

## DIARY OF CLIFFORD ROSE

Dec. 30, 1925. Have bought this book for the purpose of jotting down occasional impressions of the passing world as we journey to the grave. Almost twenty years since I gave up this interesting habit. Life in the meantime has passed its zenith leaving shattered illusions shattered opinions and shattered idols. But, withal, having a somewhat varied experience and a small understanding of human nature, can agree with the preachers. All is vanity and vexation of spirit. And with Amor Khayan. A bowl of wine, etc., make the people laugh at the right time and make them drop a sympathetic tear and if their opinion of you is to be valued at all you'll stand a trifle above zero in their estimation . . . .

Am working on the Sharon [?] Church. Have been there since August. A good steady job, a good crowd as crowds go and nice work . . . .

Dec. 31, 1925 . . . . Am totalling up amount earned last year. I find that I made \$916.00 made up as follows:

|       |       |      |       |       |        |
|-------|-------|------|-------|-------|--------|
| Jan.  | 70.00 | May  | 80.00 | Sept. | 94.50  |
| Feb.  | 15.00 | June | 75.00 | Oct.  | 120.00 |
| March | 85.00 | Aug. | 80.00 | Dec.  | 105.00 |

Have put 10 tons of coal in cellar during past year.

Jan 3 . . . . Buried Sam Turner, the self-styled "famous painter and decorator". Had a large funeral on New Years day. Had a celebration New Years night at Jim McDougall's. Old Mr. McDougall there. What a tribe of children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Remarkable. Hospitality their motto.

Jan. 10 . . . . Father took a weak turn in Murdock's blacksmith's shop. Heartbreaking sight when I arrived. Hard and mean all his life, hard and mean in the end. "Chill penury repressed their noble joye and froze the genial current of their soul".

Penury, poverty, provincial hard luck, lack of imaginative and courageous endeavour, clear reasoning and lying politicians, these are some of the reasons why this country is in the rut.

Jan. 11. 1 ton coal.

Jan. 12 . . . . Coal commission hands down report. If both parties to contract would accept same prosperity would be ours. Wild time in House of Commons at Ottawa. Very interesting. J.J. Fraser, Druggist runs for mayor. Solicits my support as pillar for this ward.

Jan. 17 . . . . Government returned in House of Commons by 3 majority. First degree in lodge tomorrow night . . . .

Jan. earned \$72.00.

Feb. 15 . . . . Jim Grant has gone teach [sic] to the United States last

Monday. Aunt Myrtle went away Thursday morning.

Feb. 27. Nothing much to record last two weeks. Church finished Mon. Feb. 15. Opened Tuesday, Feb. 21 . . . . Have been working at oddfellows clubroom since. Paid J.J. Grant \$5.00 on note Feb. 23. Paid insurance today. Having some difficulty getting sum of \$47.25 due me on the Church.

Earned \$63.00 during February.

March 7. Am 37 years old today. How little do we realize the passing of the years. Celebrated it by inviting McFadgns and we sure had a spread fit for a King. Also had some grand music from some records procured at J.S. Fraser's sale. Have built in a refrigerator and made some other odds and ends. Received money due me from Church after raising a row with Dan A. March 6 1 ton coal.

March 14 . . . . Had a very pleasant surprise at the house last Wednesday. 43 people here celebrating 10th wedding anniversary. Chair presented to us. Very nice and comfortable. Didn't earn a dollar this week.

March 17. St. Patricks and a lonely day . . . . Tore down old henhouse. Preacher visited here today. I was at a cornboil at McFadgns' last night.

March 31 . . . . Have been working on D.R. McKay's garage in Antigonish. Boarding house full of Gaelic . . . . Am out of work at present . . . . Coal — \$7.20 March 31. Earned \$55.00 this month.

April 12. Have had the rotten job of Temperance Act inspector for one week. The inside of New Glasgow is rotten to the core. Rum dives are thick as bees. Have had a lot of fun raiding them . . . .

April 27 . . . . Got evidence on Mrs. Neuman Betts today. Earned \$72.00 in April.

May 7 . . . . Fencing up home. Amusing but vulgar trial of John Dumas. Made first batch Hires root beer . . . .

May 8 . . . . Raided five dives today. Had some fun with the niggers on the banjos at Clarence Sheppard's.

May 28. Time flies very fast on this job. Am beginning to like it better. Main thing is not to be sneaky and not to be scared. Have an interesting opium case on hand at present time . . . .

June 12 . . . . I have got foolish myself and have bought a new car. Don't know if I can ever pay for it or not. So far have been very successful in the Liquor game. Steel works threatens to close down for good . . . . Chief Osborne of the Police Force resigns.

July 6. Have had some interesting experiences since last report. Fancy raid on Mrs. Margaret McKenzie South Street. She smashes the toilet in order to get clear of the evidences of rum. Also raid on Laura Robertson. Fined. Doug Gbrame [Graham] there.

Have had a trip to Canso with Tom McKay. Beautiful scenery. Quite a time at Frenchman's picnic. Earned \$130.00 last month. Coal \$7.20.

July 18. Have had some very interesting trips and experiences lately. Find keg of rum with the Indians at Pine Tree. Circus in town July 16. Very orderly. James Chisholm convicted.

Aug. 29. Find it has been over a month since I have jotted down anything worth while. Life has been very exciting at certain points. In July H.R. Grant takes a notion to raid. We have some excitement at Dan McLellans. Some one drops case of rum from attic window at H.R. Grant's feet. We raid Roger and Cliff McDougalls.

Have had a holiday in Charlottetown. Mrs. Keinan, Nina and Gwyn are nice people. Election excitement slow. Election on 14th of Sept. Was down to Antigonish other night. Crafty John C. Douglas has a chance to win.

