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 G. W. LeMESSURIER
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April 19, 23



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LUCY GRAHAM'S SECRET

(Continued.)

It was an annual of the year 1845. The copper-plate engraving of lovely ladies, who had flourished in that day, were yellow and spotted with mildew; the costumes grotesque and outlandish; the simpering beauties faded and commonplace. Even the little clusters of verses (in which the poet's feeble candle shed its sickly light upon the obscurities of the artist's meaning) had an old-fashioned twang; like music on a lyre, whose strings are slackened by the damps of time. Robert Audley did not stop to read any of the mild productions. He ran rapidly through the leaves, looking for any scrap of writing or fragment of a letter, which might have been used to mark a place. He found nothing but a bright ring of golden hair, of that glittering hue which is so rarely seen except upon the head of a child—a sunny lock, which curled as naturally as the tendril of a vine; and was very opposite in texture, if not different in hue, to the soft, smooth tresses which the landlady at Ventnor had given to George Talboys after his wife's death. Robert Audley suspended his examination of the book, and folded this yellow lock in a sheet of letter paper, which he sealed with his signet-ring, and laid aside, with the memorandum about George Talboys and Alicia's letter, in the pigeon-hole marked important. He was going to replace the fat annual among the other books, when he discovered that the two blank leaves at the beginning were stuck together. He was so determined to prosecute his search to the very uttermost that he took the trouble to part these leaves with the sharp end of his paper knife, and he was rewarded for his perseverance by finding an inscription upon one of them. This inscription was in three parts and in three different hands. The first paragraph was dated as far back as the year in which the annual had been published, and set forth that the book was the property of a certain Miss Elizabeth Ann Bince, who had obtained the precious volume as a reward for habits of order, and for obedience to the authorities of Camford House Seminary, Torquay. The second paragraph was dated five years later and was in the handwriting of Miss Bince herself, who presented the book as a mark of undying affection and unfading esteem (Miss Bince was evidently of a romantic temperament) to her beloved friend, Helen Maldon. The third paragraph was dated September, 1853, and was in the hand of Helen Maldon, who gave the annual to George Talboys; and it was at the sight of this third paragraph that Mr. Robert Audley's face changed from its natural hue to a sickly, leaden pallor.

"I thought it would be so," said the young man, shutting the book with a weary sigh. "God knows I was prepared for the worst, and the worst has come. I can understand all now. My next visit must be to Southampton. I must place the boy in better hands."

Stall's Books

Rev. T. Albert Moore, D. D., General Secretary of the Dept. of Social Service and Evangelism of the Meth. Church of Canada, who visited Newfoundland in Sept., 1917, in connection with the Social Congress, says:

"Stall's Books on Avoided Subjects have been standard works for such a long time that it seems almost unnecessary to say a word in their behalf. I believe they have accomplished great good, and are written with care and delicacy, at the same time with sufficient frankness or the modest discussion of these delicate subjects. They are safe books for general reading, especially if from the various books there is proper selection for the youth or adult, man or woman, as the case may be."

- "What a Young Man Ought to Know," by Dr. Emma Drake, 222 pages, cloth binding. Price, postpaid..... \$1.25
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THE GUARDIAN OFFICE
 BAY ROBERTS

CHAPTER XX.

MRS. PLOWSON.

AMONG the packets of letters which Robert Audley had found in George's trunk there was one labeled with the name of the missing man's father—the father who had never been too indulgent a friend to his younger son, and who had availed himself of the excuse afforded by George's imprudent marriage to abandon the young man to his own resources. Robert Audley had never seen Mr. Harcourt Talboys; but George's careless talk of his father had given his friend some notion of that gentleman's character. He had written to Mr. Talboys immediately after the disappearance of George, carefully wording his letter, which vaguely hinted at the writer's fear of some foul play in the mysterious business; and after the lapse of several weeks he had received a formal epistle, in which Mr. Harcourt Talboys expressed declared that he had washed his hands of all responsibility in his son George's affairs upon the young man's wedding-day; and that his absurd disappearance was only in character with his preposterous marriage. The writer of this fatherly letter added in a postscript that if George Talboys had any low design of alarming his friends by this pretended disappearance, and thereby playing on their feelings with a view to pecuniary advantage, he was most egregiously deceived in the character of those persons with whom he had to deal.

