

TRINITY

(Continued from page 6.)
(By CANON LOCKYER.)

It was with one of the youngsters, before Charlie Granger came. That youngster was thirty-five years of age, and 5ft. 10in. tall. He got in the woods one day, and old Grant, the village elder, went to Trinity with his hand-bell, and rang, and cried aloud at the corner of the streets:

Man lost! Man lost! Mr. Bullock's boy.

Jane Green was the house-maid who arrived at the parsonage. Though Charlie was neither very old nor very tall, yet he did not like being down and referred to as Mr. Bullock's boy. Having found out from Jane Green how it could be changed, Charlie showed his gratitude to her by asking her to assist him in bringing the change. It was all very sudden, of course, to Jane, but nevertheless not long after Jane and Charlie seriously discussed the subject the following entry appeared in the Marriage Register:—1823, March 26th, Married, Charles Granger, Bachelor, of the Parish of Milburn Port, Somerset, England, and Jane Green, Spinster, of Trinity. Witnesses: M. E. Bullock, Mary Hiscock, Mary M. Green, both Charlie and Jane were very much beloved in the Bullock family, and at Mr. Bullock's suggestion they remained in service at the parsonage some years after they were married.

Mr. Bullock was an all-round handyman and was well known in Trinity as a good carpenter. He had brought with him from England, a chest of very fine carpenter's tools—several of which to-day bear the initials W.M.B. (William M. Bullock) and may be found in the carpenter's shop of Mr. Granger, Trinity. Charles Granger's grandson.

Charlie had free access to those tools, and with Mr. Bullock's help, he became an excellent carpenter, and was one of the two village carpenters in Trinity for forty years, and till the day of his death. Nine children were born to Charles and Jane Granger, two of whom, viz: Charlotte Morris, and Whitney Pier, came Breton, and William Moore, of Hartford, Conn., U.S.A. are still living. Mrs. Granger died in 1861, and in 1859 I find the following entry in the old Church Register:—1858, Married, Charles Granger, Bachelor, and Mary Lockyer, Spinster, Witnesses: George Lockyer, Harry Lockyer, Charles Granger, Jr., Charlotte Granger, Miriam Granger, two children—Sarah Jane and William, were born to them. Sarah Jane died at the age of 21, and William died at the age of 7. Mr. Granger was Jail-keeper for forty-two years. He was also a Surveyor of Lumber, and Deputy Sheriff. He was decidedly musical, and with his violin he led the choir in St. Paul's Church for twenty years, whilst Robert Bailey played the Bass Viol, and John Mills played the fagot. Then when a change was made, and the singing was accompanied by the organ, Mr. Granger became a Licensed Lay Reader in old St. Paul's. He held that honoured position for twelve years and I have heard but few better readers since, whilst those who, at funerals, ever heard him sing the hymn: "I would not live always," to the tune of Russia, will never forget his musical and devotional rendering of it.

Years after his violin was not needed in the Church choir, he would bring it, and a chair from his house on the hill, and sit out on the hill-side during Sunday afternoons, and play familiar hymn tunes, to an appreciative audience on the road below. Old Dickey Anderson, the church-clerk, having become blind and with no relative to look after him, Mr. Granger offered him a home. He lived for a few years with one of Mr. Granger's married daughters—Mary Ann Gent—and died at her house. This house, several years afterward was used as a cooper-shop by the late George Bagden. In return for Mr. Granger's kindness, Mr. Anderson left him his property in Trinity, which included the house stands to-day, and a garden well owned by Mr. Granger's grandson, at the north end of the L.O.A. Hall. Mr. Granger died suddenly from apoplexy on May 25th, 1882. Grant him, Lord, eternal rest.

Miss Mollie White, and Miss Marie Erikson of the Colleges at St. John's, and Miss Phyllis Erikson and Master Willie Gent, of Edgell, and King's College School, Windsor, Nova Scotia, are home to Trinity for Christmas. They look as though they have been as happy in the past, as they are in the present.

A GHOST STORY.

