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In many people the tissues of the nerves have suffered from the strain of War and from the shortage of fats. You can restore your nerves in a natural way by eating "Skippers." The pure olive oil in which they are packed is worth its weight in gold to those who suffer from "fat-starved" nerves.

Your retailer will supply you with a tin of

"SKIPPERS."

A guarantee on every can.

"Skippers"

Are Brisk with good points.

ANGUS WATSON & CO., LIMITED,
Newcastle-on-Tyne, England.

TRINITY.

With the passing of some article of domestic or personal use, there also passes other things that were associated with it—either in its manufacture, or in its preservation. A score of such things come to my mind, things that at one time were actual necessities in individual life, and since, a perpetual source of pleasure to others in the making. What, I think, was more necessary in every well equipped house a hundred years ago, or less, than a specially constructed box for mother or grand-mother to keep her caps in—those tiny caps with frills and strings immaculate white; those black caps, trimmed with lace and purple ribbon, etc. The making of those boxes was a labor of love and skill, the part of husband or son, and they were valued accordingly, by those for whom they were made.

Then, gradually there came a change. The caps ceased to be worn; as a consequence, the making of boxes in which the caps were kept was no longer necessary. Whilst, probably the caps, though to memory dear, are lost to sight, it is not together so with the cap-boxes, they may still be found in several of the homes in Trinity. For exclusive use, guaranteed to keep out dust and moths, those boxes were made of thin wood, bent to an oval shape, and the top carefully glued and sewn with a waxed thread, and a light, close-fitting cover made the same way. Now that the caps are gone, those boxes are found useful for the keeping of other "dainty" things in. I have one in my possession that was made a hundred years ago, and in my home days it was used for storing of little articles of feminine attire. There is another in the story at Trinity that is found useful for a like purpose. On the inside the cover of it, is elaborately painted and illuminated, the words:

SARAH SAVERY, TRINITY
HARBOR, JULY 26th, 1795.

Sarah Savery was old Mrs. Hill's other, and Bishop White's great grandmother. No doubt there are others in Trinity elsewhere; and shall be glad if any one who has such a thing or any other interesting relic of yore olden times, will write me about it, with particulars, and permission to write it up. People are

always interested in such things, and glad to read about them.

I always feel sorry for strangers who come to Trinity by the night train, and find the Garland Hotel full, which is its normal condition. Since Mrs. White has closed her Hotel, on one has guaranteed to take her place, and she is missed. There are some private families who occasionally take in people for the night; but it is not generally known just who those families are. Visitors can always get a meal at the Erickson Tea Rooms (if not too late at night), and if those who are prepared to provide lodgings, would let it be known, either in the public press, or in some other way, I am sure that any of the Tea-Room staff would call attention to it, or give the necessary information.

Other places are better off than Trinity in the number of hotels. In past years I have heard strangers complain of the limited hotel accommodation at Catalina. This has been changed, by the opening up of another hotel there, by Mrs. Randall. This hotel is highly spoken of by those who have been her guests; and an advertisement in the local press, plus the passing along the word to others, by those who have been there, will serve the double purpose, of kindness to the travelling stranger, and of practical help to a widow who is thus trying to make a living by hotel keeping. Mrs. Randall was Miss DeGrieh, of Trinity, and has our best wishes for her success.

The interior of the Bank has been greatly improved by hardwood wall-covering, floor linoleum, painting, etc.

One has only to go through Capt. Barbour's stores and premises to realize how many things of more than ordinary value, are necessary to the prosecution of the Labrador fishery by schooner. His schooner was engaged in the coasting trade this year, and is now laid up for the winter. The captain is making good use of his gasoline engine just now, by running a circular saw, and preparing small timber for fencing, and a dozen other domestic requirements.

The short days and the long dark evenings, have started some of our leading men to discuss the harnessing of our water power, in order to light the district by electricity. It is a subject worthy of our best attention, and if a company could be formed, capable of taking it, practically through its initial stages—the rest would be easy.

