

Funny Old Trinity.

Whilst it is difficult for us not to be quite sure as to whether we are either better or worse than our forefathers, it is by no means difficult to be quite sure that we are different from them.

To my mind there is no way in which this difference is so evident as it is in connection with what are known as the funny things of life.

We frequently hear it said by those who can recall—either from personal knowledge, or from what has been told them by others—the sayings and doings of the men and women of the last generation who have been called to their rest, that all the really funny people have gone, and that we, at our best, are but poor imitators of a genuine article.

With that sense of humour with which God has blessed me, and for which I am devoutly thankful, I have always loved to recall the past, and to perpetuate in conversation and story, those interesting characters and their funny sayings and doings.

With the highest respect for their persons and their memories, I give, herewith, a selection of such incidents as come to my mind in support of my assertion, that the men of the past were in every respect delightfully, (even though unconsciously) funny.

John — was the master cooper in Garland's employ some eighty years ago, and Robert Curtis was working in the cooper shop with him. They were men, faithful to their master's interests and needed no watching to induce them to duty.

The agent, however, was a mean, suspicious person, and always believed that the workmen in the different departments were systematic loafers, and needed watching.

Because of this belief he acquired the habit of moving about quietly, and appearing suddenly and unexpectedly, where men were at work.

He had done this on several occasions at the cooper shop, with a doubtful success. One day as John was working near the window, he caught sight of the agent's hat passing under the window outside, and moving towards the door.

There was no sound to indicate his presence, but when John knew that he was within ear shot, he said (loud enough for him to hear) "Robert, did you ever see a snake?" "No, John," said Robert. "Well, Robert," said John, "there are a good many kinds of snakes, and though they are very different from each other, yet they are all a bad lot. The most venomous of them all, however, is the rattlesnake; but although he is so venomous, Robert, yet he is a gentleman. Yes, he's a gentleman, for he always rattles his tail. Robert, and gives you warning of his coming. Yes, Robert he's a gentleman."

Evidently the agent, who had been a listener, took the hint, for he moved off as quietly as he had come—and he never came back.

Nanny Jeffries was a little old woman who lived—not in her shoe, but "around the Point," and was well known in Trinity some sixty years ago.

She was a widow, and as such she was entitled to 12½ a quarter from the Government.

One summer the Governor of Newfoundland came to Trinity for an unofficial visit. During his daily unattended walks abroad, he met Nanny one morning, and attracted by her quaint appearance he stopped and asked her name, and how she lived.

Nanny, with no idea as to who the stranger was, replied: "Me dear 'man, I don't live at all. I only ex-

"ists. I'm a widow woman all alone 'in the world, and the miserable 'Government we have, gives me 12½ a quarter. O, 'tis a miserable 'Government, Sir, for sure."

The Governor showed his sympathetic interest in her by handing her 2½, and the curtsy that Nanny gave him in return was well worth the money.

The next day some one told Nanny that it was the Governor she had been talking to, and in great distress of mind and body she went down to George Lockyer, and, wringing her hands she said: "O, Mr. Lockyer! Mr. 'Lokier! I met a man yesterday, and 'I abused the Government, I did, and 'now I find 'twas the Government 'I was talking to all the time. O, Mr. 'Lokier, I shall lose me 12½ altogether now."

To Nanny's surprise and delight, however, when she received her next quarterly note, it was for 20—instead of 12½.

The man she had been talking to was the Governor sure enough.

Thomas C — was the leading man in a little settlement adjoining Trinity. The clergyman in charge of the parish decided to build a church there, and Thomas was asked to arrange for a haul of timber for the frame.

Thomas called a meeting of the men, at which it was decided that all hands should go to Trinity Pond the next day for a sill. A suitable stick was found, and after a good deal of hard work it was got out to the top of the hill leading down to the settlement. The path was slippery, and in an unguarded moment the stick gathered such speed that several of the men let go just at the time when they should have held on.

Away went the stick down the pinch. Suddenly it swerved to the left and bowled over one of the men like a nine-pin.

As the man picked himself up, he relieved his pent-up feelings by referring to the stick as, "that d—stick."

Thomas heard the remark, and then Thomas was heard to say, "That settles it, me! That settles it! No 'd—stick will ever go in that 'church. Put it on the side, men, 'and to-morrow we shall go to Trinity Pond for another."

To Trinity Pond they went, before daylight, and as they brought the second stick home, they were more careful about their language, as Thomas was listening to them, and they had no desire to go again to the woods for another stick.

Thomas not only objected to bad words being used in his presence, but he also maintained that he should use scripture words when talking to the parson.

One busy day Thomas was culling fish at Brookings. Rev. Benjamin Smith strolled down to the wharf to see the men at work. When he came to Thomas he said, "Well, Thomas, I see you are very busy, at what looks to be important work." "Yes, Sir," said Thomas, "I am separating the wicked from among the ungodly."

