

## Chapter IV

### Marriage to Mary Harris

# 1924 - 1926



### First Child

### Building a New Home

### Law Practice

### Member, Newfoundland House of Assembly

While Mary Harris and Bill Browne may not have been an average newly married couple in Newfoundland in the mid 1920's, many of the issues they faced were those of any young couple. They disagreed about money, Bill disliked some of Mary's relatives, and they soon had a baby with all the joy and work that parenthood entailed.

Mary did have her own money, inherited from her Father, but it wasn't until Mary consulted a lawyer following her marriage that the executors - her aunt, Agnes Tobin, and uncle, Thomas Harris - began to settle the estate amongst Mary and her sisters. The couple was fortunate to have maids to help with the work in the home, although some of this help was necessary due to Mary's heart condition related to her damaged heart valve(s). The couple was having a house built throughout 1926. Bill practised law as a sole practitioner during this time.

Bill was a Member of the Newfoundland House of Assembly, elected in 1924 as one of three members in St. John's West. The three were referred to as C. L. B. - Crosbie was Capitalist, Linegar was Labour and Browne was Brains. Bill's party, with new leader Walter Monroe, won a majority and formed the Government. The House of Assembly opened just as Bill got married<sup>1</sup>. There are very few letters from these years; most of the entries are from Bill's diary of 1926.

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<sup>1</sup>Browne, William J., *Eighty-Four Years A Newfoundlander*, (Hon. W. J. Browne, St. John's, 1981), pp. 122-127.



Mary Harris Browne on honeymoon, 1924



Elm House

Lawrencetown

Annapolis County.

July 22<sup>nd</sup> 1924.

My dear Mrs. Sullivan,

Today is the first wet day we have had since we left Newfoundland, so I thought it would be a good idea to take advantage of it and write some letters.

I think it was from Halifax that Bill wrote you, and since then we have been having a wonderful time. There is a wonderful river behind the house here, about seven miles long altogether, and the man who lives next door owns a canoe which he lets us have whenever we wish. We have spent four or five afternoons or mornings on the river and it is glorious for canoeing. I got a frightful dose of sunburn the other day and it is just at the peeling stage now.

We <sup>have</sup> done a lot of motoring too. One day we went down to Annapolis and saw the old fort with all the historic souvenirs connected with early Canadian history. It was most



interesting as was the drive down there. Apple orchards and comfortable modern dwellings line both sides of the road part of the way, and for some miles the river winds along with its banks of yellow sand. Almost every inch of ground is cultivated. Another drive we took was out to the shore of the bay of Fundy. That is more rugged and would remind one of Newfoundland. The drive over the mountain into the valley is exquisite and all the roads are splendid. Of course they are used a great deal by tourists and we have seen cars from several of the States passing through here daily. We went down to Digby for the week end and enjoyed it thoroughly. While there we stayed at "The Pines", a lovely summer hotel owned by the Dominion Atlantic Railway. It is on a hill overlooking Annapolis Basin and it is surrounded by thousands of pines and spruce trees. We drove all around the country and saw everything that was to be seen in or near Digby. Bear River, one of the places we went is a regular land of cherry orchards. It happened to be



Cherry Sunday and that meant that anyone who wished could buy a cherry tree for a dollar and pluck all the fruit they could carry off it.

Sunday afternoon we motored to Weymouth and Church Point. They are French settlements where the real descendants of the Acadians, who came back after the Expulsion, live. They keep to some of the old customs and some of the women still wear the costume of 150 years ago, the peasant costume I mean. They speak rather peculiar French but we could understand them and Bill enjoyed himself immensely talking to them. They are building an immense Church at St. Bernard, near Weymouth, and so far they have been at it twelve years and they say it will take twelve more to finish it. The material they are using is granite which they find it hard to get, so they add just one round every year.

Yesterday we motored to Grand Pré and saw Evangeline's own land. It is awfully sad to see only signs to mark the places where a prosperous and happy people once lived. There is a beautiful statue of Evangeline looking back with tears in her eyes, over her loved country. They have built a memorial park



and a Church to mark the places of greatest historic interest. There are the old willow trees still there, planted by the French over a hundred and fifty years ago. We enjoyed the day thoroughly and only got back in time for supper.

Tomorrow we are going to Bear River again for the Cherry Festival and to Middleton in the evening for a Baseball game. So you see our time has been pretty well filled and there hasn't been much opportunity for writing. We are both ~~thinning~~ <sup>thinning</sup> and I have gained four pounds while Bill has gained five and a half (he says seven!) Bill has made this blot so you'll have to excuse us for acting like children.

The people at the Hotel are very nice and obliging and the meals ~~here~~ are awfully good.

We will see you in the not too distant future. In the meantime thank you a thousand times for all your kindnesses to us both

Love  
From

Mary S. Browne.

and

Bill

Elm House  
Lawrencetown  
Annapolis County  
July 22, 1924.

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been much opportunity for writing. We are both thriving and I have gained four pounds, while Bill has gained five and a half (he says seven!). Bill has made this blot so you'll have to excuse us for acting like children.

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Love

From

Mary G. Browne

and Bill





HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY  
NEWFOUNDLAND

South West.  
Port Blandford B.N.

My dearest wife,

Dec 10, 1924

Is this the first time that I address you as  
dearest wife without having you near enough to kiss you too?  
How are you? I hope that you did not feel too badly  
over my absence. It was such an unpleasant time to leave  
that, (as you were), you must have felt dreadfully cold.  
I was ok. although the sleeping car does not appear to be as  
comfortable as the smoking compartment of the ordinary  
first class car. It is too stuffy. This was compensated for by  
the excellence of my travelling companions. Persons known  
and his brother were accompanying their mother and they remain  
of their father down to Three Rivers. N. D. B. Sir Patrick McGearty  
was proceeding to Montreal on the advance agent for the  
Commission appointed to deal with the Labrador Boundary  
Question, who will leave to-morrow. We had a chat  
in the compartment he was occupying. Having worked  
very hard for several days & nights previous to his departure he  
was taking things easy. He was lying on the bed with a  
blanket around him, and had his meals served there. His  
conversation was extremely spectacular as he was drowsy as that  
after a little while, as he would see he was making an effort to  
keep awake I left him. I saw him later. He came to  
where I was playing bridge with Mr. & Mrs. Gooden of

of Grand Falls and Major Baird of the  
 "Twin Lakes" & "Skull Hill" put prof. Jones and  
 wished me a merry Xmas. He informs me that these  
 conversations were the of a reconnoitering or skinning  
 character i.e. nothing definite is known as to the direction  
 they will take or what proportions are likely to be forth-  
 coming. Those passengers with whom I discussed the matter  
 seemed to consider it a good thing to sell the Labrador if  
 we get a poor price.

There was much talk about Quink & H. Browne  
 as Berna Morris lost about 9 to 10,000 dollars in a matter of the  
 cattle's trucks. I had two smaller seats on board  
 and only touched the bottle once. The conductor had the  
 train stop at South West right opposite Mr. Kelly's  
 house. It was this gentleman's shop which was burned, and as  
 he seemed to be the only person upon whom I could rely for  
 accommodation I went to him. He met me at the train  
 and escorted me into his sitting room where a lady of about  
 15 with a pale face was sitting in a Radio outfit and his  
 mother was sitting <sup>in a chair by his side</sup> patiently awaiting for coherent words.  
 I was invited to sit in and I heard Mr. Kelly and Boston  
 speaking. Hamilton Canadian National Railway was broadcasting  
 rather dry information about Xmas mail. I allow me to inform  
 you that you should use travel papers & strong cord to read  
 novels in, that you should





HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY  
NEWFOUNDLAND

place your own address at left hand corner  
and that if you enclose 5 words in your Xmas  
greeting your correspondence will be charged at a tax  
on letter rates. Monoton told us all that & more.  
Boston was more interesting as I learned that to-morrow  
the train will be + north west - growing colder. I heard  
a beautiful Soprano voice singing a familiar air but I  
was unfortunate in not being able to discern the name  
of the song or the singer. A few selections on the Monoton  
jazz orchestra and a number of shrills + yells and  
buzzes completed what was termed by all present <sup>and</sup> the  
most delightful program we yet gave in Whitbyford  
I am most comfortable here. I have a lovely

I am most comfortable here. I have a lovely  
warm bed with heaps of clothes. Mine has is a  
special man. I started taking his photo before I knew that  
you may be convinced. He has several well behaved  
sons + daughters. He has a pony upon which I  
drove to his store over the top snow to-day and  
I expect to take a constitutional in the same direction  
tomorrow to send you this message of love.

I saw my learned friend King at about 11.30am  
looking out the bedroom in Courage's house, in his shirt.  
King has met ~~at~~ his hotel in Courage if he  
wishes a drink. The magistrate is not yet here  
but is expected any time to night. He is not  
going to - tomorrow, as there is a large number of witnesses.  
Courage looks like Rev. Boone. He has that  
sinister expression seen on some men - say  
R.A.S. 44 Ruman - West Rd. He looks capable  
of this crime & worse. Perhaps I am harsh, but  
I am not infuenced with his appearance.

Tea is ready so I must stop. The lights  
have been lit long ago. Please don't forget me  
in your prayers. You are ever in my thoughts and  
I look forward to Saturday when I hope to be back  
with you, and I don't think I shall leave home again  
this year.

With love & thousands of kisses & his  
regards to your parents. Please my up mother & Aunt.  
I'll then I am OK.

XXXXXX

Ever your affectionate husband  
Bill



South West  
Port Blandford B. B.<sup>2</sup>  
Dec. 10, 1924

My dearest wife,

Is this the first time that I address you as dearest wife without having you near enough to kiss you too? How are you? I hope that you did not feel too badly over my absence. It was such an unpleasant time to leave that, (as you were) you must have felt dreadfully cold. I was O.K. although the Sleeping Car does not appear to be as comfortable as the Smoking compartment of the ordinary first class car. It is too stuffy. This was compensated for by the excellence of my travelling companions. Bernard Norris and his brother were accompanying their mother and the remains of their father down to Three Arms, N. D. B.<sup>3</sup> Sir Patrick McGrath was proceeding to Montreal as the advance agent for the Commission appointed to deal with the Labrador Boundary Question, who will leave tomorrow. We had a chat in the Compartment he was occupying. Having worked very hard for several days & nights previous to his departure he was taking things easy. He was lying on the bed with a blanket around him, and had his meals served there. Our conversation was not very spectacular as he was drowsy so that after a little while, as I could see he was making an effort to keep awake I left him. I saw him later. He came to where I was playing bridge with Mr. & Mrs. Goodyear of of [sic] Grand Falls and Major Baird of the "Twin Lakes" & "Skull Hill" pit prop fame and wished me a Merry Xmas. He informed me that these conversations were to be of a reconnoitring or skirmishing character i.e. nothing definite is known as to the direction they will take or what propositions are likely to be forthcoming. Those passengers with whom I discussed the matter seemed to consider it a good thing to sell the Labrador if we received a good price.

There was much talk about Quirk and H. J. Crowe as Bernard Norris lost about 9 to 10000 dollars as a result of the latter's tricks. I had two excellent meals on board and only touched the bottle once. The conductor had the train stopped at South West right opposite Mr. Pelley's house. It was this gentleman's shop which was burned, and, as he seemed to be the only person upon whom I could rely for accommodation I wired him. He met me at the train and escorted me into his sitting room where a boy of about 15 with a pale face was sitting at a Radio outfit and his mother was sitting in an armchair by his side patiently awaiting for coherent sounds. I was invited to listen in and I heard Moncton and Boston speaking. Moncton Canadian National Railway was broadcasting rather dry information about Xmas mail. Allow me to inform you that you should use tissue paper & strong cord to send parcels in, that you should place your own address at left hand corner and that if you exceed 5 words in your Xmas greeting your correspondent will be charged a tax on letter rates. Moncton told us all that & more. Boston was more interesting as I learned that to-morrow the wind will be W. & North West growing colder. I heard a beautiful Soprano voice singing a familiar air but I was unfortunate in not being able to discover the name of the song or the singer. A few selections on the Moncton Jazz orchestra and a number of shrieks & yells and buzzes completed what was termed by all

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<sup>2</sup>Bonavista Bay

<sup>3</sup>Notre Dame Bay

present one of the most delightful programmes yet given in Port Blandford.

I am most comfortable here. I have a lovely warm bed with heaps of clothes. Mine host is a genial man. I intend taking his photo before I leave that you may be convinced. He has several well behaved sons & daughters. He has a pony upon which I drove to his store over the soft snow to-day and I expect to take a constitutional in the same direction tonight to send you this missive of love.

I saw my learned friend King at about 11.30 am looking out the bedroom in Courage's house, in his shirt. King has met his match in Courage if he wishes a drinking bout. The Magistrate is not yet here but is expected any time to-night. The trial may not finish to-morrow, as there is a large number of witnesses. Courage looks like Rev. Boone. He has that sinister expression seen on some men - say R. A. S 44 Rennie's Mill Road.<sup>4</sup> He looks capable of this crime & worse. Perhaps I am harsh, but I was not impressed with his appearance.

Tea is ready so I must stop. The lights have been lit long ago. Please don't forget me in your prayers. You are ever in my thoughts and I look forward to Saturday when I hope to be back with you, and I don't think I shall leave home again this year.

With love & thousands of kisses & kind regards to your bedmates. Please ring up mother & Aunt S. & tell them I am OK.

xxxxxxx

Ever your affectionate husband

Bill

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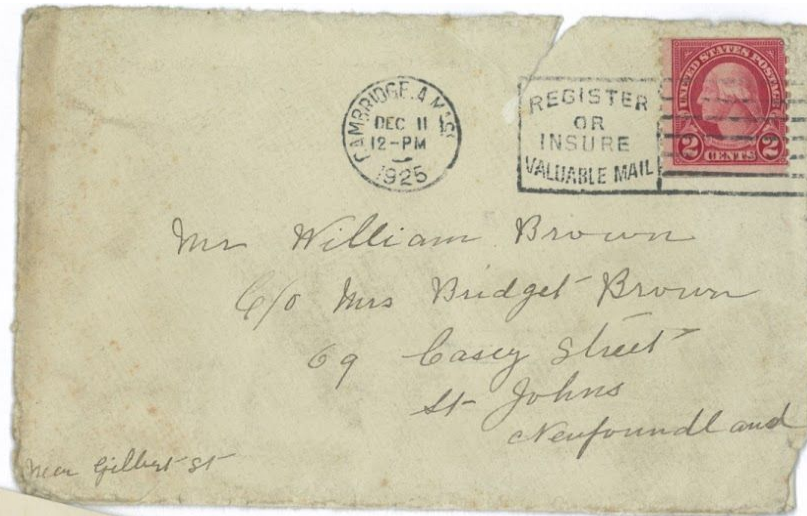
<sup>4</sup>Richard A. Squires



Some notes and letters following Marjorie Browne's birth November 5, 1925



Some notes and letters following Marjorie Browne's birth November 5, 1925



91 Tremont St  
Cambridge  
Mass  
12/11-25

Dear Will

its about time I should  
answer your <sup>last</sup> letter. I was  
very much pleased to hear that  
you have a baby girl I like  
the name very much I am  
sure you and your wife must  
be more than pleased with  
your daughter I heard that  
you have a very nice wife  
Willie I owe you another  
a letter I am going to



Letter from Bill's Aunt Polly, married to Bill's Mother's brother, Tom O'Reilly

Some notes and letters following Marjorie Browne's birth November 5, 1925

2.

in her Loom I have  
been awful sick myself The  
dr. said that I was in  
down condition after your  
Aunt Mollie passed away  
you know she was a big  
care to Tom and I but  
we done all that we could  
do for her I am sending the  
Baby a gospel and little  
gold medal This is from  
a dear friend of mine that  
sent it to me from the  
Convent I was telling about  
your New Baby to the Lord

3

She would send me a  
gospel for her George is  
well and working he dont  
come to see us very often he  
likes a good time well  
he should come to see  
Tom often as he was a  
good uncle to him he is  
boarding with a very  
woman her husband worked  
with Tom he know him  
quite well I suppose you  
are kept very busy now  
Tom and I wish to be  
remembered to your mother &  
father

Tom joins in love with  
me to you and your wife  
P.S. The first chance I  
get anyone going to Nfld  
I will send something  
pretty to the Baby so we  
wish you a very merry  
Christmas and a Happy  
New Year

I remain  
Your Aunt Polly.

Please answer this letter  
as I would like to hear from  
you



Some notes and letters following Marjorie Browne's birth November 5, 1925

62 Challo Rd.

J.W. 11

Nov. 25. 25

My dear Will

Very heartfelt congratulations to you & your wife in which my wife joins. How deliciously proud and happy you must both be. It seemed a great blessing to us to have a baby though we were not to keep it more than a few days. You will be able to look forward to life-long joy of your treasure and dream sweet dreams of the future. You will feel you have something worth while to live for and work for. Your home will seem a happier heaven than before. I wish you all the joy possible and I wish the same, of course, to Marjorie Mary herself. My wife was immensely tickled by the card. She thought it cute, though not very Canadian she wouldn't have used that word. I thought what a lot of work it saves you. I have not seen such a means of communication used before in announcing births. I have been thinking of you since I received your last letter and the happy news was something of a relief, for I have learned to feel some anxiety about such events.

Do you remember Lily Twist, the young girl from Sherwell Edge, whom you once met in my rooms? She is now teaching near

Letter from Bill's friend Henry Somerville

Some notes and letters following Marjorie Browne's birth November 5, 1925

London and came to see us the other day. She enquired about you. Her friend, Miss Moss, was married over a year ago and recently became a mother.

The fiasco about the Irish Boundary Commission is rather dismaying, but it could have been foreseen. I hope Newfoundland politics are not too exciting. I plot along with my Toronto class work and C.S.G. teaching and occasional articles in various publications. I seem to be learning a good deal more of political economy than I used to know. I understand that the Xmas number of "T.P.'s & Cassells Weekly" will contain an article of mine on G.K.C. Does T.P.'s reach Newfoundland? I have a most ambitious article appearing in Studies in December. I will send you a reprint. Do you ever see The Cornucopia, a Catholic weekly published in New York and edited by Michael Williams? It is a first class paper and I think you would like it. Michael Williams was born in Halifax N.S.

Margaret tells me particularly to say she hopes that both mother and baby are in very good health.

With kindest regards  
Yours ever

Harry



*Diary*

Friday, February 12<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Weather began very stormy, but mild. I have appreciated the street car service this winter more than ever before. I feel less and less inclined to walk to and from the office on stormy days. Mary & I had a little disagreement to-night over the destruction of certain decayed sausages, which was only decided by calling upon the maid who stated they had been found in a tin. Mary had thought they were for breakfast! We are both very busy, Mary attending to little Marjorie, who needs much watching now, and I looking after the furnace below. We are planning for a new house on the outskirts of the city where I hope to have a cow and chickens and a man about the place to do the chores. It will be a great relief to be able to assign such duties to another.

To-night Miss Foran<sup>5</sup> paid us a visit and entertained us to the usual idle gossip of the town. She is living at the Cochrane Hotel, and has no relatives here. I dare say if she could dispose of her property at a good figure she would leave for a gayer place. There is not much fun in a place like this for an elderly spinster of unaccommodating disposition. How many thousands like her inhabit the hotels of London in that semi-fashionable district of Bayswater.

*Diary*

Saturday, February 13<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Our unusually mild winter now gives us a fine day after a stormy one. This day was exceptionally warm for this time o'year.

I strolled home passing Garland's Bookstore. This place has such fascination for me that although I did pass I came back and went in. The first book I noticed was *The Dial* (*The Dial* is an American highbrow magazine, intended to do for America what *The Mercury* does for England) in which I saw an article of W.B. Yeats on "Audacity in Thought" in which he referred to the ignorance of the body of men who teach Irish children. Some Christian Brother discovered a boy reading a poem on The Cherry Tree in which the Blessed Mother asks Joseph to bend down the cherries so that she may eat. He tells her that "they who got you with child, let them bend them down". Then the infant in the womb spoke to the tree and a miracle happened. Lo, the tree bent its branches so that the Blessed Virgin could pluck the fruit. In this matter I must agree with Yeats. Imagine the Editor of *Our Boys* leading a mob of schoolchildren to a bonfire of this poem in a Dublin Street. It is unfortunate that men of real culture are rare in that

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<sup>5</sup>Margaret Foran's mother, Margaret A. (Mrs. John W.) Foran, died June 1925. See <http://ngb.chebucto.org/Newspaper-Obits/news-1925-e.shtml> (June 9 death notice). Later that year her brother, Charles J. Foran, died. See <http://ngb.chebucto.org/Newspaper-Obits/news-1925-e.shtml> (Tue. Nov. 10 - "British War Hero Dies From Wounds". Margaret Foran died in St. John's September 24, 1941. See [http://www.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~cannf/dailynews\\_miscnews1941b.htm](http://www.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~cannf/dailynews_miscnews1941b.htm) (September 25 death notice).



order. I have known some of them Bro Ryan of Cork & O'Connell of here, who would not do that. Some day I should like to give a long description of Garlands bookstore.

*Diary*

Sunday, February 14<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Last night I was tempted to buy a number of books at Garlands. Besides bringing home *The New Statesman* I bought *The Cantab* a new book of Shane Leslie, and a volume of *Essays 18<sup>th</sup> Century Studies* by Austin Dobson. I saw a student Edition of Gibbs for \$3.00. This is a bookshop where you must know the place to find the book you want. Books are scattered all over the place and it is not unusual to find Chesterton & Gogol, Michael Arlen & Macaulay in the same company.

Last night I played Curling and although the ice was heavy we had an enjoyable game. I am gradually becoming convinced that young men ought to be better curlers than the old timers. Yet, I saw a game last week in which The Fathers defeated the Sons by the extraordinary score of 17 – 2. It is an agreeable game is Curling; gives a fair amount of exercise; makes no great strain on brain or body; is played indoors and is easily learnt.

I read a good story in *The New Statesman* of a lady home from China who described the splendid type of servants she had in that country. Fine, manly fellows whose only drawback was that they “squeezed” her too much.

*Diary*

Monday, February 15<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Weather – Cold – damp – stormy at night.

Still reading *The Cantab*, a story, as the name implies, of Cambridge. So far as I have gone, the plot is weak, and incidents of no importance to the story have been dragged in. His description of the seduction of a young undergrad by an incestuous-born was something which I did not expect in a story by Leslie. He is a peculiar mixture. The article on “Garrick’s Grand Tour” in Dobson was interesting. What a giant of an actor he must have been. I fear that Francis Compton, who is now playing at the Casino, could not give us a true idea of what Garrick could do.

I am at home keeping house to-night, and, sad to relate have no tobacco to ease my tedium. As I have promised to deny myself its pleasures during Lent I am resigned to my fate. I hope that it will not be too painful to other people, this sacrifice of mine.

The Trial of Eli Hayward set for to-day was postponed until Saturday because Annie, the sister of Therese is suffering from sub-acute Bronchitis. What a lot of trouble H. is giving us. His wife is weeping her eyes out although he treated her badly. To-day she threatened never to allow her daughter to enter her door. What an unhappy home theirs must be, the father in jail under charge of “Incest” – a most repellent crime, as it strikes at the family. It is an unnatural crime. In a city like St. John’s one could hardly believe it would occur.

*Diary*

Tuesday, February 16<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Weather – Snowy, mild – heavy walking.

This was a very disturbing day for the household, owing to the presence of our old friend Arthur Dessert whom we have not seen for a long time. He was storing an additional supply of coal. Whether his methods were too violent or the coal was particularly dirty, I cannot tell. But I do not know that I have ever seen everything in the house as black as it was to-day. The Kitchen floor was black, and all the food more than a little coloured. The bedroom, bathroom, sitting-room all received a coating. Arthur had lunch & tea with us and stayed late enough for supper. He was covered with coal dust from head to foot, and only his eyes seemed to peep out. He noticed his disadvantages for he remarked that he was almost too dirty to sit down to the table.

A visitor from Deer Lake informed me that Doc. MacDonald had recommended me to him. His son was severely injured by going into a room in which live cables were slung across. The boy had a miraculous escape from death. He has since lost the sight of his eyes.

This was Pancake Night, and in accordance with the old observances pancakes were served with a ring button and a 5 cent piece hidden in them. Altho Miss Northcott, who was with us for tea, had two helpings, she was unlucky & did not get anything. Mary found the money, which was quite appropriate. I found the button, for I am always in need of one and we had to search those left over for the ring.

I went down to the Star Hall after tea, and unexpectedly found a dance in progress. After a long while hesitating I joined in. Had supper with the Band & Joe Murphy. The latter is a violent anti-Monroe man.

*Diary*

Ash Wednesday, February 17<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Raw & chill but not unpleasant in the afternoon.

The beginning of Lent. I went to 10 a.m Mass at the Cathedral and I was surprised to see the Archbishop on the Throne. I was amused at the sight of two young altar-boys bringing in the collection-bags & bringing them back again. They were unconcerned. I think that Belloc notes in his *Path to Rome* the happy feeling he used to have when the altar boys seemed inattentive. It was not irreverence. If the incident had occurred elsewhere the boys would have behaved just the same as when the eyes of 2000 people were on them.

After Mass I went to the House of Assembly to search for The Debates on the Workmen's Compensation Acts, for yesterday Higgins intimated to me that he had found an act more suited to our needs than that which I had drafted. This is the English Act to which he refers. He is only seeking a way out. I met Davies the Analyst yesterday. He looks fat, also shabby, & seems self-conscious. I attended a hockey match this afternoon St. Bon's v. Terra Novas. Terra Novas won 4-3. A lifeless game, heavy ice, and St. Bon's without Halley one of their principal players.



Also visited the Hospital & saw Bowdridge – a porky chap, blind. He seems to have a case against The Armstrong people. Saw another man – the victim of a tubercular knee injured on board a fishing vessel. He asked me to write for him.

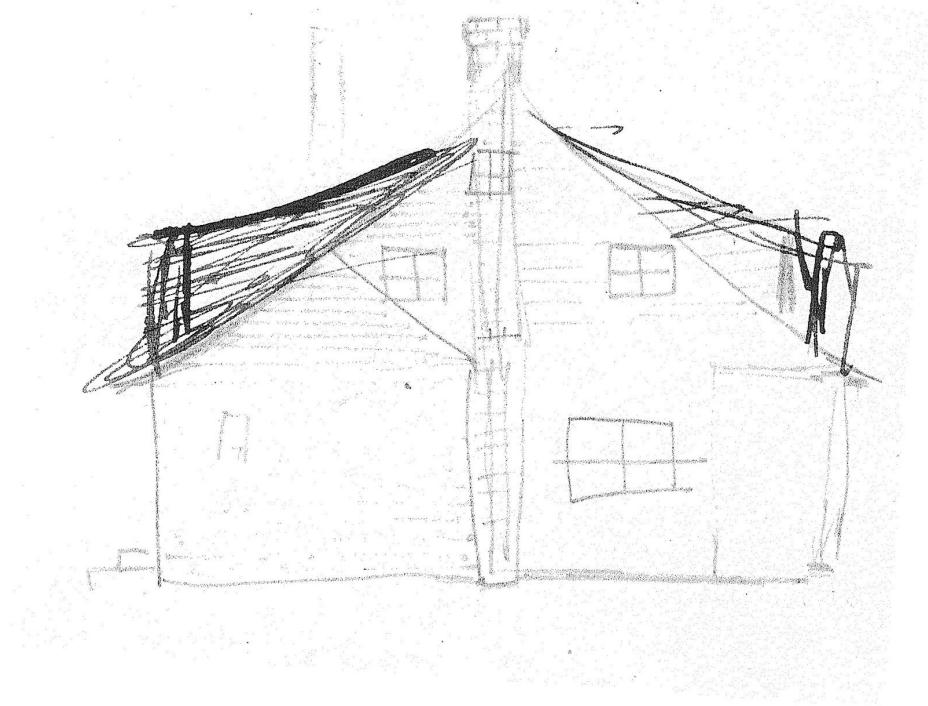
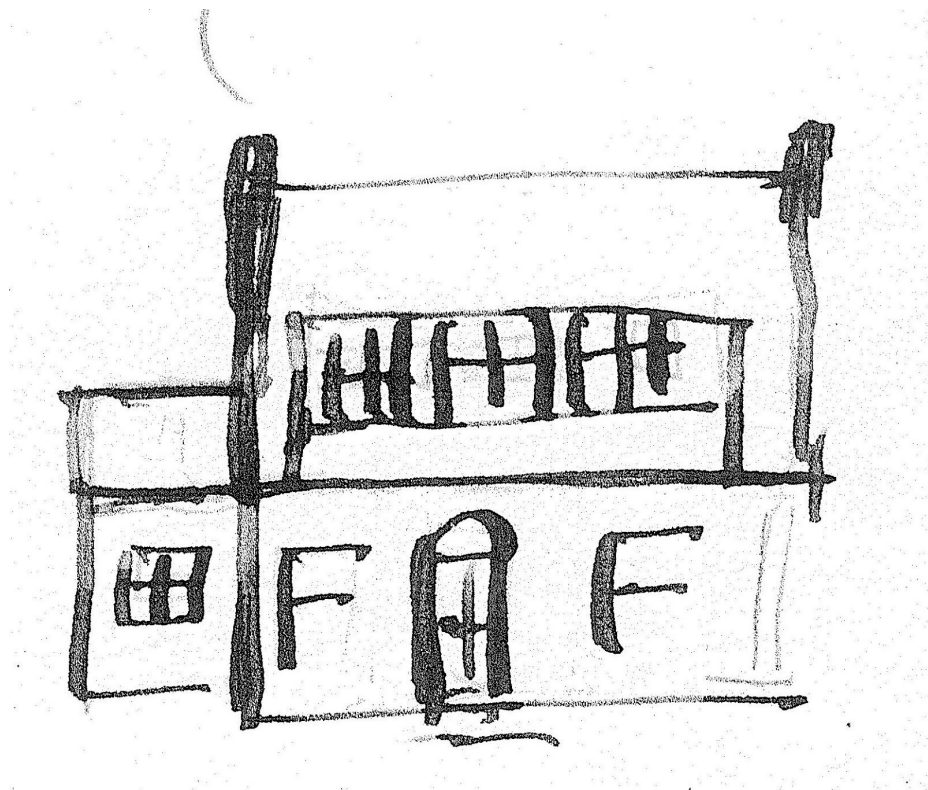
To-night I was at Dr. Campbell's & inspected his collection of old furniture. Most interesting, particularly his candlesticks, buffets & bookcases. Talked over everything even War till 11.30.

*Diary*

Thursday, February 18<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Stormy in the morning but fine & clear after noon.

Mass at the Cathedral to-day. Our baby is nearly 12  $\frac{3}{4}$  lbs to-day. Mary & I visited McCarter's. Latter at home ill. We left instructions to change plan of house, so that new one has study, living & dining room & kitchen below, & four bedrooms & bath above.



Sketches of Bill and Mary's new home from Bill's diary



This afternoon we inspected Mr. Drouin's house on Forest Rd. It is very large; there seemed to be an unlimited number of rooms in the place. The floors looked attractive, but the absence of grates seemed a drawback. He has an electric cooker & washing machine. His son has made some really good sketches, one being a pen & ink drawing of a marine landscape showing 2 vessels & a steamer close together at sea. His unfinished copy of a 16<sup>th</sup> century galleon is done very well. The boy has ability.

Dr Anderson reports Miss Annie Hayward to be suffering from pleurisy & should have hospital treatment. The mother looks terrible & will soon need treatment herself.

