



## Soothing and Healing

When the oven door burns you or the tea-kettle scalds your hand, apply "Vaseline" Jelly. It eases the pain and promotes rapid healing.

After exposure to the weather it softens and soothes the inflamed surface. Coughs, colds and sore throat are greatly relieved by "Vaseline" Jelly taken internally. It is odorless and tasteless.

**Trade Vaseline Mark**  
Petroleum Jelly

(Send for copy of our free book—"Inquire Within")

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

All "Vaseline" Products are available in Drug Stores and General Stores throughout Newfoundland.

## 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 fear 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 here 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 Pale.

Real Scotch Peas Meal  
Real Scotch Buns.

**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. Potatoes.  
Game and Fish.

C. & B. Parmesan Cheese.  
C. & B. Celery Seed.  
C. & B. Mixed Herbs.  
C. & B. Galatinies Ham and Chicken.

C. & B. Galatinies Ham and Tongue.  
C. & B. Galatinies Chicken and Tongue.  
C. & B. Galatinies Oxford Brandy.

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. Anchovy 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. & P. Sarsaparilla Vinegar.  
Burgess' Base of Anchors.  
McLennan'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 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 only 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 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, ping-pong, 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," unable to settle the question—"I wonder whether we shall all be on August 30, 1925?" As I wended my way homeward I found myself repeating the words of Browning:—

"Grow old along with me!  
The best is yet to be,  
The last 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. Bay, and South Head, and Miramichi, and the country around the outside world yet full of sacred memories to me.

Reads 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 some citizens upon whom I had special claims—who were the most precious to me, and a kindness that of me waited up, and flowed 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, beyond all others.

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-

fence 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 clams 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 fishermen's world, and he became conscious of growing dissatisfaction on the part of his boys, with the primitive methods of prosecuting the fishery. They barked after 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, he said very little of; a complimentary nature. When one of his neighbours invested in a motor boat, Uncle John was heard to say: "That fellow has got a darned 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 powers and it passed them at a good clip, with the men smoking their pipes with languid ease, the intentions of "the boys" were suddenly declared in no uncertain language, and the opinions of Uncle John were indicated by his silence.

He could not understand it, and as he put on a fresh bait, he doubled the dose of dope. Just then a puff of wind blew from stern to stern. "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 silly about it?" "Oh! said one of the boys, "We use 'oil' and 'rodey'." "What do you mean by that?" "Just you should make fun at it," Uncle John said nothing at all, but the words set him thinking, and he said to himself "oil o' rodey!" "Yes, that's what I told me to get; and that's what I want to get to get; and the fool clerk in the store persuaded me that it was Altar of Roses that I wanted. No wonder it cost \$1.50 for a thimble full, that it scared all the mackerel from my hook, and that the smell of it gave me away." "Gosh!" 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'll watch the parson, and see if he gets a sniff of it. He's pretty quick to catch on to stuff like that; and then when he comes down to the house after church, I'll tell him the whole story; and Gosh! Won't he laugh at me for going all the way to town for oil o' rodey and coming back with Altar of Roses for mackerel bait. Ha! Ha! Ha! Me old grumpy frock, and then Newfoundland, mits! 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. Gosh! 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."

**ASTHMA**  
"Tee half a teaspoon of Minard's in syrup.  
Also splendid for internal pain."

**MINARD'S**  
"KING OF PAIN"  
LINIMENT

**LOCAL ITEMS.**  
Mr. Nigel Ruston of the Parsonage, Carbonary, came by the Meigle on

that they thought necessary; and that he would lovingly back them up; all though 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 "hang-rocks," he detected "the boys" busy putting 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, but 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 "Halomon Injun" had told him that as a respectable old fellow, and what was good for oars 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 Rodey! Oil of Rodey! 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, Tanlac, 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 "Altar of roses." "That's it," said Uncle John, "I believe give me a pint of it." "What?" said the clerk, "that's 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-stopped 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 aft in 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 Altar 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.

