

Isabel Roger
Scottish Immigrant
1908



Nana's Memoirs of
Emigration and Later: Mrs.
Isabel Roger

In March 1908, my husband, children and myself left Scotland for Canada, under the Salvation Army's emigration scheme. My sister and family had lived in Victoria, B.C. seven years previous to our coming. When the Salvation Army started bringing emigrants out, my sister wrote advising me to make application for transportation under their supervision.

This I did, early 1907, but it was some time before they acknowledged my letter. Of course, they could not say definitely that they could take us as they had so many applications. The time went on. We did not hear anymore from the Salvation Army. I gave up all thought of going, as we thought they had forgotten all about us.

In February 1908, we read in the daily paper that there was gentleman from British Columbia giving lectures in Edinburg, who was lecturing for the Salvation Army. My husband took a day off work so he could attend one of those lectures. As we lived 12 miles from Edinburg, he had to take time off. He had a talk with this gentleman about getting to Canada.

However strange it may seem, the very next morning, while my husband was still in Edinburg, a letter arrived from the Salvation Army headquarters in Glasgow, informing us we were to sail on the steamship Ionian from Glasgow, on the 26th of March 1908 (exactly six weeks to the day we received the letter) and requesting my husband to proceed to Glasgow to make arrangements.

The excitement began. When I tell you my ninth child was only five weeks old at this time and my eldest 17, you can imagine what that six weeks was like for me. My husband arrived home in the afternoon. I told him I did not see how we could be ready in such a short time, and asked him to write to the Salvation Army and ask them to give us a later sailing. He would not do that, however. He said if we began postponing things, we would never get there. I said: Alright, but I was far from strong.

The thought of what I had to do was much for me. I caught a chill while serving supper and had to get to bed. My husband went to the village

and got some whiskey, made it into a hot toddy, and madder me drink it. All my life I have had a hatred of liquor in any shape or form, but I drank the toddy and it stopped the shivering, alright. I then fell asleep and slept three hours. My husband was so excited at my recovery, that he propped me up in bed so that I could write my sister in Victoria and tell her to rent a house for us as our family was too big to expect anyone to give is accommodations. Next morning I was some better.

We had to sell our furniture so we could pay part of our passage; the balance had to be paid back in monthly installments after we had been in Canada three months.

I had to work hard and fast for the short time I had, and make over clothes for the children as we had no money to buy any. When I tell you I had sis girls (the eldest was not 14, the youngest 2 ½), you can understand the job I had on hand. I had no one to help me, as I would not have outside help unless I could pay for it. I could not do that, so I did without it. I was up every morning at 4:30 am and never went to bed the same day I got up. I sat sewing for hours after everyone was asleep. The children all had to have medical examinations, and the baby had to be vaccinated.

To help me along, my husband went to Glasgow to get our tickets. I told him to inquire whether we would be fed on the train or if we had to provide for ourselves. I could not see how we could feed 11 of us on the train for 7 days. It was our good luck to go on a special train, with the Salvation Army feeding all the passengers three meals a day. There was a chef for every car. We were also provided with bedding, white sheets and blankets. It was very comfortable.

It cost over \$500.00 to take us from Glasgow, Scotland to Victoria, B.C. All we could pay towards our fares was \$50.00, which left a balance of over \$450.00 to pay back after we got settled in Victoria.

After a lot of hard work and worry, the time passed. The last week, I sent five of the children to their grandmother and they were five days. I have no doubt Granny thought it was more like five weeks, as she was not used to children. However, my second eldest girl did most of the looking after. I kept the eldest girl, the youngest girl, and the baby with me. My husband and our eldest boy had to work until almost the last day, as we needed all the money we could get. The neighbors kindly invited us to sleep with them when our furniture was almost gone; but I had so many jobs to keep me busy, I just couldn't leave the house until the last minute.

We said goodbye to our home and neighbors on a Thursday and went to Edinburg to say goodbye to relatives there. We left from Waverly Station on Saturday morning, after collecting all the children. My baby was now 11 weeks old. One of my brother's traveled to Glasgow with me, and he was great help and comfort to me. We all had to pass the doctor's inspection going on board the Ionian; however, we had no trouble there.

We went below to find our cabins and I did not go back on deck again, as I was afraid my baby might catch cold. My husband and the older children went on deck to see the last of the old country. Of course, we were only third-class passengers. It took us some time to get settled in our cabins. We had two staterooms: one with six bunks and one with four. My husband and I kept all the youngest children with us; the four eldest had the stateroom with four bunks.

