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**LUCY GRAHAM'S
SECRET**

(Continued.)

The lazy bent of his mind, which prevented him from thinking of half a dozen things at a time, and not thinking thoroughly of any one of them, as is the manner of your more energetic people, made him remarkably clear-sighted upon any point to which he ever gave his serious attention.

Indeed, after all, though solemn benches laughed at him, and rising barristers shrugged their shoulders under rustling silk gowns, when people spoke of Robert Audley, I doubt if, had he ever taken the trouble to get a brief, he might not have rather surprised the magnates who underrated his abilities.

CHAPTER XII.

STILL MISSING

THE September sunlight sparkled upon the fountain in the Temple Gardens when Robert Audley returned to Figue Court early the following morning.

He found the canaries singing in the pretty little room in which George had slept, but the apartment was in the same prim order in which the landress had arranged in after the departure of the two young men—not a chair displaced, or as much as the lid of a cigar-box lifted, to bespeak the presence of George Talboys. With a last lingering hope, he searched upon the mantelpiece and tables of his rooms, on the chance of finding some letter left by George.

"He may have slept here last night, and started for Southampton early this morning," he thought. "Mrs. Maloney has been here, very likely, to make everything tidy after him."

But as he sat looking lazily around the room, now and then whistling to his delighted canaries, a slipshod foot upon the staircase without bespoke the advent of that very Mrs. Maloney who waited upon the two young men.

"No, Mr. Talboys had not come home, she had looked in as early as six o'clock that morning, and found the chambers empty.

"Had anything happened to the poor, dear gentleman?" she asked, seeing Robert Audley's pale face.

He turned around upon her quite savagely at this question. "Happened to him! What should happen to him? They had only parted at two o'clock the day before."

Mrs. Maloney would have related to him the history of a poor dear young engine driver, who had once lodged with her, and who went out after eating a hearty dinner in the best of spirits, to meet with his death from the concussion of an express and a luggage train; but Robert put on his hat again, and walked straight out of the house before the honest Irishwoman could begin her pitiful story.

It was growing dusk when he reached Southampton. He knew his way to the poor little terrace of houses, in a full street leading down to the water, where George's father-in-law lived. Little Georgy was playing at the open parlor window as the young man walked down the street.

Perhaps it was this fact, and the

dull and silent aspect of the house, which filled Robert Audley's mind with a vague conviction that the man he came to look for was not there. The old man himself opened the door, and the child peeped out of the parlor to see the strange gentleman.

He was a handsome boy, with his father's brown eyes and dark waving hair, and with some faint expression which was not his father's and which pervaded his whole face so that although each feature of the child resembled the same feature in George Talboys, the boy was not actually like him.

Mr. Malton was delighted to see Robert Audley; he remembered having had the pleasure of meeting him at Ventnor, on the melancholy occasion of— He wiped his watery old eyes by way of conclusion to sentence. Would Mr. Audley walk in? Robert strode into the parlor.

The furniture was shabby and dingy and the place reeked with the smell of stale tobacco and brandy and water. The boy's broken playthings and the old man's broken clay pipes and torn, brand and water-stained newspapers were scattered upon the dirty carpet. Little Georgy crept toward the visitor, watching him furtively out of his big, brown eyes. Robert took the boy on his knee, and gave him his watch chain to play with while he talked to the old man.

"I need scarcely ask the question that I came to ask," he said; "I was in hopes I should have found your son-in-law here."

"What! you knew that he was coming to Southampton?"

"Knew that he was coming?" cried Robert, brightening up. "He is here, then?"

"No he is not here now, but he has been here."

"When?"

"Late last night; he came by mail."

"And left it immediately?"

"No, he stayed here."

"Good Heaven!" said Robert, "what useless anxiety that man has given me! What can be the meaning of all this?"

"You knew nothing of his intention then?"

"Of what intention?"

"I mean of his determination to go to Australia."

"I know that it was always in his mind more or less, but not more just now than usual."

"He sails tonight from Liverpool. He came here at one o'clock this morning to have a look at the boy, he said, before he left England, perhaps never to return. He told me he was sick of the world, and that the rough life out there was the only thing to suit him. He stayed an hour, kissed the boy without awaking him, and left Southampton by mail that starts at a quarter-past two."

(To be continued.)

**JOURNAL OF REV.
HENRY GORDON**

CARTWRIGHT, LABRADOR

(Continued.)

Wednesday, Mar. 12th.

