

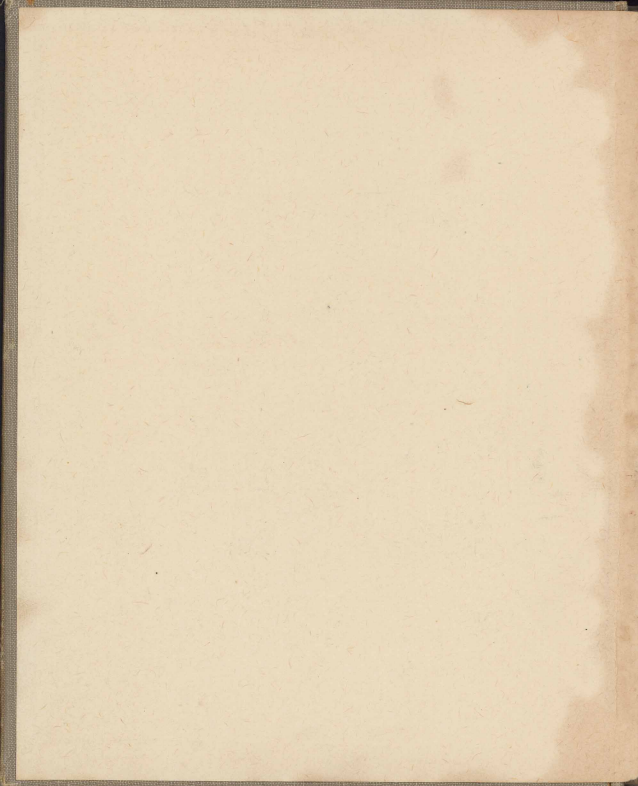
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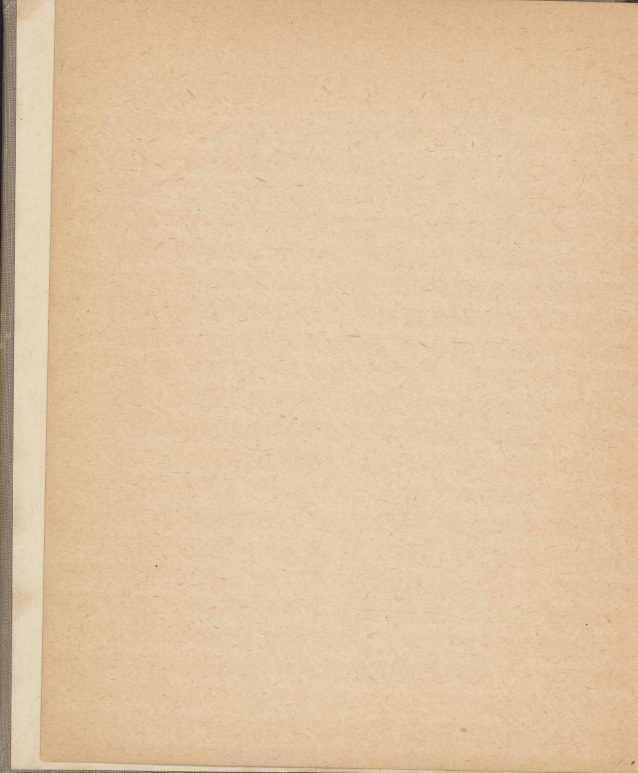
MAY 15, 1923
TO

SEPT. 23, 1932

456



Diary of
Thomas Head Raddall Jr.



1923.

at a starting salary
of \$85 per month

May 15th. I arrived in Milton to try my hand at book-keeping with the Macleod Pulp & Paper Co. Ltd. The resident manager is J. R. Gordon and the president is F. J. A. Barnjum, millionaire lumberman of Annapolis who is at present engaged in strenuous propaganda for an embargo on exports of pulpwood. The mills are running day and night; making 50 dry tons every 24 hours, which is sold under contract to Tidewater Paper Mills of New York for \$34⁰⁰ per dry ton on board ship at Liverpool.

The mills employ over 100 men regularly and the annual payroll including salaries is about \$70,000⁰⁰. Capital of the Company is \$2,600,000⁰⁰ of which the common stock amounting to \$1,500,000⁰⁰ is largely water. Control is held by a group of bankers in Boston headed by S. H. Fessenden of F. J. Moseley & Co. who is secretary of the Company. This Company bought out J. R. Macleod, founder of the business, in 1919 (for purposes of speculation, I suspect, as the mills are being neglected & falling into ruin).

1923.

Oct. 9th I went on my first moose hunt with Harry & Augustus ("Gusty") Manthorn, a pair of lazy, good-natured trappers who have a cabin at Third Stillwater Falls. We had a bull out on Jimmy Kempton bog, below Eagle Lake, but failed to get him. An enjoyable trip.

1924. A mysterious millionaire arrived in town in February, giving his name as Lou Keyte. He gave a series of dances in the Town Hall, to which I was invited; at these affairs the refreshments were always sumptuous and the gentlemen were plentifully supplied with cigars & cigarettes. He gave a party in May for a bunch of us, providing cars to transport us to Bridgewater where we had dinner at the Fairview Hotel. I secured souvenirs by passing a menu card & fountain pen, & secured signatures of the whole party including Keyte's. We went from there to a dance in the Masonic Hall.

In July, E. Hoben Day, Harvard student, arrived on vacation staying with his aunt Mrs. Newton Freeman. He introduced me to Miss Dorothy Stetson

Milliken was ruined in the crash of 1929. He died shortly afterwards. Elsa had married a chap named Roger Johnson. They set up a way-side lunch room on Cape Cod somewhere & made some sort of money, Elsa doing the cooking. They managed to save the summer home at Mill Village out of the wreck and came down once or twice on brief visits between 1931 and 1935.

1924

and Miss Elsa Milliken. Miss Milliken's father is a wealthy stockbroker of Boston; they live in Milton, Mass., and spend every summer at the Milliken summer home in Mill Village.

The girls had a huge car - a Vinton Six - at their disposal and a lot of time to kill, so they took Kaye & myself out very frequently.

I spent several pleasant weekends at their hospitable home on the island at Mill Village.

Mr. Lou Keyte bought the hunting club of Byron Macleod near South Brookfield and transformed it into a magnificent "bachelor's hall."

He gave a grand party in September at which anybody who was anybody in Queens County was invited. The American girls drove Kaye & myself there in the afternoon. There was dancing all evening with an imported Boston jazz orchestra, and a capota bedroom filled with finest liquors was thrown open to the gentlemen. By midnight it was a merry party. Tom Millard of the box factory, Liverpool and Vic. Butler of the Mersy Hotel got badly "slewed" and proved rather a

1924.

nuisance on the dance-floor. The hit of the evening was provided by George S. McLearn, member for Queens in the Provincial Parliament, who got up on a table in the cupola room and made a most remarkable speech.

After this, Keyte became engrossed in Jean, daughter of Geo. Banks, (who is editor of the Caledonia Goldhunter) and dropped his social activities in Queens. He was revealed as Leo Koretz, the Chicago swindler by an astute Halifax tailor who received \$10,000⁰⁰ reward from the U. S. Post Office. Miss Banks was with him at the time of his arrest in a room at the Queen, Halifax.

In October I went moosehunting at Kempton Lake with J. R. Gordon, Freeman Tupper and Dr. Porter Freeman, Liverpool dentist. No moose; though I had a splendid chance to shoot.

J. R. Gordon will be a Conservative candidate in the forthcoming provincial election, which occupies an increasingly large place in the public mind. General sentiment seems to be that the present Liberal govt. has been in office too long and should be turned out.

1925

This year my salary was raised from
\$85 per month to \$100.

All Spring the political guns boomed louder and louder. Following a sensational attack on W. L. Hall while he was said to be returning from an amorous adventure on the St. Margaret's Bay Road; W. H. Dennis, Frank Stanfield & others dethroned him and appointed Edgar W. Rhodes, late Speaker in the Dominion House, to be leader of the Provincial Conservative party. J. R. Gordon resigned his candidature for unknown reasons, and ^{rev} J. A. Barnjum was nominated in his stead. In a nomination speech in Liverpool town hall, Mr. Barnjum promised to erect a 200-ton paper mill, amid great applause. Barnjum's famous opponent on the embargo question, Ralph P. Bell of Halifax who is said to be financed by American paper interests, threw himself into the arena on behalf of Dr. J. W. Smith and Geo. J. McLearn, the Liberal members for Queens, who were offering for re-election. Bell also offered a paper mill and contributed a sum to the Liberal war-chest said by Liberals themselves to exceed \$30,000. A bitter campaign followed. Dr. Smith, speaking in Multon

1925.

suggested that Mr. Barnjum was living with a woman not his wife (correct!) and referring to Hall's late disgrace suggested that McClearn & himself were to be preferred. This was typical of the whole campaign. Polling day was June 25th and Bordman Freeman & myself were allotted part of Potanoc district to canvass on the conservative behalf. It was sickening work, for fully 90% of the voters refused to stir from their homes unless bribed. My first experience with politics and I was astounded at such corruption. The conservatives had a little "boodle" money, provided largely, I think, by Mr. Hall; Barnjum resolutely refused to provide a cent for "boodle", from vanity rather than virtue, I fancy. He wanted to be elected for himself alone. The Liberal workers offered \$10⁰⁰ per vote and consequently hauled at least 80% of the voters to the polls in their cars. Mr. Bell visited Milton twice during the day with fresh supplies of money and things looked bad for Barnjum and Hall. But the glamor of Barnjums big paper mill caught the public fancy, and they

1925.

took the Liberal money and voted Conservative, which proves the fatal fallacy of this "boodle" business.

The Conservatives swept the Province, both Hall & Barnjum being elected in Queens, and Mr. Rhodes became premier. Mr. Barnjum promises to resign if his mill is not under construction within twelve months.

In the meantime the old pulp mills are rapidly sinking into decay, and with the increasing exodus of U. S. paper mills to Quebec & Ontario the market for pulp grows smaller. Price F.O.B. vessel Liverpool now \$27⁰⁰ per dry ton.

1926.

April 16th J. R. Gordon astonished the village by resigning his position as manager with no definite prospect in view. He leaves May 3rd for Boston.

I have been spending a lot of time at the home of Miss Edith Freeman, daughter of the late Fred R. Freeman "with view to matrimony" and we have decided to wed in the summer of 1927. So when Gordon offered to sell his property I jumped at the chance. Mrs. Gordon

1926.

In view of my approaching marriage I had
asked Gordon to raise my salary to
\$125 per month. He did this just
before turning over the manager's job to
J. A. Parker.

wants to sell me her furniture but I don't
care much about it. There are rumors of
domestic strife in the Gordon household.

May 3 Gordon departed for parts unknown with
the daughter of Mr. Harding, minister at the
Church of Christ here, creating a great sensation.
We had held a mass meeting of the mill men
and citizens generally in the Community Hall April 29
and presented Gordon with a \$50⁰⁰ gold watch
and \$25⁰⁰ brief case as a token of our esteem; so
everybody feels that J. R. G. is a mean watch.
I am sticking up for him since he treated me
alright, but I feel in my heart that he's a
scamp. Mrs. Gordon is making public denunciations
of him, also of Mr. Harding, who, she says, sold
his daughter to Gordon for \$100⁰⁰. Which sounds
ridiculous. She refers to the \$100⁰⁰ Gordon gave Mr.
Harding at Christmas. Mr. Harding, who is one
of those "hell fire and sulphur" preachers, hurried to
Boston and brought his daughter back home. He
then resigned his pulpit and took his family to
Prince Edward Island. I took over the house

1926
Sep 14, 1926 Dominion election. W. G. Borst defeated Hon. Duff M.P. in
Queen-Lansburg. I was Deputy Returning Officer for the West Milton
polling booth.

Dec 5, 1926:- The Milton schoolhouse was destroyed
by fire, only a hundred yards or so from my house, where I was keeping bachelors hall and
beginning painting, etc. A cold Sunday afternoon, wind N.E. Long had been down for about
zero the previous night. Milton had - plus nine zeroes. Town fire engine arrived too late.

1926
from Mrs. Gordon on July 14th. Purchase price \$1900⁰⁰
of which I paid \$500⁰⁰ cash and gave a five year
mortgage for the balance. Gordon turned up in
Seattle working as a stenographer, and wrote to
his son Freddie, myself and others. No mention of
his wife.

In October I went to Kempler
Lake moosehunting with J. A. Parker, Freeman
Lupper, and J. Will Douglas of Caledonia. Once
again a good trip but no moose. Parker & I
killed two nice deer near the Indian Garden
Road later in the month. I kept "bachelors
hall from July 14th in my new house.

Late in November J. R. Gordon turned up in
Milton, a prodigal husband with his tail between
his legs, and Mrs. G. took him back in her
arms and forgave him, which was very nice of
her considering her own story that he had beaten
her and tried to "dispose of her" before running off
with the other woman. They are living with
her parents, Mr. & Mrs. Alester Harlow. Gordon
has no plans for the future, he says, but thinks
he may go to Murray Bay, Quebec.

1927.

Mills closed for lack of orders, Jan. 31st.

Much ado in my house all Spring, getting it ready for my bride. John Forbes, a loquacious & rather lazy soul, did the paperhanging for me. I did all the painting myself, after work, sometimes working till midnight.

On June 9th. Edith & I were married in the Baptist church, Milton at noon. Her brother Ralph gave her away and her sister Marie was bridesmaid. My mother, and sisters Nellie and Hilda came down from Halifax for the great event.

The minister, Mr. C. W. Cook, late of the R. A. F., was very nervous and at one point in the service asked me if I "took this man to be my wife" — a faux pas which greatly amused Edith's jovial Uncle Hugh Dunlop. After the service there was a reception at Edith's home, and then we drove away in J. A. Parker's car to Sixteen-Mile where Peter Croft provided us with a wagon. We drove into the Indian Gardens over a terrible road, eight miles in three hours; a trip which was vividly reminiscent of seafaring days and somewhat alarming to Edith. We honeymooned in the

1927

hunting lodge there for two weeks, during which the weather was perfect, and then returned to our new home June 22nd.

(i.e. from \$125 per month to \$100)

On my return I received the pleasant news that my salary was cut 20% and all hands other than watchmen dispensed with. Pulp market has slumped badly and Tidewater Mills of N. Y., our best customers, have closed their mills. We are trying to dispose of the pulp left on hand since Jan. 31st. at cost price — \$26⁰⁰ per dry ton, but the market is glutted. C. C. Mills, our timekeeper, and Master of the local Masonic Lodge, left for the United States.

More than two years have elapsed since Mt. Barnjum made his memorable promise of a paper mill, and during that time engineers and surveyors have come and gone in droves, and nothing has been done. Barnjum resigned his seat in the Provincial Parliament as he had promised, and has periodically appeared in town since, announcing that construction would start within a "few weeks" or "next month". Now he and his mill, and R. P. Bell and his mill are stock jokes in the County. Several big

1927.

interests, including International Paper Co. and the Mead-Spanish^{Manit}-Abitibi group have looked into the scheme and passed it up.

There is much distress in Milton with so many out of work and there is a feeling that Barnum and his Boston capitalists intend to sit back and haggle for a stiff price for these properties, which they will not develop themselves. — dogs in the manger.

This October I went moosehunting with Burke Douglas of Caledonia and J. Win. Carter of Yarmouth. We took a canoe at Lower Landing and paddled to Yetten Lake. Once again, no luck.

1928. January 3. More trouble for hardpressed Milton. The local electric light plant recently came under the hammer and was bought in by the mortgage-holders, Wm. Keddy, Enos Ford, and Col. Fred Ford. Keddy owns 60% of the new company and having a grudge against the Milton people on account of some old dispute over the war-memorial, decided to raise the light rates. Claud W. Hartten,

local undertaker and barrel manufacturer, rents the mill under the light plant for \$240⁰⁰ per year. His rent has been raised to \$400⁰⁰ so he is going out of the barrel business, he says. Notice was served on the public that the "Milton Hydro-Electric Co." had applied to the Public Utility Board for increased rates and that a representative of the Board would be in Liverpool Jan. 11 th. A meeting of protest was held in Milton under auspices of the Board of Trade, and Francis Tupper, Simon A. Merry and J. R. Gordon were appointed to appear before the Board (Utility) and protest the increased rates. Times are very hard in Milton. The only work offering, is cutting poplar & pine for the new bucket factory in Liverpool, which was built this year by the Southern Salvage Company (Bartling interests). J. R. Gordon has completed improvements to his new property, formerly owned by the second wife of S. A. Merry. Levi H. (Guy) Minard recently paid off his \$3000⁰⁰ mortgage on the Milton Falls sawmill, to A. W. Hendry.

1928. Jan. 17. We received word that old pulp on hand since last year has been sold to a paper mill in Maryland. Steamer H. J. Kyvig chartered to freight it there at \$3⁰⁰ per long ton. Commenced loading cars today. Pulp in various stages of rot. Price \$22⁰⁰ F.A.V. wharf U.S. port, which nets us \$15⁰⁰ per (dry) ton here.

Jan. 23rd. As Ingram W. Freeman & Seymour Sims were chopping ice above Rapid Falls dam today, the ice gave way & Mr. Freeman was hurled over the dam and carried away to his death. Time 11:30 A.M. Sims ran all the way to the office & fell in the door exhausted. I was there alone, & immediately ^{after} Sims told me, I dashed to the railway bridge in the hope of intercepting Freeman. But there was no sign of him. I then ran up along the east bank of the river in case he might have pulled himself out. But he was gone. Parker arrived from town and we soon got men together & launched boats into checkwater - a foaming torrent - to grapple.

Today I received cheque for sixty dollars from Maclean's Magazine, payment for my first short story entitled "Three Wise Men".

Jan. 24. Grappling from boats all morning between dam & edge of ice below railway bridge. I was using a "water-glass" to examine the bottom & came to conclusion

that body had gone under ice now covering Cowie's pond. Spent all afternoon dragging bottom of pond from holes sawn through ice, without success.

Meeting today in Liverpool of Public Utilities Board (from Halifax) Milton Hydro-Electric Co. (Wm. Keddy & Enos Ford) and representatives of Milton light-users (E. C. Mills, J. R. Gordon, Francis Tupper, Simon Merry) to argue over proposed increase in lighting rates. Enos Ford produced statement showing that previous year's operation of light plant had resulted in considerable loss. Gordon examined statement & pointed out to chairman of Utility Board that (a) Receipt of \$240⁰⁰ from Claude Hartlen not shown on sheet; (b) "Bonus" of \$150⁰⁰ to Ed. V. Braine for "services rendered in past years" was included in running expenses for 1927; (c) foreclosure of Keddy's mortgage, formation of new company, and all legal expenses therewith - a considerable sum - was included in running expenses for 1927. And other similar glaring falsifications. Mr. Ford also produced statement showing that assets of the company were over \$14,000⁰⁰.

Under cross examination he admitted that a large part of this sum was derived by capitalising "past unpaid services" - nature not stated - of Keddy, Dr. J. Ford & himself at a certain sum & figuring interest on

this at 6% from the formation of the old company to the present time. He also admitted that as sworn Assessor for the municipal district he had assessed the company's assets at \$800⁰⁰ for purposes of taxation. He was kept busy explaining & apologising for "mistakes" throughout the session, and was reminded more than once that he was on oath.

The Board reserved judgement.

Jan. 25 J. A. Parker & Jordan Zwicker went to Indian Gardens today to drop gates in the dam. Object being to lower water to facilitate search for Mr. Freeman's body. We were sawing out ice on the pond above Cowies Falls. Terrific gale & rain.

Jan. 26 Parker & Zwicker returned from Gardens after hard trip. They got all gates down but one, & hoisted them at 3 A.M. as dam is nearly full & temperature began to drop. We searched bank of back-channel, checkwater today as lot of ice went out in yesterday's rain. Not trace of Freeman's body.

Jan. 27 All day sawing ice out of pond above Cowies Falls & sluicing it over dam. Had five ice-saws & an ice-plough at work, with thirty men. Dangerous work as ice kept breaking away

behind sawyers. Boardman Freeman had several narrow escapes from drifting down over the dam on ice-cakes.

Body of Mrs. Richard Knowles, who died in States, buried in Milton today. Freeman Tupper's great-aunt. Liverpool is agog over arrival party Halifax lawyers to search titles of MacLeod Pulp & Paper Co. Ltd. Silk mill to be erected in Spring by English capital, says rumor.

Jan. 31.

Today we had instructions to mail notices & proxies to all shareholders for a general meeting to "sell & dispose" of the company's assets, including its holdings in the Mersey Hydraulic Co. Meeting takes place in F. S. Moseley's office, Boston, on Feb. 10th.

Langs & volunteers still cutting ice in Cowies mill-pond in search for Freeman's body.

Feb. 1st. 1928. H. Minard & Cecil Brown, — contractors with whom we had much trouble last summer over the pulpwood drive from Maitland — recently took a contract to cut & drive pine for McKeil, New Glasgow operator, from Hollinsworth & Whitney limits on upper Port Medway River. Today they and their men arrived home, they having squabbled with McKeil and quit work pending

a lawsuit. The Municipal Council of Queens notified me that I have been appointed a "Surveyor of logs, timber and lumber" also "Supervisor of highways for District No. 3", which extends from the bandstand to Russell Walker's stone wall.

Feb. 3rd.

Baby boy born to Mr. & Mrs.

J. A. Parker. "Paper-mill" rumors keeping the whole country agog. Royal Securities Corp.; J. J. Cumming of New Glasgow; group of financiers gathered by R. P. Bell, including Oxford Paper Co. interests; also F. J. A. Barnjum and a Mr. Walton — four different interests, all trying to obtain lease of crown lands from provincial gov't. for timber reserve for proposed paper mills. Search for body of J. W. Freeman abandoned as doctors state body not likely to come to surface until warm weather.

New minister arrived for the Church of Christ - "Campbellite" - Dr. Hammond.

Feb. 8th.

John "Goldmine" Greenough, who in his hey-day is said to have hurled half-dollars at his cows to drive them out of his door-yard, died today, aged 80. Heavy rain today removed what snow there was — about 4 inches. Ground bare.

Feb. 14, 1928. Spent today checking lumber being loaded on cars at the old Potanoc gang mill. The lumber (white pine) is sold to Sunfield Limited, of Halifax, who are shipping it in odd car-load lots to Charlottetown; Halifax; & to Shelburne for export to West Indies. They are paying us \$37.50 for N^o 1, \$32.50 for N^o 2, & \$27.50 for N^o 3. The lumber is graded as follows: - N^o 1 includes all boards & plank ten feet long & up, 12 inches wide & up. N^o 2 all boards 10' long & up, 6" - 11" wide. N^o 3 all boards 6' - 9' long and 3" wide & up. The white pine logs were cut on a crown land lease at Pescauwess during the winter of 1926-27 by Ephraim Hunt & George Wile of Milton, for the pulp company. Hunt & Wile fell down on their contract and the Company had to pay nearly \$800⁰⁰ wages due their men. The logs were included in the drive brought downriver by Herbert Minard & Cecil Brown in the spring of 1927.

No word to date regarding the fateful meeting of Madelon Company shareholders on Feb. 10 th.

Thermometer was 60° in the sun this afternoon. I am having firewood cut beyond Geo. Wiles Hill, which I fear will have to remain in the woods for lack of snow for sledding.

1928

Feb. 18th. S. H. Fessenden notified J. A. Parker today that negotiations for sale of the pulp company were to be extended for 60 days, presumably from Feb. 15th. Seth M. Bartling, town clerk of Liverpool & leader in Conservative Party activities in the county, has been appointed a legislative councillor by the Rhodes govt., which is appointing sufficient new members to the Council to vote that hoary assembly out of existence. Seth celebrated the event by diving into one of his periodical "drunks", from which he usually fails to emerge for a week or more. Tenders for a three-year lease of the theatre in Town Hall — the "Opera House" — closed at noon today. Ralph H. Freeman, my wife's brother, who has been running a movie show there since his return from army service in France, did not tender. Says he has been "going in the hole" since the pulp mills closed. His last tender for rental of the hall was \$30⁰⁰ per week. Snowstorm lasted all day.

Feb. 19. Seth M. Bartling's tender of \$32⁰⁰ per week for the Opera House was the only one put in. Seth says he's gambling on the proposed new industry here.

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Feb. 20. Heavy snowstorm last night and occasional heavy snow-squalls today provide sledding to replace muddy roads. I was tallying lumber ~~being~~ being loaded on teams for Liverpool today.

Feb. 22. Mr. McInnes, law partner of Hon. W. L. Hall, in town today examining deed records of Macleod Pulp Co. properties, says F. J. A. Barnum sails from New York for England in a few days to close sale Macleod Pulp Co. to interests there.

Tom Millard wants to buy out 10,000 cords of spruce & fir pulpwood, for manufacture into box-boards. Tessenden advises Parkes that "we can probably get more than we paid for the wood by selling to the prospective purchasers of the property."

Feb. 23. This morning I accompanied Seymour Sims' team back to where I have 10 cords of firewood cut — about 2 miles beyond Wil's Hill. Although we had a temperature of 14° below zero yesterday morning, the swamps proved to be soft, so we only got a load of $\frac{1}{2}$ cord out. Lucky to get that, as the horse went down to his hocks in mud several times. Heavy rain all afternoon & evening took most of the snow, flooded my dooryard, tennis court, & cellar.

Feb. 24.

Today's Halifax Chronicle relates a passage between Hon. Mr. Chisholm, Liberal leader in the local House, & Premier Rhodes. Chisholm asked if it was a fact that F. J. D. Barnjum & associates had incorporated a company called Nova Scotia Wood Fibre Co., for the purpose of making rayon silk at a site on the Mersey River. Premier Rhodes admitted that a company had been incorporated by that name but offered no information regarding it.

Samuel Rubin, a Jew, who has operated men's haberdashery stores in Liverpool and Halifax for several years, is selling out ^{his} Edgar Mulhall, manager of the Liverpool store, has bought it, giving a mortgage of \$18,000⁰⁰ to Rubin.

March. 1st.

Wire from S. H. Fessenden asks for our net "quick" assets as at Apl. 1st. We did some frantic figuring and sent back a figure of \$98,000⁰⁰ (including \$80,000⁰⁰ for pulpwood, which is book value of approx. 10,000 cords wood now at mills and along railway.)

March. 2.

Edith gave birth to a boy, still-born, at 3:15 P.M. Dr. C. S. Hennigar and Mrs. Richard Sagley Sr. in attendance. Edith was a

little Trojan all through but is inconsolable over loss of the baby. She is resting easily tonight.

March 3. Edith resting well today, though grieving greatly over the child. I wanted a place to bury the child but found that the only lots available were in the new addition to the cemetery recently purchased from Frank Martin. There were no lots marked off, & I had to get the trustees, Francis Tupper, Russel Walker, & Geo. T. Hemen, to go there in the snowstorm this morning & stake off a lot. This afternoon Claud W. Hartlen came with a wee white coffin and I went up to the grave and saw my first-born buried. Everybody is wonderfully sympathetic and kind.

March 5. Henderson, of the firm of Crowell & Balcom, Chartered Accountants, arrived today to make the annual audit. I was at the office all day, having been absent since March 1st.

March 7. Premier Rhodes stated in the House this afternoon that J. W. Killam, of the Royal Securities Company, had secured stumpage rights on certain of the Crown Lands on condition

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that he built a paper mill to manufacture the wood. Killam guarantees to build a \$15,000,000⁰⁰ newsprint industry to be completed within 2 years. The Halifax Herald wired D. W. Mackay, mayor of Liverpool, telling the news, and the whole of South Queens is seething with excitement tonight.

March 8. Today's Halifax papers give prominence to the new industry & the prosperity it will bring. Chas. P. Holden, employe of the Imperial Oil Company said to have offered \$14,000⁰⁰ to Dr. J. W. Smith for his property on the corner of Main & Bridge Streets. Holden negotiating for his employers, it is understood.

March 9. Henderson & Innes, hardware merchants of Liverpool, closed purchase of the Forbes block on Main St. from Judge Forbes now resident in Vancouver. Purchase price \$23,000⁰⁰. This block contains their own store; G. C. Deater - dry goods; Madden's Pharmacy, and the Bank of Nova Scotia. It is of brick construction.

March 11. Freeman Tupper returned from Halifax, where he has been helping Hall & McInnes to draw up a deed to the MacLeod Pulp Co. properties. He says McInnes told him that S. H. Fessenden and Mr. Barnjum "had a hell of a row" and that the whole

"silk mill scheme" has fallen through. Rumor says International Paper Co. are back of Royal Securities in the newsprint mill scheme. Seymour Sims finished hauling my cordwood from the swamp to Wile's Road, where it can be got with a wagon.

March 12. S. H. Fessenden writes stating that he is thinking of selling the Company's pulpwood on hand to American mills, and asks Parker to quote prices F.O.B. vessel, sending quotations to S. D. Warren & Co., Hollingworth & Whitney, & Atterbury Bros. of Boston & New York. This doesn't look as if there was any immediate prospect of a paper mill here. Heavy rain today removed all snow.

March 16. Dwelling of "Ole Miz" Demont at Potanoc destroyed by mysterious fire at 2 A.M. She insured it for \$1500⁰⁰ & departed for Bangor two weeks ago.

F. J. D. Barnum left for England to finance his new project. Lawyers and engineers of the rival - Royal Securities - enterprise arrived in Liverpool today. Excitement anew in Liverpool. Meeting of the Milton "Liberal Patronage Committee" tonight to select 3 assistant fish wardens - a Federal govt. appointment. The meeting was swamped

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by eager applicants (the job is for the summer months and pays \$3⁰⁰ per day) — all Liberal stalwarts. The "committee" — of whom Francis F. Tupper is the presiding genius — named Herbert Minard, Aubrey Coombs & Augustus McCenna, to the great disgust of the other applicants including Thad. Kempton (Jr.), George Nile & Edward Manthorn, the previous holders of the jobs — all of the Liberal faith.

March 17. Wonderful Spring day. Temperature 78° in the sun at 3 P.M. Roads a sea of mud. Robie Lohnes, horse-doctor, stevedore, bootlegger, & general character, at the office today peddling Scotch Whiskey for \$30⁰⁰ a case (of 12 quart bottles) Says it was smuggled ashore at Lahave Islands by schooner Rita M. Leblanc. (Since seized at Yarmouth) Says the booze business is bad — "too much competition". !

March 20. Received our company statement for 1927, from Crowell & Balcom, auditors. Shows a loss for the year of \$64,790.03, of which the chief items were: — Trading Loss, \$10,343.74; Depreciation of mill properties, \$21,084.64; Taxes, \$16,762.50. This brings the company's total deficit on operations since 1919, to \$102,795.69.

1928

March 21. Parker, Seymour Sims, Freeman Tupper & myself spent all day running a survey line up the east side of the river from the Hills Grove to Milton Falls. Parker had a stadia rod on the west side, to which we shot sights at intervals. As both Parker & myself are experts at morse flag signalling, we kept in communication with each other all day, a feature which greatly facilitated the work and gave the local residents something to marvel at.

This line run for purpose of estimating possibilities this stretch of water for log storage for proposed mill. We have endeavored to get property-holders there to sign statements that they had no objection to use of the river for this purpose. Most of them signed willingly, but Sol. Dagley & J. V. Morton refused to consider it, scenting a chance to hold out for money, I fancy. J. Sidney M., who never leaves dry land from one year's end to another, offered as an excuse for thus "delaying" the new enterprise, that he could not bear to part with his "boating privilege"!

March 27. Today the Milton Hydro-Electric Company sent out its bills, which have with-held since January 1st. Bills show increased rates granted by Public Utility Board. Much public indignation, many having wires cut & going

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back to kerosene lamps. Mr. Edward Hendry, local stipendiary magistrate, who lost his investment in the Light Company when Wm. Keady & Enos Ford foreclosed, is cutting his mains & installing a Deleo system. C. W. Hartlen has relinquished the Light Co's building and has installed a gasoline engine at his cooorage instead.

Colonel Allen, woods cruiser for Royal Securities Co., arrived in Liverpool today. Also party engineers of N.S. Power Commission who went up-river for survey.

March 30. Parker had letter from F. J. A. Barnjum written at the Savoy, London; saying that his deal with English financiers re a silk mill on the Mersey was proceeding satisfactorily.

April 1st. My short story Three Wise Men appeared in Maclean's Magazine of this date.

April 3rd. Body of J. W. Freeman came to surface of pond above Louies Falls, drifted over dam and caught on the log-sluice, where it was seen by Andrew & Malti Francis, Indians. We made a rope fast about the waist & hoisted it onto the dam. Body in a terrible condition, bloated to a grotesque size and the flesh black and green. Dr. J. W. Smith, coroner, examined body & stated no need of inquest.

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April 4th. Funeral of J. W. Freeman held today with Masonic ceremonies in presence of a large crowd of mourners. Shortly after service, fire broke out in Samuel Wolfe's house and did much damage to second story before being extinguished by the Milton hand-engine.

April 15. Mark Curry, who died in a Halifax hospital on the 12th following an operation for hernia, was buried today.

April 16. Great excitement among cattle-owners. Government veterinary inspectors arrived in Milton today. They have been testing cattle all over the province for tuberculosis, and all animals reacting to the test are shipped to the abattoir at Moncton to be slaughtered. There has been an acrimonious debate on the subject in the Halifax papers, and prominent veterinaries have been brought forth by both sides to prove or disprove the efficacy of the test. Some dairymen have been hit hard, but the percentage of diseased cattle in the western counties has been small. In Shelburne County only 18 reactors were found, out of 3500 head tested.

April 21. The Halifax Chronicle announces that the Hollingsworth & Whitney, and the Miller lands,

consisting of 500,000 acres on the Jordan, Mersey & La Hare rivers, have been sold to the J. W. Kellam interests at a price exceeding five million dollars. Engineers of the Kellam interests are in Liverpool surveying, also men of the N. V. Power Commission.

The bovine T. B. test continues to excite the cattle-owners as it proceeds. So far only an occasional animal has been condemned; excepting the dairy herd of L. H. Minard, who lost 8 out of 14 cows.

Tern schooner Integral is loading 450 M pine boards at McCleary's Wharf. Loading proceeding at a rate of 10 M per day. Consigned to New York.

April 24. Engineers Mahon and Fred Tremaine of the N. V. Power Commission at the office looking over plans. They start up-river with a crew tomorrow.

April 28. J. R. Gordon, who appears to be in charge of the conservative "patronage" is busy hiring men for the Power Commission parties up-river. Col. Allen of Royal Securities Co. has made Freeman Supper the offer of a first rate salary as woods-manager for the new paper mill. Allen's engineers are said to have selected a site at Brooklyn for the new paper mill and are talking of extending the breakwater there to form a log pond at the mouth of Herring Cove.

April 30. 1928. Wife of Dr. J. W. Smith, Liverpool, former M. P. P. for Queens, died of tonsillitis 1 pm. today.

May 1 st. Halifax papers announce signing of agreements for power, and Crown lands, between Royal Securities interests and N. S. Govt.. Conditions imposed by government include construction of a paper mill of 200 tons per day capacity to be completed by 1930.

May 2 na. Fessenden called up on 'phone from Boston today, told Parker to get mills ready to grind. Hudson Trading Co. of New York offers take 3 to 4,000 tons fresh groundwood for shipment to England at \$18⁰⁰ ton (dry) F. O. B. Liverpool.

May 7 th. Still awaiting actual closure of Hudson contract before commencing work at pulp mills. Construction of a road up-river to the proposed power sites commenced today when Edwin "Pinny" Hartlen set a gang of 50 men to work cutting right-of-way beyond Liverpool Light Plant.

May 10 th. Received word to start the mills as soon as possible. Cutting of the 62 foot right-of-way for the river road proceeding apace. Royal Securities appear to be doing it themselves; they have hired Freeman Tupper and provided him with a

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very fine Willys-Knight car, & he is supervising the job. J. R. Gordon has taken the job of tending the fire pump on the job. They are burning all brush and tops as they go, and will soon be at Lower Great Brook. Excitement reigns throughout the district. Men are pouring into the place and boarding houses are full. Real Estate in Liverpool & Brooklyn is at a premium.

May 16. The Foundation Company has taken over the road construction at Rapid Falls. Understand they have contracts for all construction, including power development & mill erection. They are erecting cookhouses, barns, garages, offices and warehouses in Wm. Keams' field and plan to have 1,000^{men} at work on the road to Indians Gardens before long. The road is to be completed before any attempt is made to proceed with dams, etc. Men pouring into Milton; almost every house has a boarder or two and there are dozens sleeping in the woods until such time as the bunkhouses are completed. Fear we are not going to get enough men to run the mills, though we plan to start them on the 21 st. J. R. Gordon promoted to be a "sort of lieutenant" - his own description - to Mackay, the Foundation Co.'s engineer on the road job.

May 21, 1928. Started Rapid Falls mill today, running $\frac{1}{3}$ capacity. Experienced mill-men scarce in spite of fact that we have boosted wages 25%.

May 22. Started one set grinders Bowies Falls today. Getting some skilled men from Mill Village. Wire from Fessenden indicates that he has only contracted to grind 2500 cords pulpwood. Balance of our 10,000 cord stock to be sold & shipped by October. This looks like the long-delayed death of the Milton pulp industry. I wrote to Mackay, construction engineer for Foundation Company, asking for a position in his Milton office.

June 16. Both mills running. We grind to the end of August, balance of wood to be shipped up the St. Lawrence to St. Regis Paper Co.

Papers announce that Col. Jones has severed his connection with Spanish River - Abitibi group & coming here as general manager of the new paper company. I had interview with George Lidecker, office manager of Foundation Co, who assures me of a job any time I want one.

July 1st. Foundation Co. today raised its minimum wage from \$2.50 to \$3.00 per day. They have

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about 600 men working on the Milton-Indian Gardens road, together with 5 steam shovels and about 100 horses; about 100 men are working on the old Pleasantfield-Indian Garden road, and about 150 are working on the mill site at Brooklyn.

July 17. I gave two-weeks notice to the Macleod Co. after conversation with Smith, office-manager at Camp One (Jeans' field). He wants me to start work August 1st.

July 21. Mother & Hilda left after two week stay with us.

July 28. As Vice-president of the Mersey Hydraulic Company, I receive notice of intention of N. Y. Power Commission to dissolve the company & expropriate all dams and properties on payment of moneys expended on same by said Company. The Commission has also acquired the Totten of Liverpool electric plant for \$65,000⁰⁰, & plan to repair it and speed up the turbines in order supply power at the dam sites up-river.

I am very curious to see where the new mill will sell its paper. There is at present

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a great overproduction in the newsprint industry with resultant price cutting and serious slump in paper-mill stocks. As the Brooklyn mill is being rushed I presume the new company - The Mersey Paper Company - knows where it can sell its product, and I suspect that a newspaper group, probably English, is backing it.

July 30. Splendid tennis these fine evenings on my court. Pulp mills beginning to feel the first "pinch" of low water, as the water stored at Indian Garden dam is almost gone. Labor scarce and mighty independent. Stimulus that lived on the poor-rates last winter are driving madly about the streets in newly-purchased cars - mostly second-hand. Stores in Liverpool open three nights a week; Capt. Fred Inness is running motor-busses day and night between Liverpool-Milton and Liverpool-Brooklyn; new stores and ice-cream parlors being erected between these points. Everything is humming with the New Prosperity.

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Aug. 1, 1928. Today I took up my new duties with the Foundation Company, having resigned from the Macleod Pulp Co's service.

I am keeping the stock records in the depot warehouse - which is, with the offices, granary, garage, cookhouse and staff-house, located in what used to be Bill Beans' field. It is known as Camp 1. Camps serving as bases for the road work are scattered between here & Indian Gardens, eight of them in all. The dam at the Gardens ~~to~~ is to be Development 1, and the work is based on Camp 8. The dam at the foot of Lake Falls will be Dev. 2, based on Camp 8; and the dam at Big Falls is Dev. 3, based on Camp 5.

