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TRINITY.

THE DETECTIVE STORY (Contd.)

The Sergeant's machinery was working splendidly, and he quickly detected a streak of putty on the neck of the case, that had got there during his passing through the non-too-large a space, from which the glass had been removed. They walked slowly up the street, and during the conversation the Sergeant found out that the stranger's name was Hans Johnson, and that he was a Swede. He said he was boarding at Mrs. C. —, which the Sergeant at once knew was an untruth as he had visited the house that morning, and found that no one had registered there for some time past. Just then they were at the nearest point to the jail, and the Sergeant, laying his gentle hand upon Hans' shoulder told him that he was under arrest for house breaking and theft. It was a great surprise to Hans, and he kicked like a steer, but the Sergeant was too heavy for him, and in a few minutes he was safe in the lock-up—minus his carpet-bag, which was kept by the Sergeant for examination. In that bag he found a screw driver the shape of a pit-saw. He took it down to the shop window and it fitted the impressions that had been made in the sash during the removal of the glass. So far, it was all plain enough for the Sergeant; but it did not reveal the whereabouts of the stolen boots, clothes, money or whisky—for the prisoner was perfectly sober.

But now the Sergeant's trouble began. Upon his return to the jail, after having examined the contents of the carpet-bag, and the tool marks on the window sash, he was met by the Jailer and the Magistrate. The Jailer said, "Oh my! you have made a wonderful mistake in arresting that man for shop breaking." The Magistrate thought so too, because the same man was at their prayer-meeting the night of the robbery, and had deeply impressed all who were present, with his fluent diction and wonderful rendering of Sanky, Moody hymns. As they talked the matter over at the entrance to the jail, the Swede's fine voice could be heard rendering the same hymns in the cell. The Sergeant asked the Magistrate and the Jailer to come with him to the broken shop window. Neither of them knew about the matches and the screw driver. They all went to the window, and handing them the screw driver, the Sergeant asked them to fit the end of it in the impressions on the sash. They bot h agreed that it was the instrument by which the work had been done; but the Magistrate said, "No doubt you picked it up here, and the prisoner may have no knowledge of it." The Jailer smiled approvingly of the Magistrate's sentiments, but the Sergeant, like "Brer Rabbit, lay low" and did not tell them where he had found the screw driver.

The prisoner was arraigned the next day, and before a full and sympathetic house, he assumed an injured-innocent air, and pleaded "not guilty." The Sergeant asked for a remand for eight days, which was granted. After the prisoner was removed, the Sergeant told the Magistrate privately all about the matches and the screw driver, and where he had found them, and that during the day he would produce all the stolen property. He did so, and the Magistrate realized that the prisoner was the guilty one. The Sergeant's asking for an eight days remand was in the nature of a bluff; to give a local scribe, who was not a friend of his, the opportunity to express his opinions in his next week's notes to the public press. Sure enough, it was all there the next week from the scribe's viewpoint; and it would have fared badly with the Sergeant if what was thus stated in the newspaper were true. The production of the material evidence—such as matches, screw driver, etc.—by the Sergeant, against the prisoner on the day of his trial was a terrible surprise to the prisoner, and no less a surprise to the scribe and others who had championed his cause. The prisoner was given six months in jail; and upon the recommendation of the Magistrate, the Inspector-General sent the Sergeant ten dollars for his clever detective work in connection with the case—all of which constituted the next nine days wonder in the little town of B. —. Poof Hans expressed much sorrow, but evidently it was because he had been caught. His repentance was not the genuine article, for he won considerable notoriety in after life as a housebreaker. Of the thirteen years he spent in Newfoundland, five were spent in jail. He married three wives, and the kindest thing he ever did for them, was to desert them in turn. The police authorities sent him out of the country as a freeman on a German tramp steamer. Yes, verily, "The way of the transgressor is hard," but the way of the police detective is often (as in this case) dotted with exultant sensations, and a very happy ending. Sergeant W. — whose work as a detective I have taken the liberty to use as the frame work of this story, is still doing duty in a northern outpost, with this and several other detective feats to his credit and with an honourable general record of thirty-nine years of service under five Inspectors, viz., Carty, Fawcett, McCowan, Sullivan, and the present Inspector-General Hutchings—a service that should merit the highest recognition. So mote it be.

THE PASSING OF MR. ARTHUR POWER.

On Tuesday afternoon, May 16th, the body of Mr. Arthur Power was found beside the road leading from the main road up to the Roman Catholic Cemetery. Mr. Power had been in the habit of visiting the cemetery as a constitutional and for devotional purposes. He overestimated his strength and powers of endurance on Tuesday, for the day was cold and the wind was high. As he began to go up the hill from the main road to the cemetery he met the full force of the breeze, and those of us who knew Mr. Power's poor physical condition, were not surprised that he, realizing the effects

it was having upon him, sat down by the road-side to rest there—and died. The body was carefully and reverently removed to his home, and was committed to its kindred dust on Thursday.

