

From a recent Magazine we have copied the following. We only need to add, Papers to suit all requirements can be had at our Store.

1. Thou shalt heed the call of Plain quiet wall papers and white woodwork wherever such is possible.
2. Thou shalt lighten dark rooms by the use of light-hued, yellow-tinted wall paper, that suggests the blessed sunshine.
3. Thou shalt see that thy walls and thine own personality are not to forward, but modestly retiring.
4. Thou shalt use no large-patterned wall papers against which to hang thy pictures. The one will kill the other.
5. Thou shalt have no centerpiece or cornerpieces upon thy ceiling, but only a very nearly plain expanse of light color.
6. Thou shalt have thy fill of bright tints, and delicate designs for bedrooms and boudoirs, but for drawing-rooms, dining-rooms, libraries and halls, thou shalt be compelled to use less frivolous papers.
7. Thou shalt, when the ceiling is not too high, run the paper of the side wall up to the ceiling, putting the border just below the angle.
8. Thou shalt not panel the walls of a small room, except it be above a mantelpiece, a sideboard or a bookcase, where a bit of tapestry, a mirror or a picture may be held in place by strips of moulding.
9. Thou shalt use attention-compelling cut out borders, or conventionally designed strips for divisions between walls and ceiling.
10. Thou shalt remember at all times that thy wall paper is but a background against which to show thy pictures, thy furniture, and thy friends.

Templeton's

INTERESTING TRINITY.

The late Bishop Blinney, of Nova Scotia, told me at one time, that when he went to a parish for the first time he based his first opinions of the parishioners upon the condition of the church fence and churchyard. If he found those things neglected, he was quite prepared to find many other things, temporal and spiritual, in an unsatisfactory condition, and vice versa.

Well, the old churchyard in Trinity is decently fenced and in good condition, and if the stones were only put upright, it would all measure up to the good Bishop's standard, and not only give him a good opinion of St. Paul's congregation, but it would also influence other strangers to think well of them too, for we are all largely governed by appearances.

There are over 200 stones visible in this churchyard, and several others—probably the oldest, having fallen down years ago—are now covered with earth. The oldest date on these stones above ground is 1743. Placentia, Harbour Grace, Bonavista and probably other places can show older stones, with, no doubt, equally interesting epitaphs.

One reason for so many peculiar epitaphs is—In many instances the order for a stone would be sent to Poole, England, by a captain of one of the vessels going there in the fall. The order would be something like this—"Captain, please get me a headstone and bring it out in the spring. It is for my wife: she died on August 1st; her name was Mary and she was 50 years old. Have a verse of some kind put on it. Here is 2/15 to pay for it."

This "verse" so called would be supplied by the stone cutter, sometimes from his stock in trade, and sometimes by a poetic (?) journeyman who did the cutting, and who was given a free hand at epitaphs.

The words "Sacred to the Memory of" are found on nearly all those old stones, and they are surrounded by various emblems of mortality, such as a skull and cross bones, a coffin, an urn, etc.

The serious sentiments embodied in some of the epitaphs are confined to a belief in the resurrection, and simple faith in the doctrine of the stonecutter.

In the epitaphs as a whole, there

is a painful absence of any reference to the life and development of the soul in Paradise—not because it was actually unknown to the people: not because the Church did not teach it, but because many of the clergy of those years did not give it its true position in the soul's undying life.

The absence of the Cross, too, on these stones, as the symbol of our salvation, is also noticeable. This, however, (together with the absence of reference to the intermediate life) was only a transient omission, and both are now being restored and are becoming more and more evident in and on the stones that mark the resting places of the bodies in our churchyards to-day.

In addition to the 200 headstones in this old churchyard, there are several fine tombstones. One is that of Rev. John Clinch, missionary in Trinity for 36 years, and it calls for more than ordinary attention, as the lettering on it gives the date of his death as November 22nd, 1819.

The entry in the Burial Register of the parish: the mural tablet in the Mortuary Chapel, and the brass plate on the Font cover in church, remind us of the same fact, and probably the centennial will be marked by a special service in church, and also by having any necessary repairs done to his tomb, and the letters on the stone recut.