Amy Mason, "Queen of the Bootleggers" has flown the coop. Caught at Ballantyne's Cove with car load of Rum.

August earned \$130.00.

Sept. 21. Some time has elapsed since we last reported. Have had eight days in Guysboro Co. previous to election. The way Cape Bretoners run elections isnt slow. John C. Douglas elected. He is some crafty politician. Meighen govt defeated. Probably best thing for the country . . . . Have had some delightful drives with the car this summer. Down to Cape George, Ballantynes Cove, Sunny Brae. Wonderful scenery. Nothing doing in rum circles these times except some raids in Pictou. Pictou exhibition poorly attended . . . .

September earned \$135.00. Coal \$14.40. Wood \$4.50.

Oct. 17 . . . . Had long drives last two days serving supreme court papers. Was down to Lower Barney's River today. Got Hallet Casey Oct. 4. Had some experience in Casey's. Smashed open door. Found room full of travellers.

Earned \$140.00 in Oct. Coal \$7.20.

Nov. 11. Armistice day . . . . Drove with Walter Weir down to Abercrombie. Got ditched. Was over to Truro. Thanksgiving Day. Was down to Pictou today. Bad fire last night at Lem Mills. Two houses burned. Cap of Acadia Coal Co. watchman found on road. Supposed to be James [?].

. . . . Got Duncan Stewart and Ken Mason last month.

Have just been reading over interesting records of this last year. Sometimes I wonder why I havent been shot. And as I read this one I realize that I have changed somewhat myself. This is a job for a fox. Crookedest game on earth. Things I would scorn a year ago, I would do quite easily now. But it is wonderfully exciting and dramatic at times.

Nov. 20 . . . . Was serving summons in Case Rex vs. Deagle. . . . Have been steadily at work on case of Rex vs. Deagle. On Monday night Nov. 15 Jack Murray was robbed at Middle River. He requested me to act with him in Case. Hunting criminals is a very tired [sic] and weary job although exciting. They were run down in Westville. Trial Monday Nov. 22. Convicted James Gale today.

Alfred Wilson's wife died this week. Catholic funeral. Mussolini, by the press, proves himself biggest man in our generation. Some hard nut.

Nov. 28. After two days trial case adjourned for judgement Sat. Nov. 27. Criminals sent up for supreme Court. Feel somewhat elated because Tom McKay and Robt. Douglas were working against me. Spreading all kinds of rumours . . . .

Fierce fire last night in McLellan's Furniture Store. Alarm rang at 12. Continued for six hours. Drenched with water and smoke. A bad fire. Had some exciting moments.

Earned during November \$175.00. Coal \$7.20.

Dec. 19 . . . . Dec. 5th was out all afternoon delivering summons of Deagle Daly case . . . . John C. Douglas died Friday night. A Clever Politician but unscrupulous as Hell. Rev. D.K. Grant stages some imitation high-class detective work in securing liquor for convictions. Mrs. Laura Robertson has him arrested for assault. His case come up Tuesday. Report of Duncan Commission handed down in Parliament. Wonder whether it will make history or not.

. . . . Put the car in the garage for the winter last Sunday. Had the best summer of my life. Interesting, colourful and romantic for an old bird. Nothing like Amor Khayan for sound Philosophy if one is heady enough to carry it.

Dec. 19. Had very interesting week. Cases of Halifax detectives in booze trials come up. They are subjected to heavy cross examinations by R. Douglas Gbrame [Graham]. So severe is public opinion and severity of defence council that they dramatically withdraw cases.

Public are overwhelmingly on our side. I win my two cases. Mrs. Neuman Betts, one victim gives evidence on stand that Mr. Rose likes to put his arms around a fat woman.

Fred Sherry arrested for allowing drunkenness on his premises. Also his fancy lady, Mrs. C-----. Remember when she was a pretty fair-haired kid. Daughter of Pete J-----. Very sad the sight she made when arrested.

John C. Douglas buried with great honour. His going shows that the loyalty of the Highland Scotch for a departed chief still survives. Dastardly attack on the dead by Jas. A. Fraser in Eastern Chronicle brings public disapproval.

Monday, Dec. 28. Almost a year since I started this diary. Am glad

that I have continued to do so. Have had a splendid Xmas. Got a beautiful watch from Stan Fraser as well as many other nice presents. . . .

Well this has probably been the most successful year in my life. "I've had my whack of feast and fun" and I've had a wonderful experience in life. Have learned that law and justice are two different things. And when I see the things that are pulled in a small town, what must it be in a big city. And this morning stipendiary A.M. Fraser dismissed a case against Fred Sherry because the law was Ultra Vires and that the legislature had no power to pass such a law.

Dec. earned \$145.00. One ton coal \$7.20.

Jan. 1, 1927. New Years Day. Was to the show "Way Down East" with the kids . . . . After reading over my opinions and jottings of last year I realize I had made a mistake when I said that life has passed its zenith last year. Have had the best year I've ever had in my life. Both financially, physically and from the point of experience and seeing the country . . . . Got Jim Fellow yesterday. This is my reckoning for last year's financial returns. Got 12 tons coal this last year.

|       |          |       |               |
|-------|----------|-------|---------------|
| Jan.  | \$ 72.00 | July  | \$130.00      |
| Feb.  | 63.00    | Aug.  | 130.00        |
| Mar.  | 55.00    | Sept. | 135.00        |
| April | 72.00    | Oct.  | 140.00        |
| May   | 125.00   | Nov.  | 175.00        |
| June  | 115.00   | Dec.  | <u>145.00</u> |
|       |          | Total | \$1357.00     |

Jan. 9 . . . . Had Jim Fellow convicted yesterday. His rum ordered analyzed by magistrate. Am inspecting the remodelling of court House.