Robert Audley had answered this letter by a few indignant lines, in forming Mr. Talboys, that his son was scarcely likely to hide himself for the furtherance of any deep-laid design on the pockets of his relatives, as he had left twenty thousand pounds in his bankers' hands at the time of his disappearance. After dispatching this letter Robert had abandoned all thought of assistance from the man who, in the natural course of things, should have been most interested in George's fate; but now that he had himself advanced every day some step nearer to the end that lay so darkly before him, his mind reverted to this heartlessly indifferent Mr. Harcourt Talboys. "I will run into Dorsetshire after I leave Southampton," he said, "and see this man. If he is content to let his son's fate rest a dark and cruel mystery to all who knew him—if he is content to go down to his grave uncertain to the last of this poor fellow's end—why should I try to unravel the tangled skein, to fit the pieces of the terrible puzzle, and gather together the stray fragments which, when collected, may make such a hideous whole? I will go to him and lay my darkest doubts freely before him. It will be for him to say what I am to do."

(To be continued.)

A CONTRADICTION

I wish through the columns of your paper to publicly contradict a rumor that is being circulated to the effect that I received the sum of \$5.00 per week for looking after and caring for the late William Henry Bradbury. Such a rumor is absolutely false. (Signed),

JONATHAN EARLE.

Shearstown, April 14, 1924.

WORTH THE REPEATING

Life is a garden, every thought is a seed, and what we sow we reap.

Those who fearlessly shoulder their burden generally find a loyal helper.

Looking down on others is not the way to make them look up to ourselves.

The real and enduring greatness of a nation always has its source in the home.

To lighten your work go at it buoyantly.

Accept the challenge of hardships. Soft jobs make soft men.

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?

IN MEMORIAM

In Memory of our loving Husband and Father, John Bowering, who died March 22nd, 1923, at Coley's Point, Newfoundland.

One we loved has left our circle
 For the dark and silent tomb,
 Closed his eyes in deathless slumber,
 Faded in his manhood's bloom.

One short year has passed forever,
 Since we laid him down to rest;
 But a blessed thought consoles us,
 He is numbered with the best.

We shall meet in that blest Harbor
 When the stormy voyage is o'er,
 We shall meet and cast the anchor
 By the fair Celestial shore.

Call not back our dear departed,
 Anchored safe where storms are o'er;
 On the border land we left him,
 Soon to meet and part no more.

Ah! Heaven retaineth now our treasures—
 Earth alone the caskets keep;
 But the sunbeams love to linger
 Where our dearest loved ones sleep.

Husband and Father thou hast left us,
 Left this world of sin and pain,
 Gone to dwell with the redeemed ones
 In that land of endless day.

—Sent by widow and children, St. Paul, Minn., U.S.A., March 22, 1924.

Poise

(By George M. Adams.)

Poise is Success already worked out. For there can be no Success without Poise. Poise is keeping your head when everybody else loses theirs.

Poise is Power—square jawed and firm set.

When Blame all seems to come your way; when the fingers of Fault-finders all seem centred in front of your face; when Failure after Failure files into your door; when former Friends form into foes; when Clouds creep onward, black and threatening—then's the time for Poise!

Then's the time to face the Crowd and cut the air with your command of Confidence and—Poise.

The Cool heads are the Battle winners.

And you who are ruling and condescending through the art of Poise, you are "making Hay while the Sun shines," you are preserving Peace by being prepared for War.

The Strong Man always Listens—and Thinks. In such an attitude he can consider and weigh with Justice and rare Freedom the most puzzling problems. Poise to such a man is like going to the bank with funds to Invest.

Poise put into a Character balances and proportions it—makes it fit and formidable.

How many times you have seen the Man of Action at his desk, calm and collected—with plenty of time for anything important—while about him is confusion and an atmosphere of importance that is, after all charged with very little importance.

Study out and apply the Power of Poise. Poise starts when you begin to eliminate Fear and Disorder.

YOUR BOY IS YOUR GREATEST INTEREST.

When you first got him, that son of yours was the most wonderful thing in the world, you told yourself that always he and you would be pals.

Now, suddenly emerging from your own affairs, you are faced with the realization that he is growing up, that he and you are "out of touch." Your boy again is your greatest interest.

The years between ten and twenty mark the turning of the tide in a boy's life. Then boys often think parents unreasonable, harsh, unsympathetic. Parents often think boys secretive, unresponsive, callous. Left to chance, a boy in his 'teens may become anything. A mistake may be fatal.

Put a pin in your faith in the future and a nail in the lid of your past.

The need in this country to-day is not so much for a real job for every man, as a real man for every job.

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 Property insured at Tariff Rates. Losses Liberally and Promptly Settled.
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AGENTS for NEWFOUNDLAND.

Hard Work Means Success

There never was a goal worth getting but you must work to attain. You must suffer and bleed for it, cling to your creed for it. Fall and go at it again.

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 dissipation. 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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 St. John's, Newfoundland

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 heave to if 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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