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KLEAN-UP READY-TO-USE PAINTS

LIGHT GREY	Gallons, \$3.00
BLUE GREY	Half Gal., \$1.60
SKY BLUE	Quarts, 90
MEDIUM BUFF	Pints, 50
AZURE BLUE	
PEA GREEN	
KITCHEN GREEN	
LIGHT BROWN	
GOLDEN BROWN	
BRIGHT RED	
OUTSIDE WHITE	
INSIDE WHITE	

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We're Sold Out.
BUY TO-DAY**

IMPORTANT

There are many good reasons why you should "KLEAN UP" your house. HERE ARE A FEW—
Paint preserves wood from decay. A painted house will outlast an unpainted one. People are judged by the appearance of the house they live in, a shabby looking house is a reflection on the people who reside therein. A house which is painted every 4 or 5 years expresses in a forceful manner the cleanliness and character of its occupants. Buy enough "KLEAN UP" Paint now to improve the appearance of your house.

Special! Gloss Black Paint, \$2.00. Motor Engine Enamel, dries in 30 minutes, \$4.00 gal.

COLIN CAMPBELL, LTD.

Farmers	125 lbs. of Potato Fertilizer, \$5.00
Favourite	125 lbs. of General Fertilizer, \$4.75
Fertilizers	200 lbs. of Basic Slag, \$2.50

We sell Larvacide, THE GRUB KILLER, at 5 cents per pound. Get some for your turnip top ground, it will pay you. If you don't want whole bags of Fertilizer we'll sell small lots 5 cents lb. Use 500 lbs. Fertilizer with manure or 1000 lbs. without manure to an acre

Colin Campbell, Limited.

TRINITY.

About sixty years ago some fishermen belonging to Trinity were fishing at Northern Labrador. One of the skipper's boys got a hook in the palm of his hand, and not being as careful as he should have been to keep the wound clean and disinfected, blood-poison set in. The hand became swollen and dark in colour, and in a short time it was evident that the dark colour was gradually going up the arm. The only "doctor" on the past was an old Eskimo woman, who was known as "the doctor" in an Eskimo settlement some forty miles farther north.

The skipper of the schooner decided to take the boy to her; so the cod-line skiff was manned by his best rowers, and at daylight they left with the boy for the settlement. When they there they found the old woman and she showed her the boy's hand. She ordered him to remove his coat and to roll up his shirt sleeve. Then she produced a knife, that she used as a lance, and before the boy had time to protest, she had slashed the palm of the hand deeply and caused the blood to flow freely. Then she ordered one of the men to catch a hen, and to bring it in. He did so, and with the same knife that she had used on the boy's hand, she cut through the back part of the breast bone of the hen. Then she straightened out the boy's fingers and inserted the whole hand into the hen's body, through the opening she had made. Then she bound the fluttering hen tightly over the hand, and in her gruff tone of voice said, "Now, all down for awhile. It was not long before it was noticeable that the black procession up the arm had been arrested, and then, that it was disappearing towards the hand. After it had all disappeared, the hen (now dead) was removed and handed over to the men to bury, with the stern command of the old woman, "bury it deep, so that the dogs can't get at it. If they do it will kill all the dogs in the settlement. The boy's hand was washed, and bound up with such bandages as could be found, and in a week's time the wound had healed and all was well again.

Mr. Granger's tender to provide the windows for St. Paul's Church, being the lowest, has been accepted by the Select Vestry.

The Concert and Tea held in Trinity, in aid of Church repair fund, netted \$50.

Long years ago, Robert Mayers, who was an old man when I was a boy, and who was one of the friends of my boyhood days, was in charge of the stable and the "big garden," belonging to Garland in Trinity. The farm, at the time, owned a remarkably black bull, that was kept carefully enclosed in the meadow. Some one, however, left the gate open one day, and by the time it was missed the bull's latitude was known to be "somewhere near God's Cove Pond," and all the men and boys who could be spared from "the room"—headed by Mayers—were sent in to capture him.