Jan. 16 . . . . Have had a trip to Halifax to get analysis of rum obtained in dwelling of James Fellow. Attorney General Hall very pleasant man to meet.

Have had an interesting time inspecting remodelling of old Court House. I wonder if some future lover of cleanliness will ever be able to picture the filthy state in which our Town dignatories have been satisfied to conduct courts of law. Will [sic] come or go I am the one who advocated a change — and its for the best. Times are slack in general but business in Canada appears to be brightening up . . . .

Jan. 25 . . . . Attending County Court today.

Got George Cavanagh Sat. night. Fred Milligan more than pleased. Earned \$125.00 this month. 1 ton coal.

Feb. 1 . . . . Mother taken to hospital last Friday with pneumonia. Very sick and miserable. Worn out and weary with working and worrying on a damd old Nova Scotia farm. Have I put many wrinkles on her furrowed forehead? I can conscientiously say no. And right out loud. Its

just the misery of living, of worrying about saving a dollar and of looking out for my father a hard old miser. The fear of the grim old scotch Prysbyterian's God. Some Monster. Have I done anything to ease out that furrowed face. Not what I should have done. I'll not attempt to set down any Alibis. Great Osiris is that feather light or heavy? Old Alex Wilson is also in the hospital. A tough old grizzly bear. Mean as hell. Ye Gods what a mean breed that old creed made of people. No wonder Nova Scotia is like a beggar sitting on a bag of gold . . . .

Feb. 6. Since writing the last my mother died. My best friend in life has departed. Its hard to put ones impressions on paper. First I never thought the going of my parents would happen in this way. I always thought that my father would go first and that she could enjoy a little while of comfort. For by all the Gods it was coming to her. Alas the mystery of fate or is it just blind unreasoning chance. Cold and Hard as the granite. Remorseless as a Juggernaut. Poor foolish mortals that we be. Old Ecclesiastes and Amor Khayan are nearer right than any . . . .

Feb. 13. Well one week has past since mother died. I stopped writing the last entry to go and help carry her body into the house . . . . I took the preacher Mr. Lowrie from Antare out to comfort my father. Not that I care for religion but others do.

Have had several drives out into the country this last week on raids. One nigger carved another with razor on street last night.

Feb. 27 . . . . Had some excitement on a raid on McNeil's dive in Westville. Like a moving picture for a few minutes. When we came out Matt Richardson, town councillor had three cans of rum which had been thrown out of the window. He was convicted last Wednesday.

One ton coal earned \$120.00.

March 7. Birthday today. 38 years of age . . . .

Old Alex Wilson about ready to come out of hospital. Am trying to negotiate his removal. He wishes to come and live with us. But is stingy as hell about paying for it. Well I am not fussy about his coming. If he comes it will be worth while for he is a contrary-minded man.

March 13 . . . . Alex Wilson came to terms and signed agreement for two years. Signed same on March 9. It is a great relief to have the where-withal to wipe off my bills.

Had some excitement last night between 12 and one raided Cecil Roop on Marsh Street. Found him feeding Whiskey to a McKenzie from Pictou. Mrs. Ben S---- setting on McKenzie's knee. Furious assault for a few minutes. Took Roop down to jail.

March 20 . . . . Cecil Roop convicted yesterday. John D. Grant new magistrate went up in the air when Roop's friends tried to use political influence.

April 3 . . . . Was out at Mother's grave today . . . . It's a cruel world. The misery and agony of human blindness and lack of knowledge and the unalterable fact that life spawns in the gutters and that crime and violence continue to grow while intelligence and reason are slow to perpetuate their kind.

As I grow older I firmly believe that [sic] the old-fashioned virtues of loyalty to one's friends, telling the truth and common courtesy to all. The triangle of sound civilization.

Stan Fraser appealed the Roop case. No decision from Judge as yet. Big scare on among the bootleggers tonight.

Had a thorough search of Ken Mason's yesterday. Lots of evidences but no rum.

Earned in March \$130.00. 2 tons of coal.

April 10 . . . . Had some excitement last night. Got quart of rum in cellar of Mrs. Neuman Betts. Sneaked around rooms of great war vets. Got in quick but no rum. Ha — a very good hiding place. Have been on this job for a year now. And have learned a lot. Have got a trifle hard, but not crusted over. Gave a broken Englishman, dead broke, 1/2 a dollar . . . .

Yes the year just gone by has been the most successful in my life from a worldly point of view. From thrift, so called "graft" and Old Alex's money. I have a car almost payed for. Old debts squared off and money in the bank.

Also infinitely wiser in craftiness. The ways and wiles of the law are fast finding out.

April 16. Have seen a wonderful picture "Over the Hill", at Roseland. How true to life it is. They say that the righteous are never forsaken. Well the old Mathews couple over eighty have been taken to the poor house and I have known them to be thoroughly good and religious and they have come to that.

It was wonderful how that picture brings back ones boyhood and spurs ones conscience.

April earned \$155.00. Coal one ton . . . .

May 2. Find some time has flown since I recorded anything of note. Have been painting house between spurts. Have had an unexpected raise in pay. Am now getting \$120.00 per month. Took in \$1000.00 in fines this month. This is a record. A tidy salary with the extras. Took down James W. Fraser of Marshdale last Wed. A horrible case of Cancer in the nose and gone into his brain . . . . Took a prisoner up from Pictou this afternoon.

May 9. Was down to Pictou by ten mile house. First time this year. Roads in great condition. Had some excitement with the Indians at Pictou landing. Drunk and fighting.

Was up to see my Aunt Mary at Plymouth yesterday afternoon. She has been a hell of a hard-worked woman. Those old breed of men were women slave drivers. As far as husbands go the world is improving.