A ^{railroad} siding has been built from the pulp mill switch in past the warehouse, and the whole field has been filled, leveled and gravelled. Every day the freight brings up a trainload of supplies and machinery to be unloaded, while a fleet of big Gotfredson trucks is busy toting stuff from the warehouse up to the various camps.

My office hours are from 8 A.M. to 6 P.M. with

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an hour off for lunch, a long day, and I'm busy every minute.

August 15th. Something is amiss with the paper mill plans, for today practically the entire operations at Brooklyn ceased. Some of the men were laid off and the rest were transferred up-river to the development work. Rumors of a disquieting nature are abroad but I see no cause for alarm yet. The power job will take two years but the paper mill can be put up in a year.

Aug 20th. The pulp mills are practically closed for lack of water, and the Royal Securities - represented by Freeman Tappet - are having a long scrape with their drive of hemlock piling from Pine Mill Woods to Brooklyn. They are rearing over Cowies Falls today. The piling was cut on Royal Securities (formerly Millet Co. land) property, & is for the new wharf at Brooklyn. The development work proceeds apace and we are beginning to realize the magnitude of the job.

Sept. 2, 1928. Drove to Indian Gardens today in Ralph's car. What a change! The constructors got gravel at the "Two-Mile Hill" on the old Garden Road, and practically disembowelled that pleasant ridge before the road was finished. It is narrow, with all the original bends and curves, but splendidly surfaced. The Indian Gardens is a sorry-looking spot. The lovely oak and birch ridges on both sides of the river have been cleared and burned, up to the proposed water level. Camp 6, which is "Development One", is on the eastern ridge just above Barss' Landing, and is a small town of tarred-felt-covered shacks, housing 300 men and a host of trucks, gasoline locomotives, derricks etc.

Sept 3, 1928. Seth M. Bartling phoned today asking me to see him, and as it is Labor Day I took the afternoon off and went. He told me that he had been asked to recommend a "bright young man of suitable training & ability" for a permanent position with the Mersey Paper Company, & is recommending myself. Says Col. C. H. L. Jones, manager of the Company, is

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motoring to Liverpool tomorrow, and wants me to see Jones. Hurrah!

Sept 10. No more news of the proposed job, but in the meantime a provincial election has been announced, and I suspect that Seth, as chief Tory organiser for Queens, is merely desirous of assuring my small support in the coming fracas. He told J. R. Gordon, the identical story regarding a position with the new Company, so J. R. is on the same string as myself. Today I received redemption cheque from the Eastern Trust for \$1313.17, being proceeds of \$1000.00 I invested in one of their "Guarantee Investment Certificates" back in 1923.

The new road up-river will be complete from the depot to Indian Gardens by the end of the week. It has cost over \$12,000.00 a mile — very much more than Munroe's ridiculous estimate of \$5,000.00

Sept 12:- Convention of Queens County Conservatives in Liverpool. Rather a ticklish situation arose, as George Banks, owner of the Caledonia Gold Hunter, wanted to be nominated;

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whereas it was generally felt that D. W. Mackay mayor of Liverpool, would be a more popular choice. Mr. Hall's nomination was of course passed with applause, and the delegates voted 28 for Mackay & 26 for Banks. At the business meeting Seth Bartling was appointed President and I was appointed Secretary, of the County Association.

Sept 14. Liberal convention today nominated Councilor Irving, of Caledonia, and R. W. Dickie of Halifax — a weak ticket. Tonight I happened to be present when Dr. Hennigar, Geo. Hatt — President of the County Liberal Assn — Geo. McClearn — member of the late Liberal Govt — Harry Madden, — all Liberal stalwarts, wanted Seth Bartling to bet on the election results. They were bluffing, for when Seth offered 3 to 1 on the Government, with \$100⁰⁰ the minimum bet — there were no takers.

Liberal opinion generally is that Hall and Irving will be elected; they concede Dickie's defeat but declare that Mackay will get no support outside of Liverpool.

Sept 20, 1928. Today I paid Levi H. ("Guy") Minard, \$3⁰⁰, as a contribution toward cost of repairing sidewalk along West Main Street, which he has undertaken. Pillage of Charleston leaped into the limelight owing to reports of a row in the Baptist church there last Sunday. The congregation is politically liberal, so when the Rev. Mr. Jost denounced liberal candidate Dickie as a booze-hound and beer bill advocate, there was war. Mr. Nelson McKenna got up and shouted "You can't prove it!", thereby making matters worse. This took place during Sunday morning service, and there has been fluttering in the Liberal dove-cotes all over the county. Mr. Hall speaks tonight at Construction Camp Three, (Big Falls) thereby opening the campaign in Queens. Preparations for the campaign have been disrupted as far as Conservative party goes, by the President of the Association, Seth Bartling, going on one of his semi-annual drunks. I have been unable to do anything, as Seth keeps rigid control of everything and did not admit me into his confidence.

Sept. 21, 1928. Tonight I gave J. R. Gordon my cheque for \$1415.88, payment in full of his mortgage on my house.

Sept. 28, 1928. Meeting of conservative workers at E. C. Mills' house made final plans for election day, Oct. 1st. Among those present was Thad. Kempton Jr., an active Liberal worker in past campaigns. Speculation rife as to the probable result of the polls. Violent Liberals declare the govt. will be defeated; the sober-minded ones expect to get ten or twelve seats; conservatives concede seven or eight. Time will tell.

Government Candidates in Queens County

VOTE FOR THE STRAIGHT GOVERNMENT TICKET

MARCHING ON



HON. W. L. HALL
ATTORNEY-GENERAL

NEVER before has there been such a record. In three years with the Rhodes Government in office, Nova Scotia has marched forward from industrial chaos and business stagnation to industrial peace and commercial prosperity.

DON'T TURN BACK. STRENGTHEN
THE HAND OF THE GOVERNMENT



D. W. MACKAY

ONWARD NOVA SCOTIA

SEPTEMBER
1928

Oct. 1st, 1928: Election Day. I was in the field force this time, J. A. Parker taking my place as presiding officer in the West Milton booth. Our organisation functioned beautifully. Hall was elected with the splendid majority of 300, & MacKay had a comfortable lead also.

Figures were	-	Hall	2191
		McKay	1932
		Irving	1818
		Dickie	1638

a conservative majority of 667.

There was a mighty swing toward liberals all through the rest of the province, the final results being, Conservatives - 23, Liberals - 20.

The unpopular Bovine T.B. test told heavily against the govt. in farming districts, but internal discord and supineness among the conservatives was a prime cause of the debacle. Liberals are jubilant over "Rhodes pyrrhic victory", and with cause, for they had everything against them.

Milton's "bone of contention", the Electric Light Company, has been sold by its unpopular owners, Enos Ford and Wm Keddy. The new

owner is the Western Nova Scotia Power & Light Co., which recently took over the plant at Yarmouth.

The new company has interested the mill-owners at Milton (L. H. Minard & Walker Bros) in repairing the Milton dam, which is in a sorry state.

They are erecting a pole line to Brooklyn, which they propose to light, and are planning a total replacement of wiring, both along the streets and in the houses, also the installation of meters. Meters will mean dark houses after ten P.M.; and the question of street lighting arises.

Oct. 9, 1928.

At W. L. Hall's urging, J. R. Gordon is running for election as municipal councillor for Milton, against E. V. Hendry, the present councillor. Hall feels that there should be more Tories in the county council, since that body has the very important charge of the voters' list and there were a number of Tory voters' names found missing from the list in the recent election.

Oct. 16, 1928.

Polling Day in the municipal elections. More excitement than a mere local affair warranted. Gordon got roughly three votes to

Hendry's one, leading with a handsome majority
of 105.

Nov. 5, 1928. Today I quit the Foundation Co's.
employ, after giving two weeks' notice. They had
failed to make good their promise of a salary increase
so I return to the MacLeod Pulp Company.

Nov. 9. The Dorothy, loaded with our pulp
struck on Liverpool bar today on her way out. She
was pulled off at the next tide, but a local Lloyds
committee condemned her as unseaworthy. There is no
insurance on the boat (an ancient four master) but
we had the cargo fully insured. The insurance
company has taken charge of the cargo and
intends transferring it to another ship, though the
Dorothy's skipper claims that with rudder repairs he
can make the trip. She was billed to New York.

Nov. 20. J. R. Gordon tells me he is very
indensed over failure of Mr. W. L. Hall to make
good his promise of a "big job" with the Mersey
Paper Co. He was promised a position as the
purchasing agent, just as I was assured (on Sept 3rd)
of the position of secretary to Ed. Jones, managing
director of the Paper Co. Both positions have since

been filled by men from Upper Canada, and in fact, the entire staff seems to have been recruited from outside points. The only local man on the staff is Freeman Tupper, who was hired as "Woods Manager" on April 28th & is now reduced to a mere surveyor. Tupper is under orders to proceed to Cape Breton after Christmas, where he will spend a year running lines on the leased Crown Land. The actual woods manager turned out to be an Ontario man named Richards.

Mr. Hall promised things rather recklessly previous to the October election & his failure to make good has aroused much wrath among the faithful, especially in the light of the golden shower which is falling on certain Tories.

Seth Bartling is getting all the insurance business of the river development, a juicy plum which no one begrudges him, for he's a tower of strength to the party. This cannot be said of Captain F. V. Inness, who drew (extorted would be better) a commission from the Gotfredson Motor Truck people for the trucks they sold to the development contractors. (I was present in his garage - the old

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Mr. Thomas Raddall,
TOWN.

MILTON,
N. S.
3d December, 1929.

Dear Mr. Raddall:--

I notice on the Assessment Roll posted at the

Post Office I am assessed for a bitch. She no longer lives. She was
killed over a month ago. Information as to how this can be removed
from the assessment would oblige,

Yours sincerely

George S. J. Gagnier

K 10000 per year per man. To earn this he
makes one trip "up the line" per day, an outing

Zion Congregational Church building — when the Gotsfredson representative sent to treat with him finally handed over a cheque for two thousand dollars and the promise of more later. Fred used the Power Commission as a lever throughout the "negotiations". As far as I could make out the contract for trucks had been placed direct by the development contractors, and the Gotsfredson people balked at paying a commission to Fred).

Then, too, the Liverpool firm of Henderson & Inness supplied all the cement used in the extensions to the Guzzle plant — some hundreds of bags — at a price of ninety five cents per bag. At the same time there were carloads of cement on the siding at Rapid Falls purchased direct from the Canada Cement Co. at less than sixty six cents per bag. And other instances. But the graft that arouses the greatest dissatisfaction is the "medical fee" collected each month from every man on the development payroll. As there are about 1200 men on the job, the fortunate doctor Theodore R Ford gets \$1200⁰⁰ per month. To earn this he makes one trip "up the line" per day, an outing

which does not interfere with his practise in Liverpool in the least. In the three months that I worked in the construction camp (I was a victim like all the rest) he could not have had more than a dozen cases, and his only "hospital cases" - two, to be exact - left the "hospital" (Mrs M. T. Harlow's house in Milton) and went home! This fifteen thousand a year, pried mostly from the hard-working laborers, goes into the pocket of a man whose political support, Seth Bartling admitted to D. C. Mulhall and myself, "doesn't amount to much".

George Banks, still rankling with nomination defeat and being a disappointed "promisee" besides, told Parker yesterday that "if an election was held tomorrow Hall wouldn't get his deposit!"

Dec. 6, 1928. Today I wrote Hon. W. L. Hall to ask why the Highway Board has ordered the local electric light and telephone companies to move their poles from the street edge of the sidewalks to the inner edge. The companies have planted poles in front lawns and fields to comply with this ridiculous order, and are now busy in a very high-handed way in lopping branches from our beautiful shade trees

to make way for the wires. They claim that they can place poles and run wires anywhere within 33 feet of the road centre, having the assurance of "Bob" Smith (road superintendent for Queens) that the government owns that much. This distance from road centre would include all our lawns & shade trees & in some cases the very front rooms of the houses.

Old "Pats" frames died yesterday aged approximately between 90 & 100. The wife is the only one to report. Being coming in 2 hours, the first station in Milton to where that agency.

Dec. 7, 1928. Our pulp mills are getting well under way now (we started Dec. 1st) but the river is very low. The usual heavy fall rains have failed to materialise. We are grinding pulp from river-stored wood to order of Scott Paper Co., Chester, Pa. They own the pulp mill at Charleston, Queens County, which is under the aggressive management of A. W. Broughton; young "Bernie" McKenna of that mill's staff journeys over to our mill daily to inspect the pulp. The schooner Dorothy, with a load of our pulp, is still in harbor prevented from sailing by the insurers of the cargo.

Mersey Paper Co. is offering \$7.50 per cord of 142 cubic feet for pulpwood cut in 52-inch lengths delivered on the river bank below Milton Falls. This would be

at the rate of \$6.75 per cord of 128 cu ft. We used to pay \$7.00 per cord of 128 cu ft, cut in 8 ft lengths, so the local lumbermen are not biting at the Mersey Paper Co's offer.

Dec 10, 1928 It has been raining hard since morning of the 8th - the long delayed "Fall" rains - and this morning the river & brooks are in flood. My own brook overflowed and poured along the surface across the street, felling my cellar enroute. Camp One (nei "Bill Keane's field") was flooded by Deep Brook which rose high enough to wash away the small pump house and sundry pipe covers etc. The cofferdam at Indian Gardens was inundated and all work stopped according to meagre reports drifting down the line today. We put both mills on full production.

On Dec. 4th we finished loading 1000 long tons of pulp aboard S/S Nord. On her way out under pilotage of Capt. Fred Inness of Liverpool, she grounded on the bar. (The bar has filled in a lot. It was dredged to eighteen feet, four or five years ago. Nord was drawing 15' 9") Thompson Bros. tug, a decrepit little affair, put out to Nord's assistance unasked and got a line aboard Nord's bow. The tug didn't accomplish anything; Nord got off

and away entirely by her own efforts. Yet today Thompson Bros. sent bill to us - as agents for the Nord - for five hundred dollars, for twenty minutes of futile effort rendered of their own volition! This is privateering à la mode. Those old Liverpool sea rovers of '75 and '12 would be green with envy.

Dec 13, 1928 Today the Milton eel catchers shipped their Fall catch to Boston for the Christmas market. There were 140 barrels in all, most of which were caught by "Gusty" and "Gel" Manthorn, and Lester Croft. Each barrel held 200 lbs net weight of eels and as the price is twelve cents per pound (the barrels & freight paid by purchasers, Russelacke Bros. of Boston) a nice sum of \$3,360⁰⁰ was realized. Lester Croft, a young lumberjack trying it for the first time, cleared \$850⁰⁰ for his catch! The eels were caught in various weirs from Third Stillwater Falls to Cowies Falls, and were loaded on refrigerator cars at the old paper mill siding, Rapid Falls. Today I wrote the Western Nova Scotia Electric Co. protesting against their trespass. They have planted three poles within my property line and cut branches from my trees without attempt

to consult me. In cutting trees they broke the top rail of the tennis fence also. The schooner Sally Persis Noyes is in port to take the cargo now aboard the condemned Dorothy. The insurers of the cargo are paying \$2000⁰⁰ to Capt Traynor of Dorothy for which he is to transfer his cargo to the Noyes and cancel his charter-party.

Dec 14, 1928.

I receive letter from Hon W. L. Hall in which he says "in 1919 the Highway Act was amended fixing the width of every public highway at 66 feet". He promises to take up the matter of the moving of poles with the Dept of Highways and also with the solicitors of the Electric Company.

Dec. 17, 1928

Resentment against the Electric Company grows. Last night Francis J. Supper, returning from a trip in the woods, fell into a post-hole dug fairly in the center of his driveway by the Company's men.

Francis, a person of sudden rages & enthusiasms, at once fell to with pick, shovel & lantern, & filled it up again.

Dec 18, 1928

Milton Board of Trade in session tonight decided petition for services of a provincial policeman during the holiday season in order to curb activities of the unruly and usually drunken mob.

which parades the village in the small hours of Christmas Eve & New Years Eve demanding "Pies!", scaring the old & timid half-to-death, & leaving a trail of destroyed doors, gates, fences & windows in its wake.

Dec 20, 1928. I get some "Towers 1790" Scotch whiskey, delivered at \$25⁰⁰ per case of 12 quart bottles, by Robie Lohnes, part of a cargo of mixed liquors landed at Port Medway last night. "Robe" claims it was landed by a ship of the Newfoundland Trading Company - in which company Seth & Tom Bartling of Liverpool are said to have an interest. This "trading company" had four ships built by J. Stedman Gardner at his Liverpool yard during 1927 & 1928. One of them was captured by New York customs men in the act of unloading booze at a Staten Island pier one dark night in 1927. Another was surprised at a Long Island wharf about a week ago, having unloaded most of her cargo in the darkness. These ships were all fitted with crude oil engines at Thompson Bros. plant, and are very fast. The company had other ships built at Mahone of the same type. Their operations extend from St. Pierre to New York - and points between.

Dec 22, 1928. It has reached Parker's ear that Capt Trynot of the four-master Dorothy, when requesting a tow through the bar channel on Nov. 9th by the government steamer Arras (Capt. Barkhouse), declared his draft was 15 feet. The Dorothy, in tow of the Arras, November 9th, struck on the bar and it was revealed that she was drawing a good 16 feet. Trynot had been unable to get insurance on the Dorothy due to her age and ill condition, but had insured the cargo for his freight of \$2000⁰⁰. Parker thinks Trynot deliberately misrepresented his draft, knowing that this vessel would go aground, with the idea of collecting his freight from the insurance company. He admitted to Parker that the vessel "ain't worth a dime", and obviously was not anxious to earn his freight by sailing to Philadelphia over wintry seas in his decrepit ship. The insurance people have paid Trynot his \$2000⁰⁰ stipulating that he is to transfer his cargo to the four-master Sally Persis Hayes, Captain Rice, at his own expense. Today being Saturday, & Christmas Day falling on next Tuesday, the mills will be closed until the morning of Wednesday, the 26th.

Dec. 24, 1928. A beautiful sunny day. Ground is bare; (we haven't had snow enough to whiten it, so far).

This afternoon I borrowed Ralph's shot gun and took a three hour tramp up Deep Brook. I got a brace of plump rabbits without much trouble. Also saw a deer - a beautiful doe - and two partridge.

Christmas Day, 1928. A beautiful sunny day. The "bell-snickers" were surprisingly orderly last night, even though the Board of Trade's policeman failed to put in an appearance. There was some drunken brawling on Milton Corner about midnight. Liverpool was an intoxicated town. A flood of liquor has poured ashore from rum-running vessels for a month past, all over the Province.

The influenza epidemic, which has been sweeping across the continent, made an appearance here today. Several people were "taken" with it today. Understand that fishery-inspector Jim Buchanan was married quietly to Betty, daughter of Dr. Smith, Mill Village, on the 22nd.

Mrs. Jason Macleod died yesterday after a long illness. Her son Arthur, a teacher at Yarmouth, has been here attending her for three weeks.

Dec. 27, 1928. Capt. Trynor of the Dorothy & Capt. Ride of the Sally Persis Hayes, four-master, at the office today. Trynor transferred most of his cargo to the Sally at the wharf, but after the Sally got down to a draft of 16'-4", Ride

had her towed over the bar at flood tide by C.G.V. Arras. Trynot lightered the rest of the pulp to the Sally in Thompson Bros. tug today. Trynot is a lanky, sallow, sea-lawyer with a smooth smile and pale slate eyes. A slovenly fellow, with an amazing thirst when somebody else is providing the drinks, but always retaining wit enough to swindle his host if need be. Rice is the opposite. Short, stocky, a young man of the best Blue-rose type, with a healthy red face and white teeth, and a quiet sturdy competence. Rice expects finish loading tonight.

Dec 29, 1928. Schooner Sally Persis Hodges sailed today having been delayed by S.E. winds and heavy rain.

The clippings opposite are from the December 1928 issue of the Public Service News, Vol. 2, No. 11, which reaches me today.

DURING recent months the County of Queens has been very much in the limelight due to the erection there of the large pulp and paper mill. The County has now an additional important new development which arises through the active exploration work being conducted in connection with two gold mining deposits in the County.

The Mines Service Corporation have taken over a promising lead at Brookfield and are getting ready for production operations. This plant of the new Company will consist of a fifteen stamp mill with buildings and equipment, including a cyanide plant.

Another gold mining development is under way in Queens County at Malaga and the initial indications are stated to be very promising.

As a result of the erection at Liverpool of the large Pulp and Paper Mill, the Nova Scotia Power Commission has undertaken hydro electric developments on the Mersey River to provide power for that mill which involves the delivery annually of 105 million kilowatt hours at 20,000 H. P. This power development will involve a capital expenditure of \$3,700,000.

Dec 31, 1928. Today I receive cheque for \$55.00 from Sea Stories Magazine for my short story "Piggotts Ghost" - (the manuscript of which had previously been rejected by The Canadian, The Sat. Evening Post, & Macleans).

Sea Stories Are Accepted

Milton Man Congratulated
By Publishers—More
Requested

MILTON, Jan. 2.—Tom Raddall has again been successful in the literary world, his latest story "The Ghost of Sable Island", having been accepted by the "Sea Stories" a magazine published in New York by Street and Smith. Accompanying the acceptance was a congratulatory letter requesting more such stories.

The first work from the pen of this young writer, "The Three Wise Men" also a story of Sable Island, appeared in "MacLeans" in April, 1928.

Mr. Raddall, who is a resident of Milton, was at one time a wireless operator at Sable Island, and from his experiences there he depicts the life in a most thrilling manner.

1929

Jan. 3. Today I am confined to the house with "la grippe," which is epidemic here now. One of the Mersey Paper Co's logging camps on Lake Rossignol reports 17 out of 24 men down. Another camp reports 22 out of 40. About 30% of our pulp mill crew is down, including Parker & myself.

The paragraph opposite appears in the Halifax Herald of today's date.

Jan 8, 1929. Today I went out for the first time since the 3rd. The ground has a thin cover of snow, which fell last night, the first snow to whiten the ground this winter. The influenza epidemic, following so closely on a flurry of whooping cough, is bearing hard on the children. About a dozen children have died in Milton in a month. Edith went down with the flu today.

Jan. 9. Norwegian s/s Vaga at Liverpool wharf to load pulp.

Jan. 12, 1929. Finished loading s/s Yaga last night & she sailed today with 1800 long (wet) tons of pulp for St. Louis du Rhone. She was drawing a good 16 feet but passed over the bar o.k. Some of the bales were weather stained and the shrewd Norwegian skipper wanted this mentioned in the bills of lading. This was no good to the Hudson Trading Co (the New York brokers to whom we sold the pulp) as they wanted to cash a draft on the French consignees, on the strength of the B/L's. Finally the skipper signed clean B/L's, for which we gave him a letter of guarantee against claims. Six inches snow fell last night.

Jan. 14, 1929. s/s Mano, Norwegian tramp under charter to Scott Paper Co., at wharf for cargo of special pulp which we have been making from rivet-stored wood at Rapid Falls. Zero weather.

Jan. 16, 1929. Twenty below zero last night. Very unsatisfactory working conditions in our R.F. mill due to lack of steam for heating. Pumps & pipes freezing tight unless constantly watched. We depend on the refuse shavings from the barkers for fuel, and we are still barking wood hauled out of the pond during December, the fuel value of which is nil. Fifteen below zero tonight.

Jan 18, 1929. Rain last night and a warm wind today removed every vestige of our ice & snow.

This morning we finished loading 780 (long wet) tons of pulp aboard s/s Mano, which sailed for Port Medway to complete cargo from the Charleston pulp mill. We made this pulp to order of Scott Paper Co. (of Chester, Pa.) for \$28⁰⁰ per dry short ton F.O.B. steamer Liverpool. This is the best price we have obtained since our fat \$34⁰⁰ contract with the old Tidewater Co. of New York expired in 1924. However, the cost of producing this special stuff for Scott was very high, so we net little more from it than from the ordinary newsgrade stuff we are making for the Hudson Trading Co. for which we get \$18⁰⁰ F.O.B. Liverpool.

But if the pulp business is ill, the paper business is nigh unto death. There is vast overproduction of newsprint and a bitter price war has sent the price down to \$50⁰⁰ per ton. Many of the older high-producing-cost mills are being closed down & people are wondering what some of the heavily-capitalized new mills are going to do. A. W. Broughton, manager of the Charleston pulp mill, predicted to J. A. Parker yesterday that the big Mersey Paper mill will be in the receiver's hands within five years.

Jan. 21, 1929. A representative of the Electric Co. tonight called to ask permission to cut branches off two of my trees to make way for the new wires. I refused. He said the Highway Board had ordered them to shift their poles & had also given them permission to place poles within 33 feet of the road centre. I said I did not recognise the right of the Highway Board to give my land away. He went away annoyed, saying he would confront me with Robert Smith, the road supervisor.

J. R. Gordon informed me today that I have been appointed assessor for the Milton district in place of Willard N. Freeman. I do not relish these gratuitous municipal appointments.

Jan 22, 1929. A 50-mile gale raged all last night with temperature 5 or 10 degrees above zero, — ideal conditions for the formation of anchor-ice. The dam-tenders all along the river were busy scraping gratings all night; and gave up the fight between daylight and 8 A.M. when an oozy mass of ice-cream consistency descended upon each dam, blocking gratings and gates beyond hope. So quickly did this occur at our Cowies Falls mill, that the crew wrestling with the gates barely had time to get off the dam before the water was "up and over."

There is high water in the river now, and it surged over the wingdam at C.F. and roared down through the mill yard, cutting off the men thus marooned in the mill. It was an amazing sight. We launched a boat below the mill and brought the beleaguered crew ashore via a window. The water backed up until it was just touching the stringers of the bridge at our office, and it flooded across the railway at the Old Engine House site to a depth of 5 or 6 inches. Under the magic influence (for its rays are pale these days & anything but warm!) of the noon sun, the anchor-ice became tractable as usual and slid through the gates & gratings like grease. The soil ~~later~~ being frozen and insoluble prevented damage by washouts, & when the flood subsided at 1 P.M. there was nothing but a broken railing and a mass of shell-ice to tell the tale. At Milton dam the water backed up without wetting much more than Mr. Burton Freeman's hen house. There was similar trouble (none of it as bad as C.F.) all along the new developments. At Indian Gardens, under the force of the northerly gale one gate tore out of the old wooden dam. It was the worst bout with anchor-ice in the memory of the oldest men.

Jan. 23, 1929. Heavy northerly gale finally died out this morning, not before producing another flood at the various dams by forcing masses of anchor-ice into the gates and gratings. It was aggravated by the flood water in the river due to the broken gate at Indian Gardens. Thus water poured over the wingdam at Cowies Falls, though the mill was running and every gate on the dam open. At Milton water backed up almost to the house walls on the river side of the streets and indeed flowed across the highway by Morton's feed store. At Cowies Falls the anchor-ice blocked everything at daylight (7 A.M.) and let go again at 10.30 A.M. I wrote Hon. W. L. Hall again asking him to look after his Milton constituents' rights in the matter of appropriation of pole rights by the Milton Hydro Electric Co. I also suggested to J. "Sid" Morton (who is in a fighting mood over the business) that the Board of Trade sponsor a public meeting to put the matter before the property owners. He agreed to do this. Today I received a rebuilt typewriter from the Underwood Typewriter Co of Halifax. The price is \$85.00; \$25.00 of this is to be covered by the used Corona I am "trading in", balance in cash.

Jan. 24, 1929. "Bob" Smith, provincial highway superintendent for Queens, called me this morning on the phone to ask why I forbade Sollows (the Electric Co. man) to cut my trees.

I repeated the argument I made to Sollows. Smith said it was useless, as the Highway Board owned 33 feet from road centre & had given permission to Sollows to use it for his poles. I rang off. On coming home tonight I found the trees cut and the crossbars installed on the poles.

Anchor-ice plugged the river so badly at the new developments that a coffee-dam had to be blown out with dynamite at Big Falls to save the others.

Jan. 25, 1929. S. P. Royce arrived Phila. today.

Sunday, Jan. 27, 1929. We ran our mills all day, as flood water and frozen dams rendered shutting-down impossible. Part of the Guzzle penstock gave way today, causing the water-wheels to drop and snap off two main dynamo-shafts. A serious catastrophe, as two-thirds of the machinery on the developments depends on electric power, not to mention the lighting of Brooklyn & Liverpool. The shafts cannot be replaced inside of three weeks, and repairs to the penstock are impossible under present ice conditions. A temporary plant is being rigged in Liverpool, with a gasoline

engine for power. General opinion puts the unsatisfactory operation of the Guzzle plant down to incompetence of the superintending engineers — Messrs. Mackay and Tultz.

Jan. 31, 1929. Auxiliary power unit commences supply light to Liverpool today. Milton dynamo is now supplying both Brooklyn & Milton, too much load for the old outfit, resulting in poor lights.

Tonight Freeman Tupper told me to get in touch with Mr. Waters of Mersey Paper Co. I phoned Walters, who said he wanted an accountant & wanted me to call at the Brooklyn office on Feb. 2nd.

Feb. 1, 1929. J. W. Kellam, W. L. Hall & other interested dignitaries arrived in Liverpool today in an opulent private railway car. Understand they inspected all the new works. Robie Lohnes at our office today with a bottle of Hollands and the intelligence that our slick friend Capt. Trynot of the Dorothy had skipped out of town leaving his worthless ship and a trail of debts behind. A glib little man named O'Hearn called at the office with the idea of selling stock in the United Goldfields of N. S. Ltd to Parker & myself. This company owns the old

Brookfield mine and is capitalised at 300,000 shares, par value one dollar. O'Hearn, as a special favor to the people of Liverpool (who have taken 75% of the stock, he says) is selling it locally at 50¢ per share. Mayor D. W. Mackay, M.P.P. of Liverpool also Geo. Goding of Goding & Harratt, lumber dealers, Liverpool, are on the board of directors and are (O'Hearn says) heavily interested. We didn't bite.

Feb. 2, 1929. O'Hearn called at the office again this morning & succeeded in getting Parker's cheque for \$200⁰⁰ in payment for 1,000 shares of United Goldfield stock.

This afternoon I called on Mr. Waters of Mersey Paper Co. in the office at Brooklyn. He introduced me to Mr. Wilde, the chief accountant, and offered me a job at \$125⁰⁰ per month to start, as a sort of second accountant. I mentioned references, and he assured me that he had already made inquiries respecting myself which satisfied him. (I think Mr. Lidecker of the Foundation Co. gave me quite a boost) I am to report there for work at 8:30 A.M. Feb. 15th.

Feb. 9, 1929. Parker's father-in-law (& my genial friend) J. Will Douglas of Caledonia is in Milton for a few days. He drove in a sleigh from Caledonia, there being just enough snow for sleighing. He says the Mersey Paper Co. has six camps in the new "flowage area" cutting pulpwood. He says Phil Moore

got \$45,000⁰⁰ for his property at Lowe's Landing, which the Paper Co has turned into a camp for flouage cutting along the Sedge River.

The four-master schooner Frances Tauszig in port to load pulp for our mills. An auxiliary electric plant is now lighting the various camps on the development and our mills, which have been depending on lanterns since Jan 27th. Robie Millard (newly appointed member of the Power Commission) and Harry Madden visited Halifax to complain about the present electric supply. Work on the Guzzle plant is being rushed night and day.

Heavy rain today left the ground bare tonight. Motor traffic has carried on without a hitch so far this winter. The roads are badly rutted but the stream of cars and trucks between Milton, Liverpool & Brooklyn is unceasing.

Feb 12, 1929 A light snowfall this morning. Not enough for sleds. Firwood is selling at \$10⁰⁰ per cord - a jump of \$3⁰⁰ over the normal price, due to big demand & small supply.

Parker has it "on good authority" (said authority being Russel McInnes, Hall's law partner) that the Royal Securities Co. has succeeded in blocking Barnjum's latest scheme for financing a silk mill on the Mersey.

Feb 13, 1929. Mrs Fessenden must have signed the charter party of the Frances Tauszig with his eyes shut. It calls for "not less than 1,000 shipping tons cargo, ship to lie at a safe berth. Demurrage \$75⁰⁰ per day." This afternoon, with only 750 tons in her holds she was drawing 16 feet - the limit for crossing Liverpool bar - and it develops that she draws 21 feet when

fully loaded. This means we must lighten 250 tons out across the bar to her, involving at least two days demurrage, an extra steredoring charge of 30¢ per ton, and rental of Thompson Bros. tug at \$40⁰⁰ per day. The tug is a fussy gas-engined affair with a cargo capacity of 25 tons. The only alternative is to pay dead freight on 250 tons at the charter rate of 3⁰⁰ - a stiff rate for a windjammer's trip from Liverpool to New York. Fessenden could have got a steamer for \$3⁰⁰, and halved the insurance rate besides saving the foregoing expenses. The ordinary tramp steamer, being round-bottomed, draws much less water for a given tonnage than these sharp-hulled schooners, a fact we have learned from bitter experience in the past.

Feb. 14, 1929. Completed cargo on the "Jaussig" today, 780 long tons, Parker deciding to pay dead freight to avoid lightering.

Feb. 15, 1929. My first day as an employe of the Mersey Paper Co, Brooklyn. The staff seem to be a great bunch & I feel that I'm going to like the job.

Feb. 16, 1929. Danish steamer Minna, 1500 tons, arrived to load Macleod pulp for Philadelphia.

Feb. 18, 1929. Harvey Crowell C.A. arrived in the Mersey Paper office to prepare a statement of assets as basis for a stock issue in the new company. Parker having trouble loading his

steamer owing shortage of labor in Liverpool. Had to take the mill crew from Cowies Falls to L'pool to steredore the pulp.

Feb. 22, 1929. A snowstorm last night gave us the first real hauling of the winter. Four to six inches of snow, which is a boon to the logging crews. Richards, head of the woods dept. of the Mersey Paper Co., is straining every effort to get a supply of pulpwood on hand. The buying of wood is in the hands of agents working on a commission of ten to twenty five cents per cord, their territories covering the entire mainland of Nova Scotia, and these men have obtained contracts to date totalling 20,000 cords. About 1,000 cords has arrived at the mill site to date. There appears to be some doubt whether Richards can handle the job successfully.

Feb. 27, 1929. Great dissatisfaction continues in Liverpool over the temporary lighting service. The auxiliary gas engine (installed when the Guggle broke down a month ago) smashed up, after one or two hectic weeks of "fits and starts". The town was then dark until a new Diesel engine arrived from the U.S. Great things were promised of the new engine by the Power Commission and these things have failed to materialise, the lights in Liverpool resembling fireflies in a fog during the peak load hours. Some sharp correspondence has passed between Seth Bartling (as Town clerk) and H.V. Johnson, chief engineer of the Commission, on the subject.

In one letter, published afterward in the Advance, Seth charged the Power Commission openly with "incompetence".

Mar. 2, 1929. Tonight the wind is up-river and the roar of the auxiliary light plant on the Parade in Liverpool is like a motor-cycle in the street. Installation of electric meters (replacing the old flat-rate system) proceeds apace in Milton, and the streets are dark and gloomy of nights. The Paper Co has commenced construction of the Herring Cove Lake dam and pipe line, which will ensure a fresh water supply for the new mill. They plan to divert a lake now flowing into the Medway, by erecting a dam in the present outlet and digging a canal to Herring Cove Brook.

DATE: MARCH 1st, 1929. 10% disc
for cash, 10 days.

DOMESTIC SERVICE

Service Charge:—\$1.11 per month.

Energy Charge:—First 30 kw-hr used per month at 6.6 cents per kw-hr.

Next 30 kw-hr. used per month at 4.4 cents per kw-hr.

Over 60 kw-hr. used per month at 2.7 cents per kw-hr.

Minimum Bill:—\$1.38 per month, (\$2.77 per month where an electric range is installed.)

Opposite is a circular of the Milton Hydro-Electric Co. Ltd, which bears also the stamp of Associated Gas & Electric System on the reverse side. Assoc Gas is the American holding company which owns the Western Nova Scotia Electric— which owns the Milton Hydro-Electric Co. I am walking to Chesley's Corner every morning, being picked up there by a staff car (the Willys-Knight that Ernie Tupper used to drive) arriving at the temporary office at 8:30. I get my dinners at R. H. Gardner's house in Brooklyn — as odd a family as is possible to imagine. Old R. H. quoting

phrases of Greek, Latin & Spanish, half to himself, between bites; Homer, his son and a storekeeper, rambling on about imaginary exploits of himself in various roles from Western bad-man to paper mill executive; and the tall gangling Pliny, Homer's son, snapping rudely at the solicitous Phoebe, his mother, and bolting food like a starved wolf.

March 9, 1929. The Guzzle light plant commended giving light once more, to the relief of the people of Liverpool.

March 15/29. Tonight our staff gave its first public dance under the name of the Merpaco Club. The town hall was decorated in St. Patrick's Day effects, with "local color" on pedestals, such as a "Blarney stone", a potato, a brick, etc. About seventy couples were present and the affair was a huge success. Edith & I were present to the bitter end, which was 2 A.M.

March 20/29. Acrimonious discussion going on between Halifax Herald and Halifax Chronicle regarding treatment of Stettleston miners at the Mersey Paper Co's plant. An explosion at the Allan shaft caused some unemployment ^{among the miners} at Stettleston and about a week ago the Paper Co. offered to provide jobs for a number of them. Forty came, of whom twelve worked half a day and quit, beating their way back to Stettleston "on the brake rods". The Chronicle got hold of some of the disgruntled ones and blazed forth in big headlines a story of neglect and ill-treatment. Col. Jones and Mr. Waters, in interviews published next day in both papers, characterised the

whole thing as "bunk". The Herald, delighted, fell upon the Chronicle tooth and nail, and the war rages merrily. The 28 miners who remained expressed themselves as well satisfied with wages and conditions generally, and declared that the ones who quit and bleated to the vigilant Chronicle were "just a bunch of bums who came down for the ride". (The U.M.W. had paid their fare out of distress funds)

March 22/29. The roads, which have stood up under heavy motor traffic all winter, have become impassible. The stretch from Chesley's corner to Brooklyn is a quagmire. Tom Millard's box factory, situated on the waterfront between Thompson's machine shop & the Cold Storage, burned to a shell this afternoon. Fire broke out fifteen minutes after the workmen quit for the day (5:15 P.M.) and the whole building went up in a spectacular sheet of flame. Tom was drunk and weeping bitterly when I saw him at 5:45 P.M. Loss is said to be \$45,000 and insurance only \$20,000. The powerful pump on Thompson's plant supplied 3 streams of hose, and was all that saved the whole waterfront from burning.

March 23/29. The provincial highways are closed to motor traffic as from today. The Paper Co. inaugurated a private ferry for the staff, a motor^{boat} sailing from Nickerson's wharf at 8:15 A.M., Noon, 1:15 P.M. & 5:30 P.M. Ralph Freeman

started giving movie shows in the Milton Hall tonight. Pouring rain, but the hall was packed. An unpleasant incident occurred. Alvin Dexter, 14 years-old son of Harris Dexter, drew a sheath-knife and stabbed Raymond Wentzel, 14, son of Walter Wentzel, in the stomach during the show. Young Dexter is a child whose "mind is deep and dark", given to reading penny dreadfuls, & has been carrying the knife for some time, threatening to stab other school-children. A doctor was called, & stated that the lining of Wentzel's stomach had been punctured.