I think we were all very glad to get settled for the night; but, oh dear, the next morning, every one of us was seasick, except three youngest. I had the bay in my bunk with me. Fortunately, I was nursing him, so did not worry about feeding bottles. It was all I could do to sit up long enough to change his napkins. We could not let the next two little one out of their bunks as there was no one to look after them. A steward would bring them a stack of bread, jam, and milk to drink; and he brought beef teat for everyone in the afternoon. A stewardess came to see me only once, saying we were lucky to be where we were, as the other end of the ship was overcrowded and she did not know which was to turn.

My husband did his best to help the others, but I think he was the sickest of all. We were all in bed Sunday and Monday. Tuesday morning, I was up at five o'clock and when I heard someone moving, I got hold of a steward and asked him if he could give me something to bathe my baby in. he gave me a white enameled foot bath and told me to keep it under my bunk. Was I glad to get my baby bathed, for he was three days without a bath! All the family managed to get up Tuesday morning, except my eldest girl. I did expect she would be my main help on the voyage, but she was seasick for eight days, so we had to help her instead.

The voyage from Glasgow to Halifax, Nova Scotia took ten days. The weather was not to bad; we were kept below only one day on account of storms. The children had a good time on the ship. I was on deck very little as the winds were very cold, and I was so afraid the baby would catch cold, that I stayed down with him. The ship rolled quite a lot. My husband and I were always reaching out to grab one of the little ones when the ship would roll. When we arrived in Halifax Harbour the following Tuesday morning, we were all hustled on deck to pass the doctor's inspection. As I never saw the doctor, I believe he was on the bridge and must have looked over the crowd.

Before we left the ship, the Salvation Army officer exchanged our money. They asked my husband to pay \$10.00 for food on the train for all but the two children next to the baby, as they were under five and traveled free. When I tell you that all we had when our money was exchanged was \$4.00, it was impossible to pay for the children's food. However, I told them we had lots of food for the children (we had a box of food with us for emergencies), so they let it go at that. We were all very glad to get off the ship!

We were all marched into the immigration sheds and were kept there while a Salvation Army officer gave us a talk. Then we had to pass through a wicket, single file to pass the immigration. A big man got between me and my family, so I asked him if he would let me go ahead of him so we could all be together. He asked me how many I had. I said "nine children, my husband and myself." He said he had eight; their baby was eight months; my baby was three months. We had the largest family and the youngest baby on the ship that trip.

I was sure we would not be allowed to proceed on our journey, as we did not have the required amount of money we were supposed to have when we entered Canada. However, when my husband told the immigration official he had \$4.00, he asked if we were going to friends. We said we were, so we were allowed to pass.

It was 10 A.M. when we got into the railway depot. My husband and eldest son went off to get our baggage through the customs, and I was left with the eight children at the depot. I dared not move from the depot for fear I should lose any of the children. I did manage to go as far as the restroom.

Our train did not leave Halifax until six o'clock that evening; eight hours to wait. Out of our \$4.00 we could not take the family into a café for meal, so we bought some buns and got some milk for the little ones. The eldest had a walk around Halifax streets, but did not think much of what he saw. The rest of us stayed in the depot. I was never so glad of anything as I was to get on that train. To think I could sit down and not be forever reaching out to grab a kid when the ship rolled.

The chef we had in our car was French Canadian, who was very good to the children and got a lot of fun out of their Scottish dialect. I thoroughly enjoyed the first meal we had on the train. It was served as soon as the porter got the passengers all fixed up in their places. We had two sections: lower and upper for our family. The eldest boy slept in another car with a boy he chummed up with on the boat, and he had an upper berth all to himself.

There were 40 people in our car, so it took a while to get them settled, our meals were served in our own section. We had smoked fish, tea, bread and butter, and didn't it taste good! The food on the ship was good, but we never had a good cup of tea; the tea on the train was a treat. We all got to bed rather early that first night.

Breakfast was served at 8: A.M. I had quite a problem as to how I would get all my family dressed in time for breakfast, as the dressing room accommodation was very inadequate. I would get up at 5 A.M., take my baby to the washroom, and bathe him as well as I could in a small washbowl and fast-moving train. I told my husband to bring the next youngest to the washroom in a few minutes. I gave him the baby and took in the next. When she was dressed, there was another ready at the door and so on, until I got them all dressed. By that time, most of the passengers were up and glaring at me, and wondering when they were going to get into the washroom. We had the only large family on the car, but everyone go to be very friendly with the children in a short time.

