

Monuments - Headstones

If you want a first-class Headstone or Monument, send to
Chislett's Marble Works

We carry the LARGEST STOCK and BEST FINISHED WORK in the City.

Entire Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Our Carving and Lettering pleases everyone. We are now booking orders for

Spring Delivery.

DESIGNS and PHOTOS of our own work sent everywhere FREE.

Write to

Chislett's Marble Works

208 Water Street, ST. JOHN'S P. O. Box 86

Newfoundland Government Postal Telegraphs and Cable Service

Covers the whole of Newfoundland with Telegraph and Telephone Service.

Has Wireless connection with Shipping, via Cape Race, Fogo and Labrador, via Battle Harbor.

Gives quick service to Canada and the United States, and all benefits of reduced low rates for night messages. Direct service to Great Britain at rates as low as 6 cents a word.

Earnings go to Newfoundland Revenue, and the business is handled by officials sworn to secrecy.

DAVID STOTT,

Superintendent

G. W. LeMESSURIER

Deputy Min. Posts & Telegraph

April 19, 23



ROTHWELL & BOWRING LIMITED

DISTRIBUTORS.

C. CHESLEY BUTT, HARBOR GRACE, BROKER.

Nfld. Government Railway

Railway and Steamship Service

Travel and Ship your Freight by our Railway and Steamship Service. It affords its patrons the speediest, safest and best Service.

Nfld. Government Railway

Victor The King of Flours.

GEORGE NEAL Limited
Wholesale Only.

Advertise in The Bay
Roberts Guardian

LUCY GRAHAM'S SECRET

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XI.
THE MARK UPON MY LADY'S WRIST

Robert found Sir Michael and Lady Audley in the drawing-room. My lady was sitting on a music-stool before the grand piano, turning over the leaves of some new music. She looked upon the revolving seat, raising a rustling with her flounces as Mr. Robert Audley's name was announced; then, leaving the piano, turning over the leaves of some new music. She twirled upon the revolving seat, making a rustling with her silk flounces, as Mr. Robert Audley's name was announced; then, leaving the piano, she made her nephew a pretty, mock ceremonious courtesy.

"Thank you so much for the sables," she said, holding out her little fingers, all glittering and twinkling with the diamonds she wore upon them; "thank you for those beautiful sables. How good it was of you to get them for me."

Robert had almost forgotten the commission he had executed for Lady Audley during his Russian expedition. His mind was so full of George Talboys that he only acknowledged my lady's gratitude by a bow.

"Would you believe it, Sir Michael?" he said. "That foolish chum of mine has gone back to London, leaving me in the lurch."

"Mr. George Talboys returned to town?" exclaimed my lady, lifting her eyebrows.

"What a dreadful catastrophe!" said Alicia, maliciously, "since Pythias, in the person of Mr. Robert Audley, cannot exist for half an hour without Damon commonly known as George Talboys."

"He's a very good fellow," Robert said, stoutly; "and to tell the honest truth, I'm rather uneasy about him."

"Uneasy about him!" My lady was quite anxious to know why Robert was uneasy about his friend.

"I'll tell you why, Lady Audley," answered the young barrister. "George had a bitter blow a year ago in the death of his wife. He has never got over that trouble. He takes life pretty quietly—almost as quietly, as I do—but he often talks very strangely, and I sometimes think that one day this grief will get the better of him and he will do something rash."

Mr. Robert Audley spoke vaguely, but all three of his listeners knew that the something rash to which he alluded was that one deed, for which there is no repentance.

There was a brief pause, during which Lady Audley arranged her eyes low ringlets by the aid of the glass over the console table opposite to her.

"Dear me!" she said, "this is very strange. I did not think men were capable of these deep and lasting affections. I thought that one pretty face was as good as another pretty face to them; and that when number one with blue eyes and fair hair died they had only to look out for number two, with dark eyes and black hair, by way of variety."

"George Talboys is not one of those men. I firmly believe that his wife's death broke his heart."

"What a dreadful catastrophe!" said Alicia, maliciously, "since Pythias, in the person of Mr. Robert Audley, cannot exist for half an hour without Damon commonly known as George Talboys."

"He's a very good fellow," Robert said, stoutly; "and to tell the honest truth, I'm rather uneasy about him."

"Uneasy about him!" My lady was quite anxious to know why Robert was uneasy about his friend.

"I'll tell you why, Lady Audley," answered the young barrister. "George had a bitter blow a year ago in the death of his wife. He has never got over that trouble. He takes life pretty quietly—almost as quietly, as I do—but he often talks very strangely, and I sometimes think that one day this grief will get the better of him and he will do something rash."

Mr. Robert Audley spoke vaguely, but all three of his listeners knew that the something rash to which he alluded was that one deed, for which there is no repentance.