This tomb (which also contains the bodies of Rev. J. Clinch's wife and son) was repaired by the parish in 1881, and again, by a friend, in 1915.

Appropos of this reference to Rev. J. Clinch, an interesting event, showing how strangely an overruling Providence often shapes our ends, comes to my mind.

Rev. Mr. Clinch, in his bachelor days, was making parochial visits in a distant part of his extensive mission.

He had the misfortune to tear one of his gloves. In the next house he found a young woman with whom he left the glove to be repaired, by the time he returned to the house on his way home.

When he returned he found the glove so neatly mended that it gave him a new train of thought, and there and then he asked her to become his wife. She agreed, and neither she nor he ever had cause to regret it.

One of their daughters became the

wife of Rev. William Bullock and she was one of the most charming and devout personalities that ever graced a paragon.

The road, known to-day as the church road, for many years passed obliquely through the churchyard, coming out by the corner of what is now Mr. Hussey's shop, and continuing along the beach.

That portion of it that lay through the churchyard was seldom used after night; but the few who attempted it had ghost stories on tap for use during winter evenings at the public house, or at other times when they wished to pose as those who neither cared nor feared!

I shall close this article with a few of the epitaphs that could—after many efforts—be deciphered on the old stones:

"Snatched from this world when life was in its bloom,
Here rests a daughter in affliction's tomb;
Long to her aged sire the maiden clung,
And heart to heart their love responsive rung.
The message came, and with resistless sway,
Bore from her arms her succour and her stay.
Like the fond ivy from the oak departed,
She drooped, and died, bereaved and broken-hearted."

"Enough cold stone! suffice her long loved name,
Words are too weak to pay her virtues claim.
Temples, and tombs, and towers shall waste away,
And powers vain pomp in mould'ring dust decay;
But ere mankind a wife more perfect see,
Eternity O Time shall bury thee."

"Death with his dart did pierce my heart,
My friends most dear, your grief forbear, 'Twas God's appointed time."

"Death's sudden stroke on me was very sore,
Just as I turned the age of forty-four."

"Loving, beloved in all relations true,
Exposed to follies, but inclined to few;
Reader, reflect, and copy if you can,
The social virtues of this honest man."

"As I am now so you will be,
Prepare for death and follow me."

Some irreverent was wrote under this one—"To follow you I'm not intent,
until I know which way you went."

A stone at the extreme east of the churchyard indicates that the grave at its base, "contains (in one coffin) the bones of six children, who were burnt to death in a house at Robin Hood, on the eve of Easter."

This tragedy was a sequel to the fact, that the parents of those children had put them together in one house, and locked them in whilst the parents went to an adjoining hill "to see the sun dance on Easter morning."

There are many other points, and events and circumstances, of the deepest interest in and around historic, beautiful, and ecclesiastical Trinity, Trinity, which for the present, must remain unpublished by the present writer.

It was my high privilege to be born in Trinity. It was a delightful place to live in. It has always been an equally delightful place to visit, and when God calls me to Himself, may I be privileged to have my body laid to rest 'neath the shadow of the churchyard cross in God's Acre at Trinity.

W. J. LOCKYER.

BUYING THE BEST.

The best things are the cheapest, and a d shoddy things are punk; that man's a chronic weeper who blows himself for junk. Some bargain he goes hunting, in hens or rubber tires, in celluloid or bunting, in hats or cast-off lyres. He doesn't ask the merit of calico he buys; he doesn't bite or tear it, or hold it to his eyes; if it's as cheap as blitzen, he thinks the deal will pay; and every game he sits in he plays this sort of way. His clothes are always seedy, his shoes are down at heels, he's looking poor and needy, though he earns many wheels. He blows in all his wages for things that do not wear, for birds in cheap tin cages, and wigs that have no hair. The chairs all go to pieces, he purchased at the store, depositing his niece and aunt upon the floor. His car is always busting when he would take a ride, and accidents disgusting deface his snowy hide. His boat is always leaking when he would row a bit, and coroners are seeking his bones, on which to sit. His dog is always mangy, his cat was built to squall, his cow is lean and rangy, and kicks him through the wall. He always hunts the cheapest when he would shopping wares; cheap prices are the steepest, as we know, in the end. My large and shining dollars in good things I invest; in buying cows or collars, I always want the best.

