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TRINITY.

A Story of Dorset and Waterloo; Oxford University and Trinity.

(Fiction.)

When Colonel Stanhope fell at Waterloo, he left a widow and a son to mourn their loss, and to perpetuate a name that had come down unsullied from the distant past, and which was a household word in the country-town of Blandford, in Dorset, England.

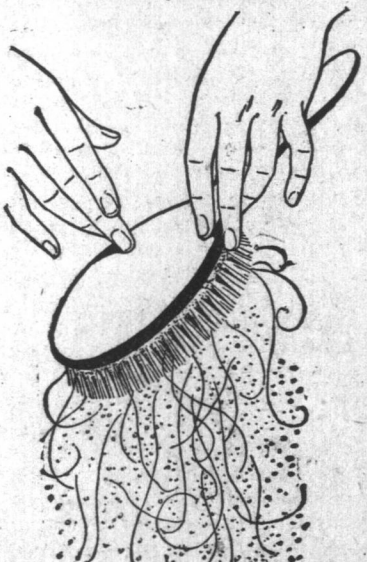
Mrs. Stanhope was a daughter of the rector of the parish, a delicate girl and as beautiful and kind as she was delicate. Her marriage to Colonel Stanhope was an event of the deepest interest to everybody in Blandford, for the practical sympathy of Colonel Stanhope as the only son of the Squire, and the kindness of Mildred Foster as the only daughter of the old rector, ran through every individual and corporate event of joy or sorrow in the neighbourhood.

When their first baby-boy was born, and it became known that the mother and child were doing well, the bell-ringers rang all the changes they knew, on the bells in the old church tower; and the Colonel opened the gates and invited everybody to come and enjoy themselves at his expense, in the beautiful grounds that surrounded "Hoptstead"—the residence of the old Squire, where the Colonel lived.

Two Sundays after this—before Mrs. Stanhope was well enough to go out, the baby was taken to church by her mother, and was baptized by her father, the old rector, and given the

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Robert's mother had practically dedicated him to the Sacred Ministry of the Church; and though she had not mentioned this to him during his school-days, yet she had taken advantage of every opportunity to teach him by precept and example his duties to God and man; to be unselfish in his dealings with other boys, to realize the value of his own soul and to endeavour to develop a love for the souls of other people. She also arranged for him to be much with his grandfather, the rector, who was in every respect what a priest of God should be, and who was passionately fond of the boy. In preparing Robert for Confirmation, he held up to the class the ministerial priesthood as the highest of all vocations; the great need of men for the ministry; and the rewards that ever come to the faithful dispenser of God's word and Sacraments—rewards such as no other calling in life can give.

Although neither Robert's mother nor the rector had said a word to him directly about their wishes for him, yet he suspected what they were, and though he had not referred to his inclinations, he went to Oxford with his mind made up to study for Holy Orders. When he came home to spend

his first summer vacation, his mother told him what her wishes were for him, and she was delighted to find that his thoughts were in the same direction, and that night—in addition to her usual prayers for her boy, she added a fervent thanksgiving for his decision, and a prayer that she might live long enough to be present at his ordination. Robert told her all about college life, and the man whom he met at lectures and on the cricket field. He told her particularly of the noble character of his room-mate and the influence for good that he had upon all the men in his class, and how sorry he (Robert) was that his friend would not be at college when he returned, as he had left to be ordained in Advent.

Unfortunately for Robert and unknown to his mother, Robert's new associate at College, who was to share his room in the future, was a young man who had fallen heir to a fortune, and to whom the acquirement of knowledge at college was but secondary to the "good time" that residence in college supplied. It was comparatively easy for Robert to fall under his influence, for Robert's father had not much money at the time of his death, and Robert knew that his mother was denying herself many a lawful luxury, in order to pay his way through college. The smallness of his means, however, had not affected his work at college, nor had it in any way influenced him to change his plans for the future. Now, however, with a room-mate so different from that of his first term, Robert, unconsciously drifted into new realms of thought and action.