. . . . Spend 2½ hours raiding Casey last night. Couldnt get any rum but he decided to pay up today.

May 24 . . . . Jim McKay's house on West side burned today. Had three convictions last night. With Tom McKay and Chief McLanders of Pictou we "get" Dave Morrison of Pictou last night . . . .

June 5. Have been easing up on the rum-element last while. Had a good trip to Mulgrave ten days ago . . . . Rotary minstrel show over.

June 19 . . . . Have started the rabbit business with Tom McKay. Was down to Bridgemouth last weekend and bought 6. I guess the guy we bought them from "lifted us". But he done it to us with our eyes open. So the fault is ours. We are keeping them at Alex Dunbars farm.

House burglaries are the thorn in the side of the police this summer. Have been losing a lot of sleep over them. Caldwell the Chief slipped away and Langille has the burden. Is working his head off. But his methods depend on level-headed luck. The process of elimination to my mind is better. . . .

July 2. Have been in the house with a touch of muscular rheumatis [sic] the last few days. Confederation celebrations on. Kind of flat, however. Wm. Chisholm, florist out Little Harbour Rd and Don Sinclair had their flags at half mast yesterday. Its peculiar how an idea will survive. But the trouble could have been better fixed by rebellion sixty years ago. But the Highlands will stick to forlorn Hopes.

. . . . Had the family down at a Margaree harbour. Here's hoping they wont strike it [oil]. For it is a beautiful sight the trout leaping in the Margaree at Sunset. If oil is struck all the beauty will vanish as at Inverness the meanest looking town in Nova Scotia.

Just earned \$210.00. Aug. \$135.00.

Sept 11. Find that almost six weeks have gone by since I have jotted anything down. Well there hasnt been much to jot down except a record of recovery, relapse, pain, agony, and a fight for another recovery. Its a long hard road for another steady streak of health.

Not much of interest in the rum game except Tom McKay getting into a snarl over the report that his car was the one that got away at Sutherlands river when Meaghr and Anderson were caught with a load of rum. The Eastern Chronicle has made capital of it and will get into a libel suit. . . .

Oct. 5. Have at last come back on duty. Its great to have friends. Have been paid full salary since I have been sick. Was down to the Ferguson lakes at Chance Harbour. A lovely spot. Wonderful for a summer cottage.



Well tis over three months since I have been out at night and they have flown speedily. Old Alex Wilson left us some three weeks ago. Told us he didn't get enough to eat . . . .

Oct. 9. Had a beautiful drive today through West River valley and back past the famous Church at Gairloch. It is a noble institution — newly painted. The Ku-Klux-Klan met there last Thursday night for church service. What Scottish memories and stories could be told around that famous old Church . . . .

Oct. 15 . . . . Had the satisfaction of catching Cameron Johnston at his beer sitting yesterday. Have issued warrant. Hope that he will leave the country.

Oct. 30 . . . . Have got an occasional attack of pleurisy pains. Have been going to a chropactor [sic] for treatments did some good. Got phone call the other night to raid Jack Campbell's as Mabel R---- (Peter S-----'s the Master's wife) was drunk there. Fought shy of it as we had gone to school together. Paddy Nolan the hockey player, on account of hard times etc. has opened a rum joint. Poor Paddy. D.K. Grant raided him last week but got nothing.

Have been reading over my past records and how small how comparatively little space our lives can be compressed into. I have forgotten to record that I have had a nice granite stone erected at my mother's grave. She had a few blood-soaked dollars saved up and when in life she always had a dread of indecent burial caused by the meanness of my father . . . . Physically I'm not the man I used to be but I find that my brain works clear as a bell. Have had a very successful month in my prosecution but find that the situation has slipped somewhat during my sickness. Thank goodness I can think clear.

Nov. 14 . . . . took George Smith, coloured to Pictou for assaulting a white girl. He got a letter in the jail warning him that his end was near. Tom McKay and I have a row over his getting a fine from Paddy Nolan, popular Hockey player and good Tory worker, who had to sell rum because the weak kneed local representatives could not get him a job. Feeling runs high with Fred Milligan at bat. Good friend, Fred but a bitter enemy. Got a new closed car last week. More rum money so they say anyhow. Wife went away on trip to St. John last week. Veria [?] says it would not do for me to put down all that happens in this book.

Dec. 2 . . . . Have had some experience in the game of wits the last few weeks which has taught me a few lessons. Some that I knew before but never appreciated . . . . And where are wits better employed than in the illegitimate game of handling rum.

Dec. 11 . . . . Buddie's dog, Rover, was killed with a car last night. His heart is nearly broke. Also Myrtle's. It is Buddie's first real taste of the

tragedy of life. Of which I can write nothing new. The dog grew up with them the last two years and after all the feelings of a dog towards their friends are genuine which is more than can be said of human beings as a whole.

An instance of this comes to mind in Tom McKay. District Deputy Liquor Inspector. Someone has written that man is half-God and half-beast. A year ago he was a good friend and a good fellow, today he is greed personified. Slashing friends right and left. What a hell of a thing is greed or human acquisitiveness [sic]. A monster a hellish monster. I am glad that I have had pleurisy because in enforced convalescence I had time to clear my brain.

Jan. 6 . . . . Quite a war has broken out in the conservative party over Tom McKay's crookedness. He thought that he owned everything for his benefit. That he had a stream of gold flowing into his pocket. That we all were servants for his acquisitiveness. This war has come [to] bloodshed between Walter Weir and Paddy Nolan. Paddy is an old hockey player and he put it over Walter.

