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You just light the little lamp that vaporizes the Resolene and place it near the head at night. The soothing antiseptic vapor makes breathing easy, relieves the cough, soothes the sore throat and congestion, and protects the lungs. Recommended for Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Croup, Asthma, Hay Fever, and all nasal catarrhs. Resolene has been used for the past 40 years. The benefits are unquestionable. Send for descriptive booklet.
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TRINITY.

N.B.—The Pirate Story is continued from the issue of November 28th.

The old man had only one relative living—a little nephew of whom he was very fond, and whose good old Parson came to administer to him the last rites of Holy Church, he told him the story of what he had found years ago. "Now, Parson," he said, "Please go down into the cellar, and bring up a box that you will find in the northeast corner." The Parson did so, and at the old man's request he opened it. "There," said the old man, pointing to the twenty-five doubloons in the box, "there is all that is left of my share of that keg." He took out one coin from the box and laid it on the little table by the bedside. "Now, Parson," he said, "I want you to take what is in the box and use it to help little Gargie, my nephew, to get a better education than I got when I was a boy." The Parson promised to do so. The old man said, "Thank you, Parson, and now I am ready to take my last Sacrament." When the Parson repeated the customary sentence, "If we have sown unto you spiritual things, is it a great matter if we shall reap your carnal things?" the old man took the coin from the table and placed it on the little altar plate, with the words, quietly uttered—"My last thank offering for Holy Church." As the priest pronounced the benediction the old man said, "Amen," and passed from the Church Militant here on earth to the Church Expectant in Paradise.

The story of the wreck was not confined to those three men in that Cove, for the captain and crew of the schooner who saw the pirate vessel just before she was lost on Bacallieu, belonged to Trinity, and the fact was known in Trinity before it was known in the Cove. Those were the days of the fleet of the skiffs that went every Monday morning from Trinity to Bacallieu, and returned with loads of fish on the following Saturday. The

Commodore of the Trinity fleet was Robin. He had heard the story of the supposed pirate, and the probability of her having been lost on Bacallieu, and it set Robin a-thinking. When he made his first trip to Bacallieu Tickle in the early summer, he skirted the northern coast of the island to see what he could see. He saw some of the wreckage, and leaving one of his youngsters on board the skiff, he and the other youngster got into the rodney, and went in to the shore to investigate.

The lagoon still held many of the small things that had been deposited there by the tide, and Robin let down a small grapnel to see what he could find. The grapnel hooked into something, and when it was brought to the surface, it was the body of a foreign sailor. Just as Robin, in disgust, was about to let it go, he noticed the boots on the sailor's feet, and whilst the youngster, with fear and trembling, held the line, Robin secured the boots and then let the body go. The grapnel was let down again, and though nothing was secured, it resulted in disturbing the debris that had gathered at the bottom of the lagoon. When the water got clear again, Robin went on board the skiff and got his fish-glass, and when he returned to the lagoon and looked at the bottom he saw a box with a rope-strap around it. After a good many futile attempts to hook it he at last succeeded, and brought it safely to the surface. As it was then time to get into the Tickle before dark, and to begin his week's fishing, the boots and the box were taken on board the skiff and placed in the after-cuddy, in which Robin, as the skipper, kept his belongings.

Those were the days of Hamburg boots, and when Robin was seen wearing a pair of boots altogether different from any that had ever been seen in Newfoundland, and was asked where he got them, he winked his other eye and said "the fairies brought them to me"; and as his youngsters on the skiff knew how to keep a secret, no one found out where Robin got the boots. When the fishing was over that fall, Robin went up the Sound in his skiff for some mill lumber. It was after dark when he got to where the mill was, so he anchored for the night in a cove that was supposed to be haunted, and where something tragic always happened. Robin's boots were getting the worse for wear, and as one of his youngsters said: "I wish I could get hold of another of them black Spaniards, with a pair of boots on as good as these were." Just then a soft step was heard on the deck, and a man in his stocking-feet was seen coming into the cuddy. Something happened, and when Robin came to his senses, the

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old boots were gone, and so was the visitor—who, of course, was the Spaniard who once owned them. Some blood trickled down Robin's forehead from a cut, the scar of which he carried to his grave. Do you ask what was in the box that Robin fished up from the bottom? Well, a neighbor who went as a passenger to St. John's with Robin during the fall, was surprised to see him take from his bunk a shot bag, the contents of which made it very heavy, and he was still more surprised to see him take from the bag two or three doubloons. So, putting two and two together, he and others to whom the neighbor told the story, decided that the box that Robin had got from the wreck contained Spanish gold.

