Delicious in the Cup

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TEA

is equalled by no other tea on sale for Quality and Flavour.

TRINITY

"RANDOM AND DOWN THE SOUND."

Taking advantage of the glorious weather of last week, Magistrate Somerton arranged with the owners of a motor boat to take him to Little Heart's Ease in Random Sound, (forty miles from Trinity) for the purpose of holding court there. I accepted his kind invitation to accompany him, and thus, I am indebted to him for two of the most enjoyable days of my life. With Mr. George Collett as Sheriff and Captain, and Mr. Peter Coleridge as engineer, we left Trinity at six o'clock on Monday morning. Every man had his own private stock of lunch requirements, but the captain had a two-gallon can, and pork and potatoes enough for dinner for all hands.

As we passed Bonaventure Head we saw a lone fisherman in the offing. We changed our course and brought the boat alongside of his. As he recognized the magistrate, the sheriff, and the parson on board, his face took on a puzzled and serious expression. Whatever had he done!. When, however, he found that we were only looking for a fish for dinner, he responded with a smile that indicated a whole day's pleasure and, before we could leave him he had thrown three fine cods on board. He was still smiling when we left him. Our first stop was at Ryder's Hr. for dinner. Running in through the narrowest of entrances we found ourselves in a good size, well-protected harbor, and as it was my first visit to it I was deeply interested. There is not a dwelling house in the Hr.; but two or three shacks where some fishermen live for a few weeks during the year. Whilst Mr. Somerton and the Captain were preparing for dinner, and the engineer was arranging for the fire, I made friends with three boys in a boat from Ireland's Eye, who were there looking up some sheep. In response to my enquiries re a headstone that I had heard of, they said, "Yes, Sir, we know where it is," and they rowed me across to the other side. We found the stone, or rather all that is left of it in sight. The stone has been broken for some time past, and the lower half could not be found. Probably it is covered with earth somewhere near by.

The upper half of the stone is standing. On it is carved a figure of a boat-shaped lamp, with a flame issuing from the middle of it, indicative of life; and underneath the lamp is the symbol of the Christian Faith—the Cross of Christ. I hoped to be able to copy the inscription, but I had not the time at my disposal to search for the missing part. I then thanked the boy for taking me to the spot, and asked him if he knew of any other headstone in the harbor. He said, "No Sir, but we saw two skulls yesterday over at Sullivan's Island." The boys were only too glad to take me to the place, and there, partly covered with some turf that the boys had put on them, were the two skulls—bleached and washed by the sun and rain of years of exposure. Upon examination I found that one of the skulls was that of a child, and the other was that of a man or a woman I placed them side by side, covered them with earth; built a cairn of stones upon them; marked the mound with a cross of wood; took off my hat and said a prayer; and then sat down on a boulder close by, and thought, and thought and thought.

I tried to visualize the scene of a hundred and fifty years ago, when some twenty families lived there, and when it was an active fishing village. Here Jeremiah Quinn (known as Darby Quinn) married, and lived for years; from 1730. Here Patrick Malone carried on a small business in 1760. Of the place, the following entries of joy and sorrow appear in the old Church of England Registers at Trinity:

"1766—Interred, John Green of Kilkenny, in Ireland, servant to Mr. Malone. He was murdered by his fellow servant."

1803—Married, James Sullivan, of Yonghall, Ireland, and Eleanor, the daughter of Darby and Sarah Quinn.

1807—Baptized, a son to James and Eleanor Sullivan, named John. (The father of the late Inspector General of Police).

1774—Interred, Patrick Malone, Planter of Ryder's Harbor, of Kilkenny, Ireland.

1792—Interred, Peter Welsh, Planter of Ryder's Harbor.

1804—Interred, Honour Dawley of Ryder's Harbor.

1817—Baptized, Catherine, child of James and Mary Connel, Ryder's Hr.

In addition to those names in the hostory of Ryder's Harbor, I find that of Cooper; and a widow of that name, (whose husband died in Ryder's Hr.) is living at St. John's to-day.

1807—Baptized, a daughter of Moses and Sweet Sevior, named Mildred.

1807—Married, John Foster of Ryder's Harbor, and Sarah Baker, of Heart's Ease.

Here about 1844, John Sullivan (in after life became Inspector General of the Police Force in Newfoundland) was born.

Here in 1857 lived Thos. and Mary Langar, probably one of the last family names in the history of Ryder's Harbor.

There, in the distance, was the lonely grave, marked by the broken headstone. There, at my feet were the two skulls under the mound. They represent the unknown dead of Ryder's Harbor. May they rest in peace.

