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THE YEARS 1888 TO 1899

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In 1894 when Mr Quarrier came to Cottage No. 26 at Bridge-of-Weir to make up his list to go to Canada, he told me what a wonderful place it was, and that I had a sister living not far from Belleville, Ontario. You can imagine the thrill, the excitement, the enthusiasm of such a prospect: to cross the mighty ocean, travel miles by train to meet an unknown sister, see new people and new lands. It was all too much for a ten-year-old boy to contain so I said 'Yes'.

We were 18 days reaching Halifax, and sat and slept on the slats in colonist cars to Brockville. A big boy looked after a small one. The menu was very plain. It took me three days to reach the farm in Monteagle Township, 175 miles from Brockville. I travelled by train to Ormsby the first day, then 16 miles to Bancroft on the old stage coach that carried the mail, and by wagon to the farm on the third day.

It was nice meeting my sister, Sara, but still I had the feeling of meeting a stranger. James and Elizabeth Price, who were to be my foster parents for the next 12 years, were 40 years old at the time. There was no tender kiss on the cheek, no kindly handshake, no enthusiasm shown in meeting this small Scottish boy. It was just a matter-of-fact meeting. After the excitement had worn off I tried to adapt myself to the new surroundings. It wasn't just as easy as I had thought. Facing the realities of life was no easy problem for a young boy. No doubt being with