We keep our eye on our Educational institutions in St. John's, especially those that we are intimately associated with, and more than ordinarily interested in, as Churchmen and Trinitarians. We sympathize with them in troubles that come to them—sometimes through no fault of their own—and we are glad when those troubles disappear, and they are able to pursue the course of their studies, none the worse for the troubles. Our thoughts, just now, are particularly focused on Bishop Spencer College for Girls, because it is not only an institution that we are proud of, but also because it is associated with Trinity in more than one interesting way. First—1921 is the Centenary of Rev. Aubrey G. Spencer, as the Parish Priest of Trinity, who became the first Bishop of Newfoundland, and to whose immortal memory the College is dedicated. Secondly—Some of our brightest girls of Trinity have in the past developed, and in the present are developing there, the intellectual talents that God has given to them, and to an extent creditable to the college, self and Trinity. A recognition of this on the part of the teachers and students, is evinced just now by the fact that Miss Mollie White, of Trinity, has been elected Editor of the College Magazine, "The Spencerian." This is an honor in itself, but more particularly so, as she has succeeded Miss Olive Mene, of St. John's, who won the Jubilee Scholarship last year, and we offer our congratulations. We had the pleasure of reading the latest number of this Magazine. Its contents, without exception, were deeply interesting, and highly creditable to the writers. We are looking forward with a like interest to the Christmas Number.

Three men from Elliston visited Trinity last week, and pleaded extreme poverty as the cause of their presence here. They went from door to door asking for assistance, and though we had nothing but their own words to verify their condition, and to establish their claims upon our charity, they received a good deal of help. Our people are not averse to helping those who are really poor, and with no opportunity to help themselves. We know how the Saviour honoured the poor by making them His representatives, and we are anxious to do our duty in this respect, but realizing, as we do, the many calls that will be made upon us during the next six months, by those who are known to us as deserving poor; and knowing how careful we must be in the distribution of our alms, so as not to encourage either fraud or indolence, we would warn such people from Elliston or from any other place, where conditions are not fully known to us—not to expect a repetition of our acts of kindness, just whenever they may feel disposed to trespass upon our credulity.

When I was in Hartsport, N.S., last summer, I picked up a gallon or two of acorns and horse-chestnuts, and brought them with me. I have placed the greater number of them in earth and put them in the cellar for the winter. In the spring when they have germinated, I shall, please God, plant them around the cemetery—and the person who will be "the Trinity Antiquarian" for the Evening Telegram a hundred years hence, will find in the oaks and chestnut trees of that day, an interesting item or two to their origin, sturdiness, beauty, etc. I shall be glad to send a few of those I have left, to any one who will send for them, plus a three cent stamp to cover postage.

A permanent beacon light has been placed on the head of the public wharf, as a guide for the Prospero and other steamers that come alongside the wharf at night. We should

like to see the whole wharf lighted, as a safeguard for passengers coming and going; but we are thankful for small mercies.

Mrs. Ethel Lockyer and Miss Jacqueline returned from a visit to Grand Falls last week.

Mrs. Ralph Parsons and baby Austen were passengers for St. John's by the express on Tuesday last. Austen is another Trinitarian who will be heard from out in the big world some day. God bless him.

The women of St. Paul's Guild, Church of England, held their annual Sale of Work on Thursday evening, December 1st, with good financial results for a stormy night. Long years ago Mr. William Kelson tried hard to have perpetual motion, and like many other men who tried to do the same thing—he did not succeed. The women, however, who in all our parishes have organized for church work have succeeded where the men failed. They are entitled to the prize for the invention, for they work on week by week, and year by year, all through life, and in spite of many discouragements, they never stop. Other women of the congregation look on as though such work did not concern them, and many of the men feel under no great obligation to help them out to any great extent. Yet every man, woman and child in the congregation is benefited by the results of the women's efforts and their organized work. The men have no such organization, and if they had they would never keep steadily at it as the women do.

Miss Ash and Miss Frances Baird were passengers for St. John's by the express on Sunday last.

Mr. Andrew Green is fencing that piece of land that was known to us fifty years ago as "John Power's Garden," situated between Green's Well and the "Big Garden." This piece of land, together with that on which Garland's old stable still stands, has been bought by Mr. Green. When the old buildings have been removed and the whole property fenced, it will be one of the finest building lots in the town.

Mr. Gilbert Christian registered at Garland Hotel on Monday last. Always glad to see you "Gill."

Capt. Robert Fowles had a birthday last Saturday, and received the congratulations and good wishes of his friends.

We are glad to know that all the men in the Eight who served in the Navy during the war, are receiving their share of the Prize Money, according to their rank and years of service.

Some fine day when the Minister of Shipping has his carpet-bag packed, and all his perishable freight on the wharf "ready for to go," and some one in authority suddenly orders the steamer (on which he was going) to pass by the port—he will have an idea of the feelings of some twenty-five or thirty waiting passengers and shippers' last Saturday night, when the Prospero passed by Trinity on her way to St. John's from Catalina.

