me to shame.

We visited Jack Merritt whose birthplace in Cornwall was only a few miles from our home in Devon. His shack was at the junction of two creeks, and he took us into a tunnel he had dug under the hill. We fished near the shack, and everytime I caught a fish I screamed for someone to come and take it off the hook. Jack Merritt had a pre-emption of good farming land, not far from the post office, but in Creighton Valley, through which there was no road. The Thomases lived near there. One day Mrs. Thomas took us fishing at Eight Mile Creek. She caught a lot of fish but we caught none.

Before going to Cherry Creek the Jackman's had pre-empted good farming land and built a house in Trinity Valley. Their claims had not been jumped but the places were neglected. Knowing we preferred farming, Mr. Jackman persuaded us to go with him to see his place in Trinity Valley, where there was "timothy up to the horses guts". We went, we saw, and he conquered. So we went back to the Vernon Court House which was then at the west end of town. We paid Mr. Jackman for releasing his claim, and took over the pre-emption.

Although it was not a big sum, it gave Mr. Jackman freedom to indulge. This indulgence caused much concern during and after our return to Cherry Creek, where our trunks had been left.

We left Vernon in the morning and had lunch at the hotel in Lumby. It was a hot day and when we were ready to hitch up the team for Cherry Creek, Mr. Jackman was incapable, so he asked Harry to drive. Although Harry had only driven teams tandem style, necessity forced acceptance. Mr. Jackman sat in the front seat of the democrat with Harry. I sat behind.

When we arrived at the Jackman home, Mrs. Jackman and Minnie were preparing supper, and Paul and his brother returned from working on the road soon after.

Next day with our trunks, some blankets, a mattress, and a few cooking utensils, packed in the Jackman wagon, we set for our log house in Trinity Valley, picking up a sack of flour and some groceries in Lumby. Mr. Jackman gave us an old Brandon cook stove. The ashes fell from the fireplace into the oven, but I used it for five years.

It was late in the evening of June, 1901 when we arrived at our "home". It rained tremendously that day, but for six weeks following not a drop fell.

Paul Jackman's team needed a rest so he stayed overnight. But where was he to sleep? There was just one mattress and no hay in the barn for a bed. We threw the mattress on the kitchen floor, and in our day attire all three of us stretched out on the mattress. We were constantly disturbed by "bushtails". We had set traps for them, and had to get up and re-set them continually. By morning we had caught 32. Although later on we pulled down the stairs, and split the cedar lining into the logs, the "perfume" of the rats remains to this day.

We bought a sorrel horse called Mike from Mr. Jackman, and a two-wheeled cart and harness in Vernon. This enabled us to shop in Vernon, which was 32 miles away. One day we left home in the morning, fed the horse and lunched at Lumby. There was a ditch of running water by the side of the road at the Coldstream Ranch. Harry thought Mike would like a drink. It

was too much trouble to take him out of the cart, so where the bank of the ditch sloped gradually, he led him down. In turning round the cart upset and Mike lay down in the shafts. Harry fearing someone would come along and see the green Englishman's catastrophe, wouldn't stop to unbuckle all the necessary buckles, so he cut one strap with his pocket knife.

When Teddy Bates, the livery man at the Victoria Hotel unharnessed Mike, he asked Harry what happened. Harry told him it was done by bushtails. Teddy Bates said, "That's the smoothest bite I ever saw a bushtail rat make." By the time we had done our business in Vernon it was too late to start home. So we stayed two nights at the hotel. This meant three days away from home.

We bought a revolver at Megaw's. This I carried in the cart when I drove alone, so that I could shoot wild animals if attacked. There were 12 miles of forest trail without a dwelling, and although I had had no experience in handling firearms, the revolver gave me much courage. We learned later that it was illegal to carry a revolver without a special 50 dollar licence. And how near that revolver came to making me a widow. Harry had gone to Lumby, and said he would not be able to get back that night. There were no neighbours so perforce I had to stay alone. My fear was of Indians as I had not then realized that they were the most moral people in the country. So I worked far into the night. Then I sat at the table near the closed door and tried to read, with the revolver fully loaded at my right hand. Sleep was out of the question. About one o'clock a.m. I heard a noise outside as of someone approaching, so I cocked the revolver and sat in readiness. Then a horse neighed and a saddle creaked, so I bravely called out "Who's there?" And oh! the relief when Harry answered "It's only me."

Losing a husband through natural causes is unfortunate, to shoot him unintentionally is more so, but when he carries no insurance it's nothing short of a calamity.

The next time we went to Vernon we bought Prince, and from that day until his death Prince was one of my best friends. He was a lovely dark bay horse, sired by a famous trotting stallion—Ben Morral. He was born near Kelowna and brought into Vernon that day with many other horses. Major "Somebody" an agent for the Federal Government was supposed to be in Vernon to buy horses for the Boer War. The Major did not appear, and the owner of Prince was reluctant to take the horse back to Kelowna. He asked 75 dollars for Prince, and it would have been a most unnatural thing for a Devonshire farmer to buy an animal without attempting to lower the price. So we eventually paid 72 dollars and 50 cents. Louis Morand of Lumby owned a half-brother of Prince. They were both wonderful trotters and Mr. Morand often tried to buy our horse to team with his own. But from the first day I drove Prince he became a member of our family, and money couldn't buy him. He was most sagacious and if anything went wrong with the cart or harness, instead of running away, as many young horses would, he would stop dead in his tracks until it was fixed. The only thing he refused to do for me was pass a Chinaman with an open umbrella near the Coldstream Ranch. He came to a standstill several hundred yards back and refused to move. I had to shout and ask the Chinaman to close his umbrella, before we could proceed. But when automobiles appeared on the roads he seemed not to notice them.

In the summer of 1902 I drove from Lumby to Vernon with Rose and Blanch Quesnel. About eight miles from Vernon we met the first car owned in the North Okanagan. It belonged to, and was driven by Judge Spinks. But Mr. Ricardo, manager of the Coldstream Ranch rode beside him as his assistant. Long before they reached us Judge Spinks stopped and signalled for us to stop. Then Mr. Ricardo got out and led our horse by. He needn't have bothered. We met them again on the road home, and Prince didn't deign to notice them. With the advent of the motor car many people had trouble with their horses on the roads.

One of our earliest purchases for our "farm" were two little black pigs which we bought from Johnny Genier, the Lumby mail carrier. While waiting for Mr. Genier to catch the pigs and put them in a gunny sack, I made friends with his two little daughters Malvina and Elizabeth, in the farm yard. Malvina carried on the conversation, as "Lizzie" who is now Mrs. Rod Chisholm, was not old enough for formal talk.

Harry put the sack containing the pigs in the bottom of the cart at the back. The sides of the cart were very low. We arrived at Lumby,—about a mile and a half,—with no pigs. So we drove back to look for them. We met Mr. Charles Christien, Senior, who was a neighbour of Mr. Genier's. He had picked up the sack of pigs in the road, and we were lucky that he was an honest man.

Flo and John had remained at Kettle River that summer. They left there in September and came to our place with their blankets, packed on John's two cayuses. They stayed with us over winter. We did not have luxurious quarters, and often when we woke in the morning, the tops of our blankets would be decorated with a wide hem of frozen breath. Despite much discomfort none of us caught a cold.

That fall Fred Levasseur from Lumby came to Trinity Valley to make cedar shakes. He got Harry to help him and in that way Harry learnt a trade, which helped us tremendously in our struggle for existence. We had much good cedar on the place, and for many years shakes were our chief means of sustenance.

We bought our first cow that year from Mr. Clephas Quesnel at Lumby, and through that Mrs. Quesnel became one of my dearest friends until her death. Although she was only about 14 years older than I, she took the place of a mother to me. Mr. Quesnel delivered the cow—Susy—to our place. We drove some distance ahead of him in our horse and cart. He had Susy's calf in the back of his democrat and Susy tied behind.