Mr. Hepburn, the Agent, decided to take part in the chase, and he followed the crowd at a distance. After an hour's tramp through the woods, he felt tired and sat down to rest. Just then one of the men came along and Mr. Hepburn with his very English

accent—asked,—"Say, young fellow, have you seen Bob Mayers and the black bull anywhere?" Mayers at the time was only a few yards distant and heard the question asked, without being seen by Mr. Hepburn. A few minutes later, Mayers came along to where Mr. Hepburn was resting, and he said, "Ha! Mayers, I am glad you came along; I saw a young fellow just now, and I asked him if he had seen Mr. Mayers and the black bull." Mayers looked Mr. Hepburn straight in the eye and in his broad West Country dialect said:—"Theeese hidden say Mister Mayers; theeese did say Bob Mayers, for I yerd'ee."

Mr. Kelson W. Pittman left Trinity last week for New York, to resume his work with the Western Union Telegraph Co.

ters of the Church in Trinity, that will be of interest to some people:—"Married, November 6th, 1920, Patrick Christopher and Annie Ryan. Witnesses, Mary Stiver and E. T. Clinch."

"Married, October 12th, 1920 John Skelton and Elizabeth Pittman. Witnesses, Samuel A. Gent, George S. Kelton, Thomas Drawbridge."

"Married, January 18th, 1921, Alexander Bremner and Ann White. Witnesses, James Collis, William Davis Cross, Thomas Bowell."

"Married, December 28th, 1920 James Ivamy of New Bonaventure and Sarah Barnes of English Harbour. Witnesses, Thomas Miller, Ann Miller."

"Married, Feb. 10th, 1921, John Chalk Carpenter. Witnesses, Thomas Chalk, David Tremlett."

then occupied by the beaver. The guide who went with the party gave her every opportunity to examine the house in detail, and she expressed herself as delighted with what she had seen, and she was filled with wonder that an animal of that kind could construct such a house. At the dinner table that evening she could talk of nothing but the beaver-house, and the pleasure it would give her to describe it to her friends in England. "What was it like, Miss Hepburn?" asked one of the gentlemen at the table, who was seeking for information. "Oh dear! oh dear!" she replied, "it was most wonderful! most wonderful! It was like—It was like a large rat's hole!"

"Married, August 25th, 1920, John Stinson and Mary Pilley of Scilly Cove. Witnesses, Richard Beckford, Sarah Serji."

"Married, March 4th, 1921, Charles Newhook, New Harbor, and Martha Penney of Carbonar. Witnesses, Elizabeth Ash, S. A. Gent, Thos. L. Pilgrim."

Long years ago when Mr. Hepburn was the Agent here and lived in "the big house," his sister came out from England and spent a year with him. She overheard some one speak of a beaver-house in a pond some distance in the country. She expressed a wish to see it, and her brother made all the arrangements necessary to take her to the pond where the house was



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Edison Dealer, St. John's.

We note the passing, in St. John's, of James Hisecock. He was a son of William and Elizabeth Hisecock of Trinity, and was born and brought up on Neudic Point. Mrs. Tryphena Walters is his sister. May he rest in peace.

Mrs. Duder returned to St. John's last week.

Mr. Mark Jenkins, Customs officer, Bonne Bay, left Trinity by Thursday's express to return to Bonne Bay. His family will follow later.

Owing to the ice in the S. W. Arm having become unsafe for traffic to the station last week, the main road which had not been used during the winter had to be opened. About forty men were employed to shovel, and it was interesting to watch them working in a trench five and six feet deep and about a hundred yards long, with the temperature nearly 60 above zero. It is a great country for variety!

St. George for Merrie England! and God Save the King!

Trinity, April 22.

Shakespeare the Mysterious.