We were served rolled oat porridge, boiled eggs, bread and butter. Children on half fare got half portions. When the chef served Jenny a half portion, she wanted to know the reason why. She told the chef her dad paid full fare for her and her full serving. The chef then served the two little ones for which we were asked to pay \$10.00. There was plenty to spare.

We were six days and seven nights on the train. I got very tired of looking at snow; we saw nothing else for days. The train was kept very warm, so when we got out at a station to stretch our legs, we felt the cold very much. Sunday night, we were told that the passengers in our car going to Vancouver, may have to move into another car, as our car was going to be sent to Vernon, B.C. We did not get ready for bed, as usual, until we heard definitely about the change. At midnight the conductor called us to get into the next car. It was some job for us, getting all our sleeping kids carried into other beds. We had another chef for the last day, who was not pleasant to get along with.

We were supposed to arrive in Vancouver at seven o'clock Monday night. The chef stripped all the beds and collected all the sheets and blankets for the laundry. He threw all the pillows and curtains out the windows; all the foodstuff left over he threw out the window too! I thought it was terrible!

We were up against another hard problem. If we got to Vancouver that night, what were we going to do a night's lodging? Our \$4.00 had dwindled down to \$2.00; therefore, we could not go to a hotel. The boat

for Victoria did not leave until the next afternoon, so I prayed something would happen to help us out.

I had the children all dressed, ready to leave the train, when the conductor came along and told us there had been a collision at Westminster Junction, and that we would not get into Vancouver until nine o'clock. That did not help the situation much, as the little ones were getting tired and we could not fix beds for them. However, sometime later, the conductor came again and told the chef to give us blankets, pull out the seats, and to make the best of things as we could not get through that night.

It he lord surely answered my prayers that night! I believe my husband and I were the only ones on that train who gave thanks for a collision. There was no one killed or hurt as it was freight trains that collided. Our train got through and was run onto a siding at 1A.M.

We were kept on the train until 8 A.M. The chef never attempted to get us any breakfast, of course. I suppose we were not entitled to any, as we were supposed to reach our destination the night before. However, the conductor came along about seven and asked if we had had any breakfast. We said "no." He then went to the chef and asked the reason. He said he couldn't get the fire going. The conductor gave him 20 minutes to get the fire going and breakfast on our tables. Of course, the real reason was the chef had thrown nearly all the food supplies out on the tracks the day before. However, he managed to give us boiled eggs, bread and butter and tea, for which we were very thankful. Some of the women came from other cars with baskets for food, which the chef gave them instead of throwing it out this time, and were ever surprised when I told them what our chef had done!

We had six hours to spend in Vancouver before we got on the boat for Victoria, which we spent mostly at the depot. My husband took the older girls through part of the town, just to see what it was like. He wanted to take me when he brought the girls back, but I was too tired and not even interested in Vancouver. The weather was lovely, but a bitter wind was blowing.

We got on the boat at two o'clock for the last lap of our journey, which had taken 19 days. We arrived in Victoria at seven in the evening. My sister and her husband were at the dock. I had not seen my brother-in-law for over 20 years; my children had never seen him. They knew who he was from a picture he had had taken when quite a young man.

I was very disappointed when we arrived at my sister's home in West Victoria, for it was only a three-room shack. Also, my sister had not

rented a home for us as rents had begun to rise. She thought it would be better to wait until we got here and see what work my husband and son got to do. Our baggage arrived at the house that night, and it took every cent we had to pay the transfer man who brought it.

When I tell you that 17 of us slept in the shack that night, you may not want to believe me! We had supper, then got the little ones ready for bed. My sister had a bed curtained off at the end of her dining room. All five of our girls slept there, my sister's eldest girl slept on a wicker couch. Her baby (one year, seven months) slept in a large buggy. My sister, our three youngest and I slept in the bedroom. My brother-in-law, his two boys (13 and 15), my husband and son all slept on the dining room floor. Next morning, they pitched two tents out in the backyard and all the men folk slept there. That relieved the train considerably.

We had arrived in Victoria on the 14th of April 1908. My husband and son started work two days later, which was very surprising as there were lots of idle people here then. The jobs were only temporary, but they led into permanent work. We did not look for a house yet, as my brother-in-law thought it would be good for us to go camping for the summer, so we stayed with my sister until the 16th of May.