The Crosbie v Fishermen's Advocate trial is on to-day. I heard T. Smythe giving evidence. It seems different from previous accounts I heard. He seemed pleased with the way he gave it. After tea I went to the Curling Rink where I met Crosbie who informed me that he had been "Theatrical" in the witness-box, and that he had made "em all laugh" by his witty replies to Barron. I skipped a game at curling & was doing well. Meeting Abbie Salter he informed me that he had placed the club "on the pinnacle of fame". Crosbie intimated to me there would be a Pensions Bill, Libel Actions & Newspapers Bill & Amendments to Liquor & Highway Acts.

### *Diary*

Friday, February 19<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Fine & cold.

Mass at St. Joseph's at 8 a.m. Crosbie's trial proceeding to-day. He was in the witness-box. Foley appeared for defense. Drove home with Crosbie & Emerson. Crosbie seemed to consider Foley's evidence as ineffective & Emerson considered them as perjury. In the afternoon I heard Gibbs deliver part of his address to the jury. He spoke well, although a little too much in the dramatic style of a missionary. He said that Crosbie behaved like a buffoon, that he was a swindler, and behaved with treachery.

I was very anxious to-day concerning the trial of the King v Eli Hayward for to-morrow morning, as one of my witnesses is ill. Last week we had a postponement on that account, but am intending to proceed tomorrow if I am not checked by the Chief Justice. I hate continued postponements.

Speaking to McCarter concerning our proposed arrangement for our house he informed me new plan meant larger house & layout not so convenient. I dare say that as he proceeds he will have further difficulties to put before me.

Mother caught a cold going into Aunt S.<sup>6</sup> yesterday.

Tonight Marjorie seemed determined not to be fed from the bottle. She spluttered, and drewled, cried & was stubborn, and only after much petting, crooning & dancing did she yield. She appears to be a young lady with great determination – just like her dear mother.

Jury retired at 8.30. Verdict of Guilty at 11.20.

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<sup>6</sup>Likely Selina Sullivan

*Diary*

Saturday, February 19<sup>th</sup> [20] [1926]

Stormy & mild changed to very cold at night.

This morning's paper contained the welcome headlines that the *Advocate* had been found guilty of libel against my colleague Sir J. C. Crosbie. At 11 a.m a fine of \$500.00 was imposed which I think was very light. I trust this will be an example to the *Advocate & Globe*.

The Hayward case is postponed again, this time until next term, and, as usual, Judge Horwood found it necessary to enquire from his colleague Kent as to the advisability of proceeding & having a sick witness's deposition read. Always he consults his junior.

Mary invested in a real celluloid rattle for our baby, but she has not shown as much interest in it as she showed astonishment at the balloon which I bought for her Valentine.

Business very slack. Much comment on the verdict. All that I heard seemed to approve altho believing Smythe grafted. Walking home with Professor Hatcher I met Capt. Billy Winsor with his arm in a sling as a result of a fall whilst playing Curling lately. We met the Hon. W. J. Woodford who seemed to be in a merry mood. We went into The Militia Bldg and I was astonished at the rich smell of rum. I was later informed by Gerald Byrne that large quantities are stored underneath the building. One would have thought it was the worst place to have the Employment Bureau.

Our precious baby shows signs of determination in not taking her bottle. I was hoarse & tired from singing to her, but of no avail.

Saw Crosbie at the Rink, and he was very pleased. We had a long discussion about Paris et Parisiennes.

*Diary*

Sunday, February 21<sup>st</sup> [1926]

Archbishop Roy of Quebec died.

Very cold.

It was terribly cold this morning and so windy that my wife was afraid to go to Mass alone. Mass was delayed and I spent the waiting moments in observing the sleepy children in front of me. There were boys with red hair and open mouths, and girls with pale faces and red lips like a slash freshly cut. The storm howled outside and inside some fervent worshiper said his prayers in an monotonous droning voice that could be heard in the lull of the winds.

Mother still has a bad cold and her voice was almost unrecognizable over the telephone and she takes such little care of herself. I am dying for the afternoon to come so that I may go and see her. If I had a cold she would constantly enquire as to its progress, and I am sure she would always be thinking of me. There is only one love in the world worthy of the name and that is mother's love. Like mother's milk it is sweet, rich and bountiful.

I finished *The Cantab* last night and must say that it is an extraordinary story. Parts of it are well-written. The end is too extravagant. There is too much Religion & too much suggestion of sin. Some of his epigrams are not worthy of a first year undergrad but others are very clever. There is really no plot, no moral unless he means to continue the story in Babylon.

I have been to see mother and found her looking very much better than I expected. She was dressed in her old brown sweater. Her voice was a little husky but her eyes were bright when she greeted me with her usual "I love to see you coming in". My father sat in his accustomed place by the table and both of them must have been counting tickets and looking for prizes.

On my way home, Connolly the undertaker stopped me as I was passing his shop. He led me into a room at the back. Nodding towards his work he said "That's a coffin for one of your constituents Power, but it's a pauper's coffin. His people want some trimmings. Do you think you can imagine it. \$25. I promised to do the best I could, but I don't see any sense in it.

I am reading Tolstoy's grim description of Sebastopol during the Crimean War. It paints a horrible picture.

### *Diary*

Monday, February 22<sup>nd</sup> [1926]

Colder & flurries.

One would have thought that the extreme cold weather would have kept people indoors to-day. But it was remarkable what signs of business one could see on Water St.


My B's wife and I B have had one of ~~our~~ their vain quarrels that arise out of very little things. To-day it was ~~my~~ his criticism of her pastry, which was flat and soggy. She wanted ~~me~~ him to praise it but I he would not. Later she evened matters by allowing a live ember to burn a big black hole in ~~our~~ their brown hearthrug. With the same ember I he made a quick sketch that I he said should be her effigy, and consigned it to the fire. I He daubed black a gaily coloured calendar. I He wrote Mary ~~Browne~~ B on the wall, and by a series of cunningly conceived tricks succeeding in working ~~my~~ his wife into a frenzy. She tore the calendar into shreds. I He tore up the butcher's bill - a much more harmless act. If one could satisfy his debts by destroying his bills, more than half the world would be happy. But this vexed little woman refuses to let things be. She tears her husband's cap. Then he has his revenge. Stepping firmly to the piano he seizes 4 songs, two of which had given him much pleasure and one of which had won his heart, he tearing them all he scattered the scraps of paper on the floor. His wife more forgiving would not let him go without his winter cap - torn as it was.

At tea-time he brought her a large box of figs, a brown loaf and a new book of short stories by A.E. Coppard. They kiss & make up. The wife has a surprise too. She has improved on her pastry and now presents to him the most delicious work of a pastry cook's art.

Brought home a book in which I amused myself 1923-24 to pass an idle hour.



Pastry

Put 1 cup butter (½ lb) in a bowl add cold water & work for wash out salt with fingers - Scrape butter from sides of bowl and press out all water. Put butter on cloth to dry and put one side. Sift 4 cups pastry flour 1 teaspoon salt 1 tsp Baking Powder together into bowl add ½ cup shortening cutting in with steel fork. As soon as mixed add ice water slowly to make stiff dough and of rt consistency to roll out. Turn out on slightly floured board and knead very lightly until smooth. Then cover with towel and let stand for about 5 mins. Flour rolling pin just enough to keep from sticking. roll out paste very lightly starting from center rolling out to edge each way to about ½ in. thick. Take butter entire cupful from cloth and put on paste in small pieces. Fold first upper & then lower edge of paste into center. Now fold first one side and then other into center. Roll lightly away from center until about ¼ in thick. Fold ends towards center again making 3 layers as before. Roll & let stand  five mins. Repeat this three times and put away to chill thoroughly until ready to use for pies & tarts. This will keep perfectly for several days if covered in cold place.

Diary

Tuesday, February 23<sup>rd</sup> [1926]

Not so cold.

Mrs. James might well be called a merry widow. She has been summoned again for selling liquor. No liquor was found on her premises - it had been sent in next door. Her

husband is dead 5 weeks, so she is dressed in solemn black. She admits "she likes a drop of stuff" often drinks a bottle even two a day but just the same she keeps a nice business and a good home. The police found a man asleep in the kitchen. She came again this afternoon with her friend Mrs. Joseph a well dressed, good looking woman who assists her as far as an outsider can in running this good home. Both seemed to enjoy the prospect of a summons as a great lark. Mrs. Joseph flashed her eyes, pooh-poohed her friends anxieties & Mrs. James giggled nervously.

A lawyer's life is rich in incident. To-day, too I conduct a preliminary enquiry into the escape of Arthur Joseph Young from the Penitentiary last August. Young is a powerfully built young man about 24, with black coarse hair hanging in a wave over his low narrow forehead. His eyes were narrow and wide apart and the pupils seemed to peep out mischievously. He had a very thick neck. He was handcuffed & wore a chain fastened to his ankle. He told of his escape. He is a thorough thief incorrigible, & did not seem to understand or care about the proceedings. The Chief Warden looked like a policeman & was responsible for the escape.

Mrs. Bragg & Mrs. Fields staged a Shylock scene in which I acted as a male Portia. I surprised the latter lady.

Judges, even a Judge of the Central District Court should be well paid. The salary should be such as would appeal to a good lawyer to give up his profession and go on the Bench. In St. John's we have two judges of the C. D. Ct. that are unfit for their office and their behaviour has made Justice seem a mockery. Frank Morris has been absent for two weeks drunk. He were better absent than drunk in Court - I remember once visiting the Board of Liquor Control on behalf of some poor fellows sentenced to 3 months for their second offense of drunkenness. At the very moment of the interview the man who imposed the sentence - John McCarthy - stumbled slowly along the sidewalk opposite, clinging to the wall for support. To-day he convicted my client without evidence to justify it.

I have been skating and playing hockey to-day for the first time in 2 years. I spent half an hour at it and came home very tired. Tonight my dear wife & I visited the Casino and witnessed *The Bells* a performance in which Francis Compton plays the part of Mathias with great ability. I am reading A. E. Coppard's *Tales* some of which lack a theme. He writes well but is too inclined to gloomy salients. I have thought of a plot for a short story and my wife to whom I recounted it thinks it good. night

### *Diary*

Thursday, February 25<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Weather: Fine & clear getting warmer

A good deal occurred to-day that I feel too ill to describe. In *R. v. Smith* the jury returned a verdict of "Not Guilty". There seems to be a great deal of sympathy for the accused.

Baby to-day weighed over 13 lbs 1 oz net. She celebrated the occasion by a long outing in the open air. For the first time she was placed outside by the window in her carriage, but after a little while she pleaded to be taken in.



Mary Harris Browne and baby Marjorie Browne, 1926

Have learned to-day from a deputation consisting of Arthur Dessert & Abraham Martin, two old-timers that there are employed at the Dock as watchmen 2 ex-policemen. From Higgins K.C. I learned that more than these are employed at other government works. This is wrong. As Arthur D. puts it, why should we be walking around without work "when these men to whom we pay pensions are employed".

I dropped into the Sheriffs office after the case and found Sir Wm Lloyd & the sheriff<sup>7</sup>. Never before have I seen Lloyd under the weather. To night he was very congenial. It was amusing to listen to him talking "the point about the matter is this" and No. 1. - and No. 2 - Neither Blandford or I could complete a sentence for L would gently say "Excuse me for interrupting but or as before. If good qualities are supposed to come forward under the spell of

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<sup>7</sup> Sidney Blandford.



liquor, Lloyd's are congeniality and friendliness. He kept repeating that Dunfield<sup>8</sup> was an able man, a clever, a very clever, an exceedingly clever man, an intellectual man but he is a damn fool all the same!

Curling to night with Warren & Higgins & returned with a headache to find Uncle Jim & Aunt Molly here. Treat Jim to a whisky & water and then they go.

Higgins informs me privately that the W.C.B.<sup>9</sup> will be referred to a Joint Select Committee of which I shall be a member.

### *Diary*

Friday, February 26<sup>th</sup> [1926] [The following entry was written by Mary Harris Browne]

Weather: Raw and wet: very windy towards evening.

Bill is not writing in the diary tonight because he is taking a holiday from work of all kinds. Not feeling particularly well today he did not go to the office though he courageously went out to Mass on my encouragement. I went downtown this a.m and ordered the weeks groceries and came home laden with the usual number of small parcels,

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<sup>8</sup> Probably Brian Dunfield.

<sup>9</sup> Workmen's Compensation Bill

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176 Duckworth Street,  
ST. JOHN'S, Nfld.

March 192

M. P. W. J. Brownie

Bought of

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BUTCHERS AND VICTUALLERS

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Date		Debit	Credit	Balance
Mar. 26	To 11th Pork Shop	40	60	

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PO BOX NUMBER



Mr. W. J. Brownie  
Military Rd.

St. John's, Nfld., *Oct. 19* " 1925

Mrs. W. J. Brown

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112 MILITARY ROAD.

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Accounts rendered monthly.

FAMILY GROCERS, PROVISION MERCHANTS &amp; DELICATESSEN MARKET

Nov.	2	1 1/2 lbs P. Sugar	68	60	35	163
	5	2 1/2 .. St. Louis	63	25		88
		1 lb. An. Biscuits	100	100		200
		1 lb. tmas 10 cakes	50	20		70
	6	1 lb. Coffee	75	20	20	115
		1 lb. 6 eggs (9)	40	80		120
	15	1 lb. B. Sausages	30	18		48
		1 lb. 20. f. Peas (20)	40	45		85
	20	1 lb. St. O. leaves	40	63		103

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PAID

6 DEC 1926

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St. John's, Nfld.

1925.

Mrs. M. J. Brown



C. P. Eagan,

IMPORTER OF

FINE GROCERIES, ENGLISH AND AMERICAN CONFECTIONERY, FRUIT,  
CHOICE TABLE BUTTER, OATS, FEEDS, ETC.

INTEREST CHARGED ON OVERDUE ACCOUNTS AT THE RATE OF 6 p. c. PER ANNUM

ACCOUNTS RENDERED MONTHLY

1925.

August	1.	1 lb. Coffee 75	1 lb. L. P. Tea 1.00	1.75	
		14 lbs. Sugar 98	2 Pkgs. Ling Sugar 30	1.28	
		1 Pkg. Sunlight Soap 42	1 Pkg. Raisins 59	.60	
		1 Lin Sun Paste 16	1 Lin Bath Brisk 19		
		1 Bunch Turnips 18	1 Cabbage 34	.52	
		2 lbs. Spare Ribs 36	1/4 lb. B. Pork 15	.61	
		1 lb. Table Butter 58	1 Lin Cleanser 15	.73	
		1 Cake Bow Ami		.17	5.85
	6.	1 Lin Peaches			.60
	7.	1 Doz. Lemons 60	2 Lins Corn 50	1.10	
		1 lb. Bacon 65	1 Bunch Turnips 8	.83	
		2 1/4 lbs. Spare Ribs 45	1 Pkg. Lux 10	.55	
		1 Pkg. Sunlight Soap 42	1 Pkg. Cr. Wheat 38	.80	
		1 Cooked Bran 45	1 Bag Salt 1.25	.57	
		1 Lin Floor Wax 1.00	1 Btl. Obedark 1.65		
		1 " Crisco		.47	5.97
	8.	1 Heinz Beans 25	1 Cabbage 20	.45	
	10.	1 lb. Cooking Butter 29	1 lb. Bacon 65	.94	
		7 lbs. Sugar 49	1 Grape Fruit 20	.69	
		1 Lin Milk 17	1/2 Doz. Oranges 48	.65	2.28
		1 lb. Butter			.58
	11.	1 Lin Nuggit			.13
	13.	14 lbs. Sugar	7		.98
		1 Lin Corn			.25
	15.	1 Pkg. Corn Flour 15	1 Bunch Beet 18	.33	
		1 Cauliflower 40	1 Pkg. Mustard 18	.58	
		1 Jelly 15	1 lb. Bacon 65	.80	
		1 lb. Lard Butter 58	2 Grape Fruit 108		
		1/2 Doz. Apples 35	4 Oranges 32	.67	
		1 Bunch Turnips 15	1 Gal Potatoes 35	.50	
		1/2 lb. Bakers Chocolate 38	1 Pkg. M. Soda 15	.53	
		1 Lin Sun Paste 10	1 Ribs Pork 30	.40	
		1 " Magic 55	1 Pkg. Sunlight Soap 42	.97	
		1 lb. Tomatoes 50	1 Doz. Lemons 60	1.10	6.96
	18.	2 1/2 lbs. P. Ribs 45	1 Cabbage 33	.78	
		1 Lin Heinz Beans 25	1/2 Doz. Apples 30	.55	1.33
					<u>\$25.38</u>

Forward





ACCOUNTS RENDERED MONTHLY

St. John's, Nfld.

1925,

Mrs. W. J. Brown

**C. P. Eagan,**

IMPORTER OF

FINE GROCERIES, ENGLISH AND AMERICAN CONFECTIONERY, FRUIT,  
CHOICE TABLE BUTTER, OATS, FEEDS, ETC.

INTEREST CHARGED ON OVERDUE ACCOUNTS AT THE RATE OF 6 p. c. PER ANNUM

1925,

		To Amount Brought Forward		25 38
August 21.	1 lb. Bacon	65	1 lb. Loose Coffee	65
	1 Pkge. b. Flakes	20	1 Pkge. b. of Wheat	37
	1/2 Doz. Apples	33	1/2 Doz. Oranges	40
	1 Btl. Cedar Oil	65	1 Pkge. Raisins	18
	1 lb. Slab Butter	60	1 lb. Cooking Butter	39
	1 Pkge. Pickling Spice	08	1 Btl. Vinegar	58
22.	1 Lin State Express Cigarettes			500
26.	1 1/8 lb. Bananas	38	1 lb. Sultanahake	93
	1 Loaf			12
27.	1 lb. Bacon	65	1 lb. Sugar	49
	1 Pkge. b. Flakes	20	1 Pkge. Lux	10
	2 Bunches Beet	30	1 Lin Pepper	17
	1 Lin Floor Mac	1 00	1 Pot Peanut Butter	55
	Cabbage	28	1 Head Lettuce	10
	1/2 lb. Tomatoes	25	1 Cucumber	25
	1 Lin Milk			50
28.	1 " Salmon			88
	1 Cauliflower			15
29.	1 lb. Table Butter	60	1 lb. Oleo	29
31.	3 lbs. Brown Sugar	21	1 lb. Bran Sugar	49
	1 Lin Asparagus Tips	65	1/2 lb. Bakers Chocolate	70
	1 Pot Marmalade			105
				25
				20 92
				81
				40 15

Paid

Paid to Eagan  
m. m.

Sept 7/25



to find the baby crying to break her little heart because I think she was afraid of the wind. She has been rather fussy today, and I would not be at all surprised if she were cutting a tooth. Alice and Marge came down this afternoon and it was so stormy that we insisted on their remaining to tea.

Bill is defending the man O'Rourke who was arrested for beating his wife. There is fault on both sides.

The baby rolled off the Chesterfield tonight and gave me the fright of my life.

We are having a very quiet night. Alice and Marge almost stayed for the night but they had promised to go over to Margaret McNeil's so they decided to face the storm.

Bill is playing Patience. We are going to bed early for a long nights rest.

### *Diary*

Saturday, Feb. 27. [1926]

Weather – mild

Appeared in Magistrate's Court to make application for bail on behalf of O'Rourke. Not granted, because Dr. McPherson could not say that the woman was out of danger. I learned later that he told her he "would hang O'R if he could, for he was down on this sort of thing".

Whilst in Court I heard Cyril Fox making a very long winded oration in an assault case on behalf of a longshoreman who attempted to assault Godden, the Stevedore at Harvey's premises. Undoubtedly his appeal had its effect for the deft. was let go on payment of costs. Most of those sitting at the lawyers' desk were highly amused at the extravagant language of Cyril. He told of the prisoner's deep regret, his sincere determination that it would not recur, his heartfelt appreciation of the services done by Godden and so on and on, until everyone wondered if the complainant should have to apologize to Fox's client.

My friend Dick Howley, the newly-appointed Magistrate for St. George's, was listening to the cases. He replaces the late George Carty. In the afternoon the weather was sultry and made me anxious to spend the time outdoors. I went to the Post Office, but old man Woodford (whom Crosbie calls a politician) was not in. Thence I went to Percival's and found 4 vols out of 5 of Gibbon's *Fall & Decline* vols II - V<sup>10</sup> for sale, but did not buy. He gets few good books nowadays. Took in Chown's antique shop on the way home. I saw there a collection of 12 large engravings of Hogarth's interpretation of Butler's *Hudibras* for which he wanted \$300.00. He is very doubtful about the future of antique collecting in this country although he tells me the past year was a most successful one for him.

Reading an amusing controversy on Prohibition in *The New Statesman* & surprised it has supporters in England.

### *Diary*

Sunday, Feb 28<sup>th</sup>. [1926]

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<sup>10</sup>Edward Gibbon, *The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.

Weather – Stormy, Terribly high wind. Calm towards evening

Piloted my wife to Mass at 9 a.m at St. Joseph's through a desperately raging wind storm that must have done havoc all over the country. Visited my Mother in the morning and my aunt in the afternoon. An event of some importance should be noted. My wife cooked meringues for tea, and they were very good.

56

### COCOANUT MACAROONS

Mrs. W. J. Browne

1 egg white.  
 $1\frac{1}{4}$  cup cocoanut.  
 $\frac{1}{3}$  cup thick condensed milk.

Beat the egg white until stiff, then fold it into the mixture of cocoanut and condensed milk. Add flavouring. Drop by spoonful on greased baking sheet and shape into cakes. Bake in moderate oven until lightly browned.

### COCOANUT MACAROONS

Miss Northcott

6 oz. cocoanut.  
Whites of 2 eggs.  
5 oz. sifted sugar.  
 $1\frac{1}{2}$  oz. cornflour.

Beat whites of eggs to stiff froth; add sugar, cocoanut and cornflour. Drop on sheet of buttered paper and bake in slow oven for twenty minutes.

### LIGHT FRUIT CAKE

Miss Northcott

4 cups flour.  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  lb. sugar.  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. butter.  
6 eggs.  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. cherries.  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. almonds.  
1 lb. raisins.  
1 glass brandy.  
4 teaspoons baking powder.

### MERINGUES

Mrs. W. J. Browne

Whites 3 eggs.  
1 cup sugar.  
Lemon or vanilla flavouring.

Method: Beat egg whites very stiff. Add half the sugar gradually, beating all the time. Then fold in the rest

of the sugar. Drop by dessertspoonfuls on oiled paper and bake in very slow oven until pale brown. When cooked scoop out centre and fill with whipped cream.

### DOUGHNUTS

Miss Northcott

- 1 cup sugar.
- 2 tablespoons melted butter or lard.
- 2 eggs.
- 1 cup milk.
- 2 teaspoons baking powder.
- 1 teaspoon salt.

Add enough flour to make a soft dough. Roll out a little less than half an inch thick, cut in any desired shape and fry in boiling lard until deep brown.

### BRAN MUFFINS

Mrs. Elizabeth M. Boggan

- 1½ cups of bran.
- 1 cup of white flour.
- 1 cup of sweet milk.
- ½ cup of sugar.
- 1 tablespoon butter.
- 2 teaspoons baking powder.
- 1 egg.

Mix dry ingredients thoroughly, then add well-beaten egg and milk. Stir and drop into muffin tins.

### EXCELLENT CAKE

Miss B. Ryan

- 1 cup flour.
- 1 cup sugar.
- ½ cup milk.
- 2 eggs.
- 1 teaspoon baking powder.
- ½ teaspoon vanilla.
- ¼ teaspoon salt.

Whip eggs well, add sugar, whip again. Sift baking powder and salt with flour; seive several times; add slowly

Northcott, K. and Gallishaw, A., (no date, approximately 1926) *C.L.A. Cookbook*. St. John's. The Preface states "... recipes contributed by the members of the Columbus Ladies' Association." and the book includes a number by Mary Harris Browne (Mrs. W. J.). See: <http://collections.mun.ca/PDFs/cns/CLACookBook1926.pdf>



I finished reading A. E. Coppard's *Fishmonger's Fiddle* a book that contains only 2 or 3 stories that I should care to read a second time.

After tea we went to The Speaker's House where we met James Conroy and his fiancée Betty McGrath. We passed the evening very pleasantly in discussing A. G. M. King, Compton, and Dunfield. Our host entertained us to a good many stories, very humourously told, and interminably prolonged, to which his wife listened in whole souled admiration and awe. Fox has a big vocabulary, which is always ready to his needs, but his words are not always the best words or the most appropriate.

Betty McG. was very quiet dressed in her suit of brown corduroy with the buttons down the front a costume she has worn on nearly every occasion at which I have seen her lately.

Arch Sullivan showed me some clever sketches which he had made of several of the teachers at St. Bon's. He possesses talent in this direction and I should like to see him continue his studies in this direction. Mike Sullivan is now home feeling much improved. He has been to see his mother once. I have not seen him yet.

### *Diary*

Monday March 1<sup>st</sup>. [1926]

Weather – Dull, cold, clear towards night.

I saw the sealing steamer *Viking* out in the Harbour as I was going to work this morning. I remember now that last year she came down and anchored in about the same place. She has been there all day, but no one knows why.

Speaking to the Archbishop over the telephone, he told me that he had been ill again; he sounded anxious. I am going to see him to-morrow and shall try to cheer him up.

While I was at dinner Mr. Munroe, the Prime Minister rang up and asked me would I oblige him by seconding the motion to the Address in Reply because he had been notified that Tom Power was ill - whether from funk, he could not tell - and could not do it. I said "Well you know I did it last year". "Oh yes I know" he said when my wife, seated at the table and listening attentively to the conversation shouted out "Don't make a fool of yourself say yes". So like the fool and hen pecked husband that I am, I immediately interrupted the P. M. by saying "All right, I'll do it to help you out". My wife and I had a few angry words about the incident but all ended amicably. To night I received the Speech which is very ordinary although lengthier than last year. Puddester is proposing the motion.

I visited the Dock this afternoon because so many of my constituents seem to be looking for work. I saw the Dock. It looks solid, but a lot of snow is lying on the bottom of it. The men are now laying the foundations for a new freight shed. But the ground is very hard and progress naturally slow. The Quarry will not start for some days. The Pump House is an interesting place. It is as deep as the dock and is situated near the North East corner. Men were working down in it as I passed along.

Aunt Agnes honoured us with a brief visit to day but would not stay for tea. The latest reports are that our late servant May called Billy a [indecipherable] and her mistress "Mary".

*Diary*

Tuesday March 2<sup>nd</sup> [1926]

Weather. light snow. mild.

To-day I visited Beaconsfield on business but had conversation with His Grace on many matters. He seemed to be better in health than when last I saw him. Though recognizing the need of schools in the East end he was not very sanguine of the raising of the necessary funds.

McCarthy the burly red faced cabman brought me home at 2.30. On going to the office I found it full of men looking for work & berths to the ice. This year I had only one berth, and I gave that to a man from Maddox Cove. Crosbie promised me another but he never kept his word.

This night I attended a party meeting at the office of the Colonial Secretary, where there was a discussion of the legislation to be introduced during the coming Session. Much amused to see the discomfiture of Woodford, who sent \$25.00 to the O'Rourke family, when he found out the family income was about 125.00 a month and that whatever else, the recent occurrence could not be due to poverty.

I walked home with Higgins, Crosbie & Cahill. Higgins would address his friends whom he met with "Mausey old night",<sup>11</sup> a common expression to his lips. There was a boxing-match at the Gaiety and a good many attended to see the Nova Scotian win.

*Diary*

Wednesday, March 3<sup>rd</sup> [1926]

Weather mild & wet. Snow melting fast.

Attended at the office for about an hour to-day. As it was a half holiday I came home at noon to do a little preparation for my speech in the afternoon on the Address in Reply. The Speech from the Throne delivered by the Governor Allardyce was very readable but did not forecast as heavy a session as last years. Puddester proposed the address in Reply, but I think he was too long-winded and quoted too many figures, in which opinion my wife agrees. After him, I spoke very shortly although I felt satisfied at the end.

Hickman, Warren & Peter Cashin criticized the Speech, but Warren spoke best. Cashin served notice that he intended to castigate the Gov't on their misdeeds during the past 2 years. Mr. Munroe replied very effectually ignoring Peter Cashin, and making a most effective answer to all his critics.

After the House adjourned we held our annual Reunion in the Speaker's Room where whiskey & sodas were served & toasts were drunk till 7.30. I called the Labrador Boundary the goose that lay the golden egg & said it was to be killed. Bennett said the lawyers might get some feathers but the Gov't was sure to get the Bill.

My father was present at the opening & cheered for Munroe.

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<sup>11</sup>Mausey was used in Newfoundland to mean warm and damp, foggy. See *Dictionary of Newfoundland English*.

*Diary*

Thursday, March 4<sup>th</sup> and Friday March 5<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Weather. Fine

Yesterday my colleague Sir John C. Crosbie, who is Minister of Finance & Customs in the Monroe Gov't promised that he would give me a "berth" as we call being accepted to go to the Sealfishery. Every year there is a great demand for berths, as this fishery occurs at a time of the year when everything else is silent or as we say "quiet". Most of the Captains belong to the North i.e. the Northern part of the Island, and as they have the privilege of selecting their own crews, very few Western or Southern men are given a chance. The Northern men are mostly protestant, and all the skippers nowadays are too. But two of the greatest sealing Captains were the two Jackmans. Capt. Arthur Jackman was a man whose name is revered by all sealing men for his boldness, his ability to find the seals and his unfailing success. At the present time Capt. Abraham Kean considers himself a worthy successor, but he has had larger ships at his disposal than the old Capt. Yes, Crosbie promised me this berth for a brother of Mike Walsh who died to-day, but as often happens he failed to keep his promise. I have never met another man so ready to promise and so unlikely to fulfill as he is. Cahill called him a "prince" and the prince called Cahill a perfect little gentleman. They are a mutual admiration society consisting of 2 members. Sir John is an ignorant, badly educated, able, pleasant, boastful, insincere, indifferent methodist, and disloyal – "orange type" of man. At times he pleases me, at others he exasperates me exceedingly. He is mercurial in temperament, large in body, with a big head, short curly hair, turning grey. When he sits in his office chair in an aggressive mood, he reminds me of a Rooster. He sits bolt upright with his chest and stomach prominently to the fore, and his head thrown back with a swagger. He is by no means a popular character, although there are a few people to be found who praise him. He is inclined to be rather over bearing, egotistical, and unappreciative of the small niceties which are more important in nine cases out of ten than the observance of greater matters. For example, he feels no compunction whatsoever at breaking appointments, and hundreds of his constituents have been disappointed day after day. At length weary of these continual breaches of faith, they call to see him no more, though hate Crosbie eternally. On the other hand our Colonial Secretary Mr. Bennett is much nicer with the men. He is urbane, pleasant, interested, punctual, honourable, and as ceremonious as it is possible for a politician to be.

But before I leave the subject of Cahill, I should say that I played a big part in inducing him to join the Munroe party on the night when Mr. Munroe was selected leader. That evening I called for Cahill and drove him to the meeting at the Casino Theatre. Later, I suggested him to Mr. Woodford as his colleague in Hr. Main, and Woodford when he could not get anyone else took Cahill. Since Cahill has been elected, he has toadied to Crosbie & Higgins. I do not believe his career in politics will be long unless he is lucky, for he is too quiet and reserved for this life.

To-night I went to Confession at St. Josephs and returned to find Margaret Doyle<sup>12</sup> here.

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<sup>12</sup> Margaret Doyle (b. 1897), and her sisters Mary (b. 1894) and Elizabeth (b. 1892) were Mary Harris' first cousins, children of Patrick J. Doyle and Elizabeth Harris Doyle. Following the death of their parents, Mary's father John Harris provided considerable assistance to his nieces.