There was a brief pause, during which Lady Audley arranged her eyes low ringlets by the aid of the glass over the console table opposite to her.

"Dear me!" she said, "this is very strange. I did not think men were capable of these deep and lasting affections. I thought that one pretty face was as good as another pretty face to them; and that when number one with blue eyes and fair hair died they had only to look out for number two, with dark eyes and black hair, by way of variety."

"George Talboys is not one of those men. I firmly believe that his wife's death broke his heart."

"What a dreadful catastrophe!" said Alicia, maliciously, "since Pythias, in the person of Mr. Robert Audley, cannot exist for half an hour without Damon commonly known as George Talboys."

"He's a very good fellow," Robert said, stoutly; "and to tell the honest truth, I'm rather uneasy about him."

"Uneasy about him!" My lady was quite anxious to know why Robert was uneasy about his friend.

"I'll tell you why, Lady Audley," answered the young barrister. "George had a bitter blow a year ago in the death of his wife. He has never got over that trouble. He takes life pretty quietly—almost as quietly, as I do—but he often talks very strangely, and I sometimes think that one day this grief will get the better of him and he will do something rash."

Mr. Robert Audley spoke vaguely, but all three of his listeners knew that the something rash to which he alluded was that one deed, for which there is no repentance.

There was a brief pause, during which Lady Audley arranged her eyes low ringlets by the aid of the glass over the console table opposite to her.

"How sad!" murmured Lady Audley. "It seems almost cruel of Mrs. Talboys to die, and grieve her poor husband so much."

"Alicia was right, she is childish," thought Robert as he looked at his aunt's pretty face.

My lady was very charming at the dinner-table; she professed the most bewitching incapacity for carving, raising a rustling set before her, and called Robert to her assistance.

"I could carve a leg of mutton at Mr. Dawson's," she said, laughing; "but a leg of mutton is so easy, and when I used to stand up."

Sir Michael watched the impression my lady made upon his nephew with a proud delight in her beauty and fascination.

"I am so glad to see my poor little woman in her usual good spirits once more," he said. "She was very down-hearted yesterday at a disappointment she met with in London."

"A disappointment!"

"Yes, Mr. Audley, a very cruel one," answered my lady. "I received the other morning a telegraphic message from my dear old friend and school-mistress, telling me that she was dying, and that if I wanted to see her again, I must hasten to her immediately. The telegraphic dispatch contained no address, and of course, from that very circumstance, I imagined that she must be living in the house in which I left her three years ago. Sir Michael and I hurry up to town immediately and drove straight to the old address. The house was occupied by strange people, who could give me no tidings of my friend. It is in a retired place where there are very few tradespeople about. Sir Michael made enquiries at the few shops there are, but, after taking an immense amount of trouble could discover nothing whatever likely to lead to the information we wanted. I have no friends in London, and had there been one to assist me except my dear, generous husband, who did all in his power, but in vain, to find my friend's new residence."

(To be continued.)

"What a dreadful catastrophe!" said Alicia, maliciously, "since Pythias, in the person of Mr. Robert Audley, cannot exist for half an hour without Damon commonly known as George Talboys."

"He's a very good fellow," Robert said, stoutly; "and to tell the honest truth, I'm rather uneasy about him."

"Uneasy about him!" My lady was quite anxious to know why Robert was uneasy about his friend.

"I'll tell you why, Lady Audley," answered the young barrister. "George had a bitter blow a year ago in the death of his wife. He has never got over that trouble. He takes life pretty quietly—almost as quietly, as I do—but he often talks very strangely, and I sometimes think that one day this grief will get the better of him and he will do something rash."

Mr. Robert Audley spoke vaguely, but all three of his listeners knew that the something rash to which he alluded was that one deed, for which there is no repentance.

There was a brief pause, during which Lady Audley arranged her eyes low ringlets by the aid of the glass over the console table opposite to her.

"Dear me!" she said, "this is very strange. I did not think men were capable of these deep and lasting affections. I thought that one pretty face was as good as another pretty face to them; and that when number one with blue eyes and fair hair died they had only to look out for number two, with dark eyes and black hair, by way of variety."

"George Talboys is not one of those men. I firmly believe that his wife's death broke his heart."

"What a dreadful catastrophe!" said Alicia, maliciously, "since Pythias, in the person of Mr. Robert Audley, cannot exist for half an hour without Damon commonly known as George Talboys."

"He's a very good fellow," Robert said, stoutly; "and to tell the honest truth, I'm rather uneasy about him."

"Uneasy about him!" My lady was quite anxious to know why Robert was uneasy about his friend.

