

The wind got up during the night and the heavily loaded Brandon has been getting her decks washed all day. To-night, however, the stars are out and the wind has shifted to the starboard quarter—lending a hand as we crawl for the Irish coast—2,073 miles covered to 4 p.m.

According to wireless reports from ships on the regular route to Montreal, similar weather prevails. It has been this way ever since we left Greenland.

Last night the radio brought in Rome with its woman announcer, several German stations and some French ones. We stuck to London, however, since none of us "ain't never been able to speak but one language correct," and after Lord Rutherford got through an amazing romance with the atomic nucleus we found that Premier Bennett had started his western tour at Winnipeg and was his usual optimistic self.

We also learned that an outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease was discovered in Hartford and Essex, which will probably mean a ban on imports of live stock from Britain to Canada for some months to come. The London Dog Show is also on, with some 3,000 hounds entered. Cockers lead with 489 entries.

The program ended with Big Ben's midnight chime after an hour with Roy Fox from the Kit-Kat club just off Trafalgar Square. Must look into that dive next week.

Friday, October 13.—There's a depression in Iceland, according to the weather report, and the result is a gale on the north Atlantic. However, it's in our tail and hardly noticeable.

The Kenilworth passed about noon, outward bound for Newfoundland and pulp, and she was taking them over her bows in clouds.

The Brandon is on the regular north Atlantic route now and to 4 p.m., 11 days out of Churchill, has covered 2,283 miles.

The cattle are shipping well and we have about five days' feed left, plenty to see us into Birkenhead.

The sun appeared, through broken clouds, for the first time since we left Churchill and the officers were able to get the ship's bearing, the first they've had since Resolution. She was only a few miles from where they thought she was, speaking well for their seamanship.

Saturday, October 14.—The wind shifted around to our starboard beam this morning and as a result the log now reads: "Strong wind and rough beam sea—shipping water."

Fortunately, my cabin is on the lee side. At the end of 12 days out of Churchill, the Brandon had covered 2,505 miles. Cattle weathering the blow well. The usual Saturday afternoon boat drill provided the only excitement.

Sunday, October 15.—Land! The Tory Island light, off the northwest coast of Ireland, hove in sight at 6.30 to-night. At nine we were abeam of Inishtrahull light on the north coast. We should be in the Mersey early to-morrow evening.

Several "odds and sods," like ourselves, were passed to-day outward bound. Two liners also passed close by.

The wind has been on the starboard beam all day and the sea fairly rough. Last night it was pretty heavy and about 11 p.m. we shipped one that flooded the starboard cabins and broke up the jolly boat a bit.

To 4 p.m., 13 days from Churchill, the Brandon has done 2,721 miles.

The sun shone to-day for the first time, really, and the officers got another bearing. They had not altered their course for three days and when they checked-up to-day were only a mile from where they thought they were. Good seamanship, that!

Monday, October 16.—The pilot came aboard about 6 p.m. and the trip is over. We'll enter the Mersey on high tide, midnight, and dock to unload the cattle at 9.30 a.m. The lumber will also be discharged here and then the ship goes on to leave the wheat, powdered eggs and honey in the port of London.

Dawn broke with the Brandon abeam of Belfast and by noon she had passed into the Irish sea by the Isle of Man, close in to the Calf.

Storm signals were out as she neared Liverpool and the sea choppy, but the pilot came aboard and will take her in.

The voyage from Churchill has been a few days longer than it might have been from Montreal. Otherwise, weather and everything else considered, the ship might just as well have been sailing the Belle Isle route.

A hotel, a bath and a steak will look pretty good to-morrow. . . .

Tuesday, October 17.—You never can tell. With a storm on the Irish sea the pilot refused to take the heavily loaded Brandon over the "bar" and she sailed about the harbour entrance all night and did not get into the river until 11.30 a.m. Here she lay at anchor all day waiting for high tide to put into the cattle dock at 7.30 p.m. This ended our picture-taking aspirations. The cattle looked good going off under the lights and there was much favourable comment on their quality.

The Brandon lost eight hours because of fog in the Hudson Bay route ice area. At the entrance to the Mersey she lost 25½ hours because of bad weather and shallow water.

Hon. J. P. B. CASGRAIN: Honourable gentlemen, the honourable senator from Saskatchewan (Hon. Mr. Gillis) referred quite frequently to "the honourable gentleman," and I took it that he referred to myself, because he did make one attempt to pronounce the name De Lanaudière. It is rather difficult to pronounce; it is also rather long.

I must give the honourable gentleman credit for making an excellent speech in support of a very poor cause, a bad scheme. When the honourable gentleman speaks of Churchill being a harbour, he is quite right. For twenty-five years in this House I have been saying that there was no harbour at Nelson; that the only harbour, such as it is, was at Churchill. For reasons that are of no interest to this House, I have had considerable to do with people who have sailed into Churchill, and therefore know something about it. I may tell you that the coast at Churchill runs just about north and south, and as the entrance to the harbour is at the very most about half a mile wide, no ship's captain