She was dressed in a nice green costume & hat.

*Diary*

Saturday, March 6 [1926]

Weather - Clear & fine.

Yesterday was the first Friday of the month and I went to Holy Communion as usual. As we went along we heard the sealing steamers preparing to leave the Harbour for the voyage, and on our way home we saw the *S.S. Seal* steaming out. At one time in our history, even in my own recollection everyone would go down to the waterfront or to the Battery to watch these steamers going out. It was a fine sight even in 1913. I remember one or two occasions seeing them ago. The decks would be crowded with husky young men, who would respond heartily to the cheers of the people on shore. All the whistles and sirens would then set up a shrieking and whistling that would be heard all over the town. It was their "good-bye" signal. The *Terra Nova* did not go with the others this year as she was not ready in time. There is a steamer off the Cape – *Kentucky* – in a damaged condition and the *Terra Nova* was sent to her rescue. Unfortunately Capt. A. Kean was in charge. The *de Grasse*, which was also present at the rescue ran into the *Terra Nova*'s stern and very nearly cut her in two. It was compelled to seek the shelter of the rise on the next day in order to repair the damage. He came back afterwards and took her in tow. He then towed her stern first. The Captain of the *Kentucky* wired "please tow me stern first, and there is a lot of trouble in store for you and me".

We gave the baby an airing to-day for the first time in a long while. The snapshots which I took turned out fairly successful, and a couple (as it happens one each of Mary & me) turned out exceptionally well when we consider they were taken in the House.

Young pleaded "Not Guilty" to a charge of "Escape" but I don't know what defense he can have to offer.

*Diary*

Sunday, March 7<sup>th</sup>. [1926]

Weather, very cold, very clear, fortunately very calm.

Up to the time of writing this has been a busy day. My early morning's sleep was

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The two older girls moved to the U.S. while the youngest, Margaret, remained in St. John's and married John (Jack) Augustine McGrath. John McGrath was a nephew of Sir Patrick T. McGrath who bequeathed him a house on Gower Street (date of probate for Patrick T. McGrath's will, July 3, 1929). John and Margaret had three daughters, Patricia (b. about 1928), Margaret (b. about 1930) and Barbara (b. about 1934).

See <http://ngb.chebucto.org/Wills/mcgrath-patrick-14-528.shtml> (will of Patrick McGrath); <http://ngb.chebucto.org/Newspaper-Obits/daily-news-obits-aug55.shtml> (obituary notice from the *Daily News* for John A. McGrath, August 1, 1955, p. 16); and Browne, W. J., *Eighty Four Years a Newfoundlander*, (Hon. W. J. Browne, St. John's, 1981) p. 175.

shortened this morning by Marjorie who persisted in practicing her voice until I lifted her out of her cot. She must have cried for an hour. On all sides, one is told that crying is a splendid exercise for babies.

I was in a dilemma to day. Not knowing the exact time, I intended hearing Mass at St. Patrick's Church and going to the Readings of Shakespeare by Francis Compton at Holy Cross afterwards. Unfortunately I did not have time, so I went to Mass at 11 a.m and missed some of the Readings. Compton was reading as I squeezed in. The old schoolroom was filled to the very doors. He was giving an interpretation of the scene in *Julius Caesar* where Brutus & Cassius seem to quarrel. Compton is a slightly built man of about 45. He has fair hair, but is bald for the most part. He has a most expressive face and voice. His eyes are large and luminous. They assist him a great deal in expressing certain emotions. His mouth is small but flexible and capable of appearing weak, cruel, scornful or amused at will. After the usual formal vote of thanks, Compton responded in a good-humoured way & showed his intelligence by saying nothing could give him more pleasure than to be a Newfoundlander, or a native. To save his face, he had to say that he was not, of course, "pulling your legs". He is the most popular actor who has visited this country for a long time & the best that I've seen here. He is keen and alert though easy in manner.

To-night we visited George Kearney & his wife.

### *Diary*

Monday, March 8<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Weather – S. winds, soft, stormy

My wife has a cold to-day and is supposed to be taking a rest. She has been sewing, cooking, writing out recipes, filing poems in a scrapbook and in all spending a much fuller day than she spends when she has no cold to bother her. Last night she took a bath, 2 L.B.Q.<sup>13</sup> and a hot rum and lemon.

At the House to-day, nothing of note occurred in the Debates. Tom McCarthy did not succeed in getting a job as messenger and he was cruelly disappointed. I hope he does not lose faith in me over it. To some people the House is a holiday for they play cards from the beginning to the end of the Session. The Gov't members are at it already. Godden, Scammell and Hibbs spoke on the Address in Reply. Scammell is now President of the Fishermen's Protective Union but I consider him to be a worthless fellow. His selection for this position practically amounts to his being considered leader of the fishermen and is a bitter pill for Halfyard. Scammell is full of bluster, but Higgins bluffed him very well to-day over the Humber guarantee. Hibbs congratulated the prop. & seconder on their fine speech in bolstering up a bad case. "I should like to hear", he said "if they had a good case". "Of what" said I – but he did not hear.

Arthur Dessert has been here again as saucy and as persistent as ever. I gave him a broken pipe, an old hat and a glass of rum. I think he left feeling good.

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<sup>13</sup>L.B.Q. were Laxative Bromo Quinine pills advertised for "colds and simple headaches". See [http://americanhistory.si.edu/collections/search/object/nmah\\_718828](http://americanhistory.si.edu/collections/search/object/nmah_718828)

*Diary*

Tuesday, March 9th [1926]

Weather – very wet, mild, muggy.

The trial of the affiliation case v deLacey concluded to-day and to my astonishment resulted in an order being issued. Our worthy Magistrate McCarthy does not seem to know his mind overnight because he certainly gave me the impression that he would give judgment in my favour. That makes the second case lately which he has decided adversely for me, and in each occasion I believe I had the better side. On the last day of hearing I surprised him and Scan McGrath “reviewing the evidence” in his private office. As McGrath regularly provides partridge during the shooting season this may affect the judgment.

This afternoon at the House we had a ruling from the Speaker on 2 questions and an invitation to the House that for the future questions be not read aloud. This latter course is not likely to be followed. For the rest of the afternoon Mr. Hibbs (Fogo) occupied the attention of the House and reviewed exhaustively the Speech from the Throne. I rose on a point of order when I heard him reading speeches of Mr. Munroe [of] over 3 years ago and a few minutes later he was called to order. He retained his composure all through but he was interrupted very frequently particularly by the Minister of Justice. Hibbs has a good flow of language but his grammar & pronunciation are not of the best. He drops his h’s & inserts extra ones before a e i o u. He has a flat, conversational but not very interesting voice. I was very weary at the end and I shall never listen to an all-day speech again. Me taedet.<sup>14</sup>

*Diary*

Wednesday, March 10<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Weather– spring like, fresh & mild.

Although I felt so miserable and wretched last night I awoke feeling refreshed somewhat. Our baby awoke with a cold and a cough and her poor mother did not get a great deal of sleep. Her cold (the baby’s) has not gone yet. This is her second cold and to-morrow is her 18<sup>th</sup> week.

At the House this afternoon I could not stay longer and hear Hibbs speak. So I went and played Auction 45’s at which I earned one dollar. On returning I found poor Halfyard, with a croaking voice shouting about the Gov’t in a tone that carried no conviction. He allowed himself to be bantered by Higgins all the afternoon.

How devoted is Mary to her baby. She is all wrapped up in her, and is sewing and knitting all the day long preparing a wardrobe a year in advance. Marjorie seems appreciative, too, for she always greets her mother with a smile, sometimes a very wide one.

Arthur Dessert here with a load of wood. He advised against getting it, and said I will have my way.

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<sup>14</sup> Latin, meaning “I’m bored.”



*Diary*

Thursday, March 11<sup>th</sup> [1926] [The following entry was written by Mary Harris Browne]

Weather: Stormy & turning cold towards evening.

Baby was weighed today and to our great disappointment she did not gain a single ounce during the last five days due to the fact that she has had a cold. The poor little darling awoke last night very “stuffed up” in her head, and she did not quite know what was wrong with her. Dr. Sharpe called to see her and said she looks lovely and that there is no need to worry about her cold. She is probably beginning her teething. He said he never expected she would grow so fast, and that she shows the result of great care. Soon she can have orange quarters to suck and grape fruit juice. I felt very relieved to hear the Doctor’s verdict because I was rather worried at her not gaining this week. Alice and Marge came down this afternoon and the baby did all her tricks for them; laughing crowing, smacking her lips and trying to lift herself up.



Marjorie Harris, 1925

Elsie Holloway Photograph

I finished a dear little silk dress for her and the blue sweater.

The *Kentucky* is drifting homeward in a Southerly direction. The ships that went to her assistance are waiting for the storm to abate in order to return home. A large path of seals sighted today. Killing not to begin until Monday the 14<sup>th</sup>. Bill went to the House this p.m. Not particularly interesting today there so he told me.

*Diary*

Friday, March 12<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Weather:

To-day we listened to Ashbourne finishing his remarks during which he said the fishing interests were “vital and tantamount”. He also hoped something could be a “fate (fait) accomplie” and “slow (slough) despard”. Whilst he showed a little commonsense in his remarks yet his points were sometimes badly taken, and his arguments futile. And he was alone with his colleagues in recommending immediate aid to the fisheries but could only fall back on “bonus” and a new bonus for split herring. Why do we want a “bonus” for fish unless it is for quality not quantity because at present, the merchants have large stocks on hand. Our markets are also supplied with large quantities of Norwegian fish, that are not of worse quality. We are so far away, and have to hire steamers of Norwegian nationality that our prices must be greater too.

After Ashbourne sat down, Grimes arose and began as I should have expected him to do a diatribe on Gov’t control of Liquor, pointing out that the poor were charged too much for their liquor and at the same time stating that they drank too much. His figures were very obscure and when questioned by Bennett and me did not know exactly where he got them. His attempt to show the increase in arrests for drunkenness was also ambiguous. Unfortunately I was called to order so I left the House. Before I returned Hickman had adjourned the debate, & the P. M. had adjourned the House.

To-night I saw a splendid exhibition of hockey when St. Bon’s Juniors defeated the Seniors 8 – 4. The former were in better condition, checked back better, and generally played all around the others.

*Diary*

Saturday, March 13<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Weather – Fine and clear, a little raw.

At 8 a.m I saw the disabled *Kentucky* signaled from the Blockhouse. After Mass, I took my camera, my glasses and went to watch her being towed into the harbour. The weather was superb and the water calm as a mill pond. Outside the sea seemed to lay in layers of light and shade. A tug came first, then the *Sable I.* and after her the ill-fated Frenchman, with the tricolor at the stern. The *Silvia* remained outside till noon. I took several snaps of her as she entered and was towed up the harbour. Her bow was stove in just as if it were made of cardboard. This happened, so I later learned whilst the ship was moving very slowly in a field of ice. She was

almost stopped at the time. The Capt immediately put his ship full speed astern and thereby broke off his rudder. The ship was then helpless and lay at the mercy of the seas, ice and storms. The *Terra Nova* an antique sealing steamer with a crew of six men went to the rescue and was nearly sent to bottom by the *De Grasse*, who was also standing by. The *Silvia* next came to the aid of the *Kentucky* and began to tow. Later the *Sable I.* assisted and the three steamers limped slowly to port. But on Thursday a snowstorm with a North East wind sprang up and although the ships were only 4 miles from safety they were compelled to drift with the wind. When the storm subsided they were 60 or 70 miles to the Southward. But Friday was fine enough for them to come back towards St. John's and this morning saw their arrival. One of the first questions which one of the engineers asked me was "Is there a Catholic Church here" for he was a Catholic. He was from Brittany and I believe that most of the crew hail from there or from Normandy. The Captain's name is Robert Robert.

*Diary*

Sunday, March 14<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Fine – clear, but raw winds.

This morning I met 4 of them coming from Mass and already we look upon each other as if we were old friends. I spoke French to them and it must help to make them feel welcome to meet someone who can converse with them. This afternoon Mary & I, as we were going up Military Rd with the baby, saw about 8 of them driving into Government House. It looked as if they had been invited to afternoon tea.

Mary and I were also invited to tea and we brought Marjorie with us. Little did I imagine that our poor child was to undergo a torture. Leaving the carriage outside, I brought her indoors where I was met by the Ogress who immediately took possession. The poor child did not have an instant's rest during the next hour, for Aunt Agnes was dancing it on her knee, throwing her over the shoulder, flicking her across one arm, raising her by the hands, croaking to her, and acting in such an extra ordinary manner that the poor child could not know if she was asleep or awake. And then Edith Cleary made weird faces at her, and Auntie Alice brought her to the window, and Auntie Marjorie put out her tongue, and Mama fed her, whilst Daddy sat silent, glowering at the game and thinking that this was not good for his baby. When we got home, the child began to cry and kept it up for hours. It is my belief that this excitement was too much for her, and when she went to bed her little brain conjured up again the same situations in which she felt so unhappy this afternoon, and in imagination she could feel herself being tossed up & down as if she were in a conjurer's trick. Her mother & I sang to console her, and at least, weary, she dropped off to slumber.

*Diary*

Monday, March 15<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Weather – Very Cold.

Overslept this morning, so I had to go to the Cathedral where I heard High Requiem



Mass. Was compelled to leave early to be in Court at 10 a.m. At last my friend King was sober enough to appear for the Defence and put up a plea for early trial & evidence on Commission which the Chief Justice completely ignored. The continued postponement of this trial is a mistake it seems to me.

When that was over I went downstairs and looked over some statistics concerning the morality of the city and learned that local arrests had increased but I believe that Acts are being enforced more strictly. That is one cause.

At the House this afternoon the P.M. tabled correspondence re the *Kentucky* & called upon Hickman to withdraw accusations which the latter had made concerning the disregard for the safety of the crew of this ship. Hickman would not alter his attitude. Later in the evening, he was checked by the Speaker from making derogatory remarks about the Governor and accused the Speaker of partisanship. Peter Cashin moved the adjournment of debate.

### *Diary*

Tuesday, March 16<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Weather. Fair & fine, snow towards evening.

The baby was taken up early this morning and appeared in the most wonderful of humours laughing & shrieking until I was afraid she might do herself harm.



Bill Browne and Marjorie Browne, 1926

Mary is singing at the concert to-morrow night but she has given no time to the preparation of her songs. She will sing *Husheen* and *Ever of Thee*. I shall remain at home and hold the fort.

This afternoon in the House, Peter C recommenced his denunciations of the Government. There is no mistake that if the Opposition put as much vim into their speeches as he does, the Gov't would have a much more difficult time. From the information he has elicited I should not be surprised if Cramm received \$20,000 or more during the past 2 years. He received at least \$12,000 from the Customs dept and he did not refrain from odd jobs around elsewhere. Bradley had only about \$3,000 from the Customs & Fox \$3,000, Browne \$325.

To-night I called on some of the men on the *Kentucky* and found them very much occupied with their female friends who I was told, came on board "fraichement" and did not "parler un mot" of French. I have made a rendezvous for Sunday à trois heure.

### *Diary*

Wednesday, March 17<sup>th</sup> St. Patrick's Day [1926]

Weather. Undecided, Cold, Snow flurries & Bright & Clear

The Feast of St. Patrick is observed in St. John's as a holiday, and all good Catholics are exempt from the fast, and other acts of mortification on this day. I smoked though I have not had a smoke since Shrove Tuesday, and I even allowed myself to indulge in a glass of whiskey at Dr. Howlett's, though whiskey has not passed my lips since Xmas. I have now resolved to eschew it until Xmas to come. From the window of Dr. Howlett's home I saw the parade of the Benevolent Irish Society. It was very disappointing, and but for the band would have seemed a funeral. There were about 150 members in the procession, and one pair of straggly horses that all the cabmen jeered at. I met the parade as it was coming from a visit to the Governor. This is a peculiar practice. That the Irish should visit the Governor and tender their loyalty & devotion to the British Crown seems to be unnecessarily absurd. If Irish why this servility; & if British, why the Parade.

Called on Mother this afternoon and on way home entered Mrs. Bragg's house, Duckworth St. I entered the shop door and was surprised to find rubbish & ashes of all kinds heaped in the shop. There was no counter, or partition. The water had frozen in places on the floor. In a back room a tap was running. Going up stairs, I nearly tripped on an unfastened stair carpet. The rooms were small, chopped up, with low sagging ceilings water stained. In a top room, five tiny kittens lay snugly on a cushion, and the mother proudly strutted round.

Mary sings at the Columbus concert to-night. I hope she does well.

### *Diary*

Thursday, March 18<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Weather – Lovely, as Mary says, Bright, Sunny

Nice weather for matrons to perambulate with babies. Ours was one of the happy number who disported in the warm sunshine to-day.



During the afternoon at the House, Peter Cashin finished his speech on the Amendment and rapped the lawyers for their rapaciousness. One member of the Profession had taken about \$17,000 during the past 2 yrs. He refrained from any personal remarks towards his opponents, so that except for a brief altercation with Higgins, there were no other fireworks.

Mr. Warren continued the debate. But as I had observed during the afternoon that he had been entertaining his friends to whiskey & water in the Speaker's Room, he was not fully in control of his faculties. It was not to be expectant therefore that his remarks should be very coherent. And they were not. In the course of his speech he spoke of Mr. Fish as our best tourist because he came without causing us additional expenditures for Highroads or Hotels. Here I interjected that Mrs. Fish was a greater [tourist] for she brought so many others with her.

At night I went to see the Terra Novas defeat the Feildian hockey team 6 - 5 in a very fast game.

Miss Foran had not gone on my return and reported having met the Captain of the French *Kentucky* and Mr. Wolffe, the agent for the Line. I hope she does not fall in love with any of them, for it would be terrible in a woman of her age!

#### *Diary*

Friday, March 19th Feast of St. Joseph. [1926]

Weather – Warm & pleasant, with a little chill

Overslept again and so rushed to Cathedral. On coming out I nearly tripped over George Kearney kneeling in a fanciful position in the Ambulatory, with his beads in his hands, and using his heels for a stool. He looked too pious!

Home & a rush to the Court for the Young trial at 10 a.m. The prisoner explained that the reason he had pleaded Not Guilty on his arraignment was because Chief Warden Devine had stated he had escaped on another date from what he said now. He addressed the Jury in his own behalf, stating that he was a human being and liked his freedom. Since his capture he had worn chains day & night for 66 days and nightly for 2 months. His speech impressed the Jury but the case was too clear. Convicted sentenced 12 months & the Judge read him a lesson which I dare say the poor devil can not heed.

At the House Warren finished praising the Butterine Co's & Min of Finance. Cahill spoke but was too personal for my taste. So I left. Little made his maiden speech. Home all night reading *The Law Journal & Sybil*.

#### *Diary*

Saturday, March 20<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Weather – Delightful, Calm

In the Magistrate's Court to-day I acted for a young married woman who had summoned her husband for non-support. She was only 20, he was 23. She was a pretty, tall slight girl, neat & pleasant faced. He was a handsome chap with a sunny expression and light curly hair. It was hard to believe that only on Tuesday had he come out of Jail where he had been sent for assault.

It appears that his mother & her mother are the cause of much of the trouble.

I had to call to see His Grace to-day about the sale of the Burney House to Drayton. His Grace not pleased with offer. His Grace looked well and appeared in a good humour. He complained and justly too about the gulches near Beaconsfield. Only this morning at the Court Barter, the veteran S.P.A. agent had complained about the same thing. I promised to have steps taken to fix the road.

Speaking to Crosbie, at first he did not see how it could be done, and later promised to attend to it on Monday. Speaking to M.S. this morning on the subject of Sir J. he informed me that Crosbie would like to own everyone. In England he had been amusing. We were agreed as to his ignorance, and his ungraciousness. Yesterday he scolded the Assistant Clerk. This is cowardly & "not done" by gentlemen.

Bought 1. *The Tragedies of Shakespeare* .54, *The Letters* ed. by [indecipherable] .10, Hoadley's *Physics* .10, Walker's *Political Economy* & [indecipherable] *History of Parliament*. Pleased with the Bargain. Printed pictures to-night & developed film with better results than before.

### *Diary*

Sunday, March 21<sup>st</sup> and Monday, March 22<sup>nd</sup> [1926]

Weather - Pleasant.

There is a good deal to be said of to-day's events. I called on my mother in the morning, and on my way home heard three young lady residents of Rennies Mill Rd discussing "Browning" as if he were a brand of chocolates. In the afternoon I kept mon rendezvous chez S.S. *Kentucky* avec M. Guillou. Il était là et m'invita à sa cabane boire une petite verre de Benedictine avec le chef mécanicien. Après ça nous nous sommes promenés au calèche (dock) et alors sommes venus ici. M. G. est un jeune homme breton, qui parle très vite et d'un accent épais. Il a vingt cinq ans, bien fait et très poli, comme toute sa race. J'ai vu, aussi, les ruines de l'incendie qui a failli de détruire tout le bateau. Les ingénieurs étaient pris d'admiration pour les pompiers, qui apparaissent si vite, et travaillent si bien. Le soir after our French friend left, we went into Betty's, Mary bringing her songs.<sup>15</sup> Jim was already hidden away somewhere when we arrived, Mrs. McG. gracing the chair in the dining room. The other guests were Dodo & Dr. Ackroyd. These two & Mary & I played Bridge whilst Jim & Betty were very silent at chess. Jim looked puzzled and pleased, Betty looked weary & bored as usual. Coming home Ackroyd remembered that he had forgotten his scarf. A little farther on, I heard him say "Great Scott I forgot my galoshes" to which my wife replied, "You forgot your glasses". In the meantime,

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<sup>15</sup> In the afternoon I kept my appointment on the S. S. *Kentucky* with M. Guillou. He was there and invited me into his cabin to drink a little glass of Benedictine with the head mechanic. After that, we strolled down to the dock and then came here. M. G. is a young man from Brittany, who talks very fast and with a thick accent. He is twenty-five years old, good-looking, and very polite, like all of his race. I also saw the damage from the fire that almost destroyed the ship. The engineers were full of admiration for the firefighters, who appear so quickly and work so well. The evening after our French friend left, we went into Betty's, Mary bringing her songs.

Betty forgot to ask Mary to sing. It was a lively party; Dodo wearing a diminutive balloon skirt that looked [like] draperies for a piano top.

Much ado to-day re Drayton. At the House the P. M. spoke & caused a renewal of the Debate. I think this is sheer waste of time. The public would like to know if we do anything else than talk. Ce matin, ma cousine venait me voir et payer une dette. Elle m'a dit qu'elle a rencontré un jeune homme dans un magasin qui était beau, et elle n'a pas beaucoup de chance de coquetter avec lui. Elle était coquette et voudrait, je le pense le faire chez moi. Mais non.<sup>16</sup>

Dr. Howlett honoured us with a visit this evening. He told us of Paton's resignation because he wants God in the College and a 2 minutes silence. He thinks Margaret D. a beautiful girl!!

### *Diary*

Tuesday, March 23<sup>rd</sup> [1926]

Weather - Beautiful & springlike.

The first breath of spring, and snow melting fast. I was startled this morning about 11.30 a.m. to receive a telephone call from my wife to inform me in a laughing voice that there were 3 visitors at the house who had come to stay, and that she did not know what to do with them. And I am sure I did not until she informed me that our cat, which is little more than a kitten herself, had an increase of three in her family - two like herself and one white one after daddy. They are 3 pretty kittens but I expect 2 at least of them to have a short life.

At the House this afternoon, I had several arguments concerning the incidence of taxation, which I contended fell too heavily on the poor man. Morine took exception to that at once and contended that Income Tax was the same thing as a Capital Levy. Later I told Crosbie that if a vote were taken in our Party the majority would favour putting on the Income Tax. To this Sullivan heartily agreed. I dare say he knows that Placentia Bay would prefer the Income Tax to tax on lines & twines & tobacco. Higgins gave notice of motion for a Joint Select Committee on the Workmen's Compensation Bill. I fear that Morine will be an impacting figure on this.

I saw the *Veil of Veronica* at the Nickel to-night. Father Mike invited me there. We were much amused at Gerard Halley who wore a dress to his knees. When he knelt down he was very careful to pull it up. Later when he was arrested by Paddy Doblin, the latter must have floored him "a la ju-jitsu" for he went down to the ground with such a noise that the whole audience tittered in surprise or admiration.

### *Diary*

Wednesday March 24<sup>th</sup> [1926]

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<sup>16</sup>This morning, my cousin came to see me and to pay a debt. She told me that she met a handsome young man in a shop, and she didn't have a chance to flirt with him. She was coy and wanted, I think, to do it at my house. No.

Weather - Warm & sunny. Streets are rivers. Rained some

To-day I saw His Grace and was very late for dinner. Arthur Dessert has been working very hard these 2 days past, sawing wood and cutting it up and storing it in bins. He has been most assiduous, so that I can safely recommend him as an honest workman. It is all done now & the cellar tidied. I gave him a drink of rum to cheer him up. He told my wife a story of a deer hound he had one time. "You could put" said he "a piece of meat on his nose and count 1-2 up to a thousand and as long as you did not say 3 he would not touch it. But if you said 3 that'd settle it. He'd flick the meat up to the ceiling and catch it on the way down." He had a cat one time that used to whistle instead of meow. He told Molly of one that used to curse. I am not surprised at that because I am sure he gave the cat all kinds of opportunities to learn.

That drunkard [indecipherable] was at the Star Club to-night. He has a club foot.

Mary sang to-night at *Veronica's Veil*. Was applauded.

The Men's Mission began with an hours sermon by Mgr. McDermott.

### *Diary*

Thursday, March 25    Feast of the Annunciation [1926]

Weather: Raining but changed to finer.

This morning it was so wet that I went to St. Joseph's to Mass instead of attending the Mission now being given to the men of the Cathedral parish. Attended very assiduously to my work to-day arriving home for dinner at about 2.30. Then Arthur Dessert called for his wages and claimed 30 hours at 30 cents per hour. I hope he knew my displeasure at what I thought was trading on my previous good natured acts of generosity. I learned later from Molly that I had paid him for the time he spent calculating with her on the previous evening when he was under the spell of my good rum.

This afternoon at the House the debate on the Address in Reply ended with a vote in favour of the Gov't of 18-12. Later legislation was introduced concerning the Post Office Dept and the Minister was unable to give me (or anybody else, for that matter) an explanation of its meaning. Afterwards we had a discussion in the rooms about Collection fees, and Bennett stated Govt's action was the same as that of a Water St. firm which gave its arrears to a Solicitor. I pointed out we had our Dept. of Justice.

Father Sullivan preached a good sermon on Judgement.

### *Diary*

Friday, March 26<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Weather - Mild, getting more spring-like.

This morning, Dr. Carter preached on Injustice but treated this most interesting subject from the point of view of the wrongs done the rich rather than the poor. He spoke this time of the wrong doing prevalent in high places a few years ago and said that this bad example must have been responsible for the present demoralization. Now one could not get an honest day's work for an honest day's pay. In addition the labourer would pilfer his employer's goods or



goods in his care, the clerk would give overweight to his friends, and the accountant would take a dollar now & then from the merchants till.

I do not think that all the injustice comes from that side. I consider that the hardships borne by the poor under the present liquor law as an example, together with the fact that the Judges on the Bench have been seen in public in the same condition as those whom they sentence, constitute wrongs. Living beyond one's means [is] responsible.

This afternoon we had a "party meeting" where the Pension's Bill was discussed. The Insurance part of it I condemn, as it gives Government right to insure with private companies. I was into arguments on this with Bennett & Cahill. The latter resented my statement that he was biased in favour of Insurance Companies.

To night Father P. Kennedy preached and parts of his sermon were full of fine language & beautiful similes. He spoke of the beauty of a full blown rose, the intellects of 10,000 Pascals all were not equal to one angelic mind. My wife may have an angelic voice but

### *Diary*

Saturday, March 27<sup>th</sup> [1926]

19 mi, 20 secs

Cambridge wins boat race by 5 lengths.

Weather - Mawsey

A note in the *Daily News* reminded me of my promise to give a set of books to the leading students in each class at Holy Cross. Rev Bro O'Hare called for the money to-day and invited me to be present on Tuesday at 2.30 when they are being presented. I look forward to this with pleasure.

I bought a book - *For me Alone* - an American translation of a French novel of André Corthis.

Have you ever noticed how difficult it is to get to know what your neighbour thinks or feels. For example I met our worthy Clerk of the Court to-night as we were both waiting for the street car going East. We spoke of the weather and of the Mission in a detached manner, but he did not inform me that he was going to St. Joseph's for his Confession. Meeting a person casually and passing trite obvious phrases about commonplace events does not help us to know one another and therefore is futile. The English disapprove of this habit but we are Irish.

My wife was in such high good humour to-day that I wondered what she wanted from me or what she had done that she would wish to appease me. Was it the beautiful afghan that arrived from Boston for baby? I believe it was as every present for baby gives her pleasure.

Arthur appeared again & led away 2 small kittens wrapped in cloth & cap & paper to be drowned. The poor old mother cat wailed uselessly.

### *Diary*

Sunday, March 28    Le dimanche aux rameaux [Palm Sunday] [1926]

Weather - Stormy, cold, biting wind, little snow

All of us were astonished this morning when Fr. Pippy said his mass without reading the Passion. I later learned that where a priest says 2 masses on Palm Sunday, he is not now bound to read the Passion at each.

While I was waiting at the corner of Adelaide St for a street car to-day, His Grace drove up in T. Wood's car & made me accompany him to Beaconsfield. I saw the road that had been shovelled, but I had to be shown where the work was done. His Grace did not think much progress had been made, and wants me to get in touch with Bambrick again to-morrow.

I advised him of the proposed Pension's Bill and told him what happened during its discussion at our Party meeting. He considered Bennett should not have treated me in "that cavalier fashion" he did, and he was of the same opinion of me that Cahill's disapproval of a Gov't Insurance scheme was promoted by self-interest.

To-night I heard Mgr. McDermott preach at St. Patrick's on the Prodigal Son. It was a very instructive sermon and much better & more learned than I had believed he could have done.

Mary & I had tea chez Madame Jardine, et Charles était la. Il cherche d'être employé pour le gouvernement dans la douane.<sup>17</sup>

The old man Skeans met me to-day and seemed very downhearted as he must be in that big house alone from 7 p.m. Poor old man he has not [indecipherable].

### *Diary*

Monday Mar 29 [1926]

Weather, Clear & cold.

To-day has been a long and tiresome one. I spent a long morning in the office turning over books about Pensions. I spent some time in Court. There was a fair haired young man named Johnston Taylor charged with attempted suicide. It seems that Best the grocer called there on Sat. night to deliver groceries. On entering he perceived a man with a rope attached to his neck, standing near the cellar hatch. Hastening to a telephone he called the police and like a good unsentimental business man continued his delivery of parcels to his other customers. When the squad of police arrived, they found that Mrs Taylor had just returned from her night's shopping & was chatting to her husband. On seeing the police she fainted. At first the police thought they were in the wrong house. They arrested Taylor, a fine looking fair haired young man of about 24. His eyes are peculiar. Small, close together, and an inward look in them. Sergt Stapleton considers him romantic & jealous of his wife.

This afternoon we called on His Excellency to thank him for his speech. He told me that he too had given up smoking for lent. Mike Sullivan said that he too had given up meat (?Fridays). I was propounding a new doctrine of Executive responsibility and party independence of action. Bradley is a good Squires man. Think he is the most popular politician in the country.

Mary borrowed 100 dollars from me to-day & spent \$60 on 2 hats & 1 coat.

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<sup>17</sup> Mary & I had tea at Mrs. Jardine's, and Charles was there. He is trying to get a government job in customs.