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 had some fifty years ago. Mr. Moore is now in charge of the Steward Department of the Newfoundland Railway, and (together with his wife and children) is making the round trip to Labrador and return. We were glad to meet them, and to talk over "former times."

Some of our early visitors are gone

## NOW PLAYING AT THE NICKEL

**MISS MARJORIE HUTCHINGS**

St. John's Gifted Contralto, in Selected Program of High Class Songs

## Harold Lloyd in Girl Shy



A Pathé Picture

He feared the girls but  
in his heart he yearned  
for one to call his own.

Something new in high-  
speed love-making!  
Never such a sheik!  
You'll shriek!

Thrills to set your hair  
on end  
**LOVE and LAUGHTER**  
**UNA-LLOYD**

Two Shows Each Night, Admission 30c. Matinees as usual

Sunday last, and will spend his holidays with his Aunt, Mrs. Fred Morris. Glad to see you Nigel. There should be some love for and appreciation of Trinity in your make up. May you enjoy it to the full.

We were pleased to meet on the Meigle last Sunday, Mr. John Moore, of the son of John and Sally Moore, of the South Side some fifty years ago. Mr. Moore is now in charge of the Steward Department of the Newfoundland Railway, and (together with his wife and children) is making the round trip to Labrador and return. We were glad to meet them, and to talk over "former times."

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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 by us some fifty years ago. He is married to Carrie Morris. He went to Montreal about ten years ago, and in the meantime he has made good. We are glad to find our people coming back to native air occasionally, and we wish them all a pleasant holiday when they come.

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. Rafikin, 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.

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

Tenders are asked for the painting of the Parsonage. That will be an improvement.

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.

Mr. Hubert Cashman, of Blanc Sablon, is at Trinity.

Mrs. Pittman of the Parsonage, Topail, is 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.

Have you a Suit or Overcoat to make? We make a specialty of making up customers own goods at prices that are absolutely the lowest for first class work. FARRELL THE TAILOR, 510 Water Street—nov17/24

## \$50.00 for 10c.

Here's \$50.00 worth of protection for your walls, pictures, curtains and furniture for only 10c. National Fly Shields is a specially prepared porous paper (not sticky or messy) that attracts flies and kills them instantly. Put up in handy form—cut ready for use—Six pieces in an envelope for 10c.

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

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. Foster, 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 Harbour 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.

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## Pictou Academy

PICTOU, N.S.  
Founded 1816.

A Residential School for Boys of High School grade. Beautiful situation, healthful surroundings, careful supervision of studies and games. Academic and Commercial branches, music, etc. A staff of experienced instructors, all university graduates. Dean of the Boys' Residence is nominated by representatives of the Presbyterian Synod of the Maritime Provinces.

Term opens Sept. 2. Fees moderate. For particulars apply to C. L. MOORE, M.A., F.R.S.C., Principal.

## Dalhousie University.

HALIFAX, N.S.

Arts, Science, Commerce, Music, Engineering, Pharmacy, Law, Medicine, Dentistry. VALUABLE ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS: Nine of value \$200.00 to \$25.00, awarded on results of matriculation examinations, Sept. 23-26, 1924.

FOURTY VALUABLE SCHOLARSHIPS awarded at end of each year of course.

UNIVERSITY HALL. Residence for men, temporarily occupied by King's College.

SHIRREFF HALL. Beautiful new residence for women.

REGISTRATION DAYS September 22nd-24th for all Arts and Science students and first year students in Engineering, Medicine and Dentistry, September 10th for all other students.

FOR FULL INFORMATION apply in person or by letter to the Registrar.

## LOWER CANADA COLLEGE

Montreal, Que.

Headmaster, C.S. Fosbery, M.A. DAY BOYS & BOARDERS. Preparatory, Junior and Senior Departments.

PREPARATIONS FOR MCGILL, R.C. & N.C.

Physical Training, Manual Training, Music, Drawing. Term commences Wednesday, September 10th, at 9 a.m. Supplemental Examination September 30th, at 9 a.m. New Boys 9 p.m.