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TRINITY.

The following fiction, is a story written to account for the presence of Joseph Eames in Trinity in 1773, and for his burial in the old Church-yard, as recorded in the entry, given at the end of the story.

In the Marriage Register of a parish-church in Devonshire, England, is the following entry: "Married this 4th day of April, 1745, Anthony Martin and Bertha Eames, both of this parish." Anthony Martin had come to the parish of Bideford as a young man; but just who he was, or where he had come from no one knew, and after a few years no one thought it necessary to inquire about. He lived largely to himself in a rented cottage, paid his bills promptly, was good to the poor, and had a kind word for everybody, as he passed to and fro in the village. The supposition that he had unlimited means at his disposal, was confirmed when it became known, that he had purchased an old and beautiful estate on the outskirts of the village, that had not been occupied for several years.

The generous purchases made from the local shopkeepers, and the profitable employment given to the men who were needed to clear up the long-neglected lawns and hedges that surrounded the house, raised Mr. Martin still higher in the estimation of the people. During the years that he had lived in the cottage, and before any one knew that he was more than ordinarily rich, he was a frequent visitor at the home of Squire Eames, and it was the opinion of many that he was found of the Squire's daughter Bertha, and that after his new purchase, the old Squire hoped that some day in the near future, she might become the mistress of Hadley Hall, as the wife of Anthony Martin. The entry in the Marriage Register of the parish, to which I have already referred, shows that the opinions were well founded, and that the Squire's hopes were fully realized; and for many years after, the people of the village loved to recall the events of that day when Anthony Martin led the Squire's daughter to the altar in the old parish church, and of the entertainment that for days was given to all in the village, to celebrate the marriage, and the re-opening of Hadley Hall.

On July 3rd, 1747, a son was born to them, and when baptized in the

parish church, he was given the name of William, after Mrs. Martin's father, the Squire. On January 11th, 1749, another son was born to them, and at his baptism, he was given the name of Joseph. After Joseph's birth, his mother was seldom seen in the village, and it became generally known that consumption had marked her for its prey. It was one of the saddest days in the village when the body of Bertha Martin was laid to rest in the old church-yard. After her death, the father devoted all his attention to the two boys. They were carefully taught by a private tutor, and it was no secret that the elder brother was his father's favorite, largely because he had inherited his mother's looks, and sweetness of character. Joseph, the younger brother, was not fond of study, and because of this, and the suspicion that William was to become the sole heir to his father's estate and fortune, Joseph made up his mind that some day he would leave home for parts unknown.

At the age of seventeen, Joseph was often seen on the pier watching with a deep interest the vessels coming from and going to foreign ports; and one day, after a vessel had left for New England, Joseph was missing. At the same time the dead body of his brother William was found on the rocks at the base of a cliff. The father was well nigh beside himself with grief, and it became generally known that he believed the boy's death was caused by foul play on the part of his brother. Not wishing, however, to add to his grief, and the family disgrace by bringing the younger brother to justice (and at the same time not knowing what had become of him) no definite steps were taken to find him. After the funeral, the father was seldom seen outside the boundaries of Hadley Hall, and it was rumored that the estate was to be sold, and that Mr. Martin intended to leave the country.

A few weeks after the body of William had been found on the shore, an old fisherman called at the Hall and asked to see Mr. Martin. He was ushered into the library, where sat Mr. Martin, a wreck of his former self, but glad to see the old fisherman whom he had often met on the beach. The old man said: "Mr. Martin, I am very sorry for your loss, as well as for my own, for I was very fond of Master William, and I shall miss him. I have heard, however, that it is supposed, that Master Jos-

eph had something to do with his death." The old man waited till Mr. Martin had recovered from a paroxysm of grief that the reference to his boys had caused, and then he added: "I have come to assure you, Sir, that Master Joseph had nothing to do with it. I was in my boat on my way to the fishing ground, when I saw Master William in the cliff trying to secure some eggs for his collection. I knew what he was doing; and I feared for his safety. My worst fears were realized when I saw him fall on the rocks below, where his dead body was found. I tried to get back to the beach, but a sudden and terrible squall of wind (that you will remember) burst on the coast at the time. This squall I believe, was the cause of Master William's fall, and it drove my boat out to sea. I was picked up the next day, and landed far up the coast, from which I have only just returned."