For the first time in his life, as he saw the luxuries that his room-mate indulged in, he realized the power of money; and he found himself longing for the possession of more than he had been accustomed to, and with what he had been satisfied up to that time. His room-mate was by no means selfish over his money; and knowing the smallness of Robert's means, he often invited him to share a pleasure that Robert had never dreamed of enjoying, and to visit places that he had never dared hope to visit. Robert was too much of a gentleman to be willingly patronized in this way, and he saw that he had either, politely to refuse the acceptance of his room-mate's generous invitations, or get money enough to return the compliment.

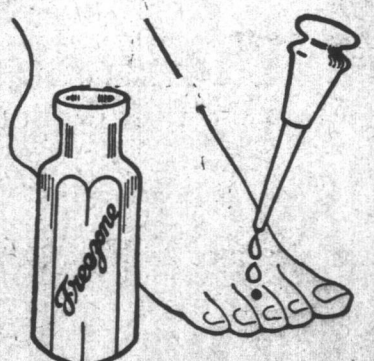
It would have been well for Robert if he had chosen to do the former; but he had fallen under the spell of the new life that his room-mate's money and generosity had opened up to him, and he decided to do the latter.

This story will be continued next week.

Those who provided the essay

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Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the calluses, without soreness or irritation.



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prizes visited the school, in Trinity and distributed them to the winners. Master Willie J. Gent received a copy of the Universities Dictionary as the first prize. Miss Mabel Christian, and Miss Isabella Kelly received each an interesting story book as second and third prizes, and Gladys Hiscock received a Prayer Book and a Hymn Book in a leather case, as "the consolation prize."

This first experiment on the part of the children in connection with reporting a public lecture has been most satisfactory from an educational standpoint.

The subject of essay writing takes me back in thought to my boyhood days in Trinity. Some fifteen or twenty boys and girls were attending the school, conducted by Mr. West, from Plymouth, England—one of the best teachers that I can remember. We had to write essays on all kinds of subjects, and it fell to my lot to be awarded several prizes, so that I began to think that I knew it all. One day, the subject given for the essay was "a dog." I knew, or rather, I thought I knew every thing about a dog, and I smiled as I saw the girls on the other side of the school trying to win the prize. What do girls know about dogs? I thought; and the handing in of my essay was, to me, and order for the prize. So I thought. To my humiliation, however, the prize was awarded to a girl—Polly Stewart. She knew all that I knew about a dog, and she knew something that I did not know. She knew that a dog perspires through his tongue, and I have known it ever since; thanks to her and that essay. She is now Mrs. Robert Grant, of St. John's; and if the recollections of the past in Trinity are as interesting to her as they are to me, she will recall with pleasure this little incident of years ago.

Mr. West was a practical teacher. He always went out with us during recess, and we were not allowed to go out of his hearing. He never pretended to be taking much notice of what we either said or did, but we often found out that he had heard and seen it all; for after we had returned to school duties, we were frequently reminded as individuals of something we had said or done that was wrong; and we were reminded of it and corrected before the school, so that not only the individual offender learnt the lesson, but the whole school did so too. I remember on one occasion, during recess, I told the other boys of a drowning accident that I had heard of. Upon our return to lessons, Mr. West said "Lockyer, did I hear you say something about some one who died recently?" I was delighted to be permitted to tell the story before the whole school—and quite unsuspectingly I said "yes Sir, John was drowned last evening."

Mr. West reformed a sympathetic interest in my story, and he managed to get me to say down-ded several times. Then he said, "Lockyer, the next time you have occasion to refer to some poor fellow having been found dead in the water, please say

drowned and not down-ded." Thus he taught me a lesson in pronunciation that I have never forgotten; and such was one of Mr. West's practical methods of teaching. Mr. and Mrs. West's only child died in Trinity, and is buried on the left hand side of the present approach to the Church, just inside the gate, and beside the bodies of Rev. Benjamin Smith's children. The loss of their child was a great grief to them, and they did not remain in Trinity very long after that.

Whilst the month of March this year was an exceptionally good one for sea-birds in Trinity, and thus a plentiful supply of fresh meat of this kind was provided for many of our people—the rabbits, that once were so plentiful all the winter long, are gradually disappearing.

