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April 19, 23



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LUCY GRAHAM'S SECRET

(Continued.)

Phoebe Marks caught my lady's hand in hers, and clasped them convulsively.
 'My lady—my good, kind mistress! she cried vehemently, 'don't try to thwart me in this—don't ask me to marry him. I tell you I must marry him. You don't know what he is. It will be my ruin, and the ruin of others, if I break my word. I must marry him!'
 'Very well, then,' Phoebe, answered her mistress, 'I can't oppose you. There must be some secret at the bottom of all this.'
 'There is, my lady,' said the girl, Lucy.
 'I shall be very sorry to lose you; but I have promised to stand your friend in all things. What does your cousin mean to do for a living when you are married?'
 'He would like to take a public house.'
 'Then he shall take a public house, and the sooner he drinks himself to death the better. Sir Michael dines at a bachelor's party at Major Margrave's this evening, and my step-daughter is away with her friends at the Grange. You can bring your cousin into the drawing-room after dinner, and I'll tell him what I mean to do for him.'
 'You are very good, my lady,' Phoebe answered with a sigh.
 Lady Audley sat in the glow of firelight and wax candles in the luxurious drawing room; the amber damask cushions of the sofa contrasting with her dark violet velvet dress and her rippling hair falling about her neck in a golden haze. Everywhere around her were the evidences of wealth and splendor; while in strange contrast to all this, and to her own beauty, the awkward groom stood rubbing his bullet head as my lady explained to him what she intended to do for her confidential maid. Lucy's promises were very liberal, and she had expected that, uncouth as the man was, he would, in his own tough manner, have expressed his gratitude to her surprise he stood staring at the floor without uttering a word in answer to her offer. Phoebe was standing close to his elbow, and seemed distressed at the man's rudeness.
 'Tell my lady how thankful you are Luke,' she said.
 'But I'm not so over and above thankful,' replied her lover, savagely. 'Fifty pound ain't much to start a public. You'll make it a hundred, my lady.'
 'I shall do nothing of the kind,' said Lady Audley, her clear blue eyes flashing with indignation, 'and I wonder at your impertinence in asking it.'
 'Oh, yes, you will though,' answered Luke, with quiet insolence that had a hidden meaning. 'You'll make it a hundred, my lady.'
 Lady Audley rose from her seat, looked the man steadfastly in the face till his determined gaze sunk under hers; then walking straight up to her maid, she said in a high piercing voice, peculiar to her in moments of intense agitation:
 'Phoebe Marks, you have told this man!'

The girl fell on her knees at my lady's feet.
 'Oh forgive me, forgive me!' she cried. 'He forced it from me, or I would never, never have told!'

CHAPTER XV. ON THE WATCH.

Upon a lowering morning late in November, with the yellow fog low upon the flat meadows, and the blinded cattle groping their way through the dim obscurity, and blundering stupidly against black and leafless hedges, or stumbling into ditches, undistinguishable in the hazy atmosphere; with the village church looming brown and dingy through the uncertain light; with every winding path and cottage door, every gable end and gray old chimney, every village child and straggling cart seeming strange and weird of aspect in the semi-darkness Phoebe Marks and her Cousin Luke made their way through the churchyard of Audley, and presented themselves before a shivering curate, whose surplice hung in damp folds sodden by the morning mist, and whose temper was not improved by his having waited five minutes for the bride and bridegroom.
 Luke Marks, dressed in his ill-fitting Sunday clothes looked by no means handsomer than in his everyday apparel; but Phoebe, arrayed in a rustling silk of delicate gray, that had been worn about half a dozen times by her mistress, looked, as the few spectators of the ceremony remarked, "quite the lady."
 (To be continued.)

JOURNAL OF REV. HENRY GORDON CARTWRIGHT, LABRADOR

(Continued.)

Wednesday, May 7th.

Wild weather from N.E. Several teams stemmed down the bay. Paradise latest reports state water up to Island rock. Finished my examination by noon. I am closing school this week, as Miss Udle is very anxious to get married! Took a walk after tea up the Flagstaff hill behind the Paragon to see the state of the ice and water. The ice in our run is showing very black in spots, but out side all is pure white. The most gain of water is between our run and Muddy Bay. It is certain now that this will be a late spring, and it will be well in June before we get open water. One does not relish the long dreary wait.

Thursday, May 8th.

Another North Easter. Ran over to visit a family at Indian Harbor on Huntingdon Island. From here went on to North River and put in the night there. I heard that Chance had been seen here, but had gone on before anyone could catch her. Evensong 7:30.

Friday, May 9th.

Very cold. Wind N.N.W. Ran home in time for breakfast, glad enough to get near the stove for a warm. House in a turmoil. Miss Udle to be married tomorrow. Paid a round of visits.

Saturday, May 10th.

