

E. EDWIN HOWARD

B. 3 NOV. 1868	WOLFE ISLAND, ONTARIO
M. 4 APR. 1906	MONTREAL TO EVALYN I. PEVERLEY
D. 19 MAY 1934	MONTREAL BURIED: MAGOG, QUEBEC

CURRICULUM VITAE

EDUCATION: IRDQUOIS HIGH SCHOOL, ONTARIO
 INVERNESS ACADEMY, QUEBEC
 MCGILL UNIVERSITY: B.A. 1895 *

PRESIDENT OF HIS CLASS
 GOLD MEDALIST
B.C.L. 1898 *
 GOLD MEDALIST

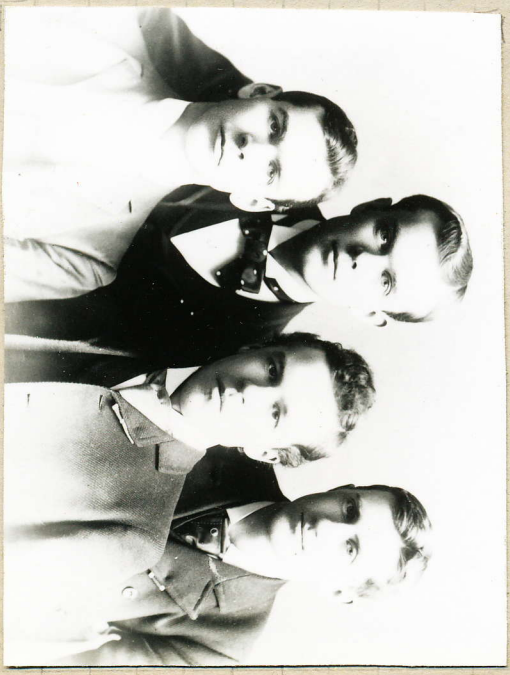
1899 ADMITTED TO THE BAR
 MEMBER OF THE FIRMS OF [LATER ON]:

- HATTON, McLENNAN & HOWARD
- McLENNAN, HOWARD & AYLMEER
- HOWARD, AYLMEER & DE WITT

1908 PRESIDENT, CANADIAN CLUB OF MONTREAL.
 1908 - 1914 REP. FELLOW IN LAW, MCGILL.
 1912 - 1917 LECTURER IN CIVIL PROCEDURE, "
 1918 - 1919 PROF. OF COMMERCIAL LAW, "
 1920 ELECTIVE FELLOW IN LAW, "
 1920 - 1934 PROF. OF CIVIL LAW, "
 SEPT. 1919 SWORN IN AS JUDGE OF SUPERIOR COURT, QUEBEC.
 JULY 1920 TRANSFERRED TO THE COURT OF APPEALS:
 i.e. COURT OF KING'S BENCH, QUEBEC,
 1928 - 1934 ELDER OF THE CHURCH OF ST. ANDREW & ST. PAUL,



BOARD OF THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW 1894-95



INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATING TEAM (PHOTOGRAPHERED IN TORONTO)

HE WAS THE ^{LAW} REPRESENTATIVE ON THE EDITORIAL BOARD OF THE MCGILL ANNUAL: "OLD MCGILL" 1908

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 1920 ELECTIVE FELLOW IN LAW, "
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1928 - 1934 ELDER OF THE CHURCH OF ST. ANDREW & ST. PAUL,



UNDERGRADUATE DRAMATICS
 "THE RUDDENS OF PLATON"

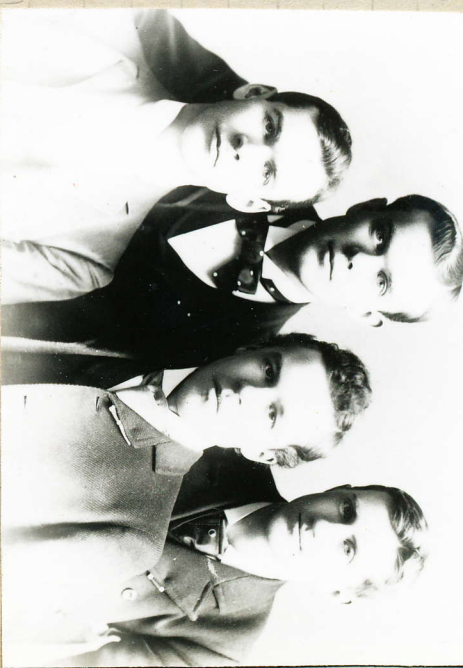
E.E. HOWARD: DAEMONES
 P.S. MOORE: TRACHALIO
 (EVELYN HAS THE PURPLE
 Toga IN WHICH WE AS CHILDREN
 USED TO DRESS UP)



E.E. HOWARD, BA.

