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CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING COMPANY (CONSOLIDATED)  
17 STATE STREET, NEW YORK

### TRINITY

And let us keep as the years depart  
The spirit of Youth forever at heart,  
And live so long we haven't the grace  
To look the Calendar straight in the face.

As in the Ecclesiastical year we observe a sequence of the greater Saints' Day all through the year; and then on All Saints' Day we sum up the minor Saints of home and family life of the year that is all but past; and in happy, holy service we thank God for them, and learn the lessons they are meant to teach. So in our local calendar of the civil year, we mark of and we keep the birthdays of the greater ones of life; yet in Mrs. Pittman's birthday we see, and celebrate more than an isolated private event touching her and there, as it does so many of our people in social, family, and neighbour life. Hence the celebration of it seems to sum up all the other minor birthdays of the year in Trinity; and on that day we meet to do honor to her, we also do honor to ourselves and ours.

Thus on Saturday last, August 9th, in the celebration of Mrs. Pittman's 23rd birthday, we fully realized all this once more. There is only one such person in our midst; only one who for many years has been the centre of our town or village life; only one, wonderful in her God-given and continued physical, and mental powers; wonderful in her quiet, happy influences over others in times of



**A List of Fresh Groceries Just Received.**

- Ellis & Co., Ltd**  
203 Water St.
- From Scotland.**  
Real Scotch Bar Soap  
XX Hair.  
Real Scotch Oatmeal.  
Real Scotch Peas Meal.  
Real Scotch Bunsks.
- From England.**  
Bird's Custard Powder  
Bird's Blanc Mange Powder  
C. & B. Florence Cream for Salads.  
C. & B. Essence Rennet.  
C. & B. Rennet Tablets.  
C. & B. Lemon Cheese.  
C. & B. Potato Mauds Game and Fish.  
C. & B. Parmesan Cheese.  
C. & B. Celery Seed.  
C. & B. Mixed Herbs.  
C. & B. Galantines Ham and Chicken.  
C. & B. Galantines Ham and Tongue.  
C. & B. Galantines Chicken and Tongue.  
C. & B. Galantines Oxford Sausage.  
C. & B. Veal Cutlets.  
C. & B. Veal & Green Peas.  
C. & B. Lamb Cutlets.  
C. & B. Lamb & Green Peas.  
C. & B. Sweet Pickles.  
C. & B. Nappazell Capers.  
C. & B. Anglo-Indis Relish.  
C. & B. Savory Pickles.  
C. & B. Bengal Club Chutney.  
C. & B. Mango Sweet Chutney.  
C. & B. Browning for Gravies.  
C. & B. Distilled Malt Vinegar.  
C. & B. Farrington Vinegar.  
Burgess's Best of Anchors.  
McHenry's Tobacco Sauce.

joy, and sorrow; wonderful in her tenderness of sympathy, and practical help in the sick room. The gathering in her home was along the usual lines of other years; confined of necessity, to the members of her family (except two or three privileged friends. There were present five of Mrs. Pittman's children, together with their husbands and wives, respectively; and eleven of her grandchildren; whilst at the same time three of her children, fifteen of her grand-children, and three of her great-grandchildren were absent in the United States, Canada and Newfoundland. To do justice to the abundance of good things provided for the birthday feast, was a task even for so many and whilst our thankfulness was expressed, our great-feltness was felt; and speech-making at the end was paly as good as conditions would permit.

The toast of the evening was proposed and spoken to by Rev. Canon Lockyer, as the mouth piece of Mrs. Pittman's absent children; and the wording of it (supplied by Rev. Henry H. Pittman, New York) was as follows:—

**TO MOTHER.**  
• The dearest word in every tongue  
• Is Mother. Well you share it;  
• And of all the mothers old and young,  
• You best deserve to hear it.

No toast was ever received with greater acceptance, or deeper emotion; no words of a toast were fully expressed more beautiful sentiments; no one was ever more worthy of it all than was Mrs. Pittman, and no one could more highly appreciate it. It was responded to by Mrs. Pittman's eldest son, Mr. Nelson Pittman, who had just arrived from Pennsylvania to be present at his mother's birthday; and endorsements were added by Mr. A. Mews, and the other guests in unison. After the dinner, we all caught the spirit of Mrs. Pittman's perpetual youth; and old and young, big and small, joined heartily in such classic games as musical-chairs, pin-point, etc. Later, some very beautiful instrumental music was provided by Mr. and Mrs. A. Mews, for which they have our thanks. Then a cup of coffee brought the most pleasant of evenings to a close, and with a good night to our host, and a "God be with you till we meet again," to Mrs. Pittman, we retired to rest, as "the Sabbath drew near."

