NATURE NOTES
& WALKS

TUNA FISHING

GRAND PRE'

GULL ISLANDS

HOOKED MATS

GAELIC

RAILWAY TIES

TARLETON'S LEGION

"A TREATISE OF MILITARY DISCIPLINE"
BY HUMPHREY BLAND

RAILROADING

GUY MINARD'S MEMORIES OF LUMBERING

MURRAY'S ROCK

"COLONEL A" — BY COL. F.

SIR. A. CURRIE — " " "

SIR ARCHIE MACDONELL — " " "

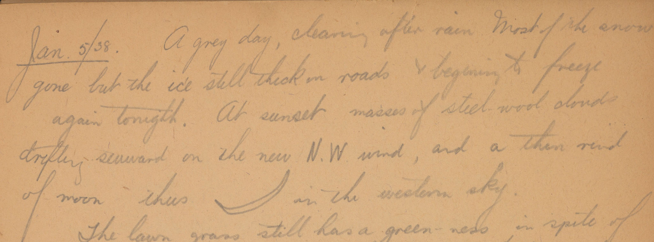
ENOS COLLINS " " "

TIMBER CRUISING IN NFLD — K. S. J.

WOMENS SUFFRAGE IN N.S.

RCMP

Jan. 5/38. A grey day, clearing after rain. Most of the snow gone but the ice still thick on roads & beginning to freeze again tonigth. At sunset masses of steel-wool clouds drifting seaward on the new N.W. wind, and a thin rind of moon thus



in the western sky.

The lawn grass still has a green-ness in spite of a frosty week between Xmas & New Year with temperatures swinging slowly between zero & 25°.

The river is frozen down as far as Buchanan's cove. There was a flock of black ducks in the open water above the bridge this morning, and 20 or 30 old-squaws (Edwin Parker calls them cockawees) in the little bay near the pulp tank at the mill

Jan. 7/38 Walking to the mill along the R.R. track at 8 A.M. just as the sun came up over the horizon, a huge red ball. A raw SE wind driving into the harbour. The water was a lumpy grey, overlaid with long white streaks of froth coming from the S.E. The sky was overcast with a grey blanket, lifted slightly at the S.E. where the sun balanced a moment on the sea & then slowly rose & vanished behind the blanket. The open sky at S.E. was a bright red, edged with patches of unhealthy yellow, and the daylight

from this open space was of so thin a quality that the ~~b~~cutting light of the inner automatic buoy seemed very bright in the middle distance. The wind rose to a gale during the morning & howled all night with torrents of rain, melting the last vestige of ice and snow from the streets.

Wednesday Jan 12/38

Clear crisp weather. 15° above zero today. At noon the moon was high in the eastern sky, like a fat white impossible apple with a bite out of the left side Tonight at 7 it was at the zenith flooding the river & harbour with light & robbing the cold stars of their winter austerity. It was stark calm & the smoke of the town's fires hung over its roof-tops like mist in the moonlight. The tide was falling and along the shore of the inner harbor the ice subsided with groans & queer whistlings and sudden pistol-reports. On the marsh by Buchanan's Cove the high tide had left shell-ice, very white and fragile. Farther out the solid ice was ~~[illegible]~~ a shining grey, pierced by the black fangs of rocks; and the scalloped edges of these ice-wounds, tilted against

the rocks by the subsidence of the main sheet, caught the moonlight and gleamed yellow. Over the ice hung a faint low mist like a silver blur, and the steam of the paper mill drifted slowly upward and then northward, an immense plume in the night sky illumined by the thousand twinkling electric lights beneath it. Sounds came far and clear across the harbour — dogs barking, children shouting, the roar of a car, the measured clip-clop of an axe — as though the ears had ~~suddenly~~ conquered all distance in a stroke of moonlit magic. The railway ties were sparkling with frost and crackled under foot. The rails gleamed like water. Across the harbour a ~~cornet~~ trumpet shattered the rigid silence ~~with~~ a sudden ripple of brassy notes, and when I approached Post Office corner a half mile farther on, I found the Salvation Army holding valiant service; a fat man in spectacles and uniform and cornet, a thin unshaven man with a drum, a small woman with a tambourine (the fat man's wife) and a heavily built grandmother with (of all things) a zither in a black case. Why were they shattering God's perfect night with this ungodly symphony? All the sinners were indoors, huddled over stoves & radiators, out of earshot. All but one. After all, I was abroad.

Thursday Jan. 13/38. I went to Broad River this afternoon by car to join in a search for a lost boy in the woods. He went in there yesterday morning, they said, hunting rabbits; a boy of 16 or 17, slightly deaf from spinal meningitis in childhood and (they said again) "not very bright" The Mounted Police were out, and parties of volunteers. The wind was at S.E., bitter and strong, and the sky was a livid grey. As we rounded Hunts Point the sea was breaking far out in the bay and the surf in the bight at Summerville was a mass of yeasty water extending several hundred yards from the shore. The first snowflakes came driving in on the raw edge of the wind as we were leaving the car at Summerville Bridge. The old tote-road up the east bank was treacherous with ice, and so were all the trails, for the thaw of last week had raised a flood in all the brooks, gullies & paths, and the water had frozen in little cascades on every declivity.

We separated at Hupman's Landing, Smith & Parker taking the river road, Gordon & I striking across country to the N.E. At first the ground was bare except for the brittle wreckage of snowdrifts

left by the thaw, like discarded bread-crusts in the hollows among the dead leaves. But as the blizzard developed, filling the sheltered air of the deep woods with a whirling white dust the ground vanished. For a time the brown blades of dead grass protruded. Then all was white underfoot and we left a trail of ~~[illegible]~~ ~~ft~~ prints which were blurred in one minute and lost in five. The laurel bushes, strangely green above the snow, still wore the glossy leaves of 1937, out of fashion in this winter season. The hardwoods were very wild in their stark nakedness, and the wind sang mournfully in the gesticulating branches; but the sombre spruces, the somewhat brighter firs, the feathery hemlocks, offered a sort of shelter from the blast. Soon there were little tufts of snow on the scales of their bark; it clung to the wisps of moss that drooped like ragged moustachios from trunk and branches; it covered the twigs and sprouting needles so that they were white and beautiful. The snow could find no foothold on ~~the hardwoods~~ — the stiff grey maples, the cold white birches; — But on the curly rags of the yellow birch bark the snow found lodgement and clung in powdery masses. Here and there on the side-hills we came upon a sluggish spring, unfrozen after

Sunday Jan 16/38

A bright cold day, temperature 15 - 25°, wind moderate but keen off N.W. Walked from the gravel pit above Big Falls through the bush in a northerly direction Parker & Gordon gunning for rabbits, Smith & I "beating". A semi-barren country, with blackened shells of pine stubs telling an eloquent story. A series of open spurs rising steadily towards the main ridge 2 or 3 miles back from the river. The spurs are thinly covered with scrub hardwood, mostly young maple, the scarlet twigs giving a faint tinge to the landscape. There were clumps of oak and of poplar on the ridges which were littered with mighty boulders. In the swales there were thick stands of spruce and fir, second-growth all of it, where rabbits were fairly plentiful. There were many deer tracks in the three-day-old snow, but only two moose tracks. Many porcupines making destructive meals on spruce and birch, and we found a number of their dens on the rocky slopes.

At noon we made a fire of convenient

pine stubs & roots, in a sheltered hollow, & ate our dinner in the bright sunshine, backs against a great rock. Afterwards Smith & I walked NNE for a look at George's Lake, which we had never seen. We climbed a mighty boulder on a barren hill-top, commanding a splendid view in all directions. The ice of the lake showed through the trees a half-mile ahead, & to the E and NE there were white patches in the middle distance — meadows of Upper Great Brook. We walked down to the lake through a mixed growth of hardwood & black spruce, with a few clumps of red pine on the dryer knolls. The lake is about 3/4 mile long & less than ½ mile wide. It was surrounded with the grey-brown of ~~hardwo~~ bare hardwoods, relieved here and there by black-spruce swamps and occasional groups of white & red pine. Beavers had been busy on the south-east side, where we found poplars felled right and left. We walked the length of the lake on the ice. It looked terribly lonely somehow, perhaps because it lacked the warmth of a good softwood growth about its shores, but we found in the snow on the ice the tracks of two men, probably trappers. We returned to the road along a rocky spur running SW — straight into the sun — about 4 P.M. As the afternoon faded, the blue sky was drained

of its colour like a garment bleached by too many washings, and a band of pale yellow spread along the horizon south and west. All day the sky had been spotless, but at sunset a low dark mass appeared above the horizon to receive the pallid sun. The last rays, striking obliquely against the ridges, brought a sparkle to the snow. The maple scrub, its lower masses already in shadow, caught the last of the light on its scarlet tips, and a blush hung for a moment on the barrens like the reflection of a a fire. . In the east the first stars were pricking a drained, dead sky.

Tuesday Jan 18/38

Winter weather continues with remarkable steadiness. Temperature at 8. A.M. was 2° below zero, rising to about 15° at noon, dropping to 8° at sunset. The sun went down in a pale golden glow, the band of amber light extending along the northern & southern horizons; the eastern sky was one deep rosy flush, as if the sun had gone down in the wrong direction, darkening like a stain near the sea where a wonderful ~~purple~~ mist

hung over the distance like the bloom on a purple plum. Against that rich eastern sky the steam of the mill was beautiful, pouring its white fat plume slowly seaward on the faint N.W. breeze, lustrous in the last pale rays of the sunset. The purple bloom in the east deepened rapidly into night, the rose-glow vanished, the bands of amber to north & south retreated towards the south-west like the pale rear-guards of a vanquished army. The sun disappeard without fuss, no lingering, no last-minute show, and a curious shade of green hung over the spot for fifteen minutes.

The ferns are bent & broken now, & the dry wisps of their fronds rustle against one's boots. The sheep laurel looks as it did in the fall; except that the leaves hang in drooped clusters; the leaves are brigth green underneath and the exposed side is usually the colour of burgundy though many bushes seem as green as in summer with leaves entirely unstained. The leaves of the winter-green are a very deep green blending into an apoplectic purple. I chewed some today, just for the sentiment of it.

Friday - March 25/38

For four days we have had spring — exactly according to the calendar, a miracle in itself. Sunshine all day, with a definite glow on the face, and a dead hush broken by fitful stirrings of wind from the west. The first song sparrow appeared yesterday in Sephus' birches & today there was a medley, several song sparrows and a busy flock of juncos working over the dead weeds in the Payzant boys' vegetable patch.

The northern lights have been active for several nights but tonight there was a really marvellous display. Edith & I walked down to the Terp & stood on the little knoll where the old storm-signal used to be, with the whole display in full view across the harbour. Light was greenish-yellow, a more or less steady arc along the northern horizon, from which green rays grew & receded quickly; but the most beautiful manifestation was the long brilliant flame which flickered up to the zenith and at one time left a steady mat, a luminous cloud, directly overhead.

The Great Bear hung over the

fire itself, upside down :— * * * * * * *
like a veritable "Dipper" pouring oil upon the
flames.*

Friday April 8/88

I walked to Milton & back
after tea up the west side of the river and
down the east. Very calm, the sky grey,
the air fairly mild. The weather has been
dry for two or three days & everywhere along
the road people were burning off the dead
grass of fields & pastures. In the increasing
dusk these fires became chaplets of flame
on the hill-sides, orange at first and then
a clear warm yellow as the darkness came.
The smoke arose slowly like pale blue plumes
and against the darkening ridges it showed
as a ~~lumi~~ luminous mist. The river
was grey, the tide running in & making a
chattering lop against the stream of the
river. After I crossed Milton bridge
there was a stir of wind, cold & cheerless from
the east in my face* & as I arrived in
Liverpool it began to snow.

Saturday. April 23/38

The sun came out of a week's mist & rain today. I walked around Western Head in the warm sunshine. The fields are black from the spring "burning-off", with green showing through. The alders are dangling their yellowy catkins but the rest of the bush is a symphony of dull reds, browns and bleached yellow. The leaves of the sheep laurel are dropping at last, but slowly and their bushes are still a red-brown mass. Brooks are running bank high from the rains. Little or no mud. The shore farms stank of manure; kelp and rock-weed scattered over the fields to rot in little black-green heaps; stable manure carted over the vegetable patches: fish-compost flung over the pastures for a top-dressing. The latter proved attractive to the gulls. I counted two hundred of them feeding on maggoty fish heads, bones and guts amongst

the compost on a single patch of pasture not more than fifty yards square. The farmer had erected no less than ten scarecrows about the field; some of the effigy type, some just rags flapping like banners from poles, two wooden wind-mills, such as boys make, clattering busily in the the S.W. wind, and a cow-bell arranged with a vane so that it rang irregularly with the wind-puffs. The gulls settled busily all over the compost, but at frequent intervals some outburst of the wooden windmills or the bell sent them aloft, rising into the wind in serried squadrons, wheeling in perfect unison & then settling again with a flutter of white wings. Against the dark green of the spruces beyond the field they resembled a squall of snow-flakes.

An old farmer stood watching them by the road: a tall man with long work-bitten fingers, and twinkling grey eyes. His beard was grey & curly & there were little

grey hairs growing on the tip of his nose. "If my eyes was as good as they used to be, I'd take my shot-gun to 'em" he said. He told me that all the shore fishermen make fish compost. "They throw down a layer of fish-guts, heads and that stuff; then a thin layer o' soil, then a layer o' fish, an' so on. The frost keeps it from rotten' all winter, but after the warm weather comes the maggots get in it an' sorta turn the whole thing over. It's the maggots that make the compost." I said "Why do the gulls come in to feed off that fearful stuff?" He replied, "Some of it's prob'ly fresh, mebbe just throwed on the compost heap a few days ago; and here an' there is mebbe a lump that still got frost in it an' never rotted."

Some of the farmers were plowing the rockweed into the fields, using good

pairs of heavy oxen. Every house of a farmer-fisherman along the route is characterized by the huge pile of firewood, (mostly spruce & fir, for hardwood is scarce in the Western Head woods) newly sawn in foot lengths and split for sun-drying.

The peculiar acrid reek of rotting seaweed hung over the whole area *

May 24/48. My big wild pear burst into (blossom today). Smaller wild pear have been in blossom for some days, in places the ridges are white with them. My shrubs are all in leaf & there is blossom on one of the spirea (prunifolia). The month has been cold & wet. For the past week ploughing, discing & planting has been in progress. Swallows have been building in my bird house for a week past.

May 25/38 The small white birches at the back of the Rupert lot are just bursting into leaf. The alders are heavy with catkins and the odd woody fruit cones look very shoddy amongst the new leaves. The sheep Laurel is a purple flame just now, the leaves just beginning to appear. Dandelions, wild strawberry blossoms, white & blue violets, buttercups are in full bloom. The spruces have a dingy rusty appearance due to the appearance of new cones and to the broken bud cases

May 29/38. The sunset bears NNW from my workroom window.

May 31/38 At 8.15 PM, just getting dusk, the moon is a thin sliver in the N.W. Thus:– ☾. They are dipping alewives from the river at Milton. A few salmon being taken, but the run seems to have been delayed by the late spring. Heard a Port Medway man say that exactly seven salmon have been caught so far in the 180 nets set in the Port Medway area.

June 9/38 Drove to the Valley today. Everything fresh & green. The apple blossoms are mostly gone.

June 15/38: Rain. (Court week) My bush honeysuckle are in bloom, also the spirea, a mass of white blossoms. The field beyond my garden is heavy with grass thickly mingled with wild daisy and buttercups. Chestnut trees in heavy blossom.

