

## Final Notice!

### TO ALL AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS:

Persons who have entered Earl Haig Snapshot Competition, be kind enough to bring in their Snaps before Saturday evening, July 19th, as the judges will meet on Monday, July 21st and judge all the Snapshots that have been taken for this competition.

Make sure to send along all your prints before Saturday, also your Coupon.

## TOOTON'S

The Kodak Store, Water Street  
'Phone 131

## Smallwood's Big Shoe Sale

400 pairs White Canvas Footwear

Ladies' White Canvas Boots  
Pumps, buckle and  
strap Shoes

JOB LOT

Price only **\$1.50** per Pair  
Secure your size to-day

## F. Smallwood

The Home of Good Shoes  
218 and 220 Water Street

## ACCORDEONS!

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Three or Four Stops  
**\$4.50, \$6, \$7, \$8**

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Home of Music

**\$2,000 for \$10.**

We will insure your home against burglary and theft for 12 months to the above extent.  
The loss of one good umbrella is more than the entire cost for all your home contains.

We paid 256 Burglary claims in June, totalling \$32,447.80.  
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U.S. FIDELITY & GUARANTY CO.  
J. J. LACEY, Nfld. GENERAL AGENT.

## TRINITY

### A HISTORY OF THE OLIVE-JAR. 1501-1923.

During the early morning of Trinity Sunday, in the year 1501, the noble and intrepid Portuguese Navigator, Gaspar Cortereal, with a charter from the King of Portugal to possess the land, passed slowly and carefully through a narrow, uncharted entrance into a sheet of water on the East Coast of Newfoundland (a part of which he could see from the poop-deck of his caravel). Then he found himself in a sheltered harbour running in different directions behind the hills, that suggested to him an ideal spot for a sea-robber's rendezvous.

Having anchored in twelve fathoms of water under the shadow of a hill, the eastern side of which sloped down to the water in which his caravel floated at anchor, he was taken on shore for two purposes. One, to plant the Portuguese Flag there, and to claim the harbour for his royal master the King of Portugal, under pretence of prior-discovery, though doubtless it belonged already to England, and was known to the Devonshire fishermen. Secondly, he went on shore to climb to the top of the hill (now known as Gun Hill) so that he might get a comprehensive view of the surrounding country, before he gave the harbour a name.

The only living human beings that Cortereal and his officers saw were a few families of native (Red) Indians, who had been watching their every movement; and who hid themselves as the strangers passed their camping ground; considerably relieved, no doubt, when they realized that those strangely dressed people intended no harm to them.

As Cortereal stood on the highest point of that hill, he looked to the North, East, West and South. After a few minutes of quiet thought, he unfurled the Portuguese Flag, and planted its staff in a crevice of the rock. Baring his head he said:

"Que admiravel coincidência! Hoje e o dia da festa da Santissima e indivisível Trindade, e aqui, a meus pes, estão tres bellos bracos de mar, cada um com sua forma distincta, porem, reunidos um ao outro por um estreito mas verdadeiro canal, formando, portanto, um bello, port-verdadeiramente Trindade em Unidade. Que nome mais admiravelmente apropriado poderia jamais ser lembrado do que Trindade, e este agora eu lhe dou em nome da Santissima Trindade."

This in English would read as follows: "What a striking coincidence! To-day is the Festival of the most holy and undivided Trinity; and here, at my feet are three beautiful arms of the sea, each in its formation distinct, yet withal, joined one to the other by a narrow but very real channel forming therefore, one beautiful harbour,—very truly a Trinity in Unity. What name more splendidly appropriate could ever be suggested than TRINITY; and this appellation I now bestow upon thee, in the name of the Triune God."

While this sacred name thus given to our beautiful harbour became permanent; yet the claiming of the harbour by Cortereal for his royal master, the King of Portugal, was but a passing show of dramatic action that began and ended with Cortereal himself.

