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TRINITY

TRAGEDY AND IRREVERENCE 150 YEARS AGO.

The history of old St. Paul's Church and Churchyard—so full of the most sacred associations—is not without its records of tragedies, and acts of irreverence, as direct results of the drinking customs of the day. Whilst the Church was always ready to give Christian burial, without distinction, to her own children and the stranger within the gates, yet of the 3,000 bodies, whose dust commingles with that of the churchyard, there are those (more in number than we know of) that were placed there in the darkness of the night with scanty care, and no religious ceremony. Nor was either the church building, or the church services entirely free from acts of thoughtless irreverence at the hands of those who, in their sober senses would have never been guilty of such conduct.

Let us give an instance or two, from tradition and entries in the old church books, to illustrate my sentiments. The back parlours of our public houses of long ago, were scenes of such foul play as frequent, ended in the taking of the life of some one, who was posted as missing for a few weeks and then forgotten. One of the missing men was Thomas whose skull was fractured by a bottle in the hand of one of his drunken companions, in the back parlour of a public house on Christmas Eve, 150 years ago. The realisation of the fact that the man was dead, sobered the other men sufficiently (not to regret the deed; they were too callous for that, but to get busy to decide how to dispose of the body, so as to cover the tracks of the murderers. To sink the body through the ice in the South West Arm would mean a finding of it in the spring; whilst the digging of a grave (near the scene of the murder) during the night, would doubtless attract the attention of the neighbours.

The body of a sailor had been given Christian burial in the old churchyard that afternoon; and it was no sooner suggested by one of the men than it was carried into effect—the newly made grave of the sailor was opened up sufficiently deep to admit of another body; and there, the body of the murdered man was quickly and unceremoniously consigned, and covered over. The fact that snow had fallen after the burial of the sailor, and yet, on Christmas morning, newly dug earth was found on the snow, awakened the suspicion of a passer-by, that the grave had been re-opened during the night, caused him to suspect. What had been done with the body of the missing man (that, by the way, was never found). The fear, however, of the treatment that might be dealt out by the murderers to any

person or persons who would bring their crime to light, resulted in no investigation being made, and hence, to-day, a foot under the sod that now covers the sailor's grave, lies the dust of Thomas—unkilled, unconfined, and unknown.

During the night of Saturday, June 22nd, 1772, there died in Trinity, one Peter Stanley. Peter Stanley, together with several other men of the same rough type with himself, lived in an old cookhouse on the premises of Mr. Mellony. They had all spent the night drinking and carousing, and had gone to sleep with no very clear ideas of what they had been doing. In the early morning they found Peter Stanley dead on the floor; and they proceeded at once to arrange for his burial. Rough boards and nails were hastily secured, and a coffin was made. During the making of it, they so frequently refreshed themselves with Jamaica Rum from a stock on hand, that by the time the coffin was nailed down, they were all too drunk to realize what they were doing, other than to take the body to the church for burial. Without a thought of digging a grave, they placed the coffin in the arms of a coffin up the aisle, in which, they announced, was the body of Peter Stanley, which they had brought for burial. James Clifford, the old parish clerk, after using many threats, and much moral suasion, prevailed upon the men to leave the body in the church porch; to take their places with the congregation, and though they had come to scoff, they were induced to remain to pray. On Monday morning a grave was dug, the body was interred, and the following entry was made in the Burial Register:—"June 23rd, 1772—Interred, Peter Stanley, in Mr. Mellony's employ. This man's corpse was brought abruptly into church, without any notice given of it."

It was 11.30 and Rev. James Balfour was conducting morning prayer in the church, together with a congregation that did all but fill the building. Just then the church doors were thrown open and Mr. Balfour's voice was drowned by the voices, and the chatter of a dozen drunken men bearing a coffin up the aisle, in which, they announced, was the body of Peter Stanley, which they had brought for burial. James Clifford, the old parish clerk, after using many threats, and much moral suasion, prevailed upon the men to leave the body in the church porch; to take their places with the congregation, and though they had come to scoff, they were induced to remain to pray. On Monday morning a grave was dug, the body was interred, and the following entry was made in the Burial Register:—"June 23rd, 1772—Interred, Peter Stanley, in Mr. Mellony's employ. This man's corpse was brought abruptly into church, without any notice given of it."

In the year 1769 there died at Trinity, Edward Hallowan who for several years had been a servant with Benjamin Lester, Esq. During the two nights that the body was being waked at the house where Hallowan had been boarding, there was a good deal of drinking and quarrelling. On the second night there was a fight between two men, which, though quickly stopped by the sober men, was by no means ended. The friends of each of the fighters took up the quarrel the next day and, as the funeral left the house for the church, those friends—more or less under the influence of liquor—were sullen, spoiling for a

fight. Just as the Church gate was reached, and the coffin was being taken from the shoulders of the bearers, angry expressions were heard. Suddenly blows were exchanged between two individuals, and before anyone could interfere to stop it, all the hatred and passion was let loose, and one of the worst rows for the year took place at the church door. In the meantime the body was quietly reposed and taken into the church; the funeral service was held and the body was decently interred. The following entry was made by the church clerk in the Burial Register: "October 29th, 1769—Interred, Edward Hallowan. Instead of decency, a riot."