When we got to McKay Creek about three miles from home, a large tree had fallen across the road, and it was impossible to drive around it. Harry had learned by this time that in travelling on that trail it was necessary to carry an axe. So he started in to chop and had done a considerable amount of chopping on the upper side of the trunk when Mr. Quesnel caught up to us. With a wide grin Mr. Quesnel took the axe from Harry and explained to him that he was chopping in the wrong place. If I remember rightly Mr. Quesnel stood on top of the tree and chopped from the sides. There was no saw, and after a long wait on my part, and much hard work by the men we were eventually enabled to drive through. About a mile further along there was another tree across the trail, but by driving up the hillside we were able to get around it. There was also another one quite near

home which we drove around.

We drove to Lumby many times that summer, and although Harry carried an axe, he never chopped out a tree which he could circumnavigate. But we went to the Court House in Vernon and asked Leonard Norris if he could send someone up to clear our road. The civil servants at the Court House were of course, very Civil, and behind our backs undoubtedly much amused.

That fall Flo and John arrived at our place, the first thing John said was "Why the hell don't you clear out the trees across the road?" Harry had recently acquired a cross-cut saw so they went out the next day and cleared away the trees. Although Harry had had much experience on farms in England, there, the landlord was responsible for all repair work, and the District Council for the roads. And we thought British Columbia was British.

Mr. Quesnel rented the Besette Estate, and grew many acres of timothy hay. This was baled and shipped out by rail from Vernon. In September of 1901 we visited at the ranch. The Chinaman cook had become offended and left without notice. Help was hard to get and Mrs. Quesnel was forced to cook for a big crew of balers.

She asked me if I could stay and give her a hand. As Flo was at our place and able to care for Harry and John, I was pleased to do this. I was exceptionally green in regard to the cooking. But I could wash dishes, sweep floors and scrub them, and wait table. And Mrs. Quesnel taught me how to make yeast, bake bread, prepare vegetables and make a layer cake.

The Quesnels had just bought a new piano, and I was able to teach the girls five-finger exercises, and get a little fun for myself with my favorite tunes. One day I was playing a tune and Mr. Quesnel said "I can sing that in French." So I asked him to sing it and teach me the words. This he was very pleased to do and I learnt parrot-wise. The next day in the kitchen, I sang it to Mrs. Quesnel to display my knowledge of French. I had not proceeded far when she said "Oh don't let anyone hear you singing that, it is terrible." Today I have forgotten all the words but the bad ones.



The Worth's home and barns.

I stayed with Mrs. Quesnel until after Christmas, and played the organ in the school for the children's songs at the Christmas concert. Mr. Snyder was the teacher, and I remember a few of the elder girls,—Alice Deschamps, Eva and Clara Christien, Rose Quesnel, Ella Ingles. I hope those whose names I have forgotten will forgive me. They sang "Soldiers of the Queen" with much gusto. Some of their friends were still fighting in South Africa for "England's glory". We were young and "What they killed each other for we could not well make out."

Grandma Hardie from Auchterarder—Mr. Richard's mother-in-law was in the audience. She carried on a most animated conversation with Mr. McPherson the Presbyterian minister in Gaelic. It was the strangest speech I had ever heard.

I returned home early in January and did not leave our place until spring opened the road. The snow was deep and getting out to Lumby in winter was the most difficult undertaking. The only other person in the Valley was Mr. V. L. E. Miller. He lived about four miles from us nearer Lumby. The man who worked for him and stayed with him at that time, was a young Englishman named Fred Lindsay.

In those days the Government never used a snow plough on our roads. And we didn't know what a snow plough was. Mr. Miller had a big well fed team. Compared to the majority he was a very wealthy man. He drove to Vernon once a month, to arrange his financial affairs and get supplies. In this way the road was slightly impressed from his place. The journey from our place to Lumby in winter was a cruel strain on the horses. So we did not go out unless absolutely necessary. And when Harry did go I preferred to stay at home, as I hated to see the poor horses struggling through the deep snow. During the early years, before there were enough teams to help keep the winter road open, several of our horses died, because this extra strain hastened their death.

In the summer of our first year, before Flo and John came to us, we were alone on the place. We bought a side-saddle and Harry and I would roam the hill-side on horseback, penetrating the forest wherever possible. These rides we enjoyed but they didn't bring in any income. After the first summer there was no chance for me to use a side-saddle, I had too many other things to do.

There was a piece of land not far from the house, which had been cleared by the Jackmans. Harry cut this grass with a scythe. He also cut a considerable amount of grass growing between the stumps of the cedar trees which had been used by Mr. Jackman for building purposes. In that way we gathered enough hay to fill the loft of the barn, and a rough shed behind the barn. We took the seat of the cart out and hauled it in the cart.

A big cottonwood tree had fallen across part of the cleared land. After consultation we thought we should burn the tree and prepare the land for the following spring. Then I went in to scrub the kitchen floor and try to get rid of the rat odour. But I soon heard a crackling noise and smelt smoke. I rushed out to see the flames running along the dry grass, and it was not too long before much of the valley to the north of the barn was on fire. We pumped all the pails and utensils we had full of water and carried them to the barn. We could do nothing but try and save our hay and barn. We soon saw the barn would be safe except for sparks from a distance. So we spent the night on the

top of the hay in the shed. We sat there for hours and enjoyed the spectacle. When the flames ran up a tall tree and threw up a magnificent display of sparks, I said to Harry "It's as good as the fireworks were at Crystal Palace." But we didn't leave our hay until daylight came. By that time the fire was too far off to bother about. Only the fact that there had been a fire there not long before we went there and left much charred space, and that rain came soon, saved the valuable timber farther north. Many years after, the Enderby people told us how they had seen the fire and worried about it. But they never knew the culprits.

One warm afternoon in September an Indian visited us. He said he and some of his people had come up an old pack trail from Enderby but it was difficult to get through. "It was jump, jump, most of the way." His name was Jim Nicholas. He was very pleasant, and asked if we would lend him our saddle. They were going to Mabel Lake Mountain to the east of our place to pick huckleberries. We shivered in our shoes for fear, and we wouldn't have dared refuse him if we wanted to. We were glad when he left and never expected to see our saddle again. But after a few days he returned our saddle, with a leg of venison and many smiles. After that we always welcomed them, and I used to trade butter for gloves and huckleberries in baskets made of birch bark.

In the late fall of 1915 when Harry junior was two and a half years old, the wife of Louis the Indian chief came with a little pair of moccasins she had made for "Your baby," saying that he was the prettiest baby she had ever seen. He was just a happy common-variety baby, and in some ways spoilt by the rest of the family. It was perhaps because he was very fair, and perhaps because they were always invited in, and the children became friendly.

Flo was never happy in this country. She had never before left her farm in Devon. That winter she received word that her father had died, and she grieved. The circumstances of her life here were very different to what she had been accustomed, with many discomforts. So they decided to go back to England as soon as spring came.

At that time we had sufficient funds left to pay our way back to Devon, but our control over 320 acres of wilderness, plus our imaginations, which peered into the future and anticipated its possibilities, anchored us to British Columbia. The home people didn't expect us back before five years. That was our promise. But it was not long before the bank balance became depleted, and we have since realized that we sailed on a river of no return.

Flo spent barely a year in this country and after she went I missed her sorely. She was an experienced worker in the home, and I was green by comparison. I disliked housework and longed to be outdoors, especially with the animals.

We expected our first baby in the autumn, and realized that for the event it would be necessary to be nearer a settled community. We also realized that such circumstances demanded an income. So we approached Mr. and Mrs. Quesnel for their advice. They needed help on the ranch, so Mr. Quesnel hired Harry for the summer. And I got bed and board for doing what I was able around the house. Also provision was made for our horse and cow on the ranch.

I had a brown cashmere maternity gown made for me at Shatford's. It cost me 25 dollars which was a lot of money when compared with English

prices. Such comparisons rose in my mind for a long time. I paid for the dress and was most thankful that I filed the receipt, for later in the year the bill was sent in again for payment. Someone in the firm was careless in the accounting.

One day in the summer I drove Prince in the cart to Vernon to make arrangements for my sojourn in the Vernon Hospital. The hospital then was low down in the south-west of town. Miss Henderson, the manageress had a very pleasant personality. She wore a black silk dress with skirts to the floor a la mode. She showed me the maternity wards, and I said I expected to come at the end of September. The charge was to be a dollar a day for everything, and I was to pay the doctor. There were only two doctors,—Morris and Williams—and as Dr. Morris had been recommended to me, I asked her to inform him.

