

an island where the soft mud saved us", he recollected. "I can see the women praying in the bottom of the boat as we drifted swiftly along as it seemed to death."

The family was in Toronto when it was known as Little York and its population was not 10,000 and the English Church which stood where now St. James' Cathedral stands "was a small, board, yellow painted building like a school house" and orchards figured where now is the corner of Yonge and Queen streets.

#### Sir William Mackenzie's Father.

After varying experiences, Mr. Stevenson's father settled about forty miles north of Guelph and there he and his children cleared in time about 200 acres of land, all big timber—beautiful hardwood.

Of course there was no railway connection with Guelph—there were no railways in the world at that time—and the journey to Guelph, a tiny township, occupied them three days. They had not a single neighbour. At one period of this early pioneer life Mr. Stevenson has a very happy memory of one John Mackenzie (afterwards the father of Sir William Mackenzie) who worked haying for his father when he himself was sixteen years of age.

You can imagine what an emigrant family went through during those pioneering days and Mr. Stevenson has some great stories of spearing fish by torchlight and of the hunting of bear and mink and martin and other wild animals which abounded. It was in 1883 that he "went west" and finally settled in Manitoba. He remembers when he had settled down to farm that one day he took a strong telescope that he had and, climbing one of his hayricks, he could only see, with the aid of the glass, two or three shacks, the prairie stretching away as far as the eye could reach. "I think," he observed reflectively, "that the telephone in country districts is one of the greatest blessings we have, because women are left at home so much by themselves and it is these lonely lives that have done so much to fill our asylums." So you see he is quite up-to-date in his ideas. Eventually he became postmaster of Hill View, twelve miles north of Oak Lake, as well as a successful farmer. The last seven winters he has spent in Vancouver and some may remember that last winter he made a speech on the evening of one of the banquets to our prairie visitors, given at the Hotel Vancouver, and that it made quite a hit.

#### A Remarkable Memory.

This does not pretend to give more than a glimpse of the life of this remarkable old man—and his wife, I understand, is little less remarkable. The imaginative reader can fill in the gaps. He held a captain's commission during the Fenian trouble. "And were you in the Reil Rebellion also?" I asked him. "In '85, yes" he replied and then added "but that is only a little while ago." He did not add this as a joke, it really only seems a little while ago to him.

Mr. Stevenson had told me that he had had practically no schooling and I had been wondering at his excellent vocabulary and occasional literary allusion. I questioned him upon it. "Ah, my father is responsible," he responded. "He was an architect by profession and, despite our pioneering life out here, he always managed to carry with him a curious collection of books, and I read them every one from the first page to the last and more than once. There were the works of Dryden, Homer, Shakespeare, Milton and Byron, histories of Greece and Rome and England and America, Cook's voyages, a Napoleonic book called "In



## A Very Personal Service

Whatever your type of figure may be,  
the graceful lines of youth may  
be found in a

**GOSSARD** *Front Lacing* **CORSET**

You will be served by trained corset-  
ieres, who understand this artful  
corsetry that makes you slim-  
by-proportion, and we will  
assume full responsi-  
bility for your  
satisfaction.

*Gordon Sypdale*  
LIMITED

575 Granville St.  
VANCOUVER, B. C.