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The Kodak Store, Water Street.  
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## TRINITY.

The story of the Indians at Trinity two hundred years ago, is continued from last week.

The first halting place of the Indians after they left Trinity, was at the side of a small pond at the top of the hill. (God's Cove Pond). Here a fire was kindled, and a hasty mid-day meal was prepared, and partaken of in silence. The Medicine Man, however, was by no means silent, and his shrieks and the rattling of the ring bolts could be heard, as he ran in a circle around a clearing to the North West of the pond. Just as the others were ready to continue their journey, the Medicine Man appeared, and approaching the Chief he asked that the land he had just gone around be given to him as his own possession. The Chief granted his request, and from that date down to the present, it has been known as the Doctor's Farm. Passing hurriedly along the shores of another pond, to which was given the name of Indian Pond, the setting sun found them at the foot of a large sheet of water where a halt was made, the evening meal prepared, and then, all were soon asleep.

In the morning a pow-wow was held to discuss future action. It was decided that the shores of this pond—to which they gave the name of Trinity Pond—should be their present camping ground. The flat, level country was claimed by the Chief as his own, to be known as "Pea-Owl's (Powell's) Country." The hills in the distance were given to the braves, who at once proceeded to take formal possession of them, indicating the same by hanging their large powder horns on the highest points, and thus naming them for ever as "The Powder-horn hills." The Chief then spoke loud and long upon the causes that had led to their having to leave their old camping ground at Three-Waters; and there and then they registered a vow that six moons from that date, they would return by the way they had come, and each and every mother's son of them—be they from Devonshire or Limerick.

Just then a shriek and a splash were heard. The Medicine Man who had been practicing a war-dance on a boulder not far from the shore, had lost his balance and fallen into the water, the heavy ring bolts around his neck carrying him quickly to the bottom. His body was recovered during the day, but before it was con-

signed to the earth, the ring bolts were removed from his neck. One was embedded in a rock, at a point of land where his body had drifted on shore, and the other was driven into a crevice of the rock from which he had fallen to his death; to mark the spot and (though not a part of the Indians plan) to keep the white man guessing as to why the ring bolts had been placed there.

A long winter gave place to spring, and in spite of the secrecy maintained by the Indians as to their presence and intentions, the settlers at Trinity suspected a treacherous raid some day, and they prepared accordingly. Some cannon were mounted on a point of land at the entrance to the Harbour, and elevated to sweep the hill-side to the north-west, at a moment's notice. Twenty "youngsters" from Devonshire, clad in moleskin, and hobnailed bluchers kept continuous watch—except during meal times and at night. They could not think of allowing anything to interfere either with their food or their sleep.

No one could be happier than they were, for their daily rations per man were, a bushel of peas, two halfpails of small bread, and a quart of rum. One night, as they lay prone upon their backs, snoring to beat the fog whistle, and when it was too dark for them to see the toes of their bluchers, they were surprised by the Indians; and all, except one man (who took to the water on an empty peasant barrel) were scalped and clubbed to death. The Devonshire, however, had used their hobnailed bluchers with such terrible effects during the attack, that the Indians, though victorious, gradually succumbed to their bruises, and when the dawn broke, there stood one solitary Indian—the only survivor of his tribe.

Looking across the water he saw the man who had escaped on the peasant barrel, trying to climb the Noddy cliff. The Indian, with a muttered curse, elevated a loaded cannon which he found at the fort, and pointing it towards where the man was climbing, he fired. The aim, however, was not correct, and instead of hitting the moleskin jumper, the ball embedded itself in the cliff, and there it still remains to bear witness to the Indian's bad shot, and to attest the truth of my story.

Then seeing a codswine skiff putting off from Slade's, propelled by six stalwart Irishmen, and Major Kelson in the bow, armed with a cocked hat and a crooked sword, the Indian de-

cided to quit. As the skiff grounded on the mussel-bed, a hundred feet from the shore, the Major called upon the Indians to surrender, and all the Irishmen jumped overboard to catch "the miserable haythen." The Indian, however, sprang into deep water, and swimming across the Narrows, he disappeared into a cove, at the base of Skirwink. As a rolling sea filled the mouth of the cove, one of the Irishmen was heard to say: "Be gob that's the last of he, and he's drowned like a rat in a hole." The Indian, however, did not think so, for he had been there before, and within an hour he came out of the other end of the cove at Dog Cove, as dry as a bone, and taking to the woods he was soon lost to sight.