Through colossal ignorance of the requirements of the human body, even in normal circumstances, I spent a most miserable time during the summer.

On Saturday evening the 20th of September 1902 we retired early at the ranch house, intending to drive to the Vernon Hospital on the Sunday morning. But we had not been in bed long, when I woke Harry and asked him to go downstairs to Mrs. Quesnel's room and ask her to come up. She immediately sent to Lumby for help, then removed her girls from their downstairs bedroom and put me in their room. Mrs. Deschamps who had had much experience as a midwife, and her daughter Mrs. Tommy Christein came over as soon as possible. They thought that the baby would soon be born and that a doctor would not be necessary. But after several hours of tribulation, they changed their minds and sent for Dr. Williams. There was no phone, and the fastest means of travel was on horseback. Ernie Pratt who was working for Mr. Quesnel, had a swift pony and he kindly rode to Vernon for the doctor. At 8:30 o'clock the next morning, when about 20 men were having breakfast in the dining room close by, my baby introduced himself. But the noise he made was as nothing to the noise his mother made before he arrived. Dr. Williams who came in his buggy was too late for delivery, but his further ministrations were essential. He enjoyed shooting a good bag of grouse in Mr. Quesnel's meadow. He came again the following Sunday and got more grouse. His fee was a dollar a mile. We did not receive the bill until the following spring, when I drove to Vernon and paid it at his house. It was a beautiful place. His wife made me a cup of chocolate and he picked me a bunch of roses. The house is now known as the Gateway.

Not many years after this Dr. Williams acquired a motor-cycle which of course was a wonderful innovation for a doctor's out-of-town patients. But Dr. Williams who was a clever surgeon, was not so well acquainted with the make-up of a motor-cycle, as with the make-up of a man. He was called with great urgency to the McDonald home at the top of Blue Springs Hill. He made it to the bottom of the hill in short time, but here his "horse" refused to climb. Dr. Williams in angry determination to impose his will on his new "hobby" spent enough time in expletive persuasion to walk up the hill 10 times over. Eventually his wheel of intelligence swung back to balance, and he walked up.

We named the baby Vernon Harvey, Vernon after the city and Harvey after my brother. But Mrs. Quesnel's little daughters, who could justly claim

a share in his existence, refused to call a baby after a city. They called him Harvey and won their way. But for three years his mother called him Baby.

When he was two weeks old we moved back to our house in Trinity Valley. Susy the cow was dry so we left her at Quesnels for the winter. I was supposed to supply sustenance for the baby.

Mr. Morand sold his store in Lumby to Mr. Woods from eastern Canada. Mr. Woods was willing to take shakes in exchange for groceries, etc. Harry got a young Englishman called Tom Cookson, to help him make shakes, and the future seemed full of promise.

That was a terrifying, grinding winter for me, for the baby cried most of the time and kept me awake at night. Despite the teaching that woman was made for the glory of man, there was no glory for Harry or Tom that winter. The baby was always in arms in more ways than one and Tom Cookson the bachelor was the best "mother" of the three. There was bread to bake, meals to get, and ceaseless washing to be done by rubbing a corrugated board. Breakfast at seven, the baby to bathe, and lunch at twelve, for the shake factory must go on. There was neither peace nor rest within the home. Outside the white "feathers" kept peacefully falling and piling. Yet often on a moonlight night the call of the coyotes or the howling of a wolf would reverberate across the space.

During the year 1903 I stayed on in our place in Trinity Valley. Early in the year Tom Cookson left us to seek work elsewhere, and I regret that we lost trace of him. He was so considerate in our home, and the baby loved him. Consequently, kind thoughts of him have periodically arisen in my mind all down the years.

After he had gone, Harry and I and the baby carried on. The big cedars for shake making were really quite close to the house, but we had to walk over a half a mile to get to them. So we took our lunch, and I acted as spring-pole. That meant that in sawing down the big trees, I took one handle of the cross-cut saw, and without expending much energy, lightly guided or controlled my end of it, while Harry undertook the strenuous exercise. The baby would sit on a blanket and watch us with interest. When the cut was nearly through Harry would shout "Timber" and I would grab the baby and rush away in the opposite direction to which the tree would fall, and Harry would finish the job.

As the might monarch of the forest fell with resounding crash, both baby and I would scream with delight. I would leave early, carry the baby home, feed the chickens, and the pig, and prepare supper.

There was wild pasture almost everywhere, so we put bells on Susy and the red cow and they were allowed to wander where they would. Sometimes they would wander far, but after supper while I cleaned up and put the baby to bed, Harry would fetch and milk the cows. When our tasks were done there was no time for culture, so we called it a day. Sleep would overcome us, sleep too deep for dreams. We had to wake early to milk and feed the animals before breakfast, in order to get all the daylight possible for the shake business. Harry would saw the timber in shake lengths in the bush, and haul them home on a stoneboat with the team, to the back of the house. Here he split them into shakes with a frow, and pressed them into bundles and bound them.

When he had a load of shakes ready he would haul them to Mr. Wood's

store in Lumby and bring back groceries, sacks of grain for the team. Occasionally baby and I would go with him. I always got a sore throat during these visits to Lumby. The women there used to think I was the greatest talker on Earth. They overlooked the fact that for months on end, I had no woman to talk to, and that my husband had no time to even listen.

Sometimes in winter when the snow was deep, Harry would start out with a load and reach Lumby with two bundles, having dumped them by instalments on the road side. It was a cruel journey for our horses and a great expense for us.

Early in 1904 Mr. and Mrs. Quesnel wished to visit their old home at Three Rivers—Quebec. They had five children. The eldest one, Rose, was then at the convent school in Kamloops. Armand the boy and Rhea the youngest went with their parents to Quebec. Mrs. Quesnel's father—we called him Grampa Christien—and two little girls, Blanche age ten and Leonie age seven stayed at the ranch. Mr. Quesnel asked Harry and me to stay on the ranch that winter. Harry was to attend to the necessary work outside the house, and I was to be responsible for the housework. For decision on any question with which we were not familiar, we sought Grampa's advice, as he made his home there and understood. I accepted this job with pleasure, it was a change for me in many ways, and I felt I could accomplish what was needed. The children and I were very good friends.

As I look back on my 63 years in Canada I realize that I have experienced some heart-rending circumstances, but that winter was the saddest of them all. For Mrs. Quesnel the grief was almost unbearable. We lost through death one of the most lovable and beautiful little girls of that community.

The first damper on my enthusiasm was caused by the baby, who was toddling around and investigating everything he could get in contact with. I carelessly left a large saucepan of hot soup on the cupboard floor. I shut the door but did not fasten it properly. He not only poked his nose into the cupboard, but also put his foot in the soup. And because his silly mother neglected to give his foot the attention it should have received, it became infected and did not heal for many months,—until after we returned home in the spring.

That winter sore throats were very prevalent in the Lumby vicinity. Blanche, Leonie, the baby and myself all had sore throats, but Blanche seemed to suffer more than the rest of us. I thought a doctor should examine her. Because of cold weather, taking her to Vernon seemed unwise. She wanted me to send for Dr. Morris as she didn't like Dr. Williams. So we consulted Grampa and he thought that Williams was the best doctor to get.

Williams came. He first examined Blanche and said "She's got diphtheria, I'll give her an injection of antitoxin." He then looked at Leonie's throat and mine, saying our throats looked bad, but didn't suggest injections. Then he took the baby in his arms and said "Open your mouth." The baby closed it firmly. He then scolded him so much that the baby started to cry, and in crying he opened his mouth sufficiently for the doctor to insert a teaspoon, and press down the tongue. Then he called me to see the baby's throat and said "Look he's got it too." But he never suggested an injection for the baby, and for this I have been thankful all my life.

Mrs. Charlie Christien, and Mrs. Deschamps—great aunts of the

children were there during this examination. We had put Blanche to bed and Dr. Williams went into the bedroom to attend her. He left his bag with requirements, poisons etc. open on a chair in the kitchen. We were all very busy, and when the doctor went to his bag, the baby was trying to open a bottle of poison. He pulled it roughly away and scolded the baby severely. Mrs. Christien said to Mrs. Deschamps—in French—"It's not his fault, he had no business to leave it there." They were very surprised when he answered them in English, saying "I know it's my fault".