The women of St. Paul's Guild held a 5 o'clock tea in their Guild Room on Saturday last. Mrs. Pittman—the oldest parishioner—was the guest of honor during the afternoon. The informal gathering was a social and a financial success.

We are glad to see Miss Hannah Wiseman back again on the shop staff at Birkens.

Alfred Hiscock, sexton of St. Paul's Church, died on Thursday last. His funeral will take place to-morrow (Sunday).

The next items from Trinity will be on Christmas Eve.

Dec. 10, 1921. —W.J.L.

Moving Sidewalks for Paris.

All Paris is agitating for moving sidewalks, declaring that it is the only hope of relieving the city's congestion. The project has been under discussion for sixteen years, but therefore always has been turned down.

Grief and Worry
Childbirth
La Grippe
Exhaustion and Overstrain
Nervous Exhaustion
Take the new remedy
Asaya-Neurall
(TRADE MARK)
which contains the form of phosphorus required for nerve repair.
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ASK FOR **DAISY BRAND** RUBBERS

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MEN'S, WOMEN'S, and CHILDREN'S

You will appreciate the Style, the Fit, and most of all—the Long Service they give.

Inferior Goods put upon the market without a guarantee and sold at a cheaper rate, means dissatisfied customers and discredited dealers.

The "Big Katch" Boot
MEN'S AND BOYS'

A. E. HICKMAN, CO., Ltd.,
WHOLESALE.

ONE FOR 13 Outerbridge X

Who solicits your support on the following thirteen planks:

1. The paving of Water Street decently.
2. The paving of New Gower Street.
3. The reduction of taxation and the obtaining of additional revenue by the taxation of "outsiders" coming to St. John's for the purpose of making money.
4. The asking for and taking the advice and assistance of the women in the proper conducting of the city.
5. The extension of the Street Car service.
6. The reduction of the Poll Tax to One dollar.
7. The abolition, if practical, of the Night Carts.
8. A square deal for taxpayers of St. John's Annex.
9. Two free public playgrounds for juveniles.
10. The improvement of the King's Beach.
11. The putting of all St. John's sidewalks in decent shape.
12. A plank walk for pedestrian traffic on the East Southside.
13. Generally, everything that can be accomplished for the improvement of the city.

ONE FOR 13 Outerbridge X

I THANK YOU!

Now, however, the traffic problem has become so acute that the municipality is seriously considering the advisability of beginning work immediately on plans that have been prepared.

Emil Desvaux is especially active among the fellow municipal councillors in support of the scheme. He suggests that moving sidewalks be constructed in tunnels underneath the boulevards, with entrances and exits at every corner.

Beetle Cause of Cotton Crisis.

A little grey beetle, which migrated from Mexico rather more than a quarter of a century ago, looms large in the news to-day. It is working so hard that it is threatening to leave little work for humans in the same line of business, and Lancashire, England's cotton district in particular may suffer as the result of its activities. Anthonomus Grandis, to give it

its official name, is better known as the Mexican cotton boll weevil, and this year, according to statistics published in Washington, it has destroyed more than a third of the total cotton crop. Trade experts are predicting a famine in consequence. The weevil punctures the young cotton flowers and deposits their eggs in them. As the grub develops the bud drops. They also lay eggs later in the year in the young bolls (i.e., pods), and as the grubs develop the cotton is ruined, the contents of the bolls being rendered useless. The pest spreads rapidly, and it is recorded that in the season of 1906 it made a northwest advance of about 60 miles. The indicated yield in the United States this season is

6,537,000 bales of 500 lb. gross, says the Central News Washington correspondent. Last year the production was 13,430, 503 bales, two years ago 11,429,753 bales, three years ago 12,040,532 bales, four years ago 11,302,375 bales, and five years ago 11,449,930.

Freebooters.

The term "freebooters" is not much heard nowadays, and its use is not restricted to any one class of individuals who have earned evil fame by their predatory raids upon others. Autolycus surely was a freebooter; for was he not a picker-up of ill-considered trifles?

The merry outlaw of Sherwood Forest, too, was a freebooter. So in a sense were the free lances who sold their services in medieval Italy and elsewhere, for they were more out for plunder than anything else.

The stories that have accrued around the names of the famous freebooters, pirates, freebooters—whatever one chooses to call them—will always be read with interest, a generation which has forgotten the name of freebooters, and thinking in terms of thieves and burglars. The romance of the freebooter has passed away, and however much boy, and even the man, may be entertained in reading of the times of these heroic men of the past, one reflects with regret that the forces of law are against their reappearance.

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"Pape's Diaprepin" is the surest relief for indigestion, Flatulence, Heartburn, Sourness, Stomach Distension, and all the ailments of the stomach. A few tablets give immediate stomach relief and the stomach is corrected so that favorite foods without fear, case costs only few cents at a store. Millions helped annually.

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