As to the "wonder" where we shall all be on August 9th, 1925? As I wandered my way homeward I found myself repeating the words of Browning:—  
"Grow old along with me!  
The best is yet to be,  
The last of life, for which the first was made."

**REMINISCENCES OF MORIEN, CAPE BRETON**  
Every now and then—sometimes in my lonely hours through the day, and sometimes in my dreams during the night—my thoughts go back to Cape Breton—to Morien and B. G. Davy, and South Head, and Myra, and, more commonly enough to the outside world yet full of sacred memories to me, roads and paths, rough and rocky, yet because of the thousands of times I went over them, during thirty years, in connection with the work I loved so well, they constituted sacred ground to me. Then again, there were the men and women—some of them parishioners, with special love for me, and special claims upon me. Some of them citizens with the highest respect for me, and a kindness that of us walked up, and bowed over from their grateful hearts. Many of them God has called to the Rest of Paradise, that rest we so often talked of together—but they all, whether here or in the place of waiting souls, have a place in my memories and in my prayers. One, however, beyond all others, a parishioner who was there to welcome me in 1825; who for 30 odd years afforded me much serious and social pleasure; who was there with a heart full of sorrow, and eyes full of tears—to bid goodbye to Mrs. Lockyer and myself when we left the parish by different ways. One who is still there as I write, lonely and waiting for the summons—his life I offer the assurance of my frequent thoughts and prayers. He was always affectionately known to me as "Uncle John"; he is so still; and with the knowledge of his appreciation of a story about "the former days," I am taking a liberty, but no risk, of of-

ference when I put the following reminiscences into shape. They were interesting and amusing to me years ago; they are equally so to-day; and they will, I believe, awaken happy memories in the persons of Uncle John, and "the boys."

Uncle John was a fisherman's son, and when he was old enough to pull in a haddock or to throw mackerel bait, his father took him with him to the fishing grounds. Fishing in those days was hard work for man and boy, for every appliance was of the most primitive kind. The oars were heavy and the boats were sluggish; the clam beds were far away and the clam were hard to dig; the herring were scarce and they had to be chopped up fine by hand with a hatchet, for mackerel bait. These all this went along with but little change in Uncle John's boyhood days, and far into his manhood years, without any complaining on his part; yet when he and his own sons began to fish together, many changes had taken place in the fisherman's world, and he became conscious of growing dissatisfaction on the part of his boys, with the primitive methods of prosecuting the fishery. They had heard of the motor boat, (of which they had read) and such other modern inventions as would make fishing easier, and life on the whole, more worth living. Uncle John's sympathies were really with "the boys"; but loyalty to the old traditions and the methods of his boyhood days, together with an intense hatred for softness in daily life, forbade his betrayal of these sympathies for a while.

The motor boat was the first of those modern inventions which demanded attention, and which occupied a large place in "the boys'" thoughts by day, and in their dreams by night. Whatever Uncle John thought of this, he said very little of it, and he never invested in a motor boat. Uncle John was a hard-earned man; that fellow has got a darning sight more money than sense; and the old oars and sails will be good enough for me and me boys. "The boys," however, had already made up their minds in favor of a motor boat for the next summer's fishing; though they thought it wiser not to mention it to their father just then. One morning (just after Uncle John had thus declared himself) as he and "the boys" were on their way to the fishing grounds, pulling their best on the old spruce oars against the wind; the neighbor's motor boat was seen coming round the head of the breakwater. It quickly overhauled the rowers and it passed them at a good clip, with the men smoking their pipes with languid ease, and the intentions of "the boys" were audibly declared in no uncertain language, and the opinions of Uncle John were indicated by his silence.

The next winter two fine motor boats were built and equipped, and the next summer saw Uncle John going to the fishing ground, a willing, and a highly pleased member of the crew of the "Sally Ann," owned by his sons, and Uncle John was proud of his boys. Those who fish for cod, herring, lobster, and mackerel on the Cape Breton Coast, tell us that the mackerel is subject to more moods and tempes, and has more likes and dislikes in respect of bait attractions than any other fish on the shore. About the same time that the motor boat had superseded the sails and spruce oars, some one had discovered that his wife's meat-grinder was a great improvement upon the "batter and the elbow-grease for preparing mackerel bait. As Uncle John watched "the boys" doing it, he made up his mind that anything might happen at any time to upset all his early ideas of the methods of fishing. There and then he determined to let "the boys" decide upon any improvements.

that they thought necessary; and that he would loyally back them up; although, he said nothing about it.