*Diary*

Tuesday, Mar. 30 Tuesday of Holy Week [1926]

Weather: Cold with Easterly wind.

The wind blew from the Eastward to-day and brought me a sore neck. How disagreeable and bitter is the East wind. It comes from the ice fields and is filled with dampness from the sea. It brings with it some medium in which the germs of disease seem to thrive, for while it lasts, the sick list of St. John's always mounts. Even at mid-summer when we see the low black cloud - of fog - lying low on the horizon out thru the Narrows, one must fly from town to Topsail where the East wind can do no hurt.

Mary is housecleaning the bedroom and our poor child has had to occupy several rooms in turn since she could not stay in the bedroom. She did not like the sitting room, and I can understand that with the windows & door closed & a fire burning, it was rather warm. The spare bedroom suited her better.

At the House Tom Power and I have formed a partnership which seems always to be successful in the game of 45's. Debate on Sealing bill is a farce. Harry Crowe resolutions introduced. Besco<sup>18</sup> Resolutions discussed, very tedious session. No serious business done. The attitude of all members of the Gov't seems to be one of indifference.

*Diary*

Wednesday, Mar 31 Gospel of St. Luke [1926]

Weather - Mild but very windy.

The *Eagle* is expected to arrive to-night. At Hr. Grace the *Seal* has nearly discharged her seals & is preparing for a second trip. The catch this year will probably be 200,000 and several of the Sweepstake Committees are wondering what they will do with their prizes if the total catch or catch and one half exceeds the highest number issued. I suggest a public drawing.

John Squires called this morning & examined by Ed. Emerson showed a bank book with 36¢ bal. He received \$1.50 conduct money.

At the House this afternoon Power & I continued to win at "Auction 45" although before we left the partnership was split up.

In the chamber the Civil Service Resolutions were considered and I had a few words with Mr. Monroe over a section giving the Executive power to give gratuities to injured or killed Civil Servants. He suggested giving say 500 dollars to enable the fellows to get out of the country or go to Bell Island. To this I said "I could not agree". I saw Smallwood making notes. He is editing the *Globe* and is working terribly hard & succeeding in being very effective with that paper.

Mary is still housecleaning. Perhaps I shall know only later how much damage she may have done. Staying at home to-night listening to the wind whistling against the windows.

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<sup>18</sup> British Empire Steel Corporation

*Diary*

Thursday, April 1<sup>st</sup> [1926]

Weather - Easterly wind, though sunny.

To-day the baby weighs 14 lbs 9oz. She still continues to show an increase from week to week.

I have been at the office all this day, the House having adjourned until Tuesday next.

The *Eagle* arrived to-day with about 27,000 seals. I asked my father to try [to] secure some flippers but he was unable to do so. I saw some clean looking ones being carried along the streets - a very usual sight henceforward.

Have been asked by Joe Murphy factotum for Peter Cashin to look after interests of Star of the Sea in assignment of premises formerly used by Aerial Survey Co Ltd at Quidi Vidi Lake.

My eyes have been giving me trouble lately but to-day they have smarted and pained more than ever before. I do not know what can be the trouble as I have not been reading excessively. Perhaps the weather is responsible for my ailments. I have a sore neck again to-day. Ah me my lot is a hard one!

Smallwood in the *Daily Globe* comments on my little argument with the P. M. yesterday. Crosbie's proposed flipper supper scheduled for to-night must not have taken place or else he failed to ask me.

At tea time on my way home I saw some beautiful white fish tongues outside Bearns' store. I was astonished to learn that they came from Halifax. I bought 2 lbs or 1 dozen and they were delicious. Visited Aunt Selina tonight after Tenebrae. Mary was there.

*Diary*

Good Friday, April 2<sup>nd</sup> [1926]

Weather - Easterly winds - soft snow.

I am taking a well-earned rest to-day, but I fear that the house is not in [a] restful mood. The poor little baby has been awake and crying for a long time and the mother has given her so much attention that she has now lost all her patience with me. What a beau jour pour une querrelle domestique - le vendredi saint. Et ma très chère femme s'est fâchée, et a été sauvage, terrible. Elle me [indéchiffrable] rien et s'en est allé à l'église me laissant seul avec Molly pour prendre garde du bébé. Ma douce femme m'a nommé "Grand chien de l'enfer." Elle m'a jeté un livre et m'a dit, Il est facile de savoir où l'on vous a élevé - chez les gamins et entre les prostituées et filles de la ville. Fiche vulgaire! Elle se regrette qu'elle s'était mariée à moi!

Ca me souvient de l'histoire du gentilhomme dans le livre de Tolstoy, celui qui a tué sa femme. C'était pas l'adultère seulement qui était la cause de ce meurtre mais toutes les autres choses méchantes qu'elle lui a faites.

Notre chat devient insupportable. Hier elle se trouve devant le piano et je l'entendais gratter le plancher. Le petit ne sait pas grimper encore. Il est très faible. Je n'ai lu que l'évangile



et la passion de N.S.J.C. Ayez pitié de nous pêcheurs.<sup>19</sup>

*Diary*

Samedi, April 3<sup>rd</sup> [1926]

La fin de le careme [The end of Lent]

Weather - Fine & cold & red sunset

Un jour bien remarquable. J'ai aujourd'hui reçu trois cents dollars pour l'affaire de Young sans aucune déduction. C'est surprenant. Ce matin de bonne heure M. Pierre C. m'a fait une visite pour causer d'une vente d'un hangar. Je me suis étonné et je me demandais s'il y a une autre raison politique pour cette visite-là. Dans l'après-midi, le cher médecin, C. arriva tout seul et m'invita à sa maison ce soir. Il m'a dit qu'il y a une nouvelle partie C. S. en cours de formation, que ces gens-là se rencontrèrent la nuit dernière et qu'ils l'avaient demandé me voir. Je suis allé à la maison de cement blocks, et j'ai parlé plus de deux heures avec le Dr. Il m'a dit que l'idée est de former une opposition independent et me faire le chef avec [indéchiffrable] pour mon premier lieutenant. Je lui ai demandé d'autres gens de la partie, et il a parlé, bien entendu de Moore. Il n'est pas chef et ses amis suivraient S. C. S. est une combinaison difficile à battre. H.S. reçut \$5000 de C. pour les fonds de la campagne dernière. Il y a autant d'hommes d'orange que de Catholiques en Terre Neuve. Charlie Hunt est un orange et peut être un candidat pour C. dans la prochaine. La partie de M. ne reviendra jamais comme à présent constituée au pays. Cash est un batteur. S [indéchiffrable] les taxes si c'est nécessaire. Le nom de Bennett, Howlett, et un autre paraissent sur les livres du Magistrat. Higgins n'était pas malade au Walker enquiry. Il demanda de Linegar, Power, Little, parla beaucoup de Bradley & Cramm et peu de Joe Lanz. Dr. L, il cherche une position. Power est gentil. Little il ne connaît pas. Morine et Labele, et il considère le Besco contract terrible. Tous les partis ont reçu de l'argent de Besco. J'ai promis considérer l'offrande, ma femme ne l'aime pas.<sup>20</sup>

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<sup>19</sup> What a lovely day for a domestic quarrel - Good Friday. And my very dear wife got angry, and was awful, terrible. She [indéchiffrable] and went to church leaving me alone with Molly to look after the baby. My gentle wife called me a big dog from hell. She threw a book at me and said: We can tell where you were raised - with the urchins and among the prostitutes and street walkers. How vulgar! She regrets having married me!

This reminds me of the story of the gentleman in the Tolstoy book, the one who killed his wife. It wasn't only adultery that caused the murder but all the other mean things she did to him.

Our cat is becoming intolerable. Yesterday she was in front of the piano and I heard scratching on the floor. The little one doesn't know how to climb yet. He is very weak. I only read the Gospel and the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ. Lord have mercy on us sinners.

<sup>20</sup> Quite a remarkable day. I received three hundred dollars for the Young affair with no deductions. That is a surprise. Early this morning Mr. Peter C. called to talk about the sale of a hangar. I was shocked and I wondered if there was another political reason for this visit. In the afternoon, the dear doctor, C., arrived alone and invited me to his house this evening. He told me that there is a new C. S. party being formed, and that those people met last night and that they asked to see me. I went to the cement block house, and I spent over two hours talking to the

*Diary*

Sunday, April 4<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Weather - Fine Wind Easterly.

The sun seemed so bright that I was misled into leaving off my neck muffler going out to early mass with the result that an irritated throat promptly developed into an unpleasant cold.

Called at Mother's who knew of Peter's visit. When I told her of the Dr's visit she surmised the rest and her surmise was not far out. She advised me to be careful. She also said Squires was strong in the West End.

I met my colleague the Labour Member on my way home and he was of opinion that Squires was strong & would be stronger if Cashin were with him.

At night we went to Keegan's to supper. Present: Drs. Fox, O'Regan, Helen Balfour, Ron Martin, Maria Hutton, K.K., Mary & I. Maria Hutton received a message this morning inviting her to join the Compton Players. She leaves to-morrow. The idea seemed to please her and she is not at all disturbed at the idea of leaving so soon and taking up so dangerous a profession. She leaves with her mother's approval but with many protests on the part of her rather [indecipherable] father.

My cold very bad & getting worse.

*Diary*

Monday, April 5<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Weather - Cold miserable.

This morning I was very busy in Court with some Prohibition cases. In one case - that of Peter Ryan - Morris imposed a fine of \$200.00. The evidence showed a locked room, an empty beer keg, and 1½ bottles of rum & some empty glasses. In another case in which Bradley appeared for the defence, the defendant was a proprietor of a soup kitchen and on being searched had two flasks and a measuring cup in his possession. He was acquitted. Another example of

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doctor. He told me that the idea is to form an independent opposition and to make me the leader with [indecipherable] as my second-in-command. I asked him for the other members of the party, and he spoke, of course, of Moore. He's not a leader and his friends would follow S. C. S. is a combination that would be hard to beat. H. S. received \$5000 from C. to fund the last campaign. There are as many orange men as Catholics in Newfoundland. Charlie Hunt is an orange and may be a candidate for C. in the future. M's party will never again be as it is at present. Cashin is a fighter. S [indecipherable] taxes if necessary. The names of Bennett, Howlett and another appear in the Magistrate's books. Higgins wasn't ill at the Walker enquiry. He asked about Linegar, Power, talked a lot about Bradley and Cramm and little of Joe Lanz. Dr. L, he's looking for a position. Power is kind. Little, he doesn't know. Morine and Labele, and he considers the Besco contract terrible. All of the parties received money from Besco. I promised to consider the offering, my wife doesn't like it.

Morris's gross injustice in the administration of this law.

A party meeting this afternoon, when Mr. Monroe played a pathetic part. He looked depressed and spoke of disloyalty and lack of confidence in the Gov't by members of the Party who were speaking openly in disapproval of some of the Gov't measures. He declared that perhaps if Morine had to go it would be better if he went too; that Morine was his choice - a counterbalance for his own inexperience. Perhaps at the end of the Session he would resign & go back to his business. After he concluded Lake spoke in defence of his outspoken words in the Speaker's room a few days ago. He did not think the Gov't should rush important legislation over the heads of the Party without consulting them. He stated 3/4 of the Party would on a ballot discard Morine. Moore spoke along same lines. Puddester & Cahill queried as to Monroe's conduct if Morine were dropped. I spoke to the same effect myself. Monroe took it all very badly. After the meeting Walsh told me it looked bad & doubted if the Gov't would last beyond the Session.

At night Mary & I went to the *Originals*. Good but not quite so good as last year.  
Cold in critical condition.

### *Diary*

Tuesday, April 6 [1926]

Weather - Pleasant this morning. Snow & fog evening.

Arthur Syme or Artie is here again with the cinema pictures he took at Salmonier last year. He called on me yesterday but I was not in the office. To-day I rang up Fred Ayre's & he answered the telephone. He is coming over on Monday to dinner.

In the House this afternoon, I spoke on the Insurance additions to the Pension Bill. I was in favour of a Government scheme as the nucleus of a larger fund which the public at large who are employed in other businesses might join. After I spoke the Prime Minister adjourned the debate.

The *Globe* contained a reference in its editorial to the Bowring case in which it said Crosbie had to eat crow again because he had accepted only enough money to pay "Poor" Richard Cramm. The amount received by the Customs was \$20,000 in full settlement. I don't think it is right, when Squires is getting prosecuted & will give the latter political capital.

Mike S. spoke to me telling me "for my own good" not to be criticizing the Govt & repeated what he said yesterday, that we are there for 2½ years to do our best & get what we can. If Monroe were to resign there would be a squabble between Bennett & Crosbie for leadership & Bennett would probably get it.

Received a call from Dr. Campbell and went to see him. Je lui ai dit que je ne pense pas que c'est l'occasion de quitter la partie. À la bonne heure si quelque chose arrive qui mettra la vie de la partie en danger on peut faire quelque chose. Il a [indéchiffrable]. S&C travaillent ensemble et avec beaucoup d'énergie.<sup>21</sup>

<sup>21</sup> I told him that I don't think that now is the time to leave the party. When the time comes, if something happens that puts the party in danger, we can do something then. He [indéchiffrable]. S&C are working together and with great energy.

*Diary*

Wednesday, April 7 [1926]

Weather - Winter back again, Cold biting wind. Icy.

Remarkable change for the worst as if the climate had really gone crazy.

A most interesting case in Court in which a woman of noted bad character has prosecuted a married woman for slander. The case is being heard in the public court much to the amusement of the Police, court officials, & public generally.

Very busy to-day. Cold not improved. Great ordeal as I am not allowed to approach baby for fear of giving her cold. Inhabiting guests-room.

Party meeting to-day when Besco Contract again considered. Walsh, Fox, Bennett, Higgins & Monroe & I spoke. Fox looks for too much. Monroe is endeavouring to placate him. I made one or 2 suggestions and generally endorsed Contract much to the delight of most of the members of the Gov't. I believe that Moore & Lake have instructions to take their cues from me. Crosbie has told me that he will speak privately to Monroe about my going over with him for the Imperial Economic Conference in October. I should like to go, but hope our house will be completed or nearly so, otherwise it will be difficult to go.

To-night we attended Recital by Christian Mayers (a Jew) and Marguerite Mitchell. It was above my head I must confess though I liked the lighter parts. After it was over Mary & I saw Goodfellow taking H. E. home. H. E. Mary thinks is like a man in a dressing gown & carpet slippers.

*Diary*

Thursday, April 8<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Weather - Snow & cold.

To-day I attended Mrs Ryan's funeral and a meeting of creditors of the Estate of James Murphy & Sons. At the latter event in the Board of Trade Rooms Mr. Phil Knowling recommended that an investigation be made into the affairs of Frank Murphy with a view to ascertaining what methods he had employed to gain credit, what he had done with his assets, and how he happens to be in business within one month after he is declared Insolvent. Knowling speaks like "cold molasses runs up hill" - painfully slow.

At night I visited the *Brinelles* a freight carrying Belgian steamer which has come here to take the cargo of the *Kentucky* and bring it to New York, Baltimore & Phila. I met Mike Evans in his tidewaiter's uniform and he brought me up to meet the Captain. The latter is a much travelled man between 45 - 50 who speaks English with a Scottish accent and even looks Scottish. He is a strict chief & sets an example for his officers & crew in the matter of liquor & women. He knew parts of Belgium which I had visited. He has never been here before. Later I met Guillou of the *Kentucky* & agreed to call later.



*Diary*

Friday, April 9<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Weather - Wintry, snowing

Very busy all this week. Attended at the Palace but Interview which promised to be interesting was cut short by arrival of Higgin's delegation from B.I.S. His Grace heard my name mentioned tentatively in connection, I presume, with the new alliance of C.S. He looked at me suggestively & I believe we both wondered how much the other knew.

At the House, Bennett made a most extraordinary statement namely that a Gov't has no right to interfere with the business carried on by a Private Corporation or which is usually carried on by one. I could not help asking him "What about the Railway & the Dock?" Warren sent me a note "You'll be excommunicated!" & Cahill told me he had been requested by an executive member to ask me to stop interrupting or criticizing Gov't Executive members. Cahill made a most unconvincing speech on the merits of Life Insurance.

News that the *Seal* has been blown up off Bay de-Verde - the crew on ice seen by landmen. No other details.

Had tea tonight at the King Café and saw a little of the night life of a Chinese restaurant. Believe these places dangerous rendezvous.

Also speaking to Henderson re Gorse. Went to office to work. Talked politics with McC & C till 10.45. Went to fire at Dock & called at Janes Store (closed) on way home.

Great welcome home. Furnace out and house cold.

*Diary*

Saturday, April 10<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Weather - Soft, sleeting rain.

If any one, other than my wife, has enough interest in my life to read this personal record of the humdrum affairs that fill it, I wish to inform him now that the events of any one day are not always recorded that evening. I have endeavored to the best of my ability to do so but other circumstances have prevented.

This day was a fitting climax to a busy week. My morning was taken up with clients and constituents. My visit to the Archbishop was not as long as usual so that I had dinner at 2.15. I was back in Court at 3 p.m for 2 cases in both of which my learned friend Barron acted for the prosecution. The defence is always the more popular side, and gets the public's sympathetic ear. In the Gorse case, I extracted only one piece of information - viz that she was sent home by the Immigration authorities because she had no one to meet her.

I stayed in to-night and allowed Mary to go to bed earlier than usual. At eleven I took up the baby & gave her her bottle & fixed her up snug for the night. She is very good, and sleeps right through the night. Her Mother however is overworked. We are expecting another maid; then perhaps she will be freer. I made shavings for the fire to-night and felt very proud of the feat. The maid said "That's like home." I fear that civilization uses shavings & other well prepared things as little as it can.

*Diary*

Sunday, April 11<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Weather - Soft snowing, light wind.

Mary arose early & assisted at 9.30 Mass at St. Joseph's. I lay longer [and] heard 11 a.m. at Cathedral. I saw Fr. Mike afterwards. I regret that he will be unable to come to-morrow night & see the whole show which Artie Syme will give. I met Mrs. Mark Chaplin and walked a way with her. She is Irish and told me that in the New England States Irishmen have succeeded very well. She loves watching scenery.

I saw poor Ned Perez who was so badly burned in the disaster of the *Seal*. He is in the public ward, and his face is burned and shrivelled. Dr. Cowperthwaite told him I was there and he asked how I was. He was very conscious and in full possession of his mental faculties. His hands, feet and back were also badly burned. I made his will and Fr. McGettigan & I witnessed it. He told me he wanted some oranges and I promised to send him some to-morrow.

Did not call on Mother until this afternoon. Both Father and she are well and comfortable.

Cyril Fox & his wife came to supper. Unfortunately just as everything was ready Molly got ill with an attack of indigestion and she had to go to bed. We managed all right. Both thought Marjorie to be a splendid child.

*Diary*

Monday, April 12<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Weather - Cold biting N.W. gale. Freezing.

In the Magistrate's Court this morning one of the persons appearing before the Bar was Sahid Hassan "soutier" from the S.S. *Kentucky*. Speaking no English and bad French he could not understand the Judge who could not understand him. I volunteered to assist the Judge & asked him some questions as a result of which he told me that he was afraid of one of the chiefs on board. Later, he told me that he had been "soldat de France", that he belonged to "Aden" and was "[indecipherable]". If sent back to France, he would be put in jail. I fear that he will find no sympathy ashore here.

Winsor is back from the seal fishery & is no sooner in the House than he begins his usual tirading. He is a very selfish, unreliable & unpopular person.

To-night Arthur Syme dined with us & afterwards we were shown the films he took at Salmonier & other places. He has a motion picture machine & brings his screen & rewinder with him. I thought that he had taken more pictures there than he showed. Father Mike enjoyed the ones of fishing especially the lessons in jigging. "Artie" having a bad cold went home early.

*Diary*

Tuesday, April 13<sup>rd</sup> [1926]

This morning Arthur Syme called for his outfit and told my wife who saw him at the time that his cold "was not so good" after the treatment he had taken the previous evening. Arthur Syme was at Salmonier last July with Paterson, Reid etc., but catching no salmon in their company he remained behind & returned to town in my car. He caught 3 or 4 salmon under my instruction. Artie is a happy go lucky, wealthy young man whose home is in Chicago. He spends several weeks each year in this country & last year visited England & France. I understand he works for the Canada Dry Ginger Ale, not a very imposing situation. He is very pleasant, a good mixer but inclined to be serious for long. He is fat and going bald, has an appearance not altogether prepossessing. His nose is thick and turned up with and with a rather thick knob on the end.

I did not spend much time in the house this afternoon for listening to Bennett talk Marconi made me feel bored. At night I called on Crosbie who is ill. Dr. Howlett, Higgins, Smythe and Cahill were there. I found the radio to be very ineffective & could not clearly make out any station. Cahill is very grovelling, it seems to me.

#### *Diary*

Wednesday, April 14<sup>th</sup> [1926]

To-day, the boys' residence at Mount Cashel was destroyed by fire. No lives were lost but all books, furniture & chapel were destroyed. There is insurance to the extent of \$60,000 but this does not cover the whole loss. The fire occurred shortly before noon and at 2.30 the building was in ruins. It was a fine day with a strong breeze blowing.

Party meeting to-day with Besco under consideration again. A new set of Resolutions was placed before us and a new hand could be seen in them - the hand of the Master - Morine. They are better drawn and seem a great improvement on the old agreement.

To-night, I dined at Gov't House - the usual formal dinner to the members of the Lower House. Only a dozen were present but the dinner was very enjoyable. I found 20 cents in my pudding; left my walking stick behind me & came home feeling decidedly giddy - from over eating. Godden flattered me by telling me that he had predicted that in a few years I should be one of the leaders in politics.

#### *Diary*

Thursday, April 15<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Easterly wind - rain, raw

R v Eli Hayward

Incest & Perjury & Conspiracy

After 3 months' adjournments this case came before a Special Jury and the Chief Justice to-day and resulted in a disagreement on the part of the Jury. The two principal witnesses Annie and Theresa committed perjury by swearing that their previous statements were false and intended only to get their father out of the way. Obviously, this plan of going back on their former testimony was pre-conceived and not without the knowledge of Counsel for the defence.

The Jury were in a dilemma owing to the prisoner's own statement being in evidence they believed him guilty, but as the Chief directed them to consider only the evidence they had heard they could not bring in a verdict of "Guilty".

At the conclusion of the case the C. J. directed that Annie & Theresa be prosecuted for perjury. Whilst the Jury were out, I was invited to discuss this latest development with the Chief & Sir William Lloyd. One feature of the case was the production of a letter by King. This letter was supposed to have been written by Theresa when she felt remorse on March 29<sup>th</sup>. The whole matter will have to be thoroughly investigated & probed to the bottom.

I was not in the House at all to-day.

### *Diary*

Friday, April 16th [1926]

Weather - Cold.

Mary complains of feeling tired and sore and calls Dr. Sharpe who recommends a tonic.

I have been very busy to-day particularly with the Hayward matter, and have issued Notices to them to appear to-morrow. I doubt if they will appear as I am informed by James Roil that they are all in bed coughing their heads off and that he brought McCarthy in to look at them. McCarthy & Roil call at the House of Assembly with the message.

Saw His Grace who did not now think well of the S. C. combine & approved my attitude in keeping quiet re overtures.

I reached the House only in time to be sure of the insertion of the clause relating to St. Clare Mercy Hospital. Things were very quiet this afternoon after the storm over the Coal duties yesterday when Peter C. told Crosbie that he had shot better men than Crosbie. Crosbie's reply was ineffectual.

At night I played cards at the Star where I was astonished at the clever play at Auction. My partner was very sulky perhaps not without reason. I had the pleasure of taking up the baby to bed at 11 pm.

Arthur Dessert put in the [indecipherable].

### *Diary*

Saturday, April 17<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Weather - Warm - later wet - gales of wind & Rain.

This morning Mary was feeling worse & decided to go back to bed for a couple of days. She is still feeling tired but this evening seems much better. I have no doubt that a rest will do her a world of good.

Fred Collier appeared in ct to-day & looked an awful wreck of nerves. Swindled by Burnstein.

The Hayward girls did not appear - all hands are in bed sick - no food - no coal in the house. The way of the Transgressor is hard, matter postponed for a week.

Judge Morris is very anxious to have a thorough enquiry into the loss of the S.S. *Seal*. I



think he is considering his own advantage more than the public interest. His leniency in the matter of Gorse & Williams towards the plaintiff does not impress me with his love of justice.

Dr. Sharpe called again this afternoon. The new maid - Squires from Renews arrived by the *Nautica*. As soon as Mary recovers fully, everything ought to be all right. My eyes are sore to-night and I should love to go to bed early. Yet I have much to do.

Our kitten now walks unaided, and has been rambling all over the Kitchen to-day. Her hind legs are a little unstable. Her tail runs to a point and is not pretty.

All the streets are rivers of mud to-night.

### *Diary*

Sunday, April 18<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Weather - Milder but very windy.

Mary seems much better to-day, but Margaret Doyle came to wash the baby and stayed for dinner.

I noticed to-day that the odour which remains in a room after people have been smoking the Coral Virginian cigarettes is most disagreeable, but that the French tobacco leaves no odour, and my pipe has a rich agreeable aroma about it. Everything French is pleasing in its effect. As a nation they are polite, enthusiastic, patriotic, effusive, possessed of good taste.

We had a discussion to-day as to who are the more moral - French women or men. I suppose that generally speaking all women are more moral. They do not have one quarter of the temptation. Perhaps if this was considered and allowance made for it, men might show up very well. This matter of morals depends on some conditions. Is it race, colour blood or what?

Reading to-day of a series of lectures one of which was "Attractive Meals Without Meat" and "Simple Cures for Irritability and Nervousness". I am interested in the latter, as I feel terribly irritable to-night, although I do not know the reason why. Walked the room to-day for over an hour with Marjorie in my arms.

### *Diary*

Monday, April 19<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Weather - Windy, fair, cool.

This morning's news is the death of Hon. W. J. Ellis of pneumonia at New York. The House of Assembly of which he was [a] sometime member adjourned as a mark of respect to his memory. The deceased was a bachelor, a contractor who had earned and saved a large amount of money. His health being unsound he was accustomed of late years to go to California for the winter. Last winter he spent in Newfoundland and during last summer took a great interest in the Roads policy of the Government, acting as Commissioner without pay. As God said when on earth "I shall come like a thief in the night, when you least expect me". His death in U.S.A. - away from home - is part of that irony, that inevitable irony that is contained in the old adage "man proposes & God disposes".

I am bored with this interminable Winter that has not yet become Spring. And I am

absolutely tired of shovelling coals into the furnace. In fact I am nearly prepared to eat it soon. I believe if anyone mentions furnace after the 1<sup>st</sup> of May I shall eat them.

A meeting of the executives of all the Catholic Societies is being held to-night to discuss plans for the re-building of the destroyed portion of Mt. Cashel.

*Diary*

Tuesday, April 20<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Weather - Easterly wind, Silver thaw. Rain.

Is it weather, or too extensive use of tobacco or domestic troubles which rob a man of much of his vitality. For I have not been very industrious to-day. I spent a broken morning, from which I derived little profit and less satisfaction. There was one surprise. A constituent of the Thorburn Rd. for whom I had performed some trifling favour showed his gratitude by bringing me a dozen eggs for my wife. The offer was made humbly too. How rare a virtue is gratitude! Everyone is apt to forget quickly the many good turns we have received from people, and for some petty spite render evil for good.

The Midwives Bill occupied the House all the afternoon. Talking to Walsh, I find him despondent for the future of the country. The P. M. also spoke as if the Besco contract would fall through, because of [indecipherable] efforts to drive a hard bargain.

My wife is still ill, and although in better spirits this evening, will have to rest a couple of days before tackling housework. I was mourning to-night the last of 5 of our cut-glass wine glasses. "The finest china is earliest broken." The fairest flower is earliest plucked. Accounts will have to be kept more carefully in our new house.

*Diary*

Wednesday, April 21<sup>st</sup> [1926]

Weather - Snow, hail, cold N. W. winds.

I was much amused to-day to watch our cat catch a mouse. Hearing a sudden noise behind me I turned to find Pussy with mouse in mouth. The poor mouse was dead, and not as I expected, to be kept for further torture. The cat ate it head first in less time than it has taken me to describe and then went to seek for more.

[The rest of this entry was written by Mary Harris Browne]

Bill left me to finish the account of today's events while he went to take a bath. I was up today for the first time since Saturday and though rather weak as to the knees I feel 100% better than when I went to bed. Alice, Marge and Emma Edstrom were here this p.m. Emma tells me that Aunt A.<sup>22</sup> is "on her dignity" because I did not ask her to come down and bath the baby while I was ill. Well, I should worry! When I did ask her assistance she had another tale to tell. The baby is splendid thank God and fortunately she didn't take the cold I had.

Bill went out tonight for the first time since last Friday. He has been most devoted to me

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<sup>22</sup> Aunt Agnes Tobin

while I was ill and I appreciate it greatly. He went to the Knights of Columbus Rooms for a game of cards. Evidently they are preparing for the Dance because he spoke of Dot Ellis being there and remarked that she seems to be getting a trifle bold. She and Mary Mahar would make a good pair. I hope our little darling will not grow up to be like that.

Dodo has been bathing the baby for me for the past three days. Tomorrow I shall be able to manage myself.

I wish we would have some decent weather. I'm sick of wind, rain, hail and snow. It is most unspringlike. The subscription list for Mount Cashel is growing. The Cashin's gave \$ [indecipherable] between them.

### *Diary*

Thursday, April 22<sup>nd</sup> [1926]

#### Weather -

An incident occurred to-day that brought a touch of colour to the drab deliberations of the House of Assembly. In the early stages of the Debate on Supply, the hon. mem for F. was talking about all kinds of subjects, and with no apparent reason demanded the Minister of F. to produce any false invoices of Cashin & Co. The Minister promised to do so & said C would regret this moment, calling him an "innocent young man". P. C. replied that J. C. had more opportunities of becoming politically corrupt than he had. The Chairman asked him to take it back. Later on when the hon. mem. told the Minister that the latter was a better judge of whiskey than he, the Minister asked that the Speaker be sent for to decide whether the words were per se offensive and should be withdrawn. Obviously the Speaker could not say they were. Speaking to our veteran politician Woodford, I heard him regret that he did not intervene to say that he felt that he should be considered a fair judge of whiskey himself.

Cahill said that he intended going down to see the Governor depart, as "it was the right thing to do". This man with the Satyr-face is always keen on doing what his superiors would like him to do for their own sakes. He is most servile and faun (fawning) like.

### *Diary*

Friday, April 23<sup>rd</sup> [1926]

#### Weather - Warm, but E. wind in afternoon.

St. George's Day now produces a parade in emulation of the parade of the Irish on the 17<sup>th</sup> of March. To-day's parade was a large but dowdy affair. The regalias worn were by no means attractive and there was not one mark of beauty in the whole affair.

Mary went out to-day, in the morning to push her daughter in the baby carriage, in the afternoon to see my aunt Selina, and in the evening to birthday (no 2 - ) party of Dodo - a purely hen affair as Dodo is not partial to cock & hen parties.

I have re-read Balzac's *Chef d'oeuvre inconnu* a brilliant piece of writing with an end more tragically ironical and real than Hardy's stories can show. The story of *Adieu* is in the same style, the note of tragedy running through the composition to a finale not unexpected or

unusual in this world of ours. This is the story of a generous nature who makes tremendous efforts to restore the reason of a former friend by erecting a battlefield to resemble the one on which they had been separated. The plan succeeds and recognition follows but only for an instant - the time to utter faintly "Farewell, Phillip ... I love you ... farewell!" and Stephanie was dead. *The conscript* seems to have been inspired by some incident of the Civil War of the time. I consider Balzac to be very clever in the creation of his characters and many of them are very likeable ones.

