

ter, made laundry soap, made their children's clothes, also, many of their own, and shirts and jackets for the men. They knit many pairs of socks, kept a good supply of household linens, quilted some quilts, although most families had a good supply of quilts and blankets brought from their homes.

Along with this work they always had time to visit or welcome a friend or neighbor and call to see anyone who was ill. Often with the horse and buggy or a team and wagon the family would take the day to go and visit relatives or friends who lived many miles away. At our home I remember many times visitors staying overnight or for the weekend. Most always they were friends or acquaintances from Ontario of Mother and Dad's, making their home elsewhere in the west. How pleased they all seemed to see one another. They talked for hours and no one thought of any inconvenience of the small quarters. So I guess this goes to show "It's not the house that makes the home."

It seemed when there was a wedding everyone in the district was invited. A member of the family would call and tell of the invitation. I suppose the celebration would be much the same as the usual house party was with the additional gift-giving and well-wishing.

There were no regular church services. At times, though, a minister would come to Grandview School to hold services. Sometimes an Anglican minister from Deloraine or a Methodist minister from Lauder, Mr. Jose, would teach Sunday School. Grandview School was later called Berry Hill. Now there is nothing there, no school at all.

In a few years Dad built a frame barn. Mr. Sam Hamblin was the main carpenter. The Hamblins were recent settlers from Ontario. Dad's brother, our Uncle Dave, was visiting us that summer. Dad's father visited the two homes two different times but before I can remember.

There being more stable room Dad went east to buy horses and bring them west for sale. I believe now it would be thought quite a job to bring horses that distance by rail. The horses were loaded, I don't know how many to a car, or if they had feed in front of them, but at each individual divisional point they were unloaded and fed and water. Some winters the railways would become blocked by snow and storms, and in most severe weather the engines would freeze up and there would have to be a call for other engines to help get going again. There had to be a watchful eye on the horses and get them out as soon as possible for feed and water. Well, they always got through and there was good sale for them. We were very glad to have Dad home again. Mother always liked a good driver, quiet or otherwise, so one winter Dad bought a nice driver, "Sommerlad". He was a pacer and had raced some, was well-trained and made a good driver for years. He was never sold.

Our door-yard being right on the prairie, Mother encouraged our rambling in the out-of-doors. We came to know many of the birds and were always glad to see their return in the spring, especially to hear and see the big flocks of geese and ducks.

As soon as the snow melted the crocus would appear, and in a few days it was a lovely flower. Then there were the buttercups and violets and a little later the three-flowered avon, cowslips and others. We knew them, but not their names. About June there was the rose and by July the tiger lily. We called it the orange lily, associating it with the 12th of July. Later on there were the brightly-colored fall flowers. There were bleached animal head bones on the prairie. We were told they were the remains of the buffalo.

Our parents always tried to attend the 12th of July celebration and would arrange to meet their relatives and friends from Alameda, Saskatchewan. A special train ran to make the trip possible. Some summer fairs were attended in this way also. It meant a long day, early away in the morning and a late return home.

Hearing from a friend in Winnipeg that section 28-4-23 could be bought, or was for sale perhaps, would be a better way to say it. Dad got busy right away to see. It was prairie land a few miles east of where we were. We

moved to the new farm the summer of 1904. Two buildings had been built the previous year and some breaking done. One building was the stable for the horses and the other a granary, which was to be our abode while the house was being built. Mother cooked for the family, farm help and the builders in this two-room granary and we were started off to school.

When we knew Dad had the new farm I guess we should have realized that we would be moving there, for the one reason he bought was to get us nearer a school, but I don't remember thinking about leaving until the day came. The necessaries to carry on over there were loaded up and Ella and I were to take the pony and cart. We went out our south gate and followed an angling trail across prairie. The trail seemed to touch the side of so many sloughs with little bluffs of willow and poplar growing at them. Not that day but times later we would often see the odd wolf or fox along this trail at night. We often heard the wolves howling.

Luther was our school and Miss Halls, our teacher until she married Mr. Will Day. She was a good, kind teacher and a good friend to her pupils through the years.

We moved into our new home early in the fall and it all seemed such a change, school days, different home, etc. The house was a good size, heated by a furnace, with a kitchen range, a "Majestic", for cooking. It had a water front giving hot water at the kitchen sink and also in the bathroom upstairs.

There must have been a feeling of gratitude, owning a section of good virgin soil and in the process of building the home site.

Gradually the land was being tilled, breaking being done in the early summer by men with four horses on breaking plows. That area was then back-set in the fall. The following spring this could be prepared for seeding. In those years machinery was not the expensive item it is now. There were few weeds and insects were not the problem they are now.

A barn was built in a year or so and later the house brick veneered. A new baby sister was welcomed to our home that same year. About two years later the verandahs were built on the east and south of the house and a closed-in verandah on the west.

The first Christmas in our new home, we had Uncle Jacks all with us, but they had sold out and were packed, ready to go to Brussels, Ontario to live. We missed them so much. It all added to the change in our way of life. They sold their farm to Mr. Alfred Couling and the Cecil Coulings lived there after Cecil returned from World War I. It was sold a year or two ago.

The Deloraine and Hartney Trail ran north and south along the east of the farm. Through the years improvements were made on the road. Now it is a part of Highway 21.

Dad was among the first in this part to own an automobile. He bought a Ford from a Mr. Brown, dealer in Boissevain, and he drove it home. It really seemed something out of this world and I for one did not see the future of the automobile. It was a 1911 model. There were side doors at the back, but the front was open. The lamps had to be lighted, getting their power from a chemical gas, the container of which was on the left running board. The starter was you or whoever volunteered to get the crank set and swing it around and oh, the joy when the motor started! We all after awhile enjoyed riding in the car, no matter what ailed it, when going again we were happy on our way, car trouble forgotten. The next car was a Maxwell. Then Ford sedans, and in 1928 Dad got the Dodge and drove it until a year or so before he died.

In 1913 the Boissevain-Lauder C. P. R. line was built along the north of the farm and Dand was built on the next section east. Dad and other local men were instrumental in getting the line to branch this way, S. E., from Lauder. Grade building had begun from Lauder east, more in a northerly direction.

A store was soon built at Dand, also a consolidated school district was formed of Chain Lakes and Luther Schools. There was a section house and a station built, but owing to the First World War being declared, the sta-