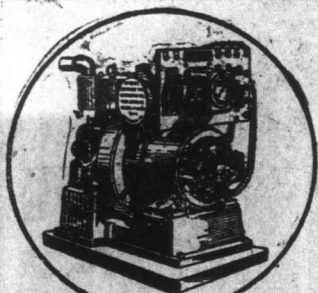


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C. F. BENNETT & COMPANY, Agents.

Trinity Past and Present.

Continuing our historical observation excursion along the waterfront of the Harbour, with our thoughts on the past, and our eyes on the present—leaving the premises of Ryan Bros. going north, we pass Tavernor's Point, Dumping Point, and Walters' Point, and turning to the south west we lift our hats, for we find ourselves in God's Cove. Nature was very bountiful with beautiful surroundings when this part of Trinity was laid out. Realizing that "nature" is but a name for an effect, whose cause is God, and knowing that no part of Trinity was more beautifully wooded down to the water's edge, than this sequestered, well surrounded spot, we are not surprised to find that it was named and known, two hundred years ago, as God's Cove.

Surely the name was fitly given, for in its primitive beauty it suggested, not only to the person who saw it first, but also to others who saw it for the first time afterwards, as the special handiwork of God. Strange to say, nearly one hundred years after it had been called and known as God's Cove, one Dr. Gott, a German, lived there, and after a while the place became known to many as Gott's Cove. Strange, because (as many of our readers know) Gott is the German word for God, so that it has always been God's Cove in either English or German. As we have no need to use a German word, either to express a meaning or to name a place, in future let us all, in speech and writing, reverently refer to this beautiful part of beautiful Trinity as God's Cove.

Although the Cookesleys developed the beauty of the southern side of this spot years ago, and some evidences of their work still remain, yet owing to the frequent forest fires, not only has the woods on the north west side of it been entirely destroyed, but the earth, too, has been burnt, leaving the bare rock, where once the forest primal was so beautiful, that reverent men spoke of it as God's Cove.

The railway, too, has had its share in lessening the beauty of the surroundings, though of course we are satisfied to exchange scenic beauty for the many practical conveniences which a railway brings to a country, and which it has brought to us. The only part of the railway that has not

brought us any material gain as a town, is the unfinished Spur-Line from Trinity Junction via Tavernor's Point. Were it not, however, for the fact that the part of the road bed of this line between Dumping Point and Tavernor's Point, had to be blasted out of the face of a high and dangerous looking cliff, with deep water at its base, probably it would have been finished at the time when it was begun.

To begin and to carry on the blasting there, the men had to be lowered to their work with ropes, and as, today, we look at the unfinished work, we are not surprised to hear that the blasters at one time refused to continue the dangerous work, and we are glad that we have not got to travel along such an eerie road bed.

This, together with the fact that the people of Trinity had ceased to care very much as to whether the Spur-Line came in or not, resulted in the work being discontinued. We are still of the opinion that it could have been brought nearer to us by way of the South West Arm; but we have got used to the disappointment, and the inconvenience now, and apart from a candidate's speech just before an election, we do not hear the subject mentioned.

Rounding Newell's Point, we pass along an uninteresting shore to the mouth of North West Arm Brook. Here we are at Lockton (which I described in a previous article) and where in our boyhood days, we rose early, and late took rest, in order to be on hand when the trout were hungry. Following the shore along the north side of the Arm, we come to Fresh Water Brook; and though it is partly hidden by the railway crossing, yet nothing can deprive the pool into which the brook pours its waters, of its quietude and beauty—situate as it is at the base of the clear cut cliff on either side.

We would recommend the visitors to Trinity to go to Trinity East some fine morning by the 9.30 ferry boat, and come back to Trinity Junction by the 10 o'clock express from Bonavista.

In that short distance they will get such pretty views of the Harbour, and of the North West Arm, and God's Cove, as will linger long in their memory, and give them full value for the thirty cent ticket; whilst the walk from the Junction to the town, on any

fine summer morning, is well worth several thirty cents.

Another excursion that our visitors should not neglect, is to go to the South Side by the ferry boat, climb the hill to the main road, follow it to the Light House on the Fort Point, and then cross over to the town by boat. The views of Trinity and Trinity East from the different points on this road are surpassingly beautiful, and if the visitors have time to turn off the main road, and go down into Green Island Cove, they will find themselves on the shore of Trinity Bay. The picturesque scenery of this Cove will fully repay them for the climb, and they will be anxious to go again, and to take their friends and their families with them.

If the visitors are ecclesiastically inclined, the view at one point will be particularly interesting, for in addition to all the other things, they will see five churches and one Mortuary Chapel belonging to the Church of England, two Methodist Churches and one Roman Catholic Church.

