



Anderson House, 1898. SE 18-14-1E.

homestead rights on SE 18-14-1E but never made any improvements on it. Father took over in 1878.

On January 1st, 1880 father and mother were married. They drove from Brant to Old Kildonan Presbyterian Church by horses and sleigh and were married by the Rev. John Black. They returned to the homestead on the same day. I remember mother telling me that they had 50¢ cash and, of course, some stock, poultry, and farm machinery. But they managed to get along. Food was purchased mostly by the exchange of farm products — butter, eggs, etc.

Their first home was a small log house. In 1892, they built a stucco house which is still lived in by grandson David Anderson.

Their family consisted of three sons and three daughters — the boys being the older. My brothers said there were more stones to be picked (mostly granite) and more oak roots to be dug out than on any other place in the area, but it was good land when cultivated. Too bad my brothers didn't know that many tons of that granite stone was later sold to a construction company and used at St. Ambrose to keep the suckers (fish) from getting into the Delta.

Father retired from the farm in 1909 and moved to Stonewall. His youngest son, Peter, took over the farm. Peter's youngest son, David, owns the farm now.

Father was always interested in the community. He was on the original committee that organized the Brant School. He was Secretary-Treasurer for the

school many years. He was also on the committee that was instrumental in forming the first church, the Brant-Argyle Presbyterian Church. He, his son Peter, and grandson David, have sold the cemetery lots for over one hundred years. Father was one of the first elders of the church and also a superintendent of the Sunday school there for some years.

Although Father did not have an opportunity to attend school beyond the eighth grade, he was a good reader and a self-educated man, being well versed in many things and always interested in people. No one was ever turned away from our door hungry. Many people travelled to Winnipeg for many miles north of us (by horses and sleigh), and made our home an over-night stopping place. Horses were fed and had an over night shelter and we were never without fish during the winter months.

Mother had few idle moments by the time she fed us, made all our clothes, and incidentally, gave us good nursing care. She never had nursing training but helped Dr. McLeod at many confinements in the community.

Father was a good gardener and much of our living came from our garden. The basement was always well stocked with food for winter. He had planted raspberries, currants (red, white, and black), gooseberries, wild plums, and crabapples. We were lucky having a good diet. There was wild fruit in quantities on the farm. Among the fruits native to the farm, were white and pink saskatoons. The Manitoba