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she and her husband slept, I don't know. But Father, I know, slept in the barn. But the hospitality and the warmth took some of the sting--of the sorrow--of having parted so recently from our loved ones. And it was typical of the hospitality of The West. The doors were thrown open, food was--such as it was--was shared (with) all the strangers who appeared in the doorway. Open doors and...no locks. (Beautiful time.) Yes, it was. And these people had chickens which was a precious commodity in those early days. And when we left in the early Sunday morn? ing- -the dear lady gave my mother two eggs. We drove across the trackless prair? ies all day. The only sign of vegetation visible was the odd homesteader's shack-- sod shack. I was excited about all of this. And especially was the semi-collie dog that was my father's pet, her name was "Topsy." She was very jealous of me, she wouldn't allow me to go near my father if she could prevent it. But anyway, as we were travelling she would chase the gophers and follow the team and I sat at the back with my feet dangling. It was great fun. My poor mother was on the front with Father, crying, and I wondered why. We were travelling across the prairies on a sunny sum? mer June day--Sabbath day. And it was fifty miles from where we left the train in Alsask to the homestead. And toward the latter part of the afternoon-- beautiful, beautiful after? noon as I recall--we were on the crest of a hill. And I might add that this was a surprise to my mother who had visualized the prairies as being flat, without any elevation of land--no hills, no valleys--and she was surprised to see they were actually the rolling prairies. So we were on the crest of the hill looking across a valley to another height of land, and there was a little speck in the distance. I think we were probably three miles or two and a half miles at that point. My father pointed out and he said, "There is our house." And when we arrived and Fa? ther ushered Mother into this one room with a lean- to which was their bedroom, and then an attic sort of thing which would be my bed? room with a very steep, shallow stairway leading to the attic which would be my room. On the table was a jug of milk--milk was a precious commodity because there weren't domestic cattle. But this was (from) a Cape North neighbour, John Mac? Pherson, who had come west at the same time as my father. He had walked across the four miles to leave a jug of milk for my mother and me. And there was a note welcoming Mother to the prairies. Well, that relieved a bit of the tension. Then the next visitor we had was Norman Stewart. And the Stewarts, from there on, figured largely in our lives, all of us. Un? til the death of Norman Stewart and his won? derful wife--or the lady who later became his wife. Miss Augusta MacAulay--they were our closest, our most endeared friends.... Some Things In Life Are Perfect. "Lady of Dundee" sailing to Dundee Resort Marina. Your Perfect Cape Breton Vacation Is At Dundee Resort. /??'i> Dundee Resort has recently expanded the lodge J i. to include an additional 60 rooms, some with Picture yourself having a perfect Nova Scotia v this year in Cape Breton at Dundee Resort. Perfect y q' lo surroundings are combined with the perfect highlands 1 fireplaces ot Jacuzzis. Along with their 40 selection of activities for you. Featuring a national park . "" "" two-bedroom cottages, Dundee



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