Mr. Martin sprang from his chair, and grasped the old fisherman's hand. "Thank God!" he said, "and thank you, for saving my boy Joseph from a cruel suspicion, that I and others are responsible for; and now I must do all in my power to find him." In the meantime Joseph was nearing the New England coast, after a stormy voyage on the vessel on which he had stowed away at the pier in Bideford. Upon his arrival at Massachusetts-Bay, fearing lest he should be recognized by some person along the sea-board, he left the vessel, and went inland to the village of Marshfield. He was filled with fear on the day when he heard from some sailors, who had just arrived from Bideford, of the death of his brother, and the suspicion that his younger brother had caused his death; and within a few days Joseph was again on the water as a deck hand on a schooner bound for Newfoundland. His one wish was to get to some remote place where no one would know him, and where, with a clear conscience, he might live in peace as Joseph Eames, (his mother's maiden name). In the meantime the following notice appeared in the English newspapers, and was shouted by the town crier in the streets of Marshfield, New England: "One hundred pounds reward will be paid to any one who will give such information as will enable me to find my son Joseph Martin, or, if he has changed his name—perhaps Joseph Eames. I want him to know that his name is no longer associated with his brother's death, and that if he will but return to his home, Hadley Hall, all that I possess will be his." Signed, Anthony Martin.

Neither the notice in the English papers, nor the voice of the town crier in New England ever reached the eye or ear of Joseph Eames as he worked day by day as a faithful servant to an old Englishman in Trinity, Newfoundland. Though he was well cared for in his new home, yet the rough experience that had been his in the voyage across the Atlantic, and during his trip to Newfoundland, was too much for a delicate constitution, and an entry in the Burial Register of St. Paul's Church, Trinity, tells the end of the story: "July 23rd, 1773. Interred, Joseph Eames, of Marshfield, in the County of Plymouth, Province of Massachusetts-Bay, New England, aged 22 or 23 years."

It is evident that poor Joseph Martin, who had not heard that the suspicion, so wrongfully attached to him had been cleared away, and that any news of him, either in life or death, should trickle back to the homeland. To guard against this he had assumed his mother's maiden name, and had given his employer in Trinity the name of the place where he had landed in New England, as the place of his birth and bringing up. Three lines in the old Church Register, and a nameless, unmarked grave in the old Church-yard in Trinity, guard his secret, preserve his memory and conceal his identity till the resurrection morning. Peace to his dust, and light and refreshment to his soul.

After having given his farewell message to his people on Easter Day, and disposed of his household goods, during the week, Rev. H. Blackledge spent the week-end and Sunday with friends at Trinity. On Sunday he did duty in St. Paul's, and on Monday he left for Bonavista

where, together with his wife and child, he will spend a month before leaving for England. "God be with you till we meet again."

Mr. Parker, one of the assistant accountants in the Royal Bank of Canada, St. John's, will do duty at Trinity, during Manager Rankin's vacation.

Miss Somerton, Miss Marie Erikson and Miss Mollie White, of Bishop Spencer College, St. John's, have returned for work and duty, after an enjoyable vacation at home in Trinity.

The passing of Thomas Welchman, on Sunday last, removes from Trinity another surname that has been familiar to us for two or three generations. Thomas George Welchman was born in 1844. He was a son of William and Catherine Welchman. In 1890 he was married to Sarah Johnson, who died in 1897. Since that time he lived alone in his own house, and so far as his independent spirit would permit him to accept it, the neighbors vied with one another in supplying his every need. During the early blizzards of the past winter, a neighbour, Mr. Alfred Hiscock, persuaded him to leave his old, cold and cheerless house, and to live with him for the winter. Hence his last days were spent in clean and comfortable surroundings. He was an old age pensioner, and a member of the Trinity Benefit Club, the members of which attended his funeral in the Church of England Cemetery. We shall miss him. May he rest in peace.

