

TRINITY.

show my appreciation of several references to my Trinity Notes by persons on the "West" I am departing from my usual dealing with stories of Trinity writing one that deals with his environments. And yet, of my best intentions, it is together with Trinity for whom who is referred to in the facts who supplied me with the facts, was born and brought up in Trinity.

I have heard a good deal of late about coal deposits in Newfoundland and of efforts that have been made by the Government to develop them. I have been in Newfoundland for thirty years in the coal areas of Cape Breton, and very much of the word has been said up and down the coast as I do that the greatest discovery of local deposits of sufficient area and conditions to be profitable is the one at Well, my story, (as outlined in the two shareholders) is a coal deposit near Burin, worked by the man who brought the coal, and who brought the sample of it to the shore, that when they saw the sample it was the great, beautiful-millionaires in the most distant prospect.

For the story— twenty five years ago, "Con" was stationed at Well, within a short time— as a constable's duty— he became acquainted with all sorts of men, one of whom was called "the name of Will". By securing friends and acquaintances, and selling them, managed to provide the means of life for his wife and himself, and about three miles from Burin, at a place called "the name of Will", he had a simple time to develop his coal deposit. The Constable went to Burin about the time as they were strangers, and as they were strangers, he made up his mind to "take" and how well he succeeded, you know when you have read the story.

The Magistrate's duties as Registrar, William was a freer for a poor-note, and he dropped a remark or two to his Worship to believe that the surrounding country "like this led the Magistrate to ask questions about the interior in that meeting and good eyes, the Magistrate had been in Burin before he was a constable, so familiar to every man and child in the district elsewhere in the country, not Burin, was a valuable coal deposit, naturally got it, and being anxious to get the information on the subject, he would ask him the best of the question at once, and around the Magistrate's mysteriously, as though he were quite sure there was no other way, and then he said, "Well, Sir, if you know a word about it, I may know a lot about it. Sir, I have plenty of it, Sir, and lots have asked me about it. But, would not give me much for it, that I might give you, I have not said much about it, one of the merchants in Burin, me a barrel of flour one day, would I show him where it was, I would not think of doing that, poor as I am?"

The Magistrate realized the need of diplomacy on his part, if he got the information that he was looking at Williams "un-derstand" he asked—"are those books Williams?" And Williams said—"Yes, Sir, and they're bad." The Magistrate, noting to Mr. B.—"So go alone, and he'll give you new ones, with my compliments, thank you kindly Sir," he said to leave. "Someday," the Magistrate, "if you will join me, the Constable will tell you that coal." "Well, Sir," he said, "I can't do that just now, I had a letter from my wife last week. He lives in Boston, he is coming down about that coal." "How did you know about it?" asked the Magistrate. "Oh, he heard my daughter about it. He's an American, never seen him, but just two letters, he's a pretty fellow, and knows a lot about coal."

When Mr. Samuel Grant visited Burin some weeks ago, in addition to the one ton motor truck, he bought axes and shovels by the hundreds, and tinware in abundance. These useful articles have been on sale in the Parish Hall, at bargain prices ever since; and everybody in the Bight, who needed such things, are supplied for years to come.

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he told William that if he would take the Constable with him and show him the coal, he would never see a poor day again. William fixed a day when he and the Constable would go up the pond in his dory. They prepared to leave for home, satisfied that the coal was all right. Just as they were leaving, however, William said—"Keep this thing quiet, as one of my neighbours, Jim C. knows a good bit about the coal too, and that Jim is a rascal and not to be trusted."

"And, say Mister," said William, "What shall I get out of it if I show you the coal?" The Magistrate said, "we will give you more than the market offered you." "Well, be gob," said William, "the flour barrel is getting low, so the ole doman tells me." "Well," said the Magistrate, "as soon as you and the Constable get back from the coal fields next week, with a good sample of the coal, we will give you all the flour you want."

This conversation took place at the Steady while the magistrate and constable were trouting. However, it was arranged that William and the Constable were to go on a certain day. So they took William back with them in the carriage and put him down at his own door. They got off too; went in to see Mrs. William, and gave her all the tea and sugar and buns that they had left in their lunch basket. Just as they were leaving, William said to his wife "Did you see Jim C. today?" "Yes," she said "he was in and asked where you was, and I told him you had gone in the country with the Magistrate." "By gob," said William, "I hope he won't smell a rat."