It was a month of hard work for both of us; we baked bread every day. The conveniences were very primitive. My brother-in-law bought this property with the intention of taking down the shack and building a house, which he did the following year. I seemed to be washing clothes every day and everything was proportionately hard.

My eldest girl (belle), just 14, got a job two weeks after we arrived. She went to help look after children. She got \$10.00 per month, which I thought was good for a girl her age. I don't think I would have let her go to work so soon, except it helped relieve the crowded conditions we were living under. When I tell you my daughter Belle remained in her job for then years; she left it when she got married; and the family increased from three to five children, you will understand that the lady and she suited one another. I know my daughter was passionately fond of their children.

My brother-in-law rented a camping site for us off Craigflower Road, near Georges Park. We moved on the 10th of May; the weather was grand. I hardly know how to describe our camp. It was in what used to be called the "transfer farm". My brother-in-law lent us a pole tent and he also bought a second hand tent for \$2.50, which me eldest son had to have for his bedroom. All the furniture we had my brother-in-law bought at an auction sale, so he got everything very cheap. We had two beds in the

pole tent; my husband, the four youngest children and myself occupied that tent.

There was part of a shack, which, at one time, a man had used for sleeping in while he was working there. There were only three walls standing, but they were quite substantial. My son and my nephew went to another old shack that was some distance away, stripped the shingles off the roof, and put a roof on the three walls. We put a bed in there and three of the girls slept there.

They fixed it up quite nicely. There was no door, so I hung a pair of damask curtains over the doorway and tied them in the middle to help keep out wandering cows. My sister gave me her dog to keep cows out of the kitchen, as it was only a roof. My brother-in-law had some frames in his yard that were covered with cotton. We took them and fixed them as walls around one side, one end, and part of the other side. The other end was partly filled with a big Albion stove my brother-in-law got for \$5.00. They fixed some straps of wood at the end of the stove to hang the cooking utensils on; also a stand for the water buckets. They made a good-sized table with planks found around the place; the table was stationary and, with a white oilcloth cover, it looked alright. They also built benches along each side of the table, as we had not many chairs. We fixed up orange boxes for kitchen cupboards and hung white curtains in front. We all had a busy day getting things into ship-shape before dark.

There was a little stream that ran past our kitchen and we could use the water for all domestic purposes, except cooking and drinking. That was a great help to me. We had to go to the other side of Craigflower Road and quite a way into the bush for our drinking water, where there was a pump. I don't know who owned it; it was there, that's all I know. It was on B.C. Electric Company property. The pump, I think, must have been on that property when B.C. Electric Company bought it.

We all slept well that first night. It was cool enough getting up to six in the morning, but I got my husband and son off to work. Then I got all children dressed and breakfast over.

I did not know how I was going to bathe my baby in that open kitchen, as I did not think it was warm enough in the tent. I had no baby bath; all I had was a wooden bucket my sister gave me for general purposes. I got the water ready in the bucket, opened the oven door, and had the girls stand around with their dresses spread out to form a circle around the bay to keep the wind off him. It caused great merriment among the girls to see the bay in the wooden bucket. He just fit into it and enjoyed the

fun with the others (he was five months old then). This was the daily performance for the first week.

My third girl always got excited when I bathed the boy and was only ten years old. She just begged and pleaded with me to let her bathe him, but I would not let her for sometime, as I was so afraid she would let him fall. She finally prevailed on me to let her do it, saying: "Do let me bathe and dress him, and you stand close by, Mother, so I won't let him fall." However, she managed wonderfully well, and bathed him often after that.

The weather was lovely the first five days at camp. The children went to George Park every day and made new discoveries. They came home every day with tales of what they had seen, and thought the Japanese Tea Garden was wonderful. George Park was at the height of its popularity then. There was a band concert every night, open-air moving picture's, laughing parlors, dog shows, shooting galleries, a merry-go-round, and other attractions. This was before the scenic railway or the water shoot were built.

We took the girls once a week to see the moving pictures. We would not all go at the same time as the little ones could not be left alone. My husband would take two girls and, the next night, I took the other two. In that way, we all enjoyed the outing. The nights we stayed home, we went to bed rather early and we would enjoy listening to the band in the dark after we were in bed.

The first Saturday night, after going to camp, my husband and I went to town to buy a few necessary articles. A double boiler was the first essential. We went to Shore's Hardware Store, but the ordinary sizes were not big enough, though. They had an extra large size, which I thought was too big. We told them we would look around and would come back for the big one if I could not get one more suitable.