There was still another surprise in store for Uncle John in connection with his education in modern fishing appliances. One fine day during the mackerel season as he and "the boys" were fishing three B.M.S. from the "shag-roost," he detected "the boys" stirring up something on the bait on their hooks. Though he had no idea as to what it was, they were using, he realized, from the number of fish they were catching, that they were in possession of some other new fangled notion, and he made up his mind that he would find out what it was. He did not intend to ask "the boys" about it, nor did he intend to let them know that he had noticed their actions. At the same time he outlined a plan of his own, which, if he succeeded in working, would make "the boys" sit up and take notice the next time they went mackerel catching together. He talked it over with neighbor Ned, who told him, "that though he was not quite sure as to what 'the boys' were using on their bait to attract the mackerel, yet 'Sally-Ann' had told him that no respectable fisherman could withstand the attraction of 'oil of rodes'; and what was good for eels would be equally good for mackerel; and that it could be bought at any drug store. The next day Uncle John told 'the boys' that he wasn't going out with them that day; and after they had left for the fishing ground, Uncle John started for the nearest town in which there was a drug store. He did not particularly good at remembering the outlandish names of things in a drug store; so as he went up Hardwood Hill he kept saying aloud—'Oil of Rodes! Oil of Rodes!' By the time, however, that he had got to the Sand Bar, and sat down on an old log to fill his pipe, the name of the stuff had entirely slipped his mind, and when he got to the drug store, he had to throw himself at the mercy of the clerk to help him find out what he came for.

The clerk mentioned such things as Castor Oil, Tansie, Moonshine, Minard's Liniment, etc., but Uncle John shook his head. At last, as the clerk looked at the bottles of perfume on the counter, he said "Altair of roses." "That's it," said Uncle John, "give me a bottle of that." When, however, the clerk told him that a pint would cost about \$10, Uncle John decided that the mackerel catch would not justify such an expenditure, and he compromised on a small bottle full for \$1.50. He kept his secret all night and the next morning he was up, and on the breakwater bright and early with his little glass-stemmed bottle in his trousers pocket. He was anxious to begin the day's fishing, and he laughed as he thought of the fancy stunts he was going to show "the boys." By careful maneuvering he secured a position right at the boat. Pretty soon he saw "the boys" at their old tricks, putting something on their bait, with the usual good results. Then, without attracting their attention, he removed the glass stopper from the bottle, and put a few drops of the Altair of roses on his baited hook. "When!" said Uncle John to himself, "that's a beautiful smell, and no respectable mackerel can possibly resist it." Still, however, to Uncle John's disappointment, they did resist it, and "the boys" were hauling in two mackerel to his one.

He could not understand it, and as he put on a fresh bait, he doubted the dose of dope. Just then a puff of wind blew from stem to stern. "When!" said another, "the deuce is 'When!' said another, 'the deuce is father using on his bait.'" "Mind your own business" said father. "What are you fellows using, and why are you so sly about it?" "Oh! said one of "the boys," "we didn't tell you 'till now, 'till you should make fun of it." Uncle John said nothing audibly, but the words set him thinking, and he said to himself "oil of rodes! oil of rodes! Yes, that's what Ned told me to get; and that's what I went to town to get; and the fool clerk in the store persuaded me that it was Altair of roses that I wanted. No wonder it cost \$1.50 for a thimble full, that it costed all the mackerel from my hook, and that the smell of it gave me away." "Goeh! I won't use any more of it on my bait, but I'll keep it to put on my red handkerchief on Sunday; and when I go to church I will watch the parson, and see if he gets a sniff of it. He's pooty quick to catch on to stink like that; and then when he comes down to the house after church, I'll tell him the whole story; and Goeh! Won't he laugh at me for going all the way to town for oil of rodes and coming back with Altair of roses for mackerel bait. Ha! Ha! Ha! Me old gurdy frock, and then Newfoundland, mitts' will smell of the darned stuff all the summer. It's on me all right! but it will be a good story for me to tell the parson, in return for all them funny stories he has told me about those queer fellows in Newfoundland. Goeh! I can't help laughing when I think about it; and I can almost hear Bob, Mac, Arel, and the parson laughing about it now."

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Pottle and his wife, of St. John's, visited Trinity last Saturday, paid their respects to us, looked up the old church records, and heard stories of the Pottles' from 1769, and saw beautiful Trinity from some of its vantage points. Mr. Pottle was born in English Harbor, near Trinity. At an early age he was taken to St. John's where he has lived ever since. Mr. Pottle is a C. L. B. enthusiast. He is an expert wood worker, and the Royal Coat of Arms in the Supreme Court, and the Coat of Arms of the C. L. B. Armoury, St. John's, are beautiful specimens of his work. One of Mr. Pottle's ancestors was Captain George Pottle, of Christ Church, Hants, England, and in the King's Guard, London, in 1761. He eloped with a Miss Jennings, who was an heiress to great wealth, and a lady-in-waiting to Queen Charlotte, wife of King George III. Upon her father's death, King George became her guardian. Mr. Joseph Pottle is a lineal descendant of this Capt. George and Mary Pottle, who, after their marriage, came out to Bonavista, Newfoundland, where Mrs. Pottle died, and was buried in 1783. Richard Lockyer, and Mary Pottle, both of Christ Church, Hants, England, came to English Harbor, and were married in Old St. Paul's Church, Trinity, in 1760. This Mary Pottle was a cousin of Captain George and Mary Pottle.

