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TRINITY

DECEASED OF IRELAND, THAT TERMINATED IN TRINITY 150 YEARS AGO.

of the tragic happenings in 1773 or 200 years ago, as related in the notices of interments in the Church Register, point to a blood-fund, that had its roots in the Old Land, probably because who took part in it in Trinity born. The very word Venetians of Corsica, and suggests hatred blood, and the greater light for the taking of a human life may ever expect to find light in any part of the Old Country, which the early settlers of the name and though the same of revenge once indulged in, there (and probably did) slumber years in the breast of some people; yet it always needed a drop of rum drinking to awaken to that point of activity, that in the taking of a brother's life for which they were forever and ashamed, when the brain of the damming effects of rum caused them to be branded murderers. About the year 1700, about on the outskirts of the Old Country in the Kingdom of the two farmers, whose daily life of farming were as different as the yearly results of their

Michael Tracey was home loving, industrious, and God-fearing; John O'Brien often neglected work and went to town with no object in view than to spend the earnings at the public house and at the Sheebens along the coast. Such actions were followed by bad effects in the physical and mental life, and while John O'Brien in his sober moments was aware of the true reason why Michael Tracey's farm was more prosperous than his; yet under the influence of drink he was filled with envy of his prosperous neighbor and got himself into the habit

Flies Bother You?

Now is the time to get rid of the flies. You can't stop them from getting in the house even with screens, but you can either catch or get rid of them very easily after they get inside by the use of either of the following articles:

Langfoot, 3 double sheets10c.
Fly Colls, 3 for10c.
Kearney's Insect Powder, small size10c.
Kearney's Insect Powder, medium size15c.
Kearney's Insect Powder, large size25c.
Mothballs Powder15c.
Flyes Fluid (small size) Price 30c per bottle.

For prevention of Mosquito bites use our Mosquito Net. It does its work.

Price 20c per bottle.

STAFFORD'S
Duckworth Street and Theatre Hill.

of accounting for it, in ways that were as untrue, as they were unkind. The more John O'Brien thought of it, the more he drank; and the more he drank, the more he determined to do something that would interfere with Michael Tracey's prosperity. Every time he passed Michael's farm on his way home from town late at night, he would stop opposite the big barn, and either go over the plans that he had made, or make new ones, to carry out the designs that the Devil was preparing him for, by means of the whiskey habit that was becoming stronger every day.

When one night a pistol shot was heard, and the countryside was lit up by the burning of Michael Tracey's barn, the neighbours were at a loss to account for the fire, and no one associated the pistol shot with it. Those who had gathered to try and save the property could not understand the absence of Michael from the farm during the fire. They found, however, that he had gone to town on foot during the day and it was taken for granted that he had not yet returned. After the fire was put out the neighbours returned to their respective homes, unconscious of either the cause of the fire, or the tragedy it was intended to cover. During the next morning, when Michael's farm-hand announced that his master was missing, the neighbours were increasingly puzzled and, still later, when it became known that his charred body had been found in the ruins of the barn, and that there was a bullet hole in his head; those who had heard the pistol shot previous to the barn fire having been discovered, were filled with suspicious fears.

Then there came (tricking back from town the remarks that John O'Brien had been heard to make in the public houses, about his neighbor; and the threats that he had uttered. Later, when it became known that a tramp had been sleeping under a hedge that night, had been awakened by the report of a pistol shot, and that he had seen John O'Brien hurry from the burning barn, their worst fears were realized. Though as yet no jury had given the verdict, they fully believed that John O'Brien, in a fit of drunken, jealous frenzy, had murdered Michael Tracey in the barn, and had fired the barn to hide his crime. In the meantime John had disappeared from the village; and although a search was made for him, he could not be found. The news of the tragic death of Michael Tracey spread far and wide, and a few weeks afterwards, Terrance Tracey, the only son of Michael, who had left home years before, turned up. Terrance had disgraced the family name and had broken his mother's heart with his utter disregard for the common decencies of life; and when he left the home and village, after his mother died, his father made no effort to find him. Though Terrance had not changed much for the better, he was evidently affected by the murder of his father. He had no love for farm life, and having sold the farm and everything belonging to it, he announced that his life would be devoted to the avenging of his father's death.