A carpenter's crank is, as probably you know, an iron frame with a screw at one end, and it is used to bind the frames of windows, and doors together, till the parts are secured in position by nails or glue. There were two carpenters in Trinity—Mr. G.—and Mr. N.—some fifty years ago. They were the joint owners of a crank, which they borrowed one from another as they needed it.

Mr. G.—had an interesting little handy-man, by the name of Joey, to do odd jobs around the place. One day Mr. G.—was making windows and needed the crank. So he said to

Joey—"Joey, go over to Mr. N.—and ask him for the crank." "Yes, Sir," said Joey, and started for the door.

Mr. G.—, however, was not quite sure that Joey knew just what he was going for. So he called Joey back and said: "Joey, do you know what you are going for?" "Yes, Sir," said Joey, "I'm going for the crank." "Are you sure that you know what a crank is, Joey?" asked Mr. G.—. "Indeed I do, Sir," said Joey, "for many a time I've had it in my stomach."

—W.J.L.

The Week's Calendar.

SEPTEMBER—9th Month—30 Days.

22—MONDAY. Battle of Zuthphen.

1586. Michael Paraday born, 1791.

23—TUESDAY. Battle of Assaye.

1803. General Hunter-Weston born, 1864. Merchant fleet waiting at St. John's for convoy.

1918. Geo. H. Nell killed by motor, 1918.

24—WEDNESDAY. New Moon 8.05 a.m.

East India Company founded, 1599. German submarine U-41, sunk, 1915.

25—THURSDAY. Lucknow Day (1857).

German sub. rammed by H.M.S. destroyer "Badger," 1914. Battle of Loos, 1915. Champagne, 1915.

26—FRIDAY. St. Cyprian. King of Denmark born, 1870. Blue Puttees petition to Governor, 1918.

27—SATURDAY. French liner "Amiral Ganteaume" sunk by German sub. 1914. Hindenburg-Cambrai line broken by Allies, 1918.

28—SUNDAY. 15th after Trinity. Viscount French born, 1852. Straussburg surrendered, 1870. Capture of Kut by British, 1915.

The Blowing Up of the "Amphion."

Plymouth was in 1796 visited by a calamity that was long remembered by its inhabitants. On September 22, about 4.30 p.m., the 32-gun frigate, "Amphion," while lashed to the sheer hull on one side, and almost touching the "Yarmouth" receiving ship on the other, both of which laid close to the dockyard jetty, unfortunately blew up. Two parties were on board at dinner, one in the cabin, the other in the gunroom; and, owing to its being known that the "Amphion" would put to sea on the following day, nearly 100 men, women, and children, over and above the ships complement, were on board, taking leave of their kindred and townfolk. Captain Fellow, his first lieutenant, and a visitor—Capt. William Swaffield, of the "Overseer"—were sitting at the table, when the first shock threw them all from their seats against the carlings of the main deck. The first two, although much bruised, retained their self-possession, and, running to the cabin windows, threw themselves out, and were saved. Capt. Swaffield, stunned, probably, by the blow against the deck, shared the fate of the ship, and of 300 out of her 310 or 312 unfortunate inmates. The mangled bodies, limbless trunks, and disunited arms, legs and heads that everywhere presented themselves made humanity shudder. The "Amphion" having been chiefly manned from the town, these black and scorching pieces of flesh had to be scrutinised by the sorrowful inhabitants, in order that they might ascertain, if they could, which had belonged to a father, a son, a brother, a husband, or friend.

Wedding Bells.

ELLIS—LUMSDEN. A quiet but interesting wedding took place on Saturday last at noon when Marjorie Isobel, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Ellis, was united in matrimony to Mr. J. Thomas Lumsden, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Lumsden. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Arthur Pittman, incumbent of Topsail Mission. The bride was assisted by Misses Eunice Ellis and Beatrice Stick, the duties of best man being performed by Mr. Stanley Lumsden, brother of the groom. After the ceremony the party motored to the Holland Hotel at Topsail where luncheon was partaken of, after which the happy couple motored to town and joined the s.s. Rosalind for New York, where the honeymoon will be spent. The groom is the well-known and popular chief engineer of the Rosalind.—Com.

Shipping Notes.

Schooner Excellent arrived Sunday from Halifax with a cargo for the Imperial Oil Co.

Schooner Francis Louise, with a cargo of felt and tar arrived in port yesterday.

S. S. Graciana arrived from Liverpool this morning.

S. S. Crainsberg, with a full general cargo for this port, left Montreal on Saturday.

Schooner Nina Lee after a run of 23 days, has arrived at Oporto.

Schooner Imprimis has arrived at Bahia after a run of 43 days from here.

Soft Drinks, 50c. doz., at THE BEE-HIVE STORE.

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These Suits are made of good strong Tweed and Fine Worsteds; High Neck, Pleated Coat with Belt; to fit age 8 to 13 years, at the following prices:

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With lapels and sham vest, pleated coat and belt. These are good, serviceable Tweed Suits for boys from 8 to 13 years, at the following prices:

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