July 3/38 Heavy rains for a week. Roses (garden & wild) are in full bloom; blue-eyed grass, blackberry; weigela a mass of red blossom; deutzia just budding out; locust trees in full blossom, beginning to lose their petals like snow; wild pea; the hay fields are like snow with daisies, the daisies seem unusually heavy this year; but in the shore fields, perhaps due to the use of fish compost instead of stable manure, the hayfields are a yellow flame of August flowers; buttercups still blooming; strawberries, wild & cultivated, now ripe; marshy places a purple flame of iris, and the bogs dotted with pink orchids and the shiny red-brown leather of pitcher plant blossoms

July 15/38

Our queer summer continues wet, with recurring torrential rains accompanied by thunder storms that seem to circle aimlessly over this valley. In the morning they grumble in the south then in the west & north, at night from the sea, but in course of this orbit the thunder frequently cuts across the chord of the arc and makes the welkin ring & the houses shake. The continual easterly rains kept the temperatures low — as low as 45° — with terrific contrasts in the sunny intervals. An epidemic of severe bronchial colds throughout the district.

All of this has been very trying to the hay-makers and to the strawberry farmers, whose crop was partly ruined. It has benefited the trees shrubs & lawn grass as well as the other crops. Everything remarkably fresh & green. Wild roses, red & white clover (augest flower wild pea (the fields towards Milton are purple with wild pea blossom) scotch (?) thistle with its crimson-purple brush of blossom, a few buttercups — all these still blossoming.

Of the shrubs the Deutzia is in full bloom, the Weigela is just about done, Golden Elder just coming into blossom

July 26/38 Still raining every day in periodic heavy showers with sky overcast by slow moist clouds. Atmosphere muggy. Sea fog & cool at night. Old Mr Conrad told me he had 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ tons of hay cut two weeks ago, it is still down and unfit for anything but bedding. Large number of white butterflies flitting over the standing hay. Crimson ramblers a mass of bloom. Thousand Beauties finished. Dorothy Perkins just budding out. Young Robins, almost full size, hopping about the lawn their speckled breasts & faint rusty streaks showing they are this years' birds.

Aug 10/38. Ramblers still blooming. Golden rod beginning to appear. Roadsides aflame with fire-weed. The Bryant boys mowed their oats today, and hundreds of small sparrows — mostly field sparrows, a few English sparrows, are busy in the stubble, rising & settling in dense flocks.

August 12/38

Gladiolus in full bloom. I saw a female Ruby-throated humming bird busy in the Gladioli blossoms.

Aug 16/38

Walked to Milton at sunset, the air very still with little wandering breaths stirring the grasstops. Looking up-river from above the railway bridge, the logs were in shadow already, packed from bank to bank, the light grey of the peeled hemlock separated from the dark brown of the unbarked spruce and fir by a boom running from pier to pier like a necklace in mid-stream, all the way to Milton. The pine clump on the west bank was in dusk. The pine grove on the east bank caught the last of the sunlight like a shining green wall slashed with a tall shadowy gateway where an old log-haul comes down to the river bank. The sun sat on the edge of the west ridge for a moment then dropped and the whole valley lay in shadow as far as Milton, where the sun continued to shine on the white houses & the church walls & spires, like a lit stage, with the pine woods on each bank forming a

proscenium arch. The sunlight, oblique
and fragile threw long shadows. The sky
was a pale shining yellow, like a Turner
sky bleached a bit. ~~There was a hush~~.
A young labourer in blue jeans lay
asleep amongst the alders on the old
railway right-of-way, his bicycle beside
him, as if in that hushed and soporific
air ~~he had fallen out of the saddle~~
the day's labours had been too much for
him. Voices sounded very clearly across
the river; children playing ball; the scraping of
spoon in pan; dogs barking; the clip-clop of
an axe at evening chores. Two magnificent
elms standing in the last of the light on the
riverbank at Milton were invested with a
~~radiant~~ significance. Then Milton fell in shadow
and the Campbellite spire showed clear and disembodied against
the sky like an amputated finger.
Red fruit hanging in rich clusters on the
wild cherry trees. Weeds at the roadside with
fluffy white blossoms, with charming little yellow
bells. Wild pea still blooming. Tiger lilies
flaming in all the gardens, and dahlias.
As I passed down the east bank darkness
was falling. Night coming up in the east as a
purple mountain range, peaks capped with snow.
Then, in a cloud-rift, the evening star.

Aug. 23/38

I went tuna fishing with Ross Byrne today. Arose at 3 A.M., dressed, ate a few biscuits & a cup of cocoa, & went down to the wharf at 4 o'clock. Pitch dark no stars. The flags hung over the streets for the big tournament were drooping wetly, for it had rained about 2 o'clock. The coloured lights on the highway bridge made a barbaric splendour in the silence, lovely and magnificent like the aurora. The river, black and slick like flowing oil reflected the lights in wavering patterns. The moored dredge, laid up these two years at Inness' wharf, loomed large and mysterious, like an ark (curtains in the windows, & flower-pots!) in the light from the cold storage plant. The little motor-boats of the fishermen lay moored side by side under the shadow of the wharves, and now in the darkness came the fishermen in ones and twos, wordless, soft-footed in rubber boots, like ghosts flitting under the lights and into the dark boats. Mysterious sounds; wheezings, scrapings — engines being turned over; sounds of water splashing — bilges being cleared with the little wooden pull-push pumps. Then a light twinkling in each little cabin and a staccato roar of one-lung engine after engine, lines cast off

by shadows, strong weather-hewn faces in the light of tiny cabin lamps as the men stand over their engines ~~in the~~ cock-pits, light pouring through the open doors of the forward cabins. Some boats have only a canvas tilt on the bow. -

Most are larger, with a cabin for'ard: -

They roar away into the darkness. One or two stop at the cold storage plank where a thickset man with little twinkling blue eyes, fifty years on him perhaps, — the night watchman — gives them boxes of bait — frozen herring — or a few gallons of gasolene.

Next come the anglers. Their boats are of type (B), gleaming in fresh paint and scrubbed decks under the lights of the bridge. The guide-owners are wearing rubber boots (hip)

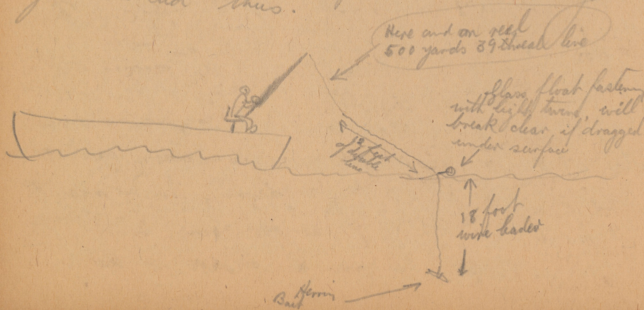
frieze trousers, blue blanket-cloth windbreakers; long-peaked caps bearing the name of a prominent fishing-line firm. Lights appear in the spotless cabins. Voices calling. One by one they go down harbour, moving fast with the river and the out-going tide, and with the thrust of powerful automobile engines.

We stop at the cold storage for bait, a hundred-pound box of herring, frozen into a single slab, the frost sparkling on the queer lifeless, dry-looking skins. We are off at last, jostling the moored craft with our wash. A steam scow, here for dredging operations, is all lit up, a ridiculously long funnel rising into the night from the glare of deck lights.

We pass an American yacht anchored in mid-harbour a beautiful white thing ablaze with lights (the owner is angling this morning). We can see a squat dummy funnel (she is a diesel-ship) and coloured draperies in the broad plate-glass windows of the saloon, and flowers in silver vases — luxury mysteriously glimpsed in the darkness — Then the dredge, clanking and groaning dolorously in a blaze of arc-lights,

buckets rising on the big chain in slow jerks, protesting, dripping, stinking to high heaven. Then the paper mill ablaze with lights, steam rising in plumes from the machine-room ventilators a big steamer moored at the loading wharf. Ahead lies Coffin Island light, a ray in the darkness and beyond that the first pale streak of dawn on the sea horizon. We can see the faint twinkles of motor-boats, fishermen and anglers, clustered about the herring nets off Moose Harbour. We decide to try the passage between Eagle Head and Coffin Island. There is a slow smooth swell coming in from the direction of the dawn like fore-runners of the grey day. The light strengthens as we round Coffin Island. There is no colour anywhere. The darkness has merely paled to a lead grey everywhere. In the cold half-light we come upon a lonely man in a rocking anchored motor-boat. He is taking herring from his net, lovely

iridescent blue-green-silver things, twitching faintly. He sells us four buckets full for a dollar, happy at the unexpected sale, a little middle-aged man, thin-faced, cheerful, wearing a nautical cap in the best tradition of 1895. He has seen a tuna near his net. We tie our boat to the buoy at the end of his net and Byrne dons the leather harness, gets in the swivel chair; the rod is thrust into the socket, the harness clamps snapped on to the reel. We bait the hook, buoy the end of the wire leader with a round glass "bobber" — made in Czecho-Slovakia, say the letters in the glass — fastened with very light thread thus.



As daylight increases it begins to rain and it continues for hours intermittently, with grumbles of thunder over the land. We can see the rain squalls like dark grey curtains against the pale grey horizon. We are close to the land & can make out the neat little houses, red, green and grey, in the green fields and amongst clumps of almost black spruce trees. The land is low. When the rain squalls reach us the land is obscured, hazy in outline, as if it had withdrawn a great distance, although we can make out the colours still; and against the grey haze, the white cap of a breaking sea shows very white and clean and clear - the only thing distinct in the whole seascape.

Our frozen herring thaw slowly. We cut them up for "chum", & we can see the silvery pieces sinking slowly into the depths. There is no wind. An occasional whole herring is thrown out with the "chum". The fresh herring sink rapidly. The frozen herring float for some time and we are amused to see a flock of big grey-backed gulls arrive, swooping on

the frozen fish, swallowing them, and then sytting, looking very doubtful, on the slow swell.

Byrne turns the rod over to me, and for two hours I sit drenched, in the rain, watching the unmoved glass bobber. Bill O'Reiley, a Detroit lawyer, watches me glumly. He is wet and fed-up. Our boat is a launch, with no cabin. Another boat comes up asking "what news of tuna?" and to relieve the montony Byrne engages their skipper in a herring-hurling contest. The fish flag through the air, whack and slap against the boats. Finally Byrne thinks of the frozen herring and hurls one or two — nasty business, like throwing bricks. The other man thinks the game too rough & sails off with cheerful insults. Byrne is delighted. At ten o'clock, having exhausted the remainder of our bait, we go home.

Aug 28/38

Grand Pre

At last the fulfilment of a wish — to see Grand Pre under rainy skies — for the correct mood and also for the absence of crowding trippers. Very simple and effective is the little park amongst the marshes is the tiny stone chapel erected a few years ago on the site of St. Charles Church, the old Acadian "Mass House". Evangeline in her enormous leather boots (not sabots as most people think) and her long fringed shawl, looks back with a yearning eye towards the green flank of the ridge above the marshes. Her hands are at her left side holding a staff — it looks like a 'broom-stick'.

Her bronze back is turned upon the chapel and the marshes. The grassy walk from the gate towards the chapel is lined with blue spruce and willow, planted closely and alternately. The stone cross composed of stones from old St. Charles is crude and effective. The water in "Evangeline's Well" is dank and green, soiled with cigarette packages and

candy wrappers. The relics exhibited within the chapel are interesting when they are appropriate; but one wondered why the "log-book" of s/s Prince Arthur, 1904, appeared here; and of what Acadian flavour were these flint arrow-heads from Somaliland? Or envelopes addressed to William Ewart Gladstone in (we are assured) the handwriting of Queen Victoria? An inner sanctuary contains the stereotyped advertising of the Canadian Pacific the familiar mineral samples, the little sheaves of wheat, that we have seen all over the world for lo, these many years.

From the left rear steps of the chapel one can get a superb view looking between the old French willows (faintly blue with Bordeaux mixture sprayed upon them to ward off destruction from grubs) and out over the marshes. The wide expanse is green and gold, dotted with hay stacks and with slowly grazing herds. In the foreground two mares and a colt, half a dozen Jersey cows. To the right a fine group of Holsteins. The marsh extends in faint undulations

towards the low ridge, topped with dark clumps of spruce, which shuts off the Cornwallis River and Minas Basin. In the background, hazy in the rain, the long dark bulk of the North Mountain culminating in the shoulder of Blomidon. The sky is a low ceiling of corrugated grey getting darker with the distance until over the mountain, it becomes a back-drop of grey-black. Over Blomidon itself hangs ~~like~~ a canopy of curious whitish-grey cloud, ~~like~~ a fat hand with stout thick fingers. The road across the marshes is marked by a double row of stout poles, one for electric the other for telephone wires. Over that way probably marched the exiles of '55, perhaps on a day like this, with the ricks blazing up to the grey sky, and the smoke of farm house, barn, church, glebe, rolling black behind them; the women weeping, children whimpering; and beside them, half-heartedly trying to keep their powder dry, the red-coats whole-heartedly cursing the rain and the job.*

The Indians, watching the whole business from the security of the forest, must have wondered at the strange ways of the whites.

I followed the road over the marsh perhaps a mile and a half. On the other side, a quaint little Protestant church stood on the edge of the marsh, looking across a thick bed of cat-tail rushes. It was of wood, painted white — the painters were just finishing another coat and it shone even under that dull sky — with little six foot spars sticking up from each end of the ridge pole and from each corner of the roof, a Lilliputian-Gothic effect. I peeped in the door. The church was almost square and very small, barely enough to hold the tiny organ, the small rostrum, and twelve pews (six each side) with a little rusty stove at the back. It was very neat. The walls were sheathed in narrow strips of varnished wood laid in diagonal patterns. It had the look of a place much cherished by a small faithful band of worshippers. Somehow it was more impressive — perhaps because it was alive — than the creeper-covered stone of the

memorial chapel. Coming back across the marsh, the Grand Pré chapel seemed lost in the shadow of the ridge behind it. One could appreciate how neatly the landscape gardener had hidden the little railway station and its ugly but necessary water tank in a mass of well-sited trees. To the right the ridge was green and bare, topped with a clump of elms and Lombardy poplars. To the left a large orchard climbed the flank of the hill in orderly ranks, with a single tall elm on the very crest like a crozier rising over the whole landscape.

Monday Sep. 4/38

✓ Walked to Western Head this afternoon, returning by way of Gull Island and the Yarmouth railway line. The air has the feel of Fall, cool, stimulating even under the hot sun. A strong breeze from the West scattering wispy white mare's tails across a blue sky. From the hill above Scotts Beach there were three miraculous blues; the sky was a robins-egg blue, turning pale towards the sea horizon; then the hard straight line of the sea itself a deep dark blue, ruffled with

white-caps and the rising & falling white gleams of floating gulls. This is a Fall sea. (Summer sea is much lighter, with green tints) An old tall man digging potatoes. Potato bugs driven off their succulent preserves by the death of the foliage are wandering in the hot brown dust of the road. I crush them underfoot with unerring aim as I walk. Others have done the same. The road is littered with crumpled black-striped yellow carapaces. Cattle are grazing happily in the rich green after-grass of the hay fields. On the shore, where vegetation is much slower than a few miles inland, the fishermen are still making hay and hauling it in cumbrous ox-wagons to the barns. At one place four men are busy shingling a house-roof, while a boy and a young woman pitch hay into a wagon rack down in the shore field.

The roadside is yellow with golden-rod, purple with the short purple aster, white with the tall (sometimes shoulder high) white aster whose spreading blossom-bunches turn the banks to snow in places.

The purple thistle is in full bloom,

and plenty of August flowers. The tassels of the ~~high~~ corn stalks wave in the wind. Thistledown blows in unexpected places.