"Do you believe in ghosts?" some one asked of Charles Lamb. "Not I," said he, "I've seen too many of them." For the same reason, if he had lived in Trinity seventy years ago, he would have been a still greater unbeliever, for sure. It was a "ghost age" all right, and the man who did not see two or three of different kinds every night, was either blind, or he was afraid to go out in the dark. Paddy Murphy's rum-shop was full of ghost-germs, which his customers swallowed with their rum, and by the time the drinkers were ready to go home at midnight, the germs had sufficiently developed to render each man a victim of the disease known as "ghost-seeing." Rum was the standard drink at this time, and the man who did not get drunk was a fool; whilst to-day he is a fool if he does get drunk. Thus, whilst we have gained much in this respect, we have lost the faculty of seeing ghosts. The rum-germ was specific, and the ghosts that it had been producing for many years, had become more or less common place, and were becoming to get quite out of date.

Just then, however, Paddy introduced a new drink which he called "fiskey" (whiskey). Though the men did not like it at first, no sooner had they begun to use it regularly, than it produced a brand-new ghost. This ghost, for reasons unknown, assumed the form and appearance of a bear. To the man who had taken only a few drinks of "fiskey" the bear looked about the size of a yearling calf;

whilst to the man who had been guzzling it till 12 o'clock, the bear appeared to be as big as an elephant. If the testimony borne to the reality of the "bear-ghost" had been confined to the residents of Trinity, then there might have been some doubt about it. A Mr. Smith, however, from up the bay, having paid a visit to Trinity, took in the sights, and spent a convivial evening in Paddy's inside parlour. As he left about 12 o'clock, the Bear followed him up to Slade's premises. He had to put on an extra stout to keep up with Mr. Smith, who looked not upon the order of his going but went at once when he saw the Bear; nor did he stop till he was over the top and down in the cuddy of his bully-boat with the door shut; and as he looked out through a knothole in the cuddy-door, he could see the Bear looking down at him from the wharf. The testimony of a man, who was "a Church Warden when he was home," settled the question of the reality of the Bear, all right.

About this time additional testimony came in from another reliable (?) source. It was Christmas Eve. The South West Arm was frozen over, and Mike—who lived on the road to the north of the Arm, left home for Paddy's rum-shop, to see his best girl who was the kitchen barmaid there. It was good walking on the ice, and a starlight night, and Mike was whistling to beat the band. Suddenly he stopped. He saw something peculiar on the ice just off Fisher's Cove. It looked like a coffin, and going near to it in fear and trembling, Mike found 'twas a coffin all right. Just as his hair began to lift the cap from his head, he grabbed the cap, and printed for Paddy's kitchen door. As soon as he got inside he shouted, "Kate, Kate! Give me a glass of rum quick." "What's the matter with you?" Kate asked. "Oh! I'm a dead man for sure, Kate," said Mike, "for I seen a coffin on the ice, and 'tis dead I am for sure!" "You'll never die so long as you can make so much noise as that," said Kate. "Of course you saw a coffin, for six men who were taking it from Davey Grant's to Bonaventure, put it down out there, whilst they came in here to get a drink; and there they are going out of the shop-door now." "Bedad," said Mike, "if that's the explanation of it, I'll have a glass of the new fiskey drink." He liked it, and he had several glasses before he left to go home at midnight. He decided, however, to go home by the road, instead of by the ice. Just as he got up on the level above Brown's Hill, he saw a big dog walking along beside him. Mike was in fighting trim, and very brave; so he decided to let the dog know that his company was not required. Drawing his right foot well back, he launched a vigorous kick at the dog's ribs, shouting at the same time, "Take that, you son of a female dog." Mike got a bigger fright than the coffin had given him, for his boot went through space; and it did not take him long to realize that it was no dog at all, but the Bear, that he had tried to kick. His hair stood straight on end, and he pushed the cap from his head. He did not stop to pick it up, but he made a record run for home, with the Bear keeping up with him. He burst in the door, and then, having hastily closed it against the Bear, he fell in a swoon on the floor, where his mother

found him on Christmas morning when she got up to make in the kitchen fire. Now, will you disbelieve in ghosts?