The results of the Easter terminal examinations in the School at Trinity, by Principal Smith, have been made public and are very creditable. I shall be glad if the same high standard of efficiency will be maintained at the C.H.E. Examinations later. We shall see.

At a meeting of the men of St. Paul's congregation this week, it was suggested that a Churchman's Club be formed.

Trinity, April 9, 1921.

Monkey fur seems still to be popular for trimming dinner frocks.

CLEAR YOUR COMPLEXION

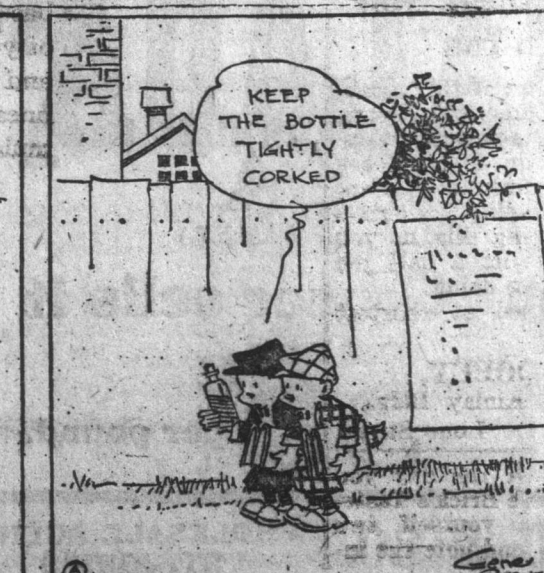


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"REGULAR FELLERS"



M. C. L. I. Annual Report, 1921

Mr. President—It gives me very great pleasure to present the report of your Executive for the year ending with this meeting, the fifty-fourth session of this Institute.

The year so drawing to a close has been an eventful one in many respects. Newfoundland in common with the entire world has met a period of financial depression, and one which has taxed its resources almost to the limit. Large losses in the sale of our fishery products and general depression in business have caused severe financial reverses from which it will take some years for our firms to recover. We have a wonderful little country, however, and a plucky population, and your executive feels that while conditions are not all that we might wish, nevertheless we are justified in having unbounded confidence in the ultimate prosperity of this newest dominion of the great British Empire. And we realize that even with conditions as they are, Newfoundland occupies an enviable position among the countries of the world, for we have at least peace and harmony among our people. In the midst of these conditions our Institute has met and tonight we ring down the curtain at the close of a truly successful year. It was unfortunate that just prior to the opening of the Session our President was called out of the country. With the enthusiastic support, however, and under the chairmanship of the First Vice-President, we find ourselves today looking back over a very satisfactory session. During the year nineteen applications to membership were received and accepted. This, though fewer than the number admitted last session is rather above the average. During the same period ten debates have been held, all of which were uniformly interesting. A hat debate held on the third Thursday in February showed a marked improvement in the readiness of the members to speak to subjects assigned to them extemporaneously. An interesting lecture by the Prime Minister on our open night, gave the Institute a first hand story of Great Britain's tribute to the Empire's unknown soldier. The average attendance during the session showed an increase over last year. This will be a matter of much encouragement to the new Executive and it is we trust but an indication of even greater attendances at our next session. The M.C.L.I. Jubilee Scholarship, offered for competition last year was awarded during the session to Miss Annie Hunter of the Methodist College. It has been decided to offer the Scholarship the present year under precisely the same conditions as those pertaining last year. Your Executive notes with much satisfaction a marked improvement in the standard of speaking prevailing at present and would urge upon the new Executive the desirability of systematic efforts in this connection. A sub-committee of our speaker's committee might well keep a record of the individual membership which would speed every member on the common road to improvement in this

