

Majestic Theatre!

Thursday, Friday, Saturday

RESTLESS



SEX

COMING
"Straight From Paris."
ON MONDAY
"THE BRONZE BELL"

TRINITY.

THIS IS ARMISTICE DAY, NOVEMBER 11th—PRAYER FOR USE TODAY: APPOINTED BY THE KING.

"In remembrance of those who made the great sacrifice, O God, make us better men and women, and give us peace in our time"; for Jesus Christ's sake, Amen.

A STORY OF THE LOSS OF THE BRIG "WILLIAM KELSEY" AT WESTER POINT, 1848.

The tragedies of the sea, in connection with the great business of Newfoundland, have been so many, that, (at least to sea-faring men) they have become more or less common place; and unless the details of the very event were committed to writing at the time, it is surprising how quickly those details fade out of the memory of our people, and how difficult it is to secure a sequence of the happenings many years after, though at the time of the tragedy those men were on the spot and knew every thing about it. During those years when John Bingley Garland and Robert Slade of Trinity carried on an extensive business with the Old Country and other parts of Europe, and when vessels in their employ were counted by the score, and went to and from those places all the year round, it is not surprising to know that many sad things occurred. During those years, some of the finest captains and sailors that ever sailed the ocean, left Poole for Trinity, and either have never been heard of since, or were dashed to pieces on our rock-bound shores in a blinding snow storm of a winter night.

Of those who have never been heard of since, the best known was Captain John Sabbin, who in the employ of John Bingley Garland, went to and from between Trinity and Poole three or four times a year for years—years who once made the passage from Trinity to Poole in eleven days. The last known of him and his vessel was sailing from Poole for Trinity in the Fall of 1844. He never reached Trinity and was never reported. Of those who (within sight or sound of home) were wrecked and lost on the coast of Newfoundland—was Captain Robbins of the brig "William Kelsey" in the year 1848. So often had Captain Robbins crossed the Atlantic to Poole or Limerick and back again to Trinity, that it used to be said of him, "he had a well beaten track from Poole Quay to Skirwink, Trinity."

Those, however, who still go down to the sea in ships on the Atlantic,

know the special dangers that have always surrounded the mariner when approaching the Coast of Newfoundland in winter. No one realized this more fully than Captain Robbins, and though he had escaped them for several years in the past, he never forgot how real they were, and how necessary it was for him and his crew to be at their best, especially when approaching Newfoundland in the month of January.

Captain Robbins spent Christmas of 1847 with friends in Poole, and though in a dozen differing ways he gave evidences of how thoroughly he was enjoying it all, yet his friends noticed a shadow pass over his face at times, as though he had gloomy forebodings of the voyage that he was to undertake within the next few days. New Year's Day found the "William Kelsey" ready for sea, and specially equipped for a January crossing of the Atlantic. The weather of the first few days after leaving Poole was favorable to vessels going to Newfoundland; but incoming vessels during the next week reported an unusually stormy time at sea. The "William Kelsey" experienced the roughest time in her history, and it was not till the 15th of January that the Captain found himself fifty miles east of Baccalieu; with, however, every reason to hope that the worst was over, and that within twenty four hours they would be in Trinity.

During the night the wind shifted suddenly to the South East, with a blinding snow storm; and during the next twenty four hours it shifted to the N. E. and N. W., driving the vessel altogether out of her course. On January 17th, the weather having cleared a little, and the Captain, under the impression that he was many miles from land, decided to continue till daylight, when he hoped that he would again get his bearings. At four o'clock in the morning, during a snow squall that hid everything from view, the vessel crashed upon the rocks at the base of a headland which, although they did not know it at the time, was Wester Point of Green Bay, just below the Horse Chops in Trinity Bay. The sea was running high, and as the vessel struck the rocks, her yards and jib-boom scraped along the face of the headland. The receding sea took her off from the shore, washing everybody from her decks, and sending her as a tangled wreck to the bottom. Nothing could live in that terrible sea; and of the men on board at the time, when the vessel went back into deep water, not one has ever been seen or heard of since.

During those few minutes, however,

that the vessel lay against the cliff, two seamen—John Lander of Bonaville, and Gideon Badger of Biddeford in Devon, had run up the rigging and from the yard arm, and the jib-boom, respectively they had leaped on some ridges of rock, that the snow in the face of the cliff, enabled them to see. A few hours later the daylight revealed to them their respective positions. John Lander was on a shelf of rock midway between high water mark and the top of the cliff, on which he had leaped from the yard arm; whilst Gideon Badger was on a much lower shelf not far from the sea, on which he had leaped from the jib-boom. Gideon shouted to Lander that the tide was rising, and that unless he could get higher up the cliff, it would mean only a few hours and he would be washed into the sea. In the meantime Lander had discovered a ball of heavy spun yarn in his jacket pocket, and he suggested to Gideon that he would try to help him to climb up to where he was, by the use of the spun yarn. It was doubtful as to whether it was strong enough to enable him to do this; but as it was evident to Gideon that he would soon be washed into the sea if he remained on the edge of the rock much longer, he was willing to take the chances that the spun yarn offered.