March 25, 1929. Much excitement in the press over the sinking by gunfire of the Nova Scotia rum-running schooner "I'm Alone" off the Louisiana coast on March 22nd. She was shelled & sunk by two U.S. patrol boats, about 100 miles from land, and one of her crew was killed. The rest were taken in irons to the New Orleans jail. Capt. John Thomas Randall, (whose wife & family live at Liverpool N.Y.) stated in a press interview in jail, "This is the most cowardly attack on a merchant ship since the submarine warfare".

March 30, 1929. The Royal Trust Co, representing the bond-holders of the bankrupt Clyde & Sissiboo Pulp Co. (of Weymouth & Port Clyde) recently sold these bonds (par value \$30,000) to the Royal Bank for ^{\$150,500} ~~\$25,000~~ — just ⁵⁰ ~~25~~ % of the par value. Today the Mercury Paper Co. sent a cheque to the Royal Bank covering

~~\$~~ \$75,250 expended on the Paper Co's behalf.

A. W. Broughton, of the pulp mill at Charleston, recently announced that his owners (Scott Tissue Co. of Chester Pa.) were contemplating erection of a large tissue mill on the Medway. The Mersey Paper Co. has boosted its pulpwood price in the Medway territory in the hope of discouraging this possible competitor in the pulpwood market.

There are now over 3000 cords of pulpwood at the mill site in Brooklyn, and Richards thinks he can get 7000 more by September.

The company is contemplating purchase of ten or fifteen thousand cords either from the Sonora Pulpwood Co. of the Nashuaak Paper Co. (of New Brunswick). This winter has been so mild as to seriously curtail logging operations, and Richards has been unable to get the 25,000 cords he planned on. There has been a considerable quantity cut by the Mersey Paper Co. on the new flowage at Lake Rossignol, and the Co. is also dickering with the Mackoak Pulp for 3000 cords now in the boom at Rapid Falls.

March 31, 1929. Easter Sunday, Robertson & I walked to Liverpool this morning to attend service at the C. of E. Dr. Moore, President of Kings University, preached.

April 2, 1929. The new bucket factory, built at the Parade in Liverpool by the Bartling & Millard interests during 1927

was totally destroyed by fire today. Fire broke out shortly after the workmen quit at noon, and in two hours the factory was a heap of blackened brick. Gossips are wagging their heads, as Tom Millard's plant (burned last week) and the bucket factory were both owned by the same interests and both fires broke out in the same manner - shortly after the men quit. Both places had been getting along on cheap wood & cheap labor until the paper-mill project sent wages and wood prices sky-rocketing. Loss said to be \$75,000 on the bucket factory, entirely covered by insurance.

April 4, 1929. Highways in Queens County open to traffic today. Frost all out and roads drying fast. New cars are appearing on the streets in large numbers. There are now 23 taxicabs operating in Liverpool and all "making money".

April 10, 1929. The Mersey Paper Co. has made further payments of \$9,750⁰⁰ to the Royal Bank for the blyde & Sissiboo, making total payments to date of \$85,000⁰⁰. The Paper Co. also sent J. McE. Stewart (their Halifax solicitor) a cheque for \$17,000⁰⁰ "to be paid to R. P. Bell as commission re purchase of blyde & Sissiboo bonds".

April 12, 1929. Rufus Ford, of Milton, said to be the oldest living Freemason in Nova Scotia, died today.

April 13, 1929. A fierce blizzard all day & night, breaking

up a wonderful spell of spring weather. About 6 inches of snow.

April 17, 1929. Terrific rains all last night & today have swept away the snow and raised all the brooks to overflowing.

My brook (which I'd paid "Bucko" Berriman to clean out, only a week ago) rose until it poured through the yard and across the road over the top of everything, damaging the tennis court and generally making a mess of everything. The rivet is very high.

April 24, 1929. The roads between Milton & Liverpool were graded today by a new tractor-drawn scraper, and the improvement is immense. (Small horse-drawn graders were used previous to this.)

April 25, 1929. Tonight the local school ma'ams & others (myself included) presented "Grandpa's Adventure", a farce in 3 acts, in the Milton Hall. The proceeds - \$71.77 - were donated to a fund for school playground equipment.

April 26, 1929. Saturday. Tonight Col. Jones gave a stag party to twenty of the staff of "Mersey Paper and Foundation Co." I was one of the twenty. The party divided into poker, bridge and auction "forty-five" groups. The "forty-five" group was small but select; Col. Jones & I playing against Mark Fortune (office manager for Foundation Co. at Brooklyn) and Macdonald (foreman of construction, Brooklyn). The colonel's cellar provided liquid cheer in plenty, and the party was a merry one, ending at 1:30 A.M. with a vociferous "Kee dooch an' doorus" and "He's a jolly good fellow." W. F. ("Pop") Kempton

drove me home and on the way we picked up Thad. Kempton and his brother Fred, who were fighting in the roadway halfway to Milton. Both drunk. A large evening.

COL. C. H. L. JONES TO AID IN ESSAY COMPETITION

Offers Medals For Best Essays Liverpool History; 325th Anniversary To Be Marked

LIVERPOOL, May 3. — The year 1929 is the 325th anniversary of the discovery of the arm of the sea now known as Liverpool Bay or Harbour. This discovery marks the beginning of the settlement of Queens County, and this anniversary will have appropriate recognition.

Colonel C. H. L. Jones, president and general manager of the Mersey Paper Company, Limited, Liverpool, is interested in the marking of historic spots by memorial tablets, the gathering together of ancient records, and the preservation of correct information in regard to interesting historical occurrences. He considers it a matter of great importance that the young and rising generation should be encouraged and stimulated to acquire an accurate knowledge of the history of the places in which they reside.

Colonel Jones proposes to aid in every way possible in arousing the young people of this county to a proper appreciation of the importance of acquiring such knowledge, and as a first step towards this end, and also as a fitting recognition of this 325th anniversary, he is offering for competition to the boys and girls of Liverpool and Brooklyn, four medals for the four best essays on the history of Liverpool Bay and the gold settlements on its shores. A gold medal, a sterling silver medal, and two bronze medals will be awarded. These medals are artistic, valuable and appropriate. They are struck from original designs by Colonel Jones commemorating the discovery, and the winner's names will be engraved upon them. The conditions of the competition are as follows:—

1—The subject of the essay—The history of Liverpool Bay and the chief settlements on its shores, that is, one essay (not three essays) on the History of Liverpool Bay, the Town of Liverpool, and the Village of Brooklyn.

2—The Contest is open to all girls and boys residing in Liverpool or Brooklyn who are eleven years old or more, but less than seventeen years old.

3—Contestants, will meet in the Principal's Room in the Liverpool Academy Building at 9 a. m. on Saturday, September 7th, 1929, and will be allowed three hours in which to write.

4—The Judges were selected by the Chairman of the Liverpool School Board. They are: Miss Janet Mullin, Liverpool; R. D. Morton, Liverpool; Thomas Raddall, Milton. The Judges will not know the name of any contestant. In making their decision, the judges will consider: the age of the writer, historical accuracy, literary merit, the value of the essay in general to the community.

The winners' names and essays will be published. The medals will be presented by Colonel Jones. Valuable

WORK RUSHED AT WHITE POINT BEACH RESORT

Road Expected To Be Open May 11; Carload Of Canoes And Boats Ordered

LIVERPOOL, May 3—Work is progressing rapidly on the construction of the road to White Point Beach and it is expected that the highway will be open for cars by the 11th of this month.

An organization meeting of prospective members of the White Point Beach Golf Club is to be held in the near future and the course is all laid out now ready for the workmen to start their work on the greens and fairways.

The organization of the club will be under the supervision of Col. Stewart of Toronto who is in Liverpool today starting the organization work.

P. H. Moore, the promoter of the project, stated this morning that a carload of canoes and outboard motors, surf boats and miscellaneous resort equipment is on its way now from Florida, and that a saw-mill was working full capacity turning out lumber and logs for the main club house and the cabins as well as the bathing houses.

Already there have been a number of bookings by tourists for this year, and it is expected that by the middle of June there will be enough work done that people can be accommodated for meals and a limited amount of lodging as well as the use of motor boat, canoes and surf-boats.

TO MAKE YACHT OUT OF SCHOONER



COL. C. H. L. JONES
President of the Mersey Paper Company, who has purchased a schooner from Messrs. Henderson & Innes, Liverpool, with the intention of converting it to a private pleasure yacht. The boat is a typical Nova Scotia fishing schooner and has been used in the business. Although many changes will be made in her, the original appearance and effect will not be taken away. The schooner, which is 76 feet long with a 17 feet 6 inches beam, was built in 1925 at the Mackay yard in Shelburne.

This yacht was called by Jones the 'AWEKINS'. She made a clumsy yacht, although Jones spent in all \$30,000 on her. Then he sold her to Miriam Kaye for what she had cost him. She was a white elephant to Miriam, who finally sold her (after she about of her by Brooklyn) to Stevens of Farmville on 1942.

May 8, 1929. Tonight our amateur Thespians drove to Caledonia to present "Grandpa's Adventure" in the Masonic Hall there. The hall, a poky place, was filled to the doors and the takings were over \$50.00. After supper at the George Banks home there was some dancing to the tune of a phonograph in the hall. Burke Douglas got thirsty & dragged Merrill Ingram & I around to the drug store, where we purchased a pint of alcohol and mixed it with ginger-ale, half and-half. Filthy stuff. Ingram, Robertson & Douglas got pretty tipsy. One drink was enough for me. We arrived in Milton at 1:30 A.M. The "Three Musketeers" went gaily on to Liverpool, and kicked up such a shindy in Mouzar's Barbecue there that the police arrived. Search of these persons disclosed the bottle of fixawater in Ingram's pocket. The "cop" let them go with a word of caution. The road to Caledonia is in splendid shape; we were just 55 minutes from Milton to the hall there. George Banks tells me he is "through" with W. L. Hall. — "Hall's forgotten all his old friends" — and suggests that Hall will quit politics before the next election.

May 13, 1929. Capt. Wm. Bartling's fine big residence near the Fort was burned to the ground this morning. Bush fires broke out just behind Potanoc schoolhouse in the afternoon, and fanned by a stiff breeze made great headway.

Our woods dept. acted promptly, rushing men and plenty of equipment (including 2 gasoline pumps) to the scene in cars, although the fire was nowhere near Mersey Paper Co's land. We have had nearly a week of hot days, with strong gusty winds at intervals. Several bush fires reported. Capt. J. F. Randall of the I'm Alone is home in Liverpool making preparations for his next venture — a "movie" play to be enacted somewhere in southern waters with a reproduction of the sunken rum-runner. Charlie Shupe, former shipmate of Randall, made me a tentative offer to go as wireless man on the trip, which I declined with regret.

May 14, 1929. The bush fire was practically out this morning, though our woods crew remained on the job till noon with a gasoline pump. Everybody commenting on the smart work of the forestry men of our outfit. They were at the fire half-an-hour after the smoke was first seen, and thanks to their efforts the fire was stopped just short of Beaver Dam Lane. "Kyacks" are pouring up the Beaver Dam brook, and kids are dipping them out in multitudes all day long.

May 20/29. Immense quantities of kyacks being dipped in the brook between the ^{mill} churches. The fish wardens have found it necessary to post a notice at the bridge, threatening to prosecute anybody throwing fish away on the banks of

the brook. The banks are littered with dead fish. Aubrey Greenough is ploughing large quantities of kyaaks into his garden patch for manure. The June number of Sea Stories is now on the news-stands, containing my story "The Ghost of Sable Island". Construction of the paper mill goes forward apace; steelwork of the main building is all up, and about half of the brick work. Digging the foundation of the wood slasher and barker house commenced today. Our new boom, consisting of 30-foot-lengths of 2' x 2' Douglas fir, bolted double, is now in position in the cove; the old temporary boom was practically useless in these tidal waters, and we lost a lot of wood under it during the spring storms.

May 22/29. "Edge" Allen showed up at the office today, selling stationery for the Royal Print & Litho. His mother died about a month ago. A bootlegger named

Aulenbach (who is reputed to have made a small fortune in Liverpool during the past year) is having an elaborate establishment erected on the east road from Liverpool to Milton, directly opposite the entrance to Hill's Grove. A neat bungalow and several other buildings are being put up; some wag has named it "borkscrew Inn", and Aulenbach is doing a roaring (!) trade unmolested there.

We Congratulate Mr. T. H. Raddall on his success as an author. Mr. Raddall, has had many of his manuscripts accepted by some of the best magazines in the Dominion. His latest Article "Gost of Cape Sable," deserves special mention and we predict for him a prosperous future.

This item is culled from the Liverpool Advance of May 29th, 1929. The spelling,

general set-up, and accuracy of facts are up to James D. Clements' usual standard. I think he meant well.

May 30, 1929. Today was the fourth successive hot day - thermometers registering 85° to 97° all over the province. Tonight fire broke out in the big construction camp No. 1, at Indian Gardens, destroying all the bunk-houses & cookhouse. A severe set-back to an already delayed schedule on the river development.

May 31, 1929. Rumor tonight that a man named White shot another fellow in the new shooting gallery on Bridge Street, Liverpool. This shooting-gallery is owned by the plutocratic bootlegger, Aulenbach.

June 5, 1929. Six experts from Canada Power Corporation here today going over the Mersey Paper Co's proposition with a view, I suspect, to participation in the not-far-distant bond issue.

June 9, 1929. Drove to Greenfield, Holmes Park, in Ralph's car today. The Charleston Pulp Co's. pulpwood drive is in progress and the river at Greenfield is filled with wood.

June 13/29. The aeroplane Yellow Bird passed over the Mersey mill at 1:25 P.M., turned eastward, and

soon disappeared in the fog. It is piloted by three Frenchmen, who left Old Orchard, Maine, this morning in an attempt to fly to Paris. The plane flew very low over the mill & we had a good look at it.

June 14/29. The aeroplane Yellow Bird was forced to come down at Santander, Spain, after 31 hours of sustained flight. Bob McKinnon has moved to Milton. We have the use of a company car for a few days and I am learning to drive it.

June 25, 1929. Negotiations between the Mersey Paper Co. & the federal government regarding dredging Brooklyn Cove and extending the Brooklyn breakwater have terminated in the government agreeing to extend the breakwater & put up half the cost of dredging.

Wm. Duff M.P. of Lunenburg (now sitting for Antigonish-Guysboro) did the dickering for the government. Duff's "fee" for putting it through was arranged as follows.

He came down a week or so ago and purchased a strip of land along the Brooklyn highway, adjoining the Mersey Paper Co. land. The seller was a man named Wolfe. The price was 600⁰⁰. The Mersey Co. consented to purchase the land from Duff for \$5000⁰⁰ — a clear profit of ~~\$4,400~~ \$4,400⁰⁰ for the wily William — on condition

Note. The dredge "Beacon Bar" was owned jointly by Wm Duff & one Dunhill. Duff's name did not appear on the contract; but when Murray Paper Co. held up payment of part of the dredging money, claiming that "Beacon Bar" was incapable of doing the work properly, Duff did not hesitate to come to Liverpool and tell Murray to pay up "or die".

that the dredging-and-breakwater deal went through. It was a slick way of paying Duff \$4,400⁰⁰ graft and covering up the trail at the same time. Then it was revealed that the dredging is to be done by the old "Beacon Bar", in which Duff (through a dummy shareholder) owns a large interest. As the dredge gets one dollar per cubic yard of material removed, the daily income of the "Beacon Bar" is something like \$800⁰⁰. The daily cost being less than \$300⁰⁰, Duff & his friends net something like \$500⁰⁰ per day while the dredging lasts.

July 1, 1929. Dominion Day, celebrated with a day of sports by the town of Liverpool. I was at White Point Beach with the Parkers after nightfall, watching the firework display. Phil Moore is certainly transforming the place. A regular little Boney Island. The Danish steamer Hallind is in Liverpool to load pulp — the last, I suppose, that will ever be shipped from the old Macleod mills.

July 4, 1929. Two children of Motet Martin's & one of Clark Hall's are reported lost in the woods. Search parties were in the woods all night without success.

July 6, 1929. Search for the lost children intensified. The

Mersey Paper Co. sent 50 men, directed by the forestry staff, and about 150 others, who made a systematic cruise of the woods to the west of Corbies Falls mill. An aeroplane from the Halifax Flying Club arrives tonight.

July 7, 1929. Sunday. J. R. Gordon went up in the aeroplane as observed today, and the plane cruised over the woods west of Milton all day. At 1 P.M. all available men gathered at the Corbies Falls pulp mill and were divided into parties with specific districts to cover. I was in "Green" Suppers party. We travelled in a line, 30 men, to Moody's camp, where we united with Geo. Wile's party, making 50 men in all. We found traces of where children had picked berries but nothing more. "Buck's" (George) Berriman's party, further east than ours, came across the children near Fred Kempton's old ~~house~~ camp on Oliver's bog. They were weak but still able to walk, & were safe home in bed by 5 P.M.

July 14. Sunday. Fire broke out at 1 A.M. in Lester Croft's empty house on Milton corner (the old "Milton House" hotel). Ralph was first to see the blaze as he was returning home from Liverpool & gave the alarm. A series of misfortunes followed. The whole village turned out in short order, but the Milton pump refused duty. A broken valve, impossible to repair. This left nothing but the

bucket-line to fight fire — a hopeless task, as the wind swept the flames down river. The Baptist parsonage caught and was soon in flames also. A feeble stream was coupled up from a pump in the electric power house but was of little use. A call was then put in for the Liverpool fire engine. The Liverpool firemen struck hard luck when their hose truck ran out of gasoline just outside the fire-house — some enterprising thief having drained the truck tank. When the fire engine arrived in Milton at 3 A.M. it had no steam up, & when steam was raised the suction hose was found too short to reach the river. In the meantime the fire had spread to Mrs. Newton Freeman's big house and was threatening both the Baptist Church & Barnabas Seldon's house in spite of desperate efforts of a big bucket brigade. There was quite a distance between the Freeman & Seldon houses & we made a determined & successful effort to save the Seldon house. We got ladders up, & I straddled the saddleboard at the threatened end of the Seldon ^{house}, pouring water over the hot shingles as the buckets were passed up. Fortunately the wind shifted and the fire ended at the Seldon house. Most of the household effects were got out of the houses, but much of it was badly damaged.

by the senseless would-be salvagers. The Saturday-night drunks were there in all their glory, smashing & destroying; and the scum of the district, attracted as always by the cry of fire, found fat pickings in the unguarded property strewn about the road.

The Baptist minister, Mr. Ayling, was hard hit. A considerable sum of money was stolen from his house in the excitement. The property loss is estimated at \$16,000⁰⁰. Very conservative estimating, I say.

July 26, 1929. Two of our woods cruisers, enroute to their next survey from Brooklyn, met with a terrible accident tonight. Their car skidded while going at a great speed over the brow of the hill at Martin's River. The car ran into a huge boulder & was smashed. Chamberlain was thrown against the windshield & then against the ^{canvas} roof of the sedan, with such force that his head was driven through the top of the car. His skull was smashed and his head nearly severed from his body. Death was instantaneous. Boyle was badly cut & shaken but is otherwise O.K.

July 31, 1929. British steamer "Coralstone" is now discharging her second cargo of pulpwood into our boom at Brooklyn. The wood is being loaded at Sherbrooke by one of our contractors. The steamer Cabot Louet is loading pulpwood at

Whycocomagh, Cape Breton, for here. Work on the
slashing & barking plant is being rushed as the booms are
now practically filled to capacity and steady shipments
of wood will be coming by water from now on. The
mill construction is behind schedule & some say we will
not be making paper before January next year. There are
now 1200 men employed at the paper mill plant.

**COMMITTEE IS
NEW M.V.A. COURT**

Milton People Given Authority
To Impose Fines For
Law Violators

MILTON, July 28—Auto traffic has increased to such an extent, accidents and speeding has become so frequent that the citizens of the community have been compelled to apply to the Highway Board for an emergency. It was not found possible to establish constables to this section constantly as there are too few to cover the large mileage of the Province, but a safety committee has been appointed by the Minister of Highways with jurisdiction in this matter, among their duties being to report all violations of the Motor Vehicle Act.

Already several fines have been imposed for speeding.

The members of the Milton Safety Committee are as follows:—J. S. Morrison, H. Freeman, W. F. Kempton, R. C. Walker, L. A. Minard, T. R. Raddall, and F. F. Harding.

From the
Halifax Chronicle
July 29/29

Aug. 3, 1929. We have had practically unbroken fine weather for two months, and the whole country is parched. A serious forest fire has broken out between Pesaquess Lake & Shelburne River; and is threatening a big stand of timber there. Our company has rushed 60 men with pumps, etc., to the scene.

Aug. 4, 1929. Heavy rain all last night and today brought relief from the long drought, & effectually squelched the forest fires.

Aug. 10, 1929. J. R. Gordon, of Milton, who has been with Mersey Paper Co. about a month as head timekeeper, is transferring to the woods dept. office as a general office man. E. C. "Red" Mills, also of Milton, is transferring from the stores to the woods dept. as a scaler. It is rumoured in Halifax that the Sonora Timber Co. is to be absorbed by Mersey Paper. The Sonora company came to Guysboro County and southern Cape Breton about six years ago and has been doing a considerable pulpwood export business. It is run by two Russian emigrés named Riazanoff and Agapayeff, said to be former officers of the Czar.

August 12/29. I receive cheque for \$88⁰⁰ from Street & Smith Corporation for my short story "The Strange Affair of the Salvador". They have changed the title to "Togo's Reward" and will publish it in Sea Stories Magazine.

August 13/29. Catherine, daughter of Dr. J. W. Smith of Liverpool, admitted to her father and the townspeople generally today that she and a young workman at the Mersey Paper plant named Hemsworth were secretly married at Greenfield last Sunday. Doctor Smith very upset and forbids Hemsworth the house.

Sunday, Aug. 18/29. Spent the day aboard Col. Jones' yacht, the "Aweniske" (she is Henderson & Inness old fishing boat ^{fisher's} the "Crawler" refitted). The diesel auxiliary refused duty so we sailed away under canvas at 11 A.M., before a stiff northwest wind that freshened to half a gale. We sailed as far as Port Mouton & did some deep-sea fishing off the bay there. The steward dished up an excellent lunch and a really de-luxe tea, and as the Col. had plenty of firewater along it was a splendid party. As we started for home, a new yacht (the Gull, just built at Shelburne for J. H. Winfield of Halifax) came along headed also for Liverpool, and she chased us all the way to Western Head, where we lost our good sea breeze and were obliged to tack into a light wind off the land. The Gull went by us & got in ahead. We tacked up the harbor to Fort Point & anchored until a motorboat arrived to tow us to the wharf. The Col. plans installing wireless aboard her & wants me to look the thing over and report regarding ways and means.

August 26, 1929. Attended a meeting in the Town Hall tonight, called by Mr. Robert Long for formation of a Queens County Historical Society. About fifteen people present, including Dr. Mulhall, Mrs. John Day, Mrs. (Capt) Manning, Miss J. C. Mullins, Mrs. McDonald (Manager Royal

including W. F. Kempton & Mrs. Lord of Milton.

Bank), Mr. C. DeWolfe, & others. List of officers decided upon were Hon. Pres., Robert Long; Pres., W. F. Kempton; Vice-Pres., W. A. Retson; Sec.-treas., J. H. Raddall. An advisory committee to prepare a constitution and bye-laws consists of Miss Mullins, Mrs. John Day, & Col. C. M. L. Jones & Mr. DeWolfe. Next meeting called for Sept. 4/29.

Sept. 1, 1929. Hon. John F. Mahoney, Minister of Natural Resources in the Legislature, was killed tonight in a motor accident in Halifax. This reduces Premier Rhodes' majority in the House to a doubtful one. On August 31st Ollic Millard was killed when Tom Millard's new car overturned on the bad turn between Brooklyn & Mill Village. Tom said to have been drunk at the time. He has not drawn a sober breath for months. Milton people are recalling the death of Frank Legge, who undertook to act as guide for Tom Millard on a fishing trip two years ago. Tom was drunk enough to upset the canoe and sober enough to save himself, but Frank Legge drowned.

Tom purchased from the N.V. Power Commission all the saw-logs cut in the Rossignol flowage area last winter and has erected a mill at Indian Gardens to cut them into lumber. Payment to the govt. is being made on the basis of "mill scale", and a scaler has been appointed by the govt. to safeguard its interest. Robie Millard, as a member of the Power Commission "triumvirate", negotiated the deal with brother Tom, and also

appointed the govt scales!

Sept 3, 1929. The river is very low, and as the lakes are practically dry, there is much doubt that the new plants will be able to supply power for the paper mill before Spring.

The "Beacon Bar" dredge fell so far behind schedule on the Brooklyn contract that the St. John Dredging Co. has been given the larger portion of the work. They have a powerful bucket dredge, with two large attendant steamers, at work. The Liverpool bar is also being dredged. The paper company is erecting 30 houses on the ridge above Brooklyn village.

Sept 19, 1929. Five days of rain have raised the river amazingly, & all the brooks are in flood - including my own, which has flooded my cellar again. The old wooden dam at Indian Gardens is shut tight for storage purposes.

Sept 28, 1929. I am busy in my capacity as Assessor for the Milton district. There have been many transfers of property in the past year, and several new properties. Two of the thorny problems are the Milton Hydro-Electric Co., which has renewed all the old pole-lines & built a new one to Brooklyn in the past year; and the Power Commission, which is assessable for land acquired but not for dams, machinery etc. There is at present a dispute between the town of Liverpool & the County over the respective assessments. A committee (of which John More is the

town representative and Rupert H. Gardner the County rep.)
now going about the County looking into assessments.

There is much excitement in the Province over the rapidly approaching plebiscite on the temperance question. The temperance people have their old professional war horses such as Mrs. H. P. Newcombe, in the field, and the usual dismal pictures of drink are being drawn by certain fanatics of the Protestant clergy. The "Temperance Reform Party," which is against Prohibition has issued a manifesto signed by 209 men prominent in the business, professional & clerical life of Halifax; similar manifestos are being circulated in various parts of the Province — I signed one of them the other day.

The case of the Nova Scotia Tramways & Electric Power Co. (of Halifax) and the Avon River Power Co., is now before the Public Utilities Board. The Halifax company wants to exchange power with the Avon Co., & claims that only by so doing can it cope with the increasing load at Halifax. The Power Commission says it can cope with the Halifax load by diverting the waters of the Ingram River into the St. Margaret's Bay system; but the Halifax company points out that the Commission cannot do this owing to Clause No. 6 of the Government's agreement with the Mersey Paper Co.,

which secures to the Paper Co. stream driving rights on the rivers of Nova Scotia. As the Mersey Co. has purchased a large block of timber (from Miller's) on the Ingram watershed, it could claim big damages for a diversion of the Ingram River.

The St. Margaret's Bay power has been a bone of contention between the city & the N.V. Power Co. since construction, and both the Halifax dailies are greatly exercised over this sensational development of the Mersey deal. The Halifax Chronicle is hinting that a power trust is forming in the Province. This may or may not be so. But when I recollect (1.) that the Royal Securities last week purchased the Barrington Electric Co.; (2) that it already owns the Halifax Tramways & Power Co.; (3) that (through the Mersey Paper Co.) it owns the Sissiboo & Clyde Power Company; and (4) that (through the Mersey Co. again) it owns "stream driving rights" on every undeveloped river in the Province — I wonder if maybe there is some truth in the Chronicle's idea.

J. R. Gordon, Geo. Mc Bleon & James A. Hunt are subpoenaed to testify before the inquiry into the value of the assets of Mersey Hydraulic Co. which has been expropriated by the Power Commission. The hearing takes place Oct. 1st.

Oct. 2, 1929. The Baptists hold a meeting tonight to decide definitely on a parsonage. I notified the trustees of the church

that I would sell my property for \$2500. Enos Ford tells me he is in favor of buying an existing house for a parsonage; but I understand the Rev. Mr. Ayling is exerting every influence upon the trustees to have the parsonage rebuilt on the old site.

I understand that Amos Washington Broughton, shoe-string financier of small pulp and woodworking mills, who has flitted on and off the Queens County scene for 15 or 20 years, has been discharged from his position as manager of the Charleston pulp mill. He left two weeks ago for parts unknown. The Scott Paper Co. had sent a man down from Chestet, Pa., to take over. (Broughton later turned up in Calabaria, promoting a corking plant, which ran for a time & then perished. He suspected & became a small farmer near Calabaria, & then a pit-prop buyer at Halifax.)

Oct. 10, 1929. Tonight Enos Ford & Willard N. Freeman, trustees of the Baptist Church, called to say that (as a result of a church business meeting last night) the church accepts my offer of Oct. 2nd. They paid me \$100⁰⁰ as first payment, taking my receipt; I stipulated that I retain occupancy of the house until Spring, to which they agreed.

Oct. 17, 1929. The irrepressible A. W. Broughton has popped up again at South Brookfield. He has interested a Quebec firm - Bienvenue Freres - in the erection of a large bucket factory there. The Liquor Plebiscite campaign is now in full swing. Much bitterness being displayed, especially by certain Protestant ministers on the Prohibition side. The Catholic clergy remains

admirably silent in the matter. A newspaper report says that the newsprint industry in Upper Canada is alarmed over the fact that sales agents of Mersey Paper Co. are offering newsprint F.O.B. Atlantic ports at 3^{c} less than current rates. It is stated that "efforts to buy out the Mersey mill have been unavailing". (See June 5, 1929)

Oct 31, 1929.

The plebiscite voting was held today. Five polls were established in Milton, the two extra ones being for the accomodation of men on the river developments. Col. Jones, an enthusiastic supporter of Government Control, placed cars and trucks at the disposal of the river crews to convey them to and from the polls. The "election" passed off quietly and with a remarkable absence of drunkenness. Late returns gave Govt. Control a majority of 25,000. Queens County turned in a majority of about 250 "Dry".

Nov. 5, 1929.

Mr. Wilde informed me this morning that he has resigned his office as treasurer of the Mersey Paper Co. and leaves within a month. I gathered that differences of policy between himself and Col. Jones were prime factors. Tom Ratchford (asst. treasurer) has asked Col. Jones for the position, but thinks some friend of the Col's is slated for it. Wilde is a prince and I'm sorry he is leaving.

Great preparations are being made for the grand opening of the mill, which is slated for December 10th. I have been appointed "editor" of a mass of material being prepared.

here for the special editions of the Halifax Herald & Halifax Chronicle & Liverpool Advance. Doubt is expressed by the working force that the mill will be in readiness by Dec 10th. Nov. 7, 1929. A meeting of the Queens County Historical Society in the Liverpool town library tonight. About a dozen present. The evening was wasted in discussion of a site for a building. As the Society's funds amount to less than \$30.00, I tried to point out that raising money for a building was the first work of the Society, and the site could be chosen when we were ready to build. I went on to say that as it would be probably the work of some years to finance a building, we must pursue our objective as best we could in the mean time, and a program of historical research for the winter should be mapped out as a start. Nobody paid any attention to this & they went on audibly dreaming about the building they were going to erect and the place they were going to put it.

Those few members who attend the meetings are mostly elderly people of impractical ideas with an ungovernable tendency to turn every meeting into a gossiping sewing-circle sort of affair. Not more than three or four of them know or care a hoot about the history of the County, and God knows why the rest of them belong to the Society. Unless that prince of dreamers, our founder, Mr. Robert Long, can produce the building funds

of which he talked so confidently, I fear the Society will come to naught. Given a building, we can take up Col. Jones' offer to build a fireproof vault, and open a museum. There is an immense quantity of historic material in the homes of the County which would be donated if we could guarantee safe storage.

There has been a terrific drop in values on the stock markets at New York & Montreal - the inevitable end of the orgy of speculation in which the North American public has indulged for three years. Halifax speculators said to have lost five million dollars.

Nov. 10, 1929 I receive cheque from Street & Smith, Publishers of Sea Stories Magazine for \$90⁰⁰, payment for my story "Little Red Gods".

Nov. 18, 1929. Monday. Easterly gale and pouring rain. This afternoon at 4 P.M. there was an earthquake lasting two minutes. The new steel-and-brick mill buildings, built as they are on the bed rock, vibrated quite violently. The "quake" was felt all over the Maritimes and Newfoundland with equal severity. Seven of the main trans-Atlantic cables were broken somewhere on the sea floor off Newfoundland, but other than a falling chimney or two, and canned goods falling off grocers' shelves, there was no damage in Nova Scotia.

Nov. 20, 1929. Tom Ratchford called me aside today & informed me that he had been given the position of treasurer to the Mercury

Paper Co. He proposes to augment the staff with two men, one of whom will be J. A. Parker (manager of the Macleod Pulp Co., who had applied for a position). The other will be an expert cost accountant. He proposes therefore a redistribution of the work, as we are each doing a hodge-podge business at present. All ~~financial~~^{financial} accounting will be done by one man, who will have absolute charge of the various bank and cash accounts. This job he offered me, on condition that I guarantee to stay with the job at least a year. (He knows of my literary ambitions.) I accepted. There is an increase of pay with the job, which will be given at an indefinite future date.

Nov. 30/29. Parker's switch from the Macleod Co. to the Mersey Co. brings out the interesting fact that someone in Milton has ~~long~~ been writing Fessenden & applying for the job as manager, stating that "they understood Mr. Parker intended joining the Mersey Paper Co. staff." This well-disposed person turned out, of course, to be J. Roy Gordon, who has been using every means, fair or foul, to get back the job which he quit so romantically on May 3, 1926. He had written Fessenden back before Parker applied for a Mersey job, and Fessenden wrote Parker asking if this was so. A telegram from Fessenden to Gordon accidentally came into Parker's hands, revealing the identity of the busy letter-writer.

Nov. 30, 1929 (cont'd) The first paper to be made and finished at the Mersey plant, came off N^o 1 machine today.

Dec. 2, 1929. Mr. R. G. Weldon left for Toronto today. Quite a crowd at the station to see him off, and general speculation as to the exact cause of the rupture between himself and Col. Jones.

Today the Mersey Co. paid another \$2000 to Wm. Duff, M.P. "for purchase of lot" (See entry June 25/29).

Dec. 6, 1929. My old ship, the "Wataka", is at the mill pier discharging coal. I went aboard & chatted with the ^{winch}operator, a fellow named George Day, whose brother was a lifeboatman at Sable Island when I was there. The sight of the dirty old ship brought a lump to my throat — though I can't understand why. On looking over my diary I recall that I was not very happy on the Wataka. Perhaps it was because she reminded me of my careless, dreamy youth — lost and gone forever. I wish I hadn't seen her again. She calls up old memories best forgotten.

I thought I'd settled into the grind of business life, but the old lure of the roving life comes back as strong as ever.

Dec. 14, 1929. Saturday. The official opening ceremony of the Paper Mill took place today. One thousand people in all parts of North America had been invited, and fully 500 of them came, including over 300 from Halifax. The Halifax contingent came in two

special trains, hired for the occasion by the Paper Company. Liquor to the value of \$500⁰⁰ was placed aboard the trains for the refreshment of the guests, (no ladies were invited), and full use was made of it. "Mac" Hall, one of the company representatives on the train, told me he never saw such a drunken orgy in his life. Some of these leaders of Halifax business & social life remained in their berths in a stupor until the train reached Brooklyn.

At noon the premier pressed a gold button, ringing a bell, and the doors of the mill were thrown open. I was an "official guide" and had in my party Louis Gastonguay, mayor of Halifax; A. J. Weldon, of the C.N. Railways; George McClearn, of Liverpool; Fulton Macleod, of Brooklyn; Mr Cameron, of the Dominion Coal Co. and some others whom I did not recognise. After the tour of the mill the whole crowd sat down to a camp lunch in the big dining shack, the walls of which were decorated with roll-ends bearing the paper Co's trade mark, the table-cloths and waiters' caps being of newsprint. A newspaper souvenir called the "Mersey Times" was printed during lunch, on a special linotype and press operated by the Halifax Herald staff. This printing outfit had been set up in the mill for the occasion. The paper, which included pictures taken an hour before of the opening ceremony, and the (previously divined) speeches, was issued to the guests at the close of the luncheon. At 3:30 P.M. the crowd set out in cars for a

similar ceremony at the power developments up-river.
Dec. 15/29. Sunday Col. Jones gave a party at White
Point Inn to the department heads of the Mersy Paper Co
and of the various contracting firms. Wine flowed freely, and
as a result some of the guests returned to Liverpool in merry
mood. They started a shindig in Mouzar's Barbecue and then
resisted efforts of the police to eject them. The police force
consists of two Annapolis Valley men, named Palmer and White,
a pair of keen fighters who have kept wonderful order in
Liverpool during the construction period. When the "boys"
became "obstreprous" these policemen waded in with fists
and clubs, with the result that the party ended in jail.
Some of the "boys", including L. McWilliams of the Canadian
Comstock Co., and Archibald, of Dominion Engineering Co, have
broken heads or sadly marred features for souvenirs. Col. Jones
has protested against this "man-handling" by the policemen
and is said to have demanded their dismissal. The citizens
are taking sides in the matter, most of them torn between their
dislike of Col. Jones and their dislike of the policemen.

Dec. 20, 1929. Heavy rain for three successive days has
swept away every vestige of snow and ice and reduced the
roads to quagmires in which cars and trucks wallow and scrape.
I purchased a quart of Peter Dawson Scotch whiskey from

Allison Aulenbach, of "Corkscrew Inn", the bootlegging store on the Milton road. He charged me #4⁰⁰, which is just 50¢ cheaper than it is sold by the government vendors.

Dec. 23, 1929. I went to Halifax today, leaving Liverpool at 1:40 P.M. and arriving at 6:15, the train being on time — a miracle.

Dec. 26, 1929. Returned to Liverpool by the combined freight and passenger train, leaving Halifax at 2:45 P.M. and arriving in Liverpool at 9 P.M. Spent a pleasant holiday at home, the first in four years. Halifax is a changed city, humming with prosperity, new buildings everywhere. I spent every afternoon and evening at the new "talking-pictures", which have been installed in the Halifax theatres during the past year.

Jan. 6, 1930. Norwegian steamer Sagali sailed tonight for New York with the first load of paper from the Mersey mill — 1300 tons, value \$65,000. The steamer Maskland, specially constructed for the Mersey Co., is on her way across from England.

There is no snow and the roads are alternately hard and soft with the frosts and thaws. Fortunately for motor traffic, the Highways Dept. had smoothed up the road from Liverpool to the mill and from Milton to the mill, with their new tractor-scrapers. By scraping the road at night

before the mud has frozen, they have succeeded in keeping a remarkably good surface.

Jan. 7, 1930. Cableship Cambria returns to Halifax from cable repair with the first definite information about the upheaval off the Grand Banks on Nov. 18th. Only two of the twelve broken cables have been repaired so far. The Cambria found the ocean bottom lifted, the water being $\frac{1}{4}$ mile shallower in one place, and the cables buried deep in mud. They brought quantities of lava to the surface on their grapnels. They state that the breaks in the various cables form an even line, which, if extended on the map, would cross Burin, Newfoundland, (where there was a terrible tidal wave after the earthquake)

Jan. 9, 1930. Mild weather, with south-west wind and temperature hovering between 50° and 60° , reduced the Liverpool - Brooklyn road to a quagmire today. We were working at the office until 10:30 P.M., and had to lift and push Katchford's car all the way ^{home}, shovelling it out in two places. Twenty cars and three busses were stuck and abandoned in the road. We had to get a truck to pull Katchford's car out of two places, & finally got to Milton at half-past midnight. The situation is serious as there are 400 men working at the plant night and day, most of whom have to come by road from Liverpool and Milton.

Jan. 10, 1930. The Paper Co. has arranged a special train making five trips per day between the mill and Liverpool while the road remains impassable. Col. Jones has been raising blades with the Highways Board, with the result that Mr. McCullough, engineer, and "Bob" Smith, local road superintendent, came to the mill for a long serious conference. As a result it was decided to build a macadam road from Liverpool to Brooklyn, the Paper Co. paying half the cost. I was working again tonight. Walked home from the mill with J. A. Parker in exactly 55 minutes.