Upon his return to the caravel, the remainder of the day was given over to feasting, for which the well stocked storeroom was generously supplied with the products of sunny Portugal. Then, as the feasting in the cabin was beginning to come to an end, the sails were set, and the anchor was weighed by the swarthy crew, and the caravel moved slowly out through the Narrows, into the bay that eventually shared in the name Trinity.

When about three miles from the harbour, the captain and his officers rose from the table, which the attendants at once cleared, and then committed to the waters of the bay, the wine-bottles and the olive-jars that had been emptied during that eventful day.

Down they went like MacGinty, to the bottom of the sea, and found resting places in the crevices of a ledge of rock over which the vessel was then passing.

At the time, Gaspar Cortereal little dreamed what was to happen to him in the near future; for he was lost on the Labrador coast, and went down to the bottom of the same great sea:—"Without a grave, unskipped, unconfined, and unknown."

An expedition was sent out from Portugal to search for traces of his caravel and crew, but it failed to find them. There was, however, reserved for

## H.P. SAUCE

makes the  
plainest food  
appetising.

one, at least, of Cortereal's empty olive-jars in Trinity Bay, a finding that was denied to himself; for 415 years later, two men belonging to Trinity East anchored for a day's fishing on "Logy Ledge" (about three miles from the Narrows).

At the close of the day, as one of the men pulled up the grapnel, there came up with it an empty olive-jar. One claw of the grapnel had found its way into the open mouth of the jar, and thus it was brought to the surface. That jar is now in my possession, and may be seen and examined by any one interested in it.

It is an orthodox olive-jar, of the kind familiar to the people of Trinity, when the Spaniards and Portuguese traded with Trinity. It is heart-shaped: twelve inches deep; twenty-two inches in circumference at its largest part; and it slopes away to a point at the bottom. It has a mouth two inches in diameter, and a ridge around it for the purpose of attaching, a string by which it may be suspended (as it used to be) from a nail in a beam of the vessel's storeroom. Originally the jar was brown in colour, as the inside of it is to-day. The outside now is heavily encrusted, and completely covered with white coral. The fisherman told me, that when he took it from the water, the coral was more or less soft, and a beautiful purple in colour; but as the coral dried it became hard, and white, as it is to-day. This coral formation is known to our fishermen as "live rick" which so often attaches itself to their nets on the bottom, and is thus brought to the surface.

A PROSPECTIVE GOLDEN WEDDING.

Though during the year 1874 (fifty years ago) there were twenty eight marriages solemnized in old St. Paul's Church, Trinity, by Rev. Benjamin Smith; yet only two of them were in the month of July, and only one of those two—in the persons of William Jenkins and Mary Louisa Goodwin, are living to-day, and will, if spared till the thirtieth day of this month, be privileged to celebrate their golden wedding. The entry of this in the Church Marriage Register, reads as follows: "This is to certify that William Jenkins, Bachelor, son of Thomas Jenkins of Trinity, and Mary Louisa Goodwin, Spinster, daughter of James Goodwin, late Commercial-School Teacher of Trinity, were married at St. Paul's Church, on this thirtieth day of July, in the year of our Lord, one thousand, eight hundred and seventy four, by me. (Signed) Benjamin Smith, Rural Dean. Witnesses: James Goodwin, Christiana S. Facey, John White, Jr., Isabel Cross, William Gardiner, Jemima A. Goodwin, Samuel J. Maidment, Deborah White. Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins have lived to see their children's children, and to enjoy several other blessings of married life. In addition to their contributions that they have made to worthy citizenship, they have during those years, done much through the Garland Hotel to attract many interesting people to Trinity; whilst those so attracted have taken away with them many happy memories of us and ours. Thus Trinity owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins, and it will, we are sure, together with their many friends of far and near, join in grateful, and heartfelt congratulations on Wednesday, July 30th. Fifty years of married blessings, which in fulness still abide. Pax volucrum in the gloaming, And God's Light at Eventide."

LOCAL ITEMS.