In the year 1765 there came to Trinity several men at the same time. No one knew anything about them, other than the fact (as evinced by their actions) that they were undesirable, and such as were not calculated to promote the public peace, or to improve the morals of the people. They lived together and largely to themselves, and apart from the drunken life that they lived, individually and collectively, neither people knew very little about them. They had not been in Trinity very long, before it was announced that two of them had died during the night, and that arrangements were being made for their burial in the old churchyard. After they had left their lodgings with the two bodies, they renewed an argument that had been started the night before, as to whether the bodies should be taken into the church or not. It was customary (but not obligatory) to take the body into the church for the first part of the service and the clergyman stood ready to conduct it. As the effects of the drinks taken just before the men left the house became more and more obvious, the argument became more and more heated, and by the time the procession had got to the churchyard gate, it had reached its highest point of drunken rodom, and the bodies were hustled past the church door and out to where the graves had been dug. When a semblance of order had been restored, the clergyman said the prayers at the graves, and the bodies were reverently committed to their kindred dust. All this would long ago have been forgotten, were it not that in the old church register of Burials there is the following entry of an event, that by drunkenness had been deprived the reverence and respect that the Church was always ready and anxious to associate with the burial of every one in God's Acre: "October 17th, 1765—Interred by a tumultuous mob. Two strangers."

There are other entries of this kind that I could quote to prove the terrible effects of drunkenness in those years, that are sometimes thoughtlessly spoken of as "the good old times." If such scenes, however, were repeated to-day, we should not be willing to admit that there was much good about them. We thank God for the change, and take courage to persevere.

TEMPORAL AND SPIRITUAL DOINGS.

Not many things of great importance have happened in Trinity since last week. The Garland Hotel has been filled to capacity with the guests who came to us by train and by the Portia; and by the time these Notes appear in print our guests will have returned to their respective homes. The unexpected cold and wet summer, for which there must be some fundamental cause, has interrupted, more or less, with the opportunities for our guests' enjoyment; such as Trinity usually provides. Yet they have made the best of it, and they have gone back to duties, physically braced up for work and with pleasant memories of the place and people.

Every week reports individuals or families leaving for other places, and we fear that the worst has yet to come. Some of our best men in the Right have been sinking money during the last two or three years, quietly and patiently hoping for better times—and those times have not come to us. Hence they have decided to get away to where paying employment may be found, whilst they have enough money left to purchase tickets, etc. Such people don't want to leave the old home, and we can ill-afford to have them go. They, however, have no choice in the matter, and we bid them God speed. Our loss will be the gain of others in the big family, somewhere, and though there are many things in daily life that we cannot fully understand in connection with it all, yet:—"Happy still in God confiding, Faithful, if in Christ confiding, Holy, through the Spirit's guiding, All must be well."

One thing must be done by those of us who remain in the country; one duty must be faced. We must, at increased personal sacrifices provide for the ministrations of God's church in our midst. We can do without many things in daily life, and be none the worse for it. We cannot, however, do without the ministrations of God's church, without such a loss to soul and body, as we may never be able to recover. God knows, we are had enough with those ministrations, and God only knows what we should be without them. This is the most serious question to be manfully considered by us in the changed circum-

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stances in which we find ourselves, viz: the continuation of help to spiritual life; and whatever bodily luxuries, and expensive provisions for bad habits we are called upon to give up, we must not hold back the requirements for the ministrations of God's church, in proportion to the means that God knows as individuals we possess. No man will ever assist in bringing back prosperous times by reducing or cutting out his subscriptions for church work (Diocesan and Parochial) rather than depriving himself of a luxury, or material for the indulgence of a bad habit. Acquit yourselves as men.

A larger crop than usual of errors in my notes of last week (no doubt, a result of my poor writing) has subjected me to some adverse criticism. I am sorry, and I shall try to do better in future.

Mr. and Mrs. Allan Carter, of St. John's, came to us on Monday. They are registered at the Garland and will stay a while. Mrs. Carter was Miss Edna Pittman and was a child of the Parsonage, Trinity East, when her father was the incumbent there. We are glad to renew acquaintance.

Miss Minnie Pittman is a guest of Dr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald, Trinity East. Miss Fitzgerald, who has been visiting at the Parsonage in Topsail, returned with her. Glad to see them.

Mr. Simms has returned to Trinity, and to his duties as Principal of the school here.

A baby girl—the first born—has come to the house of Harry and Clara Rowe, Port Point.

Rev. Ralph Fowles, incumbent of Random, spent a few days with his family, who at present are living at Trinity East; and in the absence of the rector, he conducted the services there on Sunday week. Ralph is one of our boys who made good on battle field, at college and during the years of his priesthood. He has our highest respect, and best wishes.

Miss MacKinnon of St. John's who had been visiting at Dr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald's, Trinity East, returned to St. John's last week.