Mr. and Mrs. James Collins, of Montreal, are visiting friends at Dunfield. Mr. Collins was born in Dunfield forty-odd years ago. He is a son of Robert Collins, well-known and respected merchant of Quebec, and his eldest son, and he is a good story for me to tell the parson, in return for all them funny stories he has told me about those queer fellows in Newfoundland. Goeh! I can't help laughing when I think about it; and I can almost hear Bob, Mac, Arel, and the parson laughing about it now."

Several passengers joined the Propser for St. John's on Monday last. One was little Jacqueline Lockyer, of the Garland Hotel (who went) with her cousin Miss Louise Gardner, an extended visit to the city.

Rev. Uriah Late, Methodist Minister, and Miss Batson, of English Harbour, were in town on Monday last. We understand Mr. Late is on his way to "Heart's Delight." In other words, he and Miss Batson are to be married. We wish them every happiness.

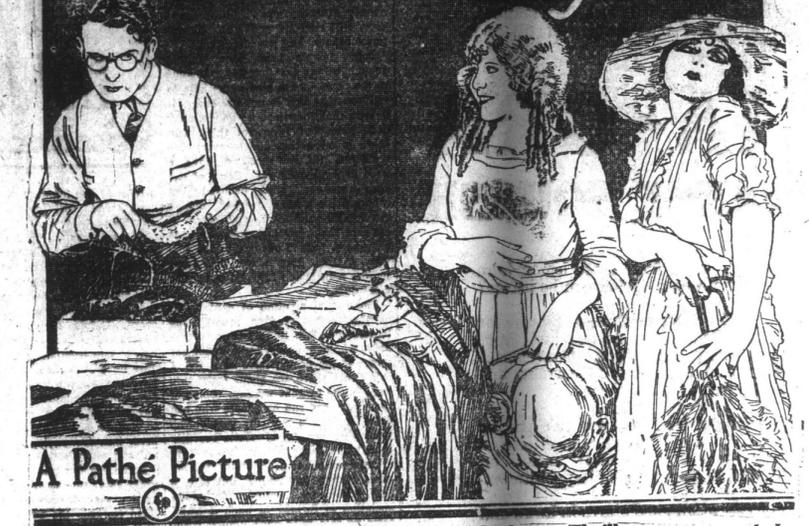
Dr. Cross of Brooklyn, Bonavista Bay, was in Trinity on Monday. Mrs. William Peddle, of Lockston, died on Sunday, aged 81 years. Mrs. Peddle was a Taverner, and a cousin of Miss Taverner who married John Garland, Esq., long years ago. Mrs. Forster, who has been ill with Typhoid, is better and steadily improving. Rev. Canon Jeeves will be an authority on all the trout ponds and streams between English Harbor and Trouty. He is thoroughly enjoying his outing. Mr. and Mrs. Alec Mews celebrated their tip wedding on Tuesday last; and their friends took advantage of the opportunity to extend congratulations, and to add some useful articles to the kitchen cabinet. Mr. Hubert Cashman, of Blanc Sablon, is at Trinity. Mrs. Pittman of the Parsonage, Topall, in at Trinity East. Canon Lockyer desires to thank R. Hibbs, M.H.A., for a complimentary copy of "The Newfoundland Road-Booster." Well written, well printed. Deeply interesting. Hon. D. Ryan, Mrs. Ryan, Miss Marguerite, and Mrs. James Ryan, registered at the Garland on Wednesday. August 16th, 1924.

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**LOVE and LAUGHTER**  
UNA-LLOYD

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back to their respective homes, and others have begun to come. Mr. William House, Jr., of Grand Falls, is still with us, and so are Mr. and Mrs. House Sr. I am sure they would all like to stay here, but there is nothing to encourage them to do so. In the meantime we are all glad to have them with us for a while. They have a place in our thoughts, and prayers that they may all prove good citizens in those places where they have made their homes.

Mr. Bert Taylor, of St. John's, brother of Mrs. Haskin, is registered at the Garland. He is not a stranger to us, and we are glad to have him with us again. We have invested him with the freedom of the town, and a blank order for all the good air he can use up in the best interests of his health.

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**PETER O'MARA,**  
THE DRUGGIST,  
THE REXALL STORE.

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