When the police were scouring the country for John O'Brien, he was on the high seas, a thousand miles from Limerick; and within the next week he was in Trinity, Newfoundland, and was shipped for the summer on a "salloper," collecting fish in Trinity Bay. He was known as a very reticent man, though he did his work faithfully. With the coming of winter he hired a small house near to his work, and lived largely of himself under the assumed name of Maurice Power. In the meantime Maurice Tracey was like a bloodhound on the scent of the man who had murdered his father, and because of some information that he got at the water-front at Limerick he snipped for the voyage on the brig Prosperous, bound for Trinity, Newfoundland. When he was paid off at the office of Benjamin Lester at Trinity, he shipped as he was a winter man with an old planter at Trinity, and became known as a sober, quiet citizen. For a while he could find no trace of John O'Brien, and no one by that name had ever been known in Trinity. One spring evening, however, as Terrance was walking around Hog's Nose, he saw a man working at the door of a little house not far from the main road. There was something about him that attracted Terrance's attention. He asked a passer-by who the man was, and was told that he was known as Maurice Power. To Terrance, however, he was John O'Brien, the man he was looking for; the murderer of his father.

Though later events showed how quickly he had made up his mind to avenge his father's death, yet there was too much of his mother's goodness in him to allow him to do so in his sober senses. Then, to the surprise of everybody who knew him, Terrance became a reckless drinker; though no one but himself knew what he was preparing himself for. One night in particular at the ram shop, he drank more heavily than usual, and his drinking companions became conscious of something about his actions that they could not understand, and when he left them at an earlier hour than he had ever done before, they were puzzled to account for it. In the



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meantime "Maurice Power" continued to live a lonely, quiet, sober life; and apart from their seeing him going to and fro between his house and his work, he had practically no existence in the life of his fellow workmen. On the morning of May 29th, 1773, Maurice was reported absent from his work. This was so unusual, that the agent sent a man at once to go to his house, and find out if he was ill. The man found the door barred inside, and getting no response to his calls and knocks, he looked through an open window in the back of the house. There he saw everything in disorder, and what looked like a man's body mixed up with it all on the floor. He reported to the agent what he had seen, and two men were sent to break in the door. They did so, and on the floor they found Power's body covered with blood, and cold in death. Everything was left as it had been found till the arrival of the magistrate. A coroner's inquest was held the next day, and though no one could think of who had committed the murder, the following entry in the Burial Register of St. Paul's Church of England, embodies the verdict, as follows:—

"May 31st, 1773. Interred, Maurice Power. A jury appointed to examine this body found the appearance of violence on his throat; his neck seemingly broke, and several marks on his breast, elbows and bowels—and brought in their verdict, Murder. Add to these former evidences, a bloody shirt pretty much torn, found in his house. He was seen by the neighbourhood to go home in good health at night, and found in this condition in the morning."

No great efforts were made to find the murderer. Terrance Tracey, however, had gone from the public house the night before, straight to the house of "Maurice Power." Finding the door locked and "Power" asleep, he crawled through a window in the rear of the house; and when he left the house by the way he had entered, his father's death had been avenged, and he left Trinity for parts unknown, a murderer, as the result of a rash vow, which is always better broken than kept.

CAN YOU SWIM AND—IF NOT, WHY NOT?

Strangers coming to Newfoundland are greatly surprised to find that so few of our men or boys can swim; and our people are at a loss to explain the reason why, this is so. I remember when the Seaman's Institute in St. John's was being equipped, that a lady in Boston sent her cheque to cover the cost of providing a swimming pool in it, so that the boys of Newfoundland might learn to swim. She had been led to do this because she read in a Newfoundland paper that a boy in Fogo had been drowned, because he could not swim. Now I don't suppose that many Fogo boys will be greatly benefited by the swimming pool at St. John's; but I presume that boys at St. John's have been helped by it. We don't ask for swimming pools in the outsharbour. Nature has provided the very best of such pools by the dozen in every place; and yet, the fact remains, so few of our boys learn to swim. The reasons are, I believe, (1) lack of confidence on the part of the boy to take the plunge, and to keep at it till he can swim; (2) failure on the boy's part to realize the actual pleasure of swimming, in addition to the practical use it may be to him some day, in either saving his own life, or that of some one else—and, both reasons,—because he has not been taught. All this could be changed, I believe, if a swimming master could be secured and classes

BILLY'S UNCLE

IS YOUR UNCLE AT HOME BILLY?

NO, HE AIN'T HOME FROM WORK YET.

WELL, WHEN HE COMES HOME JUST TELL HIM THAT I THINK HE'S AWANDY—HE PROMISED TO FIX MY DOOR BELL LAST NIGHT, AND I WAITED IN ALL EVENING!

THAT'S FUNNY.

HE SENT ME OVER TO SEE IF YOU WERE HOME ANY, I TOLD HIM YOU WAS OUT.