The shore between Scotts Beach and Gull Island is a high ridge of cobblestones, millions of tons of cobblestones, all of the same smooth egg-shape. From its top I see that rich blue sea on the left hand, the waves breaking in a white froth amongst the rocks, the west wind flinging back a crest of white spray from the breaking seas. White horses in truth, or like white war-bonnets of advancing Indian warriors. Little Hope thrusts its lighthouse above the horizon, a faint white pencil alone in the sea beyond White Point. The Gull Islands, so called, are simply stony bars, tide-washed, close in-shore, the roost of innumerable white birds, a clean clear white against the blue. The ledge rock protrudes from the shingle in long narrow reefs worn by the fret of the sea and the flung cobblestones into queer smooth humps and hollows.

To the right lies a typical barachois

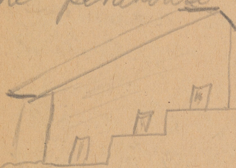
a brackish lake formed by a limpid brown brook dammed by the twenty-foot wall of cobblestones. The brook finds a narrow exit to the sea in a sandy ridge at the east end, pouring an amber stream ~~of~~ over the sand. Sometimes one has to doff shoes & socks to cross it on this beach journey, but today the stream is low and I cross on a row of convenient stepping stones. Cattle are grazing in the ~~nar~~ narrow strip of marsh between the barachois and the wall of grey cobbles. Their brass bells jangle industriously, a dull carillon.

Gull Island is a place of ghosts. Once a prosperous fishing hamlet it has been deserted for many years & the abandoned houses, barns and fish-sheds destroyed in a forgotten forest fire. Today there is nothing but the rectangular outlines of foundation stones and the amputated

stumps of brick chimneys. Two farmers higher up the road use the dead settlement for cattle-grazing; the green, rock-ribbed fields ~~and~~ are surrounded with crude fences of poles and rusty wire. The shoreward end of a breakwater, (erected no doubt by some government with a paternal eye on Gull Island votes) alone remains to mark the vanished activity. This pathetic stub of rock-filled cribwork is anchored to a great out-crop of the mother rock. From it the narrow green-turfed road, once worn and dusty, winds off into the woods. I stand on what once was the front door-step of a considerable house and command a magnificent view, the full sweep of the bay, the collar of breaking surf, the bird-whitened reefs in the middle distance. A scraggy clump of willow beside the foundation rustles forlornly in the wind. Inside the gaping cellar walls hangs the green

pink or ripe blue fruit of the Deadly Nightshade in evil clusters, with a profound significance somehow in that dead place. One wonders what became of ~~all~~ these people who abandoned that wild beauty for a more prosperous existence elsewhere — probably in the States.

A mile along the road from the beach, on a wooded hill top, two farms, one at each hand, small and with an air of bygone thrift. A barn painted white with chocolate trimming stands upon three terraced levels, with one penthouse roof covering all



In the woods drawing away from the cool air of the shore, sheltered from the brisk west wind, the sun beats hot upon the road, though it is almost

five o'clock. Here parched, I find great plenty of tart ripe blackberries, sweet huckleberries and (in one place and of a size I never saw before) huge luscious blueberries all growing and hanging invitingly at the road side. The huckleberry leaves are freckled with rusty stains. There are other signs of autumn. The ferns are getting rusty, too. The grass has a dull, gray-green tint when the sun is absent. Here and there a maple has turned red and gold and brown, but these are still rare, like chic women setting the Fall fashion. A dead frog, crushed by a wagon wheel, lies a dry brown wisp in the road. Yellow-hammers swoop and rise in the glades. Juncos are busy in the softwood thickets. A lone bittern stalks across the road neck out-stretched, menacing something on the other side. Golden rod blooming everywhere, & the butter-yellow blossoms of the celandine are everywhere beside the roads. The withe-rod shrubs have heavy bunches of fruit, green, pink and ripe black.

Hooked Mats

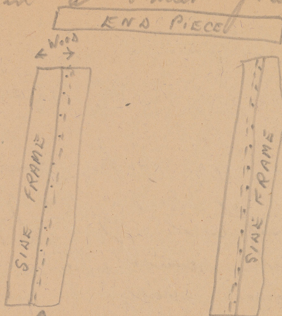
The materials consisted of a piece of osnaburgh or perhaps ordinary sacking; a pattern which was marked on the sacking (although in some of the simple geometrical designs the woman went by rote, counting threads on the sacking for exactitude): a quantity of rags cut in long strips perhaps 1/2" wide & folded in from both sides to make a crude "thread"; or if fine work was desired, wollen or even flax threads would be used; a quantity of simple dye for the rags.

These dyes were the growth of nature. Some of them were:—

Oak-bark	—	Grey
Fir twigs	—	grey
Onion peeling	—	yellow
Various mosses	—	green
Maple bark Hemlock bark	—	brown

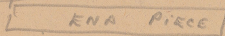
These materials were simply boiled to extract the natural dyes.

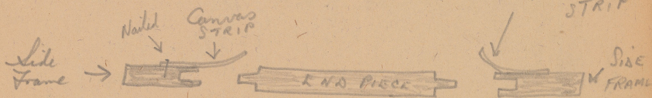
The osnaburgh or sacking was first put in a mat-frame



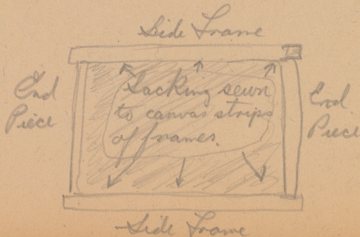
Top view

Canvas strips nailed to frame.

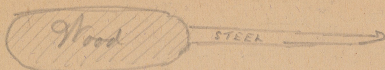




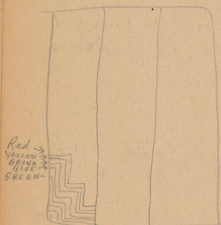
(End view)

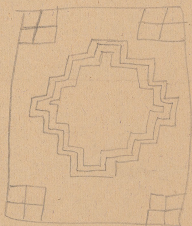


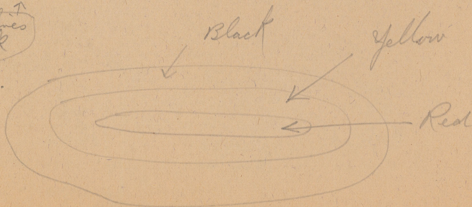
Mat Hook (actual size)



The design was then tacked upon the sacking with thread or drawn free-hand according to the taste and ability of the woman. Usually they stuck to conventional geometrical designs

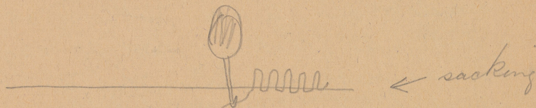






But of course nowadays, it is possible to buy sacking with the design printed on it in the correct colours, giving a wide range of picture designs, for use with the variously tinted wool yarns now sold for the purpose.

The rag or thread was held under the sacking, the hook thrust through to catch it, and the hooked thread then pulled up through to a height of perhaps $\frac{1}{8}$ or $\frac{1}{4}$ inch. Thus:



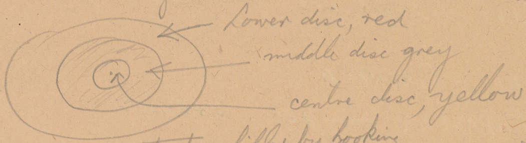
The hooked threads are usually pulled through two sacking-threads apart.

When finished it was customary to bind the edges with a strip of cloth

A mat hooked of good rags in good osnaburgh, with its edges bound against ravelling, lasted centuries (under all but kitchen wear). They were a house-wife's hobby, on which she lavished all the art she knew, and a busy woman's floors were usually covered with them. Sometimes they were made large enough to cover an entire floor, but such a mat was awkward to frame and to work. Most made large numbers of small mats, 2' x 4', oblong or oval as a rule, so that a parlour might contain as many as ten or fifteen rugs, all in different designs. They were heavy and hard to shake, and the girls hated them.

"Dollar Rugs"

These were very popular in the bedrooms of sixty years ago. Round discs were cut from coloured stuff (grey shirts, red flannel underwear, black broadcloth etc) and sewn upon the sacking in little rosettes thus



Sometimes the rugs edges were scalloped with a crimping iron thus:-

CAPE BRETON.
INVERNESS COUNTY

BOCHAN BROOK

Site of an old gristmill near present highway bridge. Haunted by white figure of ~~the~~ dead miller.

~~DUINE~~ DUINE GEAL - White Man

DUINE BÀN - Pale Man

ALLT NA BOCHAN - Haunted Brook

FEAR DHU = The Black lad = The Devil

JESSIE = SEONAID

MU FHEASGAR — ABOUT EVENING

OF THE DEVIL

He prowls abroad until midnight & then withdraws to Hell. He lures humans by melodious whistling in the dark, & for this reason one should never answer a nocturnal whistle.

He walks always in the middle of the road. Humans should therefore keep to the side of the road.

OF PREMONITIONS

Premonitions of death are very popular especially when it is someone else's death.

A sound of ghostly hammering in someone's barn or shed is a premonition of the making of a coffin there (coffins are still frequently home-made)

A vision of all the windows lit in a certain house presages a wake there.

Seeing mysterious lights is a sure sign of death to follow in that place.

BU DUAL DHUIT = Just like you and your folk.

A DHUINE! = Oh, man!

HOME SPUN

The wool is clipped from the sheep, picked (for burrs etc), washed, carded and spun. For knitting purposes it is then twisted. For weaving it is not twisted. Wound in Skeins. Dyed. Wound into balls for knitting. Wound from skeins to shuttles for weaving — actually wound on a "quill" which fitted inside the shuttle.

There it goes to the loom.

Homespun cloth was usually dyed in the cloth, and always after fulling not before.

A Fulling Party. {USUALLY CALLED A MILLING FROLIC}

The cloth is soaked in water, wrung out tightly; the two ends of the 'bolt' are brought together, sometimes sewed together. The fulling table is a long affair of rough boards, the rougher the better. The bolt is placed about the table top like an endless belt, & the people sit together all about, pounding & rubbing the damp cloth

on the rough boards, and is moved along from right to left, all this to the accompaniment of songs specially adapted to the work.

FEAR A' BHATA (Oh my boatman)

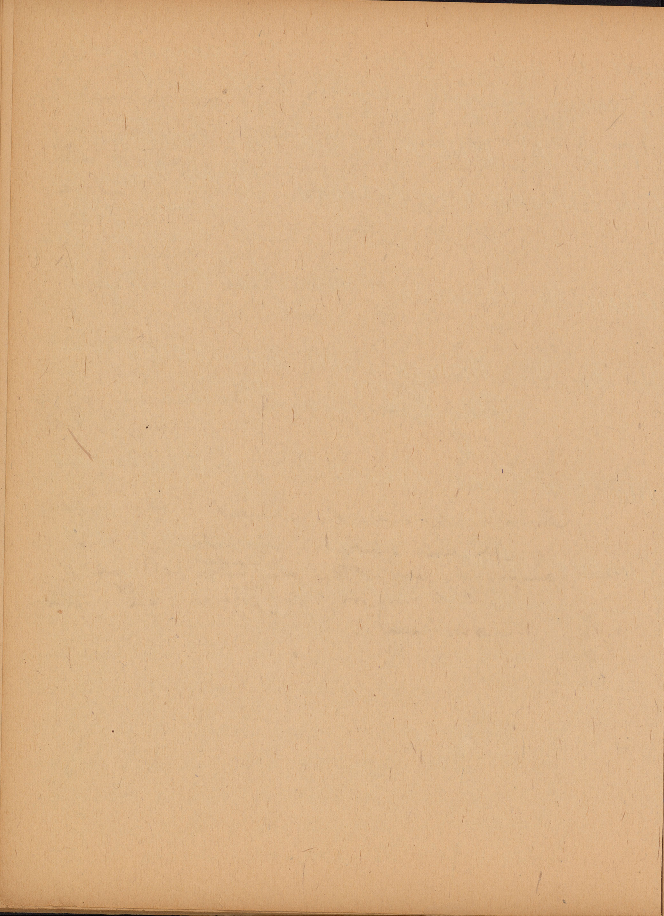
GUN CHRODH GUN AIGHEAN ((The Tocher-less Lass = The Dower-less Lass)

ORAN NA CAILLICH (Song of the Old Wife)

HO RO MO NIGHEAN DONN BHOIDEACH —
(Oh my PRETTY Brown-HAIRED Maiden)

MO RUN GEAL DILEAS (My faithful fair one)

OIDCHE MHATH LEIBH (Goodnight to You — usually the last song)



Nov. 4/38

Maples, Ashes, Elms, birches are bare. Apple trees still parting reluctantly with their green-yellow leaves and the chestnuts are dropping their rusty rags on the streets. The oaks alone seem to cling stoutly to their leaves. The oak clump on the hill above Morton's house on the Milton road is a mass of brown and wine and gold, beautiful when seen across the river. The hackmatacks are changing colour now, a lovely delicate greenish-yellow, like pale flames in the swamps against the sombreness of the other softwoods.

This is the mildest November weather in years, a marvellous Indian Summer; sunny days, mild air, soft winds from the S.W.; an occasional frost at night.

The shrivelled brown leaves & skeleton blossoms of the goldenrod, the tall spikes of white aster with its dead blossoms clinging like little white woolly tufts, the rusty dead ferns, the brown roadside grasses, all rustle dryly in the wind puffs.

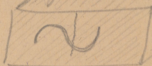
Nov. 19/38

A frosty night & morning. 7.15 A.M.
At dawn the roofs had a white glow like snow in the half dark. There was ice on the window sill where the warm air from within had congealed. The town was very still, and the sea, for there was no sound from the bell buoy on the bar. In the south east the sky was a faint yellow stain, that spread quickly, and in the spreading light you could see a pearl-gray haze over the harbour & toward the north the haze merged into darkness. Presently it was light on all sides. Whiteness everywhere, the grass of the lawn stiff & glittering and unnatural like something manufactured. The ash buds like slender tinselled wands, the wire birches each a stiff white brush each separate hair exquisitely coated. The dead goldenrod were beautiful once more in ~~their~~ white filagree work. The spruces stand like sturdy old men, frosted about the tips, brown bunches of cones hanging in the tops. The old garden bench is a throne in green and silver, its outlines magnificent in the first rays of the sun. The sunlight plays on the white boles of the birches, on their south sides that is, but only for a moment. Overhead there must be wind, for great masses of cumulus

come marching up from the south-west, grey on
their bottoms and dazzling white on their sides
where the sunshine touches. Between these
cloud masses, jostling ever closer together you
can see a sky bright blue towards the
south and fading off to a delicate apple
green in the north. It is now 8 A.M.
& still there is no movement, no stir of air.
The sun is gone & the blue & green sky covered
with grey clouds crowding to a rendezvous
in the north-east. The frosting on house,
garage, grass, trees, bench, rests secure
and untouched. Even the sun-dial is a white
jewel, and its motto — "I record only the
sunny hours" — picked out in crisp
white stucco, like a jest of Jack Frost.
The tall "Y" of the wild pear at the foot
of the garden is a frosted chalice, splendid
in branch and twig against the grey of
sky and dark green masses of the spruce
grove, and its dark trunk stands clearly, sharply
drawn as with a hard black pencil, against the
white grass of the field.

