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BAIRD & CO. WHOLESALE AGENTS
ST. JOHN'S

TRINITY.

Some eighty or ninety years ago, when the period of maritime romance was all but over on the coast of Newfoundland, the captain of an armed vessel with a swarthy crew, found himself far out of his course, and though he had but little idea of his whereabouts, he was less than ten miles to the South East of Cape Bonaville. The captain had not been in such northern latitude before, and the sudden chill of the atmosphere that to a Newfoundland was a sure indication of a coming Northeast, though it chilled the thin blood of the tropical sailors, failed to warn them of the coming storm, till it had burst upon them with all its November fury. Upon first sight of land the captain began to try to find out his latitude, with a view to his getting into warmer waters, and to fulfill his promise to his officers and men some months before, to be back to Carriaga on the holy feast of Christmas.

The sudden and unexpected Northeast, however, for the present upset all his plans and calculations, and with several of the vessel's sails torn to ribbons by the first onslaught of the storm, there was nothing for him to do but to leave the ship to, and to drift with the wind, hoping that the course of the drift would take them to the open sea and to safety. When, however, a temporary lull in the storm enabled them to see a few hundred yards ahead, it was to reveal to them the towering cliffs of an unknown headland on which was a powerful light, and a hurried reference to the ship's book of descriptions of lighthouses, and revolutions of the light—that in this instance all but shone down upon the vessel's deck—showed the captain that they were to the northeast of the island, that their forebears had named Baccalieu. The lull in the wind and the clearing of the snow, that had enabled them to find their latitude, were but the prelude to an outburst of greater violence of wind, and a squall of snow, that hid everything from view. The lull, however, was long enough for the skipper of a schooner that had left St. John's the day before for Trinity, to catch sight of the vessel, to note her foreign appearance, and to become aware of her dangerous position.

Upon his arrival at Trinity, the skipper reported what he had seen, and expressed grave fears about the vessel's safety. Winter, however, had now fairly set in, and the happenings at Baccalieu were a sealed book to the outside world till the spring. Rumors of the presence of this mysterious vessel became known in a settlement near Baccalieu, and many and various were the speculations and the stories that were told during the long winter months; but as no one had seen her either before or after the storm, it was taken for granted that she had gone to sea and away.

With early spring there came the

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Lift Off with Fingers



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Truly!

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 callus, without soreness or irritation.

usual awakening of activities in the cove along the mainland near to Baccalieu, and the presence of sea-birds in the Tickle was a call to the men to begin the season by a day's "birding." As the crew of one of the boats rowed around the northern northern point of Baccalieu, where the birds were unusually plentiful, they were surprised to see pieces of wreckage wedged by the sea into the crevices of the rugged cliffs, and the broken spars of a vessel standing out of the deep water near the base of the cliff. It did not take the men long to recall the stories of the mysterious vessel that was reported off this point in November, and to account for her sudden disappearance. All produced a new train of thought. Birds were forgotten; caps were removed from the nipples of the guns, and the nipples were covered with oakum; the guns were put away carefully; and the boat was headed for the wreckage. The morning was fine, the sea was calm, and the water was clear. It did not take the men long to get a comprehensive view of the situation. The wreckage was that of a pirate; the hull was badly battered by the sea; amongst the debris that had been swept into the still water of a small lagoon were several bodies of sailors—but what was more deeply interesting than all the rest put together, was a brass bound keg, rolling gently to and fro on the bottom with the motion of the water. "Boys!" said the skipper, "we're in luck, but we must lose no time, and we must keep this to ourselves." The men on shore were surprised to see the gunners coming back so soon, and with only a few birds; but though they could not quite understand it, they said nothing, and no suspicions were aroused.