We next went to Drake & Homes on Yates above Government Street. They did not have a big enough double boiler either, so we had to go back to Shore's. We bought a few things at Drake & Homes, However. I asked to see a bread mixer, baby bath, also a washtub and washboard. I paid for what I got and told them we would get the other things next week. They wanted to send them out and trust us to pay them. I said "no", as they did not know us and I would rather wait until I had money to pay for them. However, when my order arrived the next Monday, there was the bread mixer, baby bath and washtub! I thought a lot of Drake & Homes for that, and traded with them as long as they were in business.

We paid only \$1.00 per month for our camping ground and we had all the wood we needed, which was great help to us. We camped until nearly the end of August; and we would have stayed longer, except for a bush

fire on the B.C. Electric property. When the girls and I went to the pump for water one morning, we saw smoke coming out of the ground at more than one place, so we started carrying water from the pump to try to put out the fire. When we put it out at one spot, it started at another, so we had to quit. We did not know anything about bush fires. I did not know at the time that the B.C. Electric Company owned the property. When my nephew came to camp that night and saw the fire, he went to the park policeman and phoned the company. They sent six men out to keep the fire from spreading. It did not travel very far, but just the same, it lit up our tents at night.

I got alarmed as the big Fernie fire was raging at the time, so we went house hunting. We located a five-room house in Esquimalt and left our camp the last Sunday in August, 1908. We were all rather sorry to leave camp as we had enjoyed it so much. We had only one wet day while at camp and picked 100 pounds of blackberries while there! I felt smothered for a while after we moved into the house. So ended our first summer in Canada, and a very happy one it was!

Three of the girls started school the day after we left camp. The eldest girl was still working out and she got home every Sunday, and sometimes during the week also. The second girl (jenny) I kept home, as I did need a little help, for I had the baby and two others too young to start school.

The next year passed along in the usual routine of family life. Needless to say, I was always busy, washing, baking, making and mending, an endless job. I did not care as long as my husband and son kept working. My sister had told e in her letters that there was very little winter here, and not to bring much heavy clothing. We were, therefore, very much surprised at the first winter we spent here, as we seemed to feel the cold more than we did at home. We had lots of rain. In January, we had lots of snow and very bad cold spell. Schools and lots of offices were closed, as the heating equipment did not heat the buildings. My husband, who was a gardener, was put on night duty in the greenhouses where he was employed, and I think his were the only greenhouses that did not suffer any loss from the severe frost we had at this time, for he managed to keep the heat up.

This was in 1909. We also had an earthquake in the midst of this wintry weather. It was quite a shake; our house fairly rocked. I picked the baby out of bed and called the other children to follow me and we ran outside. There were three men watching the house rock. However, it settled alright and no damage was done, except a stove pipe was shaken down. The lady next door to me was in panic. She had lived near San Francisco during the big earthquake in 1906. My sister had lived in Chicago for 14 years before coming to Victoria, so that was the reason she said we had

very little winter here. Spring soon arrived and we certainly enjoyed the long, dry summer.

However, our troubles began when, in the fall, the firm my husband worked for decided that all men earning over \$10.00 per week had to go, and Chinamen were taken on. That was a blow to us. However, he got a job in a florist at the corner of Cook and Fort streets. We thought he was in a steady job again, when the property was bought up for building purposes. That job lasted only three months. We were up against it then, as he could not get a steady job. He then got to work with the city of Beacon Hill Park on boulevard Work, but it was no full-time work. Well, we got through the winter not so bad. My son was earning more now, and my second girl (Jenny) had gone to do housework, although she was quite 14 ladies use to come asking for the girl's because they were hard workers. Jenny was with a very nice couple and one daughter. She was not worked too hard.

The spring of 1910 was very hard one for me, as I expected another child in June. A nephew of mine wrote from New York, asking if he could come to me for a while. He left Edinburg after we did and did not like New York. I wrote and told him he could come and stay with me until he got a job, as I could not keep him on account of my condition and the size of my family. He came and stayed two months. Then I had two brothers and a sister come from Scotland. Their father had written and asked if they could come. I told him they could come until they got settled in work, and that work was not easy to get. One of the boys was a school chum of my sons. I had never met the others or their parents, although we lived near them for four years.

Before they arrived, my third daughter (Effie), the "Little Mother" I used to call her, got a chill. I had kept her home from school during the worse of the winter as she did not seem quite well, although she was not really sick. The first lovely day, after a spell of spring weather, I said to Effie: "Let us go to town, for it might rain tomorrow". To town we went, taking the two youngest with us; the third youngest had started school before this. I think everybody went to town that day, for we saw so many people and the children quite enjoyed it.