*Diary*

Saturday April 24<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Weather - Fair, fine, cool E wind.

The Governor left this morning for England & Sir William Horwood is acting in his place.

The Hayward case is in a new phase. The two girls have not appeared yet.

Arthur Syme went away to-day. I saw him in his cabin in the *Silvia* with J. Paterson, L. Reid, Bruce and Skeans. Dressed very smartly with a flaming tie and a huge carnation in his buttonhole he acted with the same cordiality & bonhomie as he did at Salmonier, treating people to whisky & cocktails and even suggesting a showdown for 5.<sup>00</sup> at which he lost 15.<sup>00</sup> & Reid won 30.<sup>00</sup> in two minutes. I am at a loss to wonder what he intends to occupy his mind with eventually as this life of pleasure which he leads is not the only one he is capable of.

Had a letter from H. S.<sup>23</sup> who is well & prosperous.

*Diary*

Sunday April 25<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Weather - Fine, but wind Easterly.

Reading Balzac to-day, I finished *Christ in Flanders*, *Melmoth Reconciled*, and *The Red House*. The first is a fine piece of imaginative writing built upon some old legend of the coast near Ostend, in which the moral is that God loves the poor best. The second is a fantastic tale that makes interesting reading but has a weak ending. It looks to me as if Balzac too was hunted by doubts about the future life. *The Red House* is supposed to be an account of a story told by a German. Balzac is full of detail and analyses the motives of his characters much as a chemist would some specimen placed before him. For example in *The Red House* he talks of the attitudes of, and the thoughts that fill the minds of, people after a hearty dinner, and he does it in a manner that places the scene before our eyes as well as an elaborate picture could do.

I took a long walk this morning in the country but the roads are not yet clear of snow. Some of them have streams of water running down the middle. In other places the melting snow covers the road. It was pleasant to hear the cocks crowing, and crows cawing and feel the bright nip of spring coming to life. I asked a boy on a pony's back who owned a house with a green

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<sup>23</sup> Henry Somerville



roof, and he said "That's - ah - ." I said "Let me know when you find out" and he readily answered "All right sir" although he looked back after me for a long time & then galloped off shouting gaily.

*Diary*

Monday, April 26<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Weather - Mild, but dull

The threatened storm from Crosbie did not arrive but we had a lecture from the hon. mem. for Ferryland on how the Railway may be run at a profit. There was a meeting of the local branch of the Empire Parliamentary Assoc<sup>n</sup> where it was announced that invitations had been received from Australia to attend a conference there in September. As the journey will take 4 to 4½ months, not many will want to go. I for one cannot. A letter was also read from the Canadian National Ry's announcing that Canada gave reduced rates to members of the English Branch of the B. E. Parliamentary Assoc<sup>n</sup> and no one else, because from the visit of English M.P.'s there was an educational value to be received!

Fr. Mike and Tom Fortune were here to a very enjoyable tea of cutlets & jelly & cream. Tom left immediately afterwards, but Fr. Mike & I attended the Concert at Belvedere. I found it interesting to observe the demeanor of the children sing[ing] - K. Kearney and T. Conroy, as opposite as could be. Marguerite Scott was Miss Vanity. There was a packed house. There was a jazz orchestra living up to its name by its easy going manner of playing. One violinist slouched in a chair until his neck rested on the back as if he were having a hair cut. Mary Hulley accompanied the Ragtime. She looked very chic reminding me of the forelady in a Paris department [store].

*Diary*

Tuesday, April 27 [1926]

Cloudy - Rain

At last we are promised on the word of the Prime Minister himself that the famous report of the Auditors into the Liquor Dept will be tabled to-morrow. The Cashins are playing a bold game and I believe taking advantage of the unfortunate ineffectiveness and feebleness in debate of the Finance Minister. They intend to bluff it out. That they have done wrong I am satisfied & am wondering how will they vindicate themselves.

My wife took ill to-night, and seems to be getting another attack of the flu. I hope it will not be serious.

*Diary*

Wednesday [April 28, 1926]

Fine N. W. wind.

Beautiful night.

A confounded [indecipherable] berth case has had me out of bed early & late, having been called about midnight last night after I had gone to bed. In future I shall take Emerson's advice to get 50 dollars first. This case I intend to abandon.

In the House this afternoon, the long looked for event arrived. The Report was tabled. The Finance Minister spoke of the various wrong doings by the Cashins, & failed to convince people of any very serious offences having been committed. Cashin replied and spoke, on the whole exceedingly well. His continued efforts have result[ed] in a very great improvement in his parliamentary manner & he came off best out of the encounter to-day - judging by the effectiveness of his answers alone.

Mary is better to-night, thank God.

Warren introduced the discussion of the Board of Liquor Control & spoke in an admirable manner with restraint, eloquence & wit. I also contributed to the debate, replying to Grimes. Cap<sup>n</sup> Winsor is a poor Sport.

### *Diary*

Thursday, April 29<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Weather - Fine but cool towards evening.

I attended an Auction on Tuesday, but why I go to auctions I can't understand. For example, I bought 2 decanters when I already have 2, and bought a lot of books only one of which I was anxious to secure. This one was Lacordaire's *Sermons on Life* which I intend to offer to my dear friend HS<sup>24</sup> as he was very keen on him. Amongst the other books, were *Twelve Types* by G.K.C., and several books on Ireland, and Prowse's *History of Newfoundland* 2<sup>nd</sup> edition. There is a second volume of the life of Dr. Doyle. Who Dr. Doyle was I am not quite sure, but I suppose he was some Irish Theologian.

Progress is slow at the House to-day, and I spent most of my time in the Speaker's Room, listening to Bennet[t]'s story of the Coalition of 1917, and the formation of the Lloyd Ministry. He told that when Morris left for England, he and Bennett were travelling by the same train from St. John's. Morris did not confide to his colleague that he did not intend to return to St. John's. This desertion was resented by all the politicians and was the reason why Morris was not appointed High Commissioner for Newfoundland.

### *Diary*

Friday, April 30<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Weather - Drizzly with Easterly wind.

Too great a confidence in the sunshine of yesterday has given me a stiff neck and put me in ill-humour to-day.

Mary is better. I believe her recovery was hastened by the marked increase in the

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<sup>24</sup> Henry Somerville

baby's weight, which was 15 lbs 5 ozs yesterday - Mary doing the weighing! To-night Mary has shown her appreciation of my attentiveness to her when ill by making a delicious jelly for tea and some chocolate candy for afterwards.

Reading the *Twelve Types* I came across an article called "Tolstoy and the Cult of Simplicity" which I must confess I did not half understand. Although I am convinced that Chesterton is simple, in the sense that he practices this cult, his manner of writing would give a different impression. He is so full of paradox that we fail to see how he can be so simple. But he is simple in his goodness, his war on hypocrisy, his love for the poor, in fact his love for all men. He has a nature big enough & a heart warm enough for this. His writing is so full, so detailed that our attention is so constantly stumbling over the rocks at our feet that all take our eyes off the road ahead.

### *Diary*

Saturday, May 1<sup>st</sup> [1926]

Weather - Cold & fine wind N. W.

Application for bail on behalf of the Hayward sisters granted. C. J. Horwood was wrath with the Justice Dept. and thought a case like this was not one for cheese paring & needed clever detectives - even imported ones. Kent listened in silence and only spoke once during the interview. Horwood is a much more sociable person than Kent, who is almost ascetic, although I believe more sincere.

The funeral of W. J. Ellis took place to-day - that of his brother yesterday. A large number of prominent Catholic gentlemen have died this year. Ellis was a very big man of pleasant and good humoured appearance; he looked irritable but perhaps this was part of his complaint. I think he was only once a member, when he represented Ferryland for 1 year at the time that Bond & Morris were at a deadlock with a party of 18 each. He contended unsuccessfully the constituency of St. John's W. 1909-13 but was always defeated. I remember that he took his election campaigns very serious[ly]. On one occasion I saw him disputing on Water St with a Morris man who said that Morris would be elected. And he was.

The Archbishop has gone away again - I suppose with his old, corrupt - man of the world - college chum as his companion. I do not believe that this love of excitement & eagerness for change of scene are healthy signs in an Archbishop. They would not be in an undergraduate.

Tasker Cook is very much worried about the Auditor's Report & has written a note to the papers stating that he received a commission for his share in Cashin's liquor deal of 1921.

### *Diary*

Sunday, May 2<sup>nd</sup> [1926]

Weather - very cold N. N. E.

Tomorrow I shall have completed, (please God) my 29<sup>th</sup> year, and mother & father were here to dinner to-day in honour of it. Mary has made for me a worked model of [a] ship in coloured wool upon canvas. My father says that it is like a French fishing vessel of old Time

which you might see in St. Peter's Roads any day. I love it, too, and for me it will represent the affection which helped her in the tedious work when her hands were already full.

We had a pleasant day. After mother & father went (& I should not forget to mention how delighted they were with Marjorie) Mary & I took her for a promenade. After tea we sat in the deepening dusk watching evening melt into night, and talked over our own romance, reviving in each other the appeal which our hearts spoke to each other when first we met.

Then I read one of Lacordaire's beautiful and reasonable *Discourses on the Influence of Supernatural Life upon Personal & Public Life*. A lecture delivered at Toulouse 75 years ago which is an inspiration still. Christianity he contends in this lecture is not the enemy of society & does not take from public life. On the contrary it has developed a better public life than existed in Ancient Greece or Rome. "The sword said to Themistocles Be strong for thy country & great for thyself. It said to the Christian: Be strong for thy God, clement towards the weak, the slave of thy word, and even in the fury of blood forget not thy promised love, and think of thy colours. It was chivalry. The Knight was the man of war softened by the love of God and by another tender care which sprang from the elevation which woman had received from Christianity." Lacordaire's prose flows smoothly along. The language is picturesque his thoughts sublime speaking of England's retaining the Monarchy during that dread age of Revolution in Europe - "The British Institutions are the monument of an age when England paid to the apostolic see the tribute which she herself called Peters Pence, and the hand of a Catholic Archbishop of Canterbury, the faithful & magnanimous hand of Stephen Langton, is for ever marked upon the pages to which remount, from our age to Saint Louis the political traditions of Great Britain."

*Diary*

Monday, May 3<sup>rd</sup> [1926]

29 years old to-day.

Mary has found an easy way to air the baby without the labour of pushing the carriage around. She has succeeded in bringing it around to the back yard and there the poor little helpless babe must try to sleep within hearing distance of our kitchen and prowling cats. It does her good though.

Fred Cahill, a brother of Cyril Cahill M.H.A. died this morning after a short illness. To-night I went along with several other members of the K of C rooms where the Rosary and Litany for the Dead were said. It was sad to enter that house and see his weeping wife - young and frail, desolate. Five children all of them under ten and one but a baby in arms remain with her. This house where death has entered so unexpectedly made you feel mindful of what will one day overtake us all. Our little children, our dear and affectionate wives, cannot stay our parting.

*Diary*

Tuesday, May 4<sup>th</sup> [1926]

The Besco Resolutions have been removed from the order paper, as the Executive could not agree with the representatives of Besco at the Conference last evening. They succeeded in making a tentative agreement of exemption from export tax for another year. This large Corporation and its companies are planning a re-organization and do not [want] to undertake any more burdens at this time.

I am very disappointed to hear from Higgins that he thinks a Commission will have to be appointed to sit out of Session and take evidence on the Workmen's Compensation Bills. This is very disappointing to me after the time which I spent in investigating this subject. Coming home to-night I expressed the opinion that we did not have enough in the Government to run the country; that those who were in it were not able to give all their time to their work and, that as a result, legislation was badly drafted, hastily prepared and full of defects.

My wife prepared a very excellent tea to celebrate my birthday, and one interesting feature was a birthday cake with 29½ candles, the ½ candle being for Marjorie who will be 6 months old to-morrow.

In the entry for yesterday I omitted to refer to the several petitions presented at the House in connection with the St. George's Coal Fields, and on which I spoke. I doubt if the Gov't intends to do more than secure a Geologist. If they do that I shall be satisfied. To-day, we discussed the Water Supply for West Corner Brook and a number of members included [sic] myself spoke on the matter. I have to make a speech to-morrow night at the Star Billiard dinner, but I don't know what I shall say.

#### *Diary*

Wednesday [May 5, 1926]

This afternoon an amusing incident occurred when the Railway & Shipping Bill went into Committee. The Opposition favoured the creation of a new Dept. of Railways instead of the Commission of 4 by which it is now being run. The P. M. seemed to be impressed with the suggestion and promised to give it the consideration of the Gov't and he added that since Mr. Sullivan seemed to be the most popular man for the job he would likely get it.

Attended a dinner at the Star to-night. M. P. Gibbs & Fr. Dan O'Callaghan sat on my right. I proposed a toast to the Losers. P. Cashin, J. Barron, M. P. Gibbs & Fr Dan also spoke. Everything passed off well. Jack Barron and P. C. are pretty thick.

#### *Diary*

Thursday, May 6<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Mike Sullivan told me this afternoon that Crosbie did not want him to be Minister of Railways. He also told me that his brother Tom was very ill and had been anointed by Fr. Fyme. Mike had Dr. O'Connell go there from Placentia. Walking home with Mike he told me that Monroe did not know his mind for a minute and had gone back on what he had said the day before in the House. Crosbie told me that he did not approve of the change, but admitted his own desire to be appointed to the Station. He said that he wanted it at first, but now things were



changed. He is jealous of Mike Sullivan and will do his utmost to prevent his appointment.

Crosbie invited Higgins to get my assistance with some of the Bills, but H. said that if he had a bill ready Morine would have another. I laughed and left them.

*Diary*

Friday, May 7<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Weather - Foggy all week

We have had a long Session to-night, and I spoke on the Motion for Adjournment about the Workmen's Compensation measure. Previously in the week I asked Higgins about it and he had promised to have a meeting of the J. S. C. before the end of the week. Therefore as nothing had been done and it was only one more of Higgins' deceptive replies, I rose at 11.15 p m to ask him what he intended doing, at the same time pointing out the Select Committee had been appointed 6 weeks and there yet had been no meeting. Warren said I was out of order for discussing the merits of a Bill on the motion for adjournment. I replied that I did not wish to discuss the merits but only to call to the attention of the Min. of J. the importance of the measure. Higgins replied sarcastically that he knew a little about the subject and was interested in it. There were only 7 days a week and one was Sunday and he was prepared to sit on Sunday! This was said in a sneering manner & he was very hot when he rose to speak. I could see him. I do not intend to let the matter drop.

*Diary*

Saturday, May 8<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Foggy

Moore came to me this morning and invited me to see Sir M. P. C. to-night at his home at 9 p.m. He also told me that Higgins had said last night that it was time I was brought up or given a check! I can only say he did not cover himself with glory in doing it.

I have been retained by the sisters of Ed Perez to look after their interests in the matter of his estate. Joe is not trusted. I do not think he is honest, either. Mrs. Hannaford tells me that her son begged to be allowed to take his school books etc. but Joe refused although the boy was in tears. There are some beautiful paintings in the old home which I trust have not been stolen.

To-day old man Connors, Roadmaster sent for me. I took a car up thinking it was a case of a man in extremis who had to make his will. When I arrived he wanted a bottle of whiskey for a bad heart. This Crosbie gave me out of the confiscated stuff in the Bond store. He also gave me a bottle of Mumm's & 1 of Port.

Saw M. P. C. at his home to-night. He wanted to know what I was going to do. If he was there he would have the Gov't busted long ago. This is the first time that I've had a conversation with him. He can be pleasant & hospitable, but is ambitious, vindictive and would stop at nothing to achieve his object. I was there a long time before he came to the subject nearest in his mind. I don't think he can be over pleased with the interview.

*Diary*

Sunday, May 9<sup>th</sup> Mother's Day [1926]

Weather - Wind E with fog in town

I am still shaking from a fright I received when going down to the Kitchen. I saw the firelight flicker on the walls just as I heard footsteps and I was sure it was a man's step as he walked with a lighted match in his hand. The footsteps were Mary's upstairs but I only realized it after a few seconds.

Just before that we had a scene between our little puppy and the saucy cat. The latter did not want the puppy to go near her kitten and when he did she flew at him and scratched his eye. I never saw a cat so wild and the poor little dog was scared blue. He crawled under his house and would not come out for a long time. To-night I have barred the cat & the kitten in the back porch. The dog is housed in the kitchen.

Visited my aunt & mother. Mother has made her annual resolution not to buy any more Sweepstake tickets for she has not won anything this year. Mary & I also went in to see how far Dr. Jones house has progressed. It is partly excavated and has the roof on it. Very good progress.

*Diary*

Monday, May 10 [1926]

Foggy but clearing.

I have received definite instructions in the Perez case to call for a Sale of the Property and equal division of the Estate. I can see trouble ahead. The Executor, Joseph Perez, is a Spaniard. He is a tall swarthy complexioned man with the black eyes and unpleasant countenance that we usually associate with the men of Spain. I understand he was born and received his early education in Spain. He was the eldest and picked up Spanish habits very early. His father the Spanish Consul had to bring him home to Newfoundland, and his toreador leanings have not found scope in this cold country. The old man was decorated by King Alfonso, I believe, and I have seen the star and ribbon that go with the Order. I shall be very angry if that beautiful painting of the Reading Magdalen and many other pictures have been taken by him. The old house is one of the oldest on the south side. Its high stone wall and rubble foundations indicate its age. In front there is a garden, now unused but which in earlier days must have been a pretty place. The gallery before the house is latticed and a long flight of steps led up to the house from the street.

*Diary*

Tuesday, May 11<sup>th</sup> [1926]

The weather is still too uncertain to allow me to pay much attention to our neglected garden. Last year we were very unfortunate. The few potatoes which I set gave no yield, and the

sweet peas choked each other in their boxes. No arrangements have been made as yet for this year's flowers. The bulbs that we set last year will flower again, but the pansies which Joe Tucker sold us have disappeared. The Rhubarb flourishes, and grows at the rate of an inch a day. The lilac trees have taken root, and sprout green buds. Sunshine has been very rare this spring, and if we don't have more soon, all our flowers will be spoiled.

*Diary*

Wednesday [May 12, 1926]

Rain storm

This is the day of the grand dinner. Coming across the Mall with the P. M., Sir J. C. and Woodford I picked up 25 cents saying that it was a sign of my good luck for to-night. Woodford told of an occasion when \$300 were given him which he placed in his back pocket. Then he went to the House but never saw the money again. He frankly stated the money was graft.

Amongst the guests at Crosbie's dinner tonight were Monroe, Fox, Cramm, Bradley, Russell, Chambers, Winsor, Moore, & myself. The dinner was very tasty served in good old English style. Everything went off splendidly. After dinner Crosbie, Fox & Moore drank the health of the Prime Minister. I also proposed the health of our host and was supported very ably by Puddester & Cramm. I fear that my effort was the feeblest I ever made. I had drunk too much to allow me to remain fluent.

We withdrew for cards and I won \$2.50 at Auction 45's thus showing that my premonitions were justified.

*Diary*

Thursday [May 13, 1926]

Weather very windy. Corpus Christi

An early appointment at the Sheriff's office compelled me to go to 9 a.m. Mass. King is defending Hayward. He drew the Jury to-day, and when a familiar name was mentioned he would say "Oh he is in the Penitentiary" or away, until Carroll would repeat it at every other name.

Lloyd called me in to show the answer he was preparing to my question, but Higgins amazed me when he told me that he could not find the Workmen's Compensation Act which I had prepared! I am sure that he will not be sorry, Monroe tells me of a party meeting and a new loan Bill. Was this the motive [in] Crosbie's mind - to stifle opposition to it in the party.

Bradley is a strange man. He was uncivil enough on Monday to refuse me an adjournment although the case has lasted more than a year. He said his client could not agree to it. He was quite rude to me about it too. He is a man with a jaundiced complexion, and a saturnine expression, very indifferent to his personal appearance, lazy, but anxious for all the kudos he can secure.

*Diary*

Friday, May 14<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Weather - Fine, but not very warm.

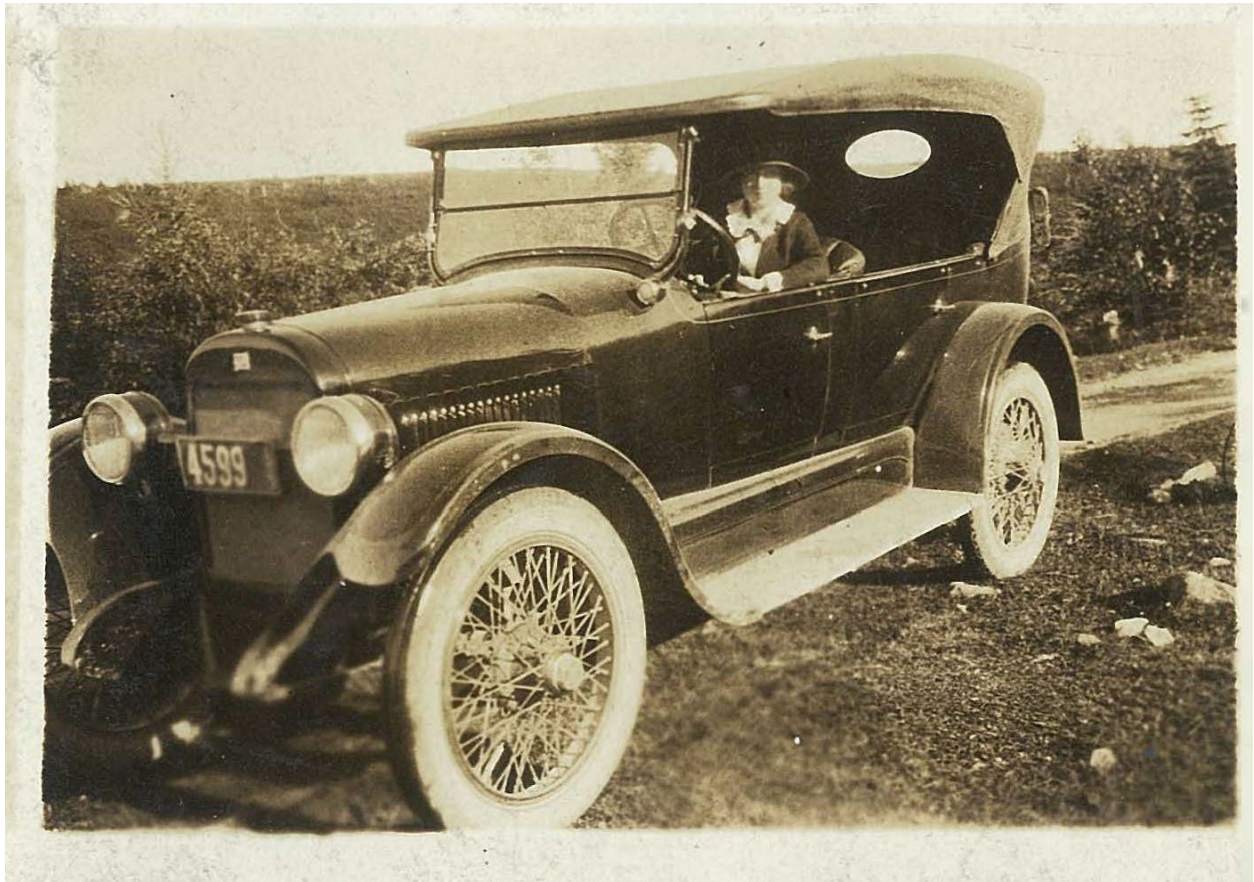
This morning I made an appointment with my Toreador friend to visit his late brother's residence on the South side. I met Sir Michael Cashin at the head of the dock. W. J. Kent was there and said "The dock was a monument to the Monroe Gov't." Cashin could not help saying "Yes, Sacred to the memory of -".

Joe is a villain. He was born like his father in Spain, and educated there. We examined the house and what was left of the furniture. I am sure that whatever was there of any value was removed before my visit. I do remember that the little sideboard was heaped up with old silverware & stuff of pewter & plate. Now only 11 pieces remain there, and I suppose, Joe did not think they were worth while taking. Rummaging in the old cellar I found a perfectly good candlestick of quaint design, which Joe wished to throw out & for which I offered him 2 dollars. He seemed to resent my curiosity and inquisitiveness. As I was going home I met Peter Mansfield who told me that Joe has been visiting the house frequently of late - and was there last night. He has helped himself to anything of value, I know, because on my first visit to the place I marvelled at numbers of the things which I saw. Now the place not only was deserted but seemed stripped as well. With the removal of the old clock and the beaded chair, went the old associations, and the romance of old Spain which they suggest.

Amongst the decayed foods in the kitchen, was a Willow plate, minus one corner, and in a shelf near the window, a recent clipping of the Spanish flight around the world. The love of Spain still clings to the children of that clime.

The Workmen's Compensation Acts are to be printed - one on the English one on the Canadian plan. They will be ready for a meeting of the Committee next week, so that my effort at adjournment time last week had a good effect on the energies of our "least resistance" Att-Gen.

Mary & Dodo & I motored to Topsail for the first time this year, but the run was not particularly enjoyable. The car was noisy, the sun was strong in my eyes, the air was cool and the country still looks bare. Nor has the snow gone but remains in little patches in the meadows and forms melting arches over the ditches.



Mary Harris Browne in the Brownes' car

Two tenders for the house have been received. Pigeon is the lower by one thousand dollars - a nice bit.

*Diary*

Saturday, May 15<sup>th</sup>, 1926

Weather - Cold, wet - mild later.

The curtain has set on the drama of Eli Hayward. Today he was found guilty of Incest and sentenced to 5 years imprisonment from the date of his arrest. Behind him are 6 children and a wife, and of these only two are capable of earning anything. I believe that I shall be instructed to enter "nolle prosequi"<sup>25</sup> in the case of the two daughters charged with perjury. Their heroic attempt to save their father all but succeeded.

This week there is a very excellent cartoon of Winston Churchill, in the *New Statesman*. It errs in making him look too serious, and should have more of the irrepressible, light hearted, boyish, impetuous buoyancy which is essentially him.

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<sup>25</sup> Latin - meaning "no prosecution"; that is, the case is dropped.



Mary informs me that a friend of ours Betty McGrath who is marrying "Jim" Conroy has her wedding dress - not as pretty as Mary's. The wedding will be held in camera - but there will be two bridesmaids just the same. I believed that I escaped very well.

The mystery increases in the case of "The Reading Magdalen". Madame Lomes now asks for it and would like to get it. Who created this wonderful picture which a whole family will be disrupted over.

*Diary*

Sunday, May 16<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Weather - Wind N. W. - cold & wet.

A very pleasant day notwithstanding the disagreeable weather! We had the baby & mother for a drive. Baby wondered herself to sleep. Fr. McGettigan, who is recuperating was at St. Clare's when we called to exhibit the baby to the admiring crowd of sisters who all flattered the mother by remarking the resemblance between them. Fr. McG. thinks Joe P. is lugubrious.

John Fenelon was as good as his word and at 3.59 p.m the nose of his prehistoric Boedicean chariot appeared around the corner of King's Bridge Road and moved gracefully and slowly up to its moorings outside the door. John was exceedingly gracious and invited us to a very enjoyable tea at Donovan's and a cozy, friendly, chatty ride as far as Manuels beach. He thinks a Gov't is like a boy on a bicycle coasting down hill and that balancing a budget is like balancing a bicycle, as soon as you stop borrowing - disaster. As soon as the bicycle stops do<sup>26</sup>. We sampled the [indecipherable] port together and he declared it good. I must say it is not unpleasant. I was reluctant to see him leave so soon but he must have felt that the Radio's of which he told us at Pouch Cove were calling him home. John is 46, unmarried, ceremonious, fond of entertaining as well as of being entertained, a great eater, and a great drinker, a very pleasant conversationalist - all of which makes of him an ideal host. His attachment to his old car is as pathetic as a mother's fondness for her first born; and he endures more heart rending shrieks and noises from his pet than any mother ever hears. His car's safety & welfare are always in his mind and he will take as many precautions, and show as much foresight to protect his prodigy but awfully well-behaved car (when you forgive its terrible grating sounds) as the most indulgent & thoughtful mother would do for her child. A bachelor, he is drifting along the sluggish backwater of life missing the new sights and faces, neither renewing the old half-forgotten joys of youth nor revisiting the old places; - with such a fate can he be happy. I trust that his visits to us will help him to be so, for I like (I can't yet say love) him much.

*Diary*

Monday, May 17<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Cold, rain & fog.

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<sup>26</sup> Abbreviation for "ditto"

Last Sunday was “mother’s day”, but to-day is mother’s birth-day, and Mary and I went to tea with her. Like all other women she is diffident about telling her age. Her looks belie it. She is so fair, so healthy as not to appear much over 55, whereas she must have passed that mark long ago. We passed a very happy evening, with my father descanting on his fishing experiences of 40 years ago and Mary warbling her pure notes to Mother’s great delight.

To-day at the House, the Newspapers’ Libel Bill was read a second time, and on reading it & hearing some speakers, I could not refrain from speaking in favour of it myself. I cannot but believe that this act will do much to deter dishonest scribblers from attempting to destroy mens’ names & characters by such underhand and degrading methods as we have had in the past. I hope that a higher standard of political life would be found, that good men, sensitive of their reputation would feel themselves freer to enter public life when they would know that to do so would not imperil their peace of mind. So - to-night although the hour is late I have read up a history on the subject of “Freedom of Speech” and endeavoured to find out how far Censorship of the Press is pardonable. As I said to-day Parliament was wrong in the 12<sup>th</sup> century - 18<sup>th</sup> century to control the press by constantly calling people before the Bar of the house to answer for libel. But this is a different measure designed merely to prevent libellous and scurrilous matter being circulated by any party at election times. I believe this is a good thing for this country.

*Diary*

Tuesday [May 18, 1926]

At last I am so far behind with my Diary that I am almost forgetting to record the 3<sup>rd</sup> Budget Speech of Sir John Crosbie. This year he was very dull and produced a most uninteresting document, in which the bad state of the country was concealed and the outlook ignored. After the prompt adjournment champagne & whisky were freely served in the Speaker’s room and the usual toasts were given in the same old way. The Father of the House was present to respond to the toast proposed to him.

*Diary*

Wednesday [May 19, 1926]

The atmosphere has been electrified. To-day one hears for the first time that a movement has rapidly developed to defeat the Government on a vote of want of Confidence. It is almost incredible that a Gov’t returned to power in 1924 with 26 men should in such a short space of time be now in a position that it has not the confidence of the majority of the House. Bradley, Russell, Lake, Little and Moore are the defaulting supporters, and Crosbie informs me that my name was given to him.

*Diary*

Thursday, May 20<sup>th</sup> [1926]

An amusing scene in the Magistrates Court before Judge Morris this morning. Benches at back filled with people. All available chairs occupied by policemen in uniform; others standing around. Several lawyers at the Bar. Judge calls "Board of Liquor Control versus Joseph Burnstein." Burnstein sitting on seat near door leading to cells at first refuses to come to the Bar. Finally he comes but says "I don't wish to be tried by you, Mr. Morris until you stand your own trial." To the policemen who advised he said "You are gentlemen, but a sanitary man is more of a gentleman than Judge Morris." He was remanded but later was fined \$75.00

The plot thickens, Crosbie says it is all over and Bennett thinks it is all over, that Warren will not stay with the others. House adjourns till Tuesday. Crosbie is fuming & fussing, swearing, smoking, playing the same game as is being played against him. I was offered the Speakership which I refused. I told Mike S. who said I'd be offered a seat on the Executive next, and he was right. Am wondering what to do. Situation is critical. No principle at stake. No demand from constituency. My conscience not easy. Reported that Warren be leader, Cashin stand for East End & Bennett be replaced as leader. I must pray for guidance.

