

Inlet mills would be destined to further greatness under the last pioneer lumber baron of the old century. John Hendry, a veteran of BC lumbering since the early 1870s, would create the first major conglomerate in the BC forest industry.

Before Hendry brought the mill into the modern era, it did lose a bit of ground, literally. In 1884, Alexander advised the absentee mill owners, Edward Heatley of San Francisco and George Campbell of Victoria, to hold on to its real estate and compete with the CPR. The railroad company had already been promised the lion's share of the best "new city" land in a deal with the provincial government, in return for extending its western Canada terminus to Coal Harbour. You may remember, Hastings Mill was sitting on more than 1000 acres of its own prime real estate. Everything from Burrard Inlet south to about modern 16th Avenue, encircling False Creek, and east-west, between modern Carrall and Nanaimo, was potential new city. Instead of marketing it themselves, they sold the entire package to a Victoria Syndicate for \$275,000 US gold coin. That group used its new land as further leverage in the CPR deal. Meantime, Alexander, smarting from the missed opportunity, continued to manage Hastings Mill operations for Campbell and Heatley on leased land.

Operate he did, on a strict budget, which did not curry him any favours with loggers or mill workers. He also caused a rift with the newcomers by a remark he made under the Maple Tree during labour negotiations in the spring of 1886. It may have cost him dearly for his next ambition—a bid for the mayor's chair in Vancouver's first city election. In April 1886, Richard Alexander lost the seat to a newcomer from Winnipeg, Malcolm A. MacLean, owner of city's only newspaper, the *Herald*.

Alexander's most quoted remark, indicative of the times, happened just a few days before the election. The sawmill was facing its first strike in history. Transient navvys from back east had come out with the railway, worked at the mill during the winter months but had walked out in early April. The pay of \$1.25 a day, including room and board, wasn't the issue. They didn't like the long hours: 6am–6pm, with a half hour off for lunch. Alexander met with a "conciliation committee" under the tree at Carrall and Water where all civic meetings used to take place in those early days before the Fire. He said that for many years he'd run the mill successfully with "with



JOHN HENDRY 1843–1916. Last of the great pioneer lumbermen, New Brunswick-born Hendry created B.C. Mills Timber and Trading Company, consolidating Royal City Planing Mills with Hastings Mill in 1889. As president, he would continue to expand, acquiring Moody's mill, railways, and other operations to assemble the first major conglomerate in the BC forest industry. Sidelined by a hip injury, he stepped down in favour of his son-in-law Eric Hamber in 1913. Active in Freemasonry, he was a member of the Knights Templar and of the Consistory, having received the thirty-second degree. A former New Westminster mayor and alderman, he was also part of Vancouver's business and social elite and maintained private club affiliations across Canada and in London, England. John Hendry Park, which encircles Trout Lake, the onetime source of water for Hastings Mill, was named in his honour.



OLD HASTINGS MILL STORE MUSEUM. Built in 1865, this historic store is all that remains of Vancouver's pioneer days. The oldest building in the city, it survived the Great Fire of 1886 and today serves as a beacon for the preservation of our pioneer history. Rescued from demolition in 1930, by a group of forward-thinking women, the old mill store was barged from the foot of Dunlevy to the foot of Alma at Point Grey Road. Owned and operated by the Native Daughters of British Columbia, Post No. 1, the traditional museum is chocker-block full of early Vancouver memorabilia.

Indians and some Chinamen," and that he was quite willing to take back the men who had gone out—his old white employees had stood by him, and the mill was not shut down—but that he would not reduce the hours. When the strikers refused to return, Alexander proclaimed he would just engage a few extra Indians and Chinese and that "Canadians [Easterners] are only North American Chinamen anyway."

In a town whose male population was being swelled by Easterners it was that remark that cost him the election. Alexander's election tactics included bringing in a boatload of voters from Victoria as well as marching some 60 Chinese labourers from the mill. But it was to no avail. The Chinese were "chased away by an angry

crowd of MacLean supporters." And it seems obvious in retrospect, that it was a done deal. With "all residents" (white males only—no Chinese, Indians or women) permitted to vote but not to register, fraud was easy. Allegations of ballot stuffing were rampant.

Alexander never ran for mayor again, although he did serve some years as an alderman.

In the end, Alexander would have his golden moment of redemption. It came two months after the first election, at the height of the Great Fire disaster. When an out-of-control clearing fire, whipped by a freak gale into a firestorm, devoured the newly incorporated city of Vancouver, it was Hastings Mill and R. H. Alexander that came to the rescue. The Hastings Mill Store

became a spontaneous base of operations and triage centre, the cookhouse served food and coffee, while Mrs. Alexander opened up her home and the cottages for shelter. For three days, the store offered up its entire inventory free of charge, while R.H. urged all who were in need to “help themselves” to sawn lumber stacked in the yards. With mill saws fired into production day and night, Vancouver quickly rose from the ashes.

In 1889 it was John Hendry’s turn. He was all about making money. And perhaps, a little empire building. Hastings Mill was purchased by the Royal City Planing Mills Company, and Hendry was made president and general manager of the larger plant. The two companies were consolidated by special legislative charter, creating the British Columbia Mills Timber & Trading Company. By 1899 it was the largest lumber company in the province, producing 400 thousand board feet per day, and employing more than 1100 men. The numbers continued to skyrocket. Hendry’s new projects included producing manufactured building materials: doors, sashes, mouldings, in addition to lumber. So he upgraded machinery in all his plants: Hastings Mill and Royal City Planing Mills in Vancouver, Royal City in New Westminster, as well as Moodyville, which he acquired in 1902. B.C. Mills began producing patented prefabricated homes with specialty woods and soon began calling itself as “the largest lumber manufacturing establishment on the Pacific Coast and one of the largest in the world.”

As the 20th century unfolded, Hendry showed an even larger industrial vision, controlling all aspects of production, distribution and marketing. The company introduced the steam donkey and led the way in mechanized logging. B.C. Mills controlled over 100,000 acres of timberland by 1911. They owned locomotives and steamers, wharves and railroad facilities. Hendry had embraced Vancouver’s rapid urbanization and newly developed capitalist economy and expanded on it to the capacity of his imagination.

While Hendry’s lumber empire flourished, he speculated in other industries including coal, power, gold, sugar, and railways. Especially railways. And in spite of the strength of Hendry’s backbone industry, by 1909 the writing was on the wall for the Hastings Mill. It always had been; it was just a matter of time. With B.C. Mills operating four plants each in a strategic waterfront location, Hendry began to value their sites rather than their capacity.

By Hendry’s death in 1916, he had already begun to sell off pieces, while retaining the core properties of Hastings Mill and Moodyville. Hendry had stepped down in favour of his son-in-law as president, in 1913, after a fall and hip injury. Eric Werge Hamber was married to his daughter and only child Aldyen Irene.

With the death of John Hendry, and the ever stalwart Hastings Mill secretary and manager R. H. Alexander the previous year, the last of the great lumber barons was gone.

By the time the Hastings Mill was sold and its operations dismantled in 1928, its identity had become associated more with labour and capital than with a pioneer community. The settlement life was long gone, save an old store. The iconic “old Hastings Mill Store” was donated by Eric Hamber to the Native Daughters of B.C. in perpetuity. With much community fanfare it was put on a barge and floated through the Narrows to the foot of Alma Street at Point Grey Road.

The women’s lodge, dedicated to the memory of the pioneers, refurbished the old relic, resurrecting it in 1930 as a museum. The city’s oldest building is still there today, a reminder of a time long ago when Vancouver was a young mill town at the edge of the primeval forest on Burrard Inlet.

New Brighton

IN 1862 COLONEL RICHARD CLEMENT MOODY and George Turner, his surveyor, both of the Royal Engineers, cruised along the south shoreline of Burrard Inlet and getting ashore blazed a tree to mark the end of a proposed trail from New Westminster that would be called the Douglas Road. When the road was completed three years later, Oliver Hocking and Frederick Alfred Houston built a hotel and called the place New Brighton.