Jan. 22 . . . . A whole week has gone by without a crime of any kind recorded in the courthouse. Nothing doing in temperance circles either. Tom McKay's gang had it put over them in political battle. Our gang for the meantime victorious. How they are crawling towards us with niceness. It is amusing. Beau Geste and Ben-Hur two great moving pictures have just concluded a run here . . . .

Performed a little Beau Geste myself toward Cameron Johnston whom I had sent to jail for selling beer. He wanted a copy of my new booklet "Before the Hector" while we were conveying him to Pictou. We also were having a sing-song on our trip down there. On the inside of the flyleaf, I penned a note to him in commemoration of our pilgrimage to Pictou and my uncertain rendering of "The Lord is my shepherd".

Feb. 5 . . . . Had a sad case yesterday. Had to take two boys to St. Patrick's Home Halifax. Lived with the Grandfather of 80. Grandmother had died last October. Mother had died last October. Had to carry one of them from under bed. Then carry him to the train. A boy of 15. His Home was destitute and absolutely barren. But he cried for it. "Home Sweet Home" . . . .

Feb. 12. Big snowstorm the last three days. The town is keeping the streets open with the tractor. We again have control of the council. Fred Milligan plays a hard game. He asks for no quarter and he gives none. Had a great time at the fireman's dance. Had two sets of lancers with Belle Roy a slick dancer and a nice girl. We had our uniforms on and along with evening dresses of the ladies, very snappy.

Had a somewhat hectic afternoon. I locked up Mike Hanoven for

being drunk. Apparently he got it from the building on George Street. We raided it and found four quarts of rum and two quarts of whiskey.

March 6 . . . . Had a hectic attack from the Eastern Chronicle last week. Did not know that I was worth so much in their pages. Guess I will decide tomorrow about going to a prominent lawyer in Halifax about putting the curb on him. Also big raids last week by the Federal Officers. They got liquor in four places. Cliff McDougall the big calf had his rum in his taxi office. I told him not to on several occasions. He pled guilty when I told him not to. So I cracked him under the chin for a fine. Also had a moral effect on the other three to make them fight. Its a hell of a game this rum game . . . .

March 6 [sic]. Tomorrow is my birthday. Thirty nine years of age. Only lately have I noticed a few grey hairs while my fellow strugglers in the case are bald and thick in the girth. But I have deteriorated in bodily physique because of weakness of the lungs, constipation etc. But my will power and ability to think clearly is better than ever. And an abiding faith in being loyal to friends is growing stronger as the years roll by. Though I must say that in a squeeze some of our friends love to have the laugh on us.

One thing is puzzling to me and I sometimes laugh at my foolishness. But it is amazing how I can get solid with women and girls with whom if I was the man I was 12 years ago, I never get a look in. Sometimes I wonder how far they are "kidding" me. But it has a kick to it anyhow. And I never cross the line. And I always remember the ones who will be with me when girls will pass me up if I live long enough.

But as I see life more and more of a game, why the dears are a mighty interesting part.

April 26. Some seven weeks have elapsed since I have written the last note. When I saw a steady period of protracted illness ahead of me I took steps out of this evil climate. First thought of going to the British West Indies. But on the advice of Walter McNeil I went to North Carolina by way New York and it certainly has been the holiday of my life. New York is a mighty city and it sort of hits one between the eyes. North Carolina is a nice country. People seem to be just folks. Kindly people but touchy. They have the old southern hospitality that to be appreciated must be known. Was also in Akron and saw James Grant.

Met an intelligent woman in North Carolina. It is so long since this has occurred before that it was a treat to discuss philosophy with her. And she had brains and initiative also.

It is also too soon to give any definite impressions of the trip but one fact stands out and that is that the Americans are an ignorant people as far as world affairs are concerned. Money is their God. To get it is their chief end of life. The south is a bit different. They have time to be courteous.

Had quite an adventure with a drunken broker on the train coming home from Montreal. My money was no good when I fell in with him. I took him away from a bunch of Chicago fishermen who were making sport of him. He gave me some good advice concerning the stock market. I am wondering how it will turn out.

Surprised some of the schemers when I came home by jumping in and raiding Clarence McDermid and getting him good, with three drums of alcohol and six bags of beer.

May 12. Have had another jam with Tom McKay. He spitefully raided Paddy Nolans cache and we trimmed him in court. He crawled like a big galoot. Have done some little speculation on the stock market. Some fortunate . . . . Budd, A.P. Ross [?], McCann and I were down fishing at Kelties Lake last Wednesday. It was worth more than money to hear Buddies shouts as he hauled in his first fish . . . .

Old Uncle Bill has been kicked about badly. Hope that I can do something to keep him out of the poor house. Mother wouldn't like it.

May 27 . . . . Was out on a fishing trip with Langille and Fred Milligan last week. At the Gunn Bros camp at Long Lake in the Barrens. The Gunns are fine men for rich people. They made the foundation of this fortune in the Klondike. They are real men. And have travelled a great deal. Despite Fred Milligans wealth he has never had a holiday like that before . . . . Town was busy from a musical standpoint last night. Three dances and an industrial fair going on. Raided Joe Hoke. He lives in a dugout in his cellar.

My chief comment on that fishing trip is how different it has been from the beastly ones with Tom McKay.

June 10 . . . . Have been painting the house. Also have taken to playing softball. Feel my strength returning. In fact feel better than I have for a long time. Dr. Wadland was the Chropractor [sic] who advised me what to eat . . . . Got 25 gals of rum down on ballast island last sunday night. Quite an experience. Saw a mob of women besieging McCulloch and Potters [?] sale last Thursday. Scary how women chase after bargains.

July 1st . . . . Have been very busy last few weeks. Crime flourishing. Trying to track down the cottage smashers at Pictou Landing. I havent got luck at crime but have some at rum. The principal elements of success in tracking down criminals is perseverance and luck.