Though the larger number of our visitors come to us in August and September, yet since our last report sev-

eral have come and are enjoying our uncertain, but withal, pleasant July weather. Nurse Tibbs is here in search of health, and we shall all be glad to know that she has found it in the breathing of native air. Her sister, Miss Ruth came with her and is spending her annual holiday in her old home. Mrs. Butt, who is better known to us as 'Doshia Brown', is here from Montreal, on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Charles Morris. Mrs. Cashman is here from Blanch Sablon, and her sister, Mrs. Ford is here from Millertown. They are daughters of James and Phoebe Bartlett. Mr. Richard Hiscock of Grand Falls spent a few days with his mother and sisters and returned to duty.

Mrs. Norman, wife of Capt. Norman of Bay Roberts is visiting the scenes of her childhood days, when she was known to us as Ethel Hiscock, a daughter of Josiah and Louisa Hiscock; and later, as one of the widows of the "Eme M." disaster.

Miss Kate Fowlow of St. John's is spending her holiday with her parents, Nurse Palmer from New York is at home for a long vacation.

Mrs. R. A. Parsons (nee Somerton) and children of St. John's have come to stay as long as they can. Last, but yet not least in welcome, is little Frances Baird. She is a bundle of intelligent activities, and is having a glorious time.

We are glad to have them all with us, and we hope their stay will be a very pleasant one. "Still there's more to follow."

Mr. Stone and his family have moved into their new home, where we hope they will be very happy.

Mr. N. J. King of New Bonaventure who has been teaching at Burin, passed through Trinity last week on his way home.

Miss Hannah Wiseman of Dunfield, who has been in New York during the last two years is home for her summer holidays.

On July 8th, there passed into the Paradise of God, the soul of Caroline Bartlett, widow of Stephen Bartlett, who died in 1911. She was a daughter of John and Elizabeth Carberry, and was born in Old Bonaventure, seventy five years ago. During her younger days she lived as a faithful and efficient servant for years in the home of old Mr. and Mrs. Pittman, and later in that of Dr. Robert and Mrs. White. Three children survive her, viz., Martin, Priscilla and Elizabeth. Her body was laid to rest in the C. of E. Cemetery on Friday 11th, till the Resurrection morning. Grant her Lord Eternal rest.

Mr. H. J. Cann, representing the Acadia Gas Engine Co., registered at the Garland last week.

Miss S. Somerton, who has been on the teaching staff of St. Mildred's College, Toronto, came home last week for summer holidays.

Mrs. Elizabeth Thorne of St. John's (accompanied by her son) came to be present at her mother's funeral, (Mrs. Bartlett).

Mr. and Mrs. William House, Frank House, Walter Toop and Mrs. Joseph Sexton, of Grand Falls, have come to spend a holiday, and to get a sniff of salt air in the old home town.

Mr. and Mrs. Eric Rankin have come to us from Grand Falls, and taken rooms at Garland Hotel. Trinity, individually and collectively, extends to them a whole soul welcome.

Miss Guy, who has been teaching at Curling is home to Trinity for summer vacation.

Dr. and Mrs. Sinclair returned last week from a delightful professional and social visit to St. John's.

Miss Muriel and Miss Gladys Christian, children of Mr. W. H. Christian of St. John's, together with their

## George Says

## My Annual Regatta Sale

SUMMER WEARABLES FOR MEN STARTS ON MONDAY,

July 21st

During this Sale my whole stock of Summer merchandise will be sacrificed, many items selling at cost and below cost.

I won't want these goods once the Regatta is over, but you may.

Watch my column for the next two weeks, it will pay you.