When I got through my shopping, I sent my daughter home on a streetcar ahead of me to start the fire so it would not take so long to get supper ready. I had just remembered something I had to do before I went home, so that was the reason I sent Effie ahead of me. I got the next car alright; it was 20 minutes service to Esquinalt then.

When I got home, my girl had started the fire alright, but she was lying on top of the bed and did not know what was wrong with her. I got her

into bed; she had influenza. I sent for the doctor the next day as she was no better. She recovered quite well for a little while. She was getting out in the sunshine all she should and the doctor was quite pleased with her progress.

Whether the excitement of the arrival of the folks from the old country was too much for her, I don't know. She went right down again, so I called the doctor again and he advised her removal to the hospital. I had nursed her for six weeks and hated to let her go. I knew I was not able to visit her as my feet were so swollen now, I could not get my shoes on. But I felt I could not look after her much longer, so she was taken to the hospital. Of course, she was well looked after. My sister was a great help and comfort to me at this time and I got good reports of Effie's progress.

The girl from Edinburg stayed with me to help while her brothers were trying to get work. They finally got work at Todd Inlet at the cement works and came home weekends. It was very hard for me to keep going at this time.

On June 1st, 1910 my only Canadian child was born a lovely, big boy. I had my baby at home and had a good nurse housekeeper. But my sympathy always went out to the nurse who came to my house, as it was not easy job with such a family. However, I always planned things ahead to make it as easy as possible for the nurse.

My doctor just paid one visit after my baby was born. He did not come again for over a week. I asked the nurse why he did not come. She said he knew the nurse I had, and that everything was alright. I did not feel satisfied, though, and when my husband stayed at the hospital one evening instead of coming home for supper, he sent a message to tell me Effie wanted him to stay a while longer. I knew then that things were not so well with her, and that was the reason the doctor did not come to see me.

Next day, my friend drove me to the hospital again. I went without the bay this time. I stayed with my daughter all day. My friend spoke to the nurse and asked her if she would see I had some refreshments as I had just got out of sick bed. I was there from 11AM until 6PM without food. I got so weak, I was afraid to leave my chair. The nurse must have forgotten all about me, and I would not ask. I just compelled myself to start home. I got there about seven absolutely exhausted. My husband was just leaving to go to the hospital when I got home. I went to see my daughter every day while I had the nurse to look after the house and baby.

A lady whom I did not know came to me at this time with a note from another lady I had never met. In the note she offered to take my baby and keep him while my girl was so sick, so I would have more time to spend with her in the hospital. I knew who the lady was, although I had never met her. I was so amazed when I read the note that I did not know what to say. The lady saw me hesitate. She said: "you need not be afraid to give my friend your baby, as I know he will be well taken care of" I was so overcome with the kindness of the offer, I could not speak for a minute or two. I asked the lady to thank her friend, but as the nurse was still with me, I could manage. I said I would take advantage of her kindness after the nurse went if I had to.

The nurse left when the baby was two weeks old. I had had to bring my second daughter from her place to help me, for I could not afford to keep the nurse any longer. The girl from Scotland got a job in housework, so I could not ask her to stay with me any longer because I felt I was keeping her from getting herself settled. My sister thought a week at Glodstream would be good for the girl before she started work, so they went camping.

I did not know how to arrange the hospital work so someone would always be with my daughter. My neighbor came to me on Sunday afternoon, and said: "Dress the baby and your eldest girl, and I will take him to the lady who offered to care for him" My neighbor knew her very well. I took her advice. I sent my baby to a perfect stranger to me, but I was very glad to have my baby looked after, all the same.

I went to the hospital that night and stayed all night with Effie. My second daughter came out in the morning, after getting her father and brother off to work. She left home at 7AM; I left the hospital at the same time, so my sick girl was not left long without one of us with her. She was in the hospital sunroom, the only patient in there. That was how one of us could always be with her.

The first night I spent there, it was very cold. All the windows in the sunroom were open. I had to keep my coat on. The nurse also gave me two blankets to wrap around me, but still I felt cold. There was a couch in the room and my daughter wanted me to lie down there. I did once, but she wanted me immediately, so I never lay down again. She never seemed to sleep much; just dozed occasionally. She was alert to every sound and movement.