Less wind and slight thaw towards noon. Wilfrid went up the bay to Dove Brook to fetch down a piece of juniper for a false keel for "St. Helen." The wedding came off in the evening.

Sunday, May 11th.

Warmer weather than recently, though winds still hang on from the sea. A fine crowd at Evensong, who came in for a regular jaw on the subject of church attendance and various duties. Visited old John Bird. Rain towards night.

Monday, May 12th.

Wind S.E., foggy. Ice and snow cut down quite a lot since yesterday.

THE GUARDIAN needs more subscribers. We want two or three hundred more in Bay Roberts and vicinity. We also want our friends in the United States and Canada to send us along additional subscriptions. Will you help—NOW?

Wilfrid went to Muddy Bay to haul out the frame-work pieces for the church-spire. Isaac is getting along very well with the poem. Walked up the Flagstaff Hill, not much change in the state of the runs since last I was up, except in the Muddy Bay direction. Took off my storm-windows. Burdette's Brook can be heard roaring when the wind comes off.

Tuesday, May 13th.

Wind in again and snow falling. Worked indoors all morning. After dinner paid visits. Quite a batch of new snow down, but not likely to stand long.

(To be continued.)

PASSING OF GREAT HYMN-WRITER

Lew Trenchard, England, Jan. 2.—Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, English novelist and theologian, died this morning. He was best known as the writer of the hymns, "Onward, Christian Soldiers," "Now the Day is Over," "Through the Night of Doubt and Sorrow" and "On the Resurrection Morning." Perhaps the best known of his hymns is "Onward, Christian Soldiers," which we publish herewith:

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the Cross of Jesus
 Going on before,
 Christ the Royal Master
 Leads against the foe;
 Forward into battle
 Go, His banners go!
 Onward, Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the Cross of Jesus
 Going on before.

At the sign of triumph
 Satan's host doth flee:
 On then, Christian soldiers,
 On to victory,
 Hell's foundations quiver
 At the shout of praise;
 Brothers, lift your voices,
 Loud your anthems raise.
 Onward, &c.

Like a mighty army
 Moves the Church of God;
 Brothers, we are treading
 Where the saints have trod;
 We are not divided,
 All one body we,
 One in hope and doctrine,
 One in charity.
 Onward, &c.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
 Kingdoms rise and wane,
 But the Church of Jesus
 Constant will remain;
 Gates of hell can never
 Gainsay that Church prevail;
 We have Christ's own promise,
 And that cannot fail.
 Onward, &c.

Onward, then, ye people,
 Join our happy throng,
 Blend with ours your voices
 In the triumph song,
 Glory, land, and honour,
 Unto Christ the King,
 This through countless ages
 Men and Angels sing.
 Onward, &c. Amen.

Premier Poincaré of France was re-elected in the sensational elections on Jan. 6, receiving 794 out of 870 votes polled.

Mr. Merton E. Lewis, ex-Attorney-General of the State of New York, U.S.A., is associated with Mr. W. R. Howley in connection with Sir Richard Squires' side of the present Enquiry.

The trawler Good Hope is still awaiting an opportunity to sail for Labrador to prosecute the halibut fishery. The ship was outfitted by Bontillier Bros. of Halifax, and will proceed to the new McDonald Bank which is situated about 140 miles southeast of Belle Isle. No dorries are carried, but devices termed flying sets will be used.—Trade Review.

Notice.

ROYAL NAVAL RESERVE
 (Newfoundland)
 PRIZE MONEY.

A supplementary distribution of naval prize money has been received and is now being paid at the Pay & Record Office. Where possible, applications should be made in person.

There are about one hundred amounts of the previous distribution not yet claimed. Those who have not received this former payment are requested to apply for same at the earliest possible opportunity.
 nov23.

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Success is no whim of the moment, no crown for the indolent brow. You must battle and try for it, offer to die for it. Lose it yet win it somehow.

The Pathway to glory is rugged, and many the heart-aches you'll know. He who seeks to be master must rise from disaster. Must take as he giveth the blow.

There's no royal highway to splendour, no short cut to fortune or fame. You must fearlessly fight for it, dare to be right for it. Failing, yet playing the game.

The test of man's merit is trouble, the proof of his work is distress. Much as you long for it, man must be strong for it. Work is the door to success.

HEALTH is the greatest blessing in the world. If you are HEALTHY you can work hard but not other wise. HARD WORK means SUCCESS but you will NEVER be able to work very hard without HEALTH and STRENGTH. If you require HEALTH and STRENGTH use

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NOTICE

To Owners and Masters of British Ships

The attention of Owners and Masters of British Ships is called to the 74th Section of the "Merchant Shipping Act, 1894."

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 leave to be signalled by a British Warship; if a vessel hoists no colours and runs away, it is liable to be fired upon.

H. W. LEMESSURIER,
 Registrar of Shipping

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