I went to an auction last week, not

as a bidder or a purchaser, but as an onlooker and a student of human nature. As the looker-on sees the most of the game, so he sees the most of the funny things at an auction. There was no scarcity of money, and those who were observers and kept calm, got the best bargains. Women are poor bidders when there are so many men bidding. A woman will give her opinion, with a smile, and in a few expressive words, of a man who bids against her; but she will simply look very cross, and without a word, (audibly) at another woman who keeps on outbidding her. I saw women sitting there, apparently unconcerned, till some pretty silk dresses and skirts were put up. Then suddenly every face lit up with a smile, and all were evidently, and deeply interested. Some expressions were retrospective, and one could see that the persons were thinking of how they would have enjoyed those things years ago. Some others, with no less appreciation of the goods, held themselves in restraint, and kept their money to buy things for the children; whilst others seized the opportunity, plunged into the game, bid fearlessly, and carried off the spoils.

When the men entered the broom department, for probably the first time in their lives, they became reckless; and unthinkingly paid ten cents more for the article, than it could have been bought for at any shop in town. No woman would have done that. It was interesting to hear men bidding rapidly from five to seventy-five cents for two storm rubbers each for the right foot, and with a knowledge of the fact; for the auctioneer had mentioned it and he was honestly personified in every detail of the sale. It was amusing, but nice to hear men bidding for articles of dress, that they even did not know the names of, for it indicated a loving interest in wife, or mother, or sister, or sweetheart, for whom a surprise was in store. There is always some one present who by his unselfish nature, and really funny remarks keeps every body in good humor. We owe a lot to such persons at all public gatherings of this kind.

Saturday next, December 26th, is appointed by the Church to be observed as The Nativity of our Lord, commonly called Christmas Day. The services in St. Paul's Church will be Holy Communion at 7.30. Morning Prayer and Holy Communion, 11. Evening Prayer (with Catechesis), 6.30.

Mr. Granger has just made to order, a round table, long years ago a round table formed a part of nearly every suite of household furniture. It was then usually made of mahogany, and had a prominent place in connection with the private games and entertainments of the family. It has largely disappeared; but it looks as though it is coming back again, though of necessity, in less valuable woods.

Renewal of subscriptions are being solicited for "The Diocesan Magazine and Dawn of Day," for 1921. Five cents a month is not a very great expenditure, for all that it contains of the deepest interest, to members of the Church of England. A family of any religious denomination, in which its denominational magazine is not taken, and read, are not very deeply interested in what the Church to which they belong is doing. Five Cents a Month!

I wish to call the attention of our Trinitarians at St. John's, and others who are interested in the Trinity items; that the contributions of next week (Christmas Eve) will be Our Christmas Number. The Editor has kindly given me extra space, and I have tried to fill it with interesting matter, of things pertaining to Trinity.

I have always been deeply interested in things of the past, that had to do with the lives of the old people, especially when they were things that had to do with the better parts of their lives. As a result, I have in my possession to-day, two things in particular that, in a sense, are curiosities. Because of their sacred associations, however, they are more than curiosities; and I have carried them in my pocket for years. One is a metal communion "token" that was given to me by an old Gaelic Presbyterian friend in Canada. On one side of it are the words: "Knox's Church, Pictou, N.S." and on the reverse, "This is in remembrance of Me." The other is a Jewish Mezuzah, that was found on the door post of a house in which a Hebrew family had lived. It contains, in a metal holder, a parchment on which are the words, in Hebrew: "I the Lord thy God am one God, etc." the words that God instructed His ancient people to write upon the posts of their homes; (see Deuteronomy vi, 4-9) hence the name Mezuzah, a post. Any Presbyterian communicant of fifty years ago will know just what I have in the metal token. And any Hebrew of the present day will recognize what I have referred to as a Mezuzah. Should I be picked up dead some day, as an unknown stranger, I wonder who or what I shall be catalogued as, from the contents of my pockets.

The body of Mr. Elliott Cooper, of

Tray Town, Ireland's Eye, who died in the Hospital, at St. John's, came by express to Trinity last Saturday. It was placed in the Mortuary Chapel for the night, and then taken to Ireland's Eye for burial. He was a son of Mr. Bertram Cooper, of Tray Town, and belonged to the Naval Reserve.