The next morning the men were off again with the dawn, and though their guns, and powderhorns and shot bags were much in evidence, as though their sole object was bird hunting, some half a dozen jiggers and lines, and an extra sail, were carefully concealed from the prying eyes of the neighbors who were astir, and on the beach as the boat left again for another day's birding (?) A shot or two fired at the birds as the men crossed the Tickle, to get the neighbors on shore to believe that they were really after birds, did not greatly retard the progress they were making towards the scene of the wreck. The sea was not quite so calm, nor the water quite so clear as it had been the day before; but after some little time a glint of the brass hoops on the keg betrayed its presence. After many efforts and several disappointments, the hooks of the two jiggers they were using, found their respective places—one under the chime of each end of the keg, and by careful manipulation, and with many fears, the keg was brought sufficiently near the surface of the water to be caught by the gaffs and deposited in the boat. Though the weight of the keg "engendered" their hopes as to its contents, they were not satisfied till one of the end hoops was lifted and a part of the head of the keg was removed. Then as the three men in turn saw the gold coins, the skipper said, "Boys, we don't care if we don't catch nar fish this summer."

Knowing how difficult it would be to conceal the keg from the men who would help them to haul up the boat and anxious to get the money to their homes, without the secret getting out, they counted the coins, divided them equally, and threw the keg overboard. Their secret was well kept, and not till after they had visited the scene of the wreck several times, without discovering another keg, did they give up the search. In the meantime others found out and visited the scene of the wreck, but as they seen nothing worth spending their time over, they stuck to their bird shooting and their fishing, and to all but the three men who had secured the keg, the wreck was soon forgotten. Some forty years after that, an old fisherman-resident of the Cove became very ill. A doctor from a long distance was called to see him. The old man asked the doctor what his charge was for his services, and he replied "Five pounds." The doctor was surprised to see the old man get off his couch, and go down into an improvised cellar under the kitchen floor. When he returned he handed the doctor a gold coin to that amount, bearing the mint mark of a foreign country, and the profile of a foreign king, who had long ago gone to his rest. The doctor wondered where the old man got that coin. The old man, however, did not wonder, for he was the skipper of the boat that had moved away to the United States a few weeks after they had found the money, and had since gone to their rest, the secret of the keg and its contents was known only to the old man.

N.B.—This story will be concluded in my next item December 10th; not next week, as I shall be away from Trinity.

Marriages and Witnesses of the Past:
1848. Joseph Long, of Salmon Cove, married to Judith Hillyer, by Rev. H. J. Fitzgerald. Witnesses: John Long, George Cutler.

1842. Joseph Morris, Jr., Cuckhold's Cove, married to Maria Hisecock, Trinity, by Rev. H. J. Fitzgerald. Witnesses: Jasper Hisecock, George Fleet.

1848. James Sexton, Trinity, married to Ann Jones, by Rev. H. J. Fitzgerald. Witnesses: Henry Bartlett, John James.

Sunday last—the last Sunday in the Church year—was, in common with the Church of England in the Diocese of Newfoundland—Thanksgiving Day in St. Paul's Church, Trinity. The services were the Eucharist (the great Thanksgiving service of the Church) at 8 o'clock, Matins at 11, and Evensong at 6.30. All the services were well attended, heartily and devotionally rendered, and all the offerings during the day were for Home and Foreign Missions, and other Diocesan Funds, included in the Budget. A feature of more than ordinary interest was made a part of Evensong. The brass tablet on the west end of the Church, in loving memory of Orlando James Morris was dedicated. After the third collect, the clergy, church wardens and vestrymen went in procession to where the tablet was placed. A request by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Morris—parents of Orlando—was read, asking the Church to accept and dedicate the offering. This was done by the clergy, whilst the large congregation joined sympathetically and reverently in the prayers that followed the dedication. The tablet is a beautiful specimen of the brass workers' art, and is attached to the west end of the church, on the north side of the west window, and in size and design corresponds to the brass tablet on the south side of the same window, in memory of Orlando's brother Stephen, who fell during the war. The tablet was made by J. Walpole and Co., London, and the inscription is as follows:

In affectionate memory of
ORLANDO JAMES MORRIS
Who was drowned on his way
to St. John's, in the storm
of September 24th, 1916.