The Fort Point itself, with its beautiful view sea-ward and land-ward; its Light House and Fog Alarm Station; and its old cannon still where they were when mounted to sink any French warship that attempted to enter the Harbour, is worth a special visit, and constitutes one of our delightful private picnic grounds.

The Hon. A. W. Mews, wife and children came to Trinity some days ago. Mr. Mews left again to join the Imperial Press representatives, and Mrs. Mews and children are enjoying native air.

Mrs. Pittman celebrated her eighty-fifth birthday on August 9th, by a family gathering. Her many friends offer congratulations and best wishes.

Mr. Nelson W. Pittman is spending his annual holiday with his mother and friends in his native town. Mr. Pittman is one of our expert telegraphers in the employ of the Western Union, New York City. He is also a reader, a walker, an angler, and our quiet nooks, our good roads, and our brooks, will provide him with all that is necessary for an enjoyable holiday.

Rev. D. Bailey and wife, of Old Town, Maine, U.S.A., passed through Trinity this week on their way to Mr. Bailey's home at Bonavista. We are proud of Mr. Bailey, as one of the several priests of the Church of England, born in this parish. He will spend a Sunday in Trinity.

Dr. Bond Cross, a native of Trinity, has returned to Newfoundland. He will make his home, and practice his profession at Brookline, Bonavista Bay. We wish him good success.

Mr. Archibald Hodder, of Ireland's Eye, who for several years has been living at Point St. Charles, Montreal, visited his sister, Mrs. White, proprietor of "White" House, last week. He is now visiting Ireland's Eye, and will return to Montreal. Glad to see him.

Guests at Garland Hotel; Mrs. Jenkins, Prop.; Arthur Hiscock and wife, St. John's; H. Y. Mott and wife, St. John's; Mrs. D. Ryan, Marguerite Ryan; Rev. D. Bailey and wife, Old Town, Maine, U.S.A.; Hon. D. Ryan, H. Randall, Catalina; J. Robertson, St. John's; A. Coleman, representing Coleman's Baking Powder.

Guest at "White" House, Mrs. John White, Prop.; Dr. Bond Cross, Montreal; Archibald Hodder, Montreal; David Neales, St. John's; Miss Gillingham, Royal Stores, St. John's.

Amongst the welcome visitors of this week are Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hiscock, and Mr. and Mrs. H. Y. Mott, of St. John's. Mr. Hiscock was born here some sixty years ago, and this has been his longest visit to Trinity, since he left it as a boy of twelve years of age. Naturally it is more or less new and strange to him, owing to so many changes, though his affection for it is no less, nor are his many friends less glad to see him. We would enjoy a fully equipped boat race on the waters of the South West Arm, under the expert supervision and direction of Mr. Hiscock; but, alas!

For a thoroughly enjoyable holiday come to Trinity; and if you don't believe me, ask Mr. Mott.

I desire to thank the Trinitarians in Canada and the United States, who have written to me expressing their thanks for, and their appreciation of the articles on Trinity in the Evening Telegram. I am glad to know that those articles have given so much pleasure. Owing to my movements I shall have to discontinue them for a while.

The annual Memorial and Flower Service will be held in the Church of England Cemetery on Sunday afternoon next, preceded by a celebration of the Holy Communion in the Mortuary Chapel at 8 o'clock a.m.

Mr. Walter N. White has returned to Trinity, and reported for duty, after an enjoyable and well earned holiday.

ter an enjoyable and well earned holiday.

A few days ago a person asked me if it was true that the late Bishop Reginald Heber (the hymn writer) once visited Trinity. The person thought it must be true because of so many men in or around Trinity whose Christian name is Reginald, or Reginald Heber. Trinity, however, was not honoured by a visit from this well known Bishop. Rev. William Bullock's eldest son was named after that Bishop—viz., Reginald Heber, and those in Trinity who were, or are known by that name, were named after Reginald Heber Bullock, and he was named after Bishop Reginald Heber. That is the origin and sequence of the name in Trinity.

Rev. C. A. Moulton, passenger on the Sagana to Labrador, arrived in Trinity just in time for breakfast at the Hotel with his parishioners there.

—W.J.L.

Where Nerves Are Barred.

COOLNESS AND COURAGE ARE REQUIRED BY STEEPJACKS.

The narrow escape from death recently of the two steepjacks gassed on top of a 140 feet chimney at East Greenwich, and the gallant rescue of one of them by a third steepjack, Mr. Horace Powell, of Plaistow, though it thrilled the hundreds of on-lookers, was regarded by rescuer and rescued as "all in the day's work."

These men have no nerves. They dare not possess any. Should a steepjack by any chance develop such, his mates will refuse to work with him any more. It is the one unpardonable "sin" in their eyes.

There is reason good enough for this, for a nervous man is a source of danger to his fellow-workmen.