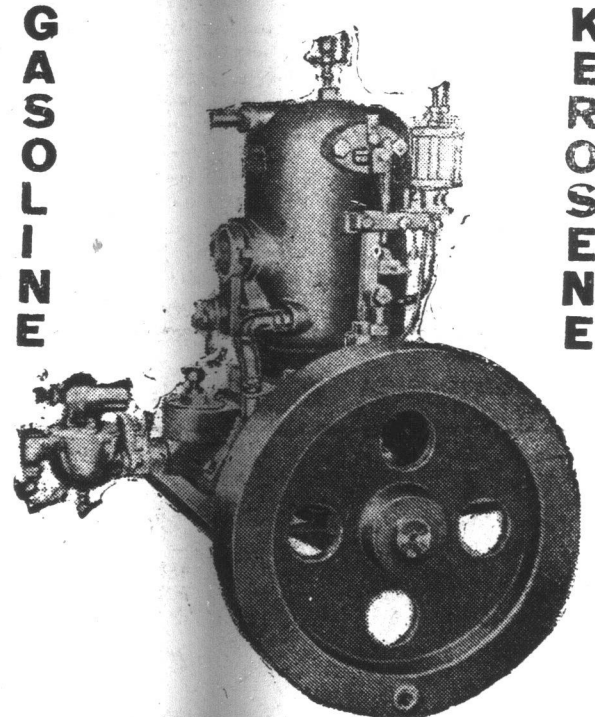
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friend Miss Le Drew, have been enjoying a holiday here. Mr. De Veer spent a few days here at the same time.

The body of Mr. Robert Morris—son of the late Robert and Catherine Morris, of Trinity—who died at Little Bay Islands, was brought to Trinity on the Prospero last week and laid to rest in the Methodist Cemetery here. He was born in Trinity sixty-two years ago, and as a boy, together with several other boys, he served an apprenticeship of five years, with Mr. George Christian, Shoemaker. He lived at Little Bay Islands about thirty-eight years. His widow came to Trinity with the body; and his brother Ernest, of St. John's, came to attend the funeral on July 14th. The service at the grave was conducted by Mr. Hewitt, Methodist Probationer.

Mrs. Robert Morris has asked me to convey to Mrs. Jenkins and her hotel staff, and to the people of Trinity, her heartfelt gratitude for their many acts of sympathetic kindness to her during her stay in Trinity, when she came with her husband's body for interment.

Mr. Eddie Burnell is spending an enjoyable holiday with us in his boyhood surroundings. Glad to see him.

Mrs. Henrietta White and her cousin, Miss Ethel Hughes, of St. John's, came by the Prospero, and are enjoy-

ing familiar Trinity. They are registered at the Garland.

Mr. Atkinson, of Halifax, the Inspector of the Royal Bank of Canada in Newfoundland, was here in his official capacity on Wednesday, registered at the Garland and went out by the night train. We were all glad to meet him and we are sorry that his stay is so short. Come again.

Mrs. Loring—known to us in her childhood days as Lizzie White—came to Trinity on Wednesday last, and went out again by the Prospero to visit her brother—Sergeant White, of Catalina. Her present home is at Wellesley College, Boston, where she looks after the best interests of one hundred and twenty-five student girls. Some day she is coming back to Trinity to stay. We were glad to see her again, and when she comes "for good" we shall be as good as we can be to her.

A RELIC OF PROSPEROUS DAYS IN TRINITY.  
We have just been handed a silver coin which was dug up some days ago by Mrs. A. Christian in her garden.

den, which fifty years ago was the site of the old Taverner house near Fisher's Cove. In it we recognize an old friend, that was familiar to us all in Trinity some fifty odd years ago. It is a Spanish Dollar; and to distinguish it from the Mexican Dollar of those days it was always referred to as the "pillar dollar," because of the two pillars that formed a part of the Spanish Coat of Arms on the reverse side of it. It bears the date of 1808, and the profile of "Ferdinand VII. Dei Gratia. Hispan. Et. Ind. Rex." At the time when the Mexican dollar was worth five shillings, this Spanish dollar was worth six shillings and three pence. Another Spanish coin that was familiar to us in those days when the Spaniards traded with us, was the doubloon, a gold coin, worth, I think, five pounds. That coin, though lost to sight, is still in memory dear, for it was an intensely beautiful reality.

July 19th, 1924. W. J. L.  
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