At the appointed time the Constable was at Salt Pond just in the dawning. He rapped at William's door as easy as he could, so that Jim C. would not hear him. The dog inside growled, but there was no sound of William. Then Mrs. William shouted out "William has the rheumatism and is not able to stir." She let the Constable in, but William was in too much pain to talk, so the Constable went home; but the next day somebody told him that he saw William as busy as a bee. So one evening a few days later, the Constable started off again for Salt Pond, taking with him plenty of tea, sugar, currant-buns and a few drops of St. Pierre rum. He hid away just back of William's house. Still he saw William cutting grass. When he was quite sure that William's rheumatism had disappeared, he went over to him and said, "Well, William, are we going to have a fine day tomorrow?" "I don't think we are," replied William, "as the confounded rheumatism is coming on again." The Constable and William went into the house; and a few minutes after William had heavily sampled the St. Pierre rum, he began to talk coal and to make preparations for the morning's expedition to the coal field.

(This story will be continued next week.)

The intricate bunch of lanes in the middle of Trinity, used to be—and is today to a certain extent—a veritable maze to strangers. It was largely because of the crookedness and the narrowness of the passages. Of late years, however, the Road Boards have seized every opportunity to straighten and widen them. This has advanced several of those lanes to the dignity of roads, but unfortunately, it has resulted in either a change of name, or left it without a name at all. For instance, who of forty or fifty years ago did not know Grant's Lane? Now, however, with the widening of it, the lane and the name have disappeared, and, if you please, it is now "the doctor's mill." Fortunately it still remains the children's coasting paradise, at it was a hundred years ago. The lane that now leads past Mrs. Malmont's house was not quite so fortunate. It was known years ago as Dandy Lane; but since it has been dignified by widening, it has lost its name altogether.

When I wrote last week about memories of the Garland's in Trinity, I forgot to mention that the road from Ryan Bros' shop, up past the Parish Hall to "Dandy Lane," has always been and is still, known as Garland's Road. Unfortunately, however, it is being gradually forgotten as such; and recently, when a person referred to it in public as Garland's Road, he was asked—"Where is that?" In my opinion, it would be ungrateful for the part of Trinityans to allow the honored name to die out in this connection; and those of us, who by our venerable age are the custodians of the past, must seize every opportunity to keep the name before the public. Of course, he who runs may read the sign-board Garland Hotel, and it will always do its part to call attention to the golden age of prosperity, that Trinity enjoyed under the regime of the Garland's—God bless them.



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Dr. Chase's Ointment

After attending Divine Service at St. Paul's Church, the members of the S.U.F. walked around the Harbor, and then back to their Lodge Room, where a first-class dinner of generous proportions awaited them. Rev. Chas. M. Stickings and Rev. Canon Lockyer were the guests of honour at the dinner. The after-dinner speeches were "a feast of reason and a flow of soul" and the hours passed quickly and pleasantly. At eight o'clock the upper Hall was thrown open to the public for "a dance all night." The Hall was appropriately decorated, and a very enjoyable time was spent by the members of the Lodge and their friends. Mr. Arthur White is now the Master of the Lodge. The name in itself—Arthur White, is one to conjure with in Trinity, and takes us back to the years when (Doctor) Arthur White was the social, professional, and intellectual leader in Trinity; and the palmy days of the S.U.F. began, continued, and ended with him. He left no successor in many respects, but we shall be glad to know that under the guidance of his namesake and cousin, new life and additional usefulness will come to the S.U.F. in Trinity.

Burial of some of those who died at English Harbor.
1760.—Barnet Bestone, son of Barnet and Hannah Bestone.
1761.—John Lockyer, son of Richard and Mary Lockyer.
1761.—Barnet Bestone, Sr.
1764.—Hannah Pottle, daughter of Martin and Hannah Pottle.
1775.—Sarah Lockyer, child of Richard and Mary Lockyer.
1775.—Mary Lockyer, spouse to Richard Lockyer, planter, age 37.
1778.—Hannah Jones, spouse to William Jones, planter.
1778.—Robert Hart, planter, age 44.
1778.—Elizabeth Lockyer, daughter of Richard Lockyer.
1778.—William Jones, planter, age 63.
1780.—James Pottle.
1782.—George and James Ivamy, two brothers; and Mary Jones, and James Pottle all buried the same time.
1794.—William Dewey of Trinity Harbor, drowned at English Harbor.
1801.—Martha and Hannah, daughters of William and Catherine Sweetland.
1816.—Elizabeth Kimber, age 63. William Pottle, age 77.
1817.—Benjamin Higden, age 88. Sarah Wells, widow of Thomas Wells. Catherine Sweetland, age 52. Sweetland, age 32.
1820.—Honour Pottle, age 69.