Then my reverie was broken by a call to dinner. I had had no breakfast, and I was correspondingly hungry. I never more fully enjoyed a meal than I did the one thus prepared and partaken of. Dinner over we passed out of the Harbor, with a feeling akin to sadness, as we realized the many changes that had come to the place. I wrote the word Ichabod on a rock at the Harbor entrance, and there came to me the words: "Change and decay in all around I see." Within a few hours we were at our journey's end—Little Heart's Ease—and enjoying the kindest and most generous hospitality at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Martin.

If the Editor does not throw those personal rambling thoughts into the waste-paper basket, I shall continue them next week.

A NEW DISCOVERY OF AN OLD INVENTION.

Some time ago I called attention to a cap-box that I had found belonging to my grandmother; and I mentioned some interesting facts that it brought to my memory in connection with the making of the box, and the uses the box was intended for. I found that I had struck a responsive chord, and several people wrote to me about it afterwards, thanking me for my remarks, and telling me of a box in their possession, answering in every detail to the one I described, and which was held by them as an heirloom, redolent of hallowed associations. I am, just now, in possession, a dainty piece of machinery that is a near relation of the cap-box, inasmuch as it was used to put the finishing touches on the white caps, after they were washed, and starched, and ironed. This piece of machinery was known to our grandmothers as "a goffering machine," and "a crimping machine." The mechanism of it is mounted on a stout block of wood, and consists of two pieces of brass tubing, each about eight inches long and one inch in diameter. The outside surface of four inches of the tubes is finely fluted. To the upper tube is attached a handle which, when turned, revolves the tubes in opposite directions at the same time. When the machine was to be used, two pieces of round iron were heated, and one was put into each of the tubes. The edge of the laundered cap was then placed between the tubes, and as they revolved they crimped the edge four inches deep and gave it a finely finished appearance. There was a crimping machine of some sort in every home of those days; but this one is an aristocrat. What delightful swells our grandmothers were; with their dear old faces framed in those immaculate starched, ironed, and crimped caps. We have nothing so attractive in our modern outfit. Children's caps and ribbons were also crimped in the very same way, and with a very pretty effect. This little machine, with its tarnished brass, and rusty framework and begrimed with the dust of years was anything but attractive. It was found by me in the "big house" (Garland's) Trinity, and kindly given to me by Mr. E. J. Ryan. Now, however, with its polished brass work, and the framework coated with gold, and colored enamel, it is in every respect a thing of beauty, and a credit to our grandmothers. I would give a good deal to possess its history from the old days of its original ownership. Perhaps some of those who lived in the house since Garland's and Brooking's time, would let me know what they know about it; and I repeat my request when I wrote up the cap-boxes:—"Will any one who has one of those machines, kindly write to me and give me its history."

LOCAL ITEMS.

Miss Ash and her hister Mrs. Forster go to St. John's by the Prospero. Miss Ash will go on to New York with her sister, Mrs. D. Baird, and expects to be away for two or three months. Mrs. Foster will remain at St. John's till Miss Ash returns from New York. During their absence from Trinity, the "Anchorage" will be shut up, and Mrs. Ash will take rooms at the Garland Hotel. Miss Ash and Mrs. Forster are so much parts of our parochial machinery, that we shall miss them very much. Bon voyage and a safe return.

The wharf of Ryan Bros., has been a scene of busy activities beyond the ordinary during the past fortnight. Labrador fish has been taken out of schooners, packed in barrels on the wharf, and then sent to the market via St. John's. It is good for sore eyes to see so many men at work on that wharf; and it takes one back in memory to the scenes enacted there in days gone by. The season's shipment will total, at least a thousand barrels, each containing 336lbs., of "Genuine Labrador Fish."

Miss Bessie Green, graduate nurse, who spent the summer at Trinity, left on Tuesday for New York, where she will resume her duties. We were glad to have her with us and she has our best wishes for the future.

A little girl, Violet Stone, of Bonaventure, who is a deaf mute, has gone to St. John's this week, en route for Halifax, where she will be a pupil at the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. This little girl is an orphan and friends have supplied her with the necessary financial requirements for her passage to Halifax. It is a crime for parents to keep a child, who is deaf and dumb (especially a boy) from getting the benefits of the Institution. The Nfld. Government makes a yearly per capita grant for a definite number of children from Newfoundland, sufficient to cover the cost of education at the Institution. There are several children in Trinity Bight to-day, who should be taking advantage of this privilege; and thus prepare to earn their living as men and women.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Grant of Trinity are at St. John's.

A STRANGER IN OUR MIDST.