Railway Ties

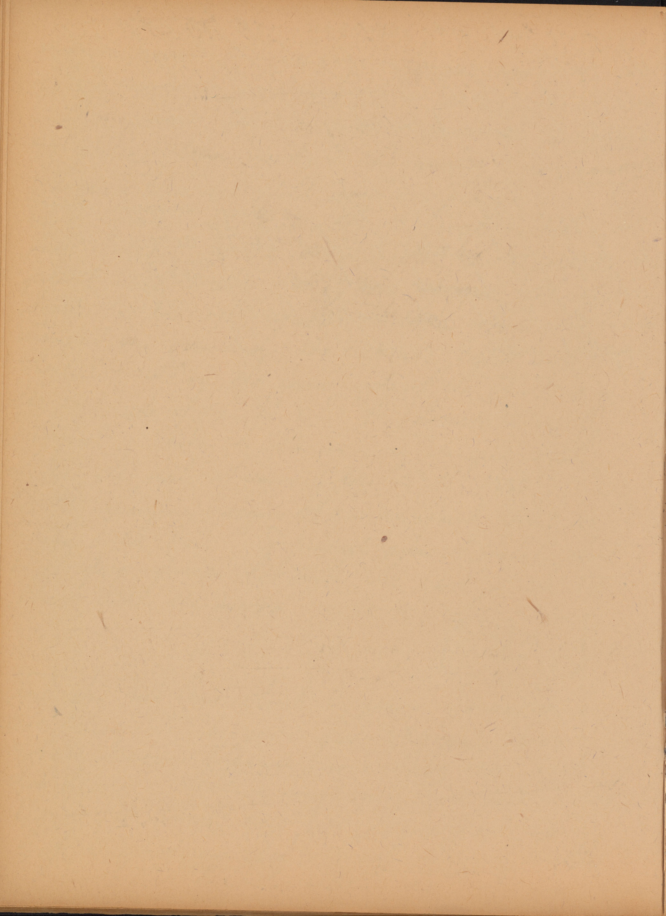
In 1930 the H & S.W. began using creosoted ties in small quantities, increasing the number yearly. For two or three years no untreated ties have been used on the main line (i.e. since 1935). Untreated ties are still used on sidings. The treated ties are all of birch, with a few beech, boiled in creosote at a railway plant near Truro. They are shipped all ready bored for the rail spikes, with a figure 8 stamped in one end; the ties are laid with these 8's all on the same side of the track, e.g. the east side of the H & S.W. track through Liverpool. In the other end is stamped with a die the date of sawing, e.g. "C.N. 1937". A tie showing signs of an incipient split is treated with an S-shaped piece of metal about 1 inch deep, driven hot into the end of the tie flush with the wood, e.g.:—



Untreated ties last about 8 years. Creosoted ties are believed to be good for 30 years, but nobody knows because none have been used that long. Section men say those put in the H & S.W. track eight or ten years ago look as good as ever. Each bears a little galvanized metal tag showing the date it was

actually put into service. When piled in the railway yard or beside the track before use, the pile is covered with a layer of earth to prevent rending by the sun.

In 1938 the H. & S.W. ordered section men to keep fish plates & their bolts covered with oil. To prevent rust, say the section men, who think the idea rather silly. The oil is applied with a brush.



off or perhaps spalled off by weather. By hunting in the turf for the thin brittle fragments we managed to piece together this: —

MR. DANIEL SMITH
BORN IN LONd DEC.
1758 . . . .
DIED . . . . . DEC. . . . .
. . . . HUSBAND . . . . .
A TRUE FRIEND
LIES BURIED HERE

← This piece lying beside the grave

N.B. Public Archives of Nova Scotia show that Daniel Smith, of the British Legion, took up a 300 acre grant at Port Mouton in 1784.

This stone, in appearance, and in the workmanship of the epitaph, is very similar to the oldest stones in Old St. Paul's church yard, Halifax

West of the railway the land is a wilderness of rocks, mostly whinstone but with many boulders of granite; grown up in a tangle of wire birch, alder, poplar and small spruce. The whole area is a gridwork of low stone walls, laid off obviously to mark the individual house lots and "gardens", with long walls running up the ridge westward and apparently marking the grants proper. The land was obviously hopeless from the moment

the Legion cut away the trees and scrub and saw what it was like. In some of the "garden plots" it would be difficult to find a good wheel-barrow load of earth.

The Legion came to Port Mouton in November, 1783 and after a winter of great hardship their settlement was completely destroyed by a forest fire in May 1784. Most of them then left for other parts of the province and the few who remained built new homes at the shore of Jones Creek.

Thus they could have had little more than a month, — two at the outside — in which to attempt the clearing and breaking of their lands.

The field walls are evidence of this. They are low, seldom more than two feet, most of them no more than a foot high, and obviously built to mark the boundaries. Often they enclose a mass of almost solid rock — a pitiful sight when one thinks of the rich land they had left behind in Carolina.

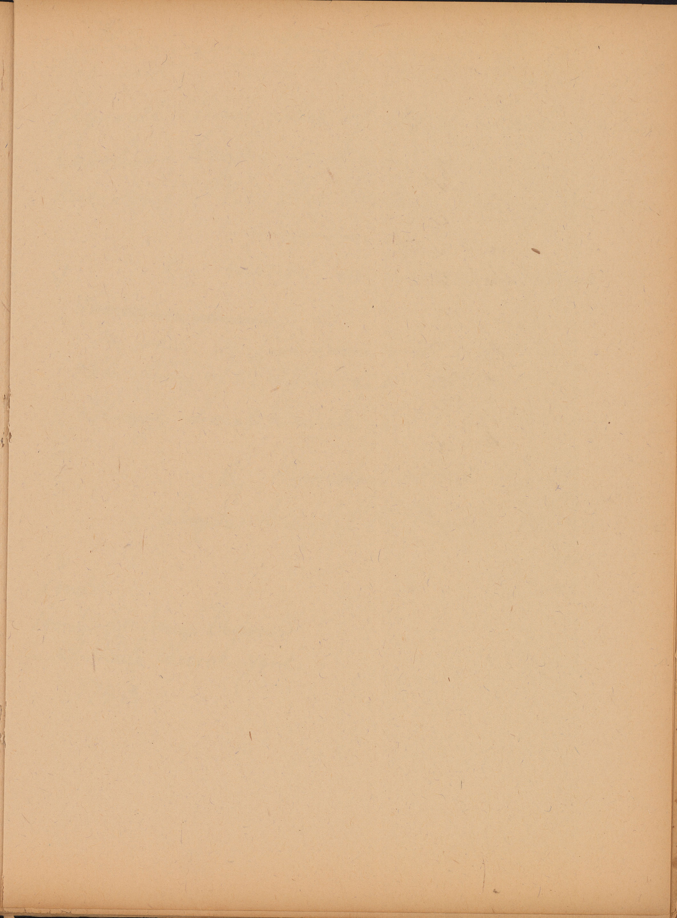
The only thing that can be said for this site is that it has a beautiful view across Jones Creek to Bell's Point, with a glimpse of the blue sea and the white sands of South West Port Mouton at the right.

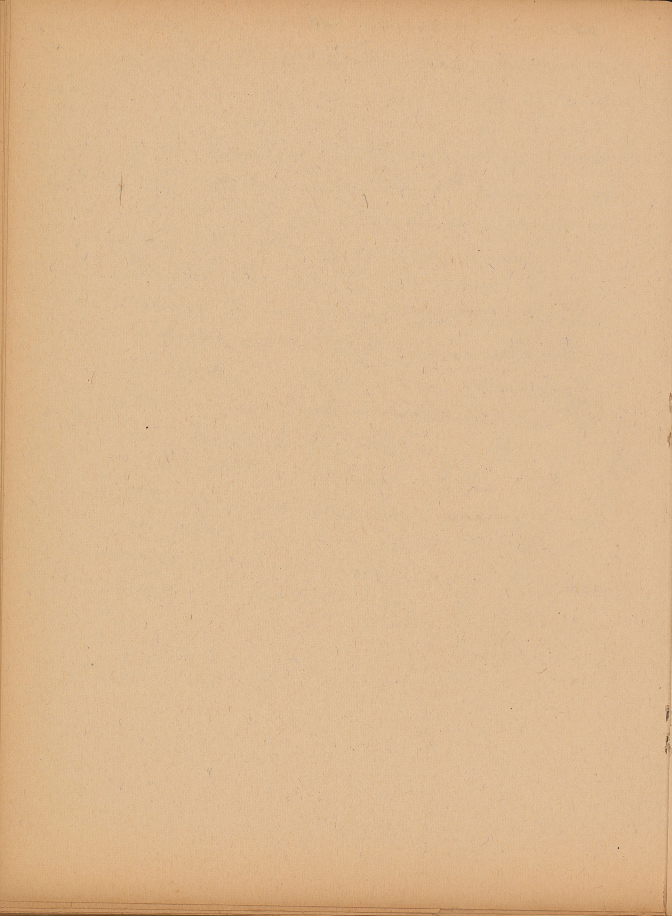
Jones Creek (named after a Legion settler) is quite shallow now and fit only for small

boats, but it must have been navigable for quite large vessels as recently as the 70's of last century when good-sized ships were built in Thomas Campbell's yard there. This creek has two other names. The older is Hut Creek, which Francis Tupper considers significant, for he believes it is the site of De Monts' ~~[illegible]~~ camp in 1604, where the Frenchmen spent a month in the spring. The modern name, a local alternative of "Jones Creek" is Ash Creek.

A few hundred yards down the road to Bell's Point from the Port Mouton highway is another ancient cemetery, of before the Legion time. It is indicated by a large peaked boulder at the north side of the road, and is known to older Port Mouton residents as "Peak-èd Rock Cemetery". There is a low stone wall enclosing a rectangular plot, and traces of an ancient clearing. The place is grown up now in spruce and mixed hardwoods, some of the spruce 12 inches through the butt and we could find no trace of graves or head-stones. Thaddeus Mehlman told me that thirty years ago i.e. in 1909 the faint mounds could still be seen, each marked by a chunk of unlettered whinstone like those in the pasture

above the highway. Mr Leslie told me that his mother who died at 96, once said that the "Peaked Rock" cemetery was old and its origin unknown or forgotten when she was a child. Leslie said it contained, he thought, seven or eight graves, all marked with whinstone, unlettered, exactly like the graves on the hillside. He also told me that his ancestor was one of the old loyalist settlers who stayed on after the disaster and that there were "two others"; but he was admittedly vague on it and thought quite possibly there were more, though none ever built again on the old town-site on the hill. He had dug out two of the old cellars in the town-site, years ago, "just for curiosity," but found nothing but a quantity of clam shells and a broken grindstone. His father and mother were buried in the old Legion cemetery on the hill but the place was so neglected that he had their remains dug up and removed to one of the more modern cemeteries a few years ago.





OFFICERS' HANDBOOK, period of Revolutionary War, used by Capt. Gideon White, loyalist of Plymouth Mass. (also of Lord Charles Montague's (Carolina) Regt.), and now owned by his descendant, Mr. Thos. Howland White, of Shelburne

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✓ "A TREATISE OF MILITARY DISCIPLINE

~~In which is laid down~~

In which is Laid Down and Explained
The Duty of the Officer and Soldier
Through several Branches of the Service

By Humphrey Bland Esq.
Brigadier General of His Majesty's Forces.

London.
Printed for Daniel Midwinter
in St. Paul's Church-yard
1743

"RAILROADING"

(per "Tod" Bowers, 1939)

FREIGHT TRAINS

Trains are made up by the yard-master in a big yard, by the local agent in a small station. In Halifax 100-car trains are common; on the "South-Western" 15 cars is the average. A train crew consists of engineer, fireman, 2 brakemen, conductor. On mixed trains both brakemen ride in the caboose. On pure freight trains one brakeman rides in the caboose, the other on a small seat in the engine, behind the engineer; these engine seats are small and uncomfortable as a rule, and afford the man small chance to escape if the engine should leave the track; consequently the brakemen take turns at the engine seat. The conductor sits in the cupola of the caboose watching ahead along the train. ~~[illegible]~~ His chief concern is a dropped brake-beam; these beams are held in place by iron straps which rust and wear through in time, and the beam then slips down scraping on the wheel; there is danger that it may drop to the rail, the wheel would then "jump" it and the car would be de-railed. A dropped brake-beam always reveals itself by a bump and clang suddenly added to the normal noises

of the train, readily distinguished by an experienced ear. At night a dropped brake-beam shows itself also in showers of sparks, and the conductor in the cupola keeps an eye to both sides "watching for fire on the rails". In the winter brake-beam trouble increases due to the frost. On a 100-car freight there might be anywhere from six to a dozen dropped beams on a 100-mile run.

When a dropped beam is discovered, the train is stopped & the beam is pried up with a crow-bar and lashed with a chain; since this renders the brake of that car immovable, the compressed air is diverted through this car by means of special cocks, and at the first opportunity the bad car is "cut out" of the train for repairs.

When a car is to be "spotted" on a siding, it is "cut out" of the train and then shunted to the approved spot. A brake-man walks along the top of the cars to the shunted car. He signals the engine to stop. He climbs down the end-ladder and releases the coupling pin by jerking up the lever which controls it.

Usually the train stops with all cars at tension, so that coupling pins are hard to move. The brakeman therefore signals the engine to back up a little, to "loosen" the train, and the coupling can then be easily disconnected. He then "bleeds" the air out of the car's air-brake cylinder by means of cocks.

He disconnects the air-hose coupling with a jerk of his hand.

He then mounts the car again and turns on the hand-brake by means of the manual wheel at the car's end. This order of procedure is important. If the hand-brake is applied first (before the air has been released from the air-brake) the slowly dying air-brake has a tendency to "set up" the hand-brake so tight that it cannot be released

Signals of brakemen to engine

The "High-ball"

This is the final signal to go — "all-clear" — "get out of this station". Daytime, the hand, slightly cupped, held opposite the head and rotated slightly in a continuous waggling motion.

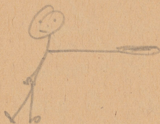
Night-time, the lantern held over head and swung slowly from right-to-left-to-right

Back Up

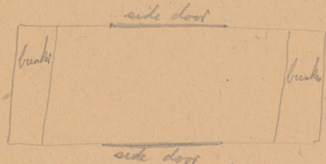
Night the lantern swung in a complete circle.

Stop

Day the hand held out level with the ground

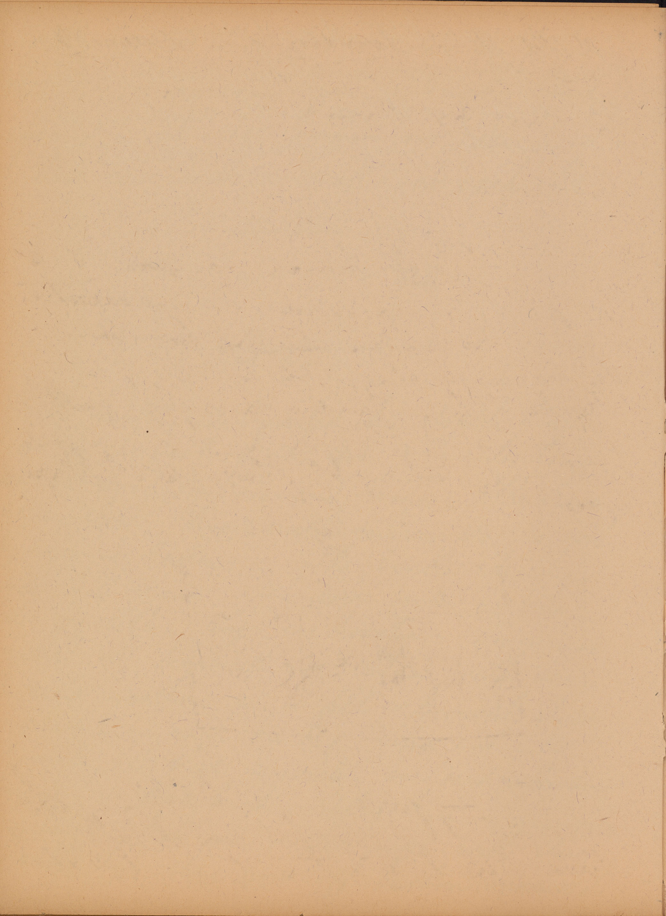


Refrigerator cars are known as "reefers". They are of various types, continually being improved, but the common one consists of a box-car with a bunker at each end.