The Hon. D. A. Ryan is registered at the Garland Hotel.

Magistrate Somerton paid his monthly official visit to Catalina this week.

John Tait and Lizzie Ann Spurrell were married in St. Matthew's Church, Trinity, by Rev. C. M. Sticks, on Saturday, Dec. 11th.

Mr. S. Elliott of Catalina, was in town last week. Mr. Elliott bought the schooner Portia that was wrecked at Raleigh last fall. He refitted her, took her to Harbor Grace, and had her thoroughly repaired. She is now in Catalina ready to be placed in commission again. Mr. Elliott was here in friendly conference with the insurance Co., to make final and satisfactory arrangements.

I have in my possession a heavy copper cross that was one of the four crosses on the corner posts of old St. Paul's Church. They were put there when the church was built 100 years ago; and were one foot long, one inch thick, and weighed three pounds and a half. More than fifty years ago the posts became rotten at the top; one cross fell down, and the others were taken down, for safety. Although everybody of sixty years ago remembers them on the tower, no one seemed to know what became of them after they were removed. I was in Trinity when the old parsonage was being taken down; and when the ceiling of the upstairs rooms was being removed, by the men who had bought the building, three of those crosses were found inside the ceiling. It would be interesting to know what became of the fourth cross, and I shall be glad if anybody can give me any information respecting it. I feel sure that it is not lost; but that it is in safe keeping somewhere, and will turn up.

When, in my article of last week on the Grant-Palmer Motor Co., I credited them with the agency "for all kinds of engines sold at St. John's," I was under the impression that Mr. Gen's agency for the Aeadia engine was from Headquarters in Nova Scotia. I find that it is a local agent from St. John's, and that Mr. Gen is the sole agent for the Aeadia Engine in Trinity. I make this explanation entirely at my own suggestion, and in justice to all concerned.

Mr. and Mrs. John Green had been deeply anxious for the safety of their son Harvey Green. He was one of the crew of the tern schooner Emma Belliveau, overdue from Lisbon, which was reported as abandoned at sea, and the crew taken off in mid-Atlantic, and safely landed at Flores, Azores. We rejoice with those who do rejoice.

—W.J.L.
Trinity, Dec. 18th, 1920.

Beautifying the Prairie.

About fifteen years ago, a campaign of tree planting was commenced in Western Canada, and the face of the prairie has since been gradually transformed, by the introduction of millions of trees which have changed the bareness of the prairies. The end, of another quarter of a century will doubtless find this work completed—every farm with its avenue of hardy trees giving welcome shade and protection. Naturally this planting has increased the value of the farms.

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Don't Be Cautious! Try This New Home Cure That Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time. Simply Chew up a Pleasant Tasting, Tabled Occasionally and Rid Yourself of Piles.

Let Me Prove This Free.

My internal method for the treatment and permanent relief of piles is the correct one. Thousands upon thousands of grateful letters testify to this, and I want you to try this method, at my expense. No matter whether your case is of long standing or recent development, whether it is internal or external, whether it is occasional or permanent, you should send for this free trial treatment. No matter where you live—no matter what your age or occupation—if you are troubled with piles, my method will relieve you promptly. I especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases where all forms of diet, medicine, surgery, and other local applications have failed. I want you to realize that my method of treating piles is the one most dependably successful.

Free Pile Remedy

R. B. Page,
7582 - Park Side, Marshall, Minn.
Send me free trial of your Method

Pride of the Sea a High Mass of Junk.

But little more than six years ago, resplendent in polished mahogany, fine upholstery and rich silverware, equipped with wonderful machinery and smooth-running engines; supplied with all the devices that human ingenuity could provide, the Vatel-land was the pride of the shipbuilders' fondest dreams. To-day she lies at her dock, in Hoboken in charge of a few caretakers. Her engines are rusted, her silverware is tarnished and her sides are covered with barnacles; for this once matchless pride of the sea is fast becoming a huge mass of junk. As the world war brought changes into many human lives, so it brought strange vicissitudes to this great transatlantic liner.

