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Published by Ronald Caplan on 1975/6/1

Breton. There was one shot fired I think at a very swift rum runner called the Liberty • it was a boat about 100 feet long and she was unloading rum at the end of Sydney Harbour and one of the RCMP fired a shot • the boat getting away. But no, there wasn't any. They weren't criminals, eh? They were making a living. They were cheating the government out of some taxes, that's all. Nobody ever carried a gun as far as I know. These fellows were pretty philosophical. If they get caught they get caught. It was a game with them. I've had the bootlegger pass the liquor over to me, say, "You win this time." In those days we charged them with selling under the Liquor Act if we had any evidence whatsoever and we charged them with possession under the Customs Act. We always charged them with dual prosecution, and the second offence under the provincial statute was always 3 months and the second offence under the federal statute was a fine of 500 dollars and 6 months or in lieu of the 500 dollars another 6 months. So it was pretty stiff. If you caught them they fought very hard. They had good lawyers because they had the means of getting good lawyers. But then coming along 1938-39 we started to use the provisions of the Conspiracy sections ("conspiracy to defraud the revenue") and that was the end of it. The war came right on that. As a matter of fact during the first month of the war we were deep into a conspiracy trial where there was 57 charged, all in the one big conspiracy. The investigation went on for a couple of years and we were tying everything together. We suspected rum was being hauled from Canso to Isle Madame. I got a telephone call and they said it was a small swordfishing boat, a green boat • and I went to Petite-de-Grat and Arichat and * West Arichat and D'Ecousse • looked at all the boats, who had been out the night before, tried to get some information. And there were 5 or 6 boats tied up at Arichat and I went to jump down off the wharf onto this boat and to support myself my hand went down and touched the gunwale. And my goodness when I brought my hand back up it was white paint. Wet. All above the waterline the boat had been green and just painted that day. I got the fellow and questioned him and he admitted that he had hauled a load of rum that night. The guy knew I had him. There were marks on the floor where kegs had been standing. I made a seizure, got some of the rum, and he was in the conspiracy. I seized the boat from him and he went to jail • and I eventually burned the boat. Oh, yeah. Smashed the engine up with an axe and sledge hammer, threw a five-gallon can of gasoline into her and threw a match at it. Right near the customs house in Arichat. That was common. Sure. We practically eliminated them before the war but I think it really was the war starting in 1939 that really put the rum running out of business. The men who were Warrath, Corafort and Farra-fashioned Hospitality await you at the Inn. INVERARY INN, Baddeck, Nova Scotia Our Dining Room is famed for its Scottish Fare. Isobel and Dan MacAulay. Innkeepers The Inn (an old farmhouse), the Barn and pine-paneled Cottages are located on the outskirts of Baddeck, just off the Trans-Canada Highway. A Berkshire Traveller Country Inn