He gave Blanche the anti-toxin and told us he would send up the Health Officer to quarantine us, and return to see Blanche in a few days. The aunties went to their homes and their families, and it looked as though I was to be left alone to struggle with the nursing and the work. But Mrs. Ingles called to see how I was getting along, and said "If no one comes to help you I will stay, and help with the nursing, as it is impossible for you to do it alone." Mrs. Ingles Snr. was one of the finest humanitarians the Lumby community ever knew. She never refused her services to poor people in need, and loving memory of her will remain with me to the end.

Dr. Morris was the Health Officer. He came and examined our throats and put us under quarantine without comment. But how did he examine the baby? He cuddled him in his arms. Then he took out his watch and asked him if he could hear the tick-tick. The baby smiled and thought the watch was wonderful. Then the doctor said "Now I want you to do something for me, I want you to open your mouth very wide." The mouth was immediately opened as wide as possible and the Dr. got what he wanted with smiles all around.

Mrs. Ingles' cheerful manner and help relieved us all, and Blanche improved very much.

When Dr. Williams came the second time, he was so pleased with Blanche's improvement that he said "I'll give her another injection."

She got worse from that moment and in about two days she died.

No one in the Lumby district except Blanche, died that year, and as far as I know, no one there had died of that disease since. We were quarantined for several weeks. We gargled, rubbed, and wrapped our throats, and they got better in a few days. But had not Mrs. Ingles undertaken to nurse Blanche, no one knows what might have happened to the rest of us. I have puzzled over the circumstances all down the years. But after having read an article in a medical journal a few years ago, saying the toxins of this nature, in order to be effective, had to be fresh, and that often in distant places stocks were not replenished. I have decided that the first injection was stale, but that the second one was very much alive.

When the Quesnels came back from Quebec we were able to return home, but it was a sad summer for all concerned. Our main occupation was shake-making but during the summer Harry cut grass with a scythe between the stumps and any open place he could find. In this way we got enough to feed our team and two cows.

That year Mr. Ross the Dominion surveyor and his men surveyed the 20 miles each side of the C.P.R. main line. In doing this they had to cross over the top of the mountain west of our place. Mr. Ross employed Harry to fetch their needs from Lumby in his wagon and pack it on the horses as far as possible up the mountain side. From there the men had to pack it to the top

on their backs. We of course were very glad to earn the money. Mr. Ross told me that in all his surveying through Canada, he had seen some fine views, but none to compare with what he could see from the top of that mountain. In recent years the Ganzeveld Bros. have made quite a decent logging road there, which approaches the Ross point of view, and it is now possible to travel to Armstrong over this mountain.

My next memory of this impressive year concerns wolves.

One evening in the spring, we had worked as long as daylight allowed. Then while I did the necessary jobs in the house, and prepared supper, Harry took the 30-30 and accompanied by Puppy the collie and Jack the black spaniel, he went to fetch Susy the cow. Susy was our main source of sustenance and this day she had wandered far. He found her at the extreme end of the place about a mile from home. It was twilight and as he plodded home on the trail, he saw many gray forms sneaking through the surrounding bush. Susy seemed alarmed, and the dogs kept close to heel. In the gloaming, Harry thought they were large coyotes, yet he had never seen so many nor so bold. Though they instilled fear it was too dark to shoot, and he was glad when they reached home safely.

The next morning Harry called me out to listen to continual blood-curdling howls, which reverberated through the valley. He said "That's wolves! They're tearing something to pieces. It could be Susy; I'll go and see." I could not go because of the baby, so I begged him not to go. I even wrestled with him but he tore away. I knew that the cow came first. He went off with the dogs and the gun as bold and boastful as the British Navy when it kept "our foes at bay." I was left lamenting. "Neighbouring hind and cot was none, my contact was with God alone." Yet I loved him still and despite God my heart sank within me. I paced the floor in distress, often going outside to listen. The howling became spasmodic and distant, and the peaceful intervals comforted me. But every moment seemed a minute, and the minutes an eternity. Then going outside again I heard a renewed outburst, and felt he was really in the jaws of death. I could stand the suspense no longer. Reason was beyond me. And I've never forgiven myself for the irresponsible error I committed as a mother. I loaded the revolver, taking extra cartridges, kissing the baby saying "Mama get Daddy, baby be good". He smiled and waved bye bye as I stepped over the baby barricade at the door.

I wept as I ran a quarter of a mile, then beheld the conquering heroes coming. The man dragged a gray wolf and a black wolf, over which they all gloated, although the collie was drenched with blood from a neck wound.

Not long after they left the house the dogs scented and gave chase. Harry followed them until they were lost to sight. Arriving on a high-ridge, he saw the pack of wolves on the opposite hill-side. He counted nine black ones and there were more than twice as many gray ones. While he was watching they quietly concentrated in one spot with tails wagging for a kill. Then he heard the dogs cry in fear. He fired the 30-30 into their midst and they scattered. The dogs seized their chance and ran back to their master, who sheltered behind a big tree. But a black wolf chased the black dog, and a gray wolf chased the collie. When they got within range he shot the black wolf, but the gray wolf chased the collie around the tree many times and nine bullets went into him before he dropped. Only one bullet remained and Harry

cleared out in haste.

The next day Harry found the remains of a big buck deer in a windfall near the house, where they had cornered and devoured him.

No one visited our house for weeks and my baby could have died of starvation and a broken heart. My message to young mothers in similar circumstances is stay with your baby whatever betides.



During our first year in the valley Harry and I used to ride the trails together, but after the baby came there was neither time nor opportunity, so I sold my side-saddle to Ella Ingles.

In September 1905 we expected another baby and I decided that this time I would get to Vernon early in the month. In order that I should be near the neighbours that summer, Harry got a job with Mr. Warwick in his saw-mill at Lumby. We lived in a house close to the saw-mill where there was also a barn for Prince. Thanks to Prince and the cart I was able to contact many good friends in the district and enjoyed their company that summer. The only discouragement was a bad tooth, which Dr. Williams would not allow me to have drawn.

Harry promised to take me to Vernon Hospital on Sunday, September the second. He would not go any other day of the week, because he had to work. But again there was no time to get to Vernon. So in the middle of the night of September the first Harry got Fred Levasseur to fetch Mrs. Ingles who lived at Mr. Bonneau's farm about two miles away. Through bathing and exercise recommended to me by Mrs. Ingles, my second baby was born on September the second without much trouble, and a doctor was not necessary. After her mother went home Ella, who was 17, stayed with me for a few days and then I was able to manage alone. But the tooth still caused much trouble. So when the baby was four weeks old I made arrangements with Mrs. Quesnel to care for him, and taking Harvey with me I drove to Vernon to get it pulled.

The rain poured down that day, and my friends tried to persuade me not to go. But being from Devonshire rain held no terror compared to a tooth ache. As I drove through Lumby, Mr. Pooler who was working on Napoleon Besette's house called out "Where the Hell do you think you're going?" Prince being in good fettle didn't take long to get to the Victoria Hotel, where Teddy Bates attended to him. Then Harvey and I went to see Dr. K. C. McDonald who had not been living in Vernon long. I thought of my tooth-drawing experience in England and dreaded the ordeal. There was no one there to hold me down, and I wondered how he would manage me. He first injected something and that was a new experience. When he started to pull I was ready to struggle, but to my surprise the tooth was out before I had a chance to resist. Here at least was one thing which gave me a chance to cackle of the superiority of Canada when I wrote home to England.

We went back to the Victoria Hotel at once, to hurry back to the baby in Lumby. And I remember that Mr. Tronson who owned the Victoria Hotel was in the sitting room with his wife and two daughters. He very proudly introduced them to me. And I was pleased that he was proud. From that day Mr. Tronson has been sacred to my memory. Some part of me was wounded when Tronson Street in Vernon got a new name.

In the early fall of 1905 we moved back to Trinity Valley, and while the weather was favourable we burned stumps and rubbish in an endeavor to extend our clearing. When winter came Harry carried on with the shakes. I did not mind being alone all day. My two babies and my housework, which was far from proficient, kept me busy.