Hocking was also there on official business. He had been assigned the job of establishing a customs house, after Captain Edward Stamp had complained to the Governor of B.C. that ships visiting his mill on Burrard Inlet wasted time and money clearing customs in New Westminster. He got his wish and Hocking arrived to help expedite mill business on the inlet and make a little business of his own.

The *Columbian* newspaper of the day wrote, "Brighton will soon be a favourite place for pleasure seekers. Pleasure boats are being provided, additions to the hotel are going up, beautiful grounds and picturesque walks are being laid out and it's rapidly assuming the appearance of a fashionable watering place. Governor Frederick Seymour rode over this week [from New Westminster] and honoured the Brighton House with a call." In 1866 a stage started running between New Westminster and Burrard Inlet on the newly completed Douglas Road.

In 1869 Maximilian Michaud, a bartender and cook at the Grelly Brothers' Colonial Hotel in New Westminster, purchased the Brighton Hotel for \$1500 from Hocking and Houston, and the place came to be known as "End of the Road."

Michaud, a young man of 29, had crossed the Rockies during or after 1861 by travelling on foot much of the way. The Michaud clan had come to Canada from Poitou, France, in 1667 and had settled on the south bank of the St. Lawrence River near St. Philippe de Kamouraska, Quebec.

Apparently the government surveyed the little place, named it Hastings to honour Admiral George Fowler Hastings, the recently appointed Royal Navy commander at Esquimalt and began to sell lots. Apparently Captain Raymur of the



Above

Maximilian Michaud arrived on the west coast having walked through the Rocky Mountains to reach New Westminster. He purchased the Hastings Hotel in 1869 and ran it until his death in 1882.

Below

An 1890 bird's eye view of Hastings or East Park (today known as New Brighton Park) showing a steamer on Burrard Inlet, the Brighton or George Black's Hotel, the race track, and to the south Hastings Street.



Hastings sawmill had something to do with inducing the government into naming the place Hastings. That same year the government appointed Michaud the first postmaster on Burrard Inlet at Hastings, so he renamed his place the Hastings Hotel.

The Hastings Hotel was well situated at the north end of the Douglas Road, linking the wharf at Hastings with the busy City of New Westminster. It was an important transshipment point for stagecoach passengers and freight going from the Royal City to Moodyville and to Victoria.

Hastings was a popular summer beach resort for the wealthy citizens of New Westminster. "Maxi" bought lots 2, 3 and 4 for \$150. Maxi's Hastings Hotel had a fine reputation for its good food and service largely due to the hospitality of his lovely Kanaka companion and housekeeper Frisadie.

By 1877 he owned acreages in Abbotsford, Hope and Langley Prairie, a home in New Westminster as well as the hotel at Hastings. He was a very wealthy man. In 1878 Maxi returned to Quebec and married Marie Euphrosine Célénie Dandurand at St-Roch de Québec. His brother Joseph came out with his wife and family in 1878 to run the Langley Prairie farm, growing beef cattle to sell in Vancouver and to provide meat for his hotel clientele. Maxi returned to Hastings with his new wife but shortly afterwards took an early retirement due to heart problems and moved to New Westminster. He died in 1882.

The Hastings Hotel was sold to Benjamin Wilson in 1882 and subsequently became the CPR offices when the railroad was being extended from Port Moody to Vancouver. Wilson sold to Scotsman George Black, dubbed "The Laird of Hastings." Black had bought the first lot in Gastown for \$25. Black also bought the first lot in Gastown, where he had a home and a butcher shop.

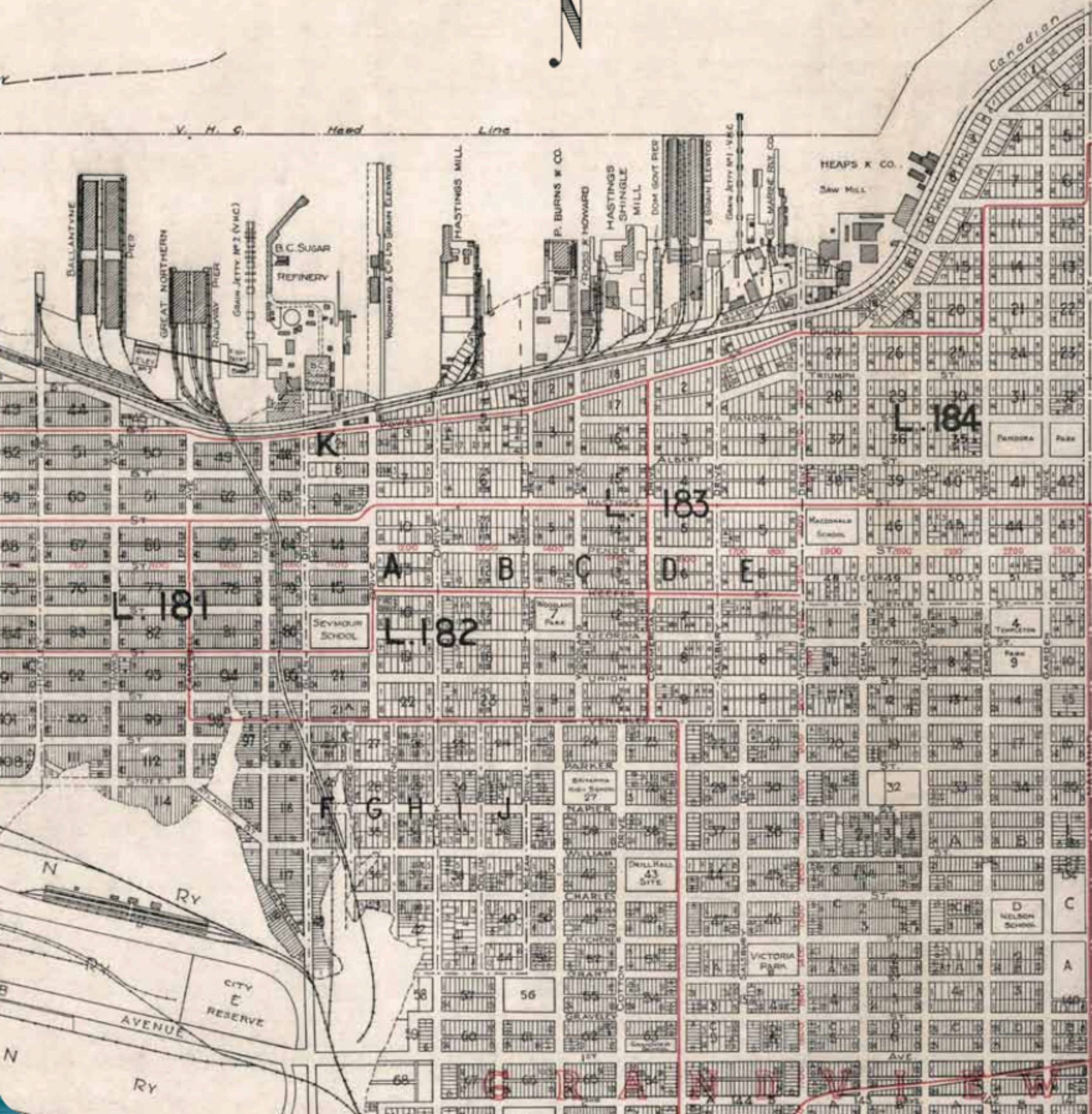
The *Sudden Jerk* was one of the earliest ferries used to transport passengers to Moodyville. The boat's boiler blew up at the Hastings wharf while the engineer was up at George Black's Hastings Hotel bar having a drink in the bar. When the CPR was built the line circled around his hotel.