It was in May, 1914, amid the shouts and cheers of a great throng of people, that the Vatel-land was launched in a German shipyard. A few weeks later, her cabins filled with more than four thousand enthusiastic passengers, she started westward on her maiden voyage across the water. But her life as a passenger steamer was short. In less than three months war broke out, and the Vatel-land, with other German ships, was interned in New York harbor, where, in charge of her own sailors,

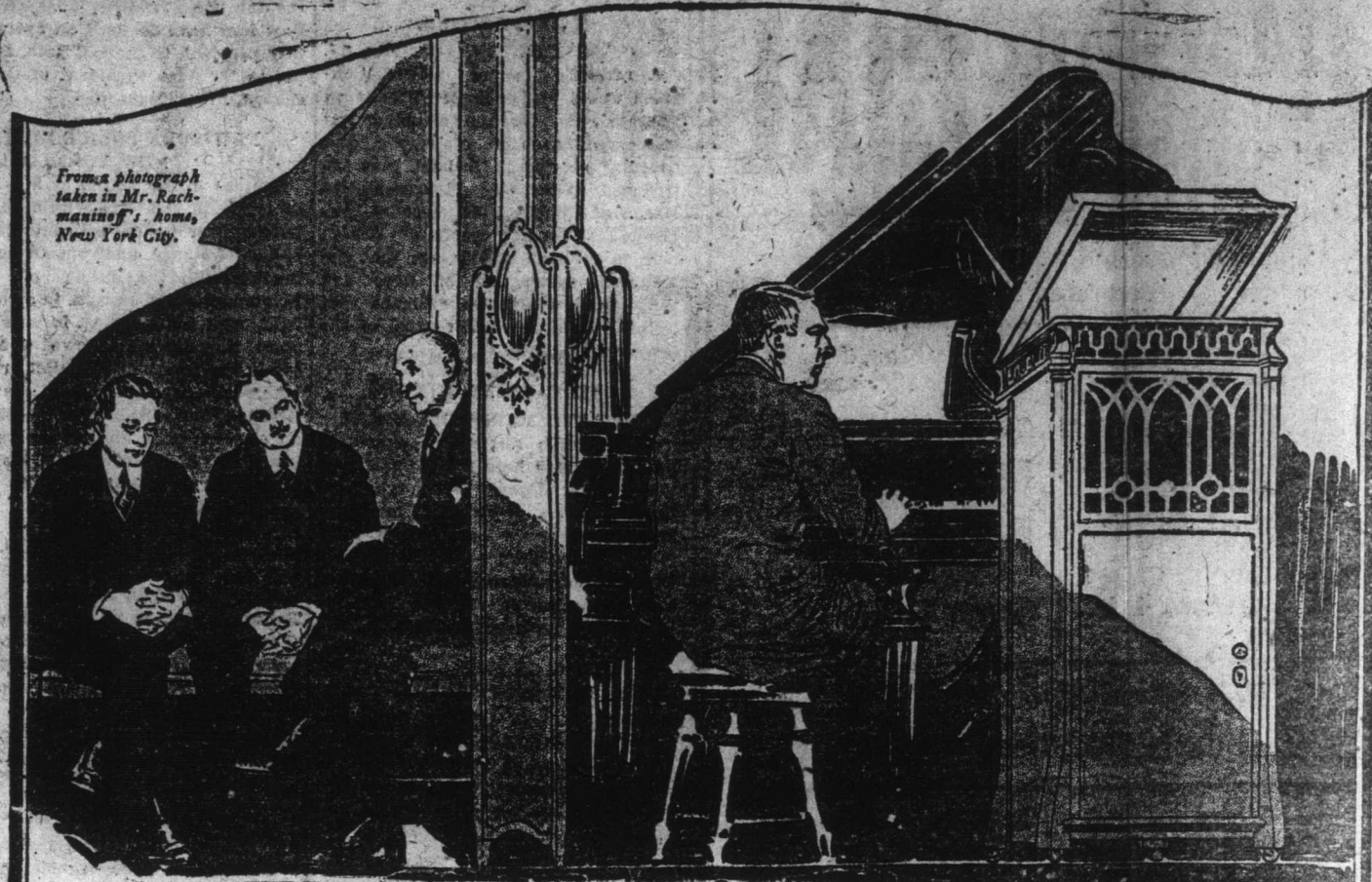
she remained inactive for more than two years. But one day a crew of workmen, armed with hammers and saws, boarded the ship. Her large and sumptuous cabins were dismantled; her gymnasiums and Turkish baths were changed into sleeping quarters; her wide promenade decks became mess halls; and the Vatel-land, repurposed, the Levathan, sailed eastward as a troop ship bearing thousands of soldiers to take part in the great struggle on the other side.