Jan. 13, 1930. The roads are frozen and passable once more. The special train service is discontinued. A gang of men and trucks are already at work on the road, getting rock and gravel at Hendry's pit on the Milton road.

Jan. 18, 1930. Cold. No snow yet. The paper company's steamer Markland, specially built this year at Hull, England, arrived at the Brooklyn wharf today, bringing a small cargo of bagged coal and assorted liquors for ballast. Col. Jones held a reception on board this afternoon, to which the business men of Liverpool were invited. The assorted liquors flowed mightily freely all day. She will load paper on Monday for New York. Heavy rain again tonight.

Feb. 6, 1930. We have had two weeks of wintry weather. Tonight the thermometer dropped to 15° below zero. Attended a meeting of the Queens County Historical Society tonight at which it was decided to proceed with a memorial tablet to Demonts & Champlain. Col. Jones nominated chairman of the committee in charge of this as the tablet is a pet idea of his.

Feb. 7, 1930. Tonight the recently organized hockey team of the Mersey Co. went to Bridgewater to play against the team of that town. Four hundred people went with them in a special train from Liverpool. The game was a hilarious affair in which Bridgewater shot goals until they were tired and then permitted the "Merpacos" to score a few times out of courtesy. The score was something like 11-3. The crowd returning on the train (at 1 A.M.) was very drunk and boisterous, with plenty of free fights and broken windows.

Feb. 25, 1930. A fortunate day. I received notice that my salary is increased to 175^{00} per month, retroactive from Jan. 1st this year. Also I received cheque from Street & Smith for $\$800^{00}$, for my serial-length story "Captain Moonlight", to be published in Sea Stories Magazine.

NOVA SCOTIAN'S SERIAL STORY ACCEPTED BY U. S. MAGAZINE

Feb 28, 1930. The splurge opposite appears in the Halifax Herald of today's date; it is from the pen of Mrs. "Curtie" Newcombe, who combines the office of Principal of the Milton school, and local correspondent of the Herald. The interest excited locally by my story rather surprises me. People are stopping me on the street and congratulating me as though I had fallen heir to a huge fortune. Harry Madden is arranging for a special display of the magazine when the first issue comes out.

Wins Success



T. H. RADDALL

OF Milton, Queens county, whose serial story, "Captain Moonlight", has been accepted by "Sea Stories" magazine, published in New York.

T. H. Raddall of Milton Continues to Win Success With Sea Stories.

MILTON, Feb. 27.—T. H. Raddall, one of Nova Scotia's authors, has achieved success in the literary world, his latest story, "Captain Moonlight", having been accepted by "Sea Stories", a magazine published by Street and Smith of New York. The "Sea Stories" will shortly commence publishing in serial form "Captain Moonlight", a romantic story of the sea of the eighteenth century. The opening of the serial is being featured by a special cover designed for the purpose.

T. H. Raddall is the son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Raddall, D. S. O., who was killed in action in France, and Mrs. Ellen Raddall of Halifax. His education, which was begun in his native home, Kent, England, was completed in the public schools of Halifax, where he came when a boy. Even at this early date he gave evidence of marked talent, winning several prizes in essay-writing.

MOVED TO MILTON

LEAVING school during the last year of the war and having a keen desire to serve his country he entered the Canadian wireless service and was stationed on several ships as well as on Sable Island.

Coming to Milton seven years ago in the employ of the McLeod Pulp Company Limited. Mr. Raddall devoted his spare time to his favorite occupation, story writing. His experiences as a wireless operator giving him ample material, he devoted his thought to the line of sea stories. Two years ago this young writer met his first success when his Sable Island story, "The Three Wise Men", was published by MacLean's Magazine. Since then his stories have been appearing frequently in magazines, more especially in "Sea Stories." Mr. Raddall is at present an office employee of the Mersey Paper Company Limited.

Mar. 1, 1930. Today the Mercy Paper Co. paid Wm. Saff another \$1,000, making a total of \$8,000 paid to him since the Paper Co. began petitioning Ottawa for a better breakwater. Our old friend F. J. D. Barnum was at the mill today and had a long session with Col. Jones. The Paper Co.'s timber experts have been busy cruising the Macleod lands all winter and I suspect that the visit of F. J. D. B. is in connection with a sale of the old ~~paper~~ mill properties to the Mercy Paper Co.

March 26, 1930. I notified the trustees of the Baptist Church that I had drawn up the deeds and am prepared to complete the transaction of sale at any time now.

The minister, Mr. George R. T. Ayling, a dynamic little Englishman, is not taking very kindly to the idea of my house as a parsonage. After the old parsonage was burned, he was eager for the church to rebuild, on the old site, at a tendered cost (from a local firm) of \$7000.00.

The trustees decided instead to buy my property. The rev. gentleman has behaved in a very odd manner since.

These gospel grinding parasites, who pray aloud for the souls of their flock — and worry always for the comfort of their own bodies!; who urge the flock incessantly to "give unto God" — and, assuming the role of deity, pocket the proceeds in the form of comfortable salaries and allowances!

April 3, 1930. Gave twenty five dollars to Israel Cole, an old lumberman who has fallen upon evil days. A bachelor, he has managed a precarious existence for years, living in a decrepit barn beside the brook which flows between Harris and Warren Dexter's houses on the West side of the river.

The ~~day~~ other day, the barn burned down in his absence, destroying the oxen with which he earned a livelihood, and all his scanty worldly possessions. Sydney Morton & others are contributing lumber to build him a shack to live in.

April 4, 1930. J. A. Parker told me today that the Power Commission had paid the Macleod Pulp & Paper Co. about 60,000.00 for the shares of the Mersey Hydraulic Company.

J. R. Gordon has been ill since March 3rd with influenza and accessory eye and ear troubles.

April 16, 1930. Today I moved my household goods to Liverpool, where I have taken the flat in Mrs Fred O. P. Patch's house on Main Street.

April 17, 1930. A great sensation in the legislative assembly at Halifax, when Hon. Wm. Chisholm, leader of the Opposition, declared that (a) The Mersey Paper Co. was in financial trouble, and (b) That the company was operating at part capacity due to being unable to sell its full production. This came as part of a bitter verbal battle started by the tabling of

Mersey power development costs in the House some days ago. Hon. J. Fred Fraser, chairman of the Power Commission, admitted that the total cost was \$6,000,000⁰⁰, or 40% in excess of the estimated cost of \$4,250,000⁰⁰. Then when W. L. Hall introduced his bill to compel all owners of timberland in excess of 1000 acres to obtain government permits for the cutting of pulpwood — the heavens fell. The Liberal members declared it was designed to prevent export of pulpwood in order to create a wood-buzzing monopoly for the Mersey Paper Co., and then Mr. Chisholm made his astonishing attack on the company.

His statement (b) is a falsehood, as the mill is running to full production and every ton sold to the end of the present year under contract. There is some truth in statement (a), though not in the impression that Chisholm tried to create. The Mersey Co. is paying its bills and is financially O.K.; the financial trouble is being experienced by J. W. Sillam and his Royal Securities Corp, who have put fourteen or fifteen millions ^(including cash and notes) into the mill construction and timberland purchases, and have so far been unable to sell stock in the enterprise to the public. The stock was floated at a very bad time — following the terrific market crash last Fall — and very little of it has been taken up so far. There are rumors that Sillam has

been offered a cool profit of one million dollars by selling out the enterprise en bloc to an unnamed syndicate, but that he would prefer to retain control and peddle the rest of the stock to the public. In this connection I am curious as to the significance of the visit of ~~the~~ Mr. Allen, (late of Tidewater Paper Co., now of International Paper Co.) to the mill today. (See entries June 5 and Oct. 17, 1929)

THE HALIFAX HERALD

FRIDAY, APRIL 18

1930

The item opposite is in the Herald - the government party organ. The sentiments expressed therein are echoed by the Chronicle and by people of both political creeds the length and breadth of the province.

I understand from a hint of Parker's that the Leander - Barnjum interests got \$60,000⁰⁰ from the Power Commission for the capital stock of the now defunct Mersey Hydraulic Co. (Par value of stock \$20,000 - a clear profit of 200%)

Was Well Paid

RECENTLY, the Chairman of the Nova Scotia Power Commission gave the Public Accounts Committee of the Legislature details of purchases of lands in connection with the Mersey River hydro development.

The statement supplied the information that Phil H. Moore had been paid \$30,000 for his property at Lake Rossignol.

This information was sought last year, and was with-held, as the Commission Chairman then stated, "in the public interest". But we are still unable to understand why it could not as safely have been supplied one year ago.

Now that the correct figure is given, the public will be in a position to judge if the price paid for the Moore property was excessive. The Herald is of the opinion that the owner certainly did not suffer through the transaction, particularly when it is remembered that the property was assessed at a very small figure. That, however, is a question for the municipality concerned, and does not necessarily indicate the value of the lands and buildings which were located there.

Mr. Moore asked \$50,000. He got \$30,000.
HE WAS WELL PAID.

April 21, 1930. The fight over Bill N^o 151 (re. licences for cutting pulpwood) waxes fast & furious. Ralph P. Bell and his faithful lieutenant Major McLean have jumped into the arena, opposing the measure.

Tonight the trustees of Milton United Baptist Church - W. N. Freeman, C. D. Ford, & A. H. Kempton - called to make final settlement for my house. They paid me \$1900⁰⁰ in cheques & cash, and gave their joint note for \$500⁰⁰.

April 30, 1930. Bill 151 has passed the House on a straight party vote.

May 1, 1930. The mill production today was over 260 tons, a record output for two machines. We have had wonderful weather for two weeks or more and I am walking to work along the railway track every morning. The woods are dangerously dry and Col. Jones has sounded a warning to all fishermen & campers, through the press.

May 2, 1930. The first forest fire of the season gave us all a scare and a desperate afternoon's work.

McWilliam, George Mulhall, & I came over from Liverpool on the train at 1:40 P.M. Just as we got in the office, one of the stenogs said "Why, look at the fire"; and there was a spurt of smoke & flame on the right-of-way which we had just passed on the train. I ran down & warned the Forestry

Office, as there was a stiff westerly wind, and the Company's experimental park was dead to leeward of the fire. Then I ran through the yard, jumped the mill fence, & was soon at the scene; but the fire had grown beyond the stage where one man could accomplish anything. After sweeping through the dry bracken on the right-of-way for 150 feet or so, it jumped to a clump of spruce, crossed a woods road, & went roaring up through the park. The mill fire alarm blew and all hands turned out, including the crew of the "Markland". The houses on the Brooklyn road were threatened, and the Liverpool fire apparatus was sent for. The situation was saved by the mill fire hose, of which crew I became a jumpy member. It delivered a tremendous pressure (requiring four men to hold the nozzle) and with it we passed straight up along the leeward side of the fire, simply drowning everything as we went. Extra reels of hose were kept handy and snapped on as we progressed, and the results were splendid. But it is not often that a powerful stream like that is available for fighting forest fire.

May 6, 1930. A forest fire broke out today between the Five Rivers and Milton. Fire-fighting crews were rushed into the area via Beech Hill and Milton and succeeded in getting it under. The woods are tinder dry

May 7, 1930. A forest fire broke out today with terrible results. It started just above the Indian camps at Milton and fanned by a fierce N. W. wind, swept toward the sea. At the mill the smoke became visible about 1 P.M., and at 2:30 P.M. the fire had spread so alarmingly that Col. Jones ordered the mill shut down and every man out to fight fire. By this time the fire had swept across the Beaver Dam road, burning five houses there. I became part of a gasoline-pump crew which arrived on Moose Hill road just as the fire reached the houses there. There was desperate work. Three houses and four barns burned with all contents, but we managed to save ~~to~~ three houses further down; all of which caught fire. We finally stopped the sweep toward Milton by some furious work in the thick pine grove behind Aubrey Coombs's house. In the meantime the fire jumped the Moose Hill road about 3:30 P.M. and went swishing down through the thick woods toward Brooklyn. We piled our pump and hose aboard a truck and flew (fifty miles per hour!) to the Brooklyn road, arriving in time to save Pyke's house after some wild work in the pine woods behind it. The fire crossed the road there, burned through the grass on the marsh and burned the wooded knoll near the

railway station, to the edge of the harbor itself. Embers from this actually blew across the harbor and ignited one or two old sheds at the Fort, which were quickly extinguished. The fire swept down over Great Hill (where a bucket brigade from the mill saved several houses) and came upon the settlement of Sandy Cove like a bolt from the blue. Thirteen houses were destroyed there, as the fire surged across the road, and a Chrysler car owned by one John Crawford (the "Rawleigh man") was caught and burned on the roadway. Crawford was lucky to escape with his life. Tonight the fire ate out to the Milton road and was finally halted at Wildcat Rock by the Bridgewater fire engine, a gasoline pump crew from the mill, and a great crowd of men with brush, sacks, and even sticks. For a time the houses at the town limit about Chesley's corner were seriously menaced, but the Liverpool fire engine was set up there and the fire halted.

It was a wild afternoon and night. Thirty seven buildings were destroyed and over 100 men, women & children are homeless.

May 8, 1930. Thursday. Today the fire roared on to Port Medway as the wind came up with the sun. Three houses were destroyed on the outskirts of Mill Village, including that of Jason Creed, wealthy telegraph inventor.

Port Medway railway station was saved after a severe fight. The fire jumped the Medway River near the railway bridge and burned into the heavy timber on the east side in addition to, sweeping the west side. Tonight a view from the fire rangers tower on the Brooklyn — Mill Village road, showed the fire raging down upon Beach Meadows, Eagle Head, & West Berlin, burning along a five mile front. Fire fighting gear was being rushed to those villages tonight.

Friday, May 9, 1930. In addition to the fire now sweeping to the sea along both sides of the Medway river, there is a huge fire burning at Jordan Falls and revealed by a dense pall of smoke in that direction. If the rain doesn't come soon the whole country will be a black desert. A relief fund is being raised for those who were burned out in Queens County. The Halifax Herald was prompt to send \$200⁰⁰ and the Town of Lunenburg has granted \$400⁰⁰.

Saturday, May 10, 1930. A detachment of troops from Halifax has arrived at the Medway fire area by train, and the fire there seems to be well in hand.

May 14, 1930. Firem Lupper & a Mercy pump crew arrived at the mill from the Medway fire, which they report out.

Freem says there was a stiff battle to save Beach Meadows and Eagle Head, but no property was destroyed.

May 15, 1930. This afternoon a heavy rain commenced, the first in a month. The rain will put an end to forest fires now raging all over the province. The fire relief fund is now \$12,000. Most of the burned-out people are putting up temporary homes of boards and canvas. (The canvas supplied gratis by Mersey Paper Co.) Today the mill made a record run - 272 tons. J. R. Gordon back at work today, after being laid up since March 3rd.

May 24, 1930. Dominion Election announced for July 28th.

I receive a cordial invitation - "as a member of the committee" - to attend a caucus of Tory war-chiefs at the home of Billy Ernst, the member for our constituency. Those old stalking-horses, Robie Willard & Dr. Ford both approached me with regard to my possible assistance at Milton in the election. I refused. They bemoan the fact that Roy Gordon, J. A. Parker, Ned Mills & myself are out of the game, having moved away, with the sole exception of Gordon. Gordon claims he is out of politics for keeps. We four have been the hydra heads of the Tory monster - as far as Milton was concerned - for the past several elections, local & federal, and I think we can point with all due

modestly to certain fruitful results in that sterile
Liberal vineyard. For myself, I can find no fault
with the present Liberal govt. of Canada. I wish I
could say the same for the Conservative regime in N.S.
May 29, 1930. "Ernie" Packard (alias Paubert) our paper
mill supt. left today for Sault Ste. Marie where he
becomes Asst. Manager. Dempsey, one of our boss machine
tenders, becomes Supt. Packard is the second of our
imported executives to return to the fair land of
Ontario (Mr. Wilde was first) I suspect that most of
the others have watery eyes on that land of promise,
but the present hard times in the industry there do
not afford them the opportunities they have here.

June 3, 1930. The office staff was dismissed at 3 P.M.
in order that they might attend a baseball game between
the Seven Seas Fisheries and Mespaco teams. Brenton
Smith & myself repaired to the Liverpool tennis court
for the first game of the season.

June 6, 1930. After three weeks of reduced eating and of
strenuous exercise I have reduced my weight from 172
lbs to 165. Had three sets of ardent tennis with Parker
this afternoon & beat him, 2-6, 6-0, 6-4.

The work on the Brooklyn - Liverpool road, begun

in January, was discontinued abruptly a month later, and the public has been jolting over the rocks (which were dumped as a base for the proposed macadam road) ever since, with great damage to tires and springs. Public protest has been loud & long, & came to a head two weeks ago when Capt. T. V. Inness discontinued his bus service on account of the condition of the road. Work has now been resumed, a new rock-crusher has been set up in Winters' pit, and we hope to have a ~~new~~ first-class road by the end of August. The Paper Co. is paying \$15,000 toward the cost.

June 28 - July 2, 1930. Spent the holiday in Halifax. Had my photo. taken at Harry Moss' Studio. A synthetic romance on Barrington Street. Met Clyde Blancy, Edna Kaddy & other old acquaintances. Drove up and back with Reg. Percy, - an old Chebucto-ite.

July 6, Sunday. Visited the rum fleet now lying at the waterfront. Seven long low craft, all painted grey, & equipped with powerful Diesels. Most of them were built in Liverpool by Steadman Gardner. Some of the names were: - "Winona R" - "Good Luck" - "Betty & Mary" and "Ada M." The latter has a speed of 17 knots and is the biggest of the lot. She was captured on her

#

maiden voyage last year, while discharging her 150,000
cargo in a creek on the U. S. coast. Her owners promptly
bought her at public sale & she is doing a merry business.
All of the boats are fitted with radio transmitting & receiving
outfits, and radio compasses. Their exhausts are muffled
so perfectly that they can do nearly full speed in
perfect silence. In each exhaust, also, is fitted a little
valve; in case of daylight pursuit this valve is opened
and a stream of kerosene is shot into the hot pipe,
creating dense clouds of smoke which screens them
from effective gun-fire. I went aboard the Winona
R. & chatted with the operator, a plump little Frenchman
of forty who had served with the French navy in the
Mediterranean during the war. He has a compact little set which
is contained in a cupboard about 2' x 4' x 4'. The transmitter
is C. W., operating off a storage battery in the engine room.
He gets 450 miles in daylight with it, and uses a wave-
length of 35 metres. When I entered the cabin he was
calling another rum-runner, using "CH" and "HR" for
call-signs. He told me most of the fleet was owned
in the U. S. but that most of the crews were Nova
Scotians. The seamen are paid \$750⁰⁰ per month with a
bonus of \$100⁰⁰ for each cargo successfully unloaded.

They average \$250⁰⁰ a month. He said they have given up the practice current for the past two or three years of running cargoes directly into harbors on the U.V. coast; they have gone back to the original practice of lying outside the 12 mile limit and discharging into smaller craft—except in special circumstances. The average trip is three weeks and they sometimes lay to at the sea rendezvous for six or eight days without sight of the shore craft. He complained of the loneliness and monotony, & of the hardships of the winter season. Some of the boats are registered in Liverpool, some in La Have, one or two at Weymouth. One or two have been running liquor for two or three years without so much as a challenge from the U.V. coastguard ships. One of the boats was a brand-new one, just built at Shelburne, & now here to be fitted with Diesels. On Thompson's wharf were three new sets of Diesels which will be installed on recently built craft. #

July 17/30. Today the Co. sent a cheque for 5000⁰⁰ to J. McE. Stewart, the corporation lawyer, "on account of purchase of Veinot lands." This brings out a decidedly peculiar deal. Last Fall our Woods Dept. cruised the

the Veinot lands (they are on the Lakkave River) & reported them a good buy at \$9000.00. This was the selling price of W. H. Osborne, who had an option on them. To the cruisers' surprise, Col. Jones turned the proposition down flat. It was dropped. Next, Col. J. L. Miller (a director of the company) buys up the Veinot lands at Osborne's price. Now the company is buying them, through "Jim" Stewart (also a director) for the sum of \$15,000⁰⁰. It has a fishy smell.

July 28, 1930.

After a strenuous campaign the Dominion Election was tested at the polls today. The result was a sweeping defeat of the King govt; 138 Conservatives & 85 Liberals being returned. A feature of the election was the breaking of the Liberal bloc in Quebec, 25 Tories being elected there as compared with 5 in the last election. Ernst was elected in Queens-Lunenbourg. His majority was 1200 of which over 900 was from Queens County. The defeat of the Liberal govt is attributed to two things: First, the sweeping depression following the stock market crash of last Fall; Second, the new U.V. tariff, which excludes a large number of Canadian manufactures. It was felt that the low-tariff policy

of the Liberals would not permit them to take the "brick for brick" retaliatory measures required, although they promised certain reprisals.

July 29, 1930. Tonight a parade of 150 cars with torchlights and a band, came to L'pool from Lunenburg County to celebrate the victory. There was a great crowd in town. Mr. Ernst spoke from the hotel steps amid great enthusiasm. Some excitement was created by an unknown person who had engaged a room in the Mersey Hotel immediately over the steps where Ernst was speaking. This person, evidently a disappointed follower of Mr. J. J. Kinley (the Liberal candidate) opened his window at the opening of Mr. Ernst's speech, and shouted "Bull Shit!" several times in a stentorian voice. Satisfied with this, the man withdrew before measures of "suppression and reprisal" could be taken. Otherwise the celebration passed off without incident.

Aug 1, 1930. The Avalon Telephone Co Ltd of Newfoundland redeem their 1946 bonds at 105 today. Thus I make a neat profit of \$5⁰⁰ on the \$100 bond I purchased at 100 a few months ago.

Aug 3, 1930 Claude Robart was instantly killed this (Sunday) morning at the mill. He was working with an overhead gang & came in contact with an electric wire on a 575 volt line. A veteran of the Great War, he had spent several years in the bootlegging game under the guise of a taxi owner, and after getting into financial trouble decided to "go straight". He got a job at the mill and had been working steadily for several months when he met his death.

Aug 4, 1930 The new gov't. rum shop is to be in what was formerly the Southern Salvage Co's office, directly opposite the Town Hall. Carpenters have been busy remodelling the place for a month, and rumor hath it that the store will open for business on Aug 15th, with Jack Joudrey in charge.

Aug 16, 1930 Owing to the prolonged draught the level of Lake Rossignol is very low, and there is fear that there may not be water enough to run the power developments until the Fall rains come. Accordingly the mills are going on a five-day week operating basis until the water situation improves. This is going to make a sick looking cost sheet for Mersey Paper. With full operation the margin ^{OF PROFIT} is very narrow.

Col. Jones is preaching economy in the plant but is not, of course, practising what he preaches. He is "selling" his yacht to the company! He bought it from Henderson & Inness (see May 1929) while in his cups, according to town rumour. It was a plain ordinary fishing schooner and he spent a tremendous amount of money converting it to a yacht. I understand he is to get the full cost (\$35,000) from the company.

Neither Parker nor myself can see how Mersey Paper can stand its present overhead, and with items like this yacht being stuck into capital account there will be a reckoning some day. The mill has already cost one million dollars more than the estimate. (see A.W. Broughton's prophecy of January 18, 1929)

August 27, 1930. My sister Hilda is staying with us for ten days. Today the government liquor store opened for business in the old Southern Salvage office, and did a thriving business. Jack Joudrey, the manager, is a former pitcher on the Liverpool ball team; he used to deliver newspapers, using this as a blind for a prosperous bootlegging business. The store is directly opposite the Town Hall, and the soldier on the war memorial seems to be looking

into the doorway as he waves his shrapnel helmet and cheers.

Sept. 2, 1930. Ratchford leaves tonight for a month's

vacation. He broke the news to me that Parker will take charge in his absence, which means that J.A.P. is to be Assistant Treasurer when the appointments come through. I am more disappointed than I have ever been in my life. I sweated through the mad days of construction with the "chance of a lifetime" ideal to keep me going. Then, Parker stepped in, just when things were getting smoother, and was given the chance that I feel should have been mine.

J.A.P. has ability and, what is more than ability, a mighty lucky star. He is still holding down his post as manager of the old Macleod Pulp Co., drawing the salary, using the Macleod furniture, car etc; and now, in addition, - this. It is the second time he has stepped in ahead of me. He has much more experience than myself, and probably more brains, but it's a very bitter pill to swallow. I am seized with a wild desire to throw up everything and go back to sea, where there were no worries, no ambition, and plenty of changing scene.

Sept. 3, 1930 The French airmen Dieudonne & Coste passed over Liverpool at noon yesterday on their epic flight from Paris to New York. It is the first unbroken East to West passage between the two cities. The world is also agog over the discovery of the body of Salomon Auguste Andree, Norwegian explorer who left Spitzbergen in 1897 attempting to drift across the North Pole in a balloon. It was found on a desolate island by a Norwegian sealing vessel.

Sept. 7/30. Col. Jones, with H. W. Jones, editor of the Halifax Chronicle; and J. H. Winfield, of the Maritime Telegraph Co, sailed for Newport, R. I., today in the yacht, "Avenishe". They are attending the big yacht race there between Sir "Tommy" Lipton and Mr. Vanderbilt.

The mill has been on a five-day week since the ^{15th} of August owing to low water in the lakes. About 50 men have been laid off.

Sept 23, 1930. Alfred F. MacCoy died very suddenly today at his home at Albany, N. Y.

Sept. 24, 1930. Representatives of the Hearst Newspaper syndicate, and of the Canada Power & Paper Co, were in Halifax today on the way to Montreal from New York. Col. Jones was conferring with them. Canada Power has secured a juicy portion of the Hearst business by

double-crossing its fellow members of the Canadian Newspaper Institute. There is talk of another huge merger, to take in all Canadian mills except the International Paper Co. In this connection I am wondering what Killam is planning for the Mersey Paper Co. So far he has put ~~seven~~ ^{seven} million dollars into the company (^{Preferred Stock 5,000,000} ~~2nd Mortgage Bonds 2,000,000~~).

He has borrowed \$3,000,000 as a general loan from the Royal Bank, (secured by the unissued \$5,000,000 ^{1st mortgage bonds}) and a further \$1,000,000 under ^{of the BANK ACT} sec. 88 from the Royal Bank. As the mill cost a round million dollars more than the estimate, the Co. is staggering along with a very inadequate working capital. We are giving notes for payment of ordinary accounts payable, and paying the more insistent construction creditors out of receipts for paper sold - a state of affairs which cannot continue very long.

Sept. 27/30 (Saturday) This afternoon a party including Marie Freeman, Vera Riegel, Edith & myself went for a picnic with Brenton Smith in his car. Drove to Saledonia, thence to New Germany via Pleasant River & Colpton. Had a picnic tea at Wentzel's Lake, driving in to Bridgewater for the "talkie" show. Weather turned to rain as we returned to Liverpool but not much rain fell. The whole country is suffering from the long drought.

Wells are dry, and people are carrying water for miles. People in Milton are using water from the river, and there are two cases of typhoid there. Water is being taken into Lockport in railway cars and being sold at 10¢ per gallon.

Sept. 28/30. Sunday. Went for a drive this p.m. with Dr. Donald Smith & wife, to Caledonia, where the hospitable "Ern" Kempton of the Alton House regaled Don & myself with cool beer. Inspected A. W. Broughton's big farm, which he is operating in connection with his new canning factory. Also drove into South Brookfield, where ^{St. Lawrence} ~~East~~ Brothers, a Quebec firm has established a splendid little bucket factory. They are building a dozen or so neat houses for their employees and seem to be generally going about the business in a confident & business-like manner.

Oct. 5/30. Sunday. The long drought ended in a spectacular manner with a terrific N.E. gale and rain, starting last night and raging all today and tonight. Some damage was done to the new breakwater construction work, Merrill Rawding's pile-driver going out to sea. Reports state severe damage to the apple crop in the Valley. By a curious coincidence, a similar storm raged today over France, causing one of the most terrible air tragedies of our time. The huge British dirigible R-101 (a sister ship

of the R-100, which visited Canada this summer) was driven to earth by the storm at Beauvais, France, and instantly burst into flames, destroying over forty of her crew and passengers. The flight was the long heralded commencement of the England - India airship line, and the passenger list was a distinguished one. Among those killed were Lord Thompson, Secretary for Air in the British government, and Sir Seston Brancket, Director of Civil Aviation.

Friday, Oct 10/30. As the result of a distant storm, a terrific S.E. sea suddenly rose today and thundered into the harbor for several hours, going down almost quickly as it arose. The surf at Western Head, whither we went in J.R. Gordon's car this evening, was magnificent, although it had moderated immensely since noon. While we were sitting in the car watching the surf, a beautiful buck deer came out of the woods & approached within 20 feet of the car, running away very quickly when Gordon shouted "Whoa!"

The sea did great damage to the new breakwater extension, destroying the centre section entirely, and badly twisting the other two. A whole summer's work and a lot of government money washed away in a few hours. Skimpy concrete work was partly to blame, according to Brooklyn gossip.

Monday, Oct. 13/30. Yesterday and today the whole countryside sweltered. The thermometer was 85° in the shade this afternoon. A forest fire broke out up-river today. Fire-fighting crews were despatched from the mill but there is little to be done, as there is no water in the woods.

Wednesday, Oct. 15/30. Started for Halifax with Edith on two weeks vacation. On the train encountered W. J. Rowe, naval architect who designed the champion fishing schooner Bluenose, also J. McGregor, a wireless operator in the rum-running fleet operating between St. Pierre, Nova Scotia, and the U.S. A most interesting pair. Rowe had a bottle of whiskey and the trip was a merry one.

Wednesday, Oct. 29/30. Returned by train to Liverpool. Had a splendid vacation, tramping over old haunts in the day-time and seeing splendid "talkie" shows every night.

Saturday, Nov. 1/30. This afternoon Brenton Smith, J. A. Parker & myself went to Seven Mile Lake for a week-end hunting trip. Took a tent, sleeping bags and a canoe in and on Parker's car. At about the six mile we came upon two deer, a buck and a doe, standing in the main road. Our rifles were in the bottom of the car under our gear, and there was a wild scramble for weapons. The buck jumped into the woods but we could have shot the doe, which stood fearlessly at the

roadside for several minutes. Arriving at the Seven Mile we had to tote our duffle about 300 yards to the lake, which is a beautiful sheet of water about a mile long and $\frac{3}{4}$ mile wide with deep bays in which were large flocks of ducks. The voyage across the lake was an adventurous one as the canoe proved "cranky" (due largely to hurried & careless loading) and a gale sprang up while we were half way across. We tented on an old log landing in some deep woods on the north shore, and amused ourselves until late by calling up owls. We were up at 5 A.M. ^{SUNDAY} and had our breakfast eaten by daybreak (6 A.M.) Took the canoe and paddled down the brook, which flows out of the lake in wide curves northerly and easterly toward the Medway River. Stopped at a big bog, and I "called" for a moose, without success as the mating season is several weeks past. About 2 miles down the brook (a beautiful stillwater stream with a uniform width of about 15 feet and with scarcely a rock in it) we came upon two does standing on the bank. We stopped paddling and drifted toward them. They stared at us and did not run until we were a canoe length from them; a beautiful snapshot if I'd had my camera. We stopped at Vaughan's Clear, the site of an old logging camp, and ate our dinner. Navigation is difficult in the brook from here to Burnaby Lake as the brook falls in a series of rapids, and as we wanted to

be back on the main road by dark we turned back. Paddling up the brook again we came suddenly upon a buck deer, evidently the "husband" of the does we had seen on the way down. He was a splendid target, standing on the bank. Smith, being in the bow, had the only chance to shoot and he held his fire until too late. The buck leaped into the brook just ahead of the canoe with a great splash, swam across, and disappeared in the woods on the far side before Smith could make up his mind to fire. We "kidded" him about this unmercifully all the way home. Got back to our tent at 4 P.M., had tea, and were out at the main road with our canoe and duffel at dusk, 5:30 P.M. The country was full of game, plenty of deer and moose signs, also rabbits and partridge; and we made a solemn covenant to return next year in the "calling" season with cameras instead of rifles.

Tuesday, Nov. 4/30. This afternoon I moved my furniture from the old Patch flat (where I have been living since April 19/30) to the house built by Mr. Story a year ago, which Tom Ratchford has just vacated.

Thursday, Nov. 13/30. My birthday: A meeting of the Queens County Historical Society was scheduled for tonight but only six (including myself) showed up. This in spite of postcards mailed to 30 town members, and notice in the local paper.

Sunday, Nov. 16/30. A beautiful day, wonderful sunshine, calm air, and no mud. Three pleasure motor boats were skipping about the harbor, and one hardy soul was sailing up and down in a dory with a leg-o'-mutton sail. I strolled out to the Wharf Rocks and sat by the sea.

Monday, Nov. 17/30. Another beautiful day. In this present dry frosty weather the lake level is dropping fast. The company is already running its auxiliary turbo-electric plant to the limit and will soon be forced to shut down the pulp grinding plant, which uses a very large proportion of the power. With this contingency in mind the executives are casting about for a place to buy pulp. Parker has been in conference with them regarding possibilities of the old Mutton pulp mills. Kloss has been to Sheet Harbor, which is shut down for lack of water.

Sunday, Nov. 30/30. Heavy S.W. gale started at midnight, with heavy rain. Everybody hopeful about the power situation.

Monday, Dec. 1/30. The rain let up tonight. The first prolonged downpour since last Spring. The lake is rising slowly. Col. Jones has signed up the New York Tribune; the Newspaper & Magazine Paper Corp. (Hearst) and the Scripps-Howard Supply Co., for substantial tonnage on a ten year basis. This appears to clinch the mill extension, plans for which have been going forward

all summer and fall.

Saturday, Dec. 6/30. The White Point Beach Co. is going into liquidation according to an advert. appearing in the Halifax papers. It is less than two years since it came into existence and the cash investment is said to be \$150,000. Phil Moore was the guiding genius, & he inveigled H. M. Bradford, the Halifax investment broker, into underwriting the stock. Bradford must be pretty sick, for he has sold a lot of the stock to his clients, in addition to being "stuck" himself.

Sunday, Dec. 7/30. George Strachan, ("Strong") the town drunkard, was found in a pool of blood in the field adjoining Miss Mullins' house, at an early hour this morning. He had been horribly bitten, apparently, and had bled for hours. The damaged part of his anatomy had to be amputated, and he is now lying in the town jail (there being no hospital) and is not expected to live. It is thought to be the result of an insane spree in one of the nigger dives, and that his body was thrown in the field.

Dec. 15/30. Detective "Led" Power, from Halifax, who has been investigating the George Strachan case without success, has announced that "the man fell on a broken bottle" and returned to Halifax. Doctor Hennigar, who attended the man, declares that the mutilation was accomplished by a rather dull knife and

by a person who knew exactly what he or she was doing.

The subject has been a province-wide sensation, being headlined in the Halifax Evening Mail. Strachan is in the Bridgewater Hospital recovering rapidly. He claims his mind is a complete blank on the night of the event.

Monday Dec 15/30. Col. Jones returned from a busy month in New York with contracts which (he says) will ensure the full operation of the Mersey mill for the next ten years.

On the subject of the proposed extension to the mill he is silent. Ratchford tells me that "pressure has been brought to bear" on Killam by big paper interests, compelling him to abandon the idea of the third machine. If the third machine proposition meant any profit to Isaac Walton Killam, the "pressure" must have been tremendous!

We had a real old-fashioned blizzard last night and this morning, and tonight the temperature is 5° above zero.

Christmas Day. Had a merry time at Edith's home where all the family were gathered, fifteen sitting down to table. A beautiful day, just enough snow to whiten the ground, and bright sunshine.

Friday, Dec. 26/30. The papers report a huge sale of liquor at the govt stores, and also the smallest amount of drunkenness in many years, all over the province.

This should give our temperance cranks food for thought.

The Paper Co's steamer Markland arrived from New York slightly damaged from touching on the Hedge Fence Shoal in Vineyard Sound during a snowstorm.

Monday Dec. 29/30 Liverpool rum-runners engaged in the American trade have been suffering heavily this Christmas season. The profits are large at this season and greater risks taken. The "Audrey B.", built here by Steadman Gardner in 1928, was captured yesterday, making three local vessels taken within a month. All of them were damaged by one-pounder shells before they surrendered. One of them was caught tied up to a wharf in Long Island Sound, discharging her cargo into waiting trucks. Her captain ordered her engines to full speed, snapping the mooring lines like thread, but she was brought to by shell fire before she had gone very far.

Tuesday Dec 30/30 Went to my first bridge party - at Freeman Suppers, in Milton & captured first prize!

Wednesday Dec 31/30 Spent New Years Eve at a card party at Parker's. The Katchfords, Gordons & Suppers were there. No prize, no luck. A wonderful clear night.

Thursday, New Years Day. Turkey dinner tonight at Dunlap's. Hugh, Hector, Ralph, Rector & myself played "cut-throat" forty-fives till after eleven. Great fun.

Saturday Jan. 3/31. Parker, Smith & myself went for a rabbit hunt today up the river above Lower Great Brook. We drove there in Brent's car, as it had been cleared with snow ploughs between the base camp and N^o 1. We tramped for three hours on snowshoes and only got one rabbit. The going was terrible; about two to three feet of snow and very soft owing to the afternoon sun.

WEDDINGS

SMITH—ROBINSON.

A marriage of interest to a large circle of friends in Queensland was solemnised on Saturday night at St. James' Church of England, Toowoomba, when Mr. George Warren Smith, Wyeabah, Dirranbandi (only son of Major Smith, O.B.E., and of Mrs. Smith, Sevenoaks, Kent, England) was married to Miss Elspeth Robinson (youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Robinson, formerly of the Commercial Bank, Toowoomba, and now of Brisbane). The church had been beautifully decorated by girl friends of the bride. The aisle was lined with palms and the altar was massed with pink and white lilies. Posies of pink and white lilies tied with white ribbons beautified the guest pews.

The officiating clergyman was the Rev. J. E. N. Osborn, and Mr. Ferguson presided at the organ.

The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a sleeveless frock of heavy ivory satin, the bodice of which was plain and tightly fitting, and was set into a hip yoke, from either side of which wide sash ends of the same material were carried and tied at the back with a loose bow. The skirt was bouffant and featured an uneven hem, falling to ankle length at the sides and back. She wore a veil of silk net arranged in cap effect, caught to the head with a circlet of orange buds and white heath. The veil fell to form a train. She carried a shower bouquet of frangipani blossom, maidenhair fern, and tinted foliage, tied with daffodil streamers, and finished with long trail which fell to the hem of her frock.

Miss Page Freshney, who attended as bridesmaid, wore a frock of apple green featuring a peacock train. Her hat was in the same shade, and she carried a posy of crimson roses tied with rose coloured ribbons, and set in a rose coloured holder.

Mr. Douglas Brodie (Dirranbandi) was best man.

After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. W. Robinson entertained about 40 guests at the Cafe Alexandra.

Mrs. Robinson received the guests wearing a draped gown of rich black crepe de Chine. The skirt featured an uneven hem, and had drapings caught at the side with buckles of French paste. The bodice was relieved with a vestette of cream lace, and was finished with short slashed sleeves. She also wore a black Bangkok hat relieved with a piping of silver tissue and set with ospreys. She carried an Early Victorian posy of blue delphiniums, hydrangeas, and love in the mist, set in a silver holder.

Mesdames Val. Shannon, Pembroke, Surat, and E. Clewett, Toowoomba (sisters of bride), also assisted in entertaining the guests.

Mrs. Shannon wore a frock of leaf green and white floral ring velvet; the bodice was cut on straight lines, and the skirt fully flared. She wore a bandeau of green tulle, and added a scarf of green rose and gold lame edged with black silk fringe.

Mrs. Clewett wore a fringed shawl of purple crepe de Chine and a black hat with her draped frock of pale pink marocain.

On leaving for the wedding tour Mrs. G. W. Smith wore a frock of leaf brown and white floral marocain, with which were worn a closely fitting hat of brown Baku straw and a tailored coat of natural kasha.

The news item opposite, concerning my old childhood chum, George Smith, is from an Australian paper of a month or two ago.

Jan. 16.
Friday, 1931.

Today I installed a General ^{Electric} Radio (purchased at dealer's price through the Company). It is a beautiful machine and gives splendid reception.

Tuesday Jan. 20/31.

The house purchased from Reg. Freeman by a mysterious stranger named Melvin last year, was burned at Milton last night in the midst of a stormy night.

The circumstances are suspicious, the house being heavily insured, the furniture removed, and the sole salvage of the ~~the~~ volunteers consisting of a recently emptied oil can.

Thursday, Jan. 22/31.

Deputy Fire Marshal Wright sprang two sensations today. He arrested the man Melvin at Milton for arson. He also arrested James Gardner of Liverpool for arson, in connection with three mysterious fires started at various times during the past month at the rear of Gardner's store opposite the Town Hall. Gardner started a mens clothing store under the Oddfellows rooms during the late boom and is said to have lost heavily in the business. He has attempted to sell out his stock in various sales and also advertised the business for sale in the Halifax papers. During the past six years Gardner has made considerable money in the rum game, and is reputed to have been one of the slickest bootleggers in the Province. He operated a taxi business as a blind.

Monday Jan 26/31 Tonight the remodeled theatre in Town Hall opens as a talking-picture show, the name being altered from "Opera House" to "Astor". Seth Bartling, whose bid of \$3300⁰⁰ per annum for the lease of the theatre from the town, was the highest, had associated himself with the Spencers film interests of St. John, forming Astor Theatre Ltd.

Tuesday Jan 27/31 The item on the opposite page, culled from this morning's Chronicle, created a tremendous sensation in Liverpool today. Byrne started his law practice here about four years ago, shortly after graduation from Dalhousie, and was very popular among the young set. He spent much of his spare time with Phyllis, only daughter of Col. C. H. L. Jones, and there were rumors of an engagement. He seemed to do very little with his law business, being very haphazard and indolent, but always had plenty of money. There are rumors of other well known people being connected with the business, and the Preventive Service detectives promise "the most sensational rum trial ever held in Canada". I think that the whole thing will be hushed up in that case. It has been impossible to jail the big bootleggers in the past and I don't think things have changed at all.

LIVERPOOL LAWYER AMONG ARRESTED

Charged With Being Con- cerned With Well Orga- nized Efforts to Smuggle

(Special to The Chronicle)

OTTAWA, Jan. 26. — A sensational clean-up of alleged liquor smugglers was completed during the week-end by the preventive staff of the Department of National Revenue, with the arrest of three men in Ontario and a warrant issued for the arrest of another party to the alleged conspiracy in Liverpool, N. S. It is a severe blow dealt by the department to well organized efforts to bring back into Ontario, liquor which went originally from Ontario and Quebec to St. Pierre, Miquelon, thence by circuitous sea route to the coast of Nova Scotia and back to Central Canada by railway.

NOVA SCOTIA LAWYER ARRESTED

Captain George Downey was arrested today at Cornwall, Ontario, by officers of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, on a charge of conspiracy to violate the Customs Act; Harry Low, well known in that community, was arrested this afternoon in Windsor, Ontario, on the same charge; J. Ross Byrne, a prominent barrister of Liverpool, N. S., was arrested in Sault Ste Marie on Saturday night; and a warrant has been issued for the arrest of E. C. Smith, owner of a large fish warehouse in Liverpool, N. S. While an officer was leaving Halifax with the formal documents for these men in Ontario, it is learned that three of those arrested have volunteered to go east to Liverpool for a hearing and without awaiting the documents.

Just before Christmas a carload of liquor valued at \$18,000 was seized at Truro, N. S. This liquor had been smuggled into Nova Scotia, and was placed in the railway car packed with fish, five cases of liquor to one case of fish, the warehouse of Mr. Smith at Liverpool. It is alleged, being used for this purpose. The consignment was billed to the address of a fictitious person in Toronto, but it was intercepted in transit at Truro and taken back to Halifax by the preventive officers.

TRICK PLAYED ON ALLEGED SMUGGLERS

At this stage in the proceedings a neat trick was played by the officers on the alleged smugglers. After the liquor had been removed from the car, the seals were replaced on the car and it was allowed to go forward. It reached Toronto and a man named Anderson, there, arranged for it being forwarded to Windsor, Ont. When it reached Windsor, it was shunted about in the yards a few times and finally it aroused the suspicion of railway officials in the Windsor yards. They broke the seals and opened the doors to find the car was empty and had been moved empty from Halifax, where the liquor consignment had been stored in the Customs warehouse. Great credit is given the preventive service for having found the origin of the cargo and also its destination.

SHIRING OF CUSTOMS OFFICER ATTEMPTED

Another serious complication in this case has arisen with the possession of papers by the preventive officers which indicate that bribery of customs officials was attempted in the case, and further charges may be preferred for attempts at bribery of officials in the discharge of their duties. Some of those involved in the smuggling charge, attempted, according to papers in the possession of the Department, to bribe the customs officer at Liverpool and also the provincial officer at that port. The sum of \$200 was actually received, it is said, in the mail by the customs officer, J. McG. Stewart, a well known lawyer of Halifax, has been retained by the Department to deal with the case when it comes up at Liverpool late this week.

It is known that the arrests made during the week end are the culmination of three weeks of strenuous work by the preventive officers and the plan by which the men under arrest attempted to get back to Ontario liquor which originated in that province had been the prohibition travelled to St. Pierre, Miquelon, and back indicates one of the many wide ramifications of the rum running activities under the new liquor law which was enacted by the Federal Parliament in the last regular session.

A prominent official of the Preventive Service, interviewed by The Halifax Chronicle last night, said that the above arrests were the results of months of patient work. He intimated that the seized car was the first of a contemplated series of shipments through Nova Scotia to Upper Canada. "This is the biggest thing ever attempted in this line," he said, "but we think we have nipped it in the bud and caught the big bosses."

The preventive men have been working under the strictest secrecy on this case, and while at the time of the transfer of the liquor at Truro station on December 25 it was thought that a few cases had been seized, no inkling of the truth that a whole carload of contraband had been found was allowed to leak out.

Harry Low, one of the men arrested in connection with the case, is reported to be a millionaire, a well known. While other carloads of liquor have been seized in Nova Scotia enroute to the Upper Canadian provinces, this is the first time that any arrests have followed and it is alleged that one of the most powerful "rum rings" in existence has been broken by these arrests.

No date has yet been fixed for the hearing of the cases at Liverpool. The men are charged with "conspiracy to smuggle," the penalties for which range from seven to 15 years imprisonment.

Prominent Merchant of Liverpool Is Arrested

E. C. Smith Charged With Conspiracy to Defraud Customs — Three Others on Way to Liverpool For Preliminary Hearing

A total of four arrests have now been made in connection with the alleged rum-running bared by the preventive service, after a long investigation, and the next stage in the drama will be the preliminary examination of the accused men at Liverpool, N. S., within the next few days.

As three of the accused men, Harry Low, of Walkerville, Ont.; Captain George Downey of Cornwall, Ont., and J. Ross Byrne, young Liverpool lawyer, are being brought from Ontario, where they were arrested, another arrest was effected in the case late on Monday night, when Officer C. D. Richards took E. C. Smith, prominent Liverpool merchant, into custody at that town. Smith was taken before Stipendiary Magistrate E. S. Hendry of Milton, a few miles from Liverpool, was formally charged with conspiracy to defraud the Customs, and was bailed in \$1,000 sureties being given by E. F. Hunt and J. T. Mulholl of Liverpool.

Chronicle, Friday Jan. 30, 1931.

Downey And Low Jailed

J. Ross Byrne Goes on to
Liverpool by Car to
Get Bail

HEARING IS TO BE
HELD ON MONDAY

W. G. Ernst, Col. E. C. Phin-
ney, A. W. Jones, K. C.,
Engaged For Defence

(By the Canadian Press.)

"It's been a lovely trip down," remarked Harry Low, of Windsor, Ont., as with Captain George Downey and J. Ross Byrne, Liverpool barrister, he stepped off the train last night, under police escort, to be met by a reception committee which included a mounted police sergeant and a crown prosecutor. The trio and face charges of conspiracy to smuggle, and after their applications for bail have been heard, will be given preliminary hearing at Liverpool, probably on Monday afternoon.

BYRNE TRAVELS UNDER ESCORT

Low and Downey were lodged in the county jail tonight, and will be taken to Liverpool tomorrow. Byrne was allowed to continue to the south shore town by motor, under escort, where it was understood bail was to

be granted in his case tonight. The others, it was said, had been offered the same privilege, but elected to remain over for the morning train.

With E. C. Smith, Liverpool merchant, who has been released on bail, Low, Downey, and Byrne stand charged with conspiracy to smuggle, the charges growing out of the discovery at Truro, by Chief Preventive Officer A. T. Logan, and his squad, of a carload of liquor camouflaged as fish. The car, from which the liquor had been removed, was re-sealed and allowed to continue to Windsor, Ontario. The arrests of the three followed in Ontario towns.

That carload, it is alleged, was part of a flood of liquor, exported from Canada, which was intended to be brought back into the Dominion, thus eluding excise taxes, for Canadian consumption and export to the United States. The sum of \$1,500,000 has been mentioned as the figure yearly shipments of this nature were expected to reach.

BYRNE AND LOW JOVIAL ON ARRIVAL.

Byrne and Low were jovial as they detrained in charge of R. C. M. P. Constables Rockwell, Young and Storey, but Captain Downey, thus something less than genial. Sam Low, brother of Harry, was also in the party. After a conference of prisoners and counsel with Sergeant B. A. Blakeney, local mountie chief, Byrne left for Liverpool and Downey and Low were escorted to the county jail.

W. G. Ernst, M.P., who also arrived tonight, from Ottawa, is representing Byrne, with E. C. Phinney, K. C., handling the case for Low and Downey. With Col. Phinney, A. W. Jones, K. C., will be associated in the defence, and it is expected that C. P. McTigue, Low's Ontario lawyer, will arrive in a day or two to be present at the hearing.

It is understood that bail, in the sums of \$10,000 for Low, \$7,000 for Downey, and \$6,000 for Byrne, will be asked by the Crown.

I understand that
Byrne was in Sault
St. Marie on business
of Col. Jones, whose
home town it is.

There was some legal
matter involving certain
real estate there, I
think. Byrne had
letters of introduction
from Col. Jones & B. J.
Waters, addressed to
various friends of theirs
in Sault St. Marie.

Tuesday, Feb. 3/31.

Three councillors were elected in Liverpool today amid some excitement, as eight candidates were in the field, including J. Ross Byrne.

LIVERPOOL, Feb. 3.—As a result of a civic election in which keen interest was shown by the citizens here today Liverpool has elected two new Councillors who have never held public office in this town before, and re-elected George Whynot, a veteran favorite in the council chamber, who now enters upon his fourth two-year term. Thorold Woodbury Wells led the polls with 364 votes; George Whynot ran him a close second with 361, while Ralph Starr Millett received 275 votes. The five other candidates polled respectively: Donald C. Kelso, 184; Arthur Sproule, Sr., 104; John E. Hallatt, 143; Daniel McIntosh, 79; J. Ross Byrne, 63. Mayor Harry D. Madden retains office, completing the two-year term won in his election in 1930.

D. C. Kelso, the purchasing agent of the Paper Co. was very disappointed. He is a loud-mouthed member of the "Ontario contingent" — always making fun of the Nova Scotian things and people — and was seeking election in order to take the town to pieces and rebuild it à la Ontario. Kelso, like his noisy brethren, owns very little taxable property, and is therefore quite willing to boost the tax rate in order to carry out "improvement schemes"

Wednesday, Feb. 4/31. Chronicle.

TELLS OF LANDING LIQUOR AT WAREHOUSE.

Giving evidence under protection of the court this afternoon, E. C. Smith, himself charged with being involved, told Crown Counsel that on the night of Dec. 31, 1930, he landed 500 cases of liquor at his fish warehouse, transferred it to fish boxes and loaded it aboard a railway car. For this service, he said, he was paid \$1,200 by George Downey. He had met Downey after being informed, near December 15, that a man wished to see him at Byrne's office.

Many of Crown Counsel C. S. Smith's questions were put over the objection of W. G. Ernst, counsel for Byrne.

TELLS CHIEF OF WHAT WAS GOING ON

Customs Excise Officer H. E. Nickerson said that on Dec. 15, Byrne had asked him if he wanted to meet two nice men who were in the liquor business. On the following day he left for Halifax to tell his chief "what was going on," and next saw Byrne on the eighteenth.

D. C. Kelso, the purchasing agent of the Paper Co. was very disappointed. He is a loud-mouthed member of the "Ontario contingent" — always making fun of the Nova Scotian things and people — and was seeking election in order to take the town to pieces and rebuild it à la Ontario. Kelso, like his noisy brethren, owns very little taxable property, and is therefore quite willing to boost the tax rate in order to carry out "improvement schemes"

Post Office for him, and that Harry Low had drawn \$4,000 from a bank that afternoon. In his Post Office box he found a letter containing four fifty dollar bills, which he turned over to A. T. Logan, at Halifax.

A man came into Byrne's office while he was there and was introduced as George Downey. Byrne left the office momentarily, and the newcomer said, "I suppose you know what I want."

Downey, the witness said, stated that "they" were "in the liquor business and had the railroads fixed", and asked Nickerson if he knew shipping agents Shirley or Crockett in Halifax.

Witness said "no." He was then offered, Nickerson stated first \$125, then \$200 a week, to "look out for the Nova Scotia police, and get them out of town for a couple of hours while we are landing booze."

Byrne, he said, was also present when this offer was made.

Byrne suggested, the witness said, that the best method of collecting this stipend would be to come into his office, take off his hat, and on leaving remove the money from the hat without knowing from whence it came. Downey suggested it be left at the Post Office. He did not answer to these suggestions, Nickerson said, but met his chief, A. T. Logan, in Bridgewater that afternoon. That evening, Byrne stopped him as he was returning, and told him a letter was at the

He saw Byrne two days later when he said, the lawyer asked him for \$75 "out of the \$200 he had received." The suggestion was that he leave the envelope in a book in the back seat of Byrne's car and come back for the change.

In cross-examination, Mr. Ernst questioned Nickerson exhaustively on his method of making daily reports. The witness stated that he was testifying "partly on memory and partly on the evidence of the reports" which were sent in to his chief each week-end.

To the question, "Isn't it a fact that you hope for promotion from this thing?" he replied, "No."

Here Government Counsel C. B. Smith, K.C., interjected that in his opinion, Mr. Ernst had transgressed far enough against the rules of evidence. Byrne's counsel, however, pressed the promotion question and received an invariable "No."

Fred Stafford, truckman, said he had had the bill of lading for the car and had transported what he supposed to be fish from E. C. Smith's wharf to the station, on the night of December 22.

Chief Preventive Officer A. T. Logan said that on the afternoon of December 23 he had opened a refrigerator car, No. 203115, at the junction of the South Shore with the main line, and discovered wooden boxes, which, on opening three or four, disclosed bottles labelled as whiskey. Yardmaster Ripley had resealed the car. He next saw it late that night at Truro where it was opened, and they had the boxes taken out and transferred to another car and taken back to Halifax. The original car, resealed, was allowed to proceed.

He identified the \$50 bills as those he had received in a sealed envelope from Nickerson, and said he had suspected some such development from reports he had received from various sources.

Special Customs Officer J. J. Oakes said the shipment had contained 4,070 Imperial quarts of Canadian rye, 1750 flasks of the same beverage and 870 bottles of Scotch, and David Curten,

assistant gauger, testified as to the strength and placed the value.

OFFERED \$1200 FOR SERVICES, HE SAYS

E. C. Smith said he had had a conversation with J. Ross Byrne on December 18, or thereabouts, when Byrne had come to his office and asked him to come over and see an individual. At that time, he thought, Byrne had not mentioned the name or business of this person.

At Byrne's office he met George Downey, but was unable to say what the subject of the conversation was at that time.

"No, I couldn't tell you what we talked about," said Smith. Crown Counsel C. B. Smith asked the witness whether he remembered making a sworn statement on January 8 as to the subject of this conversation, and defence attorney W. C. Ernst objected on the ground that that the prosecutor was treating E. C. Smith as hostile witness.

Byrne, said the witness, had stated the purpose of the meeting was the business of landing liquor. He met Downey at Byrne's office and late at the hotel, where another man was present at the conference.

Here, Mr. Ernst contended that as his client was absent at the hotel meeting, his reason for bringing Smith and Downey together might have had nothing to do with liquor.

He was told, Smith said, that liquor was offshore, and was offered \$1,200 by the two men to land it, and stow it in fish boxes. He agreed to these terms, and it was landed by his boats at his warehouse, packed in fish boxes and trucked to the railway yard where it was placed aboard a car. He was at the warehouse when the liquor was landed and repacked. As far as he knew the amount was 500 cases.

Byrne was not present, he said. Downey had helped with the packing and the boxes were taken to the station, where he, Smith, had ordered a car. Downey had paid him the \$1,200 and he had paid his men out of that sum.

Replying to Mr. Ernst, Smith said he had talked with Byrne on various occasions, and that Byrne had never been present when the bargains were discussed.

SAYS MONEY CAME FROM LOW

George Downey said he had talked with Byrne on various occasions, but "it wouldn't be fair to describe the conversations, because he couldn't remember them in detail". He had talked with Byrne about landing liquor and had gone to him to find out where to land it. Harry Low, he said, had been with him when the bargain with E. C. Smith was made. He didn't know how many cases were landed, where it had come from, nor on what vessel. The money to pay Smith had come from Low. "I never had \$1,200," Downey remarked.

Wesley Levy, Charles Hanson, James Conrad, Lloyd Westhaver and Edward Whelan, all employees of E. C. Smith, gave evidence as to their activities in landing and packing the several hundred cases of liquor at Smith's warehouse. No amount of questioning, however, elicited the name of the vessel from which the shipment was landed.

"I may know her name tomorrow, and I may know her name an hour from now, but just this minute the name slips my mind," said Levy, who said he had brought in 330 cases on the Katrina, owned by Smith, after presenting a letter to one Benny MacKenzie on the mystery ship. He had "sampled" the cargo, but didn't know enough about it to say what kind of liquor it was. In his opinion, what he had was "pretty near Scotch whiskey."

Harry Low, having secured protection of the court, corroborated the evidence of Smith and Downey. They had discussed bringing in the liquor together, and he had provided the money. So far as he could remember, he had had no personal conversations with Byrne, nor was the Liverpool barrister present when arrangements had been made with Smith.

Byrne is being represented by W. C. Ernst, M.P., while A. W. Jones, K.C., of Halifax, will appear for Low and Downey. The Crown is being represented by C. B. Smith, K.C., and H. P. MacKeen.

Feb. 5/31. As a result of this morning's continuation of the hearing of the Byrne-Lowe-Downey case, the trio, with E. C. Smith, went sent up for trial at the June Assizes, by Magistrate E. F. Hendry. In the meantime they are out on bail. Lowe & Downey left for Halifax on the train.

Saturday. Feb. 14/31. For the second successive week-end the mills are closed from Saturday morning to Tuesday morning, which means that they are operating on a two-thirds capacity basis. Apparently, in spite of Col. Jones' contracts (announced with great eclat in the Halifax papers on Dec 1/30) there is still a substantial portion of the mill product unsold; and this unsold third represents the difference between profit & loss.

Sunday. Feb. 15/31. This afternoon Brent Smith & I hiked over the old Port Mouton road to Beech Hill Farms, crossed to Hunt's Point & returned to town by the main highway. A distance of eighteen miles in four hours forty minutes. The weather was sunny with a few snow squalls, & the ground barely covered with snow.

Sunday. March 1/31. Beautiful sunny day, snow practically gone. Brent & I walked to Beach Meadows & back this afternoon. Terrible going, the roads beyond Brooklyn being almost a quagmire.

March 4th and 5th. A terrific easterly storm blew 48 hours without let-up. Accompanied by exceptionally high tides (the harbor flooded into the Parade schoolhouse and the cellars of all waterfront dwellers) the storm caused great damage along the shore, though Liverpool escaped lightly.

SMITH FREED ON CONSPIRACY TO SMUGGLE CHARGE

Echoes of Famous Smuggling Charges Up in Liverpool Court, Yesterday

LIVERPOOL, March 5—Echoes of the case that set the whole province agog were revived yesterday when Edward C. Smith, local fish merchant, appeared before Magistrate E. E. Hendry today, charged with conspiracy to smuggle. The case was dismissed.

The charge against Smith was proceeded with separately and after several remands he was finally dismissed today. He gave evidence at the preliminary hearing of the other three men, stating that he had received \$1,200 from Captain George Downey for transporting 500 cases of liquor from a rum-runner to shore, packing it in fish boxes and loading it into a railway car. He also stated that he had met Downey by being told that a man wished to speak to him at Byrne's office.

The item opposite is from an inner page of the Halifax Chronicle. It bears out my previous conviction that the case will shrivel up and quietly die. The trouble with Byrne and his fellow conspirators was that they tried to economise on "baksheesh", as the court evidence showed. Now that pressure has been applied, they have probably paid up handsomely, and the matter will be permitted to drop.

Wednesday, March 18. Terrific sou' easterly blizzard began last night and raged all day. The ground being soft, the snow became slush as it fell and the streets are in a messy state. The worst storm of the winter. There is an epidemic of 'flu in Liverpool. Tom Ratchford, Geo. Mulhall, & Miss Falk of our dept. have been laid up.

A terrible marine disaster in Newfoundland. The sealing steamer Viking blew up off Horse Island, killing 22 men. The remainder of the huge crew of 155 scrambled onto the surrounding ice & made their way to shore after terrible hardships. A lantern in the powder store said to have caused it.

Milton, N. S.
March 13, 1931.

Editor of Advance,
Liverpool;

Dear Sir:—In your issue of Mar. 11, in referring to a preliminary inquiry held before me, you have perhaps inadvertently given the impression in some quarters, that the magistrate wrongfully dismissed the charge. Will you therefore kindly give place to the following:

The charge was dismissed for want of prosecution, there having been no evidence produced in answer to the particular charge against E. C. Smith. The Court adjourned four times and the Officers of the Customs Department who laid the information would not prosecute the case.

E. S. HENDRY.

Wednesday Mar. 18/31. Today's Advance contained the letter herewith

It explains the strange dismissal of the case against E. C. Smith for conspiracy to smuggle.

Evidently the "dogs" have been called off, and once again the enforcement of law becomes a joke.

Monday Mar. 23/31. J. Steadman Gardner erected my new radio aerial today, with new poles, rope, pulleys and wire. Cost, \$10⁰⁰.

Thursday, Mar. 26/31. J. W. Kellam arrived in town with two private cars in tow behind the Halifax train. With him were the Mersey Paper Co. directors (including Frank Stanfield, Lieut. Governor of N.S.) and one or two Halifax moguls. After inspection of the mill the party, proceeding to Col. Jones's house, partook of luncheon and imbibed largely of the cup that cheers. The luncheon included fresh salmon, and Mr. Kellam suddenly desired to go salmon fishing in the Mersey River. It was patiently explained to him that there were no salmon in the Mersey at this time of year, also that it was a cold day with snow flurries and a howling easterly

gale kicking up a "sea" in the salmon pools. Mr. Killam remained obdurate. He desired to live up to the name of Isaac Walton Killam. Col. Jones, full of chest, agreed that it was a good idea. So Freeman Tupper & J. R. Gordon took Killam out in a boat below Milton Falls. He attempted to stand up but fell backward upon the thwart and nearly upset the boat. After this he remained quietly fishing until dark. Tupper & Gordon, clad in heavy mackinaws, breeches and hunting boots, were frozen stiff. How Killam, in a natty blue serge suit, with thin socks and shoes, managed to survive is a mystery. Perhaps the liquor within, acted like the anti-freeze alcohol in an automobile radiator. The Milton people voted the fishermen entirely mad. Tonight there is a grand dinner at the Mersey Hotel in Killam's honor, to which all good townsmen (possessing the price, \$2.00 per plate) are invited. I went to the movies, which cost me only 90¢ and was better entertainment.

April 7/31. Continuous heavy rains are bringing up the lake level famously. The Lahave & Medway are in flood. There is still much snow in the woods about Caledonia, so there seems little likelihood of another drought such as we experienced last year.

April 12. Sunday. Fine day with cool N.W. Wind. Brenton Smith & I walked to Rapid Falls to look at the work just started there by the Power Commission.

They were at work repairing the old ^{road} bridge by the office of the Macleod Pulp Co., also rigging a cofferdam above the canal to shut off the water. The development is to be a temporary affair. They plan to use the old Macleod Canal, running the water into a short pipe line from the old waste gate. The power house will be on the site of the old paper mill (destroyed by fire in 1915) and the generators will be second-hand material brought from other power plants. It is to develop power for transmission to Bridgewater, we were told. The old pulp mills are falling to pieces amazingly; hardly a board safe to walk on, roofs and walls sagged and twisted.

April 14. Tuesday. Enos Ford, Willard Freeman, & Alester Kempton, trustees of the ^{MULTI} Baptist Church, came to town tonight and paid me \$428.23, being the balance due on my house plus interest @ 6% to date.

April 15. Wednesday. Today I paid my note for \$400 ~~00~~ given to the Bank of N.Y. on January 16th.

April 19. Sunday. Brenton Smith & I walked back to Herring Cove Lake this morning and had a picnic lunch

in the woods. After eating we followed down the east side of the brook & crossed the main water-supply dam at Nickerson's Pond. Weather very dry and hot. Fires have broken out in the woods at a dozen places between Jordan Falls and Port Medway.

Monday, April 27, 1931.

Leading Canadian newsprint mills announce a cut of \$3.00 per ton, retroactive to Jan. 1st this year, and a further drop of \$2.00 on May 1st. This means that the price of newsprint F.O.B. New York drops from \$62.00 per ton to \$57.00.

We have been selling under the market at \$59.00, F.O.B. New York. As our contracts are figured on a sliding-scale basis dependent on the market price, we must cut our price to \$54.00 F.O.B. New York.

The management of our mill is holding economy conferences, with much frowning & muttering. Office rumor says the salaries are to be cut all round — with the exception of the executives. With this rumor in mind I was rather appalled today to find that Col. Jones spent over \$18,000 last year in travelling expenses and in operating the yacht "Awenishe". That is equal to one-quarter of the total office salaries — exclusive of executives' salaries.

Sunday, April 26, 1931. Brent Smith & I visited Lempton ("Cranberry") Lake today. We left the car at N^o 1 dam and hiked to the lake over the old log road from Indian Gardens. The lake was high and we found it heavy-going along the shore to the outlet. We had dinner there, about 3 P.M., and then decided to follow the brook out to the river - a case of fools rushing in where angels fear to tread. We didn't know how long the brook was, night was coming on fast, and there was a first-class rainstorm in the offing. However, we made it after a most exhausting tramp, striking the river flowage around the brook mouth at dusk. The mouth of Cranberry Brook is a half mile below N^o 2 dam. It looks like a first class trout brook. We stopped in one place & fished a few minutes without getting a raise. Once we encountered a big moose in the trail; he surveyed us calmly from a distance of thirty feet & then seemed to vanish into thin air. The woods were full of moose & deer tracks. Plenty of partridge. Many ducks in pairs, along the brook & in the river flowage. And more porcupines than I ever saw at one time before.

The hunting lodge and the old dam-keeper's house have been moved back opposite Peter Croft's old barn on the crest of the ridge above Indian Gardens. All abandoned & decrepit.

Tuesday, April 28/31 We were informed this afternoon that all wages and salaries in the Mersey Company will be cut 10%, effective May 1st. This is expected to reduce the cost of paper about \$1⁰⁰ per ton. The paper-makers stated their objection to a reduction in wages and have wired their union headquarters for advice. The company has decided to change its wood policy in the interest of economy. Hitherto all pulpwood required has been purchased from farmers and small operators all over the province. The new proposal is to cut wood on Company land up-river. They are opening camps now and plan to get out an initial cut of 15,000 cords this year. This is expected to cost \$10⁰⁰ per cord, as against our cost of \$11.67 per cord of purchased wood — delivered at mill in both cases. This is in direct opposition to the well-established principle that "it's cheaper to buy pulpwood than cut it yourself."

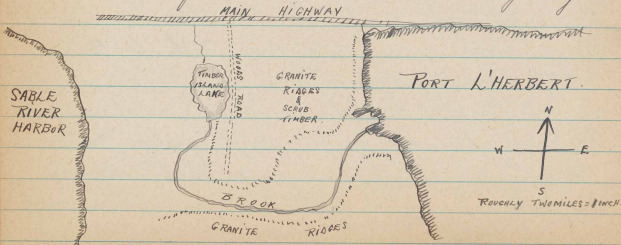
Thursday, May 7/31 The Canadian Pacific Railway's announcement of a cut in dividend from \$2.50 to \$1.25 caused the stock to drop to 31 today. Every leading stock in the Montreal Exchange fell, as if in sympathy. This dividend ^{cut} comes hard on the heels of a general cut of 10% in all C.P.R. office and supervisory salaries.

Saturday, May 9/31 This afternoon Parker, Smith & myself drove to Lake Falls, crossed No 2 dam and trekked to Kempton Brook. We reached the brook about 3 P.M. & fished up about a mile. Caught three trout weighing about 1 lb. apiece, proving that there are trout in it as we guessed on April 28th.

Sunday, May 10/31 This noon Smith & I, with Edith & Marie, drove to Lake Falls and spent the afternoon fishing in the tailrace of the power plant. The plant is shut down on Sundays and the tailrace becomes a still pool, teeming with fish. Brent & I caught four trout of a good size, and thirty or forty perch and suckers. We were using worm bait as it is pretty early for fly fishing. Two fellows from Liverpool came along, using live minnows for bait, and they caught a dozen grayling - weighing anywhere from 1 lb. to 2 lbs. - the largest grayling I've seen taken in the Mersey. They also caught a big fish weighing about 5 lbs. which they said was a grayling also. I saw it from a distance and think it was a "slink" salmon. We built a fire and cooked supper in the woods, returning about 7 P.M.

Saturday, May 16/31. Parker, Smith & I went to Lempton Brook again this afternoon, taking a course due south from N^o 2 dam and arriving at the main fishing pool after a stiff half-hour's walk. We caught two good-sized trout and satisfied ourselves that the fishing there isn't worth the hard hike. The trout fishing has been poor everywhere this year, due to the intense drought of last summer, which dried up many of the brooks completely.

Empire Day, May 24/31. Parker, Smith & I went to Timber Island Brook for a day's fishing. Drove to Port L'Herbert early in the morning in Parker's car and struck across the barrens on foot to the mouth of the brook. We fished up the brook to the lake and then came out the woods-road from the lake to the main highway.



Saturday. June 6/31. This afternoon J. R. Gordon & I went up-river fishing. At Big Falls we found Bill Cooling, Jim Murley and Bern Freeman, fish wardens, encamped. Gordon (with the amusing unquestionable authority of the political boss) commandeered their boats and their services, with the result that I spent the afternoon being rowed about the river by stout old Bern. We did not catch a single fish, but the weather was wonderful & I enjoyed it.

Tonight I received a grey suit made by Top-Notch Tailors, which I ordered through their local agent, Marshall, two weeks ago. Price \$27⁰⁰~~25~~

Monday. June 8/31. Court Week opened today with the Byrne - Downey - Lowe liquor conspiracy as the piece de resistance. The Grand Jury - a prize lot of fat-heads who included two negroes and at least one man who could neither read nor write, ^(ALSO CHARLES MOSEY, THE NUTTY HALF-WIT) - brought in "No bill" against Byrne, to the amazement of the judge, counsel, prisoner & witnesses. Mr. Ernst, defense counsel, was as dumb-founded as the rest but recovered in time to protest against Judge Paton sending the jury back to re-consider. The jury withdrew a second time, however, and after much ridiculous

bungling brought in another "No bill." The learned judge could not resist remarking upon the lack of intelligence displayed by the jury. But J. Ross Byrne walked jauntily from the court, a free man. He must have been born under a lucky star.

Wednesday, June 10/31. It has been raining for three days, and today, under the lash of an easterly gale, the office building became so frigid that the steam heat was turned on - after being shut off for a month. Steam heat in the merry month of June!!!

Saturday, June 20/31. We were visited at the mill by the Premier of the province, Mr. Harrington in person. A tall spare man with thinning grey hair and large slightly-protuberant blue eyes, very pleasant, and not at all the acrimonious person one would expect after reading his speeches in parliament. I had a short chat with him.

Sunday, June 28/31. I attended a meeting of men who served in the army, navy and auxiliary forces in the Great War. It was held in the Liverpool Town Hall and was attended by 85 men from all parts of the country, who had been summoned by postcards mailed by Col. Jones and T. B. Smith. The object of the meeting was to form a branch of the Canadian Legion. All the men were

enthusiastic about the idea, and I think we shall have a first-rate branch in Queens County. (My service as wireless operator, commencing with my entry for the radio course at Halifax on October 1, 1918 and ending with my resignation from the service August 1, 1922, qualified me for membership in the Legion. I have shrank from associating myself with war veterans' organizations hitherto because I do not consider myself a veteran of the war; but it was pointed out to me that the Legion included men who belonged to home service units, Royal Canadian Mounted Police, and men who had served not less than three years in the army, navy or auxiliary forces in peace time. My service in the R. N. Transport "War Karma" prior to the signing of the peace was sufficient qualification for membership, while my further service for three years ashore and afloat is all to the good.)

Monday, July 13/31. Bright sunshine today broke one of the longest spells of wet-weather I can remember. For almost three weeks there has been heavy fog with intermittent heavy downpours of rain. Tonight I had called the annual business meeting of the Historical Society; I mailed cards to about 28 members resident in the town. Only 6 appeared — not enough for a quorum.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Editor,

The Liverpool Advance.

Dear Sir:—The mention of General Pershing's memoirs in your issue of July 15th revives the old question of the exact value of the American field operations in the Great War. General Pershing, in his haste to belittle the "worn-out" British and French troops, rushes on to the remarkable statement that "Our (the American) officers and men are far and away superior to the tired Europeans."

Were they? We recall that the American troops, with the exception of certain regulars and national guardsmen who had operated against Villa's elusive bandits along the Mexican border, had never fired a shot in war until they reached the Western Front. Their officers, steeped in the traditions of the Civil War—a war which the brilliant German strategist Von Moltke once described as a "conflict of armed mobs"—were apt to judge the Somme and Verdun by the standards of Bull Run and Gettysburg. They proposed to do away with trench warfare by a sweep of the sabre and convert the campaign into a repetition of Sherman's march to the sea, accompanied, one presumed, by fluttering banners and by bands playing "Marching through Georgia" after the best manner of the Civil War and the movies.

They failed. Not because of any lack of valor or determination on their part but because they were confronted by a German rearguard of veteran troops, skillfully entrenched and admirably led. Their gallant and costly progress in the Meuse-Argonne was, in the last analysis, yielded by a numerically inferior German force whose sole object was to fight a delaying action while swinging every available bayonet to the north—the British front. As late as July, 1918, Ludendorff was telling the German Supreme War Council that he had little to fear from the American Army. "Our real threat," he said, "comes from the British." How right he was may be measured by the battle of Amiens on August 9th, when the "worn-out" British Army blew his front wide open and followed with thrust after unrelenting thrust until the armistice bugles were blowing beyond the hills of Mons. In those last hundred days of the war ^{the} "worn-out" British Army met and defeated every German division that could be flung against it, including reserves withdrawn from the German army facing the Americans.

The truth is that the "worn-out" British Army of 1918 could out-suffer, out-fight, out-manceuvre three times their number of Pershing's raw levies, not because the British possessed more basic skill or courage (the war taught us that no nation, friend or foe, held a monopoly on these) but because four years of blood and flame had welded the British Army into a smoothly-functioning machine, imbued with the war-born instinct to do the right thing at the right time in the right place. That instinct could come only from bitter years of hard-wrung victory and bloody defeat. It was not to be learned from the textbooks of West Point or from skirmishing with banditti in the hills of Mexico.

Yours truly,
THOMAS H. RADDALL.

*Culled from the Liverpool
Advance of July 22nd, 1931.*

July 18 — August 1, 1931. My vacation, which I spent at Summerville Beach basking in the sunshine. I rented John S. More's cottage on the hill above the beach, and had Mother & Hilda down for the first week, and Nellie for the second. J. A. Parker rented "Stumble Inn" while I was out there and I renewed my acquaintance with his guest, Alec Williams, of

the Hearst Corporation, New York. I acquired such a deep sunburn that "Cunt" Rose Dunlap mistook me - at twenty yards - for a nigger.

I particularly enjoyed sailing about Port Mouton Bay with Capt. Edgas Inness in a sixteen-foot canoe with a lateen sail and small lee-boards - a brand new experience. The canoe was amazingly seaworthy even in choppy seas and stiff squalls.

John More is developing the beach business to considerable profit. He owns four or five tiny cottages of one or two rooms which cost him, equipped with everything, perhaps \$250 each. These he rents for \$10~~00~~ per week without difficulty. He is selling building lots at \$50 to \$100 apiece and many of these already hold cottages. The only source of supply on the beach is a canteen operated by More's boys Herbert and Roland, which does a brisk business day and night. (We counted 55 cars parked at the beach one Sunday afternoon.)

It is a delightful spot & I hope to spend my next year's vacation there.

Monday, Aug 3, 1931. During my vacation the old enmity between Capt. MacDonald (our Marine Supit) and Capt. H. C. Mitchell (of s/s Markland) came to a head. Mitchell was caught smuggling booze ^{from} aboard the "Markland", and in the subsequent "court-martial" before Col. Jones he admitted that he had been selling considerable quantities of liquor in New York. He had also been smuggling large quantities of American cigarettes & tobacco ashore here. In the course of the row Mitchell implicated Chief Officer J. T. Carroll and Wireless Operator Frank J. Christie in the game. Ratchford estimates that Mitchell has been making over \$1000 per month in addition to his salary of \$300 per month. A further trouble developed on the voyage to New York after the "court-martial". Mitchell's steward (a short, clammy individual named Brewster) became impudent to Chief Engineer "Tom" Hayhurst, and Hayhurst promptly walloped him. Mitchell brought the case before the British Consul at New York, charging assault on Brewster by Hayhurst while the ship was at sea. Capt. MacDonald has gone to New York by rail to settle matters as he sees fit.

Tuesday Aug 4, 1931. Brenton Smith is very busy arranging a ceremony for Sunday Aug. 16th, on which day Col. F. W. L. Ford, C.M.C. (of Milton) will present to Trinity Church the original flags flown overseas by the 1st. Canadian Casualty Clearing Station. Many old members of the unit (most of whom were Queens County boys) are coming to Liverpool for the event, which will be honored by the presence of many military and political big-wigs.

Thursday, Aug. 6, 1931. A barn-storming airplane pilot came to town today, using the newly-mown slope of the Millard Farm for a landing field. He did a land-office business all afternoon and evening, taking people up for three minute trips at three dollars a head.

Friday, Aug. 7, 1931. A terrific lightning storm raged for two hours commencing shortly after midnight. The power lines from the river dams were struck, causing a temporary stoppage of power. The old No. 1 Base Camp at Rapid Falls was struck and burned to ashes, together with several trucks, tractors, and much other equipment.

AEROPLANE RIDES

Price \$5.00 — FOR — ONE RIDE

This is to Certify that Thos. H. Raddell
flew with me in a Gypsy Moth plane over

Liverpool, N. S. on Aug. 9, 1931

Number 252
Pilot J. S. Markland
(OVER)

Aug 9. (Sunday)
This afternoon I visited
the impromptu airdrome
at the Millard Farm and

was at once filled with an immense desire to go up. The pilot took me up over the town, crossed the river near the railway bridge, did a figure-of-eight loop by way of variation, circled up toward Herring Cove Lake, back over the paper mill & then back across the harbor to the landing field. While the "ride" proved devoid of the thrills I have always associated with flying, I can understand the fascination of it, and wish I could afford to own one. This machine is a De Havilland "Moth", a very "flivver" of airplanes, very small and noisy. It cost \$4500 F.O.B. factory, the pilot told me. Edith also went up for a flight, later in the afternoon.

August 10. Monday. The J's Markland returned yesterday from New York under command of Capt. Macdonald. Capt. Mitchell, Chief Officer Carroll, Wireless Ops. Christie, Chief Steward Brewster, and Chief Cook Tracy were all summarily discharged at New York on charges ranging from "bootlegging".

to "incompetence". Carroll & Brewster returned to Liverpool as passengers on the "Markland"

There will be a Presentation of the Flags of the 1st Canadian Casualty Clearing Station, R. C. F., by Colonel F. S. U. Ford, C. M. G., First Officer Commanding, to Trinity Church, Liverpool, N. S. on Sunday, August 16, 1931, at eleven a. m.

You are cordially invited to be present.

R. S. U. P.

August 16. Sunday. A burning hot day for Col. Ford's presentation of flags to Trinity Church. About 20 former members of the 1st C. C. S. had gathered for the event (including "Billy" O'Riley all the way from Detroit and "Art" Walton from Toronto). The Canadian Legion turned out about 150 men for the occasion. A number of "brass-hats" were present from the military staff at Halifax, including Colonel D. W. B. Spry, Col. Gordon, Major Stewart, Colonel Stewart, of Stewiacke, Major Kelly of Bridgewater and his wife - both former members of the medical & nursing

staff of 1st. C. C. S.; Col. James Mess, of Toronto, and others. The "brass-hats", including Col. C. H. L. Jones, were resplendent in the dress uniform of the Canadian Militia. His son Mowbray, attending in khaki, as a lieutenant in the Sault Sainte Marie Regiment, was adjutant of the parade, with Heber Robar of the Canadian Legion as sergeant-major. Capt. E. A. Ringet of the Legion was in charge of the Legion, with H. J. Lake as sergeant-major. The parade formed up outside the Town Hall. Many of the Legion were from the "bush" districts, shabby and shaggy, but at the "shun" of the sergeant-major they snapped their heels together and looked like what they had been — the finest soldiers in the world. The parade moved off along Main Street led by the Liverpool Town Band, followed by the "brass hats" and five former nursing sisters of the C. C. F., then the men of the 1st. C. C. S., followed by the Canadian Legion. The parade turned up the hill at the Mersey Hotel, then along Church St. to Trinity. Outside the church the parade halted, while Capt. "Mel" Neilly (of 1st. C. C. S. and the 48th. Highlanders) wrapped thrice on the closed door of the church. Upon the door being

opened, Neilly delivered the formal request for admission, to the Rector (Rev. E. B. Spurr), who gave the formal permission. The "brass-hats" then entered the church, followed by the flags (a tattered Red Cross and a weather-beaten Union Jack mounted on ornamental pikes and carried by two officers, flanked by two soldiers armed with rifles and bayonets) and then the rest of the parade. The beautiful little church was crowded to suffocation point. A very impressive service followed, with a sermon by Canon Shatford, former padre with the C. E. F., whose text was, "And the banner over them was love." In the evening there was a banquet at the Mersey Hotel for the 1st. C. E. F. veterans. We held, in the afternoon, a meeting of the Legion, at which 77 men were initiated into full membership.

Friday, August 21/31. Today I received 3 tons of Brax D'Or soft coal from the schooner "Edward Trevoy", George A. Smith, master, which is now lying at Nickerson's Wharf. I paid Smith 9⁰⁰ per ton at the ship's side, and Fred Stafford 50¢ per ton to deliver it in my cellar. A saving of 1³ per ton against the local fuel dealers' price of \$12.50

Friday, August 28/31. Tonight we had a party at Summerville Beach for Ona MacPherson, who is here from New Glasgow for a few days. It was a moonlit night, made rather strange by brilliant flashes of summer lightning along the southern horizon! Hector & Marion Dunlap, Jean Dunlap, Marc Freeman, Brent Smith, Rector, Bob & Mrs. McKinnon, my wife & I, constituted the party. We all went bathing, the water being marvellously warm and filled with phosphorescent bubbles that reminded me of moonlight bathing in the lagoon at Sable Island. We had a big fire and toasted bacon and marshmallows (horrible mixture!) on sticks, returning home shortly after midnight.

Saturday, Aug 29/31. Attended the tennis tea at Milton's this afternoon & a card party at Aunt Marie's house this evening. The crowd included last night's beach party less Mr. & Mrs. Bob McK and Rector, and plus Ferna Dunlap.

Sunday, Aug 30/31. Went to Summerville this afternoon with Brent Smith. Bathing all p.m. in warm water and wonderful surf. Had tea at "Roly's Cottage" where Brent's sister & family are

spending a week. A large crowd of bathers
Friday, Sept. 11/31. Although leading bankers and
stockbrokers continue to assure the newspapers that
the depth of depression is now past; there is every sign
of harder times to come. President Beatty, of the C.P.R.,
openly predicts "the hardest winter for many years," and
President Sir Henry Thornton of the C.N.R. apparently
thinks the same; both lines have just announced sharp
curtailment of train services, etc. The daily west-bound
passenger train of the N. & W., for instance, is to become
a mixed train (except on Fridays & Tuesdays), and the
early morning mixed train from Liverpool to Halifax is
eliminated altogether. Great Britain, Germany, Australia
and all the South American republics appear to be on
the verge of bankruptcy, and the rest of the world
(even the almighty U.S.) close behind. I have a
hunch to convert my Building Society shares into cash
and buy some of the stocks now selling at bargain
prices in the Stock Market. Stocks that look
particularly good are:—Brazilian Traction at $14\frac{1}{4}$; Canada
Cement at $8\frac{1}{2}$; Canada Steamship Lines at 3; Can Pacific
Railway at $17\frac{1}{4}$; Dominion Bridge at $30\frac{3}{8}$; Int. Nickel at $11\frac{3}{4}$;
Massey-Harris at $3\frac{1}{2}$; Shawinigan at 38.

Sunday Sept. 13/31. A beautiful day. J. R. Gordon, Brent Smith & I drove to the No. 1 Mersey River development at 11 A.M. We commandeered an old rowboat there, and rowed across to Peter Crofts' old barn, Smith rowing for dear life, me baling ditto, and Gordon praying, also ditto. We struck along the old West Brook trail about 3 miles, then swinging due south through the woods. After an hour of difficult going we came out at Mud Cove on Rempton Lake, which was nice judgement or luck on Gordon's part - he being the guide. We boiled tea and ate lunch at our beloved camp site on the lake shore. It is just 5 years since "Freem", Parker, Douglas & I camped there; the site is growing up in alders and bracken and reverting back to the original woods. All afternoon we picked cranberries on the bog around the old "calling" place; started homeward at 4:40 P.M. & walked around the north shore to the landing, which we reached at 5:20 P.M. Had tea at the cold spring there, leaving at 5:50 P.M. and arriving at Indian Gardens at 6:50 P.M. - just dusk. The boat didn't leak so badly on the return journey, so the excitement was less. A great day.

Monday Sept. 14/31 The new budget presented in the British Parliament by Mr. Philip Snowden imposes new heavy taxes and at the same time drastic cuts in wages & salaries of all government employees from the premier down. The army, navy, police, postal employees are included. By this means Mr. Snowden hopes to make up the huge apparent deficit of £300,000,000 in the 1931 financial program. Newspapers on this side of the Atlantic are appalled at the burden of taxation thus imposed on the British citizen. I don't think anyone had realised the desperate financial straits of Britain until the budget.

Stock markets in New York, Chicago & Montreal were all sharply depressed on receipt of the news.

Thursday Sept. 17/31. There has occurred a mutiny in the British North Atlantic fleet. There was no bloodshed, the men simply refusing to weigh anchor and gathering on the decks cheering for the King. The fleet was in Moray Firth, preparing to sail for the annual manoeuvres in the North Sea. They held large but orderly indignation meetings ashore at Cromarty and sent a petition to the Admiralty in which they threatened to refuse duty if wages were cut as proposed. The fleet has been ordered to return to Portsmouth pending investigation.

Saturday, Sept. 19, 1931. A clear, cool but sunny Fall day. This afternoon Parker Gordon, Smith & myself went to Seven Mile Lake, with Smith's canoe tied on the starboard side of the car. On arrival at the lake shore we found a gale blowing, rendering the passage of 4 men in a single small canoe rather risky. We therefore hunted for W. G. ("Bill") Silvers' skiff, which was hidden in the underbrush in a small marshy cove. ("Bill" built a wigwam with poles and canvas strips, at the south end of the lake this summer, and keeps the skiff and a canoe hidden along the shore). In the skiff we made a safe though slow passage across the lake to our old camp site of last Nov. 1st. We then struck across the divide toward Burnaby Lake, following the old Vaughn's Camp trail for $\frac{3}{4}$ mile & then turning due east. We came out on a small bog almost in the flowage of Burnaby Lake and picked cranberries there for a couple of hours. We arrived back at the ~~camp~~ skiff at dusk, rowed a short distance down Two-Inch Brook, and Gordon "called" for moose. A cow moose answered, nothing else. It was horribly cold, sitting like statues in the skiff in the gathering moonlight, with whiffs of ghostly frost-vapor drifting past. I rowed back across the lake, Gordon

steering with a paddle; and the moon went behind a big cloud, leaving us in a deceptive half-light. A due south course brought us into a cove at the proper end of the lake which was strange to us and minus the old sawdust pile from which we had embarked. For half an hour we blundered about the shore in the darkness, unable to recognise any landmarks until they were under our very noses. We got home at 10 P.M.

Sunday, Sept. 20/31. An amusing sequel to our trip of yesterday. It seems that "Bob" Legge, game warden for the district, was out patrolling the Annapolis road yesterday. Returning at night he observed Smith's car (a ramshackle old Chevrolet) parked in the Seven Mile trail, and heard somebody (Gordon, of course) "calling" moose. As the season doesn't open until Oct. 1st, "Bob" thought he'd stumbled on some game poachers, and hustled to Milton with all speed to summon his sub-ranger, ("Thad" Mehlman of Port Mouton). They returned to the lake at 3 or 4 A.M. today and lay in ambush by the trail, hoping to catch the supposed miscreants literally red-handed as they brought the meat out to the highway. They returned, disgusted, in the rain tonight, and Gordon called them

by phone, telling them the rest of the story. Gordon says they enjoyed the joke as much as he did.

Monday, Sept 21/31. Great Britain abandoned the gold standard without warning in a brief announcement on Saturday, and sterling exchange dropped alarmingly today. The Canadian dollar holds at 98 in New York. Tonight we attended a reception at Harry Thompson's camp, Broad River, in honor of his son Carl and bride, (formerly Bunny Zinck of Lunenburg) The bridegroom, snatching at an excuse to quit making polite faces, undertook to guide Parker & me over the premises. There is a very good jetty, accommodating the two motor boats and a skiff. The power plant consists of a large storage battery and a small charging dynamo, run by a neat little "diesel" engine which Thompson père (a mechanical genius — hence the family wealth) made from an old automobile engine. There are all sorts of electric lights and fixtures, including a small motor to run the water pump. There is also a bathroom with every modern convenience. "Camp" does not adequately describe the place.

Wednesday, Sept. 23/31. Canadian dollar at 90 in New York. We deposited cheques on New York in pay-

ment for paper, to the amount of 120,000, [#] getting a neat profit of 12,000 in exchange. Tonight we attended a masquerade ball at White Point Inn given by Col. & Mrs. Jones. Edith wore a blue silk hoop-skirted dress of 1865 (her grandmother's wedding dress) and I went as a privateersman, with short blue jacket trimmed with white piping, white trousers, shirt and socks, "tarpaulin" hat and bandana. At my belt I wore an old Spanish cutlass belonging to Brenton Smith's family; (a Spanish inscription on the blade states it was made in the royal factory at Toledo.) About 150 people present and everybody in costume. Col. Jones, as a plump Mexican grandee, got rather tight towards midnight and insisted on making a long incoherent speech. His son Mowbray - regarded generally as a snob - also imbibed of the cup that cheers, and (as an artist with smock, beret and palette) put on a burlesque Apache dance with Jordan Smith (as "Hard Times" in ultra-ragged garments and a red wig) which was the most astonishing event of the event. Tom Ratchford (Treasurer of Mercury Paper Co.) attempted a petite bow after dancing with Mrs. Jones, and split the seat of

his Spanish pantaloons around, viewing the rest of the masquerade from the security of a deep armchair by the orchestra. A lively party.

Saturday. Sep. 26/31. Parker, Gordon, Smith and I went to Eagle Lake this afternoon. We left our cars at N^o 3 dam and paddled our canoe across ^{THE MEXICO RIVER} to Eagle Lake brook, which we found without difficulty in spite of the mess of new flowage. Parker & Gordon undertook to carry the canoe two miles to Eagle Lake, while Smith & I carried the baggage. My load comprised a sleeping bag, my haversack (containing camera, etc.) Gordon's skin-lined coat, and all the grub. Gordon was unable to find the trail (his only trip over it being in 1915) without the result that we were sweating about the woods for three hours before hitting the lake. To make matters worse, Smith & I swung on past the lake, not knowing that the trail did not pass within sight of the water, and went another two miles before turning back. When we finally connected with Parker & Gordon at Eagle Lake, we were staggering with exhaustion. It was just dusk and raining steadily. We made camp and ate a belated supper. A gale blew all night and the tent wall at my side pulled loose,

so that the rain beat into my sleeping bag & formed a pool of water at my feet. In the morning, in spite of the rain, we packed some grub in our haversacks, SUNDAY, SEPT. 27/31 and paddled up Eagle Lake to the outlet from Long Lake - which we found without trouble, the map (marvellous to relate) proving accurate. Gordon & I walked up the brook to Long Lake through a half mile of meadow studded with big maples, spruce and beech (Gordon termed it "a park") as the brook was too shallow for a full load in the canoe. The brook is about 12 feet wide and sluggish, readily navigable except for some windfalls and two or three old beaver dams. In pushing the canoe past one of these, Parker & Smith upset the faithful craft, getting the grub wet, Smith just saving his precious camera. Long Lake proved shallow and rocky, and the rain came down with tropical intensity as we started across. We boiled some tea and ate dinner in the woods at the lake shore, not far from what Gordon thought was the trail to Kempton Lake. In the pouring rain the others picked a few cranberries (I hadn't the heart!) and then we paddled back to camp, soaked to the skin. It was then 3 P.M. and time to start

for home. Parker wanted to stay the night but we over-ruled him. (We were wet, with no means of getting dry, and my sleeping bag was wet). The prospect of lugging our stuff (now sodden with rain) back the way we had come was not edifying. Parker, scouting on the south side of the outlet, discovered a trail which (according to a wobbly pencil mark on our map) emerged on the Mersey River at Big Falls, a mile below our starting point. We left the tent standing, packed the rest of our stuff, paddled across the lake, hid the canoe, and cut up to Parker's trail, arriving correctly at Big Falls at dusk. The rain ceased, for the first time since entering Eagle Lake brook on Saturday, so we boiled coffee and ate a first-rate supper of bacon, bread and jam. Not having to lash the canoe to Smith's car, we got away quickly, arriving home at 9 P. M. There were two incidents on the trip. The first occurred on the road to N^o 3, when we encountered Ralph & Terence^(FREDMAN), looking worried, and their dog Rex scratching at his muzzle in a perfect frenzy. The dog had tackled a porcupine, & had 25 or 30 quills stuck in his tongue and jaws. We got the dog down, (Ralph lying on top of him) Smith wedged the jaws open with a stick, and I went at

the quills with a pair of pliers from the cat. It looked like a hopeless task at first, but fortunately we'd happened along before the quills worked in far, and I got them all out. The dog howled blue murder & fought at first, but soon seemed to realise we were helping him, and lay wonderfully quiet while I drew the quills from his tongue - the worst place. We got our reward when we finally let the dog get up. He ran his poor bloody tongue around his mouth and then positively grinned. I never saw a happier dog.

The second incident befell Parker & Gordon. They arrived at the lake shore with the canoe and wondered where we were. Gordon sat on the canoe and rested while Parker circled the nearby bush in search of our trail. Shortly after Parker disappeared, a huge wild-cat came up the trail, stalking him. Gordon sat frozen. Parker hooted (trying to keep touch with Gordon) and the big cat, instead of running away (as Gordon naturally expected) crept into the bush toward Parker. Gordon was unarmed (all of us were, excepting Smith, who had the axe) and deciding that discretion was the better part of valor, remained silent. Then Gordon saw the cat coming back, creeping along a few feet from Parker on a parallel. The cat went behind a bush, Parker stepped out

into the open, and Gordon let out a yell of warning, and ran over beside Parker. The cat did not re-appear; it had not seen Gordon until he yelled, and (whatever its designs upon Parker) apparently decided that three was a crowd. We laughed about it over our pipes at the camp fire ~~last~~ tonight, Gordon saying we had found the famous "Injun Devil". (The Indians hold the Eagle-Long-Rempton Lake area to be haunted and will not camp in it.) The cream of the joke was that Smith & I had passed up the same trail a few minutes before; there was something immensely comical about the picture of Smith & I grunting and sweating along the trail, cursing the weight on our backs - and Monsieur Loup-Cervier squatting a few feet away, ready to add his own weight to one fellow's load - forty or fifty pounds of teeth and claws.

SATURDAY, OCT. 3, 1931.

This p.m. Parker, Smith & I motored to Big Falls, and footed it over the old trail from the dam to Eagle Lake, arriving at our camp just 50 minutes from the river. A lovely hot afternoon. We built a wharf of logs which we fished up from the lake bottom, relics of a forgotten logging operation of 20 years or more ago. Smith & I then

took the canoe along the lake shore in search of flat rocks, and ferried them back to camp for our fireplace. At dark we went down the lake in the canoe, & I "called" on a point at the mouth of a small brook there. A wonderful starlit night. No answer to my calls. The bears, which have built a large dam and "house" in this brook, became curious about us, swimming out of the brook and circling the point, whacking the water with their flat tails in resounding slaps as they dived in alarm at our movements. Returning to the tent, we "called up" an owl, which came silently to a big pine behind the tent and then uttered a weird unearthly scream that stood our hair on end. (That "Injun Devil" legend!)

SUNDAY. OCT. 4, 1931. Early this morning we paddled down the lake to a small strip of bog. A calm frosty morning, with the lake and shore shrouded in cold mist. I "called" and started a bull moose toward us, apparently away from a cow, for she kept calling him back. He came quite close, uttering such loud "Waaugh's!" that we got our cameras ready, but the genuine cow, persisting in plaintive whines, triumphed at last. He went back to her. A wind sprang

up & put an end to our calling at 8 A.M. We returned to camp & breakfasted, then went up to Long Lake in the canoe. There we lunched & separated, ^{N 1 P.M.} Smith & Parker to explore the lake in the canoe, and I to tramp over the neck of land to Kempton Lake. I found no trace of the old trail shown on my map, but took a compass course to the outlet of Kempton Lake. I walked over a mile down Kempton Brook, then turned east, crossing a steep, well-timbered ridge and arriving on Eagle Lake at 3 P.M. When I reached camp I was dripping perspiration, so stripped & had a bath from our new wharf. I then struck camp, & had everything packed when Smith & Parker arrived from Long Lake in the canoe. Parker took the canoe, Smith & I lugging the baggage, and we followed the trail down Eagle Brook to the river without trouble, arriving at the flowage at dusk, just 25 minutes from Eagle Lake dam. We paddled across N^o 3 pond and ate our supper by the light of our fire. I then missed ~~my~~ my haversack and realised after a hasty inventory, that we'd left it across the pond. It contained my camera & the weather had changed to a rainy appearance, so we resolved to go back across the pond & hunt for it. It was pitch dark, the

stars blotted out by heavy clouds, and the shore just a vague shadow in the blackness. By a miracle we steered directly into the brook mouth, but there our luck deserted us. We became lost in the maze of flowage, (a weird wilderness of dead trees sticking out of the deep water, very uncanny in the light of our solitary candle.) We wandered in this tangle for two weary hours; I was paddling at the bow and so received the buffet of every branch that thrust out of the darkness ahead; once, a small owl or night-bird of some sort which had been roosting (like a ghoul in that dead place) in a branch near the water, flew out in alarm and swept fairly into my face, & startled me into almost upsetting the canoe. Finally we reached dry land. Parker & Smith took the candle stub & scrambled along the "shore", unable to find anything familiar. I stayed at the canoe & lit a fire as a mark, burning portions of those corpse-like trees, like an amateur cremationist. Their candle gave out & they returned, unsuccessful. Abandoning the attempt we fought our way out through the flowage, steering by compass as the tangle permitted. A ghostly experience. Arrived home at midnight.

MONDAY. OCT. 5/31. Brent Smith drove his car to Big Falls this morning, walked around the flourage and got my haversack. He says we were within 50 yards of it last night.

Friday. Oct. 9/31. Gordon had a sudden phone call from the Halifax Aero Club, asking him to prepare a landing place for a plane which was enroute to Shelburne and would come down at Liverpool for gas. As I'd been up in a plane from the Millard farm, Gordon called on me. We got a roll of wrapping paper from the mill and hustled over to the farm, laying two parallel strips to indicate the sole runway — north and south — which was uphill. The wind was from the east and quite strong, very bad for landing on the runway. The plane showed up as we finished laying our strips, and we lit a smudge fire to indicate the wind direction. The pilot, (Don Saunders of Halifax) made a couple of attempts but gave it up, returning to Halifax without landing.

Saturday. Oct. 10/31. This afternoon Smith, Parker & I drove to Indian Gardens with our woods equipment & a canoe. Ike Smart & Roy Gordon were there, about to go duck-shooting in the Paper Co's motor boat, and gave us a tow as far as the ~~the~~ mouth of West Brook.

We parted company with them at 4:30 P.M., and arrived at the foot of Tony's Falls after a few minutes' paddling. We dragged the loaded canoe up over the falls with a rope and paddled up to the old dam at the foot of First West Brook Lake, which we reached in pitch darkness at 7 P.M. We made camp by the aid of a lantern & flashlight. A calm, sunny day and a brilliant starlit evening sharp with frost.

Sunday, Oct. 11/31 Up at daybreak, getting bacon & eggs amid white clouds of frost vapor from the lake. I "called" for moose until 10 A.M. without success. We then took some grub & the canoe and headed for what Parker called "Rush Lake or bush!" The day proved to be hot and cloudless and our paddle up First Lake and Second Lake was beautiful. The ridge slopes were covered with the autumnal red-and-gold of the hardwoods, and crowned with majestic stands of white & norway pine. We reached the head of Second Lake at 11 A.M. From there on the passage became increasingly arduous, with shorter stillwaters and more frequent rapids. At 1 P.M. we beached the canoe at the foot of a series of falls and had dinner. At 2 P.M. we pushed on afoot, following the brook

through spongy meadows and tangled laurel - very hard going. We stopped awhile to take pictures of four spruce partridge roosting in a hackmatack beside the brook. Very tame - almost stupid - birds. I touched one's foot with the muzzle of Parker's rifle, and the bird merely moved over an inch or two. We reached Rush Lake at 3 P.M. and rested a half-hour on the ruins of the old sawmill there. The old railway (laid on stringers of hardwood logs) has practically disappeared. The rails were taken up years ago, and the right-of-way is grown up in alders and young timber. We turned back at 3.30 and arrived at camp at dark - 6 P.M., saving much time by running the rapids enroute.

Monday (Thanksgiving Day) Oct. 12/31. A gale sprang up in the night and raged from the northwest all day with hurricane force. We struck camp at 11 A.M. and went downstream to the old hay meadows, where we left the canoe and "still-hunted" up into the woods, which were swaying under the terrific wind, and resounding with the crash of fallen deadwood. After an hour without seeing any game, we pushed on northward, arriving at the foot of Tony's Falls at

1 P.M. Had dinner there & resolved to leave the canoe in the flowage at the mouth of the brook, as we could hear the thunder of waves out in the "Big Lake". (Our canoe, with three men and all the gear, had only 3 inches freeboard!) We paddled down the brook mouth (nearly upsetting twice in the terrific gusts) and beached the canoe at 2.30 P.M. Walked back to Tony's Falls, loaded with our sleeping bags, grub, cooking outfit, axes, haversacks & cameras, and found the old trail to Kempton Lake at 3 P.M. Followed it southeast $\frac{3}{4}$ mile to the old West Brook tote-road, which we followed northeast to "Pete" Croft's abandoned shack at Indian Gardens, arriving there at 4.30 P.M. We then had to go down-river to the dam in order to cross to our car, which we reached at 5 P.M.

Monday, Oct. 19/31. The first official race of the 1931 International Fishing Schooner series took place off Halifax today in light NW winds & moderate sea. Canadian entry, the grand old "Bluenose", finished five minutes under the time limit of 6 hours, leaving the Yankee "Gertrude L. Thibaud" a good five miles astern. Office sweepstake of \$10.00 won by George Mulhall.

Tuesday, Oct. 20/31. "Bluenose" won the second race and the 1931 series in a 16-knot NW wind today, covering the 36 knot course in slightly under 5 hours.

The council elections were held today. Francis Tupper, running against J. R. Gordon in the Milton district, defeated Gordon by a majority of 159. The vote was roughly 2 to 1. Tupper's canvass was: "Gordon is the tool of the Mercury Paper Co. Vote for Tupper and self-determination!"

It was highly successful. And so it falls to dear old Milton to astonish the County with the dubious novelty of selecting the village half-wit to the council.

Sunday, Nov. 1/31. J. R. Gordon & I went to Indian Gardens this morning & stayed till 4 P.M. searching the shore for Indian relics. Our theory was that when the water rose in the new dam, the soil of the old Indian camp ground had been washed away, and that (the water having run off considerably during the summer) the more permanent objects would be exposed. We found the old stone wing-dam showing above water, and were thus enabled to get out to the knoll which was always pointed out as the Indian burial ground. There was a large hole on the knoll, dug by our mad friend Peter Croft, who informed us that "hidden treasure" had

been buried there by the Indians! However, the fact that a six foot excavation in the very centre of the knoll failed to reveal a single Indian relic, aroused doubt in our minds regarding this traditional site of the burial ground. We found a single arrowhead and what appeared to be a light spear-head in the gravel around the new shore of the knoll. We searched the shore of the Telfer field and, crossing the dam, the new shore below Pete's old establishment. In all we found 7 arrowheads, fashioned from crystal-clear slivers of quartz, and the lance-head, which appeared to be slate or some kindred soft rock.

Sunday, Nov. 8/31 Fire broke out in Walker Bros. sawmill in Milton at 1 A.M. & within 2 hours destroyed the whole block including Walker's mill, office, store, Miss Helen Thomas' store, Morton's store & garage, the Masonic Hall & Chandler's Undertaking Parlor, the barber shop, the electric light company's old Milton plant, and L.H. Minard's sawmill. The block was a fire-trap, the buildings being huddled together, ancient & generally decrepit, & the vicinity always littered deep with shavings etc, and this fire had been prophesied for years. The Liverpool fire engine turned out but was ineffective. Motor apparatus arrived from Bridgewater too late to be of help. Morton's Insurance, \$4,000. Walker's, \$2800. Freemasons about \$1,000.

Wednesday, Nov. 11, 1931. Remembrance Day, granted by government as a public holiday for the first time.

Very impressive service at the War Memorial. The Legion had sponsored an energetic sale of Vlanders wreaths & poppies, and the base of the monument was heaped with these during the service. I put a wreath there for Dad. In the evening we had a most successful dinner in the Masonic Hall, attended by 50 veterans. We had decorated the hall with flags from s/s "Markland". The tables were decorated with tricolor paper, and with groups of tin soldiers marching between the fruit dishes in the centre. Col. Jones was toastmaster. The response to "The Army & Navy" fell to me — my first experience as an after dinner speaker. The toasts were — "The King" — "The Silent Toast" — "Army & Navy" — "The Legion" — "Canada & the Empire" — "The Merchant Service" — "Our County". Gavin Creed at the piano was an entertainment in himself, rendering a splendid variety of army songs and sea choruses. Everybody joined heartily in after dinner entertainment, especially the songs like "Alouette".

I was very pleased, as the task of organizing the dinner had fallen to me, & the success in the face of many difficulties was gratifying. Mr. G. Mougat did the catering.

Sunday, November 22/31. A wonderful warm day with the typical smoky-blue lazy atmosphere of Indian Summer. Harry Madden & some others were bathing in the salt water off Fort Point - more out of bravado than pleasure, I fancy. Roent Smith, Roy Gordon, J. A. Parker & myself drove to Indian Gardens, where we spent the day hunting for Indian relics. The results were pretty barren, a few quartzite arrow-heads and a length of knife made of a fine-grained slate-like stone, ground and polished. Pete Croft has convinced himself and the floating population of N^o 1, that these relics we seek must have some large monetary value, with the result that the river-banks have been scratched and picked thoroughly. On the way back we stopped to examine the old section of river bed above N^o 2, which is high & dry. This was part of Lake Falls, and includes Trout Rock, a famous fishing place among the guides & Indians. We hoped to find stone weapons etc, spilled out of old Indian canoes, (for this was a rough bit of water in the old days) but found the bottom silted deep with new gravel washed down during construction. On the river bank about 50 yards above Trout Rock, Parker picked up a remarkable piece of sculpture. It was a piece of marble about the

size of a man's fist, beautifully cut in the shape of a low-browed human head. The nose & mouth were broken off, also the tips of the ears, and the stone had been smoothly polished after cutting. We argued about it all the way home. The only human habitation near the spot was the old camp of the dam-constructors. It seems hardly likely that the lowly "bohunk" would have the time, the tools or the skill necessary to make it, let alone the material, which is foreign to these parts. On the other hand, the ancient Micmac lacked tools and material also. It is a mystery.

Monday, Nov. 23/31 The Canadian dollar is at a discount of nearly 15% in New York. The Massey Paper Co. will make at least \$35,000⁰⁰ in exchange, this month, as all paper sales call for New York funds.

As the stock market seems at rock bottom, I have purchased 40 shares of C.P.R. at 18¹/₄, and 100 shares of Massey-Harris at 5.

Thursday, Nov 26/31 The first snow of the season. A sudden change from the summery weather of the last week.

Sunday, Nov. 29/31 This morning Brent & I drove to Big Falls, leaving the car at N^o 3. Thursday's snow was still on the ground. We struck over the trail to Eagle

Lake & from there followed the strange trail that led us astray on Sept 26/31, (having had a burning curiosity about it ever since). It led to Kempton Brook, about half way down from the lake. We boiled our Kettle & had dinner there. We then followed the trail across the brook and then northward as straight as an arrow to the spillway of N^o 1 dam. Saw plenty of partridge. Weather had now turned to a cold rain, so we headed homeward, getting a lift from a passing car as far as N^o 3. On the way home we had an accident. The steering knuckle on the front axle gave way suddenly, and the car ran (Brent's usual break-neck speed!) over some nasty boulders and up a bank, nearly capsizing. Miraculously, there was no damage beyond the defective knuckle which I repaired with a piece of telephone wire, and we got home o.k. about 5 P.M.

Saturday Dec 5/31 Bitter north wind with frequent heavy snow squalls. Col Jones sent a circular around the heads of departments today, advising that another cut in the price of newsprint was imminent, & demanding further economies. He concluded with: - "We have just come through the worst period in the history of the newsprint industry, but it is my opinion that we are going into a worse one". This will mean a further cut in wages, no doubt. Cheerful news for Christmas!

Sunday, Dec 6, 1931. Cold and grey, with intervals of "tinsel" sunshine, that splashed a brightness but failed to warm. "Brent" & I hiked to Herring Cove Lake this p.m. Ground fairly hard & powdered with snow. Pogs very wet under thin ice. The brook was in spate, & we had some fun crossing it on a single icy log. Home at dark.

Monday, Dec 7, 1931. International Paper Company, largest producer of newsprint in North America, announced a price cut of \$4.00 per ton on 1932 contracts. The principal Canadian producers announce that they will follow suit. As long as U.S. funds (in which payment is made, per contract) continue at the present premium (16 to 20%) the Canadian producers can well afford this. They are making \$8.00 to \$9.50 per ton in exchange, at today's rate.

Friday, Dec 11, 1931. Tom Kitchford told me today that Col. C.H.L. Jones had consented to take on a job as one of the heads of the huge new paper mill merger. He had accepted it "reluctantly" and only at the "continued urging of D.W. Beattie", head of the C.P.R. — who appears to be holding the reins of the new consolidation. The "inside dope", according to Kitchford, is that the three big Canadian banks (Royal, Montreal & Nova Scotia) are forcing the Canadian paper mills into a merger to stop the present ruinous price war. Attempts have

been made, says J. M. R., by the Royal Bank to force Mersey Paper into the merger, (Royal Bank holds a four million dollar mortgage on the Mersey mill), but Jones, with the active support of Premier Harrington, had compelled Royal Bank to hold off. (Harrington said to have informed the Bank that the N. Y. Gov't would not permit this "coercion") Jones will be engaged with this merger business for about 6 months, but will remain head of Mersey Paper Co.

Jones, of course, would rather be a "big toad in a little puddle" than entertain any idea of joining a large organization where his voice would be a subordinate one. Hence the "reluctance". But beyond all this looms the sinister shadow of J. W. Killam, whose motive in the Mersey enterprise, always obscure, remains as mysterious - and as potent - as ever.

Saturday, Dec. 19, 1931. This morning J. R. Gordon & I drove to Calcutonia to pay the lumberjacks from the Mersey Co's camps at Lake Rossignol, who are leaving for home and Christmas. The road was badly rutted in some places and pretty icy, but generally was good. We found eighty

men wedged into the flimsy "sample room" of Ernest Kempton's hotel — a small lean-to with a broken window. A small stove was roaring with split hardwood & the air was thick with tobacco fumes and the reek of bodies that had sweated many weeks without benefit of soap & water. I got out my cheque forms and pen and commenced writing, surrounded by a press of curious men. A louse fell upon my first cheque (bearing out Gordon's theory that "whenever three Lunenburgers get together they are "crummy" inside of an hour") and, having stabbed the insect accurately with my pen-point, I ordered the men to "stand back and give me room to write!" I also beseeched Gordon (who was complaining of the cold draft from the constantly opening door) to "let the fire go out for God's sake!" The pay-off proceeded without incident until a faint howling cry came down the street (stark cold and wild with sudden snow squalls) and, growing nearer, seemed to be the voice of a distressed woman, high and mournful as a Keener at an Irish wake. The door flew open and in burst a Lunenburger of about fifty years, over six feet and broad-shouldered, long strands of lank

(This man's cheque was found behind the radiator
in the Bank, by the janitor, about two weeks later.)



hair escaped from his old woolen cap straggling down over a long gaunt face, eyes protruding, twin streams of tobacco juice emerging from the downcast corners of an immense mouth and running down over the grey stubble of his chin. He circled the room several times, uttering his strange howl and alternately swearing with a fluent "Dutch" accent, the men making way respectfully for him. I thought the fellow was drunk or mad, for he stared eagerly at the floor between howls.

He then announced in a tremendous voice that he had lost his cheque, somewhere between the pay-room and the bank, a little new red-brick building a hundred yards or so away. Search was made, without success. I told the man that we would "stop payment" on it and mail him another cheque in the course of a few days. He went away happy. Everybody roared with laughter after he had gone, for the air of a distressed child had sat comically on so big a man. But for me, he brought a grim picture of the present depressed times; there was something touching about such grief over the apparent loss of a few hard-earned dollars. We had an excellent dinner at

Ernest Kempton's hotel. I called at the post office & had a yarn with Clark Murray, a Legion man. We left about 3 P.M., stopped at the 18-Mile meadow & shot half-a-dozen rabbits, and got home about 6 P.M.

Sunday, Dec. 20/31. Colonel C. H. L. Jones presented a tablet to Trinity Church, commemorating the seamen of Liverpool, 1759 - 1931, together with the Royal Naval ensign & a flag of Nova Scotia. He read a presentation speech (which I had written for him) and Dr. Moore, of King's College, preached a fine sermon. The church was full. After the service Edith & myself met Dr. Moore at a reception at Jones' residence. Moore is of average height, with a prominent brow and deep-set grey eyes that are myopic yet curiously keen. An excellent buffet supper was provided. George McClearn (as usual) fell heavily upon the supply of wine and whiskey, and (as usual) provided an element of low comedy. He dragged me over to Doc Moore and told us what clever fellows we were. Moore proved an interesting conversationalist, munching great mouthfuls of salted almonds and

maintaining a rapid-fire discourse — a feat in itself.
Col. Jones thanked me "for all I had done for him".
(I designed the tablet and wrote his speech for him)

Wednesday, Dec. 23/31 Drove to Halifax with
J. Ross Byrne this afternoon. Stopped at the
Bridgewater for half an hour to take a peep at
the hearing of the Naaman Smith case. (Smith
shot a neighbour in cold blood while the man
was at work in the woods. From a written "con-
fession" in possession of the police, it appears that
witchcraft flourishes in the New Germany district)
The courtroom was jammed with 300 farmers &
lumberjacks. W. G. Ernest, M. P. cross-examined for
the Crown. The prisoner was not represented.

Byrne thinks he may undertake the defence.

"Not a cent in it, Tommy, but think of
the advertising! Witchcraft! Phew!"

Dec. 23 — Dec. 27 Spending Christmas with
Mother at Halifax. Edith came down on the train.
Pouring rain on Xmas Day. Returning through the
streets from the theatre on Xmas Eve, we saw
only one man tipsy — very different from the
drunken groups of "Prohibition" days.

Sunday. Dec. 27/31. Left Halifax at 2 P.M. in Byrne's little Chevrolet two-seater. Strong wind, with thin squalls of pellet-like snow, and very cold. We stopped at Hubbard's, where Byrne obtained rum at 25¢ a drink from a bootlegger named "Seeley" Conrad. Conrad is a client of Byrne's. ("Seeley's been soaked seven times; I got him clear on six of the charges. I got \$1200 in legal fees from him. The seventh time they had the goods on him. Now he has to watch his step" — says Byrne)

The road was rough but easily passable from Halifax to ~~Lebanon~~ Bridgewater. From there to Brooklyn it was terrible; ploughed deep by trucks in the soft Xmas weather and now frozen. Five miles out of Bridgewater, in the woods, the car dropped into a deep rut, scraped the axle, and tore the right front tire badly — all to the dire tune of escaping air. It was dark and bitterly cold. Byrne (like the mad Irishman he is) carries no tools in his car. There was nothing for it but to run along on the flat tire in the hope of finding ~~an~~ a farmhouse "around the corner"

We went around corners for a mile, bumping from rut to rut, before we came to a little store near Hebbville. Byrne phoned for a service-truck from Bridgewater, and after a long delay we hit the trail again, arriving in Liverpool at 8.30 P.M.

— 6½ long cold hours on the road in two-seater with a collapsible fabric top, with wind and powdered snow sifting in through the openings.

I was nearly frozen

Monday, Dec. 28, 1931.