Mr. Miller, who was a bachelor, nearly four miles away, was our only neighbor. The Derbys and Richards were 12 miles from us, and I was glad there were no "Joneses" to keep up with. We had "No knocker on the door, no carpet on the floor, yet ours was a happy little home." Neither was there a beer parlour with a billiard table down the street. Our abstinence and any advance we gained thereby, should not be credited to our strength of character. In reality it was, that circumstances had planted us far from temptation.

We were especially lucky in that Mr. Miller was a voracious reader, and a wealthy man with an extensive library. He passed on to us more magazines than we could read. He often got a box of books from England through the Times Book Club, and many of those books he gave me, because he knew I liked to read.

Our greatest obstacle at that time was the 12 miles of road or trail before we reached the main road that ran out to Lumby. In summer the stumps in the middle of the trail tended to knock out the bottom of the cart, and was rough on the liver. In winter the deep snow was a great strain for the horses, thus making our journeys expensive.

We did not stay put on our place very long. Although we worked to clear a bit of land whenever we had the opportunity, there was not enough land cleared to make a living for many years. And as Harry could always get a job of some kind in the Lumby district, we moved out whenever the weather was favourable. It took more than shakes to feed the family. Relatives in England helped out by sending clothes. They would send new clothes for the little ones. My sister-in-law's clothes fitted me fairly well, and I became an expert "Second Hand Rose".

But it was impossible to deceive the Lumby ladies, for the first question would be "Did you get that at Eaton's?" Their inquiring minds in this respect would shock me, but I realized that they sought my friendship and was not discouraged. It was a wonderful way of life for knocking off the rough edges of conceit.

In the spring of 1906 we moved into a log shack on the Witmer place about 2 miles north of Lumby. Mr. Witmer built onto it a large room of lumber which was very useful in the summer time. He built it with green lumber, and consequently it was not long before it became a pleasant airy cage. It had two drawbacks—it was dusty on windy days, and Kenneth the baby loving to investigate where possible, would push small articles between the floor boards, and squint through to see if they landed safely underneath. Yet the building was too close to the ground for me to retrieve them. In this way my decent cutlery disappeared, and some spoons which were wedding presents, and I could replace them with only very inferior stuff.

The Pinsents who were from Devon lived in a shack a little to the east of us. The Witmers were near to the north, and the Richards and Derbys were about a mile west. They were all kind neighbours and my brain is crowded with pleasant memories of the time I spent in that shack. Mrs.

Richards and Mrs. Pinsent, neither of whom could drive, wanted to shop for a day in Vernon, and the Witmers wanted some sacks of grain and flour from Vernon. The Witmers had a spare team and democrat, but Mrs. Witmer couldn't leave home. None of the men would think of wasting a days work to drive a few women to town. The women thought they were doomed to disappointment, when Mrs. Richards had the bright idea of asking Mrs. Worth to drive them. She said that Mrs. Witmer would look after the surplus youngsters, and that her daughter Janet would fetch my baby in his carriage and take him to her place while I was away. There were no babysitters in those days, and necessities of this nature were attained through co-operation.

I knew that old Dan was a dependable horse which the Witmer children drove to school. Fanny the other horse was a light bay and I knew nothing of her. Neither had I driven a team of horses to town in a four-wheel vehicle. Never-the-less I was most anxious to oblige and gain prowess in the attempt.

It was a lovely day during school-holiday time, and we started out after an early breakfast. It was not long before I discovered that Fanny was a mean female, who was trying her best to make the male uncomfortable. It was a good job for all of us that old Dan was tough and dependable, and disregarded her female side-swipes. We reached the Victoria Hotel safely and Teddy Bates took over the team.

Sometime in the afternoon when the shopping was over, I got the team and drove around to collect the goods. My passengers were seated and we had a load on, when I found myself facing west outside Megaw's store, which is now known as Bagnall Block. Twice I tried to turn around to the right on Barnard Avenue, but the right hind wheel would go under the body and it would tip, and Fanny would bite Dan, while we seemed to balance on the edge of a precipice. We all got excited and I said "My Heavens I can't turn around." Mrs. Richards who was from Auchterarder and generally broke out in her native dialect at such moments said "Dinna turn around my dear! Dinna turn round and nobody will know that you canna, just drive around the block." So with renewed confidence in my horsemanship that is what I did. Going home Fanny behaved quite decently, for two reasons—she had a load to pull and she was homeward bound.

Mrs. Richards was quite ill on the return journey, and we had to stop for her to leave her lunch on the wayside. That was bad enough but what worried her most was that she couldn't acknowledge Mr. Ricardo when we met him. Mrs. Richards was an old friend of Lady Aberdeen's and through her was well known to Mr. Ricardo. He was driving with his bride, who had recently arrived from the Old Country. When he passed us he called out "How do you do Mrs. Richards?" I acknowledged the greeting but couldn't say "Very well thank you."

Mrs. Richards was a worthy citizen and well respected in the neighbourhood. She was a staunch member of the Presbyterian Church. This is what the protestant church at Lumby was in those days. The Rev. Mr. Vans was the minister and occasionally I would play the organ for their Sunday service. And once when I was staying with the Quesnels before Christmas, I went with Father Roy to the Catholic Church near the junction of the Creighton Valley road to help with the Christmas carols. Having been

brought up to accept without question the rites and ceremonies as presented by the Church of England, the differences in performances tended to make me think for myself. Naturally I was drawn towards neutrality. My friends of either fraction sensed this, and I would often hear members of one faction holding forth on the "crazy" ideas of the other. Yet in a crisis when the test of true Christianity came, they were immediately good neighbours and stood up to the test in a magnificent manner.

To-day Lumby is a village with a commissioner, etc. with numerous religious denominations, yet fundamentally the people are similar in their attitudes when trouble strikes.

But I will get back to the personality of Mrs. Richards. Only once did she scold me for deceiving her. It was that same year in the month of September. Most of the time the babies and I were alone in the shack, and a roast of meat was too much for us to handle.

Refrigerators were unheard of and ice was out of the question. Tom Norris had given Harry a very nice sizeable roast of bear meat. I took it up to Mrs. Witmer. She had never tasted bear meat but was quite willing to try it. She invited the babies and me to supper.

The roast was in the oven and supper well on the way, when Mrs. Richards with a friend who had recently arrived from Scotland, called to visit for awhile. Mrs. Witmer consulted me privately. She wishes to invite them for supper, but was in doubt, because of the kind of roast in the oven. I said "Why not? It has a delicious taste".

So they stayed to supper and enjoyed it, Mrs. Richards taking a second helping of meat. She told us afterwards that she said to her friend as they drove home, "What was that meat we had for supper? It wasna beef and it wasna pork, but it tasted very good." But the children must have let the "bear" out of the bag, for the next time we met she scolded me severely for not telling her. I pleaded guilty and accepted my punishment as a just desert. However, it did not diminish our friendship in the least.

I lived in the Witmer shack from the spring of 1906 to the fall of 1907 and many memories crowd my mind.

In June of 1906 Howard Derby who lived across the road from Mrs. Richards, married Isabelle Smith who had recently arrived from Scotland. Harry and I and the babies drove in the cart to the reception at Mr. Derby's house in the evening. I saved all the cream I could for the occasion and upset it with my feet in the cart, never-the-less we had a most enjoyable evening, and I got much satisfaction for my ego by singing the songs I learned in England. Mr. M. V. Allen who managed the Lumby store for Mr. Megaw was there with his wife, and Mrs. and Mr. Ingles were there. The following spring while Mrs. Derby was visiting her mother in Vernon, their house burned down. The loss of course impeded progress for a long time. But undaunted they carried on.

That winter we went to a party at Mrs. Ingles house in Creighton Valley. Mr. Putman, a neighbour, brought his gramophone,—the first I had ever seen. Songs by Uncle Josh amused me immensely. That was the beginning of the end of self-entertainment.