When you want Steaks, Chops, Cutlets and Collops, try ELLIS'.

Hymeneal.

PENNEY-SAINTE.

Carbonear was the scene of an auspicious event when Ethel Grace, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Penney, was given in marriage to Rev. J. R. Saint, B.D., D.D., of Heart's Content. The ceremony took place on Tuesday evening, September 9th, at 8 o'clock in the home of the bride's parents, about forty guests being present. The room was tastefully arranged with floral decorations, and the setting was exceedingly pretty when the bride party took their places before Rev. A. A. Holmes, of Pouch Cove, who conducted the ceremony, assisted by Rev. A. V. Robb, Pastor of the Circuit. The bride was charmingly attired in a beautiful gown of Georgette crepe over white silk with an embroidered veil and orange blossoms. She carried a pink and white bouquet of asters and carnations. Her father, Mr. W. F. Penney, stood to give her away, and she was attended by her sister, Miss Lizzie Penney, who looked very becoming in a dress of pale blue silk crepe de chene, carrying a bouquet of sweet peas and fern. Rev. A. Johnson of Carbonear, acted as groomsmen, and Miss Florence Guy provided the musical accompaniment in her rendering of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March."

The knot well and truly tied, all present partook of a very dainty repast, the variety and quality of which reflected great credit upon those responsible for the culinary arrangements. Ice cream was served and the customary toasts enthusiastically honoured before the happy pair left for Bay Roberts in the car of Mr. A. E. Penney, the bride's uncle. Next morning they left by the express to pay a visit to some of the principal cities of Canada and the United States.

The good wishes of all will follow the newly married couple as they embark upon this new life which we trust will bring them many years of conjugal happiness. Both of them are well known in Methodist circles. Miss Penney played a very active part in the work of the Methodist Church in Carbonear. She was a prominent worker in the Women's Missionary Society and Superintendent of the Primary Department in the Sunday School, besides acting as organist at some of the public services. She will undoubtedly be missed, but all who have worked with her realise that she is eminently fitted to assist her husband in his multifarious duties. Dr. Saint, B.A. leader among Methodist ministers, and one whose studious habits coupled with his untiring energy have placed a high value upon his work and opinions. He was President of the Newfoundland Conference—1917-18.

The whole community will join with us in wishing Dr. and Mrs. Saint God-speed on their honeymoon journey, and in the hope that every happiness may attend them throughout their lives, in which we trust they may be long spared one to the other.—Com.

Prize Winners.

THE FAMOUS BUDDY BOOTS. A share in our profits for 1919. The following prizes to be given away free for Christmas of 1919:

Six \$50.00 Victory Bonds.
\$50.00 in Gold.
One Lady's Gold Watch.
12 pairs Men's Long Boots.
12 pairs Boys' Long Boots.
12 pairs Youth's Long Boots.
12 pairs Women's Long Boots.
12 pairs Misses' Long Boots.
12 pairs Child's Long Boots.

Every one who purchases the Famous Buddy Boots or Bear Brand Rubbers has a chance to win one of these great prizes. Start now and buy Buddy Boots right through the year. Men, Women, Boys and Girls, you all have a chance to be a winner.

Health, Wealth and Happiness, all three combined in Buddy Boots. Buddy Boots mean Health. Victory Bonds mean Wealth. Buddy Boots and Victory Bonds mean Happiness.

Buddy Boots are superior to all other Rubber Boots. Quality absolutely guaranteed. The colour of Buddy Boots is Grey. Register your name with Dealer nearest to you.

CLEVELAND RUBBER CO.,
184-186 Water St., St. John's,
JANES, N.S.A.