The bunkers are reached by double trap-doors in the roof of the car. The outer trap door is wood, groove-and-tongue. The inner one is thick, lined with canvas etc, to seal it against leakage. The bunker itself is lined with zinc, with drip-cocks at the sides for letting out ice-water. In warm weather the bunkers are filled with ice. In cold weather a small charcoal stove is placed in each bunker. These are like a small oil-stove completely enclosed, standing three or four feet high. They have a draught regulator but no outlet pipe, with the result that they give off carbon monoxide

in large quantities in the car. At certain points along the line a station employee examines the stoves (or the ice as the case may be) and gives them any necessary attention.

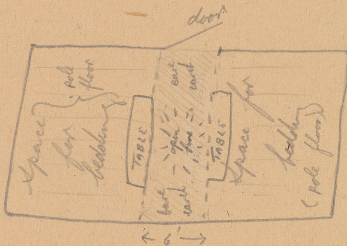


✓ Old Time Lumbering in Queens Co.

Per Levi (Guy) Menard, 1939

Period 1870 - 1890

A lumberman was paid $8 to $10 per month and board. He was expected to provide his own cup, plate, knife, fork & spoon, also his own bedding, which consisted of a sheepskin to lie on, and a large thick quilt for covering. Camps were of logs, stuffed with moss, with a pole floor under the sleeping space.



The fire place was a hole dug in the bare earth of the six foot central alley, and filled with flat stones. Over this the

cook performed his offices. Smoke emerged through an open hatch of boards in the roof. There was no stove, no pipe or chimney. On days when the "draught" was bad, the camp filled with smoke.

The sleeping space was covered 6 inches deep with brushwood. On this the men laid their sheepskins with the woof side uppermost, then rolled themselves in the quilt. They were aroused long before daylight so that they could breakfast and be at the choppings by "the peep o' day". And they worked till dark. Since all lost time, for whatever cause, was deducted from wages, only a severe rain or snowstorm was allowed to prevent them from working.

Food was plentiful but monotonous. Corn Meal Bread, Molasses, Salt Herring Corned Beef (in barrels) Corned Pork (in barrels) Potatoes, were the usual things.

Usually the camps were small, with

twenty or thirty men at most. The boss usually brought in a barrel of bread, baked by his womenfolk, and sometimes a firkin of fish-cakes — dried codfish, prepared and fried, all ready to be warmed up for the table.

Corn meal played a prominent part in camp cookery:-

"Hasty Pudding" — a porridge of corn meal.

"Stir-about" - of corn meal and fried pork scraps.

Johnny-cake - of cornmeal.

In order that there should be no waste, even in the frugal camp kitchen, the boss often brought along a pig or two, which were allowed to run about the camp yard and the woods, and were brought out in the first wagon in spring. Often these pigs became camp pets & Minard tells of one (named Sadie) who would follow the teams out

to the choppings and sought her bed with the oxen.

For footwear the men had moccasins of moose or ox-hide, made from the section of the shank, tanned and greased.

For river-driving the men wore calks or "spurs" (synonym) in the soles of a pair of stout boots. Calks were still fairly "new" to the lumbermen of Queens Co, and often one saw men treading the logs with the old-fashioned footgear — a pair of old socks pulled on over the boots, or bits of cloth tacked to the soles. The old cant-hooks, a sort of junior peavey, were still being used.

River driving was then called "rafting".

When several owners were bringing drives down the river at the same time, it was customary to contract with one man to drive them all from the Indian Gardens to the pond at Potanoc. There each owner arranged his boom and had a man or two on the picking-gap. The logs were sorted according to their marks, and poked into the respective booms. Unmarked logs went into a separate boom; these by common consent were the property of the river-driving crew; they were sold on the spot to one or other of the sawmill owners & the proceeds devoted to refreshments to be consumed at the big picnic which marked the end of each drive. One of the delicacies much in demand at these affairs was plain boiled eggs — a luxury unknown in the camps — and hence all unmarked logs in the drive were known as "egg logs". These picnics were usually held in the grove of pines on the east bank of the river where Deep Brook flowed into it. (opposite the site of the

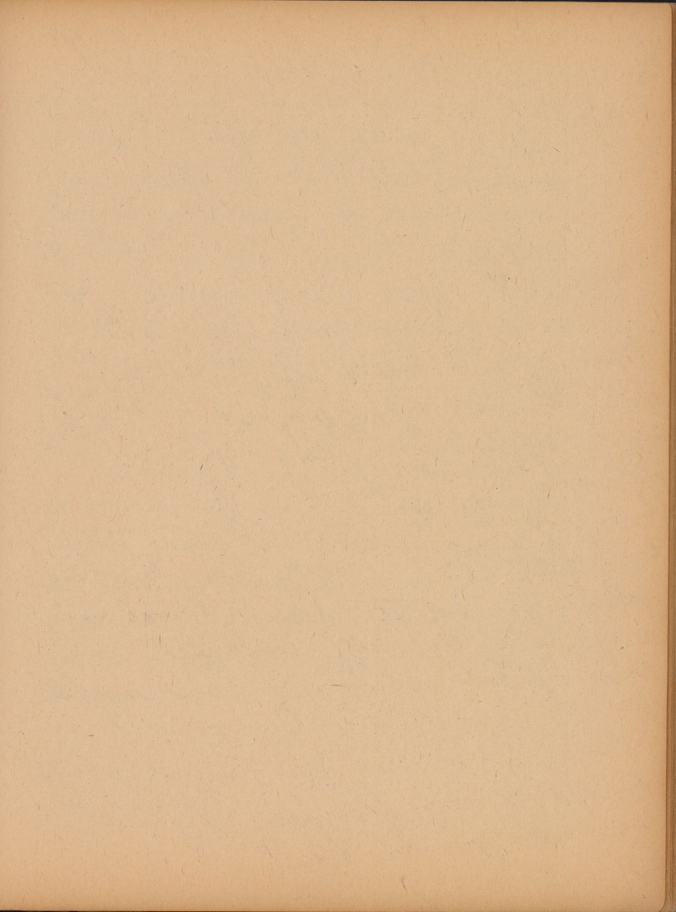
pulp mill at Rapid Falls.) Tables were set up under the pines, the women folk brought baskets of food, and "a fine time was had by all".

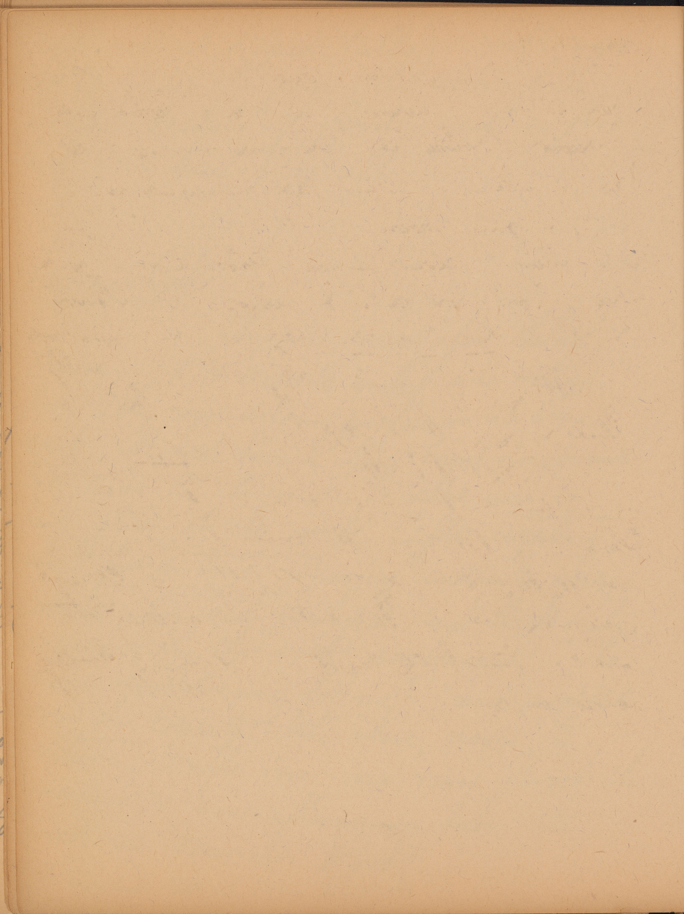
√

Murray's Rock

This was named after Silas Murray, (L. H. Menard's uncle) who retired from the river-driving profession at this spot. It had been a long hard drive, with low water in the river, & there was a bad jam at the rock. After sweating away for a time Murray suddenly rose, jammed his old-fashioned cant-hook into a crevice in the rock, exclaimed "No more river-driving for me!" and walked over the logs to the shore, never to return. The river-men never forgot the incident & ever afterwards knew the rock as Murray's Rock.

The incident took place about 1870.





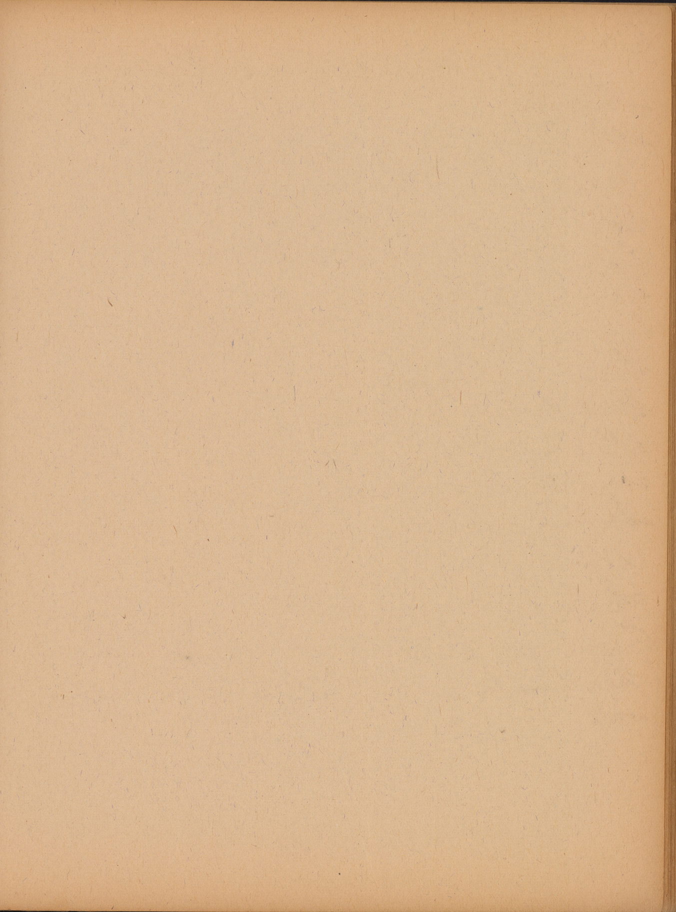
Oct. 3, 1944

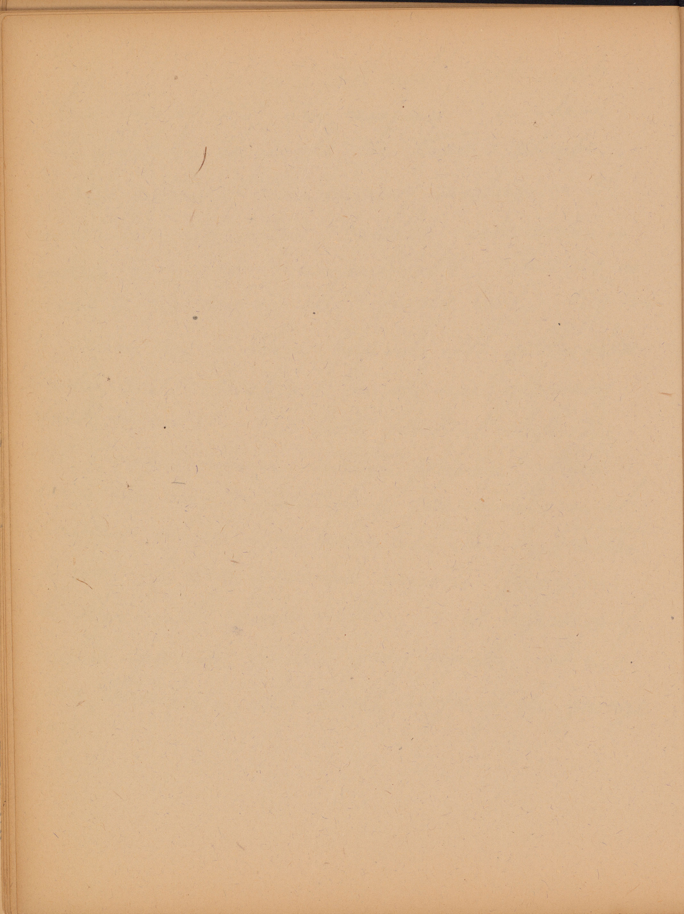
After a dull bleak day of easterly wind, the wind swung to West and blew a gale all night, howling about the eaves, & very cold. Rags & patches of cloud kept rushing across the face of a full moon, and there were holes in this streaming cloud garment through which you saw stars, very cold & clear. The shrubs about the house swished against the clapboards or dragged their twigs across the panes with weird screams & groans. You could hear the flick & scurry of fallen leaves.

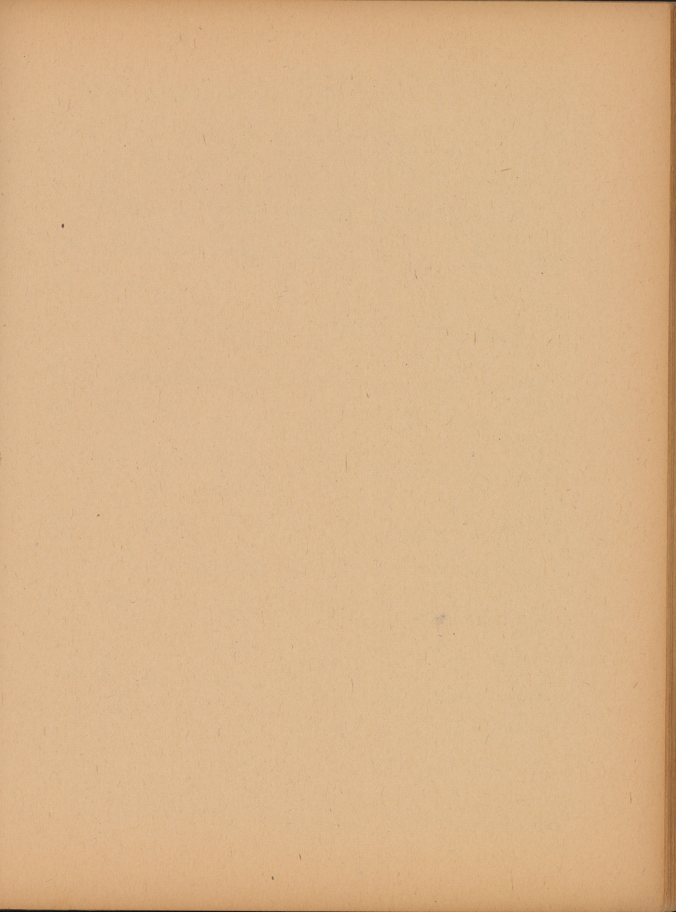
Parties of sailors and prostitutes drifted up & down the street, far into the night, laughing wildly, as if excited by the wind & the flickering moonlight. And you could not sleep, you kept waking & turning, sniffing the cold air through the window, and saying Goodbye to summer.