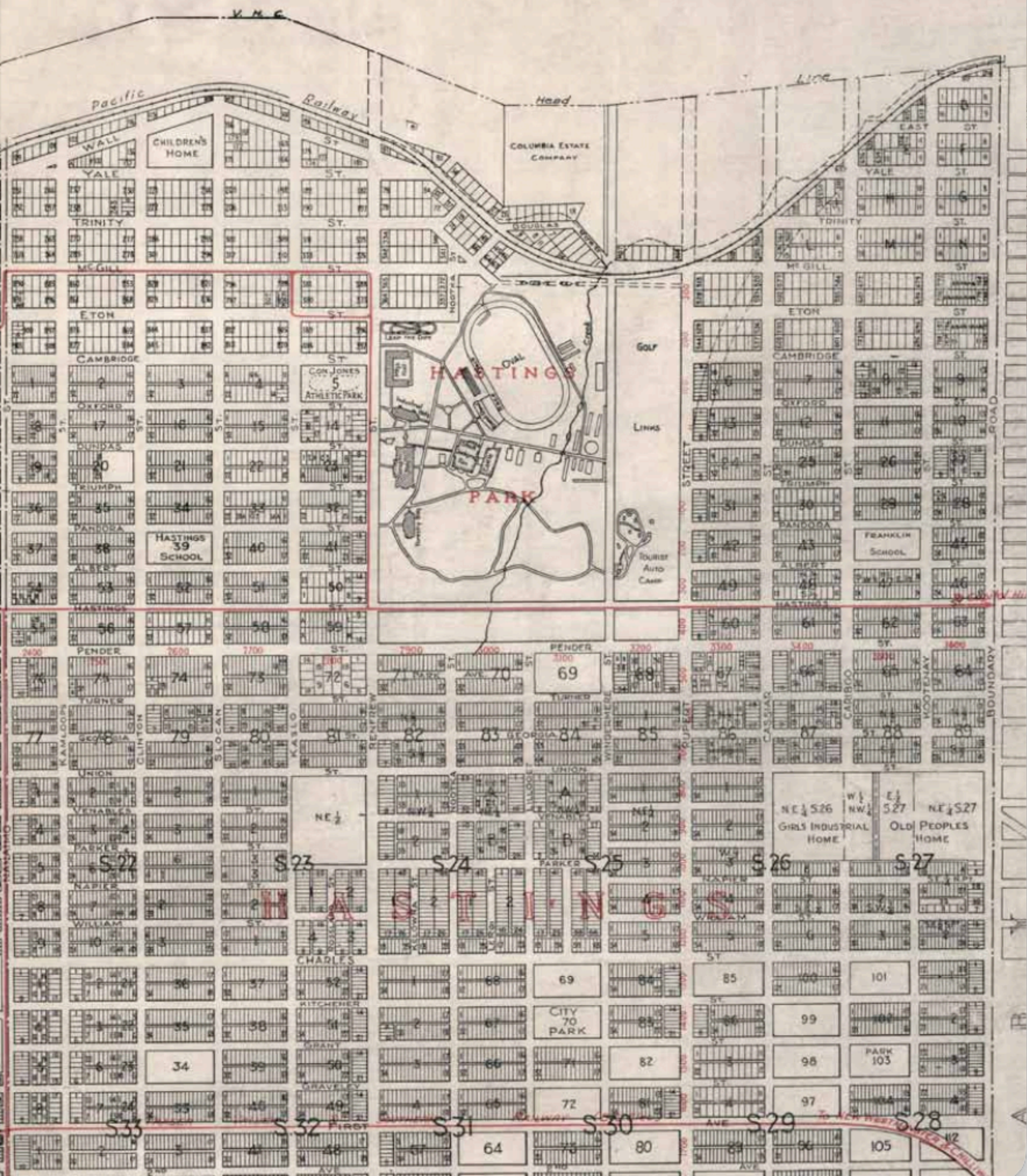


Admiral George Fowler Hastings oversaw Pacific Coast operations for the British Royal Navy. His service has been commemorated by the naming of several geographic locations in his honour.

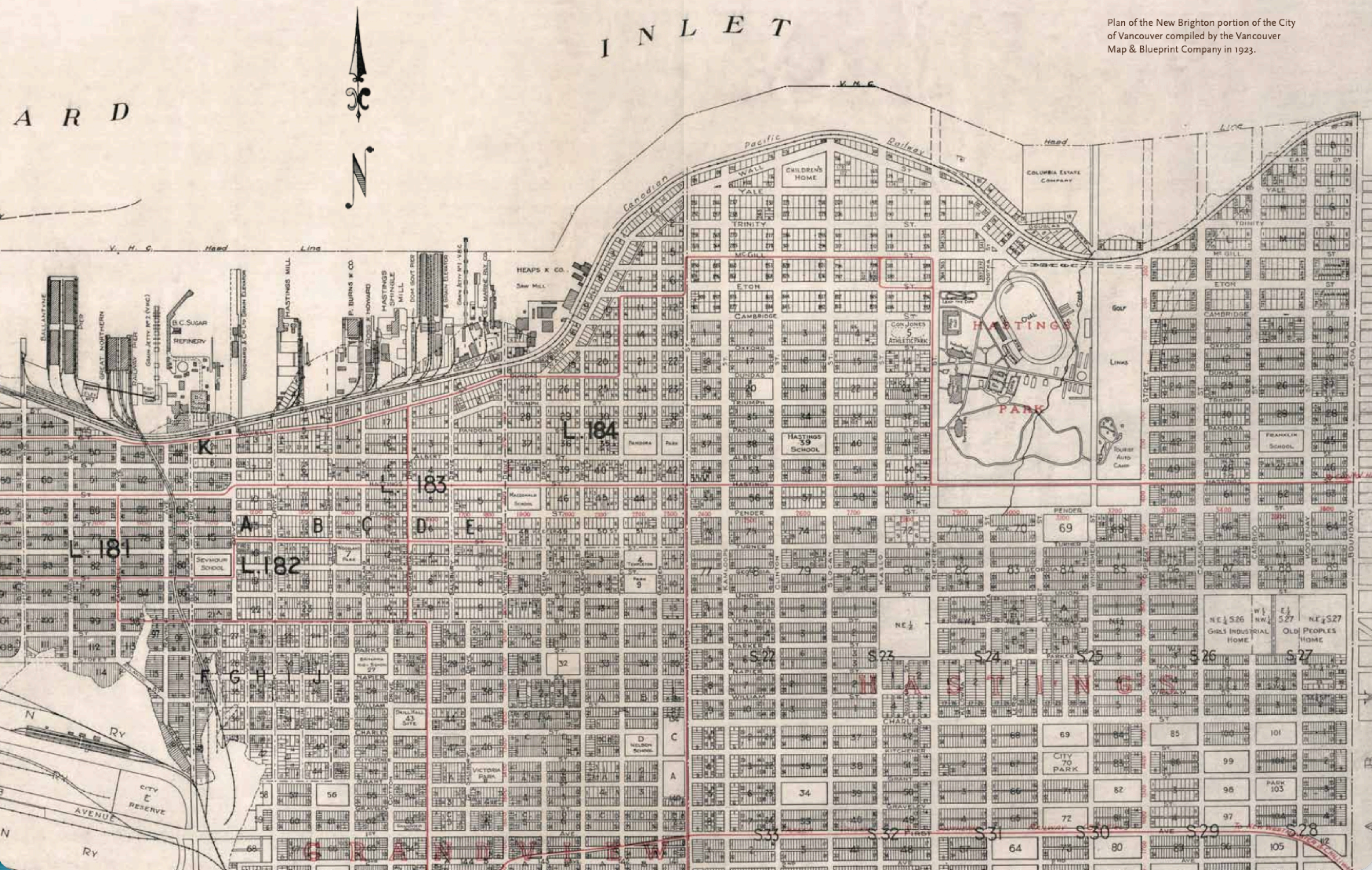
A R D

I N I





Plan of the New Brighton portion of the City of Vancouver compiled by the Vancouver Map & Blueprint Company in 1923.





The Springer–Van Bramer Building with the masonic square and compasses logo over the third-floor window in the gable was owned by Mount Hermon lodge members James Van Bramer and Benjamin Springer. It was the fourth meeting place of lodge members and was located on the northwest corner of Cambie and Cordova Streets in Gastown.

Early Vancouver Masonic Lodges

by James R. Harrison, Masonic Historian

THE VARIOUS HOMES of Mount Hermon Lodge parallel the history and development of Burrard Inlet and the City of Vancouver. The first home for Mount Hermon Lodge was the Masonic hall at Moodyville, now North Vancouver. During the early years at Moodyville the lodge had a very small membership, between fifteen and twenty.

Eighteen hundred and eighty-six was a big year for the lodge. Vancouver was commencing to grow and promised to become a large city, while there was at that time no immediate growth expected on the North Shore. Vancouver, on the other hand, did not have a Masonic lodge at that time. On February 20th the lodge voted unanimously to move to the south side of Burrard Inlet.

A suitable lodge room was obtained at Keefer's Hall, also known as United Workman's Hall. No sooner had the lodge moved to Vancouver, when fire destroyed the new city, including the new home of Mount Hermon Lodge.

Mount Hermon returned to their former location at Moodyville for a brief period until a suitable lodge room was prepared in Vancouver above the Cordova Street store of Mount Hermon member Henry Arkell. This became known as Arkell's Hall.

Mount Hermon met at Arkell's Hall for less than a year. With the rapid growth of lodge membership these facilities soon became inadequate. In the meantime, the Worshipful Master and the Treasurer of Mount Hermon Lodge were actively engaged in constructing a large building at the corner of Cambie and Cordova Streets. Ben Springer, the Worshipful Master, and his partner, Captain James Van Bramer, Mount Hermon's Treasurer, offered to lease the third floor to Mount Hermon Lodge as a lodge room. The offer was accepted and on September 4, 1888, Mount Hermon moved to its fourth home, the Springer-Van Bramer Building, more commonly known as the Masonic hall. The building remains today and forms part of Vancouver's historic Gastown area.

Mount Hermon Lodge remained at the Springer-Van Bramer building for ten years. In 1898 the lodge moved to the McKinnon Block, the fifth home for Mount Hermon Lodge, which was located on the southwest corner of Hastings and Granville Streets. It remained here for twelve years. During this period the three lodges that met at the McKinnon Block, Mount Hermon, Cascade, and Acacia Lodges, were active in the promotion of having their own hall and not leasing buildings as they had been doing. Subscribers for the building were arranged throughout the membership of the three lodges and on March 15, 1910, the Masonic hall at Seymour and Georgia Streets was opened. This was the first lodge hall in Vancouver that was wholly owned by the Freemasons and became the sixth home for Mount Hermon Lodge.

The seventh home for Mount Hermon Lodge was a temporary location at the Dunbar Masonic Hall located in the Point Grey district of Vancouver. Mount Hermon moved to this location in 1968 after the Masonic hall at Seymour and Georgia was sold. On August 24, 1974, the new and present home of Mount Hermon Lodge, was officially opened at the Masonic hall 1495 West Eighth Avenue, Vancouver. Mount Hermon was the first lodge to meet in the new Masonic hall that September.



Israel Wood Powell, a medical doctor by profession, set up a practice in Victoria in 1862 to cater to the needs of Cariboo gold miners. He was British Columbia's first Superintendent of Indian Affairs, the first Grand Master of the Masonic Lodge of British Columbia and the Yukon, and a major land speculator in Vancouver. Although more sympathetic to First Nations people than most of his contemporaries, Powell amended the Indian Act to outlaw potlatching. Vancouver's Nihonmachi or Japantown, was originally called "Powell Street".

The more enthusiastic Freemasons not only received their Master Mason, or third degree, which gained them entry into the fraternity, but some went on to become 33rd-degree Freemasons and Shriners. This ring belonged to a 33rd-degree Scottish Rite Mason.





Past master jewels from Vancouver's Mount Hermon Lodge presented to Josias C. Hughes in 1878, William John Bowser in 1900, and Andrew Wallace in 1907, respectively. Wallace started Wallace Shipyards in False Creek and then moved to the foot of Lonsdale in North Vancouver, where it changed into Burrard Dry Dock.

Prominent British Columbian Masons included: Sewell Prescott Moody, Benjamin Springer, Richard H. Alexander, and John Hendry—pioneer lumbermen; David Oppenheimer, Frederick Cope, Henry Collins, James F. Garden, Thomas O. Townley, Thomas F. Neelands, Alexander Bethune, Charles S. Douglas, Malcolm P. McBeath, Charles E. Tisdall, Gerald G. McGeer, Jonathan Cornett, Charles E. Thompson, and Frederick Hume—all Mayors of Vancouver; Amor de Cosmos [William Smith], William J. Bowser, Alexander Davie, Byron Johnson, John D. McLean, Sir Richard McBride, W. A. C. Bennett—all Premiers; Henry J. Cambie, William Downie, W. F. Salsbury—CPR executives; Henry T. Ceperley, James W. Horne, J. J. Miller, and Henry H. Stevens—all pioneer realtors; Samuel G. Churchill—Reeve of Point Grey; Nat Bailey—original owner of the White Spot Restaurant; Henry O. Bell-Irving—pioneer in the west coast fishing industry; Francis



Freemason Henry Josiah DeForest studied drawing and painting in London, Paris and Edinburgh. He travelled and sketched in England, France, Italy, Egypt, Palestine, Germany and Switzerland before first coming to British Columbia in 1891. His sense of humour is apparent in his painting of the Mount Hermon Freemasons' Hall in Moodyville, which shows a goat at the rear of the building. Popular belief suggests that Masonic initiates are required to ride a goat prior to acceptance into the fraternity.

J. Burd, Victor W. Odlum, T. F. Paterson, and Robert Crombie—newspaper publishers; Reverend H. G. Fiennes-Clinton; Samuel Hughes and Arthur Currie—military leaders; Frederick W. Howay, Robie L. Reid and E. O. S. Scholefield—British Columbian historians. Other Masons were Henry Larsen, RCMP explorer; Major James S. Matthews, founder of the Vancouver City Archives; Frederick “Cyclone” Taylor, hockey legend; J. Edward Bird, lawyer for the *Komagata Maru*; Austin C. Taylor, Chairman of the BC Security Commission; Charles E. Hope, Honorary Secretary of the White Canada Research Committee; William C. Ditmars, President of the Canadian Club (1927). The number of Freemasons in British Columbia peaked in 1963 at 27,128.



An early Vancouver Masonic lodge ballot box. Traditionally black and white balls were placed on one side of the box. Members voting on whether or not a candidate was worthy of entry into the order would deposit a white ball through a hand opening if they were in favour of the candidate, and a black ball, if they were opposed. One black ball was enough to prevent a candidate's entry into the fraternity, which is how the term being “blackballed” originated. As members aged and their eyesight deteriorated, black cubes replaced the black balls to aid in their recognition.