Triumph of the "Topper"

The silk hat was first seen in England about the year 1820, but being made of long-napped English silk on a felt body, it was very heavy and clumsy. Twenty years later the present style of high hat was introduced from France, with Lyons silk as now used.

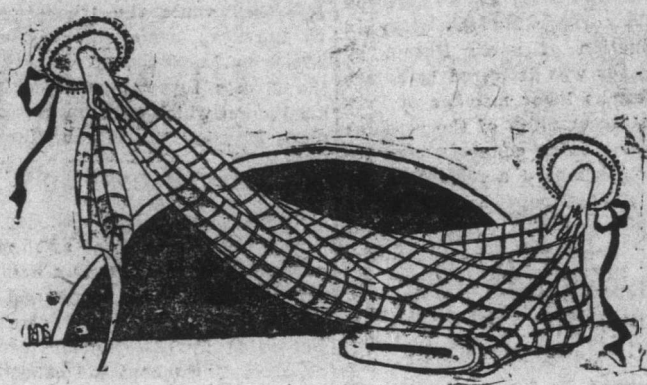
A drawback to the French hat was its fragility and liability to be dented at the slightest touch. But an English hatter hit upon the happy idea of stiffening the body with varnish, and the problem of a light, strong, durable silk hat was solved, and soon the hats made by London hatters were famous all over the world.

Quite within living memory the high hat reigned supreme, practically it was the only hat worn by every man, from Prince to ploughman. Cricketers played in it, boating men wore it on the river, sportsmen on the moors, and holiday-makers on the sands of Margate and Ramsgate.

An interesting and convincing proof of its universality is seen in the well-known print of the prizefight between Sayers and Heenan in 1860. Every one in the crowd wears a topper of

The First Notable Selling of Attractive Serges.

Our great good fortune in buying sufficiently large quantities before the present price advance has enabled us to make this first showing of new Serges of double importance to every woman who seeks for the most satisfying in quality and price.



A comparison of the price and the quality of our offering will convince you that we have been very fortunate with the merchandise we are now showing.

42 in. wide, shades of Navy, Black, Grey, Taupe and Marone,
only \$1.70 yd.

50 in. wide, shades of Navy, Black, Grey, and Brown.
\$2.00 yd.

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Silk, Crepe-de-Chene, Georgette Crepe

Voils.

The Latest Designs

At Lowest Prices.

Superior Quality

A VISIT WILL REPAY YOU

The Outlet Supply House,
192 Duckworth Street, opp. T. & M. Winter's.

the chimney-pot pattern except the members of "the fancy" acting as ring-keepers, who wear caps. Now, after having been temporarily obscured by the war, it is coming into its own once more.

Cricket's Parliament.

What the Jockey Club is to horse-racing, the Rugby Union to "Rugger," the Football Association to "Soccer," the M.C.C. is to cricket.

This powerful body is not given its full name, the Marylebone Cricket Club, once in ten thousand times, and many people speak of the M.C.C. without knowing what the

letters stand for. It is the first and foremost cricket club in the world, and the rules of cricket in their present form were drawn up by its members, and no change in them can take place in any part of the world without the M.C.C. legislating upon it, and giving consent.

Whether a game of cricket be played at Lord's, the headquarters of the M.C.C. at Melbourne or Sydney, at Philadelphia or Toronto, or in India, the M.C.C. rules hold good.

The M.C.C. was originally called the Artillery Ground Club, and played at Finsbury. Then, about the middle of the eighteenth century it was removed to White Conduit Fields, and

became known as the White Conduit C.C. This in 1787 became the Marylebone C.C., and moved to the Old Lord's Ground, where Dorset Square stands, then in 1824 to Middle Lord's, on the site of the Regent's Canal.

The final move took place three years later to the present Lord's, which in 1864 became the freehold property of the M.C.C.

Do not cut another day with itching, bleeding, or other painful conditions. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and as certainly cure you, see a box, all dealers or Edmondson, Jones & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample box free if you mention this paper and enclose 1c. stamp to pay postage.

PILES