During the summer, some men who were deer hunting came across him, and as he was still suffering from the effects of a kick he had received during the night of the fight, he was captured, and brought back to Trinity, where, he was born some twenty years before, and where, during the balance of his life he was employed as a servant. He was taught the rudiments of Christianity by good old Parson Clinch, and at his baptism he was given the name of John August. John after Parson Clinch, and August after the month in which he was captured. He did not live long, and when he died he was buried in the old Church-yard at Trinity—the last male of the Beothics who had been civilized. His grave was not marked, but in the burial register of old St. Paul's is the entry: "October 28th, 1788. Interred, John August, a native Indian of this island, and servant to Jeffrey and Street." The bodies of the Devonshires, together with those of the Indians, were buried where they fell—on the shore of the Port Point—and to this day the rough mounds tell the sad and silent story, and an occasional bone coming to the surface, or washed out by the tide, proves how true it all was.

Whilst preparing these notes, my thoughts went back some sixty years ago to the old fire engine that was brought to Trinity from England by John Bingley Garland, Esq., a hundred years ago, and which was one of the wonderful things of my boyhood days. The little yellow painted cottage-roof house that still stands between Ryan Bros. office and "the Big House" was built for its home, and was known as "the Engine House." There, in its brilliant colours of red and green, with metal joints and axles, always carefully oiled; the yards of rubber suction pipe, and the discharge pipe, with its long brass nozzle, coiled ready for use at a moment's notice; there, surrounded with some twenty or thirty hardwood buckets hanging on the walls of the building, it stood (to us as boys) a thing of wondrous beauty and of most wonderful construction! As boys, we were not often privileged to see it. Occasionally, on some fine day in summer, the man in charge of it, would throw open the front doors of the Engine House, to let the air blow through it, and then, as soon as the boys heard of it they would hurry to the spot, and—into the Engine House!—Oh! no. We were not allowed even inside the fence, so with open mouths we feasted our eyes upon what we could see by peering between the palings of the fence. There were two occasions when all our boyish delights were rolled into one, and these were, when the engine was taken out for the man to practice with, and when it was called into action to assist in putting out a fire. Even then, as boys, we had to keep out "on a wing," as the only use the man in charge of the nozzle had for us was to pretend that he thought we were the fire centre, and then to direct the water accordingly. He was always a good shot, and many a boy had the fire of his enthusiasm put out by a stream of water that soaked him from head to foot, and sent him home to be dealt with by a higher Court, where, from under the blankets, as a part of his sentence, he could listen to the shouts of the other boys, who had sense enough to keep out of "gun shot" from the nozzle and were still enjoying the fun.

We did not have many real fires in those days. The only one that I can remember, at which the Fire Engine was called out, was that on the present premises of Mr. Joseph Morris, when it was owned by Mr. James Verge. Then it did good work, and the buildings were saved, largely because of the presence of the engine. When it was too far from a well to enable the firemen to fill it by means of the suction pipe, the tank was filled and kept filled with water by the use of buckets that formed a part of the outfit. I had not seen the engine for nearly fifty years, so last week I asked Mr. Ryan if I might see it, to find, if possible, the state of its construction, and the name of the builder. Mr. Ryan kindly sent a man to show me where it is kept, and the sight of it brought back such a flood of memories, as were overpowering in their variety and reality.

Owing to its having been well high surrounded by other things stored in the building, I could not manage to get a good view of its different parts; hence I did not find the brass plate, with the date, etc., on it—if there is such a plate—but I found the maker's name and address painted in large

white letters on the front panel, viz., "Hopwood, Black Friar's Bridge, London." I should like to be permitted to have charge of it for a while; long enough to get the engine in working order; to paint it up in its pristine beauty of colour; to start a fire; (by permission) to call for volunteers; and to run it around the harbor to the scene of the fire. Well! all this may be the foolish yearnings of one, not so young as he used to be; and reality might not equal anticipation; but I believe it would be interesting, to both participants and spectators. The Trinity men above who remember the old Engine, will kindly hold themselves in readiness to respond to the call for volunteers, when I get it all ready for action.

Some people who come to Newfoundland from other countries, often laugh at words used by Newfoundlanders, under the impression that all the words so used have had their origin in, and are peculiar to Newfoundland. I admit, that, with our habit of running two or three words together sometimes, it is difficult for a stranger to understand some sentences of ordinary conversation—and yet even that habit was brought to us by our ancestors from Devonshire, and is by no means unknown there to-day. It is the same in respect of names by which certain things are known to us. For instance, the berry known in Nova Scotia as the "blue berry" is known to us as the harts, whilst it is spelled whortle. There are those who would tell us that harts is a word invented by Newfoundlanders, and unknown in England. This, however, is not so, for as I write I have before me a report of one Edward Hale, the only survivor of Sir Humphrey Gilbert's expedition to Newfoundland in 1583. In that report he says: "The soil along the coast of Newfoundland is not deep. Hence, passing 'wrest grow there, and a berry which we call harts, good, and wholesome to eat." This was in 1583 and those berries were then known as harts in Devonshire. Hence, the word harts (right or wrong) did not originate with Newfoundlanders.