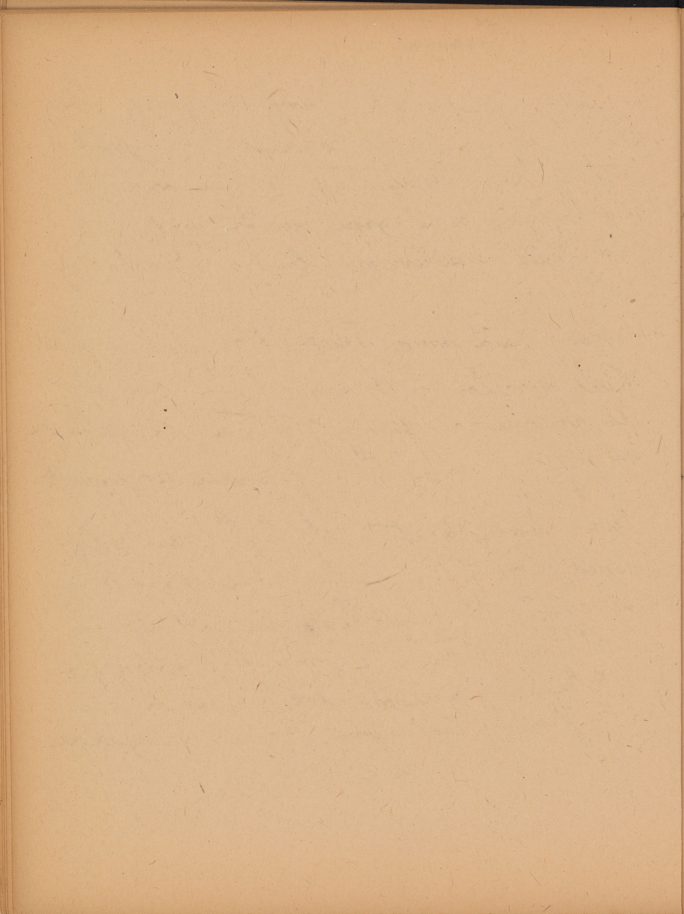
Oct 4, 1944

A cold still night, last night, with a temp of 25° this morning & a hard white frost on the roofs, the trees & shrubs. In the patches of thin morning sunshine on the lawn sit the robins, huddled, necks drawn in, looking very fat & uncomfortable. There are no worms to be had in this frosty turf. By-and-by one or two of them hop into the golden elder bushes and breakfast on the ripe, gleaming black berries. A little flock of goldfinches, dull & modest now in autumn plumage, flits across the lawn & sits for a few minutes in the shrubbery, which seems alive with their faint twitter. A group of song sparrows comes to forage on the lawn as the frost melts, & a squadron of English sparrows, mostly young females, sit and sun themselves on the south slope of the garage roof.









Fragment

"As for you, Swallow," said the young law student with a grave contempt, "you're nothing but a migratory, long-winged, swift-flying, wide-gaped, weak-legged, fork-tailed, insectivore. I need say no more.'"

"Them's hard words, Mister Barnadine," replied Bill Swallow, with some heat, "and it ill becomes a young gentleman to call me out of my name in a friendly argument."

"I was merely quoting the highest authority," retorted Barnadine, with a roll of his large blue eyes. "Go and look yourself up in the Oxford dictionary, my fine wide-gaped weak-legged insectivore, before you engage in argument with your learned contemporaries."

Colonel Andrews

A diversification of industry is a thing to be desired, especially in a small sea-port town which has willy-nilly concentrated its attention upon the big paper mill dumped glittering into its lap by the boom of '29. At any rate, we of Park Street never quarrelled with the curious establishment on the slope at the end of our sedate thoroughfare. It was one of those industries <u>which</u> you could find nowhere but in a country town in Nova Scotia. The proprietor had a small wooden house surrounded by lush hayfields, small like the house. There was a large barn and a larger building which the proprietor Mr Walsh, called his "workshop. He kept one or two cows, he did a business in old iron and bottles, he sawed and sold firewood, traded second-hand motor cars, sawed a little lumber whenever he could buy a few pine logs from the outlying farms, did quite a bit of joinery and turnery, grew and sold a few vegetables; and finally he operated a small forge. The specialty

of this forge was dory-anchors, which he made and also repaired. It was a common sight to observe a salty man in frieze trousers and a mackinaw shirt and hip rubber-boots go tramping up our street bearing on his shoulder a rusty dory-anchor, with one of its four curved flukes missing, to be "doctored" at W's forge; or to see a new one going down, all blue from the fire and the anvil and cooling tub.

Now Walsh was an indifferent blacksmith, and for fine work it was his custom to employ Charles A. Andrews who lived in a big down-at-heel house (No 123) on Main Street, relic of the spacious colonial days in our town. It was an irregular sort of work, and nobody ever knew how A— managed to live on it. True, Mrs. A— took in boarders in the tourist season, and hung out a discreet "Tea Room" sign on one of the big locust trees at the front of the lawn; but you never saw anybody go in there for "tea", and the tourist season, as everybody knows, means only July and August. You never saw Mrs. A— anywhere,

and the only time you ever saw Mr. A—
was when he tramped up or down our
street on his way to or from the forge.
He was of middle height, but he carried such
a hunch in his shoulders that you thought
him deformed at first glance. From these
bent shoulders his short neck was thrust
forward, and he had a large head with
a pale set face. He wore a cheap pair of
glasses. His eyes were pale blue & never looked
you straight in the face. His hair must
have been blond but it was now practically
grey, and he kept it clipped very short.
He had a short fleshy nose with a slight
hook. I suppose he had Sunday clothes
of some kind, but I never saw him in
any but the clothes he wore to the forge
on the hill, a greasy cloth cap, a blue
flannel shirt (but no tie) and a worn,
shabby, baggy suit of grey hand-me-downs.
His queer shoulders were wide and thick,
and his hands very large. He did not
look the part of a village smith, but you
could see that he had once possessed

a powerful physique, and that he was still very strong.

I had no curiosity about him until I heard someone speak of him as "Colonel A—

"Colonel of what?" I asked, surprised.

Nobody could remember. It was twenty years since the Great War 1914-1918 came to an end, and the best memory in town could only recall that A— came & settled here during that war, or shortly after and that at the time people knew him as Colonel A—

I suspected A— of giving himself a fictitious rank ~~bo~~ for those forgotten days, as more than one did, for the sake of prestige in a post-war world. If so, he had certainly out-lived such an ambition. And he never came near our Legion meetings or held conversation with any of our veterans. Such reticence is not the quality of retired Colonels.

Then I met Colonel F. who

(Fred S. L. Ford)

was a genuine Colonel, with a C.M.G. after his name, and a face scarred by a bomb explosion in France in 1917.

"Charlie A—?" said he. "Why, yes, Charlie A— was a colonel, right enough. I'll tell you all I know. Charlie joined the militia away back somewhere in the 90's. He was a young blacksmith from Mahone Bay, a good-looking fellow, popular with his fellow militia-men. He hadn't much education, but he liked the militia activities and was as keen a soldier as you could find in a peace-time civilian army. In the long uneventful years of peace Charlie rose from the ranks, obtained a commission, and by the natural and inevitable process of seniority rose to the command of his unit — the Lunenburg regiment.

About the time he received his colonelcy the first German war broke out.

Charlie went at once to Valcartier Camp with a detachment of his regiment. One of his officers was C^reighton (now sheriff of Lunenburg County). At Valcartier Charlie discovered that no Nova Scotia troops as such were to be included in the First Contingent. And those regiments scheduled to go, already had a full complement of officers. The fact is, there were colonels to burn. Valcartier was cluttered with militia colonels and majors. They were an embarrassment to the command.

Finally it was decided to create a space in the camp for "spare" officers. There went Charlie and his friend C— and in that company of "spares" they went overseas in the wake of the contingent. They found themselves on Salisbury Plain, sleeping four to a bell-tent, (with a ground sheet and two blankets apiece, and no servants. When they wanted water they went and got it — or went dirty. It was a tough winter in the mud on the Plain. C— was a boozer of

old habit; Charlie A— liked a drink.
They began to while away these undignified days with strong drinks. In the meantime all these "spare" officers were being observed quietly by the division command. At the front there would be casualties and a call for these "spares". But Charlie A— was not impressive. He could hold a battalion parade with the best, but his almost total lack of education made him a dubious choice for the command of a battalion in modern warfare, and on top of that he was drunk more often than sober, and a chronic grumbler at the treatment he had received.
After the Ypres fighting in April '15 there was a call for officer-reinforcements, but only in the lower ranks, for it had been decided to fill vacancies in higher ranks by promotion of surviving battalion officers. Quite right, too. So the little group of spare colonels and majors and captains at Salisbury Plain were given the choice of reverting to lower rank and a place in a

fighting battalion — or of going back to Canada for discharge. Charlie A— and his pal C— returned to Canada and civilian life in a drunken huff. Patriotic fervour was running high at home. People wanted to know why these high-ranking officers were coming home without fighting. The explanation sounded like a quibble. Perhaps it was. At any rate Mahone Bay greeted Charlie with public contempt. I've heard they even burnt him in effigy in the streets. In the light of all this, Charlie found a return to his old forge not to his taste. And so he removed with his wife and family to your town, and was glad to subside into an almost complete anonymity.

If he'd been willing to revert to a lower rank Charlie A— might have made a name for himself. For make no mistake, Charlie A— was the makings of a fine soldier, and many a man of poor education fought his way to the top. But his leap from the forge to a militia colonelcy had turned his head too high, and he couldn't look down any more.

More Reminiscences of Colonel F.—

"Sir Arthur Currie was a fine soldier, a man of sterling character, but he went overseas under a cloud and the cloud was waiting for him when he got back.

Before the war he was only an amateur soldier like the rest of the militia. The militia was his hobby, he spent his best time and thought on it, with the result that his real-estate business suffered. When the war broke out he was several thousand dollars in debt.

Worse, he had (through carelessness) deposited his regimental funds in his own bank account, instead of opening a separate account for them — consequently there was a shortage in the funds.

Arthur Currie went overseas with all that unsettled. His genius was the genius of a born soldier & in the field he came into his own. He came back a hero —

to face the old debts. Sir Edward Beatty of the C.P.R. and a few other wealthy men paid off his debts in full and enabled him to face the world with a clear countenance. As chancellor of McGill University he spent the post-war years in raising funds for the college. By tremendous effort he raised over a million — only to see it swept away in 1929 through poor investment by the trustees. That broke his heart and mind. He sank into melancholia, lingered a time and then was dead."

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"Sir Archibald Macdonnell was a fighting Canadian Scot from Glengarry. His unorthodox methods, his complete disregard of personal danger, earned him the title of 'Batty Mac' by which he was known and respected and loved throughout the Canadian Corps.

I saw him not long ago. He
~~~

is bed-ridden now, and lies propped upon pillows; carefully, with the utmost absorption, tearing bits of newspaper to shreds. His attendants make sure that the supply of newsprint never runs short, for then he is terribly distressed. Poor, poor 'Batty Mac'!"

"I live in Toronto, and frequently I visit Christie Street Hospital. And as I look along the wards I see nothing but grey heads, grey heads, grey heads. It is little more than twenty years since one saw all those men young, strong, brown, laughing. It doesn't seem possible that twenty years could do that to them. I refuse the evidence of my eyes. I talk to them and see them young, brown, laughing, as they were."

✓ " And here are two anecdotes of Enos Collins, the Liverpool privateersman who became the wealthiest man in British North America. He was noted for his parsimony.

One night his bank in Halifax ("Collins Bank") was robbed of a considerable sum in gold, contained in a number of small canvas bags. In the afternoon of the next day a poorly dressed citizen came to Enos Collins in his office. He put one of the bags of gold on the desk.

"Is this yours, Mr. Collins? I found it in the street not far from your bank and the bank's name is marked on the bag."

"Are you poor?" said Collins with a shrewd glance.

"Yes, sir," said the man hopefully.

"Here is a shilling," said Enos Collins drily, "You always will be!"