Will Larkins, the well-known Bow steepjack, was once working with a mate so afflicted on top of a lofty chimney at Deptford, when the nervy one suddenly lost his reason altogether, and announced his intention of throwing himself down the interior of the shaft.

Luckily there was a third man on the job, and after a sharp tussle in mid-air on a coping about eighteen inches wide, the two sane ones managed to overpower the madman and bind him with one of the ladder ropes.

Apart altogether, however, from any such untoward happening as this, the risks run by steepjacks are many and varied. The rotten, overhanging coping of a chimney, for instance, loosened by the jarring of the hammering necessary to fix the ladders for the ascent, may collapse and fall, an avalanche of bricks and mortar, on the men climbing laboriously upward from below. This is a far from uncommon occurrence, and one against which, unfortunately, no human foresight is of any avail.

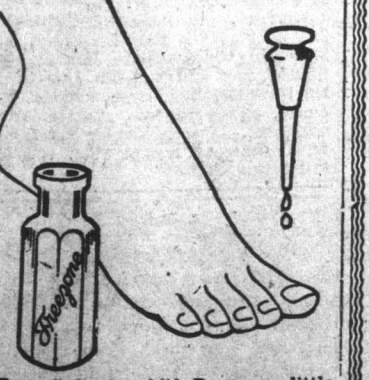
Another fruitful source of accident is when chimneys have to be ascended by means of iron rungs permanently bolted into the outside brickwork at distances of about twelve inches apart throughout its height. These are very liable to become eaten partly through by rust, and to give way when least expected. More than a score of fatalities have occurred amongst steepjacks from this cause alone within the last twenty years.

"To me the world seems more beautiful every day," John Wansmaker said in the midst of a quiet observance of his recent 82nd birthday at the cottage of Rodman Wansmaker, his son, in Chelsea. Touching upon birthdays in general, Mr. Wansmaker said they "come rapidly as a man's years increase in number, and that then a man more than ever appreciates his friends."

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Don't streak or ruin your material in a poor dye. Insist on "Diamond Dyes." Easy directions in package.

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£1,000 Guarantee of Purity on every bar.

The name Lever on Soap is a Guarantee of Purity and Excellence.



SUNLIGHT SOAP.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT, ENGLAND.

George J. Gould's daughter, Edith, who married Carroll L. Wainwright, a young man without money, the day after her recent graduation from school, is now keeping house for her husband in a small flat, doing all the housework herself. A writer in New York Sun and Herald says: At 863 Park avenue, two blocks away from her mother's palace, where the mother of whom she is the namesake is preparing to sail for Europe with her little daughter, Gloria, she says she is perfectly happy "doing the housework" and regrets nothing, least of all the loss of prospective millions, for the reason—a reason held to be a good one by some old fashioned people—that she and her husband, Carroll L. Wainwright, love each other.

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COOLING—REFRESHING.
Dew's Ale, Crown Lager.
Crown Porter, Fabst Mead.
Southwell's Lemon Crystals.
Rose's Lime Juice.

Welch's Grape Juice; all sizes.
Local and Imported Syrups; all flavors.

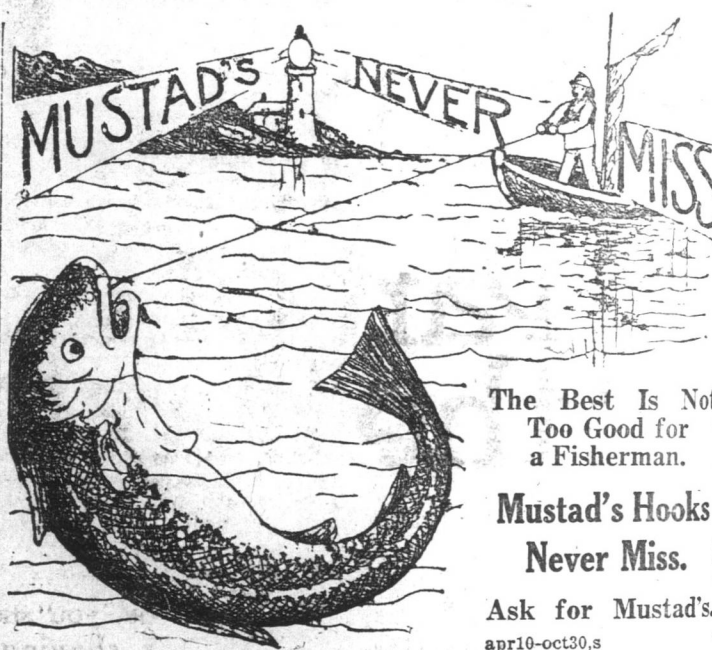
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Skippers Are Brisking with good points.