An American from Chicago, who has spent the summer on Northern Labrador, and as far as Hudson Bay, taking moving pictures and views of people and places by the hundred, for the use of one of the big publishing concerns of the United States, was on board the Senef on Wednesday afternoon the 17th. During the few hours delay of the steamer in Trinity, he was shown around town, and saw Trinity from several vantage points; from each of which he took several views with his wonderful camera. He was greatly surprised and delighted with Trinity as a beauty spot; and his views of it will be included in his fine collection for publication. He was privileged to attend the funeral service at the burial of our townsman Mr. Joseph Morris; and as a Churchman and a Mason he was deeply impressed with the reverent respect shown by us on such an occasion. He secured a moving picture film of the different societies in the funeral procession, as they passed into the mortuary chapel, and some day we shall be a source of interest to people who know us not, and possibly to some of our own people in the moving picture exhibitions in some of the great American cities.

Mr. J. M. Darcy and Mr. W. J. Bugden spent the week-end and Sunday at Trinity, and registered at the Garland. Mr. Darcy represents the Imperial Tobacco Co., and he has many personal friends at Trinity. Mr. Bugden represents George Knowling, Ltd., and he is always glad to get back to his old-home-town, and we too are glad to have him come to us. Trinity is "holy ground" to him, and he has gone back to St. John's this time with a souvenir of great value to him, viz., one of the four copper crosses that was on the tower of old St. Paul's Church, Trinity, sixty-five years ago. Look out for it on his watch chain!

Rev. A. Tulk of Portugal Cove, who (with Mrs. Tulk) came to attend the funeral of his father-in-law, and who took part in the funeral services, returned to his parish for Sunday duties. Mrs. Tulk will return by the Prospero, and her mother will go with her to the rectory at Portugal Cove. We are glad to know that Mrs. Morris is doing this, for the benefits that she will derive from a change, which, owing to the strain caused by devotion to duty, she is greatly in need of. We shall be glad to have her come back to us again some day, all the better because of the change.

MEMO.

1808. Baptized, a son to John and Mary Crocker, named Stephen Wiseman.

1806. Baptized, a son to George and Ann Cook, named Philip.

1805. Baptized, a son to John and Mary Baker of Heart's East, named Henry.

1804. Baptized, a son to George and Ann Cook, named Richard.

1803. Baptized, a son to Henry and Martha Jacobs of Bay de Verde, named Job.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S.T.A.—Sullivans' Island is a part of the land surrounding Ryder's Harbour, Random Sound. The late Inspector General Sullivan of the Newfoundland Police Force was born there, and his father is buried there. The Island to-day is the property by deed, of Mr. James Toop, the Lighthouse Keeper on Ragged Island.

G.M.—Yes, the name Pinhorn is one of the oldest names in Trinity that is still represented here. In May, 1757. A son to Benjamin and Elizabeth Pinhorn, named William, is registered in the Baptismal Records.

J.S.—Richard Sevier of Ryder's Harbour, married Eleanor Delaney of Heart's Ease, April 21st, 1823. Witnesses, Henry Hiscock and Sarah Stone.

W.F.—George Freeman of Avon, in the County of Hants, England, married Elizabeth Rix on the 8th of November, 1823. Witnesses, Edward Spragg and John Freeman.

W.J.L.

October 27th, 1923.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN AT THE CRESCENT THEATRE TO-DAY.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN the King of Laughter, in "TRIPLE TROUBLE." "THE RAGGED EDGE" A thrilling story of a Great Love Adventure.

ROBERT SHIELDS in Baritone Solos.

AL PITTMAN At the Piano. JACK CRONAN Bells and Effects.

DON'T MISS the big Amateur Contest. Friday Night.

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Increases Comfort in Homes

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Genuine Beaver Wall Board is a NATURAL INSULATOR. Due to the use of long, virgin spruce fibre, it is filled with millions and millions of microscopic "voids" or dead air pockets. And building engineers will tell you that "dead air" is one of the most powerful non-conductors of heat, cold and sound.

Genuine Beaver Wall Board is of 26 LAYER CONSTRUCTION. Laminating several layers of wood together is widely practiced as a mean of overcoming warping and buckling. Beaver Wall Board is made up of 26 LAYERS of virgin spruce fibre pressed and laminated into one perfect panel. This is another reason for its pronounced durability.

Genuine Beaver Wall Board is kiln-dried and seasoned before leaving the factory. This is another exclusive Beaver process.

Genuine Beaver Wall Board is rendered practically impervious to moisture or climatic changes by our exclusive, patented SEALTITE FORMULA. This treatment penetrates into the fibre and becomes part of it, securely sealing both sides of each panel against moisture. It also effects an important saving in decorating costs.