That first night, there was suddenly a terrific rush of water. The sound was deafening! I thought the sea was rushing in from Willows Beach. I never heard anything like it. I looked at my little girl; she opened her eyes and looked at me. I said: "What is that horrible noise?" She replied: "It's

rain” I don’t think I ever heard rain like that. The sound was so all-enveloping.

I always had supper with the nurses during the night; otherwise, I could not have kept up. When I got home in the morning, I got the children dressed and breakfast. Two went to school; my fourth daughter was kept home to look after the two younger ones while I went to bed for few hours sleep. My eldest daughter came from the hospital at two o’clock. The lady next door would go out then and stay with Effie until suppertime; my husband then went right after supper and stayed until I got out. He was working at the time and had to have his rest, that was the reason he could not stay all night

The first morning I came from the hospital, I walked up to see the lady who had my baby, to thank her for what she was doing and to see if there was anything she needed for the baby. They seemed so glad to have my baby, I felt quite satisfied. When the lady asked me my baby’s name, I told her: “Billy” she said: “That’s funny; we were calling him Billy!” I did not see my baby again until after my daughter was buried.

I kept the night vigil to the end. The day before my daughter died, I could not rest or settle down at home, so went after lunch to see how she was. Her father went with me. She was very bright, but something told me it would not be very long. My husband thought I should not come back to the hospital that night. He was afraid I would have a breakdown. I saw the doctor and he said he thought there would not be any change that night, and that I ought to stay home and rest. I asked Effie if she would like me to come back that night. She said: “Yes, mother, come”. My husband wanted to come too, but one of us had to stay home at night. My neighbor asked if I would care to have her company that night. I was so glad to have her!

I will never forget that night as long as I live. My daughter never got one minute’s rest. We did all we could to make comfortable, but she was so restless. She talked to me quite a lot. About four in the morning, she asked me to bring the nurse. When the nurse came she said: Mother, get Miss Noble a chair. She must be tired as she works so hard.” The nurse nearly broke down when she heard that. Then she said: “Hold me, Mother!” I was holding her alright and trying hard try keep my self-control. My daughter saw a tear run down my cheek, and said: “Don’t cry, Mother. You will make me cry.” I said: “Alright, Effie, I won’t.”

Then she was at rest, at 5AM, the 20th of June 1910; my wedding anniversary and the day before her 13th birthday! My baby was now 26 days old. My girl was born on Sunday and died on Sunday. This is a time

I have never been able to talk much about, and it has been hard to write it.

I just gave way entirely for few minutes. The doctor and nurse were kindness itself. The doctor brought me a little brandy and insisted on my drinking it. I did, much as I loathed the stuff; however, it helped me a little. My neighbor and I had to stay at the hospital until the first streetcar time, it being Sunday. That was not until after nine o'clock. I never thought of hiring a cab; it cost too much. That was before there were any cars in Victoria.

My husband met us at the car line. The nurse had phoned a friend of ours, so they all knew about Effie at home. My husband insisted on my going to bed. I did for a while. I could not sleep, though, so had to get up and keep busy – and there was plenty to keep me busy. I was so exhausted when night came, I did sleep and felt better in the morning.

The two days before the funeral were very trying. We had all missed Effie so much while she was in the hospital; but she was there, with the hope that she would come home again. Her going caused such a sense of loss. She was such a lovable child and the little ones missed her so.

My daughter was taken to Smith's Funeral Parlor on Yates Street, below Government Street. The parlors were not so elaborate then as now. It was my first visit to a funeral parlor. In Scotland the dead were kept at home until the time for burial; the service was in the home and only men went to the cemetery. When we went into the parlor and saw the casket literally buried in flowers, I just broke down again. There was not a private room at the parlor for near relatives as there is today. The room was crowded. I did not know we had so many friends. Effie's school friends were all there. The Methodist minister took over the service. Interment was at Ross Bay. We were all glad when it was over.

My eldest daughter went for my baby and was I glad I had him to care for as it gave me less time to think! I did not know we had so many friends until we were in such trouble. The minister told my husband to call on him for financial help if we needed it. Another friend forced \$20.00 on my husband for immediate needs. We paid that back in a short time, though.

Kindness and sympathy were showered on us at this time. I had so much to do for my family, I did not have time to make many friends, but the children seemed to have lots of friends. My husband and I certainly appreciated the kindness of everyone. This was one of the most trying experiences of my life.