Not all of my memories of my stay in the shack are pleasant. It was an extremely cold winter. The thermometer dropped to 50 below. We had a cooking stove and a heater in the shack, and much of my time was taken in

keeping the fires going. I got little sleep at night, because I was afraid of fire. Also the bawling of Mr. Ellison's cattle was heart-rending. In a field adjoining the Witmer place, Mr. Ellison had a big herd of cattle. There was a shack of hay in one corner, which was fenced off. The creek was frozen over very thickly. There was a man left in charge who neglected his job and spent most of his time in the Lumby Hotel more than two miles away. Neither was there a shed to shelter the cattle. Some of the cows were calving, and both calves and cows froze to the ground. One day the cattle stampeded and broke down the fence to get to the haystack. Many of them were trampled to death. Someone eventually informed Mr. Ellison, and he got a trustworthy man to take over. This man was Deefie Cook who was very deaf and partly of Indian blood. He had fine characteristics, and later because he had a trapline through our Valley, he often visited us and became a friend of the family. But the conversations on my part were of necessity concise, as I had to write everything. But Mr. Cook on the other hand was well able and eager to talk on many interesting local questions with which he was well acquainted.

After he arrived on the scene the cattle were well attended to, yet some of the cows were so weak they died in calving. A few of the calves were taken by the neighbours and nourished, but many died, and Mr. Ellison's loss financially that winter must have been considerable.

The following summer a skunk took up residence in Mrs. Witmer's cellar. This made life difficult for them, as they were afraid to fetch necessities which were kept there, although the skunk was quite well behaved. They tried to entice him out but he was too well pleased with his lodgings. So Mrs. Witmer sent the girls down to ask me to bring my gun and shoot the skunk. Here was a splendid chance to exhibit my skill and I responded with alacrity. I had a gun of German make which Mr. Miller had given to Harry. It could be used as a revolver is used, or it could be extended for longer distance. I had good results with it shooting hawks which attacked my chickens.

No skill was required to shoot this animal as he was cornered. In reality I hated to hurt or kill any animal, and am ashamed of the deed to this day. There were no flashlights and our difficulty was to get him in the light of the cellar door. When that was accomplished the end came quickly. But all that summer the Witmers wished they had let him live, for the air was thick with effluvia.

That winter Harry went into partnership with Pete Bessette. They bought an engine and boiler from a man who was hauling logs with a tug boat to a saw-mill on Long Lake. The boat was named the Violet after the daughter of the owner. This engine is now in the Vernon Museum. It was originally in the Mary Victoria Greenhow, and was the first steam engine on Okanagan Lake.

One day that winter Pete Bessette drove the team and sleighs to Trinity Valley to haul out a load of shakes. The trail was unbroken, and the snow so deep it took two days. Mr. Bessett slept at our house overnight. After he had finished supper and attended to his team at the stable, he spent his long evening reading an Argosy magazine, by the light of an oil lamp on the kitchen table. There were no blinds or curtains over the windows. Speaking of it afterwards he said he heard slight noises outside the house, but was so interested in his reading that he didn't bother to investigate.

When he went outside the next morning, the snow around the house was well-trodden down by what must have been a pack of wolves.

The kitchen window was low down, and the snow on the windowsill was well marked with the imprints of wolf paws. They had been watching him through the window!

About a year previously to this a man had come to our place selling young apple trees. He explained to me that they were a "Rooshian" variety and would do well in a cold climate, so I ordered a half dozen. When they came we planted them inside the picket fence which surrounded the house. They grew well and I was proud of them.

Not long after that Harry brought home a small axe for Harvey. He probably remembered his own ignorance in handling an axe, and determined that his son, being a Canadian, should be skilled in this accomplishment. In this idea his son became most co-operative, to such an extent that one could wonder whether he aimed to become an executioner. The first experiment was on the apple trees. I was just late enough on the scene to see the last one fall. There was no chance to tell a lie, and whether he had that noble quality of George Washington I shall never know.

Fetching and milking the cows, feeding the pigs and chickens, baking bread, washing clothes, and piling up what we could for fall fires on the land, kept the boys and I busy in a very healthy way. Any leisure time was spent in reading to the boys. Their favourite literature was the jokes in the Family Herald, and the stories of Thornton W. Burgess. Also Harvey got scant information on the three R's.

When we first went to Trinity Valley there was a well at the back of the house, with a wooden pipe and pump. Over this was built a small shelter about 10 feet square. The sides and roof were covered with shakes, and there was a real broad shelf inside. Everything was made of cedar and with this the well was cribbed. This had all been done by the Jackmans. Old Mr. Jackman, who was born in Luxemburg was a most ingenious gentleman. He seemed to have every quality necessary for the creation of a progressive Canada, in those days.

We neither of us knew that in freezing weather, the handle of the pump should be left up in order to drain the water out. Consequently the pipe froze and burst the first winter we were there. Instead of putting in another pump, Harry pulled the water up with a rope attached to a coal-oil can. My muscles had not developed sufficiently for me to pull the water up, but life went on as usual with Harry supplying the water. This method continued for several years and I used the pump house to put dairy utensils on, and everytime I went to this bench I had to walk near the edge of the well.

One day I had rendered lard and was carrying a pot of very hot lard to put on the bench, when my left leg went down in the well, and I stuck there like a crooked fork with the screams. Luckily Harry was near and extricated me, but not before the hot lard had seeped through my winter skirts and scalded me.

Despite incompatibility we valued each other immensely, but no insurance was carried, so his immediate thought was how to prevent such a catastrophe in the future. As he was making shakes at the back of the house, he just threw the knotty parts of the cedar shakes in the well until it was full. Hence no more water from the well.

At that time the boys were quite small and it was beyond Harry's imagination to dig another well. So we fetched it from the creek using the cattle trail which was easiest but farthest, being nearly an eighth of a mile. However as Harry was a busy man, and woman was made for the glory of man, it fell to Grace to carry most of the water from the creek in two coal-oil cans.

As soon as Harvey was old enough to consider things he said "Why do we carry water from the creek? There's a spring over there, and if we dig a hole and put a barrel in we can get water close by." So Daddy got a barrel in Lumby, and Harvey who was only just big enough to handle the barrel finished the job and we got good water from that source for many years.

Occasionally our two cows would steal off in the night and march out to Mr. Quesnel's ranch. It fell to me to get them home, and in this the boys were very useful. It was an exciting change from the common round and we enjoyed it. We tied one cow to the cart and one followed. Our chief difficulty was the Derby Hill road, which at that time went over the range. If there were no cattle near, our progress was good, but sometimes complications arose. I remember when Susy rushed across the range to seek new company in the distance. Harvey ran to head her off but I didn't think he could manage it alone, so I left Kenneth holding the lines with orders not to pull them but to let Prince guide himself. Then I started to run too. But my skirt deterred me so I took it off. Luckily I had worn my old country corduroy cycling bloomers underneath, so if anyone saw me these would cushion the shock. In those days corduroy bloomers on an adult female were shocking enough. When we got Susy headed in the right direction, I turned my attention to the cart. It was in a most precarious position with one wheel up on the bank. So I shouted "whoa" and ran again. It was surely a great relief when we entered the forest trail to continue slowly unhampered.

In the spring of 1908 settlers began to come to our Valley, and we had many neighbours though none was very near. Some of them stayed and made permanent homes, some of them were subject to wandering fever, always searching for the end of the rainbow. Many were greenhorns who pre-empted unsuitable land. Canada's trial and error method both of lands and humans has been the cause of much unnecessary waste, disappointment and suffering. There was no education, preparation or plan to help people make a living in a new land. Dividends for railway companies, and real estate sharks took precedence.

The new settlers were of different nationalities but a good percentage were English. Memories of them, and incidents in connection with them, come crowding in, so that I have to do a lot of reckoning to put them in sequence. The influx of new comers demanded more roads, and improvements to the old road, where the stumps in the middle battered the bottom of the cart, and shook the liver.

We had a conservative government, and Mr. Miller was a wealthy man and a strong conservative. Mr. Price Ellison was our M.L.A.