This disappearance of the rabbits is a matter of deep regret, as the flesh constituted a food that everybody is fond of, and for which there is no substitute. The cause of this disappearance in the woods around Trinity, is the absence of their food-stuff, which has been destroyed by the fires that have swept the country within the last few years. I have a vivid recollection of the time when the rabbits were first introduced into our woods. Some half dozen pairs were sent from St. John's to Mr. Cole to be released in some protected place. They were given in charge of Constable John White, and he in turn, asked two boys to go with him to the woods, and to assist him in carrying the rabbits. I was one of the two boys thus highly favoured, but I have forgotten who the other boy was. We took them up God's Cove Finch, turned off to the left and climbed to the hill to the west of God's Cove Ridge, and there they were released. With abundance of food, and protected by the law for some years, they multiplied rapidly. Now, however, owing to the causes, I have mentioned they are very rare and are seldom if ever offered for sale.

Some happy events of eighty years ago.

MARRIED.

1848. Joseph Pinhorn, and Mary Pollett of New Harbour. Witnesses:—Richard Ash, Joseph H. Brine.

1848. James Pottle of English Harbour, and Elizabeth Burnell of Salmon Cove. Witnesses:—Joseph Ivamy, Martin Pottle.

1844. William Jones Wells of English Harbour and Laura Jaynes of Trinity. Witnesses:—Mark Wells William Bugden.

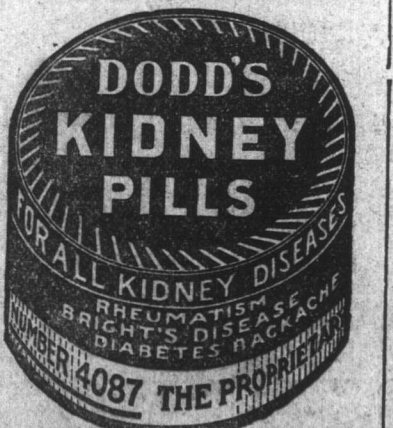
1845. Mark Wells of English Harbour and Elizabeth Guppy of Ship Cove. Witnesses:—James Walters, John Guppy.

1846. Charles Morris of Cuckhold's Cove and Hannah Hunt of Trinity. Witnesses:—Elizabeth Finch, James Christian.

1847. Isaac Butler of Robin Hood and Eliza Moody of Salmon Cove. Witnesses:—John Butler, James Butler.

1850. Moses King and Rachel Miller, both of New Bonaventure. Witnesses:—Samuel Miller, Jonathan Miller.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.
"History." It was Rev. John Godden, during his incumbency at the



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north side of Trinity, who brought about the change of name to "Trinity East."

"Robert E." Doctor Johnson, who preceded Dr. Barlow in Trinity, was appointed the medical doctor on board of one of H.M. Warships after he left Trinity, and he went down with the ship during the battle of Jutland. May God be good to him.

"Parson H." Bishop Spencer was a grandson of the Duke of Marlborough. He left Newfoundland in 1843.

"Trinitarian." The font that you inquire about, that was in old St. Paul's in your boyhood days, is still in the Church at Trinity, though not in use. The fluted marble column on which the bowl rested, is now the column on which the credence table rests; and the bowl, with its wooden cover, is carefully packed, and is on

the third floor of the tower of St. Paul's. Probably the apse by which the water was removed from it, is there too.

"Old Timer." One of the oldest houses in Trinity, if not the oldest, is that next to the Commercial Store, in which Charles Mac Farlane lived years ago. It was built by Doctor Skelton with material that came out of the first St. Paul's Church, (a hundred years ago) and pill-boxes—so it is said.

Trinity, April 8th, 1922. W.J.L.
SALE OF \$8.00 to \$10.00 SKIRTS.—A special range of Smart New Spring Skirts in Satins, Silk, Plaid, Serge; new box-pleated and plain styles; all colors; sizes 26 to 42; sizes up to 52 inches for large size women. \$3.90 and \$4.90, at S. L. LEVITZ & CO., opposite Ayre & Sons New Building.—April 12

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The White Clothing tory.
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MUTT AND JEFF—

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