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HUNDREDS of merchants have found in Beaver Wall Board the quick, easy, inexpensive solution of how to obtain a brighter, more modern store and more beautiful windows with the minimum interference with business. Nailed right over old walls and ceilings, it readily lends itself to attractive and lasting decorative schemes. Ideal, too, for quickly building partitions, window-trims, stock-bins and many other uses. Yet its cost and the cost of applying it are very low.

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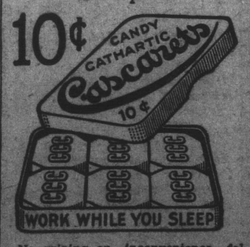

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Secret Diplomacy

London Daily News: Conservative tactics are no affairs of ours, except in so far as they effect the welfare of this country and of the world. If the leaders of the party at present in power think that peace and prosperity are to be secured by little private conferences between eminent public men, that the affairs of great nations consisting not now of thousands of serfs or illiterates, but of men as capable of reading and thinking as themselves, are to be settled over their heads in secret conferences, and that the business of government is an esoteric mystery properly confined to experts, with the vulgar public acting only as a stage crowd—that is their business. We believe no such thing. We do not believe that peace is to be found by this mystery mongering, or that any peace so constructed can possibly last. It is precisely because politicians have so conceived their function—because these sons of Levi have insisted ever since the Armistice in taking so much too much upon themselves—that the world is the horrible chaos that it is to-day. There will be no peace except as the expression, not of the private bargaining of eminent individuals, but of the will of the mass of plain men and women, acting through their representatives, in all civilized countries.

Fads and Fashions.

One of fashion's most charming fancies is the use of gold, silver or cire lace over black crepe de chine.

In the formal evening gown at least one point must touch the floor, whether it is a train, or a panel or a sash.

Very French is that silhouette that sponsors the straight, unbelted princess line finished by a circular flounce at the bottom.

FISHERMEN!

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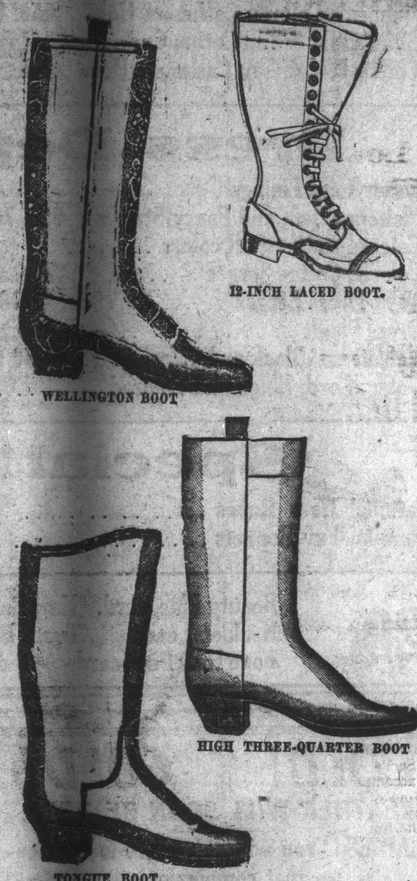

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Lumbermen's 12 inch High Laced Boots—
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Dragged From the Brink

OF A HORRIBLE GRAVE AFTER BEING TWO HOURS IN THE OOZE OF A DESOLATE SWAMP WHILE DUCK HUNTING.

BELLEVILLE, Ont. Oct. 20.—Dragged from the brink of a horrible grave after being engulfed to the shoulders in the ooze of a desolate swamp, Inspector Russell Coburn, of this city, has lived to tell the story of the longest two hours of his life time.

Coburn, with License Inspector W. H. Nugent, of North Hastings, and Fred Brandt, was hunting duck in North Hastings, when Coburn upset his canoe 125 feet from the shore and his friends answering his call found him hip deep in a muddy bog. Nugent and Brandt gathered poles and wired them end to end and pushed them out toward their comrade in a futile attempt to rescue. Coburn had sunk to his waist. Working frantically, the pair extended the improvised bridge.

After the fifteen poles had been tied together with belts, suspenders and shoe laces, the snake-like contrivance was long enough but not rigid enough to be manageable from the shore.

More odds and ends of clothing went to strengthen the joints. After two hours and a half of desperate manoeuvring the rescurers managed to shove their bridge within reach of Coburn, who by this time was immersed to the shoulders. Then began the tedious haul to shore, with the men at one end, fearful every moment their frail structure would break. Finally a dripping black figure set foot on terra firma.

"He just shook hands with us, with tears in his eyes. His strength was almost gone," said Inspector Nugent.

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