—Aged 35 years—
He was Warden of this
Church at the time of his
death—an office which he
held for six years.
"Faithful Unto Death."

During the sermon on Thanksgiving offerings, that followed the dedication, the preacher said:

"There are those, who as members of this congregation in the past gave their intellect, their time, and their money to the best interests of the Church, and we to-day are reaping the benefits of it all. God has called several of them to Himself. One of those men was Orlando James Morris—God's good man, whom God called to rest through the waters. No more faithful Churchman ever lived in Trinity. No man was ever more unselfish in respect of time and talents and means than he was."

"No monument ever placed in Trinity has or will have a larger part in the affectionate memory of our people than the Altar and reredos in the Mortuary Chapel, placed there to God's glory and his memory by his wife and children."

"And now, to-night, we are priv-

DANDERINE

**Stops Hair Coming Out;
Thickens, Beautifies.**



35-cents buys a bottle of "Danderine" at any drug store. After one application you can not find a particle of dandruff or a falling hair. Besides, every hair shows new life, vigor, brightness, more color and abundance.

leged to dedicate a father and mother's offering to the same holy purpose, in the Church he loved so well. Thank God for Orlando Morris, and may God be good to him in the intermediate life. Surely, the remembrance of his thankfulness to God, as evinced by his unselfish love and generosity in the cause of church advancement, should be effective in producing a generosity amongst us, that will lavishly provide every requirement for church repairs, church extension, missionary work, and every other call of God through His Church."

The new schedule for train service on the Bonaville Branch that went into operation on Tuesday last, giving us a mail three times a week, is a sensible one. He would be a wise man who could arrange a schedule that would please everybody, and a fool who would try to do so.

Mrs. Ash returned to Trinity by the Prospero.

Several of our local sports, with a well provided outfit, went to Anthony's Island—not far from Ireland's Eye, last week to interview the part-ridges there. They were, however, too late in the season, as the sound of their feet on the snow and frozen ground made their presence known to the birds too soon. They hope to profit by their experience when they make their arrangements for next year.

When the public wharf was built here last summer, a wharf-crane was added to it, and some of us thought it would not be of much service to any one. It was put in the wrong place at first; but in its present position it has proved to be of the greatest service to the public, who have freight to ship or transfer: to the schooner crews who come ashore to fill their water casks and to others. It is a public convenience.

Mr. and Mrs. Quinton, of Port Union, spent a few days with friends in Trinity this week, and we were all glad to see them. Mrs. Quinton was Miss Ella Blackmore, of Port Blandford, and was the telegraph operator and post mistress at Port Union at the time of her marriage. Mr. Quinton holds a responsible position in connection with the F.P.U. stores at Port Union.

A baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. William McGrath last Saturday. Mother and child are doing well.

When some of our men visited Rider's Harbor last week they found a little headstone erected not far from the shore, on which was an emblem indicative of endless life; and below the emblem a plain Latin Cross. There is no lettering on the stone. I should be glad to get the history of it. Rider's Harbor was once a well populated settlement; but some fishermen live there only during the summer time. The late Inspector General Sullivan was born there.

We were pleased to meet Capt. John and Mrs. Randall, and his brother Capt. Herbert Randall. They were visiting their mother at Port Rexton, and returned to St. John's by Sunday express. Both captains have made good, and we are proud of them.

The section men's houses near the Loop are being gradually moved out beyond the station. This will be an advantage to the men, and with no disadvantage to the railway.

The new Church of England day school at Lockton will be ready for occupation after Christmas. It is a well-planned, and well-constructed building, and is an addition to the good appearance and the status of the settlement.

Mr. Oakley, of St. John's, spent the week-end with his sister, Mrs. (Capt.) Barbour.

Mr. Alfred Hisecock, who has been quite ill with pleurisy, though still confined to his bed is improving.

Mr. William House and his wife have moved to Grand Falls to live with their son during the winter. We shall miss you, William.

Miss Nina Granger is attending Bishop Spencer College, St. John's. She will do credit to the college and to herself during her course.

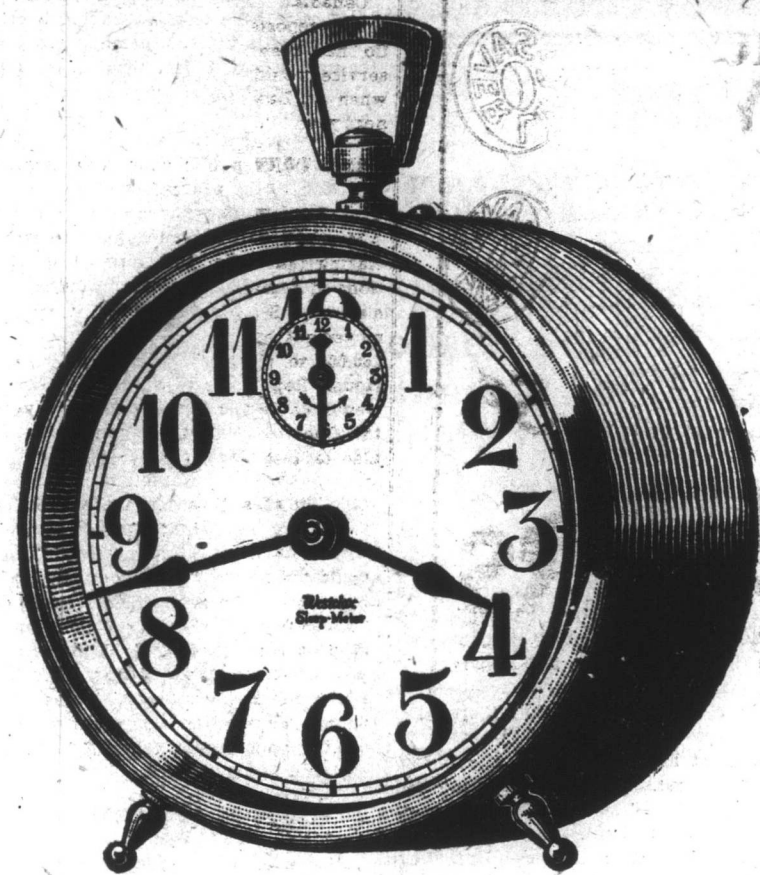
A monument to mark the grave of her child, and in memory of her husband who gave his life in the Navy during the war, has been erected in the Church of England Cemetery, by Mrs. Fowler, who was Miss Lillian Bartlett, Goose Cove.

Dr. Sinclair is kept busy, and he and Mrs. Sinclair are setting interestingly familiar with the details of the geography of Trinity Bight.

Cap'n Lockyer, spending the week-end and Sunday with Rev. R. F. Mercer, Catalina.

Trinity, Nov. 26.

Westclox



—for a bigger, better day's work

YOU know how you can wade right into your day's work some mornings and clean things up! With just half the effort it takes on other days?

But have you noticed that the kind of start you get is what makes the difference? That's where a good alarm clock like Sleep-Meter can boost your stock with the Boss.

Sleep-Meter puts in twenty-four hours every day to make your eight hours better.

It's Sleep-Meter's business to measure off exactly the amount

of sleep you decide on the night before: then wake you punctually, cheerfully and tunelessly.

But ringing on time is only one part of a good alarm clock's job. For to ring on time, your clock must keep time all day.

That's why we build Westclox alarms to be good timekeepers first of all. Then we add the alarm feature. As a result, Westclox are used today as all 'round timekeepers in thousands of homes. You'll know them by the six-sided, orange and buff Westclox tag.

WESTERN CLOX CO., LA SALLE, ILLINOIS, U. S. A.