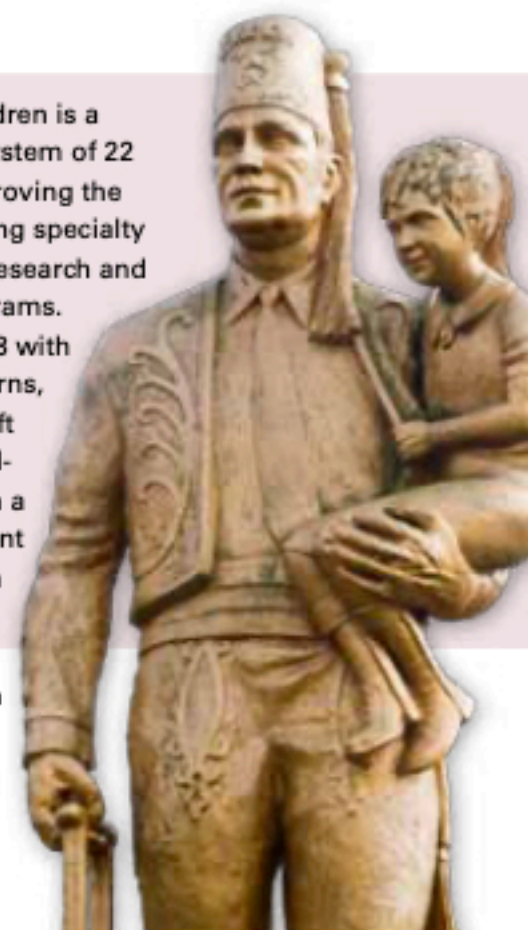
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New Liverpool and the Greenhorns

JOHN MORTON AND SAM BRIGHOUSE were first cousins who left Yorkshire, England, in 1862 to try their luck in the Cariboo gold rush. On the voyage across the ocean the pair befriended William Hailstone. Before ever heading for the goldfields Morton happened to see a piece of coal in a cobbler's shop window in New Westminster. As the son of a potter, Morton realized that certain kinds of fine clay are found near coal. He talked to the storeowner and learned that a First Nations man had brought the sample into his shop. The storekeeper introduced Morton to the coal discoverer. That meeting over a lump of coal would make Morton and his friends the first white settlers in the future downtown Vancouver. Within a few days, Morton had struck a deal with the native and he was off with his guide first by foot to False Creek, then by canoe to Coal Harbour, the location of the deposit.

Morton returned with Brighthouse and Hailstone and showed them the beautiful site that stood on a bluff overlooking Burrard Inlet. They returned to the Royal City and each took a pre-emption of 180 acres for a total of 540 acres for \$1 an acre. They built a cabin on the bluff that overlooked the ocean and began to raise cattle with aspirations of becoming brick makers. They would take turns living in the remote cabin for a month while the other two worked in town. Brighthouse and Hailstone wanted the pre-emption for their cows and to be away from other settlers. Morton hoped to farm, mine and make bricks. But the site was too far from New Westminster. First there was the difficulty of getting the bricks to the customers and then there was the loneliness of the inlet frontier. In one alarming event he was aroused from his sleep by a tremendous commotion.

He dressed quickly and crept out into the dark to investigate. He saw a large crowd of Indians yelling in Chinook and upon creeping closer saw the body of an Indian woman hanging by a rope from a tree limb. He decided to go to New Westminster and report the incident to the authorities. The police did an investigation and learned that the Indian woman had killed another woman's baby and that the tribe had exercised King George's law and hanged her for murder. The whole occurrence shook him.

Word spread about the inexperienced settlers on the edge of the inlet. One newspaper reporter concluded that the men had paid far too much for their preemption and mockingly dubbed them the

Opposite

Older and wiser, pioneer settlers William Hailstone, Samuel Brighthouse, and John Morton, dubbed "The Three Greenhorn Englishmen" pose in James D. Hall's Vancouver portrait studio around 1887–1888. Hailstone sold his share of their 540-acre Liverpool Estate and moved back to England. Brighthouse in 1864 purchased almost 700 acres of Lulu Island in Richmond. Morton started a brick-making operation at Clayburn, a suburb of Abbotsford, and a farm at Mission.





Fobs gave a man status, whether you were Chinese McDougall, a Greenhorn or Bill Miner, the train robber. This fob belonged to the latter. A pocket watch with a chain, to secure the watch to a waistcoat, lapel or belt loop, they were often decorated with a pendant that might show a coat of arms or emblem of a club or fraternity.

"Three Greenhorn Englishmen." A government surveyor, in laying out the boundaries, offered Brighthouse Deadman's Island for \$5, but he declined believing that he had enough land already. Their holdings were originally called the "Brickmaker's Claim," but later investors renamed it "New Liverpool."

Not everyone thought their claim was foolish. Robert Burnaby (after whom Burnaby was named), the personal secretary of Colonel Richard Clement Moody of the Royal Engineers (after whom Port Moody was named), claimed to have original preemption of their property but it was thrown out of court. He decided not to contest the judge's decision. The Bricklayers' Claim would encompass the future West End and some of the highest property values in the city.

Unfortunately for him, original "Greenhorn" William Hailstone parted with his interest early and sold out to Brighthouse for a \$20 gold piece, several sacks of flour worth \$5 and an Indian pony with a string halter worth \$25. By this time Hailstone had also sold logs off his property. He returned to England, married, and the couple had two daughters. He then returned to Greater Vancouver and sent his earnings to his family. But when his wife died she willed everything to the daughters. He eventually sold out and returned to Yorkshire and rumour has it that he met his demise by falling down a flight of steps and breaking his neck.

Morton married Jane Ann Bailey of Blackpool, England, but she died in childbirth. At the time of his first wife's death in 1881 Morton was a man of limited financial circumstances and did odd jobs such as digging ditches and peddling milk door to door. It was money from his first wife's estate that allowed him to hold onto his pre-emption in Vancouver.

He then married for the second time to Ruth Mount and purchased a 360-acre farm in Mission, and it was from here that the family witnessed in the sky the reflection of the burning of Vancouver in 1886. Morton also became involved with deposits east of Abbotsford and in time the area came to be known as Clayburn. That year pro-CPR realtors persuaded Morton and Brighthouse to donate one-third of their property along Burrard Inlet as an incentive to build the railway through to Coal Harbour, hoping that this would bring people to the area to buy lots.

With the incorporation of the City of Vancouver, followed by the arrival of the first train into the terminal city, Morton and Brighthouse found

themselves with a new predicament: taxes. They managed to get through this problem with help from Yorkshire associates but in the end gave up roughly one-third of their land that bordered on Burrard Inlet to the CPR for extending the line from Port Moody through to the Coal Harbour. These lots, which had fine views across Burrard Inlet, attracted investment from wealthy and elite buyers, and the area became known as the city's "Blue Blood Alley."

Morton died a rich man with his estate worth over \$750,000 at the time of his death at age 70 in 1912. He left a great deal of money to the church but little to his two children. According to his only son, much of the estate was misappropriated.

Brighthouse in 1864 bought close to 700 acres of land in what became the downtown core of Richmond and became a wealthy man. He returned to England in 1911 and passed away there in 1913.

Another man to make a fortune from the New Liverpool Estates was entrepreneur John McDougall. He took huge contracts to clear the land for both the CPR's holdings and the Brighthouse /Morton holdings and at one time had as many as 400 men living in a tented camp, clearing stumps for the CPR right-of-way. He lost money on the job because 100 carpenters commenced to build homes and businesses along the line, and that prevented him from blowing the large stumps left over from the logging operations with powder and his labourers had to burn and grub the stumps out with axes. He had another problem. His white workers refused to work with Chinese labourers and ran them out of town.

He afterwards took a contract to build the road connecting Vancouver to New Westminster. The new road was called Westminster Road but in 1913 was renamed Kingsway in honour of King George V.

Entrepreneur John McDougall took the contract to clear much of the Three Greenhorns "Liverpool Estate." He was referred to as "Chinese McDougall" because of his use of Chinese labourers to clear the West End. Because of his actions, in February 1887, an angry mob of white men viciously attacked the Chinese workers, reportedly burned their homes and drove them out of town.





MEETING UNDER THE MAPLE TREE. Under its shade or shelter, in sun or shower, pioneers held public meetings, while on its trunk proclamations were posted: the white square patch shown in this photo indicates the first civic election on May 3, 1886. The view south along Carrall Street at Water Street features James Hartney Dry Goods and Groceries on the east side. The gentleman in the centre foreground is Arthur W. Ross, pioneer realtor who represented the CPR. Lots bought for \$66 in Gastown sold for \$2000 after the news broke that new "Vancouver" had been named as the terminus for the transcontinental railway.

'Gassy' Jack Deighton's Gastown

IN 1867 CAPTAIN JOHN DEIGHTON travelled from New Westminster to "Lucklucky" in a dugout canoe with his First Nations wife, her mother, and her cousin to investigate the potential for a saloon to cater to the thirsty needs of the workers of Stamp's sawmill. Luck-Lucky was a Squamish name that meant "beautiful grove of trees."