"I'll tell you why, Lady Audley," answered the young barrister. "George had a bitter blow a year ago in the death of his wife. He has never got over that trouble. He takes life pretty quietly—almost as quietly, as I do—but he often talks very strangely, and I sometimes think that one day this grief will get the better of him and he will do something rash."

Mr. Robert Audley spoke vaguely, but all three of his listeners knew that the something rash to which he alluded was that one deed, for which there is no repentance.

There was a brief pause, during which Lady Audley arranged her eyes low ringlets by the aid of the glass over the console table opposite to her.

"Dear me!" she said, "this is very strange. I did not think men were capable of these deep and lasting affections. I thought that one pretty face was as good as another pretty face to them; and that when number one with blue eyes and fair hair died they had only to look out for number two, with dark eyes and black hair, by way of variety."

"George Talboys is not one of those men. I firmly believe that his wife's death broke his heart."

"What a dreadful catastrophe!" said Alicia, maliciously, "since Pythias, in the person of Mr. Robert Audley, cannot exist for half an hour without Damon commonly known as George Talboys."

"He's a very good fellow," Robert said, stoutly; "and to tell the honest truth, I'm rather uneasy about him."

"Uneasy about him!" My lady was quite anxious to know why Robert was uneasy about his friend.

"I'll tell you why, Lady Audley," answered the young barrister. "George had a bitter blow a year ago in the death of his wife. He has never got over that trouble. He takes life pretty quietly—almost as quietly, as I do—but he often talks very strangely, and I sometimes think that one day this grief will get the better of him and he will do something rash."

Mr. Robert Audley spoke vaguely, but all three of his listeners knew that the something rash to which he alluded was that one deed, for which there is no repentance.

There was a brief pause, during which Lady Audley arranged her eyes low ringlets by the aid of the glass over the console table opposite to her.

"Dear me!" she said, "this is very strange. I did not think men were capable of these deep and lasting affections. I thought that one pretty face was as good as another pretty face to them; and that when number one with blue eyes and fair hair died they had only to look out for number two, with dark eyes and black hair, by way of variety."

"George Talboys is not one of those men. I firmly believe that his wife's death broke his heart."

"What a dreadful catastrophe!" said Alicia, maliciously, "since Pythias, in the person of Mr. Robert Audley, cannot exist for half an hour without Damon commonly known as George Talboys."

"He's a very good fellow," Robert said, stoutly; "and to tell the honest truth, I'm rather uneasy about him."

collecting line; having already passed the hundred dollar mark. The local traders are interested in the scheme. We fitted out the school in the evening. Worked late at correspondence.

Sunday, Mar. 2nd.

Raining! Wind S.W. I suppose it will be freezing in June to restore the balance! Poor attendance at Mattins. I must get on the go about when I come back from North. Evensong a little better. Spent another late night at desk, as expect to get away on the morrow.

Monday, Mar. 3rd.

Frosty and clear, but too late to mend the going. Getting very worried about the state of our school, the children have had so little.

Tuesday, Mar. 4th.

Still anxiously awaiting Dick's arrival. Another mild is the only remedy for this shell, and that may not be for months. Find Mrs. John Mesher steadily improving in health.

Wednesday, Mar. 5th.

Just after breakfast, Dick Bird arrived with a team of six dogs, rather small for our trip, but I am adding old Turk and also have a fine little whale-bone shod komatik, which is worth another couple of dogs in the mild weather. Spent morning packing up our load and dog-feed. Got off after dinner and crossed the bay to North River, the poor dogs bleeding at the feet all the way over. Spent night at Jim Williams'. Sam Pottle arrived on his return from Battle Harbour, where he had been on a special trip for Revillon Perres from North West River. Both he and his dogs looked pretty well played out. I also met Mr. Doan on his way back from the Northern parts of Labrador. For several weeks the wildest rumors has been coming in concerning the effect of the Spanish flu down there in the fall, and now at last one was able to get first-hand evidence from one who had been in the locality. The actual facts were worse than any of the rumors, and our own troubles and losses at once sank into the shade. In Okkak, one of the largest Esquimaux settlements, two hundred had died out of a population of two hundred and fifty-three. With the addition of Hebron, and the various scattered families, there had died over three hundred people. The seriousness of this calamity cannot be fully realized yet. It means at any rate the end of the Esquimaux race on the coast of Labrador. Okkak was the one place where a pure stock of Esquimaux existed, and the Moravian missionaries had hopes of keeping it so. Now, there is just one pure-blooded native left and he is not expected to live. The missionaries have closed down the settlement and removed the few remaining families. Mr. Doan had many terrible stories to tell. In one place on a small island where fifteen sealers had been hunting, all that was found of them was a heap of bones. The dogs had completely devoured the rest of them. The same was the case in the larger places, the dogs tearing the bodies wholesale. In one place, where all the people had died, a little girl was picked up still breathing from among a big heap of dead. Two young boys from a neighbouring settlement had been peeping about the houses, when suddenly they had seen what they thought was a ghost—something moving past the window. On relating their experience to some of the men of the place that there might be someone still living among the dead, and very pluckily they set off to investigate. They found this little girl, and were just in time to save her life. The burying of the dead had been a hard matter to deal with. A hundred were buried in one long trench. "And there was laid at his gate a beggar full of sores!" although civilization with all its comforts and remedies refuses to see that it is so.