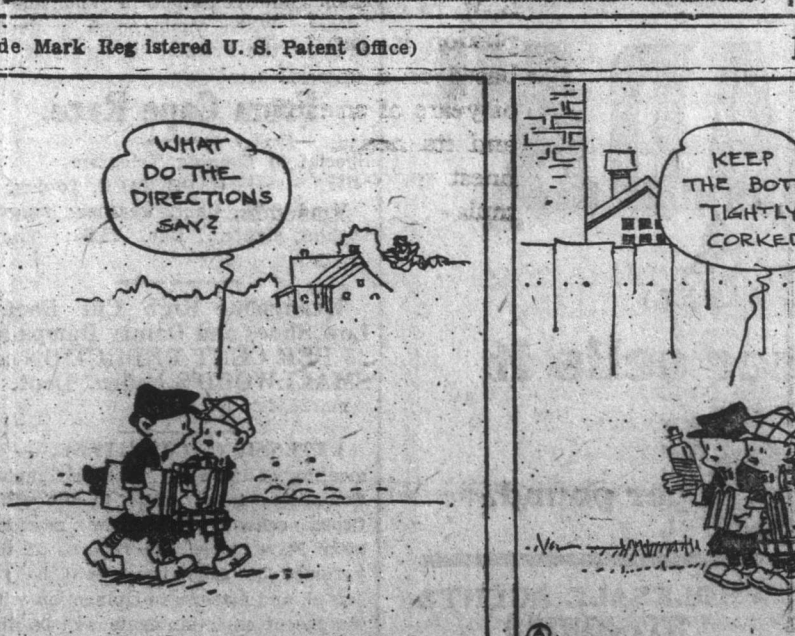
direction. To this end in the coming year an effort should be made to encourage a new system of judging the winners of debates. Your Executive feels that it would be in the interest of all the members to have some issues decided not alone by individual opinions and prejudices, but by a careful weighing of all the arguments of the set speakers; and of the manner of their delivery. In retiring from the duties laid upon them a year to-night your Executive wishes to place on record its appreciation of the work of the Assistant Secretary and Secretary of the Speaker's Committee. It moves over sincerely thanks the Institute members for their unflinching interest and support in all the efforts that have been made for the common good.

Respectfully submitted,
LESLIE R. CURTIS, Sec.

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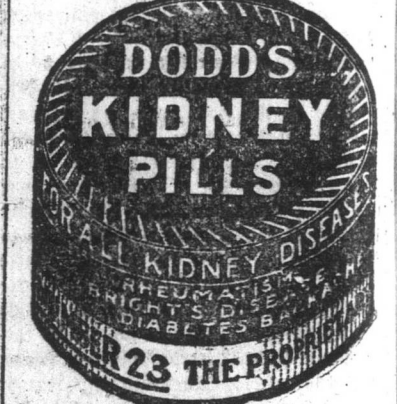
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Some day the stand-off scheme will smash, a wise old seer has said it, and all we'll buy will be for cash, and none will ask for credit. Collectors then won't block our way and bluff and beckon; and that will be a happy day for all of us, I reckon. We have to pay more for our eats, and find the poorhouse closer, because we pay the bills of beats who sting the corner grocer. The grocer sighs, "This Jasper Jones has jumped our lovely city, and he was owing forty bones, which seems a ghastly pity. He'll never pay me for my rice, he never more will greet me; and so I'll have to raise the price from those



who do not beat me." And when I go to purchase prunes to feed my children twenty, he's raised the price some playunes, and soaks me good and plenty. The tailor trusts a hundred men, and ten of them don't pay him, and I must dig an extra yen to comfort him and stay him. And so it goes along the line in every kind of dealing; the deadbeat adds to bills of mine until my head is reeling. 'Twill be a blessed day, gadzooks, when "stand-off system" ceases, when merchant princes burn their books, and kick the slate to pieces.

Brick's Tasteless is the best preparation known for children who are delicate. Taken in half to one teaspoonful doses it works marvellous results. Try a bottle and convince yourself.—Jan 27, 19

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etc.

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