Deighton, born in 1830 in Hull, England, was a Yorkshire man who first became a sailor, serving on British ships. Then, after arriving in New York, he worked his way to San Francisco on an American ship. For the next several years he alternated between working on boats and searching for gold. He spent time in the California gold diggings without success and afterwards followed the gold rush

hysteria to the Fraser River in 1858. After prospecting again without success, Deighton became a riverboat captain. Upon hearing of the gold discoveries in the Cariboo, he jumped ship to prospect for gold, but a big strike continued to elude him. He returned to New Westminster and with his meagre savings acquired the Globe Hotel. He did well in the whiskey business until ill health forced him to entrust his saloon to an American associate so he could visit the hot springs on Harrison Lake.

After a brief rest, Lady Luck would finally come his way. It was in Luck-Lucky by the maple tree. With a case of whiskey and with the help of eager workers from the sawmill, Jack erected a 12' x 24' makeshift shack that he

christened the Globe after his saloon in New Westminster. Upon its completion, he climbed up onto the roof and raised the Union Jack.

One large maple tree grew close to the saloon, and the spot came to be known as Maple Tree Square while the area, because Jack talked a lot and was known as "Gassy Jack," came to be known as Gastown. At night his saloon was a dark and gloomy place as noted in a letter that Jack wrote, "A lonesome place when I first came here, surrounded by Indians. I care not to look outdoors after dark. There was a friend of mine about a mile distant found with his head cut in two. The Indian was caught and hanged."

By 1870 the small six-acre settlement around his saloon became known as Granville, named after Earl Granville, the British colonial secretary. Unfortunately, the townsite plans for the new establishment left squatter Jack's saloon in the middle of the street. Jack purchased a larger-than-average lot and built a two-storey hotel with a bar, a billiard table and several upstairs bedrooms. He named his new establishment the Deighton Hotel.

Soon after moving into the Deighton Hotel, 40-year old Jack's First Nations wife became terminally ill, but before she died she arranged for her husband to marry her 12-year-old niece Madeline. The following year the child bride gave birth to a boy that Jack named after his dead brother. Richard Mason Deighton, Jack's only son, was nicknamed the "Earl of Granville."

The early settlement attracted thugs, thieves and crooks of every kind. Fights, stabbings and robberies occurred daily, and Jack was one of many who petitioned the governor for police protection. In the fall of 1871 Jonathan Miller became the first police constable. He lived in a government-owned cottage called the courthouse adjacent to Jack's new hotel. There was also a jail consisting of two cells made of logs with doors that had no locks. Miller did not want prisoners. He wasn't lazy, but getting breakfast for a drunk was too much trouble for the only policeman.

In 1873 Jack's brother Thomas and his wife Emma arrived in Gastown to take over the day-to-day operation of the hotel, while Jack and his family returned to New Westminster. An ad in the *Mainland Guardian* described the hotel as having "large and comfortable parlors, single and double bedrooms, extensive dining rooms under the experienced management of Mrs. Tom Deighton."

Today the Maple Tree has been replaced by a statue of Gastown's most famous resident and namesake, John "Gassy Jack" Deighton.

Vern Simpson's statue stands at the intersection of Carrall and Water Streets near where Deighton established his first saloon in the heart of the old city.





Gastown 1884

1 Sunny Side Hotel Addition 2 George Black's Cottage 3 George Black's Butcher Shop
4 Ebenezer Brown's Granville Hotel 5 Edward McKendry's Boot & Shoe Store 6 George
Brew's Restaurant 7 Gin Tai Hing's Wash House & General Merchandise 8 Wah Chong

Jack had decided to return to the less stressful career of being a riverboat captain on the steamer *Onward*. The new job didn't last, and soon Jack and his family were back in Gastown only to have his brother and sister-in-law leave them and go to Victoria. Jack's health suddenly took a turn for the worse and he began having trouble breathing and could barely walk. On 29 May 1875 Jack was on his sick bed listening to a howling dog and dying. His last words before passing were, "Could someone go and shut that damn dog up?"

Deighton left his estate to his son, but sadly the boy died six months after his father. Madeline died at age 90 on the reserve of the Tsileil-Waututh First Nation, also known as the Burrard Indian Band, in North Vancouver in 1948.

The Old Granville Townsite, or "O.G.T." as surveyors called it, eventually became a 20-acre oblong clearing cut out of the forest parallel to the beach. It consisted of a dozen white-washed buildings that ranged crescent-shaped along the shoreline of Burrard Inlet facing north to the mountains. To the south, towering trees, 200 feet tall, shaded the town for much of each day. The whole of the clearing was largely swampy, making it an excellent habitat for frogs that on a warm summer's night croaked to a dull roar. The pioneers called the frogs "British Columbia nightingales." Sweet blackberries grew in a tangle of brambles, while the foul smelling but beautiful skunk cabbage grew in profusion.



Laundry 9 Arthur W. Sullivan's General Store 10 Louis Gold's Drygoods 11 Customs House 12 John A. Robertson's Wine & Spirit
13 Dr. Master's Office 14 John A. Robertson's Home 15 William Blair's House 16 Tom Fisher's Cottage 17 Ben Wilson's Store (previously
Gregoris Fernandez' "Portuguese Joe's" Store) 18 "The Parsonage" of the Wesleyan Methodist Church 19 "The Parsonage" Boathouse

Gastown of the 1870 and 1880s didn't change much over the years—just a few hotels, a saloon or two, Portuguese Joe's, a general store, a couple of shops and cottages, a Chinese washhouse and a small dance hall. It had benches, was heated by a great cordwood stove and lit by hanging oil lamps. When residents of the tiny settlement weren't carousing, there was service for the soul at the first church, established by Methodist missionaries in 1876, at Water and Abbott. Attended mostly by native mill workers, Anglican services were held at the Masonic Hall on the North Shore until Hastings Mill manager Captain Raymur built St. James Anglican, in 1881, on mill property.

Sleepy little Gastown was shaken at its roots in August, 1884. CPR President William C. Van Horne announced on a visit to the township, specifically Coal Harbour, "this is destined to be a great port, and it must have a name commensurate with its greatness. And Vancouver it shall be, if I have a say in the matter." He asked railway directors to choose Granville as the terminus of the new railway and recommended the new name in honour of the Captain's Pacific explorations. A word in the right ears in Ottawa and and bit more insisting in Victoria, and the name of "Granville" was replaced with Vancouver. It was a good decade or more before the locals accepted it. Some never did.