Thursday, Mar. 6th.

Just after breakfast, Dick Bird arrived with a team of six dogs, rather small for our trip, but I am adding old Turk and also have a fine little whale-bone shod komatik, which is worth another couple of dogs in the mild weather. Spent morning packing up our load and dog-feed. Got off after dinner and crossed the bay to North River, the poor dogs bleeding at the feet all the way over. Spent night at Jim Williams'. Sam Pottle arrived on his return from Battle Harbour, where he had been on a special trip for Revillon Perres from North West River. Both he and his dogs looked pretty well played out. I also met Mr. Doan on his way back from the Northern parts of Labrador. For several weeks the wildest rumors has been coming in concerning the effect of the Spanish flu down there in the fall, and now at last one was able to get first-hand evidence from one who had been in the locality. The actual facts were worse than any of the rumors, and our own troubles and losses at once sank into the shade. In Okkak, one of the largest Esquimaux settlements, two hundred had died out of a population of two hundred and fifty-three. With the addition of Hebron, and the various scattered families, there had died over three hundred people. The seriousness of this calamity cannot be fully realized yet. It means at any rate the end of the Esquimaux race on the coast of Labrador. Okkak was the one place where a pure stock of Esquimaux existed, and the Moravian missionaries had hopes of keeping it so. Now, there is just one pure-blooded native left and he is not expected to live. The missionaries have closed down the settlement and removed the few remaining families. Mr. Doan had many terrible stories to tell. In one place on a small island where fifteen sealers had been hunting, all that was found of them was a heap of bones. The dogs had completely devoured the rest of them. The same was the case in the larger places, the dogs tearing the bodies wholesale. In one place, where all the people had died, a little girl was picked up still breathing from among a big heap of dead. Two young boys from a neighbouring settlement had been peeping about the houses, when suddenly they had seen what they thought was a ghost—something moving past the window. On relating their experience to some of the men of the place that there might be someone still living among the dead, and very pluckily they set off to investigate. They found this little girl, and were just in time to save her life. The burying of the dead had been a hard matter to deal with. A hundred were buried in one long trench. "And there was laid at his gate a beggar full of sores!" although civilization with all its comforts and remedies refuses to see that it is so.

Friday, Feb. 28th.

Much snow fell in the night. Preparation work occupies all my time now. In the evening I had a meeting of the women to discuss arrangements for the Easter tea-party, which greatly assists our school funds. Everything went off well, and I expect a good success. Mrs. Parsons is a great asset to our strength. After tea I had a full meeting of the men to discuss the idea of forming a mens club. Cartwright is only a small place but it is a busy trading centre, and at times there are a good many "Comers and Goers" as we call them, in the place. Often the bad weather keeps these storm-bound, and time hangs very heavily on their hands. The result of our meeting was to launch a club to be known as the Cartwright Y. M. C. A. All the men present joined tonight, and the secretary was commissioned to start in collecting. For the present I placed the school at their disposal. The idea is to raise sufficient funds to build a clubhouse.

Saturday, March 1st.

Snowing all the time. A bad look out for my trip! The secretary of our club is doing famously in the

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?

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?

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?

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?

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?

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?

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?

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?

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?

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?

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?

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?

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?

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?

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?

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?

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?

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?

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?

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?



THE REAL SPRING TONIC

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. Giving strength and energy to the most delicate persons, this great medicine, is daily becoming more favourably known everywhere. In Bay Roberts and vicinity, it is possible to get Dr. Chase's Nerve Food from any Drug Gist or Dealer.

For a Good Spring Tonic, take

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

GERALD S. DOYLE, St. John's, Distributor

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. Fail 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 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 otherwise. 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

Brick's Tasteless Cod Liver Oil
PRICE \$1.20 BOTTLE

Dr. F. Stafford & Son

Wholesale, Retail Chemists and Druggist
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

Real Economy

The House Wife knows that it is Economical in every sense of the word when she uses

VERBENA FLOUR

W. A. Munn, Wholesale Agent

TECHNICAL LANGUAGE

"How do you feel?" asked the physician who had called to attend the seamstress. "Oh, sew, sew, but I seem worse to-day and have stitches in my side." The doctor hemmed and told her she would mend soon.