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Frank E. Jackson and his daughter, Elva I built this house in 1912. The carpenters worked a 9-hour day at 20c an hour. The land and house on the best street in town cost me \$3000. And here's something else. I went to a contractor and I said to him-- Mr. MacMillan, it was--I said, "I have a lot of land on Archibald Avenue. I want to build a house, but I have no money. As the house gets built so far along, I can borrow the money to pay you. But I wouldn't have any until then. Would you build a house for me on those terms?" I was only a young fellow. "Yes, boy, I will." "Well," I said, "here's a piece of brown paper with a sketch of about the style of house I'd like, not onto scale, but you'd draw one to scale and let me know what you want to build it for me." "Come back in two days' time." So I went back. He told me. I said, "All right, go ahead." There was no witness. Nothing in writing. Just our word of mouth between the two of us. And it was a happy building, happy ending. I paid right straight through. I took sick with typhoid fever just after they'd got the frame up, He had told me that if there were any little changes I wanted made while they were building, to tell the men to do it. He took the men off, as long as I wouldn't be here to tell them--took them off until I got better, then brought them back, finished up, got the house up in good time. You don't get the like of that today. I went to the bank, told the bank-- they gave me all the money I wanted. I never dishonoured a note. I was always there the day it was due. They stood by me right to the end. My mother lived till she was 93. Her father was 92 when he died. And my father's mother was 93. When my father died, he was 85. He never had a doctor until a week or two before he died. He never had a toothache, he never had rheumatism or arthritis. In the old days in the meat market, he used to salt a lot of meat. And Mrs. So-and-so liked a certain cut of the salt meat. He had a store where the Royal Bank is for many years. He moved later on; sold that to the bank • He never had a fire there at all, no matter how cold the day was. Heavy sweater, heavy clothes on. Put his hand down into a barrel of pickle. And if you know anything that's colder than pickle! It's colder than ice itself. Never had rheumatism. He had two teeth come loose, and he pulled them out--but he didn't have a cavity. (Mr. Jackson, all those years you were re? tired, didn't your wife mind having you around so much?) No, no. She liked gardening, she liked fishing. I used to hunt in the fall, and she'd go with me. We were brought up in the same church, Sunday school and all. I had kept company with another girl for two years. Finally one day, I thought, "Well, I don't think she's the one." And I cut it off. Shortly after, started to go with the one I married. Went with her for two years, then married her. Together 53 years. We put in some pretty nice days. Elva E. Jackson's book. North Sydney, Nova Scotia: Windows on the Past, has been reissued by Mika Publishing Company, Belleville, Ontario. \$15.00 in paperback. Available at Herald Stationers Ltd., North Sydney. ... CampGill Lighthouse Cape Breton Shopping Plaza Sydney River, Nova Scotia We Have the Answer to All Your Lighting Needs! 737-2408 I Enjoy your favorite ; (48) located Rt 255, 5



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