### *Diary*

Friday, May 21/26

Rain and cold.

Although it rained nearly all night fishermen from Outer Cove were knocking at our doors before breakfast offering salmon at forty cents a pound. The salmon seem to have struck in as they were for sale everywhere to-day.

The political situation is clouded in mystery to-day. Bradley tells me that if "they" want him to go he'll go, but that he was a damn important man in 1924 and that if he had contested Port-de-Grave for Hickman he would have been returned with 300 majority. Woodford called to inquire how things were going and thinks that Warren is all right meaning that he will not be a party to a design to destroy the Gov't.

I asked John Fenelon's advice on the offer made to me to secede. He did not think that an executive seat or a departmental office would have any attractions to me if obtained by deserting the party with which I have been identified. That will come as a matter of course for there are very few men of principle & education & ability in politics. He did not think Monroe was worth dying in the last ditch for, but considered that after the Gov't was broken was a better time to join up. He is right.

I accompanied Mike Sullivan down to Crosbie's where Walsh Higgins Cramm & Crosbie were closeted for several hours on the subject of inviting Hickman to become a member of the Gov't. I have been offered anything I wish, except the Ministry of Justice. Sullivan thinks Warren is satisfied with the promise of a Judgeship in the future and legal work for the present.

Mary & I visited Rennie's Mill Rd to see the site of our dwelling, where the stakes had been set & we visited the Herders who have a very pretty house, beautifully kept.

### *Diary*

Saturday, May 22/26

Cold yet.

This morning brought its bombshell to the unsuspecting people of the country! Premier Monroe has demanded the resignation of Bradley & Russell because of their complicity in the plot to overthrow the Gov't. This afternoon they resigned and accompanied their formal resignations with letters which were weak attempts to save their faces. I saw Higgins & Crosbie to-day. Both are satisfied that the situation is safe for the present. Crosbie thinks that the appointments to the vacancies should no longer depend on denominational qualifications. He also said that he told Monroe that I might get up in the house and say things which he (M) might think indiscrete but that I did not mean them. So, C. is my apologist! I hear that Monroe was pleased with my speech over the Newspaper Bill.

All the town is a hubbub discussing the recent developments & Monroe's prompt action is approved everywhere.

Bradley did not appear for the [indecipherable] to-day. I fear that Lake, Little & Moore will cross the floor now & make things more difficult for us for the rest of the Session. Moore will have to go. I told both Higgins & Crosbie of the offers which I had received, and looking on back on it I wonder how I ever talked about it then at all, because I could not conscientiously ally myself with R & B whom I detest more than any other men whom I know.

Baby has a cold & her teeth are troubling her.

*Diary*

Sunday, May 23<sup>rd</sup> [1926]

Weather - still cool.

The talk of the town to-day is the Bradley - Russell dismissal, and everyone holds with Monroe for his courage.

I wore my light overcoat to-day for the first time. I have bought a hat to go with it, and with my gray suit I could not help feeling pleased with myself. Whilst Mary & I were crossing the temporary bridge at Manuels, we hailed Lake & Russell who were standing there. They did not recognize us until we were nearly passed, and the eagerness with which they "jumped to the salute" shows they are looking for sympathy. Their presence together bears out what I've already written, namely, that we may expect Lake to leave at any time. I wondered if they were estimating the extravagance of the Gov't in building this bridge.

To-night we visited Jim Harris & his wife. The latter showed us her latest acquisition. It is an "objet d'art" - which she would not let me approach too closely - made in mother of pearl so as to reflect the light in certain places and give the effect of a moon & a lighted church. Jim smokes his pipe contentedly, listens to his wife's incessant chirping, and wears his Bradford clothes - as happy as any lord. He thinks that Jessie Whiteway would be a good man for the Board of Works. Will Puddester look for it. The vacancy for a Methodist is there.

Our poor little baby is fretful to-night, and we may expect her to have a tooth any day, as her appetite is not good either.

*Diary*

Monday, May 24<sup>th</sup> EMPIRE [1926]

Weather - Cold turning foggy & wet.

Early I rose to dig worms for a trouting expedition to - (?) Willens Bay Line. Fr. Mike did not keep me waiting long to-day. Crowley advised us not to go to W. B. Line but the Salmonier line. So we went to the latter place. I found a good spot at once and caught over 2½ dozen there this morning, although Fr. Mike caught none there. As he wanted to try another place in the afternoon we quit & went to the gully over the marsh but this trip was almost futile. Having tried the first pond again & finding that the trout had struck off, we followed M. P. Gibbs & his son whom we met on the road. This step, which I deprecated, as they were not of our company - led us through a thick wood to a pond with only one possible fishing place where I caught 3. We had dinner on the road, consisting of spare ribs, fruit salad, bread, butter & tea. Supper we had at Mrs. Byrnes' in Holyrood. This popular inn should be called "The Trouters' Home" for we found no less than 8 or 10 others there when we arrived.

I caught altogether about 3 doz. Fr. Mike about 4 or 6. Home at 9.15 p.m.

Several men rang me up. Did M. P. C.? as I told Joe M. that I should try to see him before Tuesday. I shan't try now. It is very wet, & I am very tired and sleepy, like the song which says "Show me the way to go home

I'm tired and I want to go to bed."

*Diary*

Tuesday, May 25/26

Weather - Rain & fog.

To-day has been heralded as a very important day in the history of the Monroe Gov't. I had my friend Joe Murphy to see me at 1 o'clock in a last attempt to seduce me to change my allegiance. I did not feel inclined to alter my position. Joe was somewhat crestfallen and told me that he had never known Sir M. P. C. until a year or so ago & that he considered [him] a most wonderful man in many ways - the cleverest in N.F. I gather, therefore that Joe fell under his influence. He telephoned me at 2.30 to say that Little, Lake & Moore had handed in their resignations, which I saw a little later.

At the House was gathered the largest crowd of people that I've seen there. No direct attempt was made to vote against the Gov't or turn them out of office. Instead, it was necessary for Hickman to ask if the Prime Minister had anything to say by way of explanation for the defection of 5 of his supporters. Monroe moved the adjournment till Thursday. Thereupon Bradley, Lake, Russell, Moore and Little rose to explain their presence in the centre of the House & their oppo[sitio]n to the Gov't. Their arguments were local & trifling & personal; but what is more important was the challenge which Bradley made to the Prime Minister & Crosbie to explain the Budget. Peter C. had said the Budget was false; & the P. M. made a sincere but ineffective reply to which Puddester gave a slight affected show of applause. Hickman welcomed the new adherents to the Opposition & thought that it should be explained why



Bradley could make his suggestion.

Sullivan walked homewards with me & thought we should keep together “for the sake of Walsh, Woodford & Linegar.” We are depending a good deal on Warren. Peter called the P. M. a liar for saying that Sir M. P. C. influenced Bradley & Russell.

*Diary*

Wednesday, May 26/26

Rotten weather

I wonder are the reflections which I write at the close of each day coloured by the ills which I suffer. The ghastly weather that still continues has made me feel quite out of sorts and I left the Party Meeting that we had this afternoon with a splitting headache that drove me to bed at ten o'clock.

The meeting to which I refer was a proof to the Prime Minister that the majority of the public were behind his actions and that those of his party who remained loyal could not be bought at any price. All those who spoke testified their faith in the P. M.'s honesty & loyalty to principle, and several told of the desperate efforts made from the headquarters of the operations to purchase their support.

This is a crisis such as has never been seen in the Colony's affairs before. Sir Michael Cashin has played a prominent part in an attempt to overthrow the Gov't by seducing members to alter their allegiance and has placed before them the most alluring offers. He has shown himself to be an unscrupulous scoundrel & I believe has come to the end of his political career.

No House to-day.

I am now reading *La vie de Bohème*<sup>27</sup> which I like immensely. The gay, irresponsible life of the young vagabonds who haunted the cafes of Paris 80 years ago, and often lived on their mistresses' earnings, forms a light & entertaining & enlightening story. And it was not, as they lived it a life “Sans amour plaisir”.

*Diary*

Thursday, May 27 [1926]

Weather - Fog, Dismal. Rain.

Our atmosphere is of a funeral here - almost black fog with a tinge of chlorine in its composition. Perhaps it has helped to spread the pessimism which the attempt to overthrow the Gov't began. Yet despite the despairing weather, people are regaining their confidence in Monroe and I received many personal indications of approval of our actions this morning.

I went to see the spinster niece of the old woman who died the other day at the age of 97. If this woman lives to be 97, I hope that I shall not be called upon to make her will. She fondly imagines that Probating a Will is a superfluous matter, and that all one has to do is to affix a stamp to the document & send it to the court! And she has only a life interest under it. She says

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<sup>27</sup> *La Vie de Bohème*, a 1851 novel by Henri Murger.

the country is gone, with no good men in it since Bond & Fraser whoever the latter gentleman may be. She says Monroe is all right but the men with him are no good, and in this she expresses an opinion held by many of reputed good sense.

At the House Cashin Lake Little & Bradley indulge in more fireworks to the general amusement & Halfyard brings the afternoon's entertainment to a close in his usual ludicrous manner.

*Diary*

Friday, May 28<sup>th</sup> [1926]

This is Monday and I don't remember anything that transpired except that the weather was bad as usual and that proceedings at the House of Assembly have become much tamer. The plotters have abandoned hope of succeeding in their attempt.

Pidgeon has not started the house yet, so I have had to speak to both him & McCarter about it. Of course, the weather has been so wet, that there would have been much delay and loss of time up to this.

Building a house may be regarded from several points of view. There is the financial end of it, that must always be a source of worry; and there is the sentimental side, which is usually a source of pleasure. By building a house, a man is helping to improve the city, and the country. He is taking his full place as a citizen - not only a householder but an owner. Every man should own his house but in Paris which is the most wonderful city in the world it would seem no one owned his own house. But then, living is not what it is in places where men are independent. There are no fatted calves, nor merry children - a flat is too small for even such elementary comforts.

*Diary*

Saturday [May 29, 1926]

Wet - change to fine

The weather - whose importance to the lives of the inhabs. of this city I have often referred to in the past - seems definitely decided on a change. A very dismal morning with the fog drifting in over the high hills to the East flowered into a bright day as the mist melted before the uncovered sun.

Meeting the French Consul I remarked that his coat seemed a trifle worn. It also looked as if it had been dyed. Nice little man, very unlike most Frenchmen it is our fortune to meet. He is neat and dapper and polished, but studious, but not so gallant or coquet as most men of his race. He told me that the French officers of the *Kentucky* had spoken to him of me and that they were grateful for my kindness to them. This I denied saying that I had done nothing as I had been so much taken up with parliamentary and professional duties. But I asked him to arrange for them to call on me to-morrow and I should be pleased to show them around in my car.

I visited Garland's this evening on my way home and remarked to Perlin whom I saw at the store how dear books are there. He agreed with me. We should buy more if they cost less.

His prices are 50% more than they could cost to import.

*Diary*

Sunday [May 30, 1926]

Fine E. wind.

I was up to Mother's house this morning wearing my new coat & hat, which Mother thought went well on me. Father was not there.

Some one telephoned during my absence, but the maid said she did not understand the name. Thinking it might be one of the Frenchmen - or possibly Fenelon - I did not know whether to wait in, or go out. My wife decided that I should take her and the baby out for a drive. When we got back the French man had been and an amusing encounter must have taken place between him & Gertie who told him I should be back at quarter past three. He put this down as 3.20 & came just as Fenelon telephoned from Topsail inviting us there. Yves Guillou, *mecanicien troisieme* of the S.S. *Kentucky*, now almost a hulk in our harbour, accompanied us to Holyrood where we found John Fenelon's green phantom parked in the avenue near Madame LaCour's Entertainment establishment. John in his bare head made us welcome and presented us to Madame. He then entered upon a conversation with Yves that still permeates my brain (3 days after). Then we went to Holland's at Topsail for tea, port, sherry, whisky. Yves talked through it all, whilst my wife & I made an audience of two who dimly understood the performance.

*Diary*

Monday, May 31 [1926]

Finest day this year. First warm day.

His Grace arrived from his short trip to New York to-day, and when I saw him this evening at Beaconsfield he looked very much the better for it. He was not anxious when he heard the news about the Government because he felt that Warren could not fail to support it. He knew my attitude and was pleased with my stand.

We had a Party Meeting this afternoon. This will very likely be the last one this Session as there is a great desire to close the House as soon as possible. A new loan of 5 million dollars is proposed, and most of it in my opinion seems to meet deficits. That makes 11½ millions borrowed to-date by our Gov't. When will it cease? The country has a greater revenue now than it had two years ago, but our exports are much lower than our imports. Our population is not expanding in proportion to the revenue, and so our people are taxed correspondingly higher year after year. Nothing but a drastic attempt to reduce the cost of living will suffice. I suppose, as long as public opinion is quiescent things will be like this.

Mary was singing to-night in aid of Mt. Cashel. She sang a song I once loved to hear "Mary of Argyle".

*Diary*

Tuesday, June 1 Fine cool N.W.

and

Wednesday, June 2 Weather - Fine, warm. [1926]

I can see that I am laying up trouble since I am several days behind with my diary.

Since the above was written several days have slipped by with their events unrecorded. The summer has a greater appeal to me to be outdoors than the Winter. This will be the experience I shall probably have for several months to come.

I paid McCarter, the architect, my first cheque for \$100<sup>00</sup> on account of his services. His fee will be 6% of the value of the house.

Taylor was in to see me to-day about Pelley's claim v Bearns. The latter people have been very slack about their accounts. I wonder how the case will turn out.

I went to see the *Nova Scotia* to-night. This is her maiden trip from Liverpool. She is well fitted up and looked comfortable. In the smoking room, that did not seem very different from the *Digby's*. I met General Tudor who had been in charge of the Police in Ireland. We had a long conversation about the troubled times in that country as we happened to be there together. He met Michael Collins after that and declared that he liked him - a man after his own heart, I suppose. He told me some of the clever things his men did. One was to publish bogus issues of the Bulletin and send them to the subscribers. He says the Rebels were terribly vexed about that.

Present at the same time was Philip Templeman M.L.A. His son introduced me to Tudor. His two daughters were there too. I was very astonished this morning when Mary told me that the flag was half-mast on the Colonial Building because of Philip Templeman's death.

I was not able to go to the house to-day but adjournment was taken immediately until Friday.

To-night Margaret came with us for a drive along the Portugal Cove Rd. It was in very bad shape.

Our house is not begun, but the workmen's shed is begun and a pile of lumber decorates the brow of the hill in front. Soon we shall see the walls rising.

*Diary*

Thursday, June 3<sup>rd</sup> [1926]

Weather - delightful in town. Temp 78°

Although officially declared as a Bank and Government holiday, and although in our Church a holiday for the feast of Corpus Christi, the Importer's Association would not grant any relief to their poor clerks. Little business was done, and although I spent an hour or two in the office I felt little inclination to be there.

Meeting Walsh & Power on the way back from Templeman's funeral I invited them on a trouting excursion to the Salmonier Line. We left town at 2.30 and went as far as the pond where I had caught 3 dozen trout on the 24<sup>th</sup>. In the meantime the weather had become rather unpleasant. The wind was S.W. and there was fog - and even a drizzle in the air. We caught 4 or 5 dozen trout between the 3 of us. I broke my pole twice in about 5 mins. We had tea at

Byrne's. We did not get any caplin.

We hurried home and reached the Cathedral in time to have our Confessions heard by Father Pat Kennedy who must have had a hard day.

*Diary*

Friday, June 4<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Weather - windy but becoming finer. 68°

First Friday. Mary and I received Holy Communion together at St. Joseph's. Higgins asked me to slip up to see about the Workmen's Compensation Act and I found that, as Linegar had said at the outset, he had whittled my long contemplated scheme down to doubling the compensation allowance and adding medical and surgical expenses. He would not agree to any alteration of the Scope of the Act, and enforcement of the Act is deferred until Jan 1, 1927.

I saw His Grace again to-day, and he thought that Mr. Monroe should push the Education Act ahead as it is - excepting some possible minor changes - or abandon it. He told me Crosbie had refused free admission for a boiler to St. Clare's hospital on the ground of a New Act! Absurd.

Mon ami M. Guillou brought me trois livres et une bouteille de champagne. Il était fortement habillé et devait avoir en chaud. Il se promenait à Bowring Park à l'aube. <sup>28</sup>

This evening we saw our house started. A little excavation has been done under the Kitchen & the land staked off. We visited T. A. Hall's house, as his wife invited us in as we were passing & we stayed until past 10. We saw some nice candle [indecipherable].

*Diary*

Saturday, June 5<sup>th</sup> [1926]

A day of sunshine, of dust, and chilly N.W. wind.

This was a day remarkable only for the fact that it is like one hundred others. I visited Percival's and Fearn's Auction rooms but amongst their dingy collections of oddities I saw nothing of striking beauty. Lately these modern curiosity shops have become as dull as rubbish heaps and we find no treasures lurking there.

With Roland Morris I talked of land and its returns. He also showed me his sail works. I was surprised to hear him tell that they have been working night as well as day for the last two months. If our [indecipherable] fleet had not declined so rapidly we might be still to-day a Solvent country. Have we the elasticity needed to recover? I think so.

I stayed at home, ce soir, nor was the evening pleasant. I have begun *L'Aiglon* which amuses me very much. What a misfortune it was that I neglected to see Sarah Bernhardt at her theatre in Paris when I was there. She was worth a dozen Folies Bergères and [indecipherable] de Paris. Lloyd G. en Angleterre bat pour son existence politique, car Asquith & Grey ne le

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<sup>28</sup> My friend Mr. Guillou brought me three books and a bottle of champagne. He was warmly dressed and must have been hot. He had been walking in Bowring Park at dawn.



veulent pas être chef du parti libéral.<sup>29</sup>

*Diary*

Dimanche, 6 Juin [1926]

De la pluie, douce [Gentle rain]

Je lisais toute la journée l'histoire du Napoleon II et je sais faire des vers en français - presque. C'est un bel histoire ça et je me regrette beaucoup que je n'ai pas pris le conseil de mes amis qui me disaient "Allez le voir" quand j'étais à Paris.<sup>30</sup>

In the morning I brought my father for a ride to see the progress made on my new house. Dans l'après-midi, j'ai fait querrelle avec ma Marie sur le paiement et nous sommes amis encore. Elle a essayé le tour infallible!<sup>31</sup>

We watched the baby exercising on the floor. In two days she has learned to roll over and roll back. She enjoys it so much that she keeps on doing it sans cesse.

It is a dismal night; there is little wind; the rain falls gently in the street; here as I write I hear the drops falling on the door heads. The fog horn at Cape Spear repeats its monotone. The fire burns low. Je vais me coucher.

Bonsoir

Bonne nuit.<sup>32</sup>

*Diary*

Monday, June 7<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Rain & mild at night.

The Workmen's Compensation Amendments passed thru. the House this evening, and although they do not measure up to what I desired, I believe that they mean a great improvement in the position of the workmen. I have had their interests at heart all the time.

I have not been to see the House to-day because I was in the assembly.

Barron did not ring me up re the motion this morning & it had to be enlarged<sup>33</sup> until

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<sup>29</sup> She was worth a dozen Folies Bergères and [indéchiffrable] in Paris. In England, Lloyd G. is fighting for his political life, since Asquith and Grey don't want him to be the leader of the liberal party.

<sup>30</sup> I spent all day reading the story of Napoleon II and I can do some lines in French - almost. It's a great story and I very much regret not taking my friends' advice who told me "Go see it" when I was in Paris.

<sup>31</sup> In the afternoon I had a quarrel with my dear Mary about money, and we're still friends. She tried the infallible trick!

<sup>32</sup> I'm going to bed. Good evening. Good night.

<sup>33</sup> A motion in court is normally a request that the judge make a ruling on some relatively minor point. Motions are commonly scheduled for hearing at a particular time and the lawyer for the opposing party must be notified of the scheduling of the motion. It appears that in this instance

to-morrow.

*Diary*

Tuesday, June 8<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Weather - Rain

I shall not forget this day for it marked the opening of the Dry Dock to foreign ships. The *Westlea* went on this morning. But, as the owners had decided to have only temporary repairs made here and rush her to Montreal, the boiler makers and the mechanics who would be required to work the ship, refused unless they received payment at the rate of 2 hours for one for day work and 4 for one at night. They claim that their idea is to benefit the country by compelling people in distress to have the work done here. They base this claim on the fact that the Reid Nfld Co'y used to do it and that it was done in the case of the *Clara Camus* two years ago.

Hearing this from Phil Moore I was very much worried and I asked Linegar & Crosbie to go up with me & see them to night. We went up in Crosbie's car & had a little trouble to find [indecipherable] & [indecipherable] - the Delegates. They rounded up 30 men or so and then we attended the meeting & addressed them. Sir John Crosbie advised them to go back to-morrow and he would guarantee that their claims would receive consideration. If necessary it could be referred to arbitration. They had, however, only one idea in the back of their heads, and no appeals could affect them. O'Toole, Quick & Fagan made themselves objectionable by interrupting very frequently. There was no order. Linegar spoke next along the same lines & I took even a firmer stand pointing out they could not allege they were treated unjustly if this demand was refused, and the public would therefore not support them. This they would not believe. I showed them by several illustrations the inconsistency of their claim. They could not answer the arguments & therefore became abusive - one fellow said I was no friend of the working man. I am convinced that this trouble is due to a few irreconcilable nuisances backed up by political enemies. I also think that a Gov't cannot treat clients as a private concern conceivably might.

*Diary*

Wednesday, June 9<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Weather: Showering but fine at evening.

The House prorogued to-day at which we had the usual speech making and it was of a high order, particularly one from Woodford who acted very well the role of a bereaved Father of the House (5 of his children, he said, had left him without coming to him for advice!) Sir Wm. Horwood read the Closing Address. Ed. Sinnott is going to Australia to the Inter Parliamentary Conference. The strike still continues, but to day the strikers wanted to meet the Commission - but without Linegar and my being there. Monroe was not at all anxious to meet them but has

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Bill was not advised of the scheduling of a motion which then had to be delayed, that is the time before it could be heard had to be "enlarged".

consented to see them to-morrow at 3 p.m. I expect that will be the end of the strike. Some of them already realize their case is hopeless.

To night I went to see the house I am building. A little more progress has been made with the excavation & breaking of stone. That is all. The air was delightful. A sweet smell of violets, fragrant & fresh filled the air. I walked in the old railway track & contemplated upon the future development of the area to the north. It is an ideal place for the future expansion of the city.

We - Crosbie, Higgins, Cahill & I visited the Methodist orphanage for tea. It is a wholesome place for 31 pupils - all of whom are neat & tidy. Then we went & inspected the Dock & freightsheds. Coming home the car had a pane of glass broken & also broke down.

### *Diary*

Thursday, June 10<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Weather - Fine, Easterly wind, cool.

I made a visit to the auction rooms of F & B for the purpose of seeing how much of the furniture had been delivered. The table was there and was the only attractive looking piece of furniture in the whole outfit. The rest of it was old, and painted and varnished; the silver plate was unpolished and looked terrible, as my wife would say. Mrs. Barron came while I was there and was disgusted with it all. The shell picture was not there; but, later in the day, when I called again it was there. This is a rather fascinating picture which I think grows upon one. In the centre is a very fresh looking picture of the Madonna and Infant in very good style, and around the edge inside the frame is a border of small sea shells. This must have come from some Spanish seaport town, and have been made by some old seaman. It looked much worse than when at the Southside in its own setting. The Pelley v Bearns matter is occupying much of my time, and at St. Bon's sports. Barron told me that it was partly a "family affair". I was in Fr. Mike's room, which has a Southern and Western aspect. He has a modern ugly mahogany bookcase, and amongst his books I saw *Every man his own lawyer*.

I rang up Crosbie who told me that he had treated the men to the same stuff I gave them. "Monroe" he said "stood up like a little trout". Pidgeon says Artie is a great worker.

### *Diary*

Friday, June 11<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Weather - very fine.

The morning spent on my legs in a stuffy courtroom, with an irritable judge (because of the stuffiness) and an over conscientious witness suffering from shortness of breath (because of the stuffiness); the afternoon spent in Barron's office, arguing, pleading, bargaining with an irresponsible, good natured, and innocent son of W. E. Bearns on behalf of Daniel Pelley from Port Blanford. The latter is not in good health and all this must be a trial for him - a trial on his health, too.

Harry Dickinson drove me home at dinnertime and introduced me to a friend of his -

Morales - who speaks English with a poor accent.

To-night, I went surveying with James. Visited St. Clare's, Mother, new house and then went for a drive. Mother was delighted with the remarkably good photographs which Miss Holloway took of the baby.



Mary Harris Browne and Marjorie Browne, 1926

Elsie Holloway Photograph



Mary tells me the dog is more bother than he is worth, and I fear she is right. It is necessary to give him a bath daily & I have not the time. The result is - he is not clean. The strike was settled this morning when the men went back to work unconditionally.

*Diary*

Saturday, June 12<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Rain is with us again.

The *Nerissa*, a new steamer for the Red Cross passenger services arrived this morning after 6½ days from Liverpool. She did not seem to have much cargo when I saw her pulling in to her pier. This makes the 4<sup>th</sup> addition to the services between N. F and other countries since last fall - the *Caribou*, *Newfoundland*, *Nova Scotia* & the *Nerissa*.

We have steamers to accommodate numbers of tourists but our hotel is not yet ready for them, and there are no others that I know of outside the city.

There was no word from Bearn's' grocery this morning. But Jimmie Keating was in and told me his candid opinion of them. This determined me to advise Pelley to hold out. The Bearn's store has been conducted in a criminally careless way. The owner is a repulsive looking person - big red coarse face and thick black hair, and for a long time I felt a sort of fear of him. The mother is too fond of port wine. What can happen to them is obvious.

Mary is out again to-night at Balfours. It was too wet for me to see our new house to-night.

*Diary*

Sunday, June 13<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Weather - cold & chilly all day.

I finished reading *L'Aiglon* un drame par Edmond Rostand. The only weak part in the play seemed to me to be at the rendez vous in the field of Wagram when he could have escaped with Flambeau. But it is probable that if I saw this on the stage it would appear natural enough. The last act is very sad. I wept all the time I read it - and I tried to read it aloud to Mary, who had no time to listen to it before. Rostand is very clever in his theatrical effects - his scene of battle in *Cyrano* and the calling up of the dead soldiers at Wagram - all of whom would still cry out "Vive L'Empereur" were masterpieces of thought, although likely enough, the least original parts of the pieces. "L'Aiglon" was a spoiled child, but he was likeable enough. How could a son of Napoleon prefer his Austrian relations to his father's friends & country? Even at this distance when the damage which a great genius can do is properly estimated the admiration of the French nation for Napoleon has not declined. They are essentially a military people and the prowess of the Emperor, his spectacular career and sudden eclipse must remain still fresh in the minds of the young Soldats de France. England has no hero to compare with him. Hardy's treatment of the Death of Nelson in *The Dynasts* compares ill with the death of the King of Rome in the 6<sup>th</sup> Act of *L'Aiglon*.

*Diary*

Monday, June 14<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Weather - Rain again.

Ma femme et moi - nous nous sommes querrellés ce soir de la compte que nous venions de recevoir d'Egan. Je demande plus d'économie mais ma femme désire plus d'argent. Nous sommes passé la nuit en silence et je ne me suis pas couché jusqu'à une heure. J'ai raison en ça et je pense qu'elle a tant de "besoin" d'un congé que moi. Je vais attraper les saulmons sur la côte de l'ouest bientôt. Comme j'ai été fâché ce soir d'elle. La vie en famille n'est pas un lit de roses, comme nous autres Anglais disons. Il y a beaucoup de difficultés pour surmonter lesquelles il faut de la patience et bonhomie. Peut être ai-je tort de dépenser de l'argent de tout. Je dois vendre mon automobile, rester chez moi tous les soirs et lire les journaux ou le message du Sacré Coeur. Toutes le gens mariés se battent comme ça. Un mot produit un autre, et l'un et l'autre cherche le dernier. Après tout il vaut mieux de se taire.

Je lis *Le [indecipherable]*, l'histoire d'un étudiant dans le quartier latin!<sup>34</sup>

*Diary*

Tuesday, June 15<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Weather - Fine, wind

I felt very tired this day, partly because I went to bed so late last night. I felt out of sorts too. This afternoon, whilst, as it happened, my wife was in the office (looking for money!) someone telephoned addressing me as "Billy", intimating that she was an old friend who would like to see me privately. I asked her to come about 5 o'clock, and a little after that time I was somewhat taken aback to find a girl of about 17 or 18 walk into the office and address me very cheerfully. She had a freckled, hard face, brown eyes, bad teeth, and wore a black hat & black stockings. She was an absolute stranger to me but introduced herself as the friend of the girl who had telephoned. I asked her her business and she said she was out for fun; and I replied that she must have made a mistake, because people who came to see me were usually in sorrow. She asked for a cigarette, took off her hat (which I told her to put on again). Then the phone rang

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<sup>34</sup> My wife and I quarrelled again tonight about the bill we just received from Egan. I want more economies but my wife wants more money. We spend the night in silence and I didn't go to bed until one o'clock. I am right about this and I think she "needs" a break as much as I do. I am going to go salmon fishing on the west coast soon. How angry I was tonight! Family life isn't a bed of roses, as we the English say. There are many difficulties to surmount, for which we need patience and good humour. Maybe I am wrong to be spending any money at all. I should sell my car, stay home every night and read the newspapers or the Messenger of the Sacred Heart. All married people fight like this. One word produces another, and both people want the last. I suppose it's better to say nothing.

I am reading *Le [indecipherable]*, the story of a university student in the latin quarter!

again & the other party asked "Is she there" "Is who" "My friend" "Who's speaking" "Her friend." I hung up the receiver. Then No. 1 says she must be making a mistake and had done wrong. Before she left I told her to be careful or she would end in the Police Ct. "Thank you for nothing" she said as she sauntered out.

I have told all this to my wife and to Barker & Paddy O'Driscoll. The latter thought it was a plant to blackmail me and for the life of me, I cannot understand it.

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To-night we made the Jubilee, the organisation arrangements of which Fr. Mike was in charge. I am afraid he managed it poorly. The 5 visits were made in 2 hrs. Two were made first in the Church, then a procession took place around the Cathedral yard then the remaining 3 visits were made followed by Benediction. The ceremony was made with much less labour than most people expected.

Mary & I took a walk after I came home and we enjoyed it. She is not absolutely frank for I found when she was going to bed that altho she had told me before we went out that we were to have [indecipherable] for breakfast, it was not ready at all & the girl had to get out of bed to do it.

#### *Diary*

Wednesday, June 16<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Fine, cool. Half-holiday.

We both - Mary & I - went to see how our new house progresses. Artie & two more were at work and Artie was heaving the shovel with regularity and precision. Then we motored to Topsail and had tea at Mrs. Scully's tearooms, which are very cheerfully and tastefully decorated. I saw some very fine brass candlesticks and an old bell. There was one pair of candlesticks which were larger than any others I ever saw. They had a big knob, crystal-shaped in the middle thus [sketch omitted] . There were 2 drawings and a water colour of the Piazza Spagna, at Siena or Roma, I do not know which - souvenirs of her late visit to Italy. Two she purchased from an English art student, and one was a gift from some dear friend. She said that English reports of events in Roma were false to her knowledge.

I have given the dog to a little boy because I feel he is being neglected by me. Unfortunately he looked lame and I fear this is due to too much exercise since he hurt his leg a few days ago. I know that he will be well looked after, and the little boy is charmed, as one of his older acquaintances told me.