. . . . Central parking grounds opened in shipyard.

July 11 . . . . Was up to the picnic at Gairloch this afternoon. Real old Scotch time. Does ones heart good. Immense crowd there. Have bought Fred Milligan's cottage at Pictou Landing. Three young devils of kids in it.

July 23 . . . . Have often been thinking of writing a book on rum trade but idea has always been hazy. It is now beginning to take form. Dont

know if I shall ever be able to bring it down to earth or not. Got Belle Roy to type and correct some stories I wrote years ago and sent them in to McLean's magazine in a story contest. Just for luck.

Aug. 12 . . . . Have off and on been constructing plan of story "Great God Rum". A difficult problem, requiring craftsmanship. Hope to make it realistic. If I have the leisure and feel O.K. bodily, I believe I can make some kind of a job.

Aug. 17 . . . . Big excitement in town over the jailing of Walter McNeil. They gave him a dirty rap unjustly.

Sept. 29. Weather continues very fine. We have had a wonderful summer. I was feeling fine and getting real kittenish playing softball etc but this damd job has its nerve wrecking occasions. And I am not as good as I was. Saw the diggers in the new Metropolitan store on back street digging up the logs that once were the foundations of a bridge over the creek running up into market square. Sound as a bell.

Have been working on the story off and on since two months. It is beginning to assume shape. Some parts of it are good. It all depends on how I can polish it. Elections in on Monday. Things are very quiet.

Oct. 10. This day have seen the last softball game of season. Weather continues very fine. Was down to Big Island duck fishing yesterday. The woods are gorgeous. In all my life I never remember of a summer in which the conditions of life and nature have been better. In spite of a degree of ill health I have enjoyed this past year. It has been full of good things . . . .

Oct. 29 . . . . My father is nearby his last . . . . Poor old man. He never worried. Penuriousness drove him into a hard frozen rut. Ye Gods what a life my mother dead and gone, put in slaving for him and us all. Strange the contrariness of fate! And how short Oh how short is human life and what is the use of money grabbing and cheating. My father was a peculiar man. He was in a way well-read. Some of my life's delights in reading can be traced back to his fireside tales of "Bonnie" (Napoleon Bonnapart) and the early days of hunting and fishing when game was plenty. And he could tell stories. Often have I gone to bed in the "loft" of the old house trembling with thrills of wonder and fear from his peculiar stories . . . .

For years I was a petulant bad-tempered young man. I hated him for his unprogressiveness and his meanness to my mother who was a restless striver to get along. I turned against him — naturally I suppose. So that young spirit was hidden by the years.

I have missed a lot by it. During the last few years I have often went up to the old home intending to get him started again but my sister has his hardness without his romantic flights of favor.

The spirit of the house killed my good intentions. I have boarded up the Old House. Another tragedy —

Well I have finished writing "The Great God Rum" and it is a good yarn. Have given it to Belle Roy to type. Strange how that smart clever girl is the only one to whom I could cheerfully confide the gut of the matter. But somehow she understands things. A real nice girl. Straight as a string.

The "Graf Zeppelin" flew from Germany to Lakehurst the other day. Quite an event. Twenty passengers and over fifty of a crew.

Oct. 31 Halloween. My father died this morning. Poor old man he led a peaceful uneventful life. Only once outside of Pictou County and eighty years of age.

Nov. 3. Opened father's old chest last night. What old relicks, locks of hair of women dead and gone. Fragments of love-letters etc. and still the stream of being flows forward. It made me depressed and I took a stiff hooker of scotch when I got home — something rare for me to do.

Nov. 25 . . . . Spent the other night spearing the river for rum supposed to be buried in channel. Hunting smugglers sure has a kick. It was a perfect night.

Started a bungalow on Carleton Street. Got three lots for \$300.00 The old town is looking up again. Two years work in sight at the carworks so I decided to make a stab at it. . . .

Last week sent away to the Canadians Magazine copy of "The Great God Rum". I wonder what luck I'll have. I never have had luck in anything but Rum and as for other things they have been run-of-mine.

Got in a celler for a bungalow on Carleton St. I hope to leave this damd job soon and can have something to work at.

Dec. 25. Xmas again and a black ground one at it. Old Santa has been very kind however. Got some very nice presents however. A pair of woolen mitts from Mike Hubard, an old town labourer for whom I often gave a bottle of rum to cheer his weary soul. I appreciate that very much. . . .

Had a disagreeable duty to perform yesterday. Had to take Cammy Cummings to Pictou. A harmless oldtimer in town who got behind in his board.

. . . . H.R. Grant was on the war path yesterday.

Jan. 12, 1929. Find that I have not made any entry for the New Year as yet. Well last year was a very prosperous year for me as far as worldly prosperity is concerned. Also have derived mental benefit by writing the story "The Great God Rum". Walter McNeil, wealthy financier and literateur criticized it with his penetrating mind and I have again corrected it and have obtained Miss Bell Roy with her bright intelligent mind to type it. I wonder what its fate shall be. I am satisfied myself that it is a good story.

Had two second offence cases in the courts lately. Both were dis-

missed And I'm glad of it. Obtained \$5600.00 for the town last year. Everybody appears satisfied except for the prohibition cranks.

Had a touching incident come home to me last week when taking Robert Fraser from a lonesome farm on McLennan's mountain to the insane asylum at Dartmouth. When he was about to enter the portals he turned around and said "Goodbye, blessed sun. Goodbye trees, goodbye God and everything".

. . . . Got the chimney of the bungalow finished. Also the roof.

. . . . Norman McKay, a son of squire MacKay of the old stone house died last Tuesday. A fine old man. Quite a few of the old timers have passed out this winter. A black winter is never healthy.