(WM. NORMAN SON, MONTREAL)
 TAKEN: 1ST MAY, 1895

HE WAS THE ^{LAW} REPRESENTATIVE ON THE EDITORIAL BOARD OF THE MCGILL ANNUAL: "OLD MCGILL" 1898



INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATING TEAM
 (PHOTOGRAPHED IN TORONTO)



ANOTHER DEBATING TEAM?
 (S.G. PARKS MONTREAL)
 PHOTOGRAPHER

* Mother gave these gold medals (or was it just the 1895 one?) which was awarded for Physics to Alma who gave the BA one, because of the Physics to Tim. Nobody knows what happened to the B.C.L. medal. Perhaps it was used to help finance the European trip?
 #11

Edwin was thirty years old by the time he had finished his formal education — about five years above the average. This was because he was earning, by teaching, the money to pay his way. There is no mention that I can find of where he was teaching and the only hint of a home address comes in Old McGill 1898 when he was in his junior year in law which gives Phillipsburg, Que. But very often just as he had gathered enough money together there would be a crisis in the family and the money would have to be spent elsewhere. Anyway, he lived, during term time at least, in the M.A.A. Probably during his last year in law he was articulated to Mr. Francis McLennan's legal firm. I remember very clearly Mallett telling us that he pawned his Arts' Gold Medal to pay for his first year in law and then redeemed it at a later date.



E. EDWIN HOWARD RICH,
(Wm Norman - Sons
MONTREAL, 1898)

HE WAS COMMISSIONED K.C.
ON 17 SEPT. 1912.

It must have been Mr McLennan who organized his trip to Europe in 1900. Undoubtedly, this brilliant young man who had been taken into the firm had need of a greater knowledge of French and of the world so he was sent to France for a year to study both the language and the Code Napoleon. While there he managed a trip to Italy and came back with mementos. I still have the two Dalla Rabbia bambini from Florence and Evelyn the two Batticelli Ampel pictures, but where the little models of the leaning tower of Pisa and Giotto's campanili in Florence are I don't know.

If I knew more about Freemasonry perhaps I would know why my father was interested in it and what the two documents in my possession actually mean. My guess is that he joined the Masons of the Grand Lodge of Quebec in Montreal shortly after he got back from Europe and that in November 1905 he became a 3rd degree (which is the highest and final degree) mason of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Free Masonry (or, at least, I think this is what that "parlement" in the black trunk says). There was a lot of regalia involved in Masonry; a couple of sashes "aprons" trimmed with gold braid,

E. EDWIN HOWARD B.C.L.
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Edwin was fair with blue eyes. He wasn't tall (about 5'10" or 11") but he was strongly built and had good co-ordination. He used his hands well and was quite good at the sports he took up. Apart from being able to ride a penny-farthling bicycle, he was a keen snow-shoer and learned to play golf and to curl which, as a quackman man, he enjoyed greatly. He gave us children lots of encouragement in learning skills in any of the sports that appealed to us. We all swam from a very early age; we all could handle boats, including doing repairs on the Evinrude engine in the "Lady Jane" (The Buffalo engine in the long narrow mahogany boat he had bought from Mrs Rowledge was so complete that it defrosted us). We all had our chance at the use of a diving board and a tennis court and at riding horses, though, I guess, we would have been more proficient had there been lessons available. I was likely



because Mary Murray had a groom (whose name was Strange) to teach her how to ride and, you see, I wasn't letting an opportunity like that slip by me!



I include this last picture to show my father. It was taken at Evelyn's wedding (29th July 1933) ten months before he died.

From L. to R. Dr. Donald, Mrs Saunders, Mr. Saunders, Jack, Evelyn, Mother and Daddy.

Looking back on that last year of my father's life I suppose I should have realized that he was not a well man. But I didn't. At 24 one is still so self-centred! I do remember him once saying that he and Mother thought he might retire early. But that was all. And then, in January, it was diagnosed that it was sclerosis of the liver (caused, I think, by worry — not by alcohol because he didn't drink) and he might have six months. He managed to complete his lectures at McGill but he didn't, I think, mark his student's papers.