I found a strange feature of the exchange situation today. I took a ten-dollar U.S. gold piece to the Royal Bank and asked for Canadian funds, including exchange. The teller informed me that he could pay only part for it. As the bank is forbidden to export gold under the recent government decree, it has no means of getting exchange on it. I was advised to change it somewhere for a ten dollar bill of the U.S., on which the bank would pay 20% premium. Later in the day, requiring a fairly large sum in U.S. currency, I found the bank teller ready and willing to provide it in U.S. Gold. Surely a strange situation in a country that is "off the gold standard" to every intent & purpose.

Tuesday. Dec. 29/31. I discovered today that Col. Jones & the Big Three (Waters, Seaborn & Ratchford) placed their own salaries back on the old pre-cut basis during the month of November. As the wage cut was agreed to on the written word of Jones that all were to be reduced, including himself, this seems most dishonest.

The more I see of Jones and his immediate satellites the less I think of their moral principles. They have all the business instincts of a well-trained pickpocket. And in today's Chronicle it is announced with pride that Mersey Paper Co's profits for 1931 will be greater than 1930!

Friday. Jan. 1, 1932. A cold but sunny day. The paper mill worked today - the office staff quitting at noon. Walked up to Milton in the afternoon and had New Year dinner together with the Sunlaps, at Mother Freeman's.

Sunday. Jan. 3/32. A snowstorm (which commenced as we were returning from a card party at Freeman Supper's, in Milton, last night) raged all morning, & the snow ceased about noon, though the easterly gale continued unabated tonight. This is the first real snowfall of the season.

~~Monday~~ Friday, Jan 15/32. For three days we have had warm S.W. breeze, lovely sunshine, and a temperature reaching 57° at noon. We had a snap of zero weather a week ago. On the 12th we had a deluge of rain that cleared away the snow. Since then — Spring! The roads are not very muddy, as there was little frost in the ground.

Saturday, Jan. 16/32. Mersey Paper Co. has a new customer — the Brooklyn (N.Y.) Times — whose contract calls for paper at $\$45^{00}$ fob. dock, New York. This is price-cutting with a vengeance. Officially our 1932 price is $\$51^{00}$ fob New York, a drop of $\$4^{00}$ per ton from the 1931 price of $\$55^{00}$ fob. Upper Canadian mills blame the 1932 official cut of 4^{00} on "Maritime Province mills which are cutting prices on paper delivered to New York by sea" — meaning, mainly, Mersey Paper Co.

Friday, Jan. 22/32. A snowstorm today, after sunny weather and bare ground since the 19th.

Sunday, Jan. 24/32. Rain, & bare ground again.

Friday, Feb. 5/32. A howling N.E. blizzard last night & today covers the ground with more than a foot of snow, after bare ground since Jan 24th.

A separation (and eventually divorce) between my wife and me seems to have become inevitable. We have been "drifting apart" since the first year of our marriage, and since we moved to Liverpool the gap has widened ~~so~~ rapidly, with more intense periods of estrangement and fewer, briefer reconciliations.

The cause is, of course, our utter dissimilarity of tastes and ambitions - a fact which her shrewd old Aunt Marie, prophesying disaster, pointed out at the time of our marriage. My wife leans to the easy gaiety of small-town life, with its incessant bridge parties, occasional trips to the "talkies", and evenings of (to me) inane giggling and empty conversation. Her philosophy of life is "to get by as easily as possible" - that nothing in life is worth any amount of hardship. This code colours her whole married life, from her utter unwillingness to bear children to her little petty slip-shod methods in housekeeping.

She had persistently discouraged my efforts to get away from the drudgery of a cashier's desk to the world of creative writing, because writing required quiet (no bridge parties in the house!)

and by absorbing all my spare time, prevented my squiring her to the theatre and the social round.

Matters did not improve when I purchased a bond or two with the money received for my writing, instead of buying a car, piano, electric refrigerator and other things more urgent to herself.

The failure of my hopes of promotion at the office has compelled us to live within the narrow limits of a cashier's income, very irksome to both of us and particularly distasteful to my wife, whose chosen circle consists (with one or perhaps two exceptions) of people, in far better financial circumstances. For her side there is equally as much to be said. Her idea of literature is Ethel M. Dell; of music, - Irving Berlin; of clothes - tight-fitting silk sheaths of violent colours, and no underwear; of food - the decorative sandwiches and salads containing pineapple, mayonnaise, lettuce, onions etc. beloved of the bridge fiends. Why should she change to T. E. Lawrence, Scott or Shakespeare; to Rimsky-Korsakoff; to quiet clothes or staple foods? I am (of necessity) penurious. I am absorbed in dull things like history. I am bitter

(and frequently profane) in criticisms of her petty misdeeds. She does not - never did - "understand me". (Trite but true) My strange combination of ascetic and sensualist would puzzle a far wiser woman, I fancy. (She once accused me, the dry-as-dust student of eighteenth century naval administration, of infidelity!)

I have suggested divorce more than once, but my wife will not hear of it. Yet, as I see it, divorce must come. We are oil and water.

Sunday. Feb. 7/32. Brent Smith & I hiked to Herring Cove Brook this morning on snowshoes, entering the woods behind his house. The snow is light, powdery and deep, with no crust, so we found the going very heavy. The woods are very beautiful, every tree weighted down with snow. The scenery along the frozen brook (where we stopped to boil tea & eat lunch) made us sigh for our forgotten cameras. Home about 4 P.M.

Saturday. Feb. 20/32 We have had a week of bitter northerly gales, very different from the mildness of January. Tonight Col. Jones gave a stag party to the office and mill staff, about

forty being present. There was an oyster and lobster supper, served buffet style, with a wonderful Virginia ham, a rare old cheese, and plenty of Sauterne wine. This was followed by an evening of cards — mostly poker and bridge, though "ponzi", forty-fives, checkers and even crown-and-anchor were in play. "Mac" Hall, having injudiciously added some hearty slugs of whisky to a belly full of Sauterne, was put to bed early in the evening. His poker chips — to the amount of \$3⁰⁰ — disappeared shortly afterward and are said (by J. M. Ratchford, an eye-witness) to have been quietly stolen, by no less than W. F. Gempston the Ass't Secy. of the Mersey Company. Beer, cider, and spirituous liquors were circulated by Ike Smart (in a white jacket) & "Dutchy" Meisner, and the party became a merry one. Charlie Dodge frequently broke into song, & as frequently was joined by other off-key songsters, to the immense detriment of the card games. The current stein-song was "When it's Springtime in the Rockies" and they sang it to exhaustion. An amusing evening.

Breed Of The Oaken Heart

Come gather round the capstan, lads, an'
lend an ear to me,
For I've a tale o' the days o' sail, when
England won the sea:
Of loss an' gain on the Spanish Main, o'
powder, beef an' beer:
O' fightin' Alex Godfrey an' the
"Rover" privateer.

THE Saga of the Rover, a chronicle of the brave old days and the grand old sea-dogs of Nova Scotia, is a lively narrative of privateering and adventure aboard the famous brig Rover, built by one Ichabod Darrow, at Herring Cove in Liverpool Bay, and commanded by Alexander Godfrey, a roving young seaman born at Cape Cod, a subject of King George the Second, but who had settled at Liverpool in 1791.

The story, packed with action, alive on every page, relates the history of the Rover from her launching in 1800, through four crowded years, "cruising against the enemies of Great Britain" at a time when Britain was at war with France and Spain and Holland, to 1804 when, after earning fame and fortune the trim little brig was sold to shipping merchants and began the more prosaic career of a trading vessel.

The mills of the Mersey Paper Company stand today hard by the site of Ichabod Darrow's shipyard where the Rover, privateer, was built, and it was upon the suggestion of Col. C. H. L. Jones, O. B. E., that the Saga of the Rover was written. The author is Thomas H. Raddall, and he has penned a glamorous story, vivid and entrancing, based upon historical records which have richly rewarded his painstaking research. The illustrations, maps, and cover design are the work, most creditable too, of Thomas W. Hayhurst.

The little volume is most attractively printed and bound, and, apart altogether from the literary excellence of the narrative, has an historical value and interest which clothe it with importance and stamp it as a truly notable production.

The cutting herewith
is from the "Halifax
Herald", an editorial
item by Wm. Dennis,
I think.

The "Saga" was
placed on sale at
Maddens Pharmacy,
today at 2⁰⁰.

Each copy is auto-
graphed by Tom Hayhurst
and myself. The edition
is limited to 250 copies.

Mersey Paper Co. are
having a special edition
printed containing a
page of mild advert-
ising in the front, for
distribution to customers -
executives etc.

Saturday, March 5/32. This afternoon Gordon, Smith & I drove to Eight Mile Lake. We crossed the lake on the ice (about a foot thick) & tramped across the ridge to Burnaby Lake. Here we found a considerable logging operation of the Charleston pulp mill nearing completion, with a lot of wood piled on the ice and a boom laid on the ice about the wood. Gordon cut a hole in the lake ice & fished (unsuccessfully) for trout. Smith & I hiked up the brook to Vaughan's Camp, passing ^{enroute} a beaver house and a large number of birch, ash and poplars felled by the busy little fellows. Striking back to Eight Mile Lake we separated, each taking a fork of the trail. About $\frac{1}{2}$ mile along my trail, in thick bush, I was hailed by two young women, to my immense surprise. They were dressed for the street rather than the woods, & explained that they had left their car at Ten Mile Hill & tramped into the pulp camp at Burnaby Lake over the tote-road. After a visit at the camp they had started back to their car & got lost. They went along with me until we were joined by Smith. Then, after a council of war, they decided to return to the camp by the main trail, in which we were then standing. We urged them to come with us, offering to drive them in the car to their own car at Ten Mile. They refused & turned back. We are wondering tonight how they made out.

Sunday, March 6/32. A wonderful day. Dead calm, warm sunshine, and a slight haze seaward like early May. I dug out my spring coat and found it almost too warm for comfort. Large numbers of people out walking, all with a merry "Spring is here" sort of feeling.

Thursday, March 10/32. At a meeting of the Historical Society tonight my resignation was accepted and Dr. C. Porter Freeman appointed Secretary-Treasurer in my stead. On motion of James V. McLeod I was awarded a vote of thanks for my "faithful labours since the foundation of the Society in 1929." Wm. Sterns, Miss Mullins, Mrs. Day & others said a number of charming things, all very flattering - and highly undeserved.

Sunday, March 13/32. Drove to Wile's Farm, Melton, this morning, with Parker, Gordon & Smith. Hiked to Solnoe's Lake, where Gordon & Parker indulged in the cold and illegal pastime of fishing through the ice. Smith & I struck northward through a rugged wilderness of alternate bog and rocky ledge, in narrow strips running NE-SW, & arrived on Bon Mature Lake about 2 P.M. The ice was about a foot thick, and a bitter NNW wind sweeping down over the lake made me glad of my leather coat.

We left the ice at the south end of the lake, searched fruitlessly for an old trail said to be there, & finally struck off WSW through the timber. Struck the old long Lake tole road, about two miles from Bon Mature. We boiled tea and had supper about 5 P.M. at a cave near the west bank of the Five River, where we had agreed to rendezvous ~~to~~ with Parker & Gordon. They came along at 6 P.M., nearly frozen, but with 13 trout caught between them. Back at the Wild Farm at 7 P.M.

A lovely sunny day, with very cold wind. I never saw better travelling conditions in the woods. Just an inch or two of snow, hard-crusting, and lakes and swamps frozen deep. Smith & I hiked 19 miles altogether. Monday, March 14/32.

Some joker has pulled a simply priceless yape on the High Court of Probate, Divorce and Admiralty (I think that's the way it goes) of Liverpool, England. Apparently he (or she) procured a sheet of Mercury Paper Co stationery and wrote to afore-mentioned court requesting a copy of the will of one Oliver Goldsmith, who "died about 1863".

The court swallowed the bait, hook-line-&-sinker. Today the Company received an august letter from the Court, stating that "search of the records for the five years beginning 1863, as requested, had failed to reveal any trace of a will of

Later we found that an Oliver Goldsmith actually lived in N.S., a descendant of the famous O.G.; de Nova Scotia Oliver afterwards returned to England & wrote "The Double Village".



Oliver Goldsmith. A little foot-note added - "Do you wish us to search further?" and attached was a bill for three shillings and sixpence!

"Pop" Kempton came striding over to my desk, waving the letter & bill on high, and damning my "practical jokes". I demanded details, and as he showed me the letter & bill, I simply had to roar with laughter. I wanted him to write back & point out that Oliver Goldsmith died in 1774, suggesting that the High Court have another search. But he refused.

(N.B.)

This was the "HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE (PRIZES, AIDANCE & AMITY)"
TRISTE ALIBION

Wednesday, March 16/32. The first forest fires of the season are reported. One burned a section between the railway & harbor just west of the paper mill this afternoon. Another, of much larger proportions, is burning at Catharine's River.

E. S. Richards, Bob Mackinnon & J. Lane Smart, woods cruisers, arrived from the Totonic district with a tale of a curious discovery. Near the shore of Wainwright Lake (which is in the Jordan River headwaters) and within easy portage of the Roseway (Shelburne) River and the Shelburne (Mersey) River headwaters, they found evidence of a settlement of a white man or men. The land had been cleared for cultivation, the rocks being heaped up in neat piles, and overgrown very deep with moss. Searching further they found a celtic, roughly 15' x 15', walled up with

rocks. The cellar was nearly full of forest debris. A large tree was growing on the cellar wall, with roots extending into the cellar itself. Examination of the stump of this tree showed its age to be 163 years. In other words, the house had rotted down and this hemlock tree had commenced to grow out of the ruins, in 1769. At that time Liverpool settlement was barely ten years old, & composed largely of fishermen, who clung close to the sea. Shelburne did not exist. Who built this lonely house, so far from any civilized settlement, away back before 1769?

Sunday, March 21/32. This morning Smith & I started for Long Lake, leaving the car on Niles Hill at Milton. Gordon & Parker accompanied us as far as Five Rivers, where they swung off for another fishing expedition on Solnoe's Lake. Smith & I planned to hit the south end of Long Lake, then swing off across country to Big Falls, returning to Milton by the power development road. We were unable to locate the point where the Long Lake trail swings off the Broad River tote road. It snowed an inch or two last night, and any trail fainter than a well-trodden path was impossible to find. Finally, & with great difficulty, ~~we~~ we headed along an old trail running NE and E which brought us to Little Bon Mature Lake. We walked down Bon Mature Lake on the ice and then out to Milton. Twenty five miles of hard going, all told. I was very tired.

Wednesday, March 30/32. There has been a juggling of titles on the Mersey staff. B. J. Waters (formerly Secretary) becomes General Superintendent; J. M. Ratcliff (formerly Treasurer) becomes Secretary - Treasurer; and J. H. M. Jones (son of Col. J. and formerly "Resident Engineer") becomes Asst. Gen. Supt. The net result is that they go on with their duties pretty much the same. The salary roll reveals a jump of \$290 per month, which is I presume, divided among them. And thus the famous - or infamous - ten percent cut in salary "to be sustained by everybody from President to water-boy" becomes a sad farce to those of us unfortunate enough to be neither executives nor union labour.

Friday, April 1/32. Tonight Col. Jones broadcast from C. R. N. S. at Halifax on "Queens County", a speech which I had written for him.

Saturday, April 2/32. This morning Nelson Greenleaf (secretary to "Jonesie") shook my hand effusively & said with a wide grin, "That was a fine speech, Colonel, on the radio last night. Let me congratulate you."

Sunday, April 3/32. This morning Smith & I started for Long Lake again, (the trip which we failed to accomplish on March 21st) leaving the car on Wile's Hill, at Milton, at 8:30 A.M. The weather

was sunny at first, but the wind hauled south and the sky was soon obscured by a ceiling of grey-black clouds. The going was very heavy as far as Five Rivers, as the frost was coming out of the road and we waded ankle-deep in mud in many places. Crossing the Five Rivers on an improvised (& precarious) bridge at 9.35, we found good footing along the turf of the disused tote road. We reached the Broad River fork at 10.50 & stopped at our old camp-fire of the 21st to search for my lost pocket pencil. I found it without trouble. We pushed on & found the Long Lake trail very distinct now that the snow is off the ground. Passing the old tote-camp at 11.35, we reached the south-east cove of Long Lake at 12.45, & stopped to boil tea & lunch. The sky was now very black and a slow rain commenced. We left S.E. Cove ^{at 1.30} and struck off N.E. & N.W. to an old camp-site half-way up Long Lake, having missed the fork where the Eagle Lake trail branched off. Careful search revealed that the Eagle L. trail had grown up in young trees & disappeared after about 50 yds. We left the fork at 2.25 & struck up across country, working E. and N.E. across a high plateau studded with growing spruce and clumps of timber, coming out on the Mercy River about 200 yds below N^o 3 dam at 4.10 P.M. Had tea in the fish-warden's shack at Big Falls & left for Milton along the highway at 5.20, refusing a proffered "lift" by a passing car. We arrived at Ralph Greenman's house at 8.12 P.M., having done over 31 miles in ten hours of actual hiking. Slightly footsore but not greatly tired.

Tuesday, April 12/32. Today, at the invitation of the Kiwanis Club, I was their guest-speaker, talking for a subject "Some Memories of the Halifax Explosion". They hold their luncheons weekly in a small private dining room at the Mersey Hotel. (It was the old bar-room in the halcyon pre-war days, & I sat where the old brass rail used to be). One should not "look a gift horse i' the mouth", I suppose, but I was surprised at the poor food. The good table for which the hotel was deservedly famous has disappeared along with good times. Today's menu consisted of an anemic macaroni soup; Irish stew consisting largely of carrots; and a slab of pumpkin pie with coffee. I have eaten better meals in lumber camps.

Sunday, April 17/32. Snow, with intermittent heavy squalls of rain and sleet, fell all yesterday & today. It melted as it fell. Yesterday the shunting train & crew, relics of the old Liverpool-Milton railway, were laid off by the C.N.R. in the interests of economy. This is the first time the shunter has been taken off since 1911. (It never returned.)

Sunday, Apr. 24/32. Today at 7 A.M. Smith, Parker, Gordon & I went to Big Falls, leaving Smith's car outside the power station. We walked to Eagle Lake & tried unsuccessfully to catch a trout in the hole near our old camp. We struck across to Kempton

Brook & repeated the experience. The brook was very high and the meadows & woods adjacent were flooded, rendering progress very difficult. Smith & Parker left us & headed up-trail for the Kempton Lake dam, which they found after much wandering. Gordon & I quit fishing at 1 P.M. & separated - he to build a fire at Eagle Lake & smoke his pipe - myself to explore an old trail running S and SE from the old Squaw Camp on Kempton Brook. We all rendezvoused at Eagle Lake for supper & walked back to Big Falls at 6:30 P.M. It was a lovely sunny day, but with a chill north wind. We found ice on the small pools in the morning from last night's frost, and some of last winter's snow still holding grimly on in mossy holes in the deep woods. A great day but poor fishing. (One trout - caught by Gordon at Eagle Lake dam)

Friday, April 29/32. Tom Ratchford & B. J. Waters, golf enthusiasts, held a meeting in Town Hall tonight to found a Liverpool club. The proposal is: - to lease (rent free) the unfinished golf course at White Point; to spend \$10,000 to finish the course; to raise this amount by selling shares for \$150.00 to 60 or 70 men; to charge \$20.00 annual membership fees. Ratchford urged me to join but I told him I couldn't afford it & predicted that not more than 25 men in Liverpool could or would. At tonight's meeting, just 14 signed the pledge.

Sunday, May 1/32. At 8 A.M. Parker, Gordon, Smith & myself to Upper Great Brook in P's car. Gordon & I fished up as far as the transmission line & quit, returning to Mersey Lodge, where we took a boat. We fished Minard's Eddy all afternoon without success. Parker & Smith followed up Upper Great Brook to Cooke's Meadow, fishing all day there. Smith's lone trout, caught in the morning, was the sole product of four men fishing all day. Sky overcast all day, with wind at SW & S, with frequent showers.

Tuesday, May 3/32. Another club is being promoted, - this time by Grant Sherman of the engineering dept. A yacht club. Each member to purchase a small sailboat of the "Snipe" type - 16 ft long overall, draft (with board) 3 ft, open cockpit, 17 ft mast sail area 100 sq. ft. - which Kenneth MacAlpine of Shelburne has offered to build & equip for \$175⁰⁰ each. Six men have signed up - including C. H. Jones, & Rolfe Seaborne, manager of the Woods Dept. I should like to join but can't afford it.

Thursday, May 5/32. My sister Nellie stopped over night with us on her way from Halifax to Scranton, Pa., to rejoin her husband. (She married Max Cassidy last December, in Scranton, where he is employed in a coal mine. He is a graduate engineer of Dalhousie University.)

A. C. Marshall, local tailor, had made me a suit of pin-stripe blue serge. Price \$38⁰⁰. The general drop in prices does not seem to have affected clothing.

Sunday, May 8/32. Smith, Gordon & I to Eagle Lake at 7 A.M. Left Gordon there & hiked down the high land east of Eagle Lake, hunting for the Fairbault trail which we failed to find on April 3rd. Again no success, but we struck some sort of track & followed it about a mile to an old camp on the South-East Cove of Eagle Lake. Then south half-a-mile and due west (across the Haunted Bog, a half mile of treacherous, shaking muskeg) to an old camp at the East cove of Long Lake. From there we followed the trail to the South Brook of Long Lake. We fished up the brook for some distance without success. The brook flows out of a long stretch of meadow country running southward for miles and perhaps a mile wide. It was a lovely view from a rock not far from the lake, the long vista of meadow all green and gold and brown in the brilliant sunshine. We lunched at the brook mouth, retraced our steps to the old camp between Long & Eagle Lakes, & then struck off N and NE along a good trail to the SW cove of Eagle Lake. We crossed the Long Lake brook & took a N.W. course.

coming out on Kempton Brook about a mile above Square Camp at 4 P.M. Thus along the now familiar trail across to Eagle & to Big Falls, which we reached at 6 P.M. In our tramp we "circumnavigated" Eagle Lake and travelled about 20 miles. Gordon didn't catch a single trout at Eagle Brook, became disgusted, went to sleep in a sunny spot, & woke up two hours later with a mild case of sunstroke. A hot May day, cloudless and humming with the first blackflies. The swamps are still very wet and the brooks high, but the ridges are tindy dry.

Thursday, May 12/32. The first forest fire of the season broke out yesterday & was extinguished today by a strong force of men. It broke out on the "delta" of the Long Lake - Eagle Lake brook (not far from the track of Smith and me last Sunday) and burned $\frac{1}{2}$ a square mile of scrub timber. The culprits were Frank Labrador (young Indian) and a youth named Wentyl, who had taken a canoe up there yesterday. The fire rangers traced the path of the blaze straight to the camp - fire carelessly left burning by the young fools. The weather has been warm & sunny all this week, though somewhat frosty at night. Violets & wild-strawberry blossoms are bursting forth, and the maple-trees are already dropping their red "bud-blossoms". Still a few mayflowers in the woods.

The body of Col. Lindberg's son, kidnaped from the Lindberg home at Hopewell, N.J. two months ago, has been found in the woods five miles from the home. The child had been killed by two terrific blows on the head. This closes a most dramatic search, which extended to Nova Scotia and to England. (It was thought that the kidnapers were associated with the rum fleet operating off the U. S. coast)

Tuesday, May 10/32. Col. Jones left for England, avowedly to secure some English business but really (I think) to have a trip at the company's expense. He has been toying with the idea for months. The "Golf & Country Club" (see April 29/32) seems an assured success in spite of my gloomy predictions. Fifty signatures have been secured, though the methods are somewhat questionable. The shares are being sold as an "investment," though how the shareholders will ever get their money out of it remains a mystery. The sad experience of those who paid \$50⁰⁰ apiece to the short-lived White Point Beach Company under similar golfing delusions, seems to have been forgotten.

Wednesday, May 18/32. Tonight, under the auspices of the Canadian Legion, a lecture was given in Oddfellows Hall by Will R. Bird, Canadian soldier, author and lecturer. His

subject was the "Battlefields of Flanders - Thirteen Years After", & he had a large number of lantern slides.

The Legion put on, as an additional attraction, a three-act sketch, written for the occasion by Gavin Creed and myself. The cast included: -

Captain John Bluenose	—	Gavin Creed
Mrs. Martha Bluenose	—	Charlie Taylor
Sergeant-Major	—	Ralph Freeman
Corporal	—	Hugh Dunlop
Private	—	Edgar Mack
Mademoiselle from Armentieres	—	Tom Raddall.

As "Mamselle" I wore a blonde wig, a tight-fitting black dress, black silk stockings, red-white-and-blue garters with large rosettes & my own dancing pumps.

The show was a success, though attendance was less than capacity due to three other affairs - including a Masonic "ladies night" - scheduled for the same evening.

I am told that I made quite a charming Mamselle. Many people could not guess who Mamselle was - and the old janitor, pottering about the stage after the show when we had resumed normal clothes & complexions, told me, "You know, I knew them two girls was fellas!"

Sunday May 22/32. We have had a week of wonderful weather. Today Parker, Smith & I went to Timber Island Lake, intending to build a raft and try fishing for lake trout. A cool Northerly gale changed our ideas. We swung off due East from opposite the Timber Island, & hit the brook after 20 minutes of very rough going — a labyrinth of granite boulders masked with waist-high "chucka-berry" bushes & wire birch. There were thickets of alders too, with thousands of dangling catkins, and the stir of our stumbling passage sent clouds of yellow pollen into the air, which gave me a sharp attack of "hay" fever. Had lunch at the brookside and then pushed on to the mouth. Fishing seemed pretty poor. I sat comfortably on a rock beside a pool just above the mouth of the brook, smoking my pipe and watching the various wild creatures. A squadron of young ducks (sailing along solemnly and silently in twos, and looking absurdly like a squadron of ships manoeuvring in double column) were the most interesting. The brook was teeming with grubs encased in sticky cocoons about an inch long, to which spruce & fir needles and dirt were adhering, the whole looking exactly like an old bit of twig in the water. I think it is the larvae of the "Mayfly" but that's only a guess. I caught seven trout, all in

the one pool. I then headed out for the road, where I found Brent & Parker waiting for me. They had tramped a long way up the brook & then come out. Parker had seven trout and Smith four. This is the first real mess of trout I've caught in two years. Owing to bad fire conditions the woods are closed officially, and we had to provide ourselves with a special pass from the County Clerk permitting us to be in the Timber Lake area for twenty four hours. The wind dropped at 5 P.M., and then the blackflies simply swarmed, biting fiercely. We caught nearly all of our trout with worms and minnows.

Empire Day. Tuesday. The office staff had a half-holiday today. I had my first game of tennis for this year. Wonderful weather continues.

Saturday. May 28, 32. This afternoon, ^{at 2 PM} Parker, ^{Gordon} Smith & I drove to River Head, where we left the car and were joined by our guide, Thad Wahlman, who is woods ranger for this district. We tramped up the Broad River tote road to Campbells dam & commenced fishing. The weather was overcast and humid, with occasional light showers. The river is quite low and the fishing proved poor. Near the river bank between two pools we came upon a

baby fawn — not more than 24 hours old as far as we could judge. It curled up and "played dead" while we stood looking at it but pricked up its ears when we walked away. It was a light reddish-brown with white bars on the hind quarters, and was the prettiest animal I've ever seen. We fished up as far as the Devil's Funnel without much luck, arriving at the shack there about 7 P.M. The shack belongs to the White Point Beach Company, & Mahlman has the use of it. It is completely fitted with beds for 6 persons, cooking utensils, dishes, cutlery etc, and with 3 good canoes.

We spent the night there. Mahlman proved a noisy sleeper — snoring, coughing, groaning and yelling, in a manner that defies description — and with the exception of Gordon we didn't get much sleep. I sat in the doorway half the night smoking cigarettes and listening to the frogs and the rain.

Sunday, May 29/32. After breakfast we separated. Gordon & Smith went up-river in a canoe. Mahlman took Parker & myself up Indian Log Brook, which flows into Broad River not far above the Devil's Funnel. This brook is full of good-sized trout, and consists of very ordinary-looking stillwaters for the most

part. Mahlman keeps it a dark secret, and as it is a mere trickle where it joins the river, few fishermen ever touch it. I caught 5 beauties and then headed out for the shack. Parker went further & caught 15, all big trout or of a fair size. After dinner we separated again. Gordon had caught nothing but a chill (the wind being NE, and the weather wet and raw) so Mahlman took him back the brook. Parker, Smith & I went up-river in a canoe to Shann's Hole, where we caught 3 trout in a minute. Parker turned back. Smith & I went up the tote road & fished in Little Lake Brook with no luck. We walked back to the canoe & paddled up to the shack at 4:30 P.M. After tea we set the shack to rights, washed and swept up, etc. Left the shack by the tote road at 5:30 P.M. and were out at River Head at 7:15. Altogether we got 33 trout, which is a fair catch in these days of poor fishing. On the outward trek we saw six dead rabbits, two of which were young - not more than eight inches long. There was no sign of injury. Gordon suggests that the cycle has come round again and the regular 7-year disease is killing them off.

Wednesday, June 1/32. I receive notice of annual premium due the Sun Life Assurance Co., and find that the dividend has been cut 35%. The Sun Co was recently the subject of a parliamentary inquiry, in which it was stated that the directors of the Company had unwisely invested a very large proportion of the funds in common stocks, upon which dividends had largely ceased.

Street rumour has it that Sun Life, Royal Bank of Canada and "another big bank" are due to "go up the spout." There has been a wave of panic selling on the New York and Montreal exchanges, due to a variety of causes. C.P.R. selling at 9 Massey-Harris @ 2½

A Mr. Morley, of Scott Tissue Co., has made a sensational attack on the Nova Scotia Govt, in an interview given to the Halifax Chronicle. He charges that the Govt has permitted the Mersey Paper Co. not only to trespass on private property around Herring Cove Lake and expropriate lands about the shores, but to divert the entire stream into a pipe line for mill use. This is correct. Scott Tissue Co. owns the Charleston pulp mill, whose timberlands about the Herring Cove watershed are directly affected by Mersey Paper Co's high-handed seizure of the driving waters. (See April 11, 1933)

June 10/32. Friday. About a dozen Yankee mackerel seiners are in port. The crews appear to be Cape Cod Portuguese principally; burly, thickest, swarthy fellows.

June 15/32. Wednesday. This evening I entered a courtroom for the first time in my life. A suit of Capt. Gjerte Myhre against Seven Seas Fisheries Company was being heard in the Liverpool courthouse by Judge Graham. Myhre is a retired trawler skipper of Scandinavian descent, a tall man of about 40, with long thin legs and a strong square body with immense shoulders; his bald head appears to sit right on his shoulders, for he has little or no neck, and this with his long arms and large hands, gives him a curious ape-like appearance. He made a lot of money in his trawler after the war and was persuaded to invest most of it in the Seven Seas Co., by Boyd Snow. In addition to his purchase of stock, Myhre advanced \$19,700 to the company, taking notes as security. The company got into further financial difficulties and a Mr. Sewell of Toronto acquired stock to the value of \$25,000. Boyd Snow appears to have maneuvered this new stock together with his own minority holding, so as to vote Myhre out of the directorate and in fact out of his

salaries job as manager of the Company's ships. Myrke then sued for payment of his ^{#19,700} ~~20,000~~ notes. Snow & Newell maintain that Myrke agreed to take 197 shares of stock in payment. Myrke denies this. The result is the present lawsuit. Boyd is a short thickset, good-looking fellow of about 35, as keen as a razor and a convincing talker. Not over-scrupulous, I should judge. His lawyer was L.A. Lovett, K.C., of Halifax, considered one of the outstanding & corporation & bankruptcy lawyers in the Province. Lovett is tall & thin, with close-cropped greying hair, pince-nez glasses, a short, very black moustache, and no chin. His voice is high and whining, but he is keen and suave, always master of the situation. The evidence only will be heard here; the case is to be argued in Halifax.

June 16/32. Thursday. I met Jack Lynch tonight in Guy Moryar's new "White Owl", a lunch wagon. Lynch was cox'n of the Sable Island lifeboat when I was stationed there, eleven years ago. He learned wireless telegraphy and, after several years as an operator on various ship & shore stations, is now "pounding brass" on rum-running vessels. Drives an expensive car & appears to be prosperous, though slovenly as ever in his dress.

Saturday, June 18/32 Col. Jones returned today from his trip to England & France, reporting very meagre results in the way of new business. Premier Harrington of Nova Scotia made a trip over there at the same time, and I'm wondering if there is any connection with Jones's expedition.

Monday, June 20/32 Owing to lack of orders and consequently a large stock of unsold paper on hand, the Mersey mills are shut down until July 5th. Most of the office staff have been ordered to take their vacations during the shut-down.

Tuesday, June 21/32 Col. Jones wants me to write another booklet, to be called "A Saga of Markland," for the Company's advertising. I am not very enthusiastic. I devoted much of my spare time last year to the writing of the "Saga of the Rover," being an account of the well-known Liverpool privateer. Tom Hayhurst did the illustrations. Jones had it printed by the Royal Print & Litho, of Halifax, who did a poor job and charged nearly \$900.00 for turning out 500 copies. Hayhurst & myself were given 250 copies as payment for our services. We endeavoured to sell them this Spring through bookstores in Ottawa, Halifax and Liverpool, charging \$2.00 per copy, of which

the bookseller got 50¢. At this price Hayhurst & I got about 60¢ per copy apiece, after deducting expenses — a poor enough return for a year's work. But at this price the book would not sell in the present hard times. Barely 40 of the 250 copies have been sold. The prospect of another year's spare time donated to the Mersey Paper Co's advertising does not, therefore, thrill me.

Friday, July 1/32. Dominion Day. A fine hot holiday, with the usual ball games in the ball ground, morning & afternoon, and garden fete & dance in the evening. A novelty this year was introduced in the form of a prize-fight at 7 P.M. in the ball ground. A platform of boards upon saw-horses constituted the "ring", surrounded by chairs (borrowed from Oddfellows Hall) which were rented at \$1.60 apiece, as "ringside seats." The grandstand (before which the "ring" was erected) cost 60¢ per seat.

The fighters were Jack McKenna, lightweight "champeen" of the Maritime Provinces, and a young darkie of Liverpool named Terence Warrington. Warrington is a light-crown, muscular fellow of about 21, active as a cat, who has been doing quite a bit of fighting with Halifax third-raters during the

clearly Ference is the son of old Kate Warrington, negroes, by an American policeman named Val Roberts, a fine strapping fellow, whose real name is Liverpool for supplying 20-odd years ago. - Information given Jerry Washburn by Kate herself

Liverpool gossip says he is a son of W. L. Hall, who practiced law here years ago before he went to Halifax and got into Conservative politics

past few years. He is a son of old Kate Warrington a negress of notorious character who has raised a crop of children ranging in colour from "near-white" to "entirely-black", and who is said to have been popular with various well-connected white gentlemen (among many others) of the town 20 or 30 years ago.

Ference is a good-looking fellow, with good red colour in his dark cheeks which betrays the white branch of the family tree. The fight went to 9 rounds, with McKenna out-fought all the way. His seconds threw the towel into the ring then, and the "nigger" thus won by a technical knock-out. The referee was Tom Foley of Halifax. An immense crowd saw the fight, not only from the ball-ground, but from the tops of cars and roofs of houses and even from the platform of the railway station. Probably one thousand people saw it, only a small portion of whom paid for the privilege. The financial result was that McKenna, who had agreed to take a percentage of the gate, received only \$60.00 for his beating. The "nigger", having stipulated a fixed sum of \$100.00 as his fee, thus got the best of it in both ways.

Sunday, July 3/32. A sunny day, with a westerly gale raising white-caps on the harbour. Vegetation is at its best now, after the recent rains.

June was a "backward" month, dry, with high cold winds and occasional frost. Sandelion, iris, wild raspberry, august-flower, buttercup, clover, wild rose, wild-pea (whose heavy scent always reminds me of Sable Island) daisy and many others (my scant knowledge of botany!) are in full bloom. And I have hay-fever, which came again this year about June 15th as regular as clockwork.

Thursday, July 7/32. In utter misery from hay fever all day.

Saturday, July 14/32. I went to Halifax by train, sent by Ed. Jones to examine matter (at the Public Archives) relating to the Norse discovery of America. A hot day. Suffered intensely from hay fever all the way to Halifax. Insufferably hot in the train.

Sunday, July 17/32. Spent an interesting morning aboard the "Roald Amundsen", lying at De Wolfe's wharf. She is a replica of the Viking ships, built in Norway under supervision of her owner - skipper, Captain Gerhard Følgero, a fine old Norwegian salt.

The ship has sailed to Denmark, Germany, France, England, Egypt, Spain, thence by Columbus' trail to Cuba (93 days on the passage) thence to St. Louis, up the Mississippi to Minneapolis, thence by various canal systems to the Atlantic seaboard. From Gloucester, Mass. she sailed to Halifax, where she is filling her water tanks etc for the real test of her existence — the old Viking passage from "Markland" to Iceland. Had a long talk with Capt. Folgers, who was delighted to find somebody who knew something of the Norse voyagers. (When I mentioned Thorfinn Karlsefni, he snatched off his sea-stained old cap and shook my hand fiercely and said how "bleased" he was to meet somebody who knew about "Torfinn") The ship is steered by the old Viking starboard oar, and carries only the big square sail on the single mast. No headsails of any kind. Has a small diesel engine secreted in a cubby-hole aft, for emergencies.

Depends greatly on a sea-anchor of stout wood and canvas. Carries large sweep-oars; though, as his crew consists of four Norwegian youngsters, he can't man them all. The craft is 60 feet overall; the

keel is 50 feet; beam 15' 9"; draft 3' 2"; length of mast 50 feet; sail is about 30' x 38', giving an area of about 110 square yards. ^{70000 chains, like card sail} _{within 5 points of the wind}

Monday, July 18/32. Examining books on the Viking voyages, at the new Provincial Archives building on Dalhousie campus. This building, presented by the generosity of ^{W. H. CHASE} Mr. H. M. Chase, is of grey stone similar to that of all the new Dalhousie buildings. It is splendidly equipped, entirely fireproof (metal doors, window frames, bookshelves etc) and is a distinct asset to the Province.

Tuesday, July 19/32. Working as yesterday. There is much talk of "depression" in Halifax, but the theatres are full; every night and everybody seems to have a car.

Saturday, July 30/32. For two months Gordon & myself have been wondering over mysterious week-end trips of Brent Smith & J. A. Parker. Lately we heard that a log-cabin was under construction at Eagle Lake, & putting 2 & 2 together, decided that these things were connected. So this afternoon Gordon & I went to Eagle Lake via Big Falls & the old trail. After some Red-Indian stalking we discovered Brent Parker

and Brent's father busily engaged in rolling peeled hemlock logs into the lake and towing them across to our old camp-site. Owing to the dense foliage, the cabin is invisible except from the exposed point where they were working. I crept so near to them that I was perilously close to discovery, & wished heartily for a camera so that I might confound the conspirators with a snapshot or two of themselves at work. We withdrew without making our presence known & returned to Milton, where Edith & myself attended the tennis tea. About 40 present, mostly young people. It was like old times to be playing tennis on the shady little court again.

Tuesday, Aug 2/32. As a newly-elected Vice-President of the Queens County Branch of the Legion, I was invited to the banquet at White Point Beach in honour of the delegates to the Provincial convention. A beautiful summer evening: the Point was at its best. Somebody whispered, as we arrived, that "The password is Twenty and Twenty One". These were the numbers, we discovered, of two cabins where liquid refreshments - chiefly beer - were available, and we used the

password with every success. Over 80 men sat down to dinner in the charming dining hall of the Inn. Music in the shape of the old familiar wartime tunes was dispensed by the inn orchestra, composed of four clever girls, of whom Parker's cousin is leader.