Mr. Arthur Power was the son of John and Hannah Power, who lived in Trinity over a hundred years ago. He was born in the house that stood in the western corner of the "Big Garden," in Garland's and Brook's time. There were seven children, viz: John, Arthur, Frank, Charles, Elizabeth, Ellen and Kitty. Elizabeth married Daniel Connolly, Ellen married James Sullivan, and Kitty married Thomas Lynch. Charles was lost in the Lion, and the others—except Arthur—were called to rest, one after another in their respective homes. With the passing of Arthur, the family name has come to an end in Trinity. He was a sailor in his younger days, and for years was a familiar figure on board the foreign going vessels commanded by Captain Neville and others.

In later years he prosecuted the cod fishery on Labrador, with the Conolly Brothers at Trinity East. He married a sister of Daniel Connolly, and she died some ten years ago. Since that time Mr. and Mrs. Meaney and family lived with him, and his last days were spent in freedom from care, and in public and private devotion, with every domestic need carefully provided for. He was eighty-four years and five months old. May he rest in peace.

THE CHURCH ROAD IN TRINITY. Past and Present.

It is provoking, to say the least of it, when one is really anxious to throw some definite light upon the distant past of something that still lingers in the present, and lingers, apparently, only to disturb one's comfort and to mock one's efforts to account for its real past. I am thinking now of a row of post-stumps in the middle of the Church Road in Trinity. There they are to-day, and there they have been within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, a few feet from each other and parallel with the middle of the road. They are only stumps, I know, but when were they put there? and what were they parts of when they were put there? They come above the surface every spring, sufficiently high to trip the unwary at night, and to provoke him to speak unadvisedly with his lips. Somebody drives them down every spring and they are then forgotten till the next spring.

Personally, I have never tripped over them at night; but I have frequently viewed them during the day and almost pleaded with them—like the child pleading with the star—not so much, however, to "tell me what you are," but what you were. In other words I have often wondered why they were placed there, and what purpose they served. Well, it is said that "all things come to those who know how to wait," and a few days ago an old man told me, that they are the underground remains of poles, that once supported a row of fish flakes that covered the lane that has long since been widened, and is now known as the Church Road. As that has been the only answer to my questions to date, I accept it till I am convinced that it is a wrong one. Though it would be difficult for me to visualize a row of fish flakes in that part of Trinity, yet there is no reason to doubt they were there; for, as Rogers in his history of Newfoundland, and in his chapter on "fish" tells us: "A few years before this period of fish curing began, most streets were covered with flakes beneath whose shadows young men and women walked.—Whispering murmurs of love at even." Though they have long ago disappeared, in the great majority of fishing villages, yet there are a few places where flakes still cover parts of the road, and lend their peculiar poetry and fragrance to their surroundings. I am in no sense despising flakes, that played and still play a most important part in connection with our staple, but it is only by calling to mind the realities of the past and comparing them with those of the present, that we fully realize the many and great changes that have come to us. Thus those stumps of the supporting stake poles still remain, as reminders of a changeful past. But one question more:—Why were flakes built over the streets and roads in the old days?

Town Improvement—A great improvement to our public roads has just been made by the Road Board, at the junction of Garland and Church Roads, in front of the rectory grounds. As the Church Vestry were about to erect a new fence, the Road Board offered to collaborate with them and to share in the expense; on condition that the new fence be run in a straight line. Instead of the old unsightly curve, and that the land then outside the fence be used by the Board to widen the road. This has been done with mutual benefit to rectory and Road Board, and it is a great improvement.

Mr. Walter White of Ryan Bros., and Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Grant are visiting St. John's.

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Sewing Machines. Washing Machines. Wringers. Galv. Washing Tubs. Wash Boards. Clothes Pins. Clothes Lines. Clothes Baskets. Buckets. Pails.	Paint Brushes. Scrub Brushes. Shoe Brushes. Tar Brushes. Shaving Brushes. Tooth Brushes. Nail Brushes. Lime Brushes. Window Brushes. Counter Brushes.	Rim Locks. Mortice Locks. Till Locks. Drawer Locks. Chest Locks. Cupboard Locks. Padlock Locks. Plate Locks. Door Bolts. Hinges, etc.	Carriage Harness. Carriage Lamps. Whips. Sockets. Lamp Springs. Horse Bits. Buckles. Grain Leather. Sole Leather. Harness Leather.
Fly Screen Wire. Wire Netting. Plain Fencing Wire. Barb Fencing Wire. Tinman's Wire. Hay Wire. Bouquet Wire. Brass and Copper Wire. Fencing Staples.	Hand Saws. Hammers. Chisels. Planes. Gimlets. Augers. Bits. Braces. Turnscrews. Squares. Levels.	Galv. Sheet Iron. Black Sheet Iron. Charcoal Tin Plates. Coke Tin Plates. Solder. Flux. Soldering Irons. Lobster Tins. Lobster Bags. Ice Cream Freezers.	Bedsteads. Mattresses. Springs. Cots. Stretchers. Pillows. Bolsters. Featherbeds. Refrigerators. Ice Picks.

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