Mr. Miller thought we should have a road foreman for Trinity Valley and knowing that Harry Worth was a conscientious workman, he recommended him. No one was more surprised than Harry Worth when he was informed of the fact, and of course he was glad. Whether he was sufficiently accomplished for the job was another matter. At that time neither Harry nor

I knew that it was a political job. Harry was not old enough to vote in England, and there had been only one election after our arrival. That was Federal. I had no vote, and Harry had no more idea of political questions than my hat. So before leaving for Lumby where he was going to vote, he said to me "How shall I vote?" I answered "Socialist of course." This he did, and when the votes were counted there was one socialist vote in Lumby, and many people wondered who it was. But neither Mr. Miller nor anyone else was aware of this, so Harry was appointed road foreman.

Although he lacked knowledge on certain aspects of road-making which one would consider essential, he had qualities which were lacking in many civil servants of that day and indeed this day. His naivete in regard to accepted political customs, resulted in honesty of purpose, which offended many. He hired without question those men who were good workers, and best able to carry out the job for which they were required, not even thinking that political affiliations had anything to do with road making. It was many years before we were aware of the fact that he was condemned by many, because he hired Liberals and foreigners. Yet on the other hand, Mr. Lang, the superintendent, told him that he got more done for the amount spent than any foreman under his jurisdiction. He also told him that he was pleased with his monthly accounts, which were balanced and needed no rectification. Although Harry accepted with pleasure the credit for this latter accomplishment, it was in reality due to his loving wife Grace. Harry was a poor accountant, and many a night I sat up into the small hours of the morning, in order to balance his accounts.

During Harry's term of office, there was one foreman who, when work was slack, would mail an anonymous letter to the authorities at the Court House, to complain about a bad piece of road in his district, and ask them to please send Mr. (himself) to repair it right away. Democracy simplified!

Previous to 1908 the Catt family came out from England. They bought the Tom Norris farm in Lumby and built a big new house on the hill-side, from which there was a good view of the Lumby district on the east and south. Two of the young women who came with them—Amy Remsberry and Ellen Curtis—married and settled in our valley. Miss Remsberry married Andrew Conn, a carpenter from U.S.A. and Miss Curtis married Bert Pritchard, who had been a bank assistant in England.

Mrs. Conn was a very accomplished woman and dearly loved by all who knew her. She did not live to be old and one reason was that she sacrificed herself for others to the extent that her health was undermined. Certainly through her good deeds she lives in the memories of all who knew her. Mrs. Pritchard who is still here is about a year younger than I, and every year we spend many happy hours together, and live again the lovely and unlovely past.

There was a reception at Mrs. Conn's house in Trinity Valley when Mrs. Pritchard was married, and I made a wedding cake for this.

The day I made the cake, with everything weighed according to Mrs. Beaton, Cecil Saunders was ill in bed at our house. He had been working on the road and got rather bad internal pains. So I treated him according to the knowledge I acquired. After I had put the cake, which was to cook for several hours in the oven, Cecil, who was feeling quite comfortable, said he wished I would get my mandolin and sing. This of course I was delighted to do, and

time went merrily on, until I smelt a terrible burning smell. I rushed out to the kitchen stove to find the cake badly burnt. I was in a worse fix than King Alfred, for I had to make another one. Luckily there was plenty of material on hand, and I was able to do this. My second was a success, for my trial and error had taught me a lesson. The next morning I ground almonds and made a paste a 'la Beaton and iced the cake, with an icing machine I had bought from Montgomery Ward's in Chicago.

That same summer Ernest Andrews married Alice Edwards who came from London, England. They were married in Vernon, and there was also a reception for them at Mrs. Conn's house in Trinity Valley, and all the settlers were there. For this occasion I made the cake from the same recipe, without a hitch, and assumed the pride of a professional.

During the early years many more settlers came into the Valley, a number of them with wives and families. Yet most of them were miles apart. The winters were long and dreary and with so much snow that trips to Lumby for social purposes were out of the question.

Such circumstances made it dull for some women folk. So they discussed this problem among themselves, and decided that they would take it in turn, and each month one of the families would give a party, everybody invited. This gave the women something to prepare for, and something to look forward to. The bachelors were all anxious to help in some way.

Amusements had to be arranged also. Old Mr. Saunders would sing his favorite song, Grandfather's Clock, and Ernest the "Campdown Races" while everyone joined in the chorus, and Bill Carpenter was wonderful with the mouth organ.

Preparation for my first party certainly helped to tone down my bumptiousness.

That spring I had hatched out a setting of Indian Runner duck eggs sent to me by a friend in Washington State. They were healthy and active, but being allowed full freedom, they interfered too much with the chickens' diet and drinking water. After a rain there was always a puddle below the kitchen window. Here they would congregate and splash until the window became opaque with mud. So I decided that three of them should be executed for the benefit of our party.

Grandma Dodds who in her young days had catered to duck-hunters in North Dakota, told me the best way to remove the feathers and down. The rest of the preparation I thought I knew. Harry killed them and I carried out Grandma's instructions. Then I withdrew the entrails, but couldn't find the crop! So I shouted to Harry who was in the other room and said "I can't find the duck's crop, do you know if ducks have crops?" He said "Of course they have! Don't you dare put those ducks on the table without taking out their crops!" But that didn't help me any, so I wrapped one of the dead ducks and carried it a quarter of a mile to Grandma's cabin. When I told her of my difficulty she certainly enjoyed the joke and said "My dear ducks don't have crops."

1909 is also a year of crowded memories. Price Ellison's men were clearing land two miles north of Lumby and the fire got away. The Richards and Witmers fled in their wagons to save their lives. The road men went to help Mrs. Richards save some of her furniture, and the first thing they did was to get the cook stove jammed in the doorway, which prevented the

removal of other things. The Witmers left nearly everything, and left a rag stuffed in a broken window pane in the kitchen. Luckily neither of the houses burnt. Although the fire swept around them. The Witmer's house was saved by Ed. Faulkner who was driving home to Trinity Valley from Lumby, and drove up to Witmer's to see if he could help. They had fled but the rag they had left in the kitchen window was burning. He pulled it out and thereby saved their home. After that there was a law-suit between the people affected and Mr. Ellison. How it was settled I do not remember.

By December that year road work for the season was over. We wanted to put a new log bridge across our creek. The old bridge was not dependable for bringing home hay from the meadow at the north end of the place. For this purpose two of the neighbors came to help us,—Will Dodds and Jesse Briddon. The Dodds family had farmed in North Dakota, and Jesse Briddon was a young Englishman who had pre-empted near us. As the Dodds lived three miles from us and had no conveyance we invited them with their two children to stay with us until the job was finished. Mrs. Dodds and I were bosom friends, our children were about the same age, and they enjoyed playing together. It was a bit of change for all of us and helped to enlighten the dreary winter days. We had grown a good crop of vegetables that summer, and on this eventual day, Mrs. Dodds was making delicious pickles from beets and horseradish.

It was on the morning of December 15th that Mr. Briddon and Harry went to the scene of operations—about an eighth of a mile from the house—to split timber for the bridge. A little after eight Mrs. Dodds looked from the window and saw Mr. Briddon approaching the house with Harry leaning heavily on him. We both ran to Mr. Briddon's assistance, and between us we got him to the house, with blood dripping in the snow all the way. He then became unconscious, and we laid him on his back on the floor in the living room. There was a small hole in his heavy mackinaw trousers through which the blood had been forced.

It was left to me to undress him from the waist down, and in the circumstances it was a difficult job. There was a tiny wound on the inside of his leg about six or seven inches down from the groin and considering the great loss of blood, we thought that his main artery had been cut. It was lucky that there had been a public phone installed in Lumby. Ed. Faulkner who lived a mile and a half in the Lumby direction was the nearest neighbour with a team. There were only two doctors in Vernon. Dr. Williams was supposed to be the best surgeon. So I asked Mr. Faulkner to phone Vernon and ask Dr. Williams to come to Trinity Valley. Mr. Faulkner got in touch with the hospital. They said Dr. Williams couldn't be found but Dr. Morris was there. When he asked Dr. Morris to go to Trinity Valley, he said that the road would be difficult for him, and it would be easier to take Harry to Lumby and he would examine him there. Mr. Faulkner said "But they think that a piece of steel from a wedge has penetrated his leg and cut his main artery." Dr. Morris answered "If that is the case he will be dead before you get back." There was not enough snow for sleighs all the way so Mr. Faulkner decided to engage Phil Morand who brought his team and democrat to our place. Meanwhile we had put a pad over the small wound and bound the leg to the best of our ability, and Harry was resting comfortably on his bed. Mr. Morand cleaned the floor of his democrat, and they lifted the mattress with

Harry on it and laid it on the democrat. I left everything in charge of Mr. and Mrs. Dodds and went with Harry. In Lumby we stopped at Mr. Morand's temperance hotel which he had recently built. Mrs. Morand told us that Dr. Morris and a nurse had been, and gone to visit Bardolph's who were then residing at the Catt house on the hill. Mrs. Morand telephoned them and they came right away. The doctor had Harry laid on the dining room table and examined the leg. He said "Well Harry you just missed the main artery. Come down to the hospital and I'll take out that piece of steel." Harry said "Do you really think I missed it Doctor, as I bled a great deal?" The doctor laughed and said "Of course you missed it." There were no X-Rays, and no blood transfusions.