Major the Rev. Bullock of Bridgewater, retiring president of the Provincial Command, was toastmaster. The toast to "The Legion" was responded by W. R. B. Lucas of the Dept. of Pensions. "Canada" was responded by Professor (and Colonel) J. H. Macdonald, of Acadia University, a witty, white-haired old gentleman. The star speaker was Major Milton F. Gregg, V.C., of Halifax, N.S., who was greeted with a wild outburst of song, cheers and applause — the most enthusiastic tribute I ever saw given to a man. After they had embarrassed him good-naturedly with the verse "See him smiling — just now" and the sequel "Ain't 'e handsome, — just now" and given many shouts of "Gregg! Good old Gregg!" — he proceeded with an able summary of the existing conditions among ex-service men in Canada.

Gavin Creed (recently recovered from serious illness and wearing an astonishing Louis Napoleon moustachio and beard) played the piano for a while, and Bob Logan of Bridgewater, sang. The Cape Breton delegation were an

entertainment in themselves, with many songs of their own. I noticed George Knowlan, M.P.F. (for Kings County) singing very enthusiastically amid the Cape Breton huddle in a long ballad, every verse of which advised somebody to "Never be connected with the honest working man".

Another fellow performed remarkably well on a flute, giving among other things a very good imitation of the bag-pipes. T. J. "Scotty" O'Donnell (why "Scotty", I don't understand. He had a face like the map of Ireland and a name that's far from Scotch) sang merrily in an excellent voice. He and Miller (editor of the Lunenburg Progress-Enterprise; he sat at my left) were the life of the party. Miller is the very double of Tom Starratt; bald, lantern-jawed and ugly as a bull-dog, possessed of a large voice and a ready sense of humor. His rendition of "I love my sergeant", at intervals throughout the dinner, and to the tune of an old hymn, was always good for a laugh. Harvey Crowell was there; he is a hard worker for the legion, a ready mixer, and well liked. I shook hands with Gregg. He is a slight man, of middle height, with dark eyebrows and moustache, and sparse dark hair. His eyes are keen and his voice crisp; a protuberant brow of the "intellectual" type gives his head an almost top-heavy appearance; his manner is

frank and unassuming, his hands long, nervous and strong. Altogether a man you could depend upon to do the right thing quickly in an emergency.

We went home at 11 P.M., sober — at which Harvey Crowell expressed feigned (we hope) astonishment. Parker & Brent Smith were with me.

Friday, Aug 5/32. For the second successive week the mill will be closed down on Friday and Saturday. This four-day week is to continue indefinitely, owing to a serious falling-off in orders. I understand that we have not lost any customers, but that all our customers are consuming less, month by month, owing to the amazingly depressed conditions in the U.S.

The Great American Public, which only 3 years ago was screaming in every paper and magazine that prosperity would last forever, that Americans had solved the age-old question of high wages and low costs, and that there would never again be poverty in the Almighty States, — the Great American Public is now shouting blue ruin to the skies. Unemployment in the U.S. is far worse than England has experienced in all the lean years since the war.

This afternoon I played in a tennis tournament

for the first time in my life. "Ted" Foster's partner in the mixed doubles (young Murray Smith) was out with an injured hand, so I agreed to substitute. It was my first tournament and the first time Ted & myself had ever played together. We gave the Lauenburg pair a hard chase for the first set, which they took 8-6, but they trimmed us handsomely at 6-3 to win the match in the second set. The weather had been foggy and warm all day & the sun burst through at 4 P.M. in time to make tennis a very warm business. Liverpool won the match generally at 6-4.

Sunday, Aug. 7/32 A hot, clear day. Gordon, his son Fred, and myself went to Seven Mile Lake this morning. Crossed the lake to Bill Silvis' wigwam, in Bill's skiff, and bathed in the deep water nearby. My first swim this year. A leech fastened itself on my foot between toes, and I didn't discover it until we'd been sunning our naked selves for some time. The thing hung on like grim death until Gordon sprinkled it with salt from Bill's grub-cache. The coves of the lake are surfaced with white lilies and their pancake leaves, a lovely sight. We brought a hundred home with us.

Friday, Aug 12/32. Attended the tennis dance in the boathouse at White Point Beach tonight. Lovely moonlit evening with a mild south breeze. About 70 couples present. Had a wonderful evening.

Saturday, Aug 13/32. The mill closes down today for the rest of the month. Things are getting pretty thick with Mersey Paper Co. In addition to the seasonal falling-off in newsprint orders, serious complaints have been made regarding the actual quality of our paper. The mill has been using large quantities of hemlock wood during the past three months in the sulphite mill, and the inevitable red stains have appeared in the paper. Thousands of cords of hemlock (cut up-river in the Rossignol camps last summer) are now on hand at the mill, and thousands more are still being cut. Who ever was responsible for this venture into foreign raw material, at a time when every farmer in the land is ready to sell good spruce at dirt prices, must be feeling sick today. Some think it lies at Seaborn's door, but I am inclined to think that the responsibility belongs to Col. Jones himself.

Sunday, Aug 14/32 Edith & myself to Seven Mile

Lake today with Gordon, in his car. Found the lake three inches higher from the torrential rains of the past week, and most of the water lilies "drowned".

Had a bathe from Bill Silvius' camp & picked a few lilies from the skiff. Home again at noon.

Thursday, Aug. 18/32. A man named Kelly blew into town today & announced that he is the owner of 9,500 shares in the King Fissure gold mine near South Brookfield and that he was prepared to sell them at 15¢ per share. As the promoters (chief of whom is Dannie Mackay, our local M.P.P.) have been selling the stock at 50¢ per share, there was a sensation.

Then Mackay announced that there was no such stock issued - or at least, no record of Kelly's shares on the books. Kelly then produced a perfectly good certificate, signed by Titus (ex-treasurer) and DuCoin (ex-president) and issued to one Williams, of North Queens, in payment (Kelly says) for the very land on which the mine is located. Kelly has a good legal transfer of the stock from Williams to himself.

The fact that large blocks of stock had been issued, of which no record was kept, created a second sensation. Kelly went to the Advance office and

Note: - On April 5, 1933 Kelly actually advertised his 9,500 shares for sale at 15¢ in the Liberpool Advance

paid \$1.40 for an advertisement in the next issue, offering the stock at 15¢. Charles Holden (one of Mackay's salesmen) went to Kelly, succeeded in getting the ad. cancelled, and paid him the \$1.40 in compensation. There the matter rests.

The mining company, since its original promotion ^{in 1925} by a slick little Toronto shark named ^{O'Hearn} O'Brien, has sold a large quantity of stock all over Western Nova Scotia. Nasty rumours have circulated from time to time about the high-pressure salesmanship employed, and the resultant handing over of life savings by small farmers and fishermen. The company has erected machinery, run a 175-foot shaft, and produced some ore, but its future remains a wild speculation.

Friday, Aug. 19/32. Hard times seem to have hit the rum business like all the rest. Two of the motor "mother-ships" (the "Ashtaua" and " ", both registered at St. Johns, Nfld.) have been tied up at Thompson's wharf all summer. Jack Lynch's boat (see entry June 16) which was brand new, sailed for Riverport to lay up, after Thompson's had installed her engines. Today there is a strange rum-runnet at the wharf

She appears to be a converted motor-cruiser yacht, having much cabin housing on her deck and small cargo capacity. She has a squat funnel and, having a sharp bow and a wide square stern is almost a floating wedge. Her name (recently changed, by the look of it, and even now only faintly lettered) is "Eleutherian" and her port of registry is "Nassau, N.P."

She has a large crew of tattered whites and negroes, bearded and unwashed; mostly young men. A crowd of 20th century buccaneers! What she is doing here so far from her beat, is a mystery.

Wednesday, Aug. 24/32. A lovely sunny day for the Legion picnic at Ponhook Lake, near Greenfield.

Drove out in the afternoon with the Illingworths. "Bunnie", far gone in gin, was the perfect gibbering idiot. A pioneer party had gone out in the morning and set up a canteen and an open-air kitchen. They had been instructed to dig a latrine and pitch a tent over it, for the convenience of the ladies & kids; but having too great a concern for feminine modesty, they erected the affair (with great care and labour) so far back in the woods that no lady ever reached it, and they had a job to find it themselves when the time arrived to

strike camp and go home. Gavin Creed & myself took charge of the sports and had a busy (& amusing) afternoon. About 150 people present. Colonel Jones arrived after tea to present the prizes he had donated, and the crowd broke up about 7 P.M.

Friday. Aug. 26/32 Drove to Summerville at 5 P.M. for a bath and tea, with Bert Smith & Edith. Discovered (partly by way of wig-wags from Parker on the bungalow verandah) that the Parkers were organizing an impromptu corn boil, to which we were invited. The party was in honour of Judith Pardee of New York, who has been the Parkers' guest at their summer cottage. Tom Ratchford, Ralph Johnson, & Capt. MacDonald showed up with their respective wives & guests and a very successful "boil" was "had by all". The corn was delicious. Home at 11 A.M.

Saturday. Aug. 27/32 Edith & I went to Big Falls this afternoon with Gordon, in his car. Borrowed Bert Anderson's canoe (a heavy, clumsy "cranky" thing) & carried it up the narrow stairway of N^o 3 dam — an acrobatic feat in itself. We then paddled up the lake intending to enter

to enter Eagle Brook, but found a Mercury Paper Company log-boom, well and truly strung along the entire flowage. After an hour of fruitless paddling, seeking the "way round", we had to go back to the end of it — almost back to N^o 3. There we lifted the canoe across & paddled up inside the boom and then up the brook. Left the canoe at our old landing and walked up to Eagle Lake, boiling tea at our old camp fire. We were very surprised to find no log-shack there, having figured it as the logical site for the mysterious Smith — Parker building operation. After tea, since the shades of night were falling fast, we had to return to the canoe. I made a hurried detour and found the unfinished shack on the opposite side of the brook, on the spot where I surprised the conspirators on July 30th. We got out of the flowage in the dusk alright, but had some trouble crossing the boom again, nearly getting a ducking in the process. Home about 10 P.M.

Sunday Aug. 28/32. Edith & I went to Summerville this afternoon with the Illingworths in their car. Had a bathe and tea. Water very cold.

Wednesday, Aug 31/32. There was a ~~total~~ 90% eclipse of the sun this afternoon. The period of the eclipse was from 3:20 P.M. to 5:30 P.M., and reached its greatest obscurity about 4:30. The sky was almost cloudless and everybody seemed to have smoked glass or old film negatives for observation purposes. Capt. MacDonald brought out his old sextant for the occasion. Going home at 4:30, about the time of greatest obscurity, we found the landscape bathed in a pale weird light, a watery grey-blue dusk. A curious feature to me (in this age of newspapers and radio) was the effect on many of the people. All the way from the mill to Liverpool we saw women standing in the roadway outside their houses, children close about them, and gazing with awe - not at the sun - but at each other. Their eyes seemed to say - "Probably this is alright, but it frightens me just a little" - and they searched each passing face as though to read some reassuring message there.

Sunday, Sept. 4/32. A small monoplane, built in a Brooklyn backyard by Jimmie Otley, (a young mechanic employed at the Mersey mill) took off from Beach Meadows sand-beach today,

and flew successfully over Liverpool. The plane, piloted by an experienced airman from St. John, cracked up badly when landing, due to faulty tail elevator gear. The pilot was badly shaken but not otherwise hurt.

Wednesday Sept 7/32. At 11:30 A.M. I attended the wedding of J. Ross Byrne to Phyllis, daughter of Col. Jones. I sat in the balcony of St. Gregory's, the quaint little Roman Catholic church, & so had a good view of the ceremony and the guests. A large number of the ^{male} guests were arrayed in the pomp and majesty of morning coats, striped trousers, spats and "plug" hats, and I think I never saw so many fat women bulging out of expensive clothes before. The service took half-an-hour, most of which was taken up in a gabble of rapidly-mumbled Latin by Father Delaney, the small, sallow, be-spectacled young priest. The church itself was beautiful with lilies, huge chrysanthemums and ferns. A huge awning (weighing, with its pipe supports, nearly ~~at~~ a ton, & imported from Montreal specially for the occasion) sheltered the church-party from the threat of rain between the church door and the gate. There was a reception

at the house afterward, at which a buffet luncheon was served. (Catering by the Nova Scotian Hotel, Halifax, — and the sight of CANADIAN NATIONAL HOTELS emblazoned on every plate and glass gave rise to much feeble wit anent the Travelling Colonel and the time-honoured custom of stealing hotel spoons.) The gifts were displayed in two rooms, one of which was nearly filled with magnificent silverware. There were champagne toasts to the bride, the groom and the parents, and Colonel Jones made a speech that was really good. About 300 invitations had been issued and fully 200 people were present. The costumes of the ladies were without exception gorgeous, though astonishingly few were really becoming; and my cynical masculine eye was quick to note the large proportion of showy wives with shabby husbands.

Friday, Sept. 9/32. W. G. "Bill" Silvers was married at 9 A. M. in the Baptist Church, Brooklyn, amid a furious easterly storm of wind and rain which has raged unabated since yesterday. Bill is short, plump, bald, simple-minded and 41. The bride, a Brooklyn schoolgirl, is short, plump, dark, simple-minded and 17. An oddly assorted pair as to age; otherwise curiously alike.

Saturday. Sept 10/32. I went to Halifax, starting my vacation. Parker drove me up in his car; & at 7, Duncan St, I joined Edith, who came up by rail yesterday. A terrific gale has been blowing, with intermittent gusts of rain, since Thursday; the tail-end of a hurricane which has swept up the North American coast from the Bahamas. Jean & Verna Dunlap brought their mother up to the V. G. Hospital yesterday; she has some gangrenous trouble in her legs and not much hope is held for her recovery.

Monday. Sept 12/32. Shopping all day. Mrs. Dunlap died at about midnight after several days of intense suffering. Verna, Jean & Edith were with her at the end.

Tuesday. Sept 13/32. 6 P.M. A lovely clear evening. We went on board the Canadian National steamship "Colborne" enroute for the Bermudas. "Colborne" has only ten passenger cabins, but is well provided with lounges, smoking room, etc. & is very comfortable. 8 P.M. We sailed from Pier 28, Deep Water Terminal. Talking to a young officer at the gangway, discovered him to be Walt Hunter, my old pal of the "Was Karma" days; he is the wireless

operator of the "Colborne". Having dined ashore we did not go to the saloon for dinner but stood on deck & watched the pilot quit the ship & then Sambro Light disappear astern. Had a game of rummy in the lounge, and a chat with Captain Hubley. 10:30 P.M. Turned in. Sea absolutely smooth. No motion to the ship at all.

Wednesday Sept 14/32. A perfect day. Bright sunshine, strong southerly breeze, and sea still fairly smooth. We arose at 7 A.M. and paced the after deck until 8:30, when the darkie steward beat his gong along the alleyways for breakfast. We sat at Capt. Hubley's table, with a West Indies man, a Montreal demoiselle named Lariviere, and a young chap from Westville, N.Y. Most of the morning we were reading in the lounge on the boat deck with occasional hikes along deck. The breeze, amounting to half a gale, was rather "nippy" (the description is the West India man's) in the morning, but toward afternoon the weather was appreciably warmer. Lunch was at 1 P.M. The afternoon was occupied in a strenuous bout of shuffleboard, ourselves versus Mr. "Westfield" and a blond girl who is one of a trio of

Montreal nurses making the round West Indies trip.
We lost. We inspected Walt Hunter's wireless
outfit, which is the old 2 K. W. cabinet spark set
as used in my day. Tea was at 4 P.M. We
loafed in deck chairs until six, when the sun
slid into the sea on the starboard beam.
Dinner at 7 P.M. Bridge in the lounge until
eleven, Capt. Hubley and Edith versus Margaret
Appleton & myself. They won handsomely.
Thursday, Sept. 15/32. Gulf stream weather.

Overcast, hazy and humid, with a head wind
of almost gale force, warm & moist. Noon position
Lat. 37.04 N Long 64.00 W, miles to Bermuda = 284.
The sea got pretty choppy in the morning and
the increased motion of the ship put Edith under
the weather with mal-de-mer. I filed a message
with the purser & Walt let me tap it off to V. A. V.
(Chebucto Head) myself. It was a thrill to have a
brass key under my fingers again & hear the spark
singing dots & dashes. Loafing in deck chairs
all day, watching the flying fish. I have developed
a nasty head cold which is taking much of the joy
out of life. Our cabin being on the starboard side!

gets no benefit from the wind (which is on the
port bow) and is very hot & stuffy tonight.

Friday, Sept 16/32 Overcast, with strong head
winds and occasional showers. Choppy sea. Edith
seasick since last evening. 2 P.M. Land-Ho!
Sighted St. David's Head on the starboard bow, and
the tall wireless masts of the Bermuda station further
away to starboard. Picked up the pilot (a
darkie, very brisk and naval in his uniform) at 2.30,
with some difficulty, as the little egg-bellied pilot
yawls was pitching wildly. Opened Hamilton Harbour
about 4.30 P.M. after threading the long tortuous
passage of the reefs, and docked at 6 P.M. amid
a wild babble of darkie stevedores. As the customs
officers were quitting for the day at 6 P.M., we
had to rush our baggage onto the wharf for
inspection, and bid hurried farewells to our ship-
mates. Little Miss Lariviere, the serious sketch-
artist, was ushered ashore under the wing of
dark, untidy, saturnine Mr. Hadley, the St. Vincent
planter. They had struck up quite a friendship and
had been discussing Keats, Chaucer, Drummond, and
Einstein's theory all the way to Bermuda.

Miss Lariviere is going to stay 10 days in Bermuda, with the praiseworthy hope of "absorbing it into her soul". We got a cab to take ourselves to the New Windsor Hotel for the sum of 3 shillings - our first taste of Bermudian prices - the distance was not more than 5 blocks. At the New Windsor we got a room with twin beds and private bathroom for \$3.50 per day, without meals. The cost of meals at the hotel we soon discovered, paying 8 shillings for two club sandwiches with coffee. In the hotel palm garden, in the evening, we encountered Mr. Matheson (of Westville, N.V.) and the Geordie chief engineer of the "Colburne", with Miss Smith and Miss Appleton, the two gay young nurses from Montreal. The evening proved a merry one. We had a "Planter's Punch" all round, and I had two "Lime Rickeys" (a heavenly drink); Matheson stuck to Bacardi cocktails. What with one thing and another we ~~soon~~ soon found ourselves dancing merrily to the tune of the hotel orchestra - half a dozen dabbies, male and (one pianiste) female who were knocking out some very good music. Miss Appleton got rather tight and amusingly risqué. The much advertised Bermuda moon was shining down (it was full last night) in great

splendour on our little table under a banana tree,
and the night was very warm. We fled from
the merry scene at 11.30 and retired to part
sleeplessly on our expensive twin beds. Not a breath
of air stirring, and the heat was oppressive.

Saturday, Sept. 13/32 Up at 8 A.M. My cold
still very bad and accompanied by fits of violent
nose bleeding all day. Changed \$60 into Bermuda
currency at 3.92 in the local bank, a large and ornate
affair with a numerous and busy staff. Went to
the "Visitors Service Bureau" to make inquiries about
trips to various parts of the island. Lunched at
"The Goody Shop" a nice little tea-room in Hamilton.
At 2 P.M. started in a comfortable little horse-drawn
surrey, with a young darkie driver in a white jacket,
and drove out around Harrington Sound. We stopped
at the Leamington & Crystal caves (admission 8 shillings
per person) and were conducted by sing-song darkie
guides through a veritable fairyland of limestone
stalactites and stalagmites, cunningly illuminated with
electricity. They contain pools of sea water, very deep
(the one in Crystal cave, 50 feet in depth, and clear
as crystal in the glare of submerged electric lights, was

used by Annette Kellerman in filming "Daughter of the Gods", a super-special film of the silent-picture days) The stalactites vary in size from the "spaghetti" - one length of which hung 15 feet & looked like an elongated soda straw - to the regular pillars a foot thick.

The stalagmites have assumed many astonishing shapes - many like actual statuary - and the lighting has been carefully arranged so as to bring out the best points of each. Among the best were - "The castle", the "monkey-face", "Father Time", "Sphinx", "The End of the Trail", several "Madonna & child's", "Crimoline lady", "Angel Wings", "Date Palm", "Bacon rasher", "Cemetery", "Iceberg", "Church Window", ~~Song~~ "Dancing Girl", "Swiss Chalet", "Totem Pole", "The mummy" and "Fark". The view from the bridge of boats in Crystal Cave, looking across the deep blue-black pool, is positively awesome.

We also examined the Devil's Hole (admission 2 shillings apiece) which is a grotto of great depth nearly filled by the sea, with which it is connected by minute subterranean passages. It is open to the sky, making photography possible by daylight. The deep "hole" is literally stuffed with voracious fish, great Bermudian hinds and groupers with ugly bodies and lovely colours, and contains also one large turtle.

Visitors are encouraged to "fish" in the pool with pieces of dried rock-fish tied to lengths of cod-line. One has no trouble getting a "bite" and in a moment the pool literally boils with fish (each averaging 5 lbs, I should judge) fighting to get at the morsel. In little separate side-pools are "angel-fish" - lovely blue & yellow things - and "sergeant-majors" - short, plump grey fellows with four black stripes. The sights there prepared us in a mild way for the really marvelous Bermuda aquarium - in which all kinds of fish ranging from lovely "rainbow-parrotfish" to fierce and ugly 10 foot ^(MORAYS) rays, swim in glass-lined tanks which, ^{are} brightly ^{are} lit with electricity. The drive itself was wonderful, a succession of deep cuttings through the coral-limestone formation; lanes lined with gorgeously-flowering oleanders, hibiscus, morning glory, bougainvillea and royal poinciana, with bunches of others less flamboyant including our own goldenrod; fields of banana trees, each with its bunch of stiff green fruit; patches of bamboo and wild cane, small copses of Bermuda cedar, interspersed with clumps of date palms, palmetto and the less frequent royal palm; the dazzling white houses, most of which are built of soft limestone slabs quarried from their own cellars and faced

with stucco or cement; the deep bottle-green creeks and bays, with strangely-eroded coral shores. The one flaw in Bermuda is of course the blatant commercialisation of everything. One is constantly passing wayside signs calling attention to everything from iced beer to hot dogs, and where the inn signs fail there are sure to be prominent "No trespassing" boards. Even the house of Thomas Moore, the Irish poet who lived near Harrington Sound in 1804, is now the "Tom Moore's Tavern" where the beer-stein is prominently featured to the exclusion of all else. Our drive lasted four hours altogether, including the various stops, and we got back to the hotel in Hamilton at 6 P.M.

We had dinner at the Blue Moon Cafe, the only "white man's cafe" in Hamilton other than teashops, a grabby little place where we paid 7 shillings for a meal that a Chinaman wouldn't have priced at more than 70 cents.

Sunday. Sep. 18/32 My cold much better. This morning we explored the two parks of Hamilton which are small but beautiful. Victoria Park is of the formal public garden type, containing specimens of the various tropical trees of Bermuda. We got an

old darkie to take a snap of us beside a palmetto. In the grounds of the Bermuda Horticultural Society is a huge rubber tree, also a magnificent Royal Poinciana, with its huge umbrella foliage alive with red blossoms. Before ~~After~~ lunch we made our way to the Cenotaph in the glaring noon heat, intending to catch the dinky little diesel-operated Bermuda Railway train to ^{at} Elbow Beach. We arrived, perspiring, under the date palms of Government House in time to see the car fading out of sight. Moving back toward the hotel in search of a cab, I spotted a single surrey drawn up at the kerb and a pair of large boots attached to an expanse of shining black legs sticking into sight from the depths of the cab. My hail awakened a sleeping Jehu who proved to be our young driver of yesterday, and we were soon clapping along the road. The fare was 10 shillings. We had a first rate lunch at the ^{ELBA} Elbow Beach Hotel, a fine place high on a hill overlooking the beach, & surrounded with terraced grounds and copses of mangoes and cedars. The lunch cost

one (Bermuda) pound for the two of us, and I was agreeably surprised at the low cost. The hotel seemed to be fairly well filled. Afterward, on the famous pink sand, we spent a lazy afternoon, swimming and sunning. The water was warm, yet cool enough to be invigorating, and the surf dashing on beach and coral reefs was a beautiful sight. Tonight we attended an open-air concert on the waterfront grounds of the Bermudiana Hotel. The large green lawn is at the harbour-side and was lit both by electricity and the moon. The concert, rendered by the Bermuda Imperial Silver Band (twenty young fellows, very neat in white uniforms) was very good.

Returning hotel-ward at 10 P.M. we got a good night's sleep. The hotel bar (directly beneath our window and a very noisy place at night) is closed on Sundays.

Monday, Sept 19/32. This morning we hired a cab (driven by a "high-yaller" boy this time, as a change from dull black) and drove out to Gibbs Hill, in the sparsely settled Southampton Parish, about 8 miles by road from Hamilton. We

went out by the inland road, past Warwick Pond, one of the island's few genuine lakes. Along this road the ornate "places" of the wealthy gave place to the humble (but no less attractive) residences of the small farmers. There was less of the omnipresent hibiscus and more of royal and date palms. We left our panting cab-horse at the top of Gibb's Hill & ascended the winding steps of the lighthouse to the lantern chamber.

Here (as everywhere in Bermuda) we were charged for the view & in this ^{case} a shilling apiece, which presumably goes into lightkeeper's pocket. The view from the lantern (362 feet above sea level) is magnificent. The lightkeeper pointed out Boat Bay and Sinky Bay as an old station of the Nantucket whalers, and claimed that some of their old blubber try-pots may still be found there.

We lunched at our hotel & caught the 1:30 car for Alba Beach. (The railway fare is 8^d, as compared to the 10 shillings charged by our cabby yesterday.) The walk from the railway station at Alba to the beach itself is about a half mile, a pleasant cart road through copses of ^{cedar} ~~oaks~~.

and mango. Every tree & bush contained bird life of some sort, chief of which to our alien-eye was the lovely scarlet cardinal. Another lazy afternoon of swimming & sunning. We got a lot of amusement from the antics of our fellow-beachers, most of whom appeared to be Yankee honeymooners.

Back to the hotel at 6 P.M. to wash up and dress up, and then on to the Hamilton Hotel to dine and dance. A first rate dinner, including champagne cocktails, for eleven shillings each.

After dinner I espied Mr. & Mrs. Ben Cohen, a pair of Philadelphia honeymooners whom we met at the beach yesterday. With them we repaired to the terrace, where there was dancing to the jazz of a first rate orchestra. We were sipping lager beer and watching the dancing of an imported vaudeville team ("Chaney & Fox") in the light of the moon, when a sudden Bermuda shower sent everybody scampering to the grill.

There the game was resumed. There was a great crowd, and barely shuffling room on the dance floor. Hilarious drinking and delirious ladies. The merriment was fast & furious as we withdrew.

toward midnight. The Cohens courteously escorted us back to our hotel. A big day.

Tuesday, Sept. 20/32. Shopping this morning. I had to wait a long time in the steamship agents' office, which was filled with fussy tourists. Before being permitted to board a steamer leaving Bermuda, the departing visitor is compelled to pay 12 shillings & 6 pence to the Bermuda govt, receipt of which is endorsed on his ticket in the form of a stamp. Of all the various forms of mulcting the unfortunate tourist, this final graft of the Bermuda govt. impresses me as the worst.

About noon we boarded the "Lady Drake" of Canadian National Steamships, which had arrived during the morning, north-bound from St. Kitts.

Our cabin proved to be most comfortable, located on the port side of C deck. It has two portholes, two wardrobes, a desk-bureau, a good carpet, armchair, a bed at each end, and of course a wash cabinet with large accessory cabinet, hot & cold water, etc. A thoughtful addition to the usual equipment is the thermos flagon, which is kept full of ice water by one's steward. The most

comfortable feature, however, is the "Louvre punkah" system, by means of which fresh air, chilled to a pleasant temperature, is blown into the cabins through two-inch vents in the ceiling.

We have six such vents in our cabin.

They can^{be} regulated to direct a stream of cool air in any direction, to increase or diminish the draught, or to shut it off altogether, simply by moving the vent-tubes on their ball-sockets.

The "Lady Drake" has a large smoking room, a similar reading-lounge, and a cheerful garden lounge which opens on the after portion of B deck in a sort of veranda effect.

We sailed at 1 P. M., just at lunch time, and I fear we ate rather hurriedly, as we watched the green Bermudian slopes gliding past the dining saloon ports.

Off St. David's Head, there was an amusing incident which might easily have been a tragedy. A motor launch brought off our pilot; also a belated passenger, a dapper cocksure sort of fellow in a "gent's straw boater", blue jacket and white duck trousers. The pilot

scrambled aboard nimbly enough. The passenger bawled for a rope, on which he tied his baggage with great bustle and many knots. There was a heavy swell running, and the pilot launch tossed crazily, but our passenger disclaimed to hold on to anything. He was busy giving a Homer-Gardner-ish imitation of a Valkyrie riding a storm, for the benefit of the peering faces high above him. Finally, as his suitcases were hoisted away, he flipped his hand to the launch, ^{CREW} stepped nonchalantly toward the swaying rope-ladder — and missed! Everybody gasped, for the launch, in any of its frequent crashings against our quarter in the rolling swell, would have crushed the fellow's head like an eggshell. Fortunately the boat lurched away from the ship, giving him time to clutch madly at the dripping ladder-foot and hoist himself clear. He came aboard like a drowned rat, amid a tetter of ill-concealed laughter from the delighted spectators. Resolutely he refused to look upward at the rows of grinning faces, and when a toothy English

lady said loudly "Why the ahss!" he fled below. We bade farewell to Bermuda and to the sun at the same time. It was soon apparent that our passage to St. John via Boston will be a rough one. The sky clouded over and was soon obscured in sheets of spume as a tearing head wind whipped up an already heavy sea.

Edith went down with mal-de-mer, like most of the ladies on board. My own sea-legs, unused ~~to~~ since 1921, have proved first rate, thank God. I turned in early.

Wednesday, Sept. 21/32. A rough day.

Temperature still high, permitting one to sit out in a deck-chair with comfort, but a howling gale continues, with a lumpy, confused sea that gives the ship a real tummy-testing corker motion. The "Lady Drake" pitches badly, fetching her screws out of water every time, and the vibration set up as they race fairly shakes the ship. About noon speed was reduced from 15 to 9 knots. Edith remains under the care of the stewardess, unable to keep anything

"down" except brandy and crackers. I spent the day mainly in wandering aimlessly about the ship, and the evening in reading. (Bernard Shaw's "Plays Unpleasant" and Winston Churchill's "World Crisis", from the ship's library)

Thursday, Sept. 22/32. A routine ship's day. At 8 A.M. a steward comes along the alleyways sounding "Reveille" softly on (-shades of old soldiers!) a musical portable gong affair. At 8.30 he makes the rounds again, sounding the well-known cookhouse call on the same hand-xylophone instrument. In that half-hour our bath-steward has rapped to announce "Bawth ready, suk!" and we have had our (salt-water) bath and shower and our (fresh-water) shave and wash. We go up to the dining saloon on B deck for breakfast. Here, owing to so many passengers being under the weather, there are many waiters and few eaters, and we eat in solitary state with a steward standing at our elbow and giving us his whole attention. The menus are long and varied and the food is excellent.

After breakfast we lounge in our deck chair, casting a lazy eye over "Mrs Warren's Profession" and discussing city culture with our friend Outerbridge, the Bermuda planter. At 11 A.M. along comes a darkie (all the stewards are West Indian blacks) with ice-cream for everybody. At 1 P.M. a black steward, very smart in his dark trousers and white jacket, appears at the fore end of the deck and sounds the cookhouse ^{call} - this time on a bugle, and with a snap and lung power that would put an army bugler to shame. We go to lunch. Again an excellent meal and (by the fortunes of war) a personal steward. We derive much interest from the observation of Mr. & Mrs. Dearle, two white West Indians who sit at Captain Cameron's table. They are about 50 or 60; the man tall, white-haired, red-faced, chinless, stoop-shouldered and heavily paunched; the woman short, grey-haired, frumpy, frowsey and fussy, with protuberant blue eyes. They are the most voracious eaters on the ship, and the quantity of food they stuff into themselves at every meal is beyond belief. Only once have we seen an elderly person consume

as much (Captain Travis, of the "Lady Laurier", in 1922, whose table feats were the talk of the Halifax water-front) and never a person who ate so fiercely. Old Mr. Dearle's facial expression is blank, his eyes somewhat glazed and lifeless, between meals. Only at the table does his face break into a smile and his eyes assume life and sparkle.

After lunch we repair to deck-chairs for a smoke. The ship is due at Boston at 2 P.M. but she is many hours behind schedule owing to bad weather. She continues labouring heavily along at reduced speed, taking the seas green over her bow and kicking up her heels in a manner sadly unbecoming a "Lady Drake".

Outerbridge & I go up to the boat-deck for a strenuous hour of deck tennis, a performance rendered fantastic by the violent motion of the deck.

At 4.30 P.M. tea, with bread-&-butter, cake and biscuits, served in the garden lounge. Mr. & Mrs. Dearle in action again. Dusk seems to come swiftly, the sun glimmering feebly over the edge of the sea away over on the port beam in the spume.
6 P.M. A bugle-call - warning "Dress for dinner"

7 P.M. We go up for dinner. The captain, purser, chief engineer and chief officer very fine in their white evening kit. Very few of the male passengers are in dress kit, so we don't feel self-conscious in our humble pin-stripe serge. The menu shows a list of musical selections, all classical, which come to us presently via loud-speakers from a phonograph in the wireless cabin.

It is our last dinner on board. Tomorrow, at Boston, most of the passengers go ashore and scatter to their various destinations. There is an air of affability in the dining saloon. The four young ladies at the chief officer's table (French-Canadians from Ottawa) are laughing gaily. Mr. Searle stops eating several times to exchange badinage with young Jim Pearman of Bermuda and his sister Miss N. Pearman, a good-looking Juno-esque blonde with a pale face and vivid lipstick. To our right sits an apple-faced, benign old gentleman, with a bald head, spectacles and white moustache. He looks like Bob Lloyd, the lamented "White Lightning" taxi driver of Milton. With him is a younger, female, duplicate, obviously his daughter; a "Keeping

up-with-the-Joneses" looking woman, with pince-nez and an expensive evening gown. She casts an eye to starboard, where the chief engineer sits resplendent in white evening kit, his row of medal ribbons showing up very well indeed. She whispers to Papa, who goes over and whispers to the chief and his companion, an Englishman. They come over to the Appleface table; there are introductions and bows; daughter beams; papa beckons the wine steward, and presently there is a loud pop of cork, and champagne gurgles into four glasses. Papa is doing the thing up well. He orders cigars, too. Mr. Dearle turns and rolls a thirsty eye as the first cork pops, but returns with a sigh to his food.

Our wife appears, arisen from her bed of mal-de-met and dressed in her new chiffon. It's a valiant effort but she only lasts one course. She departs, as suddenly as she came, and the stolid nigger takes away her untasted dishes. Her appearance, brief effort, and disappearance haven't caused him the bat of an eyelash. You can see that he's used to this sort of thing. Outerbridge flashes his cheery brown smile across the saloon; he, too,

has dined alone all the way from Bermuda.

The dinner ends. The loud-speaker has ground out the last orchestral gem on the programme. The darkies bring the finger-bowls. Mr. Dearle eyes his with apparent regret; it means amen to another big event in his life. If we can see that he's tempted to spoon up the contents like so much soup; but he crushes the temptation and twiggles his big fingers manfully in the bowl.

We withdraw to the Garden Lounge and watch little Doc Perras, the ship's surgeon, dancing animatedly with each of the Ottawa girls. The music is supplied once more via loud-speaker from the wireless room. A young lady in yellow silk (and little else) shows Doc Perras a new dance step.

It involves a handclasp, a little twirl, and a close embrace à la Apache. The little doc. seems suddenly very dense; he has to be shown several times, a large number of times. Young Mr. McKinstry watches this rather doubtfully. He is rather sweet on the yellow girl. He turns several handspings slowly and also stands on his head. Perhaps he wants to demonstrate his superior agility. Perhaps

it "just seemed like a good idea at the time". Doc. Perras doesn't seem to notice: he doesn't offer to do any handsprings. The Ottawa ladies applaud Mr. McKinstry lightly and politely, and he seems satisfied. Six bells. It's 11 P.M. And so to bed. Tomorrow will be a big day.

Friday, Sept. 23/32. 6 A.M. Daylight finds us in Boston Roads, anchored off Castle William (?) the little island-citadel of Boston's Revolutionary history. We are early astir, for I have changed my plans. This arrival of "Lady Drake" at the Boston wharf is just seventeen hours behind schedule due to execrable weather all the way from Bermuda. She will not arrive in St. John N.B. until Saturday morning, and if I complete my voyage as planned, I shall have to spend a week-end in St. John. (I refuse to consider an all-rail journey from St. John to Liverpool, which would mean travelling around three sides of a square to get home. Also I detest trains.) Consequently I have decided to get off at Boston and catch the boat to Yarmouth tonight. The ship docked at 8 A.M.

Passengers debarking at Boston were solemnly paraded before the lean white-haired port doctor in the ship's smoking-room, one lady asking (reasonably enough) how he "can tell the state of one's health" by merely looking at one's face.

Thence we were ushered to the ship's reading lounge, to be quizzed by the U. S. immigration officials. As I had booked passage right through to St. John, I had much explaining to do, and eventually had to pay the \$8⁰⁰ head-tax — in spite of the fact that I was merely in transit to Canada.

We then bade farewell to our "Lady Drake" acquaintances. Outerbridge & I swapped addresses, and he promised to send me some Bermuda lilies next Easter in exchange for a copy of my "Saga of the Rover".

I tipped our table steward, cabin steward and the stewardess, all of whom have rendered wonderful service throughout the trip.

Thence ashore to the wharf, to plunge into the ordeal of the U. S. customs. Since we were from Bermuda, they searched

for something smooth and round, to the exclusion of all else. At last we were loose in the land of the free, driving in a taxi to the Bank of Nova Scotia in Court Street, where I exchanged some Canadian currency for American at 10% discount. Then to the Eastern Steamship Co.'s wharf on Atlantic Avenue, where I booked passage to Yarmouth on the S/S "Evangeline", and checked my baggage. We strolled up through the clanging narrow streets to the Common after some navigating. (My 1919 memories of Boston had faded badly)

It had been raining, but as we sat down on a bench among the bums beside the fountain, the sun broke through. We had not seen it since leaving Bermuda.

Friend wife got a mad notion to pay a surprise call on Elsie Macleod, who (she thought) worked in "Dutton's" on "Canal Street". We wended our way thither, enquiring right and left. Everyone I've consulted pointed in a different direction except one

honest unshaven man, who confessed in a "No spik Inglesh" accent that he'd never heard of the street. It was a case of Dutton, Dutton, who's got the Dutton, and when we finally found out, there was a booby prize. "Miss Macleod had gone out and would not be back until afternoon".

We staggered up-town as far as the American House cafeteria and lunched there ravenously. Not far away was Scollay Square, where the "Moulin Rouge" show opened inviting doors. There, for 25¢ apiece (Ah, Bermudd! Bermudd!) we were entertained with talking pictures and first-rate vaudeville for three solid hours.

At 4 P.M. we boarded the "Evangeline", and at 4:30 we were sailing away for Nova Scotia. The "Evangeline" proved to be comfortable enough, (we had an outside cabin on B deck) but not in the same class with the "Lady Drake" or even the old "Colborne". The boat was over-run with baksheesh-hungry nigger stewards, very different