Mr. Harry Hayter of Trinity and Mrs. Arthur Gover of Champneys, were married at Christ Church, Trinity East on December 12th. Mr. Hayter has bought the house and property, lately owned by Mr. William Conolly, and that was originally owned by the late Samuel Maidment.

CAPTAINS AT REST.

A few weeks ago I gave an interesting list of names of Captains who married in Trinity. I now give the names of some who died here (within the same dates)—and who are buried in the old churchyard: 1760, Captain Samson Miffin. 1761, Captain William Pope. 1769, Captain James Wiseman. 1788, Captain Matthew Caslin. 1794, Captain William Newman. 1801, Captain Samuel Walters. 1811, Captain William Lander. 1815, Captain Joseph Burrage. R.I.P.

GRANDMOTHER'S SAMPLER, ETC. "Backward, turn backward! O time in thy flight; Make me a child again, just for to-night."

Having paid my best respects to our grandmothers in their older days, by calling attention to their cap-boxes, and their caps, and their crimping machines; I make my best bow to them (the dear old souls), offer my arm and go back with them some seventy years in their history—back to their younger, their childhood days, and with their kind permission, I watch them making their wonderful Samplers, and examine those already made. This, the study of, and the deep interest in some beautiful thing done by a child of long ago, is, I presume, one way in which the aspiration to be "a child again just for to-night" may be realized by us in our more mature years. In this way I am taken back to night, for as I write, I have before me two or three Samplers of exquisite work done by our grandmothers when they were eleven or twelve years of age; and eighty, or a hundred years ago. There are but few things that so deepen our interest in the early childhood days of our grandmothers, as do the Samplers that were worked by them, and so carefully preserved for our examination and admiration. They are worthy of a place in the British Empire Exhibition, and the Committee should arrange for them in the Art Exhibit. There is nothing so indicative of real talent that is being done by the younger girls of to-day, that will go down to posterity, as one the Samplers done by our grandmothers in their childhood days and that have come down to us from them.

Again, what a delightful treat and a pleasant change it would be to us all, at Christmas time, or any other festive time, if some persons would introduce, and represent in dress and courtly deportment, the old people of a hundred and fifty years ago, in the graceful figures of the dances of those days. "Dancing was dancing in those days," and evidently was what Goldsmith had in mind when he wrote the words:—
"All the ages: dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the
mirthful maze
And the gay grandsire, skilled, in
gestic lore,
Has frisked beneath the burden of
threescore."

Mr. C. F. Scott, representing Garneau Ltd., registered at the Garland and spent several days at Trinity last week, in the profitable interests of his employers. Glad to see him.

Magistrate Somerton has erected a dignified and well proportioned flag-staff on his property, and signalled the event by flying from it the flag of Empire, viz., a correctly made Union Jack. It all adds to the brightness and the beauty of the town.

Rev. Dr. Curtis, Inspector of Methodist Schools, was in town last week. Glad to see you Dr.

Mr. Walter White of the A.N.D. Co., Grand Falls, and Mr. Richard Maidment of the Royal Bank St. John's, are spending Christmas at the old homes in Trinity. Glad to have them with us again.

Mr. Eric Rankin is spending his Christmas holidays with his mother and friends at St. John's. We wish him the best that may be had.

An ordinary letter received from Germany last week had eight stamps on it, each 500 million marks.

At a meeting of the men of St. Paul's Church of England, held in the Parish Hall on Monday evening last a Chieftain's Club was formed. Rev. E. P. Hiscock was elected President; F. Somerton, Vice-President; Mr. Simms, Secretary, and Mr. Fred J. Brady, Treasurer. The meeting was well attended, and a deep interest was shown in the object of the meeting. They will meet once a week in the Club-Room of the Parish Hall.

Wishing my readers a holy, happy Christmas.
W.J.L.

Christmas 1923.