Phi Morand wanted to drive the same team to Vernon, but I objected so strongly that Mr. Quesnel offered one of his teams, and we set out for Vernon. The accident happened at eight a. m. on the 15th, and we arrived at the Vernon Hospital at five thirty a.m. on the 16th.

Dr. Morris arranged to operate right away thinking it was going to be a simple affair. I waited in the waiting room underneath the operating room. There was a phone in the room. Very soon a nurse hurried in to phone. She said "Dr. Williams will you please come to the hospital immediately." It was not long before Dr. Williams came. He said "good morning" to me and at the same time opened his bag to take out a pair of forceps. I decided it was a maternity case, and that is what he intended me to think. But it was Dr. Morris who was in trouble. He must have been in terrible trouble, for he had sought advice from his greatest enemy—Dr. Williams. For this I have always admired him.

I entered the waiting room about 5:30 a.m. and after four hours of waiting Dr. Morris came in and put his hand on my shoulder in a kindly way and said "It's all right Mrs. Worth, Harry has come around, but for a long time we were very worried about him, but now he is resting comfortably and I think he will do all right. You go to the hotel and have a long sleep, and come back to-morrow to see how he is getting along." As I had had no sleep the previous night, and lots of worry, I felt tremendously relieved and followed the doctor's orders. The next morning I returned to the hospital, and Harry seemed to be having a jolly time joking with the nurses. However as he had to remain in bed for quite awhile, I decided it would be safe enough to leave him, and got permission from the Doctor to go home.

The facts of the case were revealed to us later. When Dr. Morris opened up the small hole made by the steel, he found that the artery had been severed, and the blood burst out afresh, drenching the attendants and the room. And Harry having lost so much blood previously, was in a very weakened condition. As to the method to be used the two doctors disagreed. Williams said "Bring the two ends of the artery together and join." Morris said "Tie each end and the blood will make new channels." Dr. Morris followed his own ideas, and Harry lived to his 81st year. There is a sequel which I will relate in due order.

I rode from Vernon with Johnny Genier who drove the Lumby stage three times a week. The Trinity stage went to Lumby once a week and was driven by Mr. Conn with his team Tom and Jerry. These horses were accustomed to tough times on the Trinity road, but I think their Christmas trip of 1909 was the toughest they ever experienced. Before Mr. Genier reached

Lumby that day the snow was falling fast. Mr. Conn had a heavy Christmas load and five passengers besides himself. His passengers were Bert Pritchard, Ernest Saunders, Ernest Andrews, Cecil Plum and Grace Worth. He decided that it was snowing so badly we had better stay at Lumby for the night, and leave after breakfast in the morning. More than a foot of snow fell that night, and on the Trinity road we had to break through at least 20 inches of snow. The first three miles from Lumby were partially broken by Mabel Lake settlers, and although we made slow progress we were able to drive that fast. But when we turned into Trinity everyone but the driver had to walk, and I was the driver. Another three miles of struggling up the hill, we were all hungry, and we needed a rest, especially the horses. We foraged in the load and found crackers, cheese and beer, which we enjoyed. Then we continued our weary journey. But we hadn't gone far when Mr. Pritchard was seized with internal pains. So we put him in the driver's seat, and I took my place "mushing" behind the men.

We made the next six miles at about a mile an hour, and it was dark long before we could reach a resting place. When we reached the Dodds' place we decided to stay the night. There was a stable for the horses. Mr. Conn had oats but no hay. The chimney pipe was filled with snow, and this had to be cleaned before we could start a fire.

The men were clothed to resist the elements, but I was soaking wet to the waist. I searched Mrs. Dodd's bedroom for women's wear. There was nothing for she had taken it all with her to our place. But Mr. Dodd's best trousers were there. These I donned with glee and emerged to superintend supper. For this we were really lucky. I had bought a plentiful supply of finnan haddie, and we found potatoes, onions, and bottled peaches in the cellar.

We had come to the parting of the ways, and were all, about three miles from home. The men had to trek east and I had to trek north.

After supper we sat around the kitchen stove and rested several hours. Mr. Conn who had a marvellous imagination entertained us by relating some of his exploits as a young man. For years he drove a twelve-horse team in the Yukon, and we winked as we visioned him behind Jerry and Tom.

Eventually Mr. Conn decided he would try to get the load home that night, as there was to be a Christmas party at his home the following evening and the things on the load were needed. They refused to leave me alone, so the two bachelors—Ernest Saunders and Cecil Plum—remained, and the three married men struggled home. But, the load had to be left on the hill and fetched the next morning.

Mr. Dodds' trousers were comfortable and I slept very soundly on Mrs. Dodds' bed, while the men slept on their blankets on the floor, and kept the fire going to dry our clothes.

The next day Mr. and Mrs. Dodds with their children and mine came with our sleighs and we all rode over to Conn's for the party. As our team had to struggle through very deep snow for seven miles, we were not too early. We had foot-warmers and blankets, and sang songs and carols on the way. There was never a dull moment.

I was so tired that night that I lay on Mrs. Conn's bed to rest. Through the partition I listened to a discussion on the American civil war between old Mr. Saunders and Mr. Conn. It ended by Mr. Conn saying "Ah well! If the



Trinity Valley, 1913.

Front Row: l. to r.: Hardy boy, Mrs. Beavo, Mrs. J. Hardy, Bentley Dodds, Mrs. Will Dodds with Mary, Jack Hardy, Mrs. Will Hardy, Will Hardy, Finzel boy. Back Row: l. to r.: Mrs. M. Finzel, Mike Finzel, Grandma

Dodds, J. Grant, Mrs. B. Pritchard with Mary, Bert Pritchard, Cecil Plum. Service conducted by R. R. Saunders.

Courtesy J. Grant

North hadn't beat the South, the South would'a beat the North." Mr. Conn was from the South and didn't love the Negro.

As Mr. Conn was a colourful figure in the history of our valley, a more familiar introduction will be in order. Not long after Miss Remsberry arrived from England with the Catt family, in whose employ she had been for 19 years, she met Mr. Conn who was a carpenter helping to build the new house for that family at Lumby. Originally Mr. Conn had come from the southern United States. He was rather a handsome man with thick curly hair, and many incidents in the history of his life, as recorded by him, were really remarkable.

Most males know how to woo, but the older ones who have had much experience are often experts, who create the highlights and keep the low-lights under cover. Everybody loved Miss Remsberry, her kindness endeared her to all who knew her, and she accepted us all in good faith.

After she married and came to our valley, although we were six miles apart, we often walked to visit each other. At meal time Mr. Conn would amuse us by revealing incidents in his life of which she had never heard. Apart from allowing his imagination to run riot, he had a good many qualities, not the least of which was his admiration for his wife.

During the summer of 1910 roadwork was carried on whenever possible, and Harry found that if he walked fast his leg pained him. This condition was often mentioned to friends. But he did not think it serious, deciding it was the natural consequence of the operation and that in time it would return to normal.

After Harry brought out Pete Bessette's share on the engine and boiler—before mentioned, we took it to Trinity Valley and set it up by the creek not far from the house, and used it to cut shingles. We had a ready market and supplied shingles for the creamery which started in Lumby about that time. I think the roof is still in good condition.

There was no one to drive the engine so perforce I had to learn the job. Consequently my household duties were often neglected.

(To be continued in the next report)