To make it more feasible, Lander suggested that Gideon lighten himself by sending up first all the clothing he could divest himself of. So when the end of the spun yarn reached him, he sent up his sea boots, gurnsey, etc. Then Lander doubled the spun yarn and sent it down for Gideon to fasten it around his body. He did so, and just as the sea lapped the shelving rock on which he was standing, Lander began to pull carefully on the spun yarn. By taking advantage of every little projection of rock, Gideon was slowly lifted to the shelf on which Lander stood, and for the present he was safe. Then they took turns to about, with a full realization that unless some one heard them within the next forty eight hours, they would die from exposure, as Gideon's feet were already frozen, and they had not a particle of food of any kind. Thomas Oates, who then lived in Green Bay Cove near the shouting, but he was so familiar with the noises made by the sea birds and the crows, that he decided the noises he heard were being made by them, and he paid no more attention to them.

(Continued next week.)

I thank my brother reporter of Salvage for his kind assurance of the good effects that my weekly notes have had upon him. His own notes are not by any means so unimportant to the people as he would humbly infer, and we are always glad to find them in evidence. I have no patent, covering exclusive right to what he refers as my "style," and I shall be more than glad to find him or others, either imitating it, or improving on it, if they deem it worthy of such kind attention, in the interests of the general public.

CALLED TO REST IN TRINITY.
Nov. 3rd.—George Dampier, aged 45 years.
Nov. 4th.—Abel Rowe, aged 70 years.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH—THEN AND NOW.

As long as I can remember I have been reminded of the gallantry of Sir Walter Raleigh, when he took off his cloak and placed it on the ground, so that Queen Elizabeth might not soil her dainty footwear in passing over a part of a muddy street. Whilst never for a moment have I wished to detract from the gallantry of the action of the noble knight, or to overlook the prompt readiness that enabled him to do the right thing at the right time; yet I have never been carried away with the idea that the Queen, as a woman, was not entirely without a plan of her own, that would have enabled her to cross over dry land. We are told that "necessity is the mother of invention," and I believe that had Elizabeth been given sufficient time to realize the necessity, she would have been ready with the invention. It took me several years to prove this to my satisfaction; but, as "all things come to those who know how to wait," I waited, and the opportunity came to me during my visit to Nova Scotia last summer.

An exceptionally high Bay of Fundy tide, had covered the wharf, where a steamer on the river lay waiting for passengers. When the tide

had fallen, it left several yards of muddy area to be crossed, before one could get to the clean plank of the wharf. Then men (of whom I was one) did not hesitate to soil the soles of their boots, and they went on board the steamer. I, however, stood watching a lady who was halting on the brink of the mud-flat over which she had to pass. I thought of Sir Walter Raleigh's action in similar circumstances; but I had on my best coat, and I was "far from home." Whilst I hesitated, the steamer's whistle blew for all on board. It caused the lady to realize the necessity for prompt action if she was to land on the plank wharf with clean boots, and the invention, that I always believed would follow in such a case, did follow. From her hand-bag she took a copy of the latest Fashion Book, that had just cost her 50 cents at the bookstore. She tore out a leaf, and bending down she placed it on the muddy surface, as far as she could reach, and then she planted her feet upon it. Then she tore out another, did the same and made another step. When she had used up some ten or twelve leaves in this way, she stepped on the clean plank of the wharf with unsoiled boots; and shaking her head defiantly, she said, "There, now!" The men cheered as she went on board, and were glad to know that they did not have to use their coats. This story should be put in our School Readers, side by side with that which reminds us of Sir Walter Raleigh, to show what a woman can do without any man's assistance. My mother was a woman, so I am standing up for the sex.

Miss Haines, teacher at the Church of England School, and Miss Smith, teacher at the Methodist School, Catalina, and Miss Randall of the Randall Hotel there, spent the weekend at Trinity. Miss Smith registered at the Garland, and Miss Haines and Miss Randall stayed with friends. We are given to understand that they enjoyed us and ours. We reciprocate, and hope they will come again.

I remember when some fifty years ago Patrick Murphy was the President of the Trinity Benefit Club, he would announce at the close of a meeting: "This Club will meet as usual twice a year, on the Feast of All Saints, and on the Feast of the Purification." Well, Wednesday, Nov. 1st was "the Feast of All Saints," and the Club held its semi-annual meeting as it has done since 1888, when Rev. William Bullock and others organized it. In the absence of the President, Mr. Edwin Grant, Mr. George Grant, Vice-President, presided. Mr. Grant who was at Curling on his way home from Blanc Sablon remembered the day, and telegraphed regrets at his unavoidable absence, and his good wish for the welfare of the Club. The roll shows 139 members; Cash on hand \$1066, amount paid in sick benefits and mortality money since February 2nd, 1920. Mr. Edwin Grant, President; Mr. Walter N. White, Secretary; Mr. William McGrath, Treasurer.