WHY DIDN'TCHA ANSWER YOUR BELL WHEN I RANG IT?

formed for instruction. With the confidence that such a man would inspire by his own actions, ninety-five per cent. of the boys would join the class, and within a week or two would be veritable "young ducks" in the water. This would be required to be done only once, as the graduates would inspire others with the necessary confidence, and it would go on ad infinitum. Perhaps the executive of the Seaman's Institute at St. John's could supply the swimming master, and thus extend to the outports the privileges that have been so generously provided for St. John's. Much money has been spent, and is being spent on objects of far less importance to the well being of the boys and girls of Newfoundland, and who knows—somebody may act upon this suggestion before the water gets too cold and arrange for a swimming master for the outports—Fogo and Trinity included.

LOCAL EVENTS.

Mrs. Pittman will celebrate her 88th birthday on Thursday next, August 9th. There will be the usual gathering of several generations, and a good time generally at the home of Mrs. Erikson, with whom Mrs. Pittman lives.

There is no fish in Trinity Bay, and from a temporal view-point the future looks dark.

Several families are preparing to leave the parish within the next month or two. Some will go to Grand Falls, others to New York. We shall miss them in more ways than one. We wish them well.

Mrs. Alec Mews and children are at the old home in Trinity, where every day means twenty-four hours of solid enjoyment.

Mrs. Cassidy of Boston registered at the Garland last week, on her way to her old home in Donavista Bay.

Mr. Clouston, Mrs. Clouston, and Miss Ruth returned to St. John's today, after an enjoyable visit to Trinity. We thoroughly enjoyed their company. Come again.

Mr. Hewitt, a Methodist probationer, was in Trinity on Sunday last.

Rev. Mr. Hiscok exchanged duties with Rev. E. P. Law, Trinity East, on Sunday.

Two of the old houses that were associated with our boyhood days have been removed lately. (1) The old cooper-shop that belonged to George Lockyer; (2) The yellow painted engine house at Ryan Bros., that housed the fire engine in Garland and Brookings' time.

Mrs. Joseph Butler of Port Rexton, who was so badly injured in the carriage accident some days ago, is steadily improving.

Captain Blackwood, schooner Tully, has left again for Labrador.

Mr. Grant, Mrs. Grant, and Miss Grant returned this week from their visit to New Harbour.

Several visitors are expected at Trinity next week.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. D.—Sorry, but I have not got the address you ask for, and I don't know who has got it.

B. R.—Yes, the old Coleman House.



EE SPEAKING FROM EXPERIENCE EE

THE DOCTOR'S ADVICE IS TO TAKE STEEDMAN'S COUGHING POWDER CONTAINING NO POISON

EE STEEDMAN'S COUGHING POWDER CONTAINING NO POISON EE

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Big Values in Ladies' Misses' & Children's White Canvas Footwear



- Ladies' White Canvas Pumps, with Buckle Only \$1.50
- Ladies' White Canvas High Laced Boots Only \$1.50
- Ladies' White Canvas Laced Low Shoes Only \$1.50
- Ladies' Grey Kid One-Strap Shoes Only \$4.75
- Girls' White Canvas Laced Boots Only \$1.30
- Child's White Canvas Laced Boots Only \$1.10
- Men's Dark Tan Laced Boots Only \$4.50 the Pair
- Men's Fine Black Kid Laced Boots Only \$5.00 the Pair

Secure your size to-day.

F. Smallwood
218 & 220 Water Street. THE HOME OF GOOD SHOES.

is still standing in Green Island Cove, it has not been occupied this year.

A.T.D.—I should not advise you to use metal shingles so near the salt water. The salt water will corrode them in spite of any care that you may take of them.

B.—I don't know what condition the "doctor's farm" is in. I have not seen it for several years. It used to be very productive of hay when it was well looked after. It is a delightful summer resort.

J. B.—The first of the Bellows family in Trinity was Thomas Bellows, of Warham, Dorset, England. He was married to Elizabeth, daughter of Joseph and Jane Taverner of Trinity in 1800. The name has died out in Trinity.

"We are advertised by our friends" For what Trinity can supply in delightful rest, and solid enjoyment, ask the Cloustons. The "doings of the Duffs" are not in it.

Mr. Alec Mews came to Trinity by Tuesday's express. W. J. L. Trinity, August 4th, 1923.

GUESTS AT THE BALSAM.—J. Roberts, Change Islands; W. J. Yarnell, Philadelphia, U.S.A.; F. M. Cornhill, Montreal; D. D. Smith, Halifax; J. W. Tawillgar and wife, New York; J. R. Ledrew, Burlington; G. Grant, Trinity; H. M. Wallace, M. M. Parsons, Glasgow; H. Knight, England; S. J. Wilde, Weymouth, England.



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