Mr. Kenneth Somerton has gone to New York.

Whilst Mr. E. Malmont was spending his holiday at his native town, Trinity, in the absence of the clergyman and the regular lay reader, the wardens asked him to conduct morning prayer at St. Paul's Church. This is the greatest honour, that as churchmen, they could bestow upon a layman, and we were glad to find a Trinitarian willing and able to respond to the invitation. Mr. Malmont is the product of a God-fearing father and mother in Trinity forty years ago; and like other (of our boys) in the same generation, who were privileged to be brought up in such a Christian home atmosphere, he has made good in spiritual and temporal life, and we are proud of him. He holds the Bishop's License as a lay reader in connection with St. Thomas' Parish, St. John's, and served as such for years under Canon Dunfield. He returns to St. John's by the Portia, but Mrs. Malmont will stay a while longer. They are both Trinitarians and we are glad to have them with us.

A favourite and a delightful event in the programme of Trinity visitors, is the motor boat run around the harbour after tea, going into every creek along the shore line of the arms and roadstead. This occupies two hours, is about eight miles, and has to be enjoyed to realize the beauty of it. Some of our literary visitors who have enjoyed this and other attractions of Trinity, should tell the people about it through the medium of the Evening Telegram. We are advertised by our friends, and their descriptions and opinions of Trinity (either adversely or appreciatively) from their viewpoints, would do us all good.

Married at St. Andrew's, Church of England, Trinity East, on Aug. 28th, Mr. Stephen Eady, of Spaniard's Bay, and Miss Elfrida Barnes, of English Harbour.

Mrs. David Baird is spending a holiday at the Anchorage, Trinity. Glad to see her.

Hom. J. D. Ryan is registered at the Garland.

Sept. 1st, 1923. W. J. L.
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America's New "Boss."

ABOUT THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

Just before the death of Mr. Harding, the late President of the United States, Mr. Coolidge, the Vice-President, was helping in the hay harvesting at his home in Massachusetts. Then the tragedy happened—and to-day Mr. Coolidge is president of the greatest republic in history.

Mr. Calvin Coolidge, like the late Mr. Harding, is a self-made man. His chief characteristic is—silence.

"Nobody can make 'Silent Cal' talk," they say in America.

Born fifty-one years ago, he is a little above the average height, and has sandy hair, blue eyes and a prominent forehead.

"Silent Cal," who is a lawyer, was hardly known to the American public until he became Governor of Massachusetts in 1919.

While he held this post, however, he proved what metal he was made of. The police in Boston went on strike, and in a very short time the whole city was in a state of chaos. It became a happy hunting ground for criminals from miles around.

Mr. Coolidge took the matter in hand, organised civilian police, and soon restored the city to its normal state.

"Silent Cal" is married and has two sons. His wife was a school-teacher before her marriage.

Calvin Coolidge, Junior, is as taciturn as his father, and apparently doesn't worry much about being son of the President. He works for nine hours a day on a farm near his home.

One day recently his employer said to him:

"So your father is President now."

"Yes, sir," he replied, "I suppose so. Which job do you want me to tackle in the morning?"

Mr. Coolidge will hold office until the Presidential election, which is held in March, 1925.

Tales of The Bad Old Days.

How Landlubbers Were Turned Into Good Seamen.

The strange practice of tattooing was originally one of the things that sailors did in those days of the clipper ships, and in those days the sailor who sported tattoo marks showed himself a genuine deep-water mariner. Apart from this, however, the marks had a more serious import. They were meant either as charms, or, in the last resort, for the same purpose as the identification disk in time of war, in case of being lost at sea. In this way, for instance, the Roman Catholic sailor who carried a crucifix tattooed on his body might be fairly sure of receiving a Catholic burial if he were cast ashore in any Christian country.

Hard-fisted "Bucko" Skippers.

Some terrible tales are recorded of the brutality of certain Yankee "bucko" skippers who sailed the Western Ocean during the time of clipper ships, writes Mr. C. Fox Smith in "Sailor Town Days."

These ships were famous no less for their speed than for their know-white decks and gleaming brass and paintwork. But all these glories were not bought for nothing.

They meant endless driving by hard-fisted mates, ever ready with marlin-spike, belaying-pin, or a well-aimed kick from a heavy sea-boot. The clipper ships were fair to look upon, but in nine cases out of ten they were hell to those who sailed in them.

But there is a reverse side to the medal. Stories strange but true are told of the methods employed in those days by certain Liverpool boarding-house masters to "manufacture seamen" for the Western Ocean trade.

For example, a chalk line would be drawn across the floor, over which some poor, down-and-out landman was called upon to walk a stated number of times, and a cow's horn was placed in the middle of the room, which he then solemnly circled.

The boarding-house master was then able to swear, without perjuring himself in the letter, that he had a prime seaman available who, to his personal knowledge, had crossed the Line twenty times and rounded the Horn a dozen.

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"That was very nice and generous of you, Jimmy," complimented his mother.

"Yes, I think so," answered the boy. "She wasn't at school to-day."

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