Makers of Westclox: Big Ben, Baby Ben, Pocket Ben, Glo-Ben, America, Sleep-Meter, Jack o'Lantern. Factory: Peru, Illinois. In Canada: Western Clock Co., Limited, Peterborough, Ont.

Crown Prince Michi-No-Miya Hirohito of Japan.

BORN APRIL 29, 1901—HEIR AP.
PARENT TO JAPANESE THRONE.

(Associated Press.)
Crown Prince Michi-No-Miya, of Japan, who has been designated Regent of that Empire in consequence of the bad physical condition of his imperial father, was born April 29, 1901, and was proclaimed heir apparent in 1912 when his father became emperor at the death of Mutsuhito and was formally consecrated as Crown Prince in 1916. Prince Michi, as he is called, is a major of infantry in the Japanese army and a Lieutenant-commander in the navy. He has

always been a close student of history and geography and, since 1919, when he attained his majority, has participated in the councils of the imperial family and occupied a seat in the House of Peers in the Imperial Diet. He is said to possess "an observing disposition, a retentive memory and a desire for knowledge." Beginning when he was six years old, he received a common school education in Tokyo and studied under private tutors in the Imperial Education Institute at Tokyo.

In May, 1920, the illness of Emperor Yoshihito had become so grave that he relinquished some of his duties to Prince Michi and the Prince received foreign diplomats on an important state function. In the spring of 1921 the Emperor broke an ancient Japanese tradition by sending the Crown Prince on a visit to Europe.

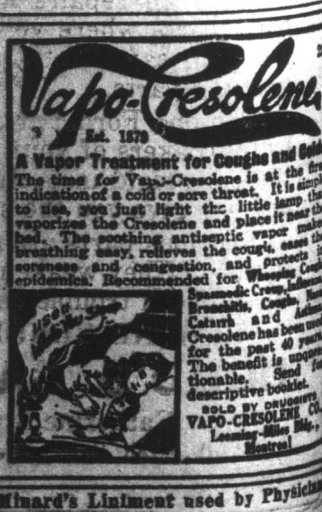
HONORARY GENERAL OF BRITISH ARMY.

It was reported at that time that his proposed tour abroad was due to an intrigue to annul his engagement to marry the Princess Jagako. About this time there was a movement to have him declared Prince Regent owing to the long continued illness of his father. Before he sailed for Europe, it was announced, in Tokyo that his wedding would take place after he returned from abroad. In the spring of 1921 the Prince visited England, Scotland, France, Belgium, Holland and Italy—the first Japanese Prince who ever left his native country. He was accompanied by Admiral Togo, who for a number of years had directed his education. He was made an honorary general in the British army and a Knight of the Order of the Bath by King George, and was entertained by the royal houses of the other nations and received in audience by Pope Benedict. In an interview in London, the Prince said he looked forward to a visit to the United States at some other time.

Upon his return to Tokyo, after several months' absence, the Crown Prince issued a message to the nation, in which he said he appreciated the hospitality and courtesy accorded him everywhere and that he believed his trip would be helpful to Japan. "I confess," he added, "that there are a number of things which we Japanese have yet to learn from the countries I visited. It is my ardent wish that the whole nation apply itself with doubled energy to the promotion of national prosperity by adopting whatever is good that foreign countries possess."

Spools.

Maine is the pine tree state also the spool state. It turns out more spools than any other country, and the number is set down as 1,000 millions a year, valued at about 1 1/4 million dollars. White birch is the wood which makes the best spools. The wood is cut in winter, sawed into "bars" half to two and three-quarter inches square and two to four feet long. About two and one-third cords of timber are required for one thousand feet of bars. After sawing, the bars are piled cross-wise, in order to facilitate seasoning, and, protected from weather, are allowed to cure. About fifteen million feet of bars are consumed by the spool factories, and an equal amount is exported to Scotland and England. The spool-making machines are very interesting and an up-to-date machine turns out spools at the rate of one a second.



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