Our troubles were just beginning then. Two days after my girlie was buried, my son lost his job with the B.C. Electric Company. The car drivers and conductors were agitating for more money. They talked my son into asking for a raise, although we were quite satisfied with what he was earning. They told him if he did not get what they asked for, he was to walk out and they would see that he was looked after. He was only 19 at this time.

Well, he foolishly listened to those men, walked out, and that was his finish. I did not know anything about it until it was too late. The funny thing was; he was not employed on the cars; he worked in the car barn. Labour agitators can influence the young men, as they are more impressionable than older men. My son losing his job was a big blow to us, as his father was only getting part-time work. It was nine months before he got another job. The result was: I had to let my second daughter go do housework again, much as I needed her help at home.

Shortly after this, an order came from the City Council that all men employed by the city and living outside the city limits be laid off. That was another blow to us, as work was hard to get at this time. All I had coming in then was \$10.00 per month from the two girls; the one \$13.00, the other had \$12.00., that did not leave them anything but carfare; \$10.00 had to go for rent, the other to pay the contract to the building society. The result: We were living on credit; the butcher, grocer and milkman. But as we had paid our bills regularly as long as we had work, they were not afraid to trust me. Had it not been for them, my children would have been hungry many a time. After a terrific struggle, we did pay all our debts. I got so far down at this time, I would hardly look out of my door for fear my neighbors would think I wanted something. It is horrible feeling to have.

Time went on and Christmas drew near, and a very lean Christmas it promised to be. My husband got an odd job occasionally. We had a few chickens, so my husband decided he would kill a big rooster for Christmas dinner. We just had to have some Christmas for the children. So, the night before Christmas Eve, he killed the rooster.

He had just walked into the kitchen, when a knock came at the door. He went to the door. There was a man with a good-sized box, but he would not tell us who sent it. When my husband opened it, there was a big turkey, cranberries, canned fruit, eggs, bacon, jam, tea, sugar, oranges, nuts and a host of things for the children! My husband wished then he had not killed the rooster.

The next day, Christmas Eve, a gentleman came to the door with a basket from his wife; the same people who gave us money when our girlie

died. In the basket were two chickens, all cleaned and trussed, ready to go in the oven; some black currant jelly for my special use, home-canned fruit, and other things. My sister sent me a leg of mutton, and the clerk's at the grocery store sent an 11 pound beef roast and sausages. The lady next door sent me a fruitcake. I was absolutely overwhelmed with the kindness and generosity showered on us at this time. We happened to have a \$1.50 in the house at the time!

My husband said, we would go to town in the evening and get a few flowers to put on Effie's grave on Christmas morning. Much as I would liked to have had the flowers, I felt my children needed the money spent on them more than spending the money on flowers for the grave. However, my husband insisted I go to town with him. He thought it would do me good to go out anyway.

After putting the little ones to bed and just as we were leaving, my grocer came to the door with 49 pound sack of flour and a big box of groceries. There was a lovely letter with the box from Effie's teacher. She said how much she loved my little girl. She said she would never forget the day Effie brought the piece of white heather her uncle had sent her from Edinburg, Scotland and gave it to her. She said her mother and she always tried to help at Christmas time. They had thought of toys for children, then remembered that they would most likely, get toys off the Christmas tree at Sunday School. She hoped I would not be offended what she and her mother has sent. She said: "Fortunately, we both trade at the same store and no one need ever know about it". Well, I was completely overcome and could not go to town with my husband that night. This teacher is still teaching in Victoria and is as much loved now as then.

I shed a few tears that Christmas time and tears are falling as I write this. It brings everything so clearly before me. Christmas morning, a neighbor brought me a telephone message for someone to meet my daughter at the car. She got home early to have dinner with us at two o'clock, then had to go back to help with dinner in the evening where she worked. Her father met her at the car.

She had a good-sized box from her mistress. There was a turkey and all the trimmings, fruit and other things too numerous to mention. We never had such a house full of food, before or since! Fortunately, it was winter and things kept well. As there were nine of us to feed, it was surprising how soon it was used up; and I assure you; there was nothing wasted, and my grocery and butcher bills were not very big for the month of January, 1911.

That winter there were shoals of whiting in the harbour. My husband and son borrowed a neighbors boat, went fishing under the coaling wharf, and caught whiting, which was most delicious eating. I cooked them in every conceivable way so they would not get tired of them. I gave lots away to the neighbors. At first , I did not like to give them away without cleaning them. Then, one day, I cleaned 13 dozen of them to give away. That finished me. I had too much to do to spend so much time cleaning fish! However, that supply of fish came to an end.