Married in English Harbor.
1758.—Richard, Lockyer, Planter, and Mary Pottle.
1762.—William Sweet and Martha Boston.

A few other interesting entries of the burial of people in different places and under various circumstances:—
1776.—Interred Benjamin Raish, at Bay de Herbe, agent to Mr. Jolliffe.
1770.—Interred William Dorset, servant to George Ivamy, who died by accident of hard drinking.

1775.—Interred, Joseph Rogers from Scilly Cove, husband to Eliza!
1783.—Interred, Thomas Archer, planter at Hog's Nose, Trinity. This is the earliest reference in the Church Books to that point of land in Trinity. On an old chart of 1760 it is marked Hog's Nose.
1785.—Interred the boatswain of a French ship.
1804.—Interred, Robert a servant of Mr. MacKay's, of Hawke's Island, Labrador.
1807.—Interred, John Maroney, Private in the Nova Scotia Fencibles, drowned.

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The Annual January Mark Down Sale.

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<p>WOMEN'S BOOTS. 120 prs. WOMEN'S BOOTS High Cut, Laced; high, low and medium heel; Black and Brown. Not all sizes in this lot. 4.00</p> <p>207 prs. LADIES' PUMPS. Queen Quality and other lines, in Patent Leather and Black Kid; 2.50</p> <p>79 prs. PUMPS—All styles, all leathers; sizes 2.50 3 to 7</p> <p>43 prs. WOMEN'S PATENT BOOTS—Lace and Button styles, 3.00 Cuban heel</p> <p>QUEEN QUALITY BOOTS —In Black Kid; 4.50 spool heel</p> <p>27 prs. LADIES' CLOTH TOP BOOTS—Spool heel, Grey and Brown; 1.50 sizes 3 and 3½</p>	<p>SHOES and PUMPS. 332 prs. WOMEN'S BOOTS —Black Laced, High Cut. Former price 10.00. Now 5.00 All sizes.</p> <p>96 prs. WOMEN'S BOOTS —Brown, High Laced. Former price 6.00 10.50. Now All sizes.</p> <p>483 prs. WOMEN'S BOOTS —Black Kid and Gun Metal; High Cut Blucher shape, high and low heels. Former price \$10.50. Now . . . 5.00 All sizes.</p> <p>68 prs. WOMEN'S RUBBERS—With felt tops. Former price \$1.00 \$1.90. Now</p> <p>39 prs. WOMEN'S SOCIETY GAITERS—High Cut Button. Former price \$5.50. Now . . . 3.00 All sizes.</p>	<p>MEN'S BOOTS. MEN'S BUTTON BOOTS, 4.50 MEN'S PATENT BUT-TON BOOTS 4.50 MEN'S BLACK CALF BOOTS 4.50 MEN'S BROWN CALF BOOTS 6.00 MEN'S BLACK CALF BOOTS 5.50 MEN'S BLACK CALF BOOTS 6.50 (Formerly 8.50) MEN'S BROWN CALF BOOTS 7.50 (Formerly 11.00) MEN'S CALF BLUCHER BOOTS 7.50 (Formerly 11.00) MEN'S REGAL BOOTS, 7.50 MEN'S REGAL BOOTS, 6.00 MEN'S REGAL SHOES, 6.00 MEN'S SHOES 3.00 (Black and Brown) MEN'S BROWN SHOES, 6.00 MEN'S RED BALL RUBBER SHOES, 1.80 & 2.00 Formerly 2.70 to 3.00. Double sole and heel.</p>	<p>BOYS' BOOTS. BOYS' BOOTS—1 to 5. Former price 3.00 5.20. Now 3.00</p> <p>SMALL BOYS' BOOTS— Sizes 7 to 9 2.00</p> <p>BOYS' BOX CALF BLUCHER BOOTS—Formerly \$7.20. Now 4.50</p> <p>INFANTS' BOOTS. INFANTS' BOOTS—Button and Lace; in Black, high cut; in Black and White Top; in Black and Red Top; sizes 3 to 8. Formerly priced up to 3.30. Now 1.50</p> <p>INFANTS' SOFT SOLE BOOTS—Formerly 1.20. Now . . . 50c.</p> <p>54 prs. WOMEN'S KOZY SLIPPERS—Felt soles and heels; asstd. shades. Reg. price 3.00. Now 1.50</p> <p>WOMEN'S BLK. SPATS— 10 button 1.50</p>
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