William Shakespeare is supposed to have been born on St. George's day, April 23, 1564. Certain it is that he was baptised on the 26th of that month, because it is so entered in the baptismal register of Stratford-on-Avon church as anyone may see. A well-known

house in Henley Street, Stratford, is regarded as his birthplace, but there is no absolute certainty about that. He is said to have attended the grammar school of his native town, though there is not a scrap of evidence that he did so. Indeed, every biography of Shakespeare is a compound of guesses, probabilities and likelihoods, arranged at the pleasure of the compiler. What "Shakespeare" followed in his youth is quite unknown. He married at the age of 18, Anne Hathaway, of Stratford, who was 27, but where they were united is not known. In some time between 1585 and 1592 he left Stratford-on-Avon and came by himself to London, where he obtained employment as an actor. In 1593 poems bearing his name as author were published in London and in the following year he was one of a company of actors who performed before Queen Elizabeth. In 1596 he was lodging in Bankside, London, and was evidently prosperous, for he held shares in theatres and had some property in the parish of St. Helen's. In the next year he bought New Place, the largest house in his native town, and soon afterwards retired there with considerable wealth, dying at his residence on April 23, 1616, on his 52nd birthday. The greatness of the plays attributed to him is extolled by literary men of all countries, who unite in praising their unparalleled excellence, and acclaim their author the greatest dramatic writer the world has ever known. This being so, it is very singular that Shakespeare left no books or manuscripts whatever, and that we possess no scrap of his handwriting except six doubtful signatures. His monument in Stratford church, and the inscriptions on his gravestone have both

been altered since they were first made, and his numerous portraits all contradict each other. Some people think Lord Bacon wrote the plays and used Shakespeare's name, but this theory only raises a fresh series of difficulties and leaves the problem of their authorship more uncertain than ever.

**THERAPION No. 1
THERAPION No. 2
THERAPION No. 3**

**An Appreciation of
Julia Salter Earle.**

Editor Evening Telegram.
Dear Sir,—Only recently I made the acquaintance of Mrs. Julia Salter Earle. Like so many more I understood her to be an eccentric type of woman. I now know her to be one who is doing one of the grandest works possible for anyone to do. Practically her whole life seems to be devoted to help women and men whose lot in life is wretched and miserable. When you realise that there are in the city today over six hundred factory girls out of employment you can get a faint idea of what her work means. She, with the other members of the Workmen's Committee, were in my office practically all day Monday. During that time there were two applications to Mrs. Earle for relief. One was the case of a woman, about to become a mother, in whose home there was no food or fuel. Can you beat that? In the city of St. John's, in the twentieth century, could you imagine such a state of affairs. Fancy a child being born under these conditions. The other was a similar case as regards food and fuel but the other element was absent. Mrs. Earle got busy, made up a collection and helped to relieve these cases. That is what this lady is doing practically every day of her life. Do you think Florence Nightingale or any of those other grand women have anything on Mrs. Earle? I don't. Do you wonder that the workmen and women of the city worship her and that she is the Lady President of the N.I.W.A. Instead of sneering and laughing at Mrs. Earle these who do so should go down on their knees and thank her, for had it not been for her, it might have been that those in such comfortable circumstances, who sneer and laugh, might have had their homes about their ears, torn down by an enraged community because there is so unequal a distribution of this world's goods. When monuments are being talked about, let those who talk think of Mrs. Julia Salter Earle and do not let it wait until she is dead. Do it now, while her good work is being done. If I were contesting the West End of St. John's I would like to have Mrs. Earle as my colleague and I should win hands down. There are now two members in The Liberal Party. The first is myself; the second is Mrs. Julia Salter Earle. If she wishes to have the leadership I am willing to resign. That woman, in my opinion, is today, the greatest asset Newfoundland has. I trust she will forgive my bringing to the notice of the general public the work which she has so long quietly done, and for which, by the ignorant and unthinking, she has been persecuted and laughed at.

Yours sincerely,
GEO. W. B. AYRE.
April 21st, 1921.