Feb. 10 . . . . Got the bungalow finished on the outside. Billy Bangley found it fine enough to paint it on the outside.

Fireman's annual ball last Friday night. As usual had a whale of a time. Had an annual set of dances with Bell Roy. How that girl can dance! . . . .

March 17 . . . . Well the perennial war between the rival factions in the town has broken out again between Tom McKay and Fred Milligan. Tom McKay is the last word in a master crook as we understand them. But he overplayed his hand — got drunk and raided Paddy Nolan, Milligan's right hand man and leading sportsman. The Eastern Chronicle has a beautiful masterpiece of literature in the shape of a write up.

What stories I could write of the life I've seen if I could only get an opening! Four of our Bootleggers have passed in their checks this winter. The strain is too hard on them.

Received back the story "The Great God Rum" for second time with nice letter. It's hard to understand why people dont appreciate literature. Ha Ha

April 7 . . . . The combat between the McKay-Milligan factions continues to wage, sometimes fierce but just now, there is a lull. If anything we have the edge on them. Its a dirty war consisting of foils, strategies and artifices. Have been reading Napier's History of the Peninsula war and at times have adopted some of Wellington's tactics. Namely "never assume an offensive without securing a safe line of retreat" . . . .

April 22 . . . . Some excitement in town last week. Owing to the agitations by the advocacy of Catholic separate schools the K.K.K. at midnight on April 17 burnt four crosses on several hills around the town. Catholics and niggers very scared.

Times are much better than they have been for some years. New cars are out in force and a vaudeville bill has been run at the Academy for some five weeks.

May 1 . . . . Was up to Glengarry with the car yesterday . . . . What a forsaken neighbourhood. Good houses falling into disusatitude [sic]. Only

a few old couples here and there. Jas H. Power was evidently of a lonesome nature learning that I was attempting to scribble very generously asked me to a long conflagration on literary matters. Well he has the luck with him and writes fairly well. I haven't got the luck in that game . . . .

May 24th. I took a crazy man to Dartmouth. Took Mike Hubard along as assistant. First holiday he had ever had for 35 years. Took him to see the talking picture which have just started in Halifax. Perhaps he didn't enjoy himself! Mike is a genuine faithful employee of the town of New Glasgow and I'm glad I gave him a good time. Was out to the lakes in the Barren last week. Fierce weather.

However we got a good catch at Kelties. 85 between us.

June 21 . . . . Am getting the shack at the shore repaired. Have got an old Dodge car now. Lots of room to move in it.

Women are funny. My little friend Bell Roy had a crush on a new comer to town. Wanted me to find out if he was O.K. But everybody thought him a regular guy. Darned if I didn't get a divorce notice to serve on him from his wife in Sydney. I tipped off Belle and she hasn't forgiven me yet even though she shook Morrison . . . .

July 18 . . . . Large number of American cars on the street. Now Norfolk Hotel in course of construction . . . .

Some time ago some of us on the police force put through a coup in a manner that would do credit to Machavelli. Old McCann an ignorant old bugger on the police force always carrying news to Tom McKay and trying to get fresh with women far above him, was a thorn in the flesh. He knew a lot that was dangerous. And how to get clear of him was the problem. But it was done. He sunk and only a few bubbles came up.

Aug. 16 . . . . Halifax raiders (Fenian Raiders) have been searching for booze. They "got" old Mother Robertsons. But through scinivicating I got the fine first. I've got to be some slipperly gent. Well its do or be done unto.

Little George G---- built a swell house this summer for his wife May Blue. But May always was a peppy girl and couldn't live without "whooping her up" so she held a wild party — rum, women and song — when George walked in the middle of it. Doug Clish was strumming the uke in the centre of the floor and G---- fetched him a sweet kick on the ass and sent him spinning. I saw the end of the fracas when May chased him with a butchers knife.

And I forgot to mention that after I fined Mrs. Robertson I wrote a great letter of flattery for her daughter about to graduate in Boston and it was printed in the news.

Aug. 26 . . . . Have had a peculiar case in court lately. The old Highland fighting spirit is not dead yet. Some two years ago Garnet Brine



candy dealer in Antigonish was knocked out by Red McDurwold from Lismore. This summer Brine hired two of the Cobalt MacDonalds to beat up Red. They laid for him but he beat them up. Then Brine got drunk, hired eight hard men and went out to Red's. They awakened him and his brother but Red was there again for on the first charge 3 men went down. The two brothers beat up the eight then swore out a warrant for Brine, for committing a riot. I arrested Brine and he had a beautiful pair of Black Eyes. Case was adjourned because the information was made out wrong for one man cannot be charged with committing a riot.

Great excitement in the press for the Graf Zeppelin has completed the trip around the world.

Sept. 1 . . . . Corner of Trinity Church laid today. Rev. Clarence McKinnon of the oily tongue preached the sermon.

Oct. 2 Find that a month has gone by since the last entry. Well along with the wife and Mr. and Mrs. Ches Ervine [?] had a very good trip to New York. Weather was very fine. Saw all the sights . . . .

The city monument to returned men unveiled last week. Very nice.

Oct. 29 . . . . Prohibition plebiscite is creating quite a discussion. Rev. John Service of Kirk Church made himself either famous or notorious by preaching against the town council, the police force and my humble self. Accusations and retractions flying in all directions. We are living in a hot corner. God, I hope government control wins for this is one hell of a farce. — K.B.R.

Nov. 20 . . . . Had an earthquake shook [sic] night before last. Was sitting in the car at the time and felt her shake. Found today that bottles of rum standing in the cell had been tipped over. Shock followed by violent storms and high tide.

Had a great evening last Friday. All the bunch in the Camp started telling stories about hidden treasure and about ghosts.