~~~

Enos Collins rode horseback between his estate Gorsebrook and his office downtown in Halifax, until age compelled
~~~

him to take a carriage. His tall gaunt figure, & sedately ambling horse, were familiar figures in Halifax a century or so ago.

One morning a citizen on the sidewalk noticed Collins pull his horse up short and sit staring at something in the gutter. The citizen drew near and saw a penny lying there. He picked it up. Enos Collins leaned over from the saddle, with out-stretched hand:

"I saw it first!" he said

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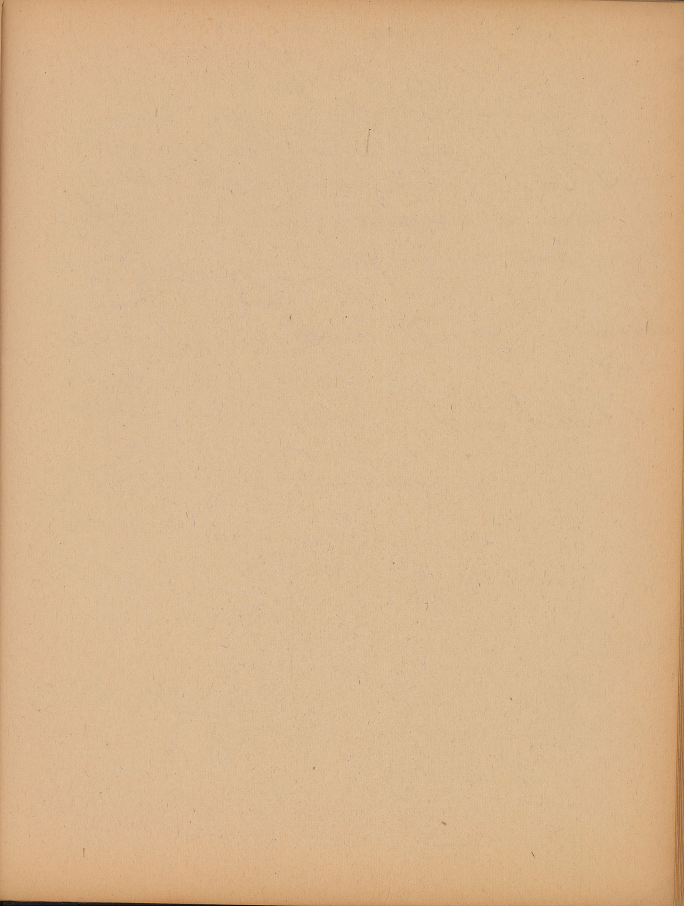
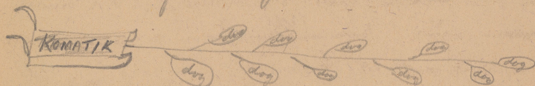


TIMBER CRUISING IN NEWFOUNDLAND

Cruising in the Quebec woods. Word came late in January to proceed to a cruise in Nfld. Entrained for North Sydney & sailed to Port aux Basques per s/s Caribou. Entrained from P-a-B to Howley. By trail from Howley via Sandy Pond to White Bay, a distance of 30 miles. Ten men (5 cruisers 5 compass men) also 2 dog-teamsters. Two dog-teams. These teams consisted of ten dogs each, hitched thus:—



(The Quebec teams usually consisted of ~~fo~~ three to five dogs, hitched in tandem with collar & hame-straps, pulling a low sled 8 or 10 feet long, without handles)
We took turns dragging our toboggans, which held little more than a sleeping bag or ~~two~~, most of the outfit being taken by the dog sleds:—

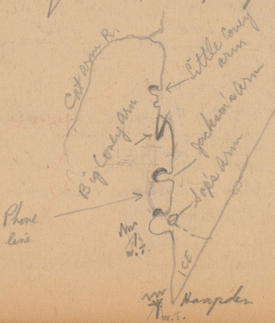
~~Snowshoes~~
~~Sleeping bags~~
~~Silk tents~~
Axes
Compasses
Steel tapes (2 chains = 132 ft)
Calipers
Note books
~~[illegible]~~

Powdered milk (brought from Canada; not available in Nfld)

Nfld expressions
Barren ridges = "barny rudges"
husband = "skipper", "my skipper"
blaze a tree = "chips a tree"
bark = "rind", "birch-rind", "to rind a tree"

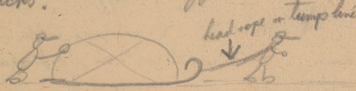
From Howley we crossed a plateau of rolling timbered country at an average height of 1000 feet, twisty spruce and fir & hackmatack (called juniper in Nfld) a little white birch, and in old burns poplar. This was just a trail & we crossed Sandy Pond on the ice. Towards Hampden on White Bay head we struck the hauling roads of the logging crews & followed them in. Hampden was a small logging settlement of about 20 wooden houses, ~~mostly painted~~. The I. P. Co had a staff-house & a hospital, a 2-story frame ~~building~~ containing about a dozen beds presided over by a doctor and one nurse. A company store. The village lies in a narrow valley perhaps 1/4 mile wide at the mouth.

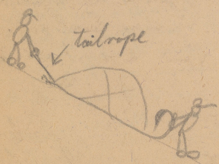
We stayed there a couple of days at the staff house, some slept in the hospital. We left Hampden & walked about 25 miles over the sea ice to Sop's Arm, all supplies & outfit hauled over the same route by horse & sled. One party remained at Hampden (1 cruiser 1 compass man)



Hampden and in fact the whole coast seemed to be infested with rats. I bought a pair of seal-skin boots & laid them on a table beside my bed in the staff house. In the morning one boot-toe had been gnawed through. Boots were called MUKLUKS.
Mukluks were tanned or "green". The "green" ones had the hair shaved & stank, but were deemed more waterproof than the tanned. Some of the boys bought seal oil to oil their boots.

Lop's Arm was a harbour in the west shore of White Bay with a small village of fishermen at the head of it. There was an English missionary nurse at this place.
We stopped over night at Lop's Arm.
One party stayed at Lop's Arm (3 cruisers 3 compass men).
My party went on from Lop's Arm (1 cook, 1 packer, myself, 1 compass man, 7 extra men from Lop's Arm to help move outfit.) Trail cut across a peninsula about 8 or 9 miles to Jackson's Arm, with telephone poles running beside the trail.
Jackson's Arm was another fishing hamlet of 8 or 9 houses at the head of a small gap in the coast.
All this section was more or less wooded. Coming down the steep slope into Jackson's Arm one of our toboggans got away from us & went dashing down & smashed against a tree. We had 3 toboggans & some men had loaded pack-sacks.



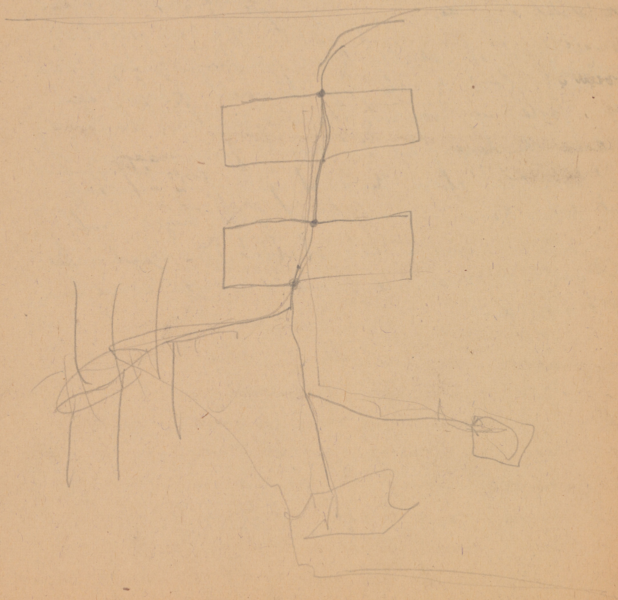


At Jackson's Arm we stopped overnight. We slept on a kitchen floor. Smoked salmon, boiled for supper; potatoes, bread, molasses & tea without milk. The home of a fisherman.
At this place we found that the people had two houses one for summer, one for winter. The winter house was set back from the shore in the edge of the woods. The summer house was perched on the very edge of the sea for the benefit of the sea breeze and escape from the flies. We repaired our toboggan.

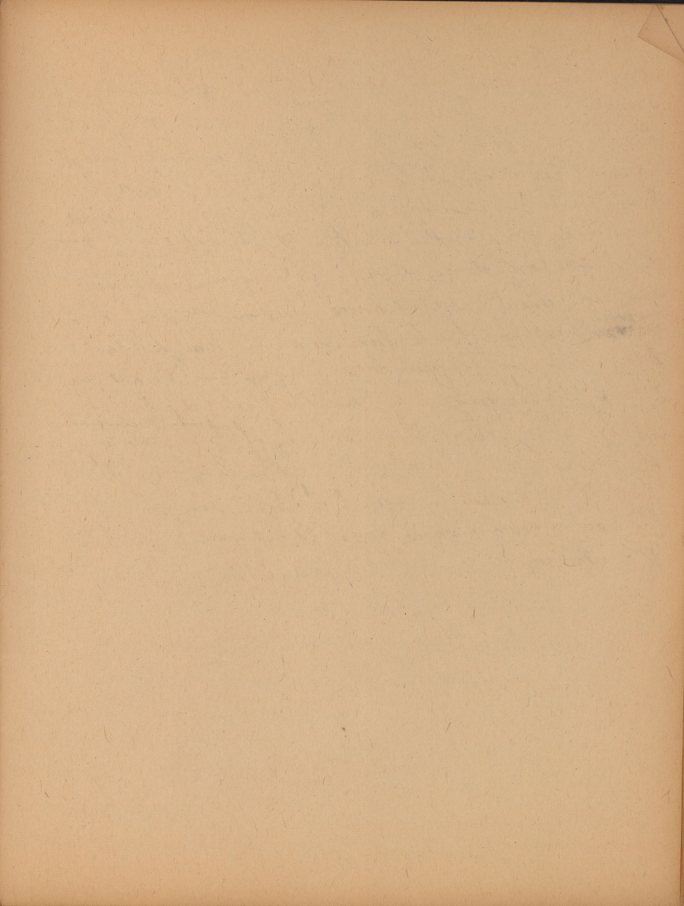
At daylight we set out over a trail, climbing the ~~slope~~ steep side of Jackson's Arm & at the crest found ourselves looking down a ~~[illegible]~~ gently dropping valley to Big Coney Arm, four or five miles away.
There was no settlement of any sort at Big Coney Arm, a rock-faced inlet rising in sheer cliffs on both sides.
We had lunch on the shore of Big Coney Arm about 11 A.M. knowing we would have no chance to make fire again before we reached Little Coney Arm. We set out on the sea ice, good going for about 3 miles, & then came to the edge of firm ice and found floes jammed close together. The first toboggan halted at the edge of the solid ice & as we came up they asked me if we should go on the floating ice. They were local men & knew the conditions so I submitted to their judgement, which was to go on. There was no open water to be seen, though it was evident that a storm had broken the sea ice on which the men had travelled down from Little Coney Arm. We stepped from pan to pan, pulling the toboggans without difficulty, for about two miles. Then it began to open up. There was a light breeze at

our backs. We debated going on. Was this separation of the floes due to the fact that we were approaching open sea? In that case we should turn back. Or was it opening due to a combination of tide and the off-shore wind? In that case the route we had just covered was just as open as what lay before. The floes varied in size from small pans too small to support a man to large sheets perhaps 150 yards across. There were patches of open water which compelled wide detours wherever the floes offered footing. We were now past the mouth of Big Coney Arm, with a view of drifting floes clear across to the east shore of White Bay. Ahead we could make out beyond the ice apparently the open sea. Our course lay along the west shore of White Bay. This was a sheer cliff running up 300 or 400 feet without foothold of any sort. We were compelled thus to keep to the ice whether we liked it or not. The farther we went the worse it got. At last we caught sight of a break in the cliffs, where a short steep ravine dropped down to the sea. The Newfoundlanders said it was possible to scale the cliff there & a trail of some sort ran over the ridge to Little Coney Arm. The ice was now very open. It was necessary to wait sometimes 20 minutes for the floes to come together so that we could go on. By this time too the tide and a bit of a sea combined to give the pans a slow rocking movement.

It was a hell of a climb up that ravine to the top, hauling over tobaggons & outfit. From the summit the trail ran about $\frac{3}{4}$ miles to Little Corey Arm, which we reached at dark. We had been five hours making 5 or 6 miles on the ice & most of it spent in covering 2 miles of drifting floes.



We cruised the Cat Arm River country from about 1st February to about April 10th. All our supplies were carried on 3 toboggans & on our backs. The 7 men from Sop's Arm helped us over the high scarp towards Cat Arm & then turned back. From there on there was myself, cook, 2 packers, 1 compass man. One of the packers was Wm Aquila Ralph a native of Little Coney Arm, a guide, the only man who knew anything about Cat Arm River. This river had only been mapped about 4 miles from its mouth. Ralph had been farther up, trapping beaver & marten. So far as I know the mapping we did was the first mapping of Cat Arm River above this point and of its tributary the Indian River & a number of lakes large & small. In all we cruised an area of about 130 square miles. It was a reconnaissance cruise & we ran cruise lines 1½ miles apart.



The Musical Hobo

It was a cold January day with about six inches of snow on the level, drifted here and there. I had been to Bridgewater to address a Kiwanis luncheon & was bowling along the highway at 45 m.p.h. Traffic had worn off the snow in the road centre; a long black ribbon of asphalt in the snow. The woods were beautiful, every conifer crusted white.

On the way to Bridgewater I had picked up three passengers all trudging along the road and "thumbing". These were all local people respectably dressed, a workman going from Liverpool to Petite Riviere (I dropped him off at Italy Cross) a young chap going from Brooklyn to Mill Village and a girl going from a lonely farm to Italy Cross. It was a perfect illustration of the adaptability of country folk to the motor age.

Returning from Bridgewater I came upon an extraordinary wayfarer tramping in the snow beside the exposed asphalt track, in the woods just past Hebb's Cross. He turned at my approach with waggling thumb, & I took him in. He was about 25 or 30, with a lantern jaw, a short Roman nose and a large mouth full

of badly stained teeth. There was five or six days' stubble of soiled blond whiskers on his face. He wore moccasins & thick country-knit socks, a pair of mackinaw breeches and a mackinaw jacket — both ragged and patched and ragged again. On his head, pulled well down to keep his ears warm, a woman's light blue beret. His hands were bare (thrust deep in his ragged pockets when I first saw him) and his sole baggage was a large guitar slung from his shoulder by a string.

He was "thumbing" his way to Lockeport, "from one lady to another". I murmured that he was fortunate to be so well provided.

"Well, its like this," he said. "I been workin' as handy-man for an old woman that has a bit of a farm back in the woods at Hebb's Cross. It's a queer place that. The old Meguma gold mine, see? — only the mine ain't been run for years and all the people's gone away — 'ceptin this old woman & her farm. Old rotten shacks and barns, and old cellars — quite a place it must have been, when the mine was running. I'll tell you. I'm on the pike — I'm a hobo — I don't know why; I come from respectable farming people Moncton way.

But I got on the pike & it seems I can't get off it. Seventeen months ago I struck hard going & it was pretty near winter, & this old lady at Hebbs Cross took me in. She aint got much, but she gave me enough to buy smokes and a newspaper at the store & I looked after the cows & the other chores for my board. Well here it is the middle of winter and I've got the old itch in my feet again and here I am on the pike."