After tea we went to Fox Trap taking Jim & Mary Harris who appeared to enjoy this ride.

#### *Diary*

Thursday, June 17<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Weather - Cold, squally with showers.

Much ado about nothing in the matter of Outerbridge's appeal. Hanlon, the crippled

drunkard, husband of a prostitute came looking for assistance to purchase a new wooden leg, as he broke the old one on his way to work. He told me a remarkable story of how, when he was in Canada working on the Grand Trunk Railway he had his leg cut off trying to save a woman caught in the track. He was on the end of a freight train backing into the siding. The woman's heel was fastened between the joint of the rails. He leapt from the train knocking the woman backwards, but did not jump with enough force to land clear. The woman was pregnant with twins and she had another child by the hands! He was given no medal but after 93 days in hospital was sent home. A wonderful yarn.

After dinner Mary & I played with Marjorie for a long time. She has now two rattles; one is like a pink and white candy dog, the other is a round one with a long handle. She rattles both very loud. We are going to enter our baby in the perambulator parade and are wondering how we shall do up her carriage. As she is a little queen, let us put her on a throne!

Out to a pleasant game of auction at Jim H's; [indecipherable].

### *Diary*

Friday, June 18<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Weather - Fine, but wind N. E.

I met Tom Power at Crosbie's office & induced him to come to Martin's to assist me [to] pick out a pole. He helped me & I bought a rod costing \$25<sup>00</sup> for which my wife will pay - it being my wedding Anniversary gift. Then I bought a line - 100 yds - a new reel and a fly book.

Poor little Marjorie was not very well to-day and her mother rang up Dr. Sharpe and asked his advice. The little dear is allowed to eat porridge and "pap" - altho her dear mother disapproved of "pap" - it having a disagreeable sound.

I spent the evening preparing my fishing gear and invited Father Mike to inspect it. He thought it was a fine pole but too large for Salmonier. He also helped me to put the line on the reel.

Before he went he told me that the [indecipherable] arrived tonight in a sinking condition, only her bridge being over water. This is the 7th ship to arrive here after an accident at sea this year.

King is up to his tricks again and has taken action against a man for \$2603<sup>00</sup> for groceries - the most absurd case ever I heard of. The deft<sup>35</sup> was credited with nothing & sometimes they charged him with what he paid! What an ungrateful world it is!

Mary is vexed with me for staying up late because of fear that baby might wake. So I must close.

### *Diary*

Saturday, June 19<sup>th</sup> 1926 [This entry was written by Mary Harris Browne]

Weather - Dull & showery - oppressive.

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<sup>35</sup> Defendant

To-day, being Saturday is always a busy one for me. I was downtown this morning and I had baby out in her carriage twice. I visited Mary Fox's this afternoon and found Nora greatly improved since I last saw her. Marjorie was very friendly towards her but was rather bullying! grabbing Norah by the collar of her sweater and so forth.

We went in to see our house tonight. The excavation is growing bigger daily though progress seems slow to us. We started off to cross the field to Carpasian Road. There were a great number of cows grazing there and an odd bull or so. One of the latter was evidently attracted by my hat and started off to follow us. I was so terrified that I was afraid to look behind me. Bill was slightly alarmed too I think. Tenders for the plumbing and heating of the house are in. So far Hubley & Halfyard are the lowest. Halfyard is slightly higher than Hubley but he seems to be the more reliable man. However we haven't decided yet.

We visited Mrs. Sullivan's to-night and talked politics - mostly. I was too tired to talk about anything. Mrs. S. insisted on Bess turning on the light in broad daylight. Bill was speaking of a blind man who was asking for compensation for injuries received. He was under the influence of liquor and Bill says that his money, or a great part of it will go for that when he gets it.

Bill is working on the case for Neddy Outerbridge tonight and he is in a very cranky mood. No one dare speak to him for fear of being blown up, or to the lower regions.

#### *Diary*

Sunday 20<sup>th</sup> June [1926]

Fine but a coolness in the air.

Met Tom Power after 10 o'clock mass. He is going to Corner Brook on Thursday. Went driving after dinner Mary & Baby, & Mother & Mrs. Jardine - nearly to Holyrood. There was a never ending stream of cars going & coming all day.

Mrs. J. had tea chez-nous and remained with us till 10.30. Elle va faire son testament. Elle conseilla Marie de demander sa portion des fonds de son père. Marie se tut. Nous regardions les gens qui passaient la fenêtre et j'ai vu pour la première fois Mme Perez. J'essayais lire "Statutes" mais je ne l'ai pas lu.

Aujourd'hui j'ai mal au dos. Je désire bien un congé et des vacances. Très tôt j'irai, espérons-nous. Crosbie viendra-t-il. Il ne faut pas compter sur lui.

Marie m'appelle aller me coucher.<sup>36</sup>

#### *Diary*

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<sup>36</sup> She is going to make her will. She counselled Mary to ask for her share of her father's money. Mary said nothing. We watched the passers-by from the window and I saw Mme Perez for the first time. I tried to read "Statutes" but I didn't read it.

Today my back is sore. I would really like a break and a holiday. I'll go very soon, let's hope. Will Crosbie come? Best not to count on him.

Mary's calling me off to bed.

Monday [June 21, 1926]

Cold & Sun showers.

It is commonplace to say that one is busy. One should specify the nature of the business. It is true that at last I've settled up with Baird the blind man but I expect that in 12 months at the most he will be in need of help. Unless he finds employment at the Blind Institute where they say good money is to be earned - as high as ten dollars per week. This is not so bad.

Then I went to the Palace and found His Grace in bad humour, because his beautiful dog - Bruce - had been shot without cause. The dog was so affectionate and so good, and well behaved that His Grace treated him as a companion. H. G. was sore because O'Neil had not reported to him. Just then Fr. Murphy came in and said O'N was in the salon d'attente!

In the afternoon, Father Mike rang me up to go make an old woman's will. I went to the Kitchener Hotel. The approach is by a very dirty hallway, with paper falling off the wall, and curtains trailing in the dust. The window at the head of the first flight of stairs had been removed. I went up & met Harry Dewling, who looked terribly sick & was lame. A Scottish woman neat in a blue apron escorted me through a corridor of what appeared to be a hospital. There was a boy who looked as if he were in the last stages of T.B. in a bed, lying on his side, but with a smile on his face that was only an aid to exaggerate the malady from which he suffered.

Mrs. Williams was at the end in a very neat but small room a deux lits. A small head on which the grey hair was clipped short; a long straight nose sore at the nostrils; a mouth that once was firm and upright but now sealed except to emit from time [to] time a puff of breath, at one side. The eyes alone retained their brightness looking at you in a childish curiosity and astonishment that proved more conclusively than her silence that the brain had ceased to function. She was suffering from paralysis of the brain but I learned that she had been like this for a long time.

Her grandson a young man of 24 had done everything for her during the past 12 months, giving her his wages, looking after the house, scrubbing, washing, baking, nursing his [grand]mother, washing her sores and for years before had been her mainstay & support.

Fr Mike saw that it was just that such a man should not be forgotten. But the old lady was not in a condition to make a will. So, I came away.

*Diary*

Wednesday June 23<sup>rd</sup>. [1926]

Very busy again, in fact, rushed off my feet (as Mary says) and the whole Justice Dept in a furore to find me. They wanted me to appear in Court against Frelich & Levitz whom the Chief Justice yesterday directed should be tried for Perjury and Subornation of Perjury. It looks as if I shall be overwhelmed with work from the Justice Dept as these make 3 cases now in my hands. I had a busy time of it for I had to have Informations sworn for their arrest and I believe they were arrested to-night. McCarthy J. P. was of great assistance to me in getting this done. He is always very helpful whenever I go to see them. I must say that he has made himself most agreeable - much more so than the other officials of the Magistrate's Ct. He is inclined to be



impatient although not so much as formerly. Everyone has some peculiarities and lawyers seem to have more than other class of people. Imagine that 2 of the Judges in the Supreme Ct. are childless. This is an argument against Blackwood's being appointed to Johnston's pos'n.

*Diary*

Thurs. June 24<sup>th</sup>. [1926]

I visited Broad Cove. Before I left for there I saw Earle, the Watchmaker President of the N.I.W.A.<sup>37</sup>, and husband of the notorious Julia Salter Earle, hauling my poor little dog after him. He seemed to be treating it rather cruelly.

At Broad Cove I saw my old dog "Major" now full grown and looking beautifully. He is fat & broad & his coat is black and glossy. When I called to him, he rushed down and seemed to know me right away. He jumped all around and wanted to jump up on my shoulders. I believe Joe Tucker feared I wished to take him away for he told his son to bring the dog back to the barn again. Then I surveyed the Thorburn Rd Joe carrying the chain. [Indecipherable] seems afraid he is going to lose some ground. Mrs. Joe - Eva - presented me with a bunch of ~~Narcissus~~ - Jonquil to take home, and I arrived home at 2 p.m. Then Mary & I took Mrs. Carroll and her adopted daughter for a drive and tea at Mrs. Scully's tea rooms. I tried to get Amy McEvoy to believe that the fantastic painting of the lady with the rose was a portrait of Tasker Cook's mother-in-law. She seemed to doubt me.

The baby has a tooth and Gertie gets a dollar!!

*Diary*

Friday, June 25<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Weather - Fine

The first forms went up to-day.

The first thing Mary did this morning was to look & see if the baby really had a tooth or had she been deceived. Although not yet to be seen, the tooth can be best felt [or] noticed by rubbing the finger on the gums or tapping with a spoon.

This ought to be an eventful day, altho I was too tired to enjoy it. Joe Tucker's case has been engaging the attention of the Chief Justice part of the time. The remainder of the time he has been very sleepy and yawning and in thought far away. I saw Mr. Belkin for the first time to-day. He has a fine clear voice, but he is deformed & so small that as is usual in cases like him, the voice seems too big for him. I fear Fox understands the case no better than the C. J. & therefore I hope to win.

*Diary*

Saturday, June 26<sup>th</sup> [1926]

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<sup>37</sup> Newfoundland Industrial Workers' Association.

Much uncertainty to-day as to whether James the Surveyor will arrive in time for the trial. I went into Ct. at 11 a.m. and asked for an adjournment till Oct. but a few minutes afterwards I received a message that James would be in at 1 pm. The case therefore continued this afternoon and James gave his evidence very well. Noel was also examined & then the case adjourned until Monday.

We went up to Mother's & brought home the Ice Cream Freezer & some salt to make Ice Cream. When we were turning around the Dickinson Monument we saw Bob Arop so we decided to take him for a drive. We drove as far as the Kenmont Road. It was rather remarkable that we did not meet a car along that road. I tried to coast out but the men making repairs have put clay on the road & it is covered with small stones that slow the car up considerably.

### *Diary*

Sunday, June 27 [1926]

Weather - Fine.

At 10 a.m Mass we met Guillou & Chauvin and brought them to our pew. Mike Sullivan came in & joined us & later Mr. Cleary came along with a great frown on his face. Mike feared a scene & got into the one behind. He told me that when the Outerbridge case came up Hutchings had telephoned Higgins at the Justice Dept asking for a Senior man and suggesting Morine. Higgins said no, & he gave the job to me. I walked home with the Frenchmen and made an appointment with them for to-morrow night.

This afternoon we took the baby, and her two Aunts for a ride as far as the Power House at Seal Cove. The baby enjoyed the ride immensely and was blowing bubbles nearly all the way.

When I got home I set to work on the Outerbridge case, then went to the office, & later to the library, where I found that some one had been looking up the subject. There were dozens of books all over the table. I looked into them & saw where the difficulty of the case lay. I looked up enough cases to convince me that I was entitled to a dismissal.

This evening we had to supper Barbara Gibbs & Harry Sinnott. The latter was dressed in a grey flannel suit. He has a fine colour & looks well. Mary thinks he is saucy - much more independent than he used to be. He is not so childish as he used to be, but he has developed his argumentative powers immensely. We played Bridge & Bar & I had great luck.

### *Diary*

Monday, June 28<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Weather. Rain all night.

This morning I had the Outerbridge appeal. I moved that the matter be sent back to the Magistrate as there was no right to appeal from him until the case had concluded. Emerson could not answer the arguments I advanced, & was freely interrupted from the Bench. The latter reserved judgement on this point and let the case proceed. Emerson did better on this altho it looked weak. I said in the course of my speech "I know the intention of the Legislature" in

passing the Highway Traffic Act which we were considering. Emerson interrupted to say "it was only my ignorance that made me say it."

In the afternoon the Tucker case continued & I was very pleased with the results of the X examination<sup>38</sup> of Duder. Fox finished his argument. This was a case to rectify certain grants.

To-night we visited mother & father & also went to see the new House. The forms are nearly all up & Pidgeon expects to pour concrete to-morrow.

The Frenchmen did not turn up.

### *Diary*

Tuesday, June 29<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Beautiful day.

Jgmt in Outerbridge case in favor of Resp. Judge Kent handed down several other important judgements & it was noticeable how the Chief Justice had shirked his work. Then we continued the Tucker case, after which the Chief delivered a most senseless & unreasonable judgement against the Petitioners, in which he did not show any grounds upon which he came to his decision. Josiah looked broken-hearted. He said "Shall I lose all my money." I said no "Not a cent," I shan't charge you. He said he would not go home. I pitied him he was almost weak. James rushed off in disgust.

I am now on board the Tourist Special bound for the Highlands after salmon. I spent the afternoon getting ready. I also took Mary & Mother to Bowring Park for a drive. Mary is very sad at my leaving. She is quite tired herself & does not look well. The baby is getting cuter every day & to-day I believe talked to some schoolboys.

Cahill & Jack Higgins are on the train. It is rattling along stopping seldom, sometimes shaking as if we were a milkshake. This is a new service & seems a most desirable one.

### *Diary*

Wednesday, June 30<sup>th</sup>. [1926]

Weather Fine & warmer.

Tom Power did not meet me on the train but a messenger arrived to tell me that he would be with me Friday. We are getting into the Salmon fishing country all day. I was amused to see the fine children each with a pole fishing at Humbermouth. They were all in line & looked on parade. I saw Magistrate Howley & his wife at St. George's where I met my host Michael Gillis who has been most courteous & thoughtful ever since I met him. We had a slight thunderstorm driving from Crabbes' St<sup>n</sup>, which is about 4 miles from where I am now writing this. This is a very hospitable home with "God Save all here" over the door, for I have counted 8 women and at least 6 men here to-night. After a most appetising little supper we went down to the salt water about 3/4 mile away, and I caught over 2 dozen trout, some of which weighed 1½ lbs and the whole weighing over 15 lbs. It was very good sport. I also hooked an eel accidentally. I have

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<sup>38</sup> cross-examination

been bitten by flies a few times. The people are very enlightened and well-spoken. I met Joe Halbert at the Station. I have not seen him this 11 or 12 years. He runs the store there. I caught the trout on a Parmachene Belle & a Silver Doctor. Very tired. I wonder how Mary et la petite are getting along.

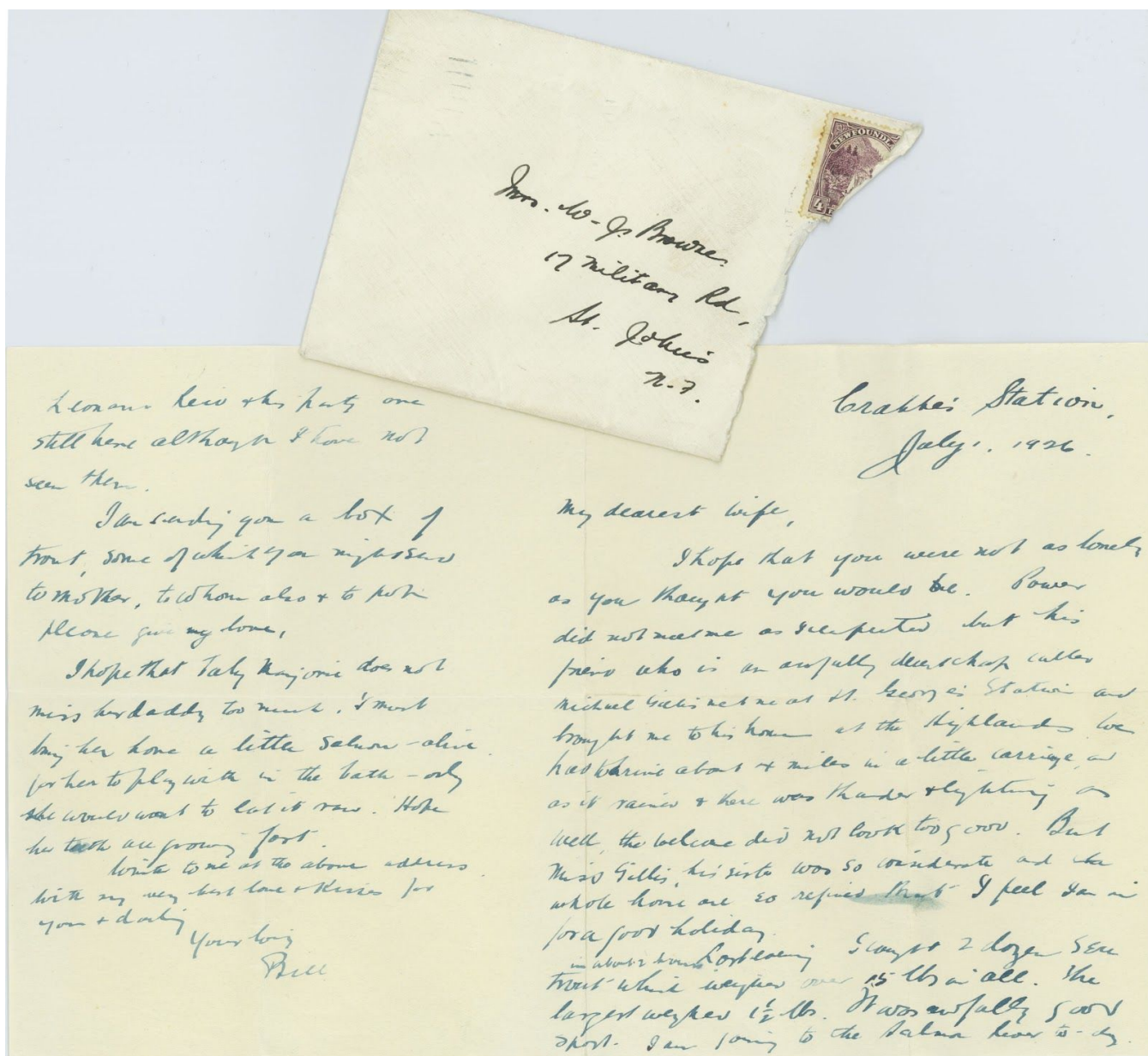
*Diary*

July 1<sup>st</sup> "Laubert's Camp" Crabbe's R. [1926]

I arose this morning with hope high and after breakfast (of milk & cream & c) we started off with Mike's mare and John Hall as a guide. At the Station we requisitioned some of the Surveyor's utensils, and then had the good luck to be taken to the Railway Bridge by a freight train. It was a hard grind bringing the stuff up here. On the way we met Leonard Reid who had just caught a fish & Bert Gardner. Reid has now caught 9 & Gardner 4. After a good dinner cooked in our splendid little hut, we started in. After about 2 hours I hooked a fish. It seemed to me to be quite lively but I worked him hard. After 3 or 4 minutes I hauled him towards Mike who missed him with the gaff. I then pulled him over the rocks - but sorrows he slipped clear & was gone! Better luck next time.

We fished all the afternoon and about an hour after tea but have not had a rise since.

Mike is now chopping firewood whilst I am writing this by the light of the fire. It has been a fine day not too warm. It is calm here the rapids are humming away in the distance. In the cliff opposite is a horn owl's nest and her little young one sits on the insecure ledge & looks curiously over our Salmon pool. We shall sleep in balsam scented air.



Crabbe's Station,  
 July 1, 1926.

My dearest Wife,

I hope that you were not as lonely as you thought you would be. Power did not meet me as I expected but his friend who is an awfully decent chap called Michael Gillis met me at St. George's Station and brought me to his house at the Highlands. We had to drive about 4 miles in a little carriage, and as it rained & there was thunder & lightning as well, the welcome did not look too good. But Miss Gillis, his sister was so considerate and her whole house so refined that

I feel I am in for a good holiday.

Last evening I caught 2 dozen sea trout in about 2 hours which weighed over 15 lbs. in all. The largest weighed 1½ lbs. It was awfully good sport. I am going to the Salmon River to-day. Leonard Reid and his party are still here although I have not seen them.

I am sending you a box of trout, some of which you might send to Mother, to whom also and to pop please give my love.

I hope that baby Marjorie does not miss her daddy too much. I must bring her home a little salmon - alive, for her to play with in the bath - only she would want to eat it raw. Hope her teeth are growing fast.

Write to me at the above address. With my very best love and kisses for you and darling.

Your loving

Bill





Bill Browne 1926

*Diary*

July 2 Friday [1926]

(Only by means of the diary do I remember the days of the week, so much is one day like another in the woods.)

Very fine.

Awoke and arose at about 5 a.m and was greeted with the sweet music of young birds. The first night on a hard bunk was as comfortable as might be expected. I hooked another salmon after about 3/4 hour at the pool. He had risen twice before to my fly. But I lost him again after about 1 minute. He must have been badly hooked. We fished from daylight until dark and that was almost the only sign of fish life we saw. We walked about 3 miles over the big rocks on the side of the river, to a pool known as Red Cliff pool at the Big Turn. It is a likely enough pool situated just below the rapids where the river takes such a turn that you can look over the land on one side and see the other side of the river. It has a sandy bank at the head and a red cliff on the other side. We did not see a sign of a salmon there. The flies have been unendurable and we are trying to smoke them out. I know I shan't [sleep] very well to-night on account of them. One has bitten me in the soft part of the head and I do not write in peace.

We were taking cock shots at the owl to-day but I repented quickly and saved its life.

Tom Power is expected this evening.

I had a message from Mary that she & baby is [sic] well. She has lost the key of her deposit box!!

*Diary*

Sat July 3/26

Weather at first fine later showers.

After we had gone to sleep last night Mike Gillis returned from the Station with a lantern and a box with some groceries. Later we were awakened by the arrival of Tom Power, Joe Halbert, and a Telegram messenger. They had a hard time coming along the River and Tom was all in, for he had been drinking heavily on the train.

I was up [at] 5 a. m. & had a cup of coffee before going to the pool. At 6 a.m. I landed my first salmon for the season on a Silver Doctor fly #4. Weight 7 lbs. There was a little better sign of salmon to-day for we saw several jump & I had 2 or 3 rises. There are very few salmon around there. I am told this is an early river. An old man passed by about breakfast time on his way to the Red Cliff pool and later returned with 3 salmon caught on a Black Dose #6.

I am tired to-night altho I did not fish this afternoon on account of the rain & thunderstorm. Tom Power & Mike S. have gone home over Sunday. I shan't stay here much longer if this sort of thing keeps up.

I tried hard to get a shot of a live rabbit to-day a little brown fellow - but the youngsters who were here made too much noise.

The friendship that exists between Mike Gillis & Tom is one of the most remarkable

instances of affectionate [sic] that I've ever seen. Unfortunately, Je vois que ce dernier ne le mérite pas comme il ne fait pas bien vers l'autre. Il boit trop de rhum et il faut toujours que Mike prenne son parti. Et Mike ne plait pas.<sup>39</sup>

*Diary*

July 4/26 Sunday

At least I think I have the correct date. I am sure that it is Sunday - without Mass and now that I think of it Friday past was the first Friday and I omitted Confession & Communion. I was too much concerned with my Salmon fishing expedition, which so far has not been very successful.

To-day I hooked another salmon at the Pool - a beauty of about 10 lbs. Fly Silver doctor #4. But he did not stay long on the hook except to make one magnificent leap into the air. He was a plump lovely fish. Then at the Railway Bridge I met John Gillis who had just landed a small fish who told me that the No. 8 Silver Doctor with 2 barbs was the best fly. I put [on] a No. 8 trout fly and after a few minutes hooked a fish. I played him for 10 minutes until he began to move towards the rapids. In endeavouring to keep him from a big stone, I held a little tight. The two men were ready with gaffs but just as he was nearing them the hook broke and "he went back". We trudged as far as the tidal water but with no better result. After tea we went down again with the same luck. So it appears that my chief source of amusement will be the little rabbits that play about the hut during the day.

It has rained to-day several times and we had a very heavy thunder & lightning storm. Great zig zag flashes of white lightning, heavy squalls of wind & rain.

We are smoking out the flies.

*Diary*

Monday July 5<sup>th</sup> [1926]

This day was crowned with success. It is baby's birth day<sup>40</sup>. At 1 p.m using a Black Dose I hooked and landed a Salmon at the pool just below the Bridge. This is the best pool around. There is some dispute about the salmon. The spring balance records 8½ lbs. But other judges consider the balance incorrect & I believe it weighs 10 lbs. myself. This is the only fish I had anything to do with to-day.

Began *Dracula*.

No letter from home.

My guide is superstitious. Last night when we were saying our prayers there was a sudden gust of wind and a sound like footsteps of people coming to the door. I jumped up in alarm & closed the door except John went to open it & see who was there. There was no one to

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<sup>39</sup> Unfortunately, I see that the latter doesn't deserve it, since he doesn't treat Mike well. He drinks too much rum and Mike always has to take his side. And Mike can never please him.

<sup>40</sup> Bill's first child, Marjorie, was born November 5, 1925, and turned eight months old that day.

be seen! He puts it down to a spirit. As we are 4 miles from the nearest house I felt a nervousness that made my voice quiver. Then John, my guide (he is more of a philosopher & friend than a guide) comforted me by some ghost stories of his experience.

We had 2 visitors to-day Angus McInnes the Warden & ferryman on the Highland River & Wallace McIsaac who has the charge of this hut. The owner is an Irishman Captain Laubert who made a reputation as a fisherman here but had a wife who hated it.

I shipped the salmon to Mother.

### *Diary*

Tuesday, July 6<sup>th</sup> [1926]

A very interesting day that began with "la migraine", so bad that I arose late and sent the guide fishing. After a time I got up & went out to watch him & saw him hook 2 fish which he was unfortunate enough to lose. Leonard Reid & his guide passed up on their way to Red Cliff Pool & [indecipherable] (the guide) told John that he had once fished from the ledge & caught two. So I lost no time in walking out upon it & the first cast I got a fish which I played for over an hour & at last landed successfully. At 12.10 I went out again & hooked another which I played for 45 mins & lost. The scales (?) showed 8½ lbs. Reid caught one the same weight & a small grilse & lost 4 others.

Then came a lovely long letter from Home giving me news of Baby's naughtiness and goodnesses and wife's loneliness. She tells me of John R. Bennetts honour<sup>41</sup> which I feel he deserves. A very honest, upright, politician, attentive to his district & his friends, generally courteous painstaking altho not brilliant.

This shack has the name of being haunted, because some poor fellow was drowned out here. Let us pray for his soul. The pool was dark the current strong. Such was the burden of his going.

### *Diary*

Wednesday July 7<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Weather - Rained nearly all night and day until about 5 p.m. when it became fine and the sun sank gloriously leaving the sky a delicate rose pink. A mist is forming on the river.

It has been a very lonesome day. Perhaps because I am away from home on the Anniversary of our Wedding Day - I sent a message to my dear wife wishing her many happy returns, and sincerely do I wish them for I know that she loves me now. I have the same sadness in my heart to-day that I used to have when Mary went to Halifax in October 1923. And I think of our dear baby too who I am glad to know is well.

We have had a big rainstorm and the river has been rising rapidly all day until now. It does not resemble itself in any way. All the sand and stoney beach along its sides have been

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<sup>41</sup> In 1926 Bennett was awarded a K.B.E. - Knight Commander of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire

covered and even the road to the Bridge has become submerged in parts & quite dangerous. It is wonderful to see the sudden transformation from a gently flowing brook with water dribbling through the stones and hundreds of islands into a swift moving rough brown current that has blotted out all the islands and flows fiercely towards the open sea. This is the rain the Warden said was needed and Mike prayed for. We ought to have some fine salmon visit us to-morrow. To-day I caught nothing although I had several rises.

I have been reading that gruesome story *Dracula*. It is too absurd to make one afraid & here in this lonesome place one has enough wind noises to fill any imaginative person with fear.

We captured a moth & placed it in a matchbox a few days ago. It sleeps now all day and at night beats its wings inside making a noise like a sewing machine. Over in his cosy nest in the pretty cliff the horned owls are chirruping to each other. We caught a little rabbit to-day a timorous young thing. It was pitiful to see its fear. It is one of those that have been scampering all over the hut.



17 Military Road

St. John's N.F.

July 7<sup>th</sup> 1926.

Dearest Heart,

Your telegram came this afternoon and I want to tell you how very much I appreciated your thought in sending it. I was thinking of the anniversary all day and wondering if you would remember it too. It is a miserable day, cold raining and windy. It was lovely this morning but it changed suddenly after dinner and now it is so dreary. I was in do Rennie's Mill Road for dinner, then I came home to see "darling" and went back to P. N. P. for a game of bridge with Margaret, Alice & Edith Cleary and stayed for tea. Now I am home and I'm wishing you were here with me. You are coming home soon aren't you, darling? I am longing to have you with me again because it really seems years since you went away.

Yesterday you & I received an invitation to Betty's wedding! I could hardly believe my wipers when I read it, after all our abuse! So you will have to be home before that dearest, I wouldn't miss seeing Jim as a bridegroom for the world. The wedding is on Sunday July 18<sup>th</sup> at 11.15 a.m. in the Percy Convent Chapel. What do you think of that Mr. Browne?



Dr. Sharpe was down the day before yesterday. I had no appetite whatever for a few days so I wanted to get something from him to remedy that. He was charmed with Marjorie and said she is a credit to me. She was most friendly towards him and did her best to talk to him. He told me I can give her a little beef juice every day, just two teaspoonsfuls to begin with, gradually increasing to four or five tablepoons. She did not take very kindly to it at first but today she liked it.

The trout you sent were simply delicious, they were so lovely and pink. I sent four up to your mother, two to Howleys, two to Steers, two to R. H. R. and we kept the largest one and a smaller one here.

Last night Aunt Mollie & Uncle Tim were here for tea and afterwards I walked in to see how our new house. The concrete wall on the right hand side is completely finished and on two other sides it is poured in the forms. It looks much more hopeful now since even that much is done.

There was a murder committed on Monroe Street on Monday night. A man named Coish shot an ex-policeman called Day. The details given in the papers were very scanty, but as far as I can gather the row was caused by some difficulties. It seems that

there was some love affair connected with it but what it is I can't tell you. Anyhow, though Coish was charged with wilful murder in the Magistrates Court, everyone seems to think that he won't be hanged because he had great provocation.

The Doctors are having their Convention this week. Most of the Meetings are being held at the Hotel, and it looks like New York to see all the cars lined up before the Entrance.

Alice & Marge have slept down with me a couple of times each, but the rest of the time I've slept up in the spare room. The second night I was just asleep, it must have been about 12, when I awoke with a start, to hear what seemed to me a great clatter. I heard Mollie & Gerlie talking so I summoned up enough courage to call and ask them if they heard a noise. Mollie said "Yes, Mrs. Browne, I dropped a coat hanger!" "You can't imagine the relief I felt, but it took me ages to go to sleep afterwards."

There is no news to relate to you, except what I've written. I'm longing to have you home again so please do come soon to

Your loving

Mary,  
Baby weighed  $17\frac{3}{4}$  lbs today - 11 ounces gain in two weeks. I just telephoned your mother. She and your father are both well and send their love.