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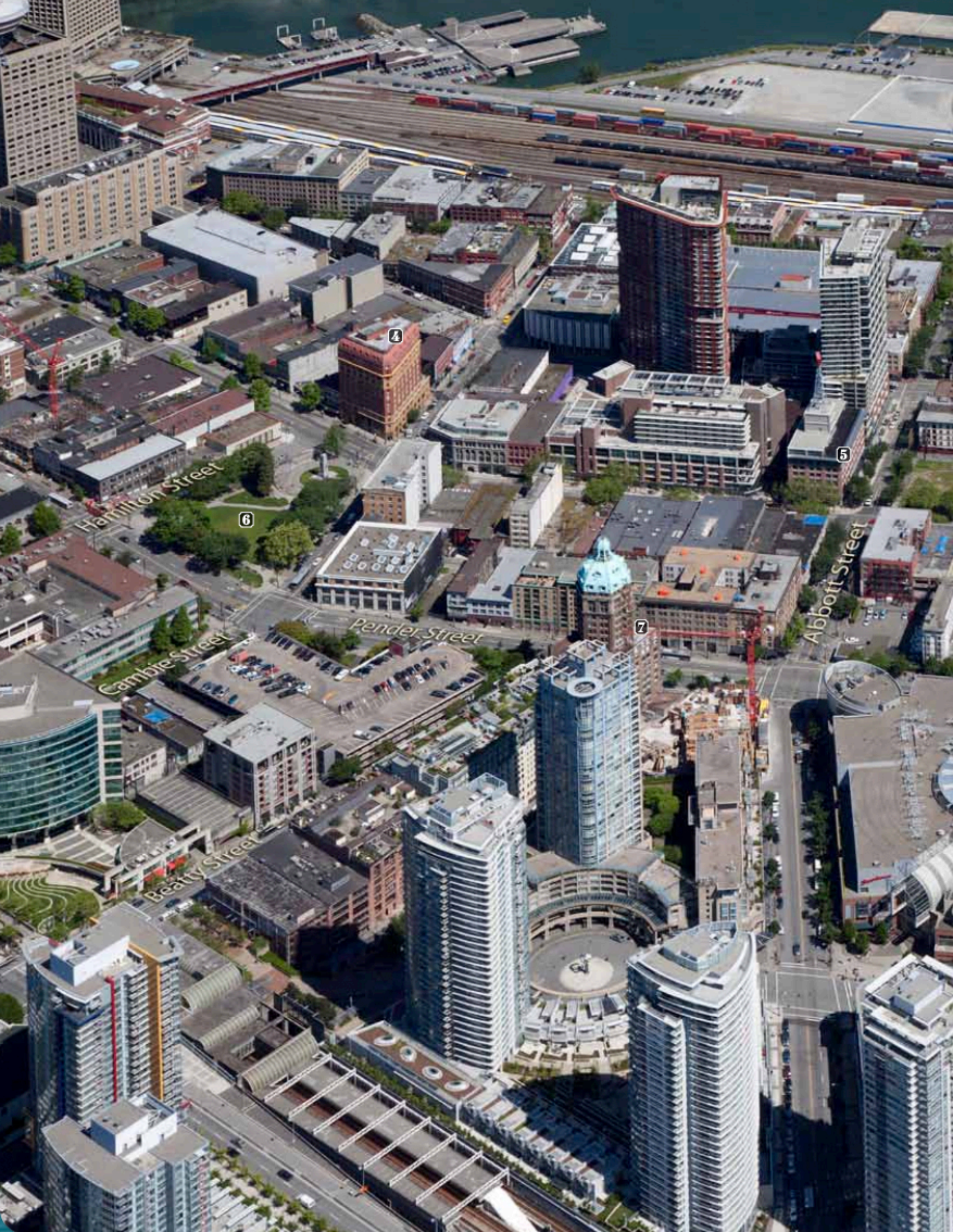
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4

5

6

7

Hamilton Street

Abbott Street

Cambie Street

Pender Street

Beatty Street



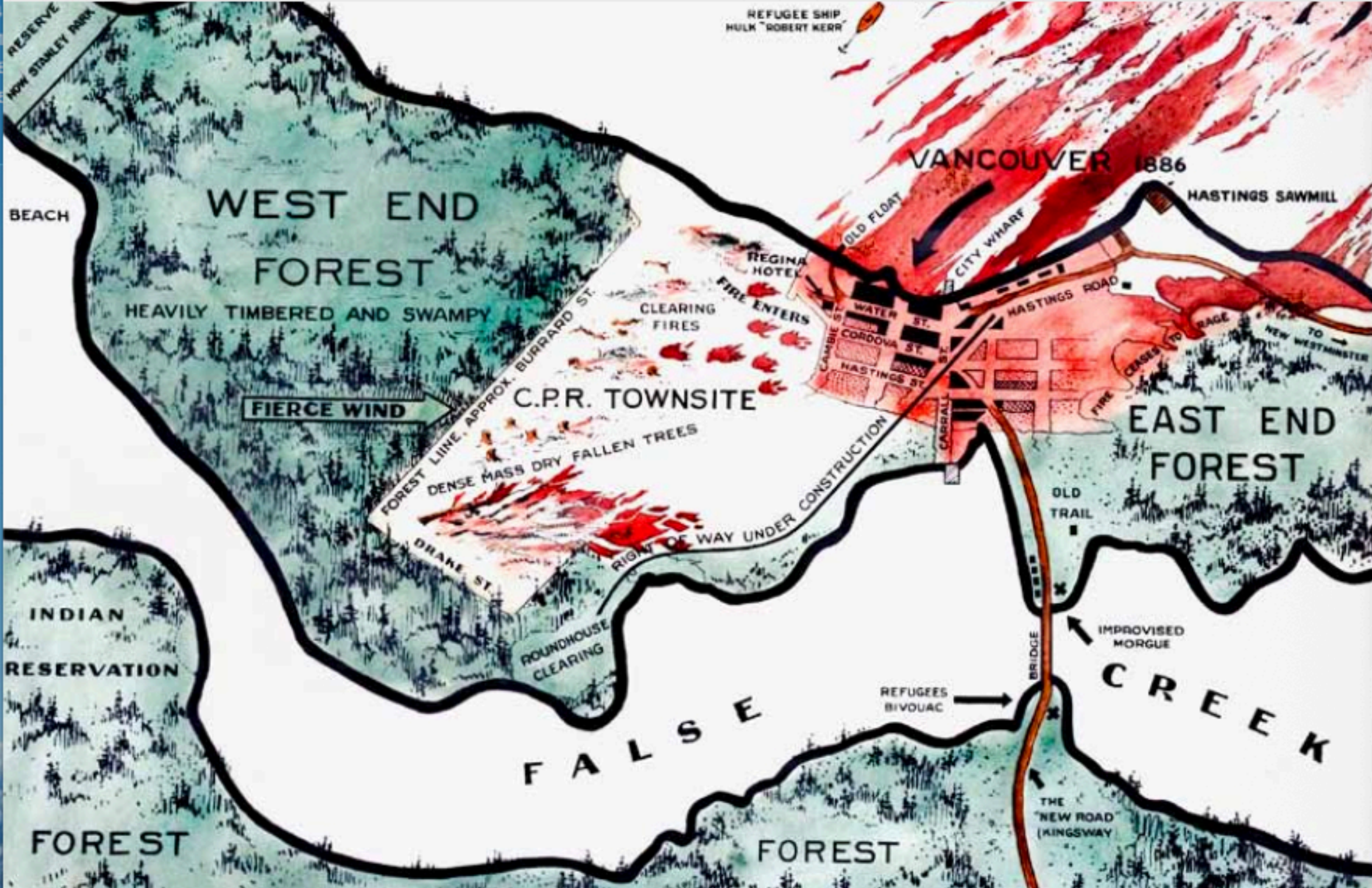
Gastown 2010

1 Malkin's Grocery Store (Old Spaghetti Factory) 2 Maple Tree Square 3 Europe Hotel
4 Dominion- Building 5 Woodward's Building 6 Victory Square
7 The World Building (The Sun Tower)



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VANCOUVER BURNS, 13 JUNE 1886. A map of how the fire spread based on fifty survivor accounts. Drawn by A. E. White of the Art Engraving Company, from the original sketch of Major James S. Matthews, compiled with assistance from eyewitnesses Thomas Mathews and H. George L. Schetky, 1932.

The Great Vancouver Fire of 1886

By Jacqui Underwood

Our city is in ashes... three thousand homeless... can you send us any government aid?

THE TELEGRAM WAS A SIMPLE PLEA to Sir John A. Macdonald, Prime Minister of Canada from Vancouver's fledgling Mayor Malcolm Alexander MacLean, in the aftermath of Black Sunday, June 13, 1886. It was an infamous day in Vancouver's history. Vancouver did not burn, it was said, "It was consumed by flame." The number of dead that could be counted: twenty-one parcels of charred fragments. But for some there were no remains, they just dissolved instantly in the inferno. And since there was no accurate accounting for the population, the true number of dead could never be really determined.