Last week, by request, I gave a list of marriages that took place within certain dates, and of which the bridegroom was from some part of Somerset, England. I now give others between 1768 and 1789, of which the bridegroom was from some part of Dorset, England:—

1768—John Mills, of Bermington, Dorset, and Elizabeth Spragg, of Trinity.
1772—John Sturry, of Poole, Dorset, and Susannah Vorge.
1774—John Dolman, of Lytchett.

Coated Tongue
Nature's Warning of Constipation
When you are constipated, enough of Nature's lubricating Balm is produced in the bowel to keep moving. Doctors prescribe Nujol because it acts like this natural lubricant and thus replaces it.
Nujol is a lubricant—not a medicine or laxative—so cannot grip. TRY IT TODAY!
J. B. DRE CO. LTD.
Newfoundland
Nujol
A LUBRICANT—NOT A LAXATIVE

Maitraverse, Dorset, and Sarah Barret.

1780—George Lambert, of Obourn, Dorset, and Catherine Ivyry.

1782—Robert Bond, of Sherbourn, Dorset, and Honora Keats.

1784—Capt. John Jenkins, of Poole, Dorset, and Mary Powell.

1787—James Sennox, of Lobeth, Dorset, and Ann Sweet.

1787—Thomas Dampier, of Sherbourn, Dorset, and Ann Sweet.

1788—Joseph Whittle, of Litchell, Dorset, and Sarah Hannah Waterman.

1789—Giles Hosler, of Poole, Dorset, and Grace Newell.

This list by no means exhausts all that came from Dorset, as the place from which the man came is not always given.

Mrs. Morrison of Boston, U.S.A., registered at Garland Hotel last week. She came to us, from King's Cove, and joined the Prospero for St. John's. Mrs. Morrison is a grand daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Murphy of King's Cove, and her visit brought back to us a flood of happy memories to visits to King's Cove forty-five and fifty years ago, when I and others enjoyed the boundless hospitality of the old Murphy home, and when dear old Mrs. Murphy, with a heart as big as her body, made everybody so happy, that, (to Mrs. Murphy's delight,) they often stayed a week instead of two or three days they had planned for. May God be good to her and hers.

The Misses Grant were passengers to St. John's by the Prospero. They are registered at the Balaam, and are enjoying an autumn visit to the city.

Miss Rachel Fowlow, Telegraph Operator at Trinity, is doing temporary duty at Bonaville. Her sister, Mrs. Morris is on duty here in the meantime.

Mr. Malcolm Parsons, representing the Newfoundland Boot and Shoe Factory, registered at the Garland, on Tuesday last and called on his customers. Glad to see him.

MENTHOLATUM
Will relieve the pain of colds, coughs, and small pox.
Send 25 Stamps for Free Sample or 10¢ for Large Trial Size Tin.
The Mentholum Company
36 Lewis St., Bridgeport, Conn.

Tuesday last and called on his customers. Glad to see him.

An interested reader has called my attention to a mistake in the following item of last week's issue: "1801—Married, James Bateman of the Parish of East Coker, Somerset, etc." It should read East Coker. I had copied the wrong spelling of the old parish clerk of long years ago, and I thank my friend for calling my attention to it.

Nov. 11th 1922.

COURAGE.

When Mrs. Spick, a neighbor, came, had lost her muley cow, I called to say it was a shame, but said that "I'll be all the same a hundred years from now." It was for her a grievous loss; she sold some milk and cheese, which helped to buy the Worcester sauce, the Worcester, trout and tea; but patiently she bears her cross, and smiles at fate's decrees. Her logic, such as pagans write, that much I must allow; but still it makes her outlook bright, and soothes her furrowed brow; her griefs will be forgotten quite, a hundred years from now. And so will yours and so will mine, and those of every man, and putting up a feeble whim is not a catfish's plan; our eyes should waste no precious brine throughout life's little span. It is in vain to cry, "Alas," to raise a stial row; like stubble all life's tile will pass beneath time's speeding plow; your choicest woe will cut no grass a hundred years from now.

Household Notes

Beet relish is easily made and is appreciated later on in the Mix together 1 quart of cooked 1 cup button onions, 1/4 cup of horseradish, 1 teaspoon salt; mix sugar, and vinegar to cover. Into jars.

Small bottles with rubber stoppers into which droppers are fitted, excellent receptacles for the colorings and other liquids in small quantities. With dropper easy to get the desired amount, quid without wasting a drop.

To clean a fur coat, warm slightly in the oven and rub the fur, using generous strokes. Brush meal out, and rub in again until meal comes out. Be sure that all meal is brushed out; otherwise insects will be attracted.

La Grippe

Pneumonia and Colds come in the short period of their course, more of the nerve cases of the body than weeks of hard work. After their take

Asaya-Neural

THE NEW REMEDY FOR NERVOUS EXHAUSTION which contains Lactate of Ammonia concentrated from eggs, the basis of phosphates required for nerve repair.

PREPARED BY D. J. LAWRENCE & CO.

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Only Cigarettes are approved by those in his company.

Nov. 11th 1922.

Thanksgiving
Don't forget to bring home one of Moir's Five Pound Family Packages this week-end.

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Moir's Chocolates
PURITY AND QUALITY ASSURED
J. V. CHESMAN, ST. JOHN'S.