Fine again after a very stormy night. Holy Communion, 7.30. Willie Shiwak took me up on the narrows, so that I was able to rest my team for a day. First call at Mulloox. Had a very welcome feed of seal-meat. Service, 12.0. Ran on to Cul de Sac to visit the Shiwaks, and here Willie left me. I arranged with Wilfrid Shiwak to join my service for twelve months. Ever since the sickness, I have felt the need of a man, and have made up my mind to try and keep one. Wilfrid is a strong young chap of nineteen, and like all the Esquimaux round these parts, loyal and contented. Fixed up for him to meet me at North West River at the beginning of April, and drive me home to Cartwright with his father's team. I intend to

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keep a small team of my own. For the night, I went on to Carawalla, the headquarters of the Esquimaux. At Evensong, I baptised a little baby. Willie tells me we ran a great risk crossing the run yesterday

Thursday, Mar. 13th.

Bitterly cold morning. Vapour flying along the run in clouds. The boys ran me and my sleeping bag as far as Cul de Sac. Our turnout consisted of three tiny puppies, barely three months old, and one old and one old dog. The little fellows galloped along with their tails stuck straight up. Our run was barely a mile. I bargained with one of the boys for two of the pups, a little white bitch named Leader and a dog named Speed. With old Turk, my team now numbers three. I left the pups until I returned from North. Wilfrid took me on to Rigolet, where I rejoined Dick about noon. After dinner we drove on to Double Mer. I put up for the night, with George Goudie. Evensong, 7.30.

Friday, Mar. 14th.

Holy Communion, 7.30. Very cold morning, wind N.W. Slow going out of Double Mer. Met a half-frozen party thawing out by a fire at the side of the woods near Jewel's Pt. Reached Ticooralak about 1.0. Here I met our Northern catechist-teacher, Isaac Batten, who has had a terrible winter with the sickness. He was in fine spirits about it all, but one knew that he had suffered greatly. The people spoke very highly of his work. Evensong, 7.30.

Saturday, Mar. 15th.

Another stormy, cold day. Set off about 8.0, and made first call at Fox Cove. Left again about 1.0, and made our destination at Rocky Cove about 3.0. One always has a most entertaining host in old Arthur Rich. It just happened that this our bring up for a week-end last year.

Sunday, Mar. 16th.

A windy morning. Mattins, 10.0. About noon, young Arthur arrived from Rigolet, in company with two other teams. After dinner had a children's service at Joe Rich's. The weather cleared up in the evening and a beautiful night resulted. Tomorrow is St. Patrick's day. Will he take the cold stone out of the water?

Monday, Mar. 17th.

Much milder. Paddy has done it! A fine day. Left Rocky Cove about 8.0 and ran out to Bluff Head. Spent a couple of hours here. Poor Tom Oliver dying of consumption. Prayers, 12.0. Took some very bad going across the land to Rattler's Bight. Charlie Allen told me all about the death of his wife. The old chap looks very lonely. Evensong, 7.30. Sky clouding over, and looking weatherish.

Tuesday, Mar. 18th.

Very mild with some rain. Holy Communion, 8.0. Went out to Tilt Brook Pond, and very nearly missed finding the house. It was only by chance that Dick spotted the top of the stove-pipes poking up out of the snow. How these folk manage to live in such a bleak spot always mystifies me. Steve Newall was gone North with the mail, so that I had no one to pilot me over the 30 miles of snow desert to Bob's Brook, which is my terminus in this direction. Leaving after dinner we retraced our steps to Pottle's Bay, and put up here for the night. At Evensong, I received a girl of sixteen. Proceedings were considerably embarrassed by a puppy hauling off my stole and a cat licking up the water in the basin. All the men from this place and the last mentioned were (after many years of practice) found guilty last summer of robbery. Little or no punishment was laid upon them, and they received in the fall a full winter's diet direct from the government in Newfoundland.

Wednesday, Mar. 19th.

Still mild. Going vastly improved. Left Pottle's Bay and ran very quickly to Rocky Cove. Here I heard that the doctor was on his way outside, and was hourly expected. A few minutes after leaving we met his team on the bay, and thus were only able to exchange greetings. Reached Ticooralak about 2.0, and unharassed for the night. Was unable to have any service as I was suffering from a touch of snow blindness. Our wholeboise is now of great value, and slips along without and effort on the part of the dogs.

Misses Ellie Shea and Kitty Kenally, of the Avalon Telephone Co., Carbonear, spent a few days here recently.



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75.—(1) A Ship belonging to a British Subject shall hoist the proper national colors—
(a) on a signal made to her by one of His Majesty's ships, including any vessel under the command of an officer of His Majesty's navy or full pay, and
(b) on entering or leaving any foreign port and
(c) if of fifty tons gross tonnage or upwards, on entering or leaving any British Port.

(2) If default is made on board any ship in complying with this section the master of the ship shall for each offence be liable to a fine not exceeding one hundred pounds.

At time of war it is necessary for every British Ship to hoist the colours and heave to if signalled by a British Warship; if a vessel hoists no colours and runs away, it is liable to be fired upon.

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