TEA SETS
21 pieces, Floral &
daintily decorated,
The Set, 3.98

KNOWLING'S CUP & SAUCER
SPECIAL
14c

Xmas China and Glassware

Toilet Sets

Splendid values, uncrasable
wares.

From 3.50 to 15.00

Tea-Pot Sets

Neat designs and suitable for
all occasions.

The Set 5.00

Cut Glass Specials

CELERY VASE 14.00

CENTRE VASE 10.50

CENTRE VASE 7.80

SALAD BOWLS 18.00

BERRY BOWLS 14.50

ORANGE BOWLS 12.50

SPOON TRAYS 12.00

BON BONS 7.50

NAPPYS 3.00

TUMBLERS 2.20

Dinner Sets

Floral, dainty and conventional
designs. Come in 30 and 54
pieces.

From 9.95 up.

Tea Sets

To suit everybody's purse.
Splendid Value. Decorated and
Art colours.

From 2.50 up.

JAPANESE CHINA BARGAINS

Tea Set

21 pieces with Sugar Bowl,
Cream Jug and Tea Pot on Legs.
The Set 11.75

Berry Set

Splendid quality, 7 pieces, 10
in. Berry Bowl, and 6 individual.
Yours for 3.00

Cake Set

Six—6 in. Plates, and One—
10 in. Centre Plate.
A Bargain, 4.00

Bouquet Stands with Hanging Sprays, only to be had at Knowling's

SEE THEM

Console Sets

One Flared Dish with Base
and 2 Candle Holders.

Chocolate Sets

Come in Art colors, Yellow,
Pink, Green and other dainty
designs.

Trinket Sets

Tray Hat Pin Holder, Powder
Box and Hair Receiver.
While they last 1.60

VEGETABLE DISHES 65c.,



Berry Bowls Real Bargains See For Yourself
20c., 39c., 42c., 45c., 49c., 65c. and 85c.

Glass Jugs



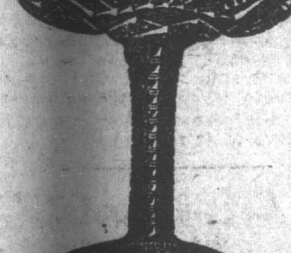
1½ Pint size.
28c. each.

Glass Jugs



Pint size.
20c.

Cake Stands

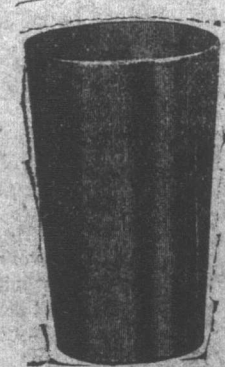


40c. up to 1.75

Glass Jugs



Good Value at 70c.
Knowling's Price
50c.



Pudding Bowls,
All Sizes.

Meat Platters,
All Sizes.

Gravey Boats,
All Sizes.

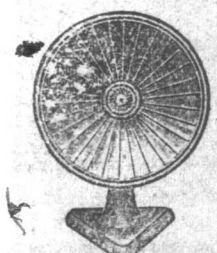
Pudding Steamers
All Sizes. See them!

G. Knowling, Ltd.

Have
Your Friends
Enjoy
A MERRY



Below We
Illustrate
a Few
"Worthwhile"
Christmas Gifts



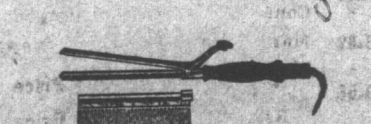
Electric Heater.
Take the chill off the
Bathroom or similar
small places.



Heating Pad
is a boon and blessing
both as a pain reliever
and bed warmer.



What could be nicer for the
home than one of our beautiful
Electric Lighting Candle Fix-
tures?



Electric Curling Iron.
A dainty practical necessity
on every dressing table.



Electric Grill.
Cooks a complete meal
for one or two persons
right at the table.



Tea Ball Pot
ensure a beverage of
refreshingly even qual-
ity.

St. John's Light & Power Co., Ltd.

SHOW ROOM - ANGEL BUILDING.

dec13.15.17.18.20.23