To the Levathan belongs the distinction of having carried to Europe more than 120,000 men, and of having brought more of them safely home than any other ship in the service. But her work in that capacity was finished more than a year ago, and since then she remained at her dock in Hoboken waiting for a purchaser who is willing to spend seven or eight million dollars to restore her former grandeur and transform her again into a luxurious passenger ship. But bargain hunters for such a vessel are scarce, and each month that passes leaves the great liner closer to the junk pile.

A Mere Trifle.

"Would you like a lift, sir?" a countryman asked civilly as he overtook a traveler on a country road. As they jogged along they chatted about all sorts of things. Presently the old countryman pulled out a big watch. "Can you tell me the time, please?" he asked. "Certainly. It is exactly three o'clock." It is the other, as he watched the countryman adjusting his watch. Then he stopped him. "I said three o'clock, not twelve," he added. "Oh, that's all right, sir," said the countryman as he slipped his timepiece into his pocket. "I'll soon make that up. She is a wonderful goer."

MINARD'S LINIMENT RELIEVES DISTEMPERS.



Before buying that Xmas phonograph Come-hear Rachmaninoff on the New Edison

RACHMANINOFF has not only made RE-CREATIONS for the New Edison. He has also made recordings for one of the standard talking-machines.

We are glad to announce that these talking-machine recordings may now be heard. We want you to hear them—and compare! Determine for yourself which gives you the real Rachmaninoff.

Let us play Rachmaninoff's Edison RE-CREATIONS for you. Mark how clear, how true the piano tone. See how every note in his runs, every accent in his interpretation, every shade in his pedalling is perfectly RE-CREATED.

This was proved by a test made at Mr. Rachmaninoff's home in New York City. He played the Second Hungarian Rhapsodie (Liszt) in direct comparison with the RE-CREATION of his perform-

ance by the New Edison. The absolute fidelity of the RE-CREATION to the artist's original performance astounded the listeners.

Make the Rachmaninoff comparison. It will guide you right in selecting your Christmas phonograph.

Ask also about our Budget Plan.

It brings your New Edison for Christmas without squeezing your pocketbook. Remember, too, that, in buying a New Edison now, you are virtually buying a before-the-war-value with an after-the-war-dollar. The price of the New Edison has increased less than 15% since 1914 (United States prices), and a portion of this increase is war tax. "Edison stood the gaff" to keep his favorite invention within the reach of every one who loves beautiful music.

Fred V. Chesman,

Edison Dealer,

St. John's.

The NEW EDISON "The Phonograph with a Soul"

Household Notes.

Look over beans after they have soaked all night. You are less tired in the morning, and the beans will have swelled so that it will be easy to pick out the bad ones.

Current jelly sauce is delicious served with breaded lamb cutlets. 1 cupful of granulated sugar is boiled with one-third cupful of water for five minutes. Add a glass of jelly and beat until smooth.

La Grippe

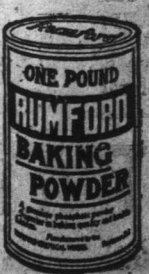
Pneumonia and Colds exhaust in the short period of their course more of the nerve tissues of the body than weeks of hard work. After them take

Asaya-Neurall

THE NEW REMEDY FOR Nervous Exhaustion which contains Lecithin (concentrated from eggs), the form of phosphates required for nerve repair.

PREPARED BY DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO. MONTREAL

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Good cooks find uniform wholesomeness in the perfectly raised biscuits, muffins, waffles and cakes baked with Rumford.

Pure!

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