Didnt get to sleep for two hours after I got home.

Got fine bonus of beer at the station today.

Yes Government control won the day by 25,000 majority so democracy is safe after all.

Dec. 14 . . . . Life is slipping along fairly smooth at present but the bumps will soon come thick and fast with the town elections.

Xmas 1929. Well it has come again and has almost gone. Old Santa has been very good to us all . . . .

I've had the best Xmas Ive ever had. Last night the bunch at my instigation consisting of Chief Caldwell, Officers Langille, Wright, Boone, Seaman, along with Councillors Milligan, Bannerman, and Grant and myself went to David Cullins restaurant at [?] and regaled ourselves until five in the morning. We had one grand time. Town wide open. The

public diningroom was packed and going strong when I came home . . . .

Jan. 22, 1930 . . . . Had a stiff bye-election in Halifax yesterday. Dr. Murphy conservative elected by 5,400 majority. Sinclair, our magistrate wont be fit to go near for a month he is so pevish and petulant, he was the liberal leader.

Old James A. Fraser, Editor of the Eastern Chronicle died Wednesday at the ripe age of 89. He lived a full vigorous life his intellect keen right up to the end.

I'm not doing much to prosecute bootleggers now. I hope it wont be long until it's over . . . .

Feb. 8 . . . . The old timers are going fast this winter. Robt. Murray of McGregor and Company was buried yesterday . . . . George Grant elected Mayor by acclamation. Fred Milligan and he had a falling out. Some jealousy on Milligans part. Tom McKay hired young Oliver to fill a bottle of rum and hide it in Paddy Nolan's. Then Oliver telephoned him to come and get it. Traps and counter-traps. Intrigue, stratagems and artifice . . . .

Feb. 10 . . . . Fred Milligan and George Grant still into it. Kind of childish.

Feb. 12 . . . . Was down to Egerton to see Uncle Bill Wilson. Poor old fellow I felt sorry for him. Done out of his farm and now dependent on a few dollars given him by his relatives to keep him out of the poorhouse. None of us can tell what our latter end will be.

Good hockey match last night between New Glasgow and Halifax. N.G. won.

Feb. 16 . . . . Are celebrating our 14 wedding anniversary by inviting McFadgns to tea . . . .

Well, went through a peculiar piece of underground manipulating last week. By an underground route learned of Chadwick, new Catholic liberal councillor framing an investigation of the police force prompted from Doug Gbrame's [Graham's] office. How to block it was the question. Here's where I subscribe to the ancient dictum. Its better to have three good friends than a million dollars without them. So I had to talk with H. McGrrr, Catholic tory chairman of the ward. He went to Father ----- and at this period of writing the plot seems frustrated. Subterranean manipulation but it's a case where craft meets craft.

March 2 . . . . I see that the last entry was on Feb. 16 — a night of consequences. Langille and I planned and executed a perfect raid on Dolores Mc----- in the middle of howling snowstorm in [?] Sunday. God, what a forsaken country. Roads were good to French River. Then took a sleigh to the lumber camp. Had the best cook I've ever found in a camp . . . .

March 9 . . . . Well Big Jack McLean was beaten in his election in Ward I last Tuesday — a bye election. This is the first election in which I

have taken part for six years in which we were trimmed. I guess its the handwriting on the wall. Hon John Doull dont know his onions.

April 6 . . . . Hectic events in the small circle of our lives have happened. Under pressure of the Grant-Milligan fight we had to get Paddy Nolan. Result Milligan opens up, threatens dire results. By strategy I get the fine from Paddy Nolan before Milligan gets hold of him. Milligan goes up in the air, Paddy gets drunk assaults my buddy Sergeant Langille, is arrested and charged with assault. Milligan goes wild threatens Langille with his life. At the trial, Paddy is convicted of assault, appeals etc. But Milligan shoots his ammunition consequently is placed with his back to the wall. Swallows himself.

The chief, Langille and I are paraded before the bombastic Catholic liberal councillor, Chadwick but we hold our ground and in the words of the Eastern Chronicle Inspector Rose emerged winning the heats first money and cleaning up the purses.

As usual a great calm has followed the storm and the town is quiet.

This damd job has got my goat again. Milligan has come home from New York. Chadwick has designated Tom Bannerman as my "Boss" so I've written out my resignation and intend sending it in tomorrow.

May 24 . . . . Well since the last notation I have severed the cord that for over four years with various ebbs and flos has bound me to the rum wing of the body politic.

My resignation was a gem and a copy of it is worthy of implanting in this diary.

May 5th 1930

To his Worship the Mayor, etc.

I hereby tender my resignation as inspector for the Town of New Glasgow for the following reasons. Some three years ago following a vigorous prosecution of the N.S.T.A. my health was shattered and I cant see myself as being fool enough to make bad worse by making a thundering drive in the dying hours of the hunt.

Also, I decline to be made the football and goat of the whims and feuds of those in authority.

. . . . Am now a gentleman of leisure. But, there are a hell of a bunch in the Town Council now. And it was a grand finale that I gave them. Finished with colors flying . . . .

June 9 . . . . Have started in building fireplaces of the rustic nature. Built one for J.H. Millor and have one to build for Fred Milligan. Have lost the run of things around town.

Sept. 7. I find that I have been dallying in my work of keeping my

diary all this livelong glorious summer, a summer surfeited with fine weather and life slipping by without the excitement so dramatically connected with the N.S.T.A. which went out of commission on August 18.

As I look over the last three months there are but few incidents worthy of recording. The launching of the "Morning Glory" a boat I built for Buddy. A trip I gave the children around the province, their interest in the thrifty Dutchman on the south shore, the building of a flower bed on the porch and my own fireplace so much for this book of four years well spent.