Maclean had been mayor one month. Vancouver had been incorporated as a city for just over two months. The crazed clearing of the land and frantic building had begun about six months earlier. The old residents of Granville and Hastings Mill were a little bewildered. The newcomers, mostly men of British and Eastern Canadian origin had been arriving in droves since the fall of 1885 in anticipation of fortunes to be made with the coming of the railway and the expansion of the new Vancouver. Once sleepy Granville, which lay in a hollow set against the forest below today's Victory Square, bustled with surveyors and speculators, and the construction of new buildings, the lumber green, unpainted, and fresh with sap. There were plenty of new homes with new wells and new hotels, where a tall beer called a schooner could be had for five cents for thirsty dealmakers and woodsmen alike. Maple Tree Square was a hub of activity, as lots were sold and cleared. The smoke of dynamited and burning stumps permeated the air. The big question uppermost on minds: which way would the town grow, east or west of Carrall Street? By February 1886, they got the answer. The Canadian Pacific Railway began to clear land on an old government reserve it had been granted as the "CPR townsite." It stretched from Burrard Inlet to False Creek, today's Burrard Street on the west, to the old townsite on the east. It was at this new townsite, equivalent to today's downtown, up on the hill above Victory Square where clearing began in earnest and took on mammoth proportions. It was reportedly typical 19th century clearing practice and apparently effective, but horrific by today's standards. It would prove fatal for the new city of Vancouver and its citizens. In the "bowling pin" method of clearing, smaller trees were cut halfway through, then, a huge tree dropped upon them, the larger sweeping down the smaller, like dominoes, five acres at a time, in "one great grand resounding crash." They tumbled one upon the other in a vast matted mass of pitch, moss, leaves and timber, twenty feet thick carpeting the ground. A travesty of wasted timber, it was left in wild disarray, the worst of it just above the

Roundhouse clearing on False Creek, drying for weeks in the hot early summer sun. It had all the ingredients of a gigantic fire waiting to ignite.

By that Sunday morning in June, there were pyramids of logs, stumps and roots piled high for controlled burning on the edge of the old townsite. Many were already alight and their smoke hung heavy in the streets. But the smoke of clearing fires was not unusual; it had been smoky for weeks, so people went about their business, even if the smoke was heavier that day. Meantime, out of their view, a CPR crew at the Roundhouse site was fighting a desperate battle with a clearing fire, while just to its west, that tinder-dry mass of fallen trees was getting dangerously hot. In town, people attended church and enjoyed other Sunday pastimes, not knowing hell's cauldron was brewing on the other side of the hill and the devil was about to be unleashed.

When it struck, it was with tragic swiftness and from all directions. Some say it entered from the west, some say via Carrall and the future rail yards, some say from above. Pioneer woodsman George Cary remembers the morning fighting "the fire" just above the corner of Cambie and Cordova, when a breeze from the southwest suddenly stiffened:

The wind increased to a summer's gale. Chunks of flaming wood as big as my leg were flying clear over us, and dropping in town... We did our best but at last it crossed at the corner of Cambie and Cordova. There was no time to lose. I gathered up a mother; Mrs. Irwin and her two children, from a shack on the lane behind the Sterling Hotel and started east but all Water Street was ablaze, so we turned back and scurried west down to an old float at the foot of Cambie. The tide drifted a raft near me and I grabbed it. The frantic mother said something about throwing the children into the sea; that she would rather see them drown than burn; the flames were coming right over us.

At that point, the family on the raft was rescued by a tug. Alderman W. H. Gallagher saw the fire as early as ten that morning heading down Drake near Homer (CPR roundhouse site), west of False Creek, but it took a



THE MORNING AFTER. Fire refugees found safety across False Creek at the foot of Mount Pleasant on the New Road. Word came by galloper that food and blankets were on the way from New Westminster, so Mayor Mclean asked the blackened, sweaty mass of homeless to assemble and wait. It was midnight when two wagon loads arrived, brought by the Knights of Labour, a pioneer trade union. Parcels were distributed in total darkness save a few candles. By morning, a refugees' bivouac was set up. The man in the centre, with his foot on the keg is Robert Robertson, while the man lying on a blanket, reading a book is Walter E. Graveley.

couple of hours before it reached Vancouver. His road company crews augmented CPR crews and townsite men who fought the good fight right through until after lunch time. Gallagher decided to head into town and secure company books and men's wages at the office on Hastings Road (Alexander Street). Percival and Gallagher had been hired to build the roadbed for the railway from Carrall to the proposed CPR roundhouse.

Through the office window, I saw a rabble of people running down Hastings Road from the direction of Deighton House (Water and Carrall); Gassy Jack's place... I went out on the road and walked towards Gassy Jack's but by the time I got there the Sunnyside Hotel across the street, built partly over the inlet, was a mass of flame, and, before I got back to the office I had just left—a mere block away—that was on fire too... One

huge flame, one hundred feet long burst from the Deighton Hotel leapt high over the famous Maple Tree and swallowed up the building at Alexander and Powell, where now stands the Europe Hotel.

Before I left the camp on False Creek near the foot of Smythe and Cambie, I could see that the fire was out of control. It had gained such momentum as to completely obscure the sky; the air was just one mass of fiery flame driven before a strong northwest gale. The remainder of our men were forced out of the camp and driven into False Creek. Three men who gallantly volunteered to help fight the fire were never heard from again... nor did we find their bodies.

Eye witness accounts suggest the fiery attack on Vancouver was coming from front and flank. That the combined force of windstorm and a terrific upward suction of heated air, created a firestorm common to

forest fires. The buildings simply melted as if in a furnace. Indeed one story of the heat has a man driving a horse and wagon, caught on Carrall Street between Water and Cordova; man and horse were cremated alive in the centre of the street; two iron tires and some ashes were all that was left of the man, horse and wagon.

Another cites the burning wooden sidewalk on Hastings Road: as people fled toward the safety of Hastings Mill, they had to leave the wooden walkway and take to the road because the fire travelled faster than a man could run.

As for Gallagher he and others waded deep into the safety of the filthy harbor:

The heat was so intense that we gasped; we had to stoop down to the surface of the water to get our breath. There was a current of cool air... between the heat and the smoke and the surface of the water; we breathed it and it saved us.

It was all over in 45 minutes. By two o'clock that fateful Sunday afternoon historic Granville had vanished, save a few perimeter buildings. Miraculously, the town's main economic force of twenty years, the Hastings Mill had been saved when the wind suddenly died and the fire stopped. The mill became the town's first lifeline, opening its store to serve as an emergency centre to supply food and treat the burn victims. Mill manager R. H. Alexander later offered all the lumber in the yard, free of charge, for rebuilding.

Help also came from across the inlet, by steamer, tug and canoe from the Mission Reserve and Moodyville, whose citizens acted as soon as they saw Vancouver in flames. Bedraggled survivors who had jumped in the harbor also found refuge on boats and anything afloat, including the hulk of the *Robert Kerr*. And as the day wore on, at the urging of Mayor Maclean, fire victims on the False Creek side made their way to the refugee camp in the forest on the new road (Kingsway) at the foot of Mount Pleasant hill, to await aid from New Westminster.

The morning after, midst the black desolation and sifting through the rubble for the pitiful remains of the dead, the pioneer spirit was not lost. The newest hotel on Carrall, the Tremont Hotel, which had burned to the ground, gained the distinction of being the first business to re-open. They offered liquid encouragement, beer from an open-air bar. Vancouver was back! In five weeks, the city would rise from the ashes.



REMAINS OF THE DAY. A 1920 letter from Mrs. Jessie Ross addressed to Hiram Perry McCraney Esquire, 3350 Cypress Street, Vancouver, accompanied the remains of a melted dessert knife, spoon and forks, as a donation to the Vancouver Pioneers Association. The "trifling relics", as she called them, became one of the earliest exhibits of the Old Hastings Mill Store Museum. Survivor of the Great Fire, Jessie and her young son were pulled from the flaming Sunny Side Hotel and saved from certain death. One of the men who rescued them would later become legend as lifeguard Joe Forte. After the holocaust was over, Jessie and, fellow survivor, husband, Arthur Wellington Ross, sifted through the ash of his Water Street real estate office. Of all their worldly belongings, Jessie could only find these charred household remnants. The pioneer couple was among the first to rebuild and later moved into the first Hotel Vancouver.