Mr. Walter White, Teller in the Royal Bank, Trinity, is spending his vacation in St. John's and Bay Roberts.

Rev. W. R. Higgin and Mrs. Higgin spent a pleasant fortnight at Trinity, and returned to Harbour Grace on Thursday.

Mr. Abel Rowe, the Lighthouse Keeper at Port Point, has had a slight stroke of paralysis, and is off duty for a while.

Mrs. George Thorne, who was Lizzie Bartlett of years ago in Trinity, spent a pleasant week with her mother, brother and sister, and returned to St. John's by the Prospero.

Sergeant White, of Catalina, came to Trinity last week in charge of a prisoner. We congratulate the Sergeant on his recent promotion; and we are always glad to see him in Trinity—his native place.

Miss Davis, the new Roman Catholic teacher came last week, and the school house is being prepared for use.

Miss Mollie White and Miss Marie Erickson have gone back to Spencer College at St. John's for another year.

Mr. N. J. King, of Bonaventure, who passed with credit in the examinations for Associate in Arts, has gone back to Bishop Field College to take the Normal Course. Bonaventure has cause to be proud of its young men.

Canon Lockyer left on Thursday for Nova Scotia, on a visit to old friends and parishioners there.

Miss Stella Lockyer is visiting friends at St. John's.

Rev. W. R. Higgin conducted all the services at Christ Church, Port Rexton, on Sunday last.

The marriage of Mr. Asariah King and Miss Laura Goodyear, was solemnized at the Church at Bonaventure on Tuesday last, by Rev. C. M. Stickings, Rector.

—W. J. L.

Trinity, Sept. 17th.

WHAT ONE OF THE BEST KNOWN TRAVELLERS IN CANADA SAYS.  
"Now I am going to give you an unsolicited testimonial as they say in the patent medicine advertising. Heretofore I have had a profound contempt for patent medicines, particularly so-called 'Lancet' pills. I have been blessed with a sturdy constitution, and never have been ill a day in my life. One day last fall, after a hard day's tramp in the slush of Montreal, I developed a severe pain in my legs and of course like a man who has never had anything wrong with him physically, I complained rather boisterously. The good little wife says: 'I will rub them with some Liniment I have.' 'Do ahead,' I said just to humor her. 'Well, in she comes with a bottle of Minard's Liniment and gets busy. Believe me the pain disappeared a few minutes after, and you can tell the world I said so.' (Signed) FRANK H. JOHNS, Montreal.

# Brick's Tasteless

THE ONE WHO TAKES IT MUST EAT



## Stop! You Need a Tonic

A bottle of Brick's Tasteless is a wonderful tonic and will certainly improve your health. Brick's Tasteless is well known as an appetizer and good strengthener. All it costs is \$1.20 bottle. Postage 20c. extra. Cheap enough for such a food medicine.



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The condition of the mind depends on the condition of the body, and the condition of the latter depends on the kind and quality of the medicine used. Brick's Tasteless is far superior to any other tonic for increasing weight and restoring one back to perfect health. Try a bottle.



Don't blame him, he can't help it; he's had a headache for a week. But we could fix him right away. Brick's Tasteless has cured thousands of cases. It has never yet failed. Try a bottle.



## Tune Up Your System

When you feel "draggy", "listless", "lazy", not really sick, but far from well—what you need is a new supply of rich red blood. Brick's Tasteless helps the system and aids nature. It is a safe medicine that makes good blood, sound digestion and builds up the system.



## Stop that Hack

And cure that cold. It debilitates the system and leaves it an easy prey to disease. Brick's Tasteless tones up the system, increases the vitality and acts as a general bracer.



## CHEER UP! BRACE UP!

Brick's Tasteless will bring relief at once. It is a tonic that runs down systems need. Costs only \$1.20 bottle. Postage 20c. extra.

BRICK'S TASTELESS can be purchased from Stafford's Drug Store, Theatre Hill, for \$1.20 bottle, Postage 20c. extra. Over 2000 bottles arrived a few days ago.

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DURKEE'S SALAD DRESSING.  
CADBURY'S CHOCOLATE.

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## Household Notes.

Serve vanilla ice cream with a sauce of chopped figs, dates, raisins and a little candied ginger cooked in a thick syrup.

Have banana lengthwise, put together with thick jam, cover with cold boiled custard and top with whipped cream.

Home-made marshmallows are delicious rolled in macaroons which

have been rolled and dried. Serve with sugar and cream.

The refrigerator should be washed thoroughly once a week with lukewarm water in which washing soda

has been dissolved.

Once a week you should disinfect a can of lye in a quart of water and pour it down the sink drain. This keeps it free from grease.

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians