

to join him. They were very happy as "batchers" with plenty to do on the farm, and clearing land as time permitted. There were horses, cows, pigs and chickens, and the boats also to be cared for.

The Roberts family at Kuper were always ready with help and encouragement, and usually Sunday dinner. In those spacious days, any one who turned up could be sure of an invitation to stop for a meal, a night, or a month!

In 1889 the Rev. Canon D. W. Sitwell, my grandfather, came from England with his two elder daughters for a holiday and to see how the farm progressed. There were some surprises in store for them. After the glowing accounts which had reached England it was disappointing to find that the building of the new house had been delayed, and only the four walls and roof were to be seen. A pleasanter one was that the supposed old Scotsman - "Donald" - was actually a personable young man! Romance around the Corner? The girls decided to take the old house with the mud-floored kitchen while the men camped in the new. As soon as possible my grandfather went to Chemainus and brought back yards of calico to make temporary partitions! After a stay of two months he reluctantly returned to England having had many unforgettable experiences. The new house was now habitable, if not "finished" in the modern sense of the word, so the girls stayed on to keep house for their brother. Living conditions were also rather primitive. Buckets of water from the well standing in the kitchen - these were likely to freeze in the winter and to slop over any time. Both bread and butter making presented their own difficulties. In winter the dough might get a chill so refuse to rise, or in summer become over-heated and turn sour. Churning might go on all day, if the butter was obstinant and would not "come"! However these were merely tiresome details, easily out-weighed by daily new adventures. Trips to Chemainus