He died at home on Saturday, the 29th of May. There was to be no eulogy at the funeral but at the Sunday morning service this is what Dr. Donald said:

"I have the sad duty of announcing that the Honorable Justice E. E. Howard passed away yesterday. As you know he was a much honored elder of this church. He was admitted as a member of the Session in 1928 and from the beginning he gave unstintingly of his wisdom, experience and counsel to our deliberations."

"He was a man of very high and definite ideals and was remarkable for the clarity of his thought, for the wide sweep of his knowledge, and also for the resonance of his nature and the humanity of his big heart."

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"He was a man of very high and definite ideals and was remarkable for the clarity of his thought, for the wide sweep of his knowledge, and also for the resonance of his nature and the humanity of his big heart."

"On the Bench I am told that he never faltered in his just, deliberate and painstaking judgments, and that he was widely respected."

"In the Church he was a pillar of strength and reliability."

"In his home he was unselfish and thoughtful, imparting knowledge and inspiration and wise guidance to those most near to him."

"A great personality has passed on from among us. He faced life and quietly confident, he seemed to me to await the greatest adventure of all with naive assurance and faith."

I think I haven't yet said anything about Christmas trees. They, like almost everything else in our early lives, seem to have been organized by Daddy. Always there were in our stockings an orange, a tangerine, nuts and miniature Stearns case garden furniture (a bridge, a pagoda, etc. etc.) made of china and painted to resemble the real thing. Sometimes a length or two of tacks for the model train: other things of course. And under the tree a copy of The Boys' Own Annual (for some reason we thought we scorned The Girls' Own Annual) which somehow seemed always to belong to Jane (her night, I guess, as the eldest) but which, I think, we all read. I did anyway. Christmas Day was meticulously organized — and each year when we were in town exactly like all the others. Stockings hung on the ends

of beds and opened whenever; breakfast; Church; mid-day dinner; 4⁰⁰ p.m. the doors to the living room opened and there was the tree all decorated and lit with candles; Daddy standing by (and else by him a pair of water), but all stood like statues and took it all in. It never occurred to be surprising, and miraculous. Only the candles provided light so star like that it scarcely illuminated the piles of gifts all wrapped in white tissue paper, tied with coloured string and covered with stickers, but though we knew they were there it was the tree itself that held our attention for the 4 or 5 minutes the candles were allowed to burn.

When we were at the farm mostly the same routine but no Church and the children had helped in decorating the tree — cut and dragged home on Christmas Eve — with only those things that the birds would eat — popcorn, cranberries, etc. and candy canes (for us) because on Boxing Day it was put outside where it was instantly popular (with the birds!)

From Pg. 61

I must add a note to the not-singing bit which is that sitting under the piano — and this is where I was during the hymn. Singing — I wasn't very happy until it occurred to me that if perhaps I just whistled the words I might be allowed to join in. So I asked Daddy and was very solemnly given permission.

During the years I developed a bit of technique in this — scarcely the whistling Baritone but something like that. So as we grew up and lots of singing went on in our crowd I was there with my thrushy whistlers.

The songs, I remember, were no longer "There's a long, long trail a-winding through the land of my dreams", where the nightingales are one singing and the white moon beams . . . " or "There is a fountain in the town, in the town, where my true love sits him down, sits him down . . ." etc. so beloved by my father, but "let me call you sweet heart, I'm in love with you . . ." and "I bridle so easy so dance me loose, dance me loose . . ." and "Zai an apple every day, be in bed by three, take good care of yourself you belong to me . . ." and one that Isabel Paw taught us that had a pattern chosen: "Take me up with you darling way up into the sky, sail around the

scarcely the whispering Baritone but something like that, so as we grew up and lots of singing went on in our crowd I was there with my throbbing whippers. The songs, I remember, were no longer "There's a long, long trail a-winding through the land of my dreams, where the nightingales are singing and the white moon beams..." or "There is a tavern in the town, in the town, where my true love sits him down, sits him down ---" etc. So beloved by my father, but "let me call you sweet heart, I'm in love with you..." and "I'd like to see you dance me loose, dance me loose..." and "Zai am apple every day, be in bed by three, take good care of yourself you belong to me..." and one that Isabel Paw taught us that had a pattern chosen: "Take me up with you darling way up into the sky, sail around the moon for a quiet spoon 'was the preacher, you and I..." and others.



E. Edwin Howard

The Hon. Mr. Justice E. Edwin Howard CKB 1925