17 Military Road  
St. John's N.F.  
July 7<sup>th</sup>, 1926

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<sup>42</sup> Mary (often called Mollie) and Jim Harris



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Your loving

Mary

Baby weighed 17<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> lbs. today - 11 ounces gain in two weeks. I just telephoned your mother. She and your father are both well and send their love.

*Diary*

July 8<sup>th</sup> 1926.

I am back again at Brook Cottage, in the Highlands. After yesterday's rain Crabbe's River was so swollen that I abandoned fishing. This morning the wind was so strong that I could not get my line. John & I carried the stuff to the Railway Station and then I wrote a short weary letter to Mary. I hope it will give her no anxiety but I could not conceal the fact of my loneliness & desertion.

To-day Mike Gillis sembla changé. Il ne parait pas avoir la même joie de vivre qu'il avait il y a huit jours. Power s'en est allé; il est si occupé de ses affaires. Je ne reviendrai pas ici pour la pêche. Mais quand même, I could not help being tremendously impressed by the beauty of the mouth of the Highland River at High tide.<sup>43</sup> This river is in flood too, and the red & brown water - red & brown beer - is tumbling over the ledges in white haste to mix with the salt waters of the ocean. The hills on either side of the little harbour if such it can be called are of red sandstone topped with a delightful green sword. The little fishing boats sway at the stage heads. Outside the big white breakers follow each other endlessly. At present the men of the place are engaged in building a break water to give security to the property of the fishermen. They have already at low tide placed out 3 or 4 posts & filled in with heavy rocks. This attempt to stem the work of devastation is assisted by the huge rock shaped like a battery mounting guard at the western point of the place.

Mike looks weary tho weather beaten. I am very sleepy. John has shaved!

*Diary*

Friday July 9<sup>th</sup>. [1926]

For the first time since my holiday began I slept late. Unfortunately I gave Miss Gillis the trouble of preparing breakfast again. Then I went looking in the eel hole for Salmon &

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<sup>43</sup> Mike Gillis seems different today. He doesn't seem to have the same joie-de-vivre as he did eight days ago. Power took off; he's so occupied with his affairs. I will not come back here fishing. But despite that, I could not help being tremendously impressed by the beauty of the mouth of the Highland River at High tide.

walked very gingerly over the ledges of Rock that overhang the pool. Finding no Salmon I went catching sea trout and caught 87 some of which were of fair size. I passed a very agreeable day in the fresh air. I love the look of the red sandstone cliffs, and the white breakers curling over the shoals outside. In the afternoon I fished from a dory and so intent was I on my business that I did not get seasick. The sun looked like two when he was setting & there were mare's tails & mackerel skies.

Hector Sales a descendant of the original Billy Sales was seen on Brook River Bridge with a pole & trout line whilst according to the irrepressible Michael, fishing line and a fish hook hung from his pocket. John Francis Gillis caught 3 in Crabbe's. I shall go there to-morrow if its fine. Highland River is a late river for big salmon principally because it's lakes are only a short distance from the sea.

*Diary*

July 10<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Highlands

Such a strenuous day as to make it unsafe to record its doings to-night except to say that I received a message from Mary asking me to come home & I replied that I was coming to-morrow. Fished all day at Crabbe's & caught 3 grilse whilst Mike caught a large salmon here at Highlands R.

*Diary*

July 11<sup>th</sup>. [1926]

On train

Sunday

I arose very early this morning for the purpose of seeing if I could emulate Mike's feat yesterday in opening the salmon river. My effort was fruitless partly because of the low tide and partly because friend John did not remember accurately the place designated by Mike.

We came to the Station well in time and it was good we did for the schedule had been advanced 20 minutes. I have brought 4 salmon back with me 3 of which I caught myself.

*Diary*

Monday July 12<sup>th</sup> 1926

To day I arrived in St. John's and was met at the Station by my ever faithful father whom I drove home. Then I saw mother & gave them 3 salmon which I caught Saturday. It was too rocky on the train to write and there were many things which I should record 1<sup>st</sup>.

The untrustworthiness of politicians and particularly the deceit of Tom Power who wired that he would join me on the train, and sent his deputy, a beery looking old chap Maurice Boland to say that he would come to morrow. So I was met at St. George's by Mike Gillis who treated me very well. He had been an absolute stranger to me until then, so that I could not but be embarrassed at being forced to accept his hospitality in such a manner. He was such a friend of Power's as to make little of the trouble I put him to. He was a man of splendid physique, rather

slow and ungainly in his walk. He usually wears corduroy breeks so that he has the country squire look about him when dressed up. His face is weather beaten, blue eyes and strong well set teeth, eyes & mouth twinkling and brimming over with good nature, a very tender heart inclined to sentimentality in his friendship towards Power, a strong, capable personality, without ambition who drifts about a great deal in the wind, whose one failing is too great a love for liquor, although I've not seen him drink to excess. A man about 45.

His sister, Lizzie, is a splendid woman, tall with square shoulders a smiling red mouth and bright fascinating eyes, she is as able to look after the distaff side of a large household as her brother is to look after the other side. In a far off spot like the Highlands, one must be jack of all trades one must know how to make shoes if need be, mend them, even prepare the hide & turn it into leather. So must the women fleece the sheep and spin the wool & weave the rich warm blankets & underwear that keep the Highlanders warm the whole year around.

But before I conclude my description of my visit let me say that I was disappointed that Mary did not meet me at the Station. She was in the window with the baby when I arrived and baby is so quiet, laughing, spluttering spitting ever very curious about me with still only one tooth. I am happy to be home again. I feel better & look better after my holiday, although a longer one would do me more good.

### *Diary*

Tuesday, July 13<sup>th</sup> 1926

Weather, fair

Angus McInnes was a typical Scotsman, very quiet, with a dry sense of humour, very practical very thrifty I should imagine and a good axeman in his day, John Hall told me. He was the stepfather of Michael Gillis & before his marriage had been an old bachelor. He wore green glasses to shield his sore eyes, generally went without a coat. He was tall and thin, and boney. His features were rough and somewhat pockmarked. He had a refined manner about him and reminded me of some of the more genteel of Barrie's *Auld Licht Idylls*.

His wife - Mike's mother - was as typical an Irishwoman as her husband a Scotsman. She carried the Rosary around her neck; a fine healthy old woman very kind to the children, very thoughtful, careful for her spiritual, if not her material, welfare and the spiritual welfare of those under her roof.

Amongst the children the most remarkable was Michael Pomefry a precocious young lad of about 13, healthy intelligent and a trifle fresh. He is a witty lad who will make his mark if given a chance.

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To-day I took Mary & baby to Bowring Park where they spent the afternoon. Received the first call from Pidgeon for \$1500. Met Tom Power at a meeting re Reception to P. M. Only explanation of his desertion was the labour trouble at Corner Brook. He looked sheepish. I met Sir John Bennett & congratulated him upon his recent Knighthood. He & Puddester & I form the committee to look after Reception to P. M.

Instructed McCarter to proceed with Septic Tank. McC. looks ill, pale &



[indecipherable].

To-night I read a fine article in the *Evening Telegram* taken from the *Literary Digest* of a speech by a [indecipherable] professor to a dinner of College men after graduation in which he held up the dignity of labour & showed them that they were not, en fin producers, and that the Galilean carpenter Jesus of Nazareth, if they could not make something in the great hall, could make the table for he was a carpenter.

### *Diary*

Wednesday, Garden Party day. July 14<sup>th</sup> [1926]

To-day is the regular half day of the week. We celebrated it well by going to the Methodist Sports & the St. Pat's Garden Party. The former was patronised by those who in their long past youth fancied themselves as cricketers. The latter was patronised by many women & children and some men. The women spread themselves out at the tea tables where they ate heartily the cold meats & rough salads offered & helped to send those on their journey with several cups of full sweetened strong tea. The sun was unbearably hot where we sat and I was relieved to get out of it at the price I paid. People were banging you on the back, reaching around you & over you, worrying you to take more of this & some of that.

Mother & dad were at the Wheel of Fortune spending their hard earned money in a gambler's chance. I believe that they finance most of the wheels of fortune. They should remember the wheel always wins.

Afterwards we took Margaret in to see our new house. Artie Dessert crawled out from behind a pile of clay & spoke of holes in the concrete which looked rougher than sticks. The labourers were paid off to-day.

We motored along the Portugal Cove Rd. to Broad Cove & admired the view of Bell Island in silhouette, & all Conception Bay from there & from Portugal Cove where the fishermen were out jigging & the women in their long black dresses were piling the fish on the flakes. The caplin were floating in on the shore.

### *Diary*

Thursday, July 15<sup>th</sup> 1926.

Mr. Geo Turner, the Deputy Min. of Agriculture & Mines met me in the office to-day. He is a very spruce well dressed, smart, slim old man. He walks with such a long swinging gait that he has all the appearance of an athlete. There was a dog there whose coat was turning brown. Turner inquired if the colour was due to my reflexion. I thought it an odd remark but nothing more. A little later I was chatting with the clerks about Joe Tucker's flowers & he came out again & interrupted. This time, he struck me as being a bit peculiar. Noel told me he was at top notch spirits & that as he was suffering from Bright's disease, an excess of emotion would end his life. This was news to me, and even now I can only wonder at the contrast between this fine military gentleman and the invalid, joking as Death draws near. What is this death, that steals the smile from the most jovial cheek, and closes the wittiest mouth with its iron seal?

Death must be, can only be, a release from the petty things joys or sorrows of this life and the way to eternal glory or damnation.

The house rises slowly. I paid \$1500 to-day. I must work hard & save to pay for the rest.

Miss Doyle a relative of Mary's arrived to-day from New York & brought us 2 candlesticks (glass) & a sponge & bonnet for the baby.

*Diary*

Friday. July 17<sup>th</sup>, 1926. [July 16]

Two of the escaped prisoners Lowe & Hurley were recaptured to-day near Waterford Bridge. Apparently they had lost their way for they were found coming towards town. It is supposed they intended going across the country but had gone up the Southern shore instead.

The *Leif Ericson* sailed to-day. I took a snap of her as she was leaving and I previously took one of one of the crew. She is bound for Philadelphia via the Straits of Belle Isle. I called for 3 cheers as I saw the Captain waving to us but out of the 50 loafers on the wharf no one responded. I don't know why. It seems strange when one thinks of all the cheering the people of this country do at other times.

Then I took in the Pet animal show. It was a poor affair. The kittens & cats were all very ordinary and the dogs few & old. However, it is good to see the children interested.

Mary is very irritable these days. Le médecin a ordonné une tonique à elle, mais elle l'a versée. La bébé va dormir. Je m'assieds tout seul en écoutant l'eau coulant ou les pas tardifs de gens dans la nuit.<sup>44</sup>

*Diary*

Saturday July 17<sup>th</sup>, 1926.

Weather - Heavy, very warm.

Joe Tucker is determined not to surrender, even if his refusal brings to jail or death. How stubborn some men are! Yet in a sense he must be right. His refusal is really a refusal to submit to injustice. I have advised him against any rash talk or deed, but to no use.

Mary Doyle visited Mary to-day, forgetting that Saturday was not a half holiday here. She has been 3 years away & forgot.

I met the 2 Frenchmen from the *Kentucky* which sails Saturday next for Bordeaux. They apologised for not going driving that night before & I forgave them.

The rough floor is half down on the house.

I wonder what important matter Betty will have forgotten. She is to be married to-morrow and at 10 tonight telephoned Mary to ask her to play *The Wedding March*. Poor Mary wanted a good view of the wedding but must now mount to the Organ gallery. There will be little mirth in Mendelssohn tomorrow.

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<sup>44</sup> The doctor prescribed her a tonic, but she dumped it out. The baby is off to sleep. I am sitting here all alone listening to the water flowing and people's late-night footsteps.

I have bought from that hardened sinner Sammy Garland a book called *Fisherman's Luck*. It speaks of angling, so I could not resist it.

*Diary*

Sunday July 18<sup>th</sup>/26

Weather. Fine, turning cool.

To-day with sunshine and a clear sky overhead, our two friends the cynical, self-centred, self conscious James - Seumas nostre<sup>45</sup> - and the overworked, bedraggled, always behind, good hearted, and for want of a better word, cynical Betty were married at the Mercy Convent Chapel by His Grace Archbishop Roche. The Reception was held at Mrs. McGrath's. I wonder if Mrs. McGrath feels satisfied with Jim for her daughter. She is a clever, shrewd, sensible woman, and able to read most men at a glance. She knows Jim Conroy better than himself. I believe that if she were younger she would have put her foot down on the match.

There were the usual speeches, Fenelon's toast to the groom's parents the best (it was the anniversary of their wedding!). Higgins told of the wedding of Puddester's son, in which the groom expressed the wish that all present would enjoy themselves that evening as well as he would.

We followed the car containing Mr. and Mrs. Jas Conroy to Donovan's & brought with us the old shoe that custom attaches to the car but which came off the buckle being loose. Is there any omen in this. The inscription on the back of the car read "JUST".

We visited mother's to-night & found all well.

Baby begins to sing.

*Diary*

July 24<sup>th</sup> /1926

Nearly a whole week has gone by without one single record in my diary. This is the first time that such a long omission has occurred.

I went fishing on Tuesday with Father Mike and we were very successful. In fact we had a most remarkable day's sport. From Tuesday after dinner until dinner time on Wednesday we caught 21, Fr. Mike caught 10 and I the others. In addition we both lost a large number. We were at Hick's. The Mahers were there too, but no one else did so well with the salmon as we did. This feat is wonderful when compared with the few fish I caught on the West Coast. I must write to Mike Gillis to-morrow & tell him. Of course we happened to leave St. John's when it was pouring rain & the river was in good condition for the salmon to ascend. I found another pool to fish in, a little below the rapids where fish seem to lie and I took 3 out of it. On Wednesday the wind changed & the weather became colder & the fish went to the bottom. Perhaps it is because I brought *Fisherman's Luck* with me that I did so well.

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<sup>45</sup> "Seumas" is James in Scottish Gaelic. Nostre means "our" in both Latin and Italian so it appears that Bill meant simply "our James".

When I came back I found the uprights for the 1<sup>st</sup> story in place, and one can get a better idea of the layout of the house. It is taking shape and will look as well as it did in the picture. And now the window frames are in place & the boarding up outside has started. If the weather keeps up fine, good progress will be made.

On Thursday night I took the 3<sup>rd</sup> degree<sup>46</sup> & came through OK. Fr. Mike was there also.

On Friday night I took the Frenchmen for a drive to Kelligrews. On the way there we saw Noonan go over the bank at Donovan's & gave himself & his wife a bad scare. On the way back we saw Tom Halley with a puncture & no tools to repair it.

The Frenchmen are leaving on Tuesday or Wednesday & promised to call on Monday evening for an hour or so to say goodbye.

To-night we went to Topsail and called on the Mahers who are always very hospitable.

### *Diary*

Sunday, July 25<sup>th</sup>. [1926]

Fr. O'Mara said 11 o'clock Mass & I heard Monsignor McDermott preach about Mexico. Next Sunday is set aside as a day for prayer on behalf of the persecuted Catholics of Mexico, all over the world.

In the afternoon we took mother & father for a drive to Seal Cove & back. Father thinks that the car goes just as well as the first time he was in her.

After tea we went to see the Archbishop who told us that he caught his first salmon at Hicks many years ago. He also told us that he knew from the days of his priesthood the slums of the city & intended writing Leonard Outerbridge to tell him that 8 or 10 years ago he had brought the same conditions to the attention of the public. His Grace is going for a trip around in Placentia Bay & Fortune Bay, by the *Daisy* placed at his disposal by our "Maternal Gov't". He told us Crosbie was pessimistic and expected a deficit next year.

I am reading Claude Farrere's *Quatorze Soldats*<sup>47</sup> a book which is supposed to give 14 types of soldiers - men who fight for no reason at all, and are soldiers by birth & profession. So far they seem odd with little to recommend them. One "L'Empereur dejeuner" was interesting because it showed the German Emperor in his most truculent domineering manner, reckless of

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<sup>46</sup> The 3rd Degree is a level of membership in the Knights of Columbus, a Catholic men's service organization. New members work on charitable activities to receive the First Degree. They work on matters of unity to become a Second Degree Knight. The focus for the Third Degree is fraternity. Finally, members may go on to become Fourth Degree Knights who satisfy the requirements related to patriotism. Only a select group of Fourth Degree Knights wear the distinctive red capes and plumed hats. The organization, named for Christopher Columbus, originated in the U.S. in the 1880's to provide financial assistance to Catholic families where the breadwinner had died or been injured. This was a time of strong anti-Catholic sentiment and sources of help available to non-Catholics might not be open to Catholics. The Knights of Columbus began in Newfoundland in 1909. Bill was a member of the Knights of Columbus for many years. See <http://www.kofc.org/en/> and <https://kofcnl.org/>

<sup>47</sup> Claude Farrère, *Quatorze histoires de Soldats*, 1916.

the peace of Europe, knowing his power, and not unwilling to use it.

*Diary*

Monday, July 26<sup>th</sup>. [1926]

Weather - Fine, cool.

The Frenchmen Guillou et Cherin came to say good-bye to us to-day. They were very polite and seemed grateful for the slight attention we paid them. They promised to write us from Bordeaux. It is likely we shall never see each other again. Cherin is a very likeable chap, good-looking, pleasant although he does not speak very clearly. He is a Norman. The other is a Breton. I gave them a bottle of the wine which I made last summer. I hope they like it.

The *Kentucky* has been only temporarily repaired so that it is likely they will be in a home port a long time before getting into active work again. They are both young & I should think capable men. We wished them Bon voyage as if we were old friends.

Mary Doyle has been invited to lunch to-morrow and I hear Aunt Agnes complains that she gets no motor rides. It is too bad is it not.

To-night we went to Petty Hr. where a new dam & electric plant are being built. I tried to find some of the sea trout that are supposed to be there but could not. I had a young lad - Leonard Halley as a guide. A sprightly lad he is.

An old man Howlett was telling me of his first cousin by the same name who is a cripple of 70 yrs of age. His wife is 75 and a cripple too. They have been living out of what they had in the "skin boot" (i.e. the people change notes into gold & keep the gold in this) but that's all gone & he wants "the pension".

Howlett told me of finding pearls in herring!

*Diary*

July 27<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Mary's Birthday. She received several nice presents including a box of assorted hdkfs from her Chief Aunt, a book from Margaret, a tea strainer from Dodo, Bookends from Barbara (I like these) and a pen & [indecipherable] from Alice. It also happened that Mary Doyle, my wife's cousin from New York came to a very fine lunch. Miss Doyle is a very pretty spinster, precocious & precise, who although she has tasted well of the best society of St. John's & London, works in a law firm in New York. She was dressed in a short mauve dress & everything else in white. She looked nice & cool.

At the Hotel<sup>48</sup> for the first time since the opening. It is a pity to have opened it in its present state. The entrance, halls & lounge are still unfinished although great progress is being made. Quick is a capable old bird, with a keen eye for business. Says he to me "Didn't I meet you before - at the Ritz Carlton" I said no, I don't stay at the Ritz-Carlton when in Montreal, I stay at the Queens." We spent a good deal of time looking over menus, wine lists and toasts. I

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<sup>48</sup> The Hotel Newfoundland

saw Miss Mansfield quite settled in her brand new job.

Then I spent the balance of the afternoon trying to get Reynolds out of jail - a Burmese son of an Irish father & Australian mother who was fined \$10 for assaulting the Scottish Capt of the English ship *Hitherwood*.

*Diary*

Wednesday, July 28<sup>th</sup> [1926]

Amongst other things to-day, I smoked a cigar which Tom Halley gave me. Tom seems to be enjoying all the good things of life, for he came in from Hodgewater early this morning, praising the magnificent roads we have but asking what it means. Fenelon thinks that this Govt. on the other hand has given good value for the money spent and we have been able to get enjoyment which was beyond our reach before.

With John Puddeste I called on Bennett - Sir John Bennett, Knight (Commander) of the British Empire - to fix the programme for to-morrow night's dinner. Sir John was in a self-complacent mood, benign, congenial, and contemplative. He is not conceited over his appointment; but he is content.

This day I went a fishing - to a pond on Bennett's road, where I trolled for German brown trout that were quite plentiful. I caught 14, but had a big number of rises. Most of them were caught on the Butcher. Aunt Agnes & Marjorie accompanied us. The former was a most useful and agreeable companion. Coming to town we met a man named Dodd who was walking there from Portugal Cove where he was working on the Roads. He told me he was short of food, he had no money until Tuesday & he had 1 child at home. I gave him a run home and he was delighted with it.

Spent the evening at home with Mary reading horrid tales of Mexico and poignant essays in *Fisherman's Luck*.

*Diary*

July 31 [1926]

At Holyrood giving Mary a holiday. It is very cold and desolate here. Cars are passing through in the Salmonier direction all this evening. I am trying to tempt Mary to go to Murphy's Falls but she dreads the walk. We have both had hot gin & must make up in sleep to-night what we lost last night. Miss Northcott is keeping house in St. John's.

*Diary*

Aug 1<sup>st</sup>. [1926]

We prayed for the persecuted Catholics of Mexico in Holyrood Church. This church is a very pretentious building in the Greek style with huge pillars in front. Inside it looks very inflammable with very uncomfortable pews. This afternoon we went to the Halfway House and



Felix (Byrne) and I went fishing at Butler's & Murphy's. At the former pool we saw dozens of salmon but they would not rise. At the latter Falls we did not see any. The road down to the river was quite good, but not so attractive as the lame telegraph operator would have us believe. He told us wonderful stories of catching salmon on trout lines. He lost 6 lines. Large fish (story). Mary (not in good humour) spent afternoon talking to Mrs. Walsh at the Halfway. Her husband came home drunk at 6 p.m. She did not mind him when he was drunk. He was so quiet. Walsh's duties are fire warden & keeping a record of motor cars that drive too fast. His wife is only 18, the husband 60. He has two children who have been advised by their aunts to [indecipherable] their step mother.

Will Higgins & his wife, and Dr. Mooney & his wife were here to tea. [indecipherable]

### *Diary*

At home Aug. 11 [1926]

Even a still longer interval has elapsed since I last wrote in the Diary. Most of the time was spent at Hick's, Salmonier with my wife and I occupying that little room on the front of the house which we held last year. Not many people were there. The Mahars came for the last 2 days of our visit, Mr. Mahar being attracted by rain on the previous day. For a long time he has nourished a fond delusion [rain] will gave [sic] the salmon an unusual appetite, or make them anxious to impale themselves on his very obviously casted artificial flies.

I gave Mary her first lesson in fishing. She caught 2 trout that gave her quite a thrill which would have quickly worn out if she continued to interest herself in the sport. She finds casting difficult; I placed her in the best pool, but she only succeeded in driving the timid fish away. I caught 9, 3 or 4 of them in the lily pool where Charlie Cox - that duffer - says the fish cannot be caught.

One night we were startled by the news that Butt, a painter from St. John's who had been fishing at the Back River had lost his way in the woods. It was then dark. The terrors of being lost made us feel gloomy. But, happily, when lanterns had been gathered to search for him & fears for his weak heart began to frighten, the women's voices reaches his ears, & answering their cries and following the sounds, he reached them. When Mahar & I saw him, he was drying himself by a splendid fire around which sat weary women and children, on whose furrowed, swollen faces the firelight shone its savage glare. One woman had a baby asleep in her arms, poor little child ignorant of its mother's torment.

Butt told me that he was going to lie down & make a night of it when he heard his friends. He was wet for he had fallen into the water several times; tired for he had lost his way & wandered aimlessly through the woods & streams.

Next day Mahar caught a fish at the Back River. I caught an eight pounder there. I gave up to him all the good pools hoping that he might catch one.

Our baby has a second tooth, is keeping well and has learned to make amusing faces.

Our house is steadily progressing. To-date all the framing is erected, and to-day they were beginning to cover in the upper stories.

Today we took the affectionate if eccentric couple the Hunters for a drive & picnic tea at the end of Third Pond. The Dr. is a useful man to make us a fire. We had a pleasant, intellectual

afternoon.

The C.L.A. Ball in the New Hotel on Monday night was a gorgeous affair. Everyone enjoyed it, but married folk do not enjoy these things the same. We came home early at 2.30 a.m. rather tired. Betty was there looking cross.

*Diary*

Saturday Aug 14<sup>th</sup> [1926]

I have to record that Mr James Mahar went a fishing on Wednesday and found the fish plentiful. He told me that all my theories were upset for he walked out amongst the fish & I jumped within 2 feet of him. He caught 6 or 7 - the number seems [indecipherable] and lost several more. He tells me that his long years of experience did not go for nothing, that he learned from as good a fisherman as Hicks ever was.

The weather is very cold to-day and has not been warm at any time this week. Our house progresses. The frame work is "up" although the partitions are not, & the frame shakes. Another demand for \$2000.

*Diary*

Aug 19<sup>th</sup> 1926

Yesterday being a holiday and it being still in salmon time I took it into my head to go to my favourite haunt - Hicks's. We left Tuesday - J. J. Mahar, Charlie Cox & Dr. O'Regan & I and fished at Sandy Pt and the Back River that evening without success. I broke the tip of my pole at a time when I felt sure I was to catch a salmon. He was rising very nicely and in my eagerness to hook him, I jerked on the rod and the hook caught in a tree. It was trying to clear this that I did the damage. Although I did not repair this I received an invaluable lesson in repairing a rod from Hal Hutchings who is a very experienced fisherman and a good guide. He took the joint which I had broken at Crabbe's and fixed it. The operation was interesting and deserves to be fully recorded. First of all, he took the ferrule and placed under the grate of the stove with two or three new embers on it. The draught keeps the embers blazing and heats the ferrule and burns the wood inside. When this is fully burned he cools it in cold water and then cleans the inside. He removes the "start" or brass catch which had been fastened through a hole in the side of the ferrule.

Then he puts the ferrule upon the joint and measures the distance he expects he will have to scrape. Now the ferrule is by no means as simple as it looks. An inobservant person might think it not very interesting, but how absorbing it may be I shall describe in the next installment of this wonderful story which I trust you are all reading.

*Diary*

Sunday, November 14<sup>th</sup>, 1926

Weather, Cold, frost falling.

After three months of disinclination to write I have been awakened by a very interesting excursion which I made to-day. Meeting Mr. Gower Rabbitts yesterday, I don't know where - yes I do, it was in the Agricultural Offices - he told me that a man named Clarke who owned a mill on the Salmonier Road was complaining that he had not sufficient water for his mill as beavers had dammed the head waters. Finding his water supply shut off, the mill owner, who had trusted to God during the dry months of the past summer and been satisfied, walked up the river and came upon a beaver dam. This he utilised to [indecipherable] by placing a grate in it. Farther on however he found a bigger dam and a short distance away a beaver house. He broke the dam and went back to his mill. For a while the water flowed freely but no longer time than one day passed before the industrious if irritating animals had repaired the damage to the structure. Later the warden visited the place and opened it again and then reported to the Game Board.

We left Mrs. Hanley at her husband's door about 2.30 p.m. and went up his garden at the back and along his winter path. There was a trail nearly all the way to our destination & for the better part of the way it was covered with the prints of the hoofs of caribou. Many caribou have been reported in this part of the country. Their food is a light green, highly inflammable moss that covers the ground and many of the trees. Where this was most plentiful the signs of caribou were most easily seen.

We approached Pedler's Pond on the Southern side and walked west along the shore which once had been well wooded. Beavers have been so active here of late that the woods have been thinned out, and well worn paths are seen along which the beavers pass to & fro. We saw many trees felled by them and some which had fouled with neighbouring trees - and all the work looked fresh. Many of the trees had the rind taken off for 2 or 3 feet & some young brush were stripped. Other trees were chopped only partially, and it looked as if the workman had then decided that the piece selected was unsuitable for his purpose. I took a picture of a stick about 8 feet long in position on the stump from which it had been cut. This measured about 3 inches in diameter. The other tree I snapped had a diameter of 9 or 10 inches.

We passed several paths and clearings like this before we came to the house. Each clearing was at the top of a rise and the path led to the water's edge where it appeared to be dug out for the purpose of launching a stick with more ease. Small young trees were cut off too. Peering through the trees the house looked like a pile of drift wood left on the shore after the sudden subsidence of a flood, if it all were collected in one place. On approaching it, the difference was more noticeable. It was clearly the work of hands inspired with a definite aim and represented design rather than an accident of Nature. The top or chimney out of which a small tree appeared to grow was about 4 feet above the level of the pond. The roof was sloping, firm, and made up of sticks stones and mud all mixed together in an extricable tangle. It was elastic rather than rigid, and sounded hollow when we jumped upon it. In front towards the pond was a pile of sticks and was about 20 feet in length and 8 in width. This I was told was the beavers' provision for the winter. With the help of Keefe I walked out nearly to the end of this and took 2 pictures of the house from this vantage point. The houses are in several compartments but none of the beavers was hospitable enough to invite us to visit the interior and I am compelled to rely upon my companions' word for this information. The exterior is simple, looks well made and comfortable, not at all elegant or luxurious but practical. I feel sure that the

interior where the beavers' family must sleep & live from now until the breakup of spring must be better finished and worthy of its occupants. Architect, engineer, carpenter mason - his home should be complete & well appointed.

On the West side of the house were more paths that the beaver had made. Then we came to the Dam a very surprising structure, much more striking and pretentious than his house. We judged it to be about 80 feet long between the two banks of the river and it was built in the same way as the house except that more rocks & mud went to its construction. On both sides the water seemed very deep so that they must have driven stakes in to the bottom during their work. I saw the place where the Warden had broken it down but it had been most carefully repaired.

We did not see much of the beavers. I saw one chap's nose for an infinitesimal period, and I saw the splash which another's tail made. I also heard a whispering, or whimpering which Hanley assured me was "talking" between the beavers watching us. From the house and the dam I took 3 samples of their cutting, 2 pieces being hard wood about 2 inches in diameter lopped at both ends as shown [not copied]. The third piece was broken off from a stick stuck in the dam.

Proceeding along the river on our way home we saw the remains of an old beaver house that had been there for 6 years or more and farther on the smaller dam referred to before. The beaver is the model pioneer. Industrious, ingenious he deserves to live in comfort. His wood craft teaches him to build his home near the best timber, and the experience of countless generations have given him a technical knowledge of stresses & strains that engineering graduates do not estimate half so well with well defined formulae. If man were half so clever, so attentive to his work the world would turn more smoothly. For the only individual who cannot thrive amongst the beavers is the one that will not work, and he is made an outcast and sent from the house to do for himself. Why should not Clarke emulate the beaver and erect his own dams. He should not be permitted at this time of day, when the beaver is settling down into his winter's quarters to interrupt a happy family by destroying this dam the result of many hours' labour. To drive the wheel of this mill for a few days more must he destroy a family of sentient animals practising his own trade.

### *Diary*

[December 2, 1926]

This is the second day of December but the air is warm and the wind is mild as a day in Spring. Here in our sitting room at Military Rd my wife & I sit without a fire, she making a new spread for our bed in the new house and I reading ravenously a thrilling romance of love and duty *The Red Knight*.

Our house advances rapidly now. The painters have coated all the rooms once and locked the doors & placed paper underneath so that dust may not enter.



Merton Cottage - 97 Rennie's Mill Road, St. John's, Newfoundland, *circa* 1988.

My resolution these days is not strong. I can't rest long enough to think, let alone write. Or I should have written before to note that our precious baby has commenced the formation of an English vocabulary with the very domestic word "cat". And when Mary sings Hey diddle diddle Marjorie chimes in "cat" - unmistakably. She cannot yet walk alone but can travel all around the room from one object to another with the greatest confidence, although to her anxious mother her grasp is not always sure.