"It must be tough in the pike in winter," I said.

"Not so bad. With the roads being kept open all winter as they are now why theres cars and trucks on the go all the time & you can get a ride easier'n in summer. Same with a meal in the settlements. Aint so many bums on the pike in winter for one thing, and people feels more sorry for you. Well, I take my ol' guitar along & give 'em a tune and a song for my supper, so it aint like plain bummen. And if the worst comes to the worst, why you can always make for a town & go to the cop & get a nights lodging. They used to put you in a cell

in the jail & let you out in the morning. But along this way they use you pretty good. In Bridgewater for instance, they send you up to Nathan Cohen's with a docket. A docket? That's a note to somebody telling them to give you something and the writer of the docket will pay for it. Lots of people won't give a hobo money, fear he'll buy booze with it; so they give him a docket to a restaurant or something. Well in Bridgewater the town pays Nathan Cohen 25 cents for a bed for a bum, one night only, and you take your docket up to Nathan's and get a real nice bed.

Now in Liverpool they actually pay that fat woman that runs the Evangeline Hotel a dollar to put up a bum over night. Sometimes you go to the Salvation Army in Liverpool & they give you a docket to the Evangeline for a night. And d'ye know what that woman does? She gives you a little hard cot away up in the rafters, with hardly no blankets — and charges 'em a dollar for it. Somebody ought to tell the town. Liverpool's a good town and the cop's a gentleman. White's his name, Bob White. He'll stop you and say, 'Listen, young feller, what are you doing in this town? How d'you

make a living?" Just passing through, says you. 'Well,' he'll say, 'don't be more'n two days in the passin', son' — and that's that. That gives you a coupla days to pick up a little change at the doors and a meal or two before you move on. I lived in Liverpool for a time. There was a woman MacDonald that was a war widow and had a pension of $75 a month, and she kept a fancy man named Trout. She was old enough to be his mother and she sold a little booze on the side. Trout he did a little work in the way of furniture repairs, and drank pretty hard. I went to the door asking for a hand-out and Trout wanted a feller to be handy about the place — help with the drunks, and all that — so I stayed a while. It was all right, good grub and everything, and fun sometimes. There was a fat man, a business man, that used to come and get awful drunk. He must have been rich — he sure carried a big roll anyhow. One night he passed right out so we couldn't get him home and had to put him to bed & there was an awful fuss in the morning because he didn't want

to be seen coming out of there in the daylight.
Well things got a little tough after that. Somebody tipped off the Pensions Board that she was keepin a fancy man, and a fella came down, asking questions pretty sharp. He didn't get nothing out of me, or Trout or her; but they cut her pension.
One night Trout and her loaded all their stuff in the old Ford car they had, and flew in the middle of the night. Hadn't paid rent for months. I stuck out my head and said "What's up?" And Mrs MacDonald she says 'We're off to Ontario. Want to come?'
But there was pretty good times on the south shore pike those days, so I said No, and lit out for the road again.
Ah, well. Me and my old guitar. Sometimes theres an amateur show in a village somewheres and I play and sing, and catch a dollar or two. Onc't I won the first prize in a amateur singin' an' dancin' show. Well, mister, you've give me a ride and I'll give you a song."
He hitched himself into the door corner with the tip of the guitar over the back of the

seat, and proceeded to give me with a few preliminary chords, a long mournful cowboy song, in the peculiar Kentucky-mountain twang which all our backwoods musicians now imitate so well. The chorus insisted that he was "goin' see my darling" and when he came to an end, with final strum of the instrument, he said "That's me. Got a little lady in Lockeport I'm goin' to see. She was out of work when I first fell in with her, and we went around together for a time. Now she's got herself a job as a house-maid and I'm going to see how she's making out."

I was about to suggest another song, but he exclaimed "Ah! Here's Brooklyn, a good little town and open-handed people. Let me down here to the cross-roads at the foot of the hill and I thank you kindly." As he stepped out into the snow, he added, with a grin "Mebbe some day I'll be givin' you a ride!" In the meantime, he had given me one of his fleas.

N.

WHITE POINT

MOUTON ISLAND

MOUTON HEAD

HIGHWAY

SPECTACLE ID.

BELL PT.

JONES CREEK

BROAD RIVER

ASH CREEK BROOK

MILL BROOK

SITE OF BRITISH LEGION SETTLEMENT

H & S.W. R'LY

TO YARMOUTH

DETAIL

PEAKED ROCK CEMETERY

PORT MOUTON RAILWAY STN.

BELL'S POINT ROAD

Jones Creek

Highway

CEMETERY

N.

AREA OF OLD CELLARS HUT FOUNDATIONS AND FIELD WALLS

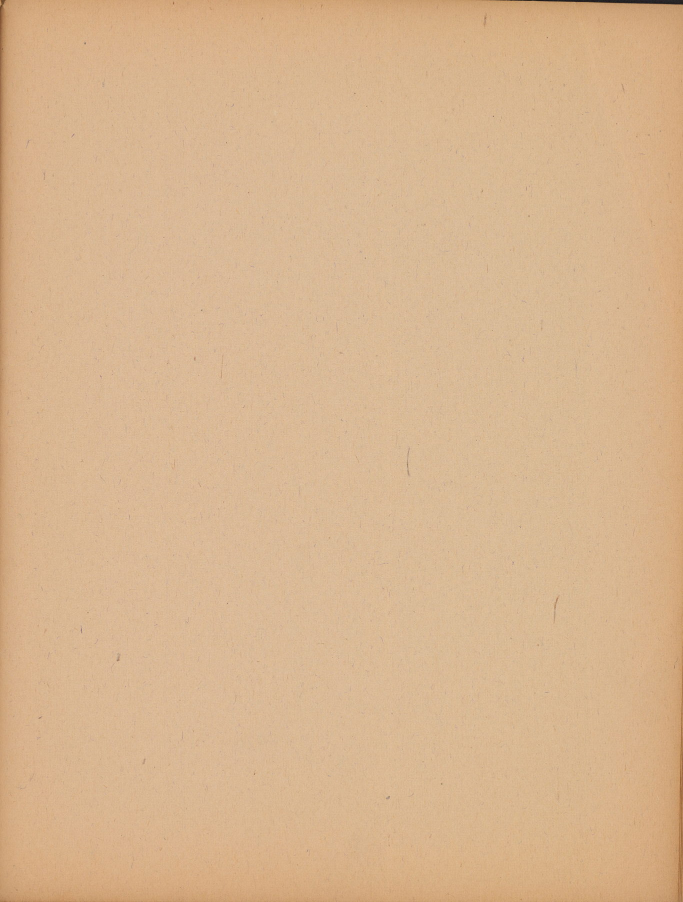
H. & S.W. RAILWAY TO YARMOUTH

Traces of old township roads

[illegible] two ~~marking~~ apparently the projected garden plots,
and the tumbled stones of hut foundations & here and there the
pit of a cellar with the mound of earth & rock dug out of
it. The "garden plots" were apparently quite small, and one at
least ~~appa~~ may possibly have been the foundation wall of a
meeting house. This is just west of the railway above the
old cemetery. The railway right-of-way was dug
through what must have been the centre of the old
settlement.

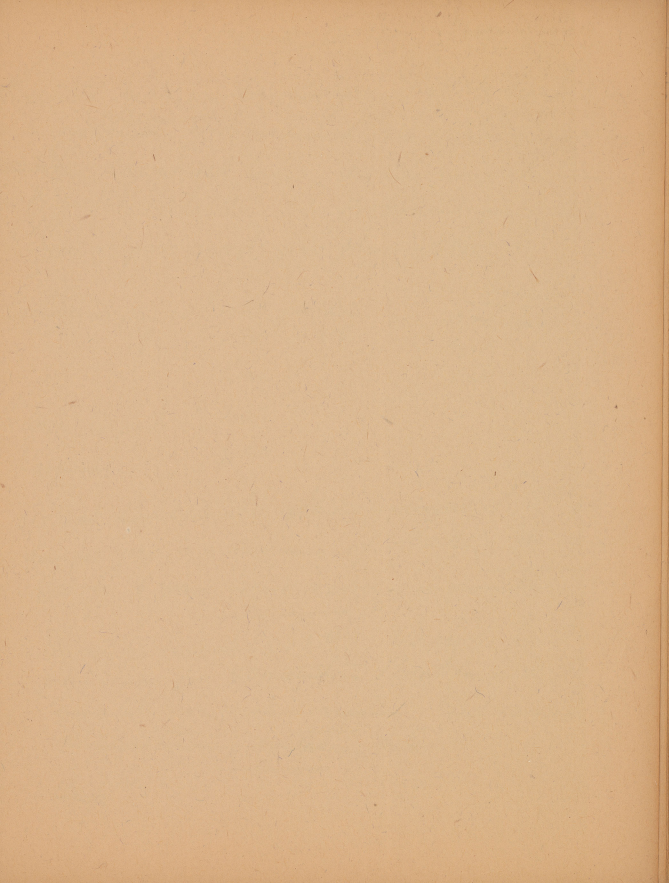
From the Port Mouton highway the land rises
steadily towards the west, culminating in a ridge
perhaps half a mile west of the highway. Until
recent years the provincial government had a wooden
observation tower on this ridge just above the old
settlement, for the use of fire rangers.

About 100 yards west of the highway is a
pasture studded with whinstone boulders, and in the
midst of it a small cemetery, unfenced, and entirely
neglected. There are about half a dozen comparatively modern
graves, marked with white marble headstones dated in the 1850's, 60's
& 70's, most of them broken or thrown down. Otherwise the
cemetery consists of a number of very faint mounds marked at the
head by chunks of common whinstone without inscription of
any sort. They are laid out in rows roughly parallel with
the main highway. Only one had an inscribed stone.
This was a slab of dressed slate (evidently brought from
a distance, as there is no slate in the settlement) whose
polished and inscribed surface had been mostly hammered



WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE

Women in Nova Scotia received suffrage in the spring of 1918. They actually voted first in May 1920.



R. C. Mounted Police   Regina School

Recruits sign on for 5 years, but the first 6 months are on probation. They are issued with regular equipment of ~~red tunic~~ except red tunic. Usually wear the brown duck jacket & slacks. A probationer going into Regina on pass must go in plain clothes.

		Constable
Probationer's pay is	$1.50 per day	3 rd class
	1.75 " "	2 nd "
	2.00 "	1 st "
Lance-Corporal -	2.35 "	
Corporal	2.50 "	

A 1st class constable gets an increase of 5^d^ per day per year to a maximum of $2.25. He must serve 6 years before marriage is permitted.

In winter rise at 6.30 A.M. At stables by 7 and groom horses for 45 minutes. Breakfast at 8. Day is taken up in various occupations: Foot & arms drill, physical training, equitation, lectures.

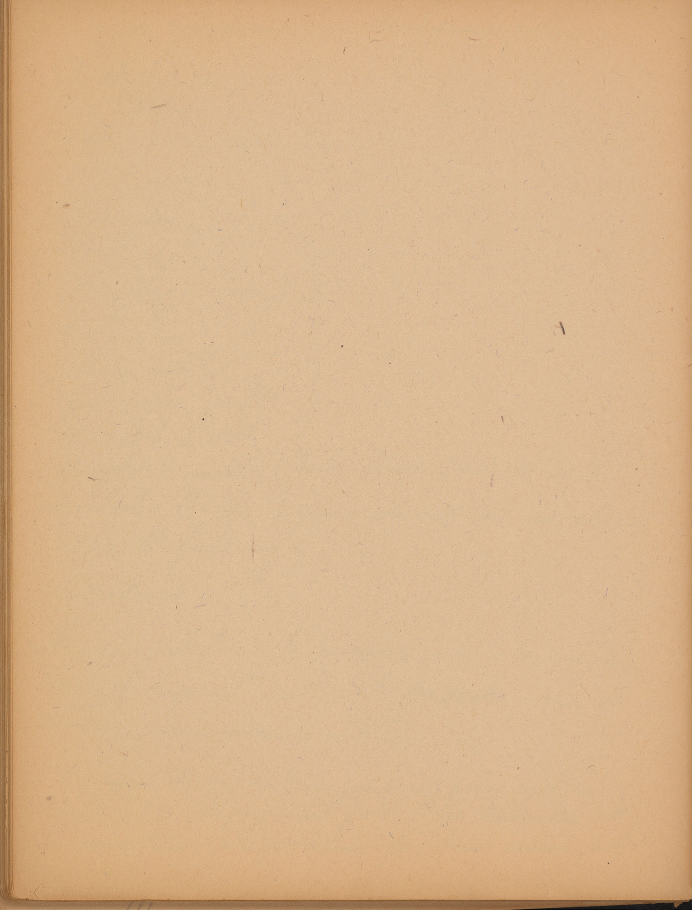
~~[illegible]~~

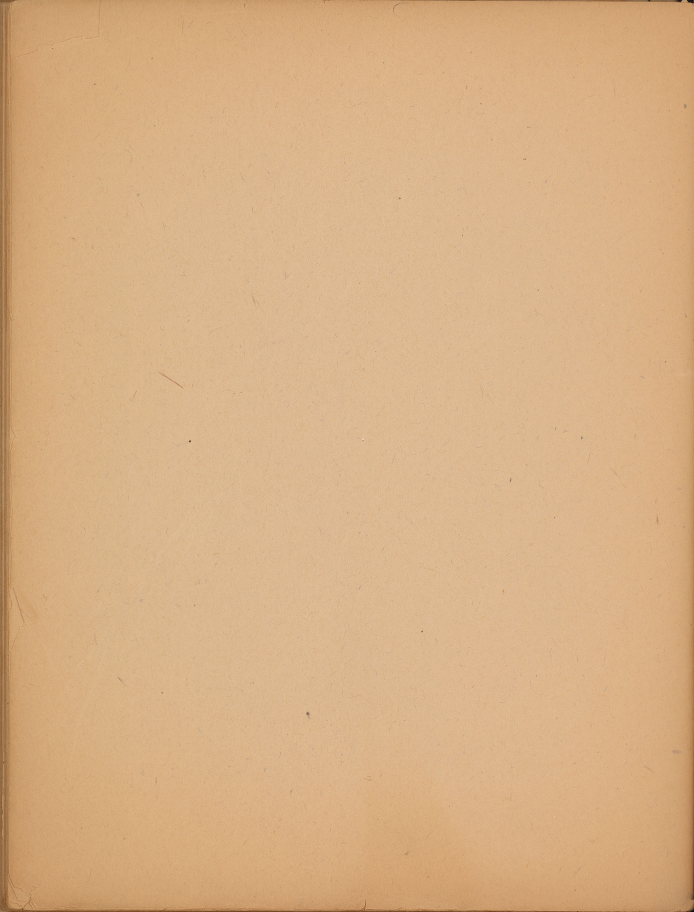
When on detachment:— Uniforms as follows:—

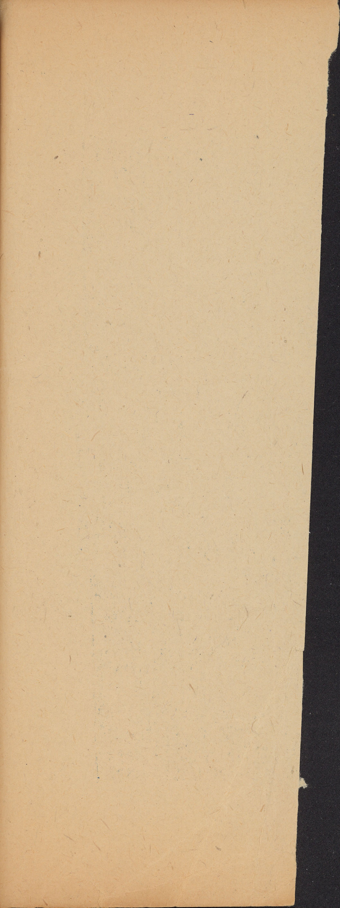
Khaki breeches
" trousers
Blue - breeches (yellow stripe)
" trousers (do)
Stetson hat
Forage cap
Fur cap (muskrat)
Boots, long
Boots, ankle
Red serge jacket.
Sam Brown belt
Revolver & pouch. (Western Division use .44 Colt six-shooter. Eastern Division use .45 Colt six shooter)
303 Enfield rifle
Bandolier.

The red jacket is to be worn only when attending County & Supreme Court; at parades, civic or otherwise; escorting prisoners on trains, etc.

R.C. MOUNTED POLICE took over provincial police work in April 1932, the provincial force being disbanded at the same time. The provincial force was raised and uniformed in 1929.







640 acres = 1 sq. mile

ARITHMETICAL TABLES.

Numeration Table

Units 1
Tens 1 2
Hundreds 1 2 3
Thousands 1,2 3 4
Tens of Thousands 1 2,3 4 5
Hundreds of Thousands 1 2 3,4 5 6
Millions 1,2 3 4,5 6 7
Tens of Millions 1 2,3 4 5,6 7 8
C. of Millions 1 2 3,4 5 6,7 8 9

Sterling Money Table

4 Farthings ....1 Penny ..d.
12 Pence ....1 Shilling..s.
2 Shillings ....1 Florin
2 Shillings & Sixp 1 Half crown
5 Shillings ....1 crown cr
10 Shillings ....1 Half Sov.
20 Shillings 1 Sov. or 1 pound £
21 Shillings ....1 Guinea

Table of Time

60 Seconds ....1 Minute
60 Minutes ....1 Hour
24 Hours ....1 Day
7 Days ....1 Week
4 Weeks ....1 Month
365 Days ....1 Year

Arithmetical Signs

+ Plus: Sign of Addition
— Minus; Sign of Subtraction
× Sign of Multiplication
÷ Sign of Division
= Sign of Equality
> or < Sign of Inequality
: :: : Sign of Proportion
√ Sign of Square Root
∛ Sign of Cube Root
° Degree, ′ Minute, ″ Second
∴ Therefore
| Denotes parallelism
⊥ Denotes a Perpendicular

Days in the Months

Thirty days hath September,
April, June and November;
All the rest have thirty-one,
Except February alone,
Which has but 28 days clear,
And 29 in each Leap Year.

Avoirdupois Weight

16 Drams ....1 Ounce oz.
16 ounces ....1 pound lb.
14 Pounds ....1 stone st.

Hay and Straw Weight

36 lb. Straw ....1 Truss
56 lb. Old Hay ....1 Truss
60 lb. New Hay ....1 Truss
36 Trusses ....1 Load

Troy Weight

For Gold, Silver and Jewels
24 Grains ....1 Pennyw't dwt
20 Dwts. ....1 Ounce oz.
12 Ounces ....1 Pound lb.

Cloth Measure

2¼ Inches ....1 Nail
4 Nails ....1 Quarter of a Yard
4 Quarters ....1 Yard

Imperial Heaped Measure

Lbs. Avoird of water
8 Gallons ....1 bushel= 80
3 Bushels ....1 Sack= 240
12 Sacks ....1 Chaldron=2880

Imperial Dry Measure

Avoird of water
2 Glasses ......1 Noggin=

Apothecaries' Weight

20 Grains ....1 Scruple scr.
3 Scruples ....1 Dram, dr.
8 Drams ....1 Ounce, oz.
12 Ounces ....1 Pound, lb.

Square Measure

144 Square Inches ..1 Square Ft.
9 Square Feet ..1 Square Yard
30¼ Square Yards 1 Square Pole
40 Square Poles ....1 Rood
4 Roods ....1 Acre

4840 sq. yards 1 ac.

Long or Lineal Measure

12 Lines ....1 inch, in.
12 Inches ....1 Foot, ft.
3 Feet ....1 Yard, yd.
2 Yards ....1 Fathom, f.
5½ Yards ....1 Pole,
40 Poles ....1 Furlong, fur.
8 Furlongs or 1,760 yds, 1 Mile.

Commercial Signs

£ (Latin libra) a Pound Sterling
lb. (Latin libra) a Pound Weight