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April 19, 23



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LUCY GRAHAM'S SECRET

(Continued.)

But Mrs. Maloney could not give a plain answer. It might have been ten minutes; though she didn't think it was as much. It might have been a quarter of an hour; but she was sure it wasn't more. It didn't seem to her more than five minutes, but "thim stairs, your honor," and here she rambled off into a disquisition upon the scouring of stairs in general, and the stairs outside Robert's chambers in particular.

Mr. Audley sighed the weary sigh of mournful resignation.

"Never mind, Mrs. M.," he said; "the locksmith had plenty of time to do anything he wanted to do, I dare say, without your being any the wiser."

Mrs. Maloney stared at her employer with mingled surprise and alarm.

"Sure, there wasn't anything for him to stale, your honor, barrin' the birds and the geraniums, and—"

"None, I understand. There, that'll do, Mrs. M. Tell me where the man lives, and I'll go and see him."

"But you'll have a bit of dinner first, sir?"

"I'll go and see the locksmith before I have my dinner."

He took up his hat as he announced his determination, and walked toward the door.

"The man's address, Mrs. M.?"

The Irishwoman directed him to a small street at the back of St. Bride's Church, and thither Mr. Robert Audley quietly strolled, through the miry slush which simple Londoners call snow.

He found the locksmith, and, at the sacrifice of the crown of his hat, contrived to enter the low, narrow doorway of a little open shop. A jet of gas was flaring in the unglazed window, and there was a very merry party in the little room behind the shop; but no one responded to Robert's "Halloo!" The reason of this was sufficiently obvious. The merry party was so much absorbed in its own merriment as to be deaf to all commonplace summonses from the outer world; and it was only when Robert, advancing further into the cavernous little shop, made so bold as to open the half-glass door which separated him from the merry-makers, that he succeeded in obtaining their attention.

A very jovial picture of the Teners school was presented to Mr. Robert Audley upon the opening of this door.

The locksmith, with his wife and family, and two or three droppers-in of the female sex, were clustered about a table, which was adorned by two bottles; not vulgar bottles of that colorless extract of the juniper berry, much affected by the masses; but of bona fide port and sherry—ferociously strong sherry, which left a tarry taste in the mouth, nut-brown sherry—rather unnaturally brown, if anything—and fine old port; no sickly vintage, faded and thin from excessive age; but a rich, full-bodied wine, sweet and substantial and high colored.

The locksmith was speaking as Robert Audley opened the door.

"And with that," he said, "she walked off, as graceful as you please."

The whole party was thrown into

to confusion by the appearance of Mr. Audley, but it was to be observed that the locksmith was more embarrassed than his companions. He set down his glass so hurriedly that he spilt his wine, and wiped his mouth nervously with the back of his dirty hand.

"You called at my chambers to-day," Robert said, quietly. "Don't let me disturb you, ladies." This to the droppers-in. "You called at my chambers to-day, Mr. White, and—"

The man interrupted him.

"I hope, sir, you will be so good as to look over the mistake," he stammered. "I'm sure, sir, I'm very sorry it should have occurred. I was sent for to another gentleman's chambers, Mr. Aulwih, in Garden Court; and the name slipped my memory; and havin' done odd jobs before for you, I thought it must be you, as wanted me to-day; and I called at Mrs. Maloney's for the key accordin'; but directly I see the locks in your chambers, I says to myself, the gentleman's locks ain't out of order; the gentleman don't want all his locks repaired."

"But you stayed half an hour."

"Yes sir; for there was one lock out of order—the door nearest the staircase—and I took it off and cleaned it and put it on again. I won't charge you nothin' for the job, and I hope as you'll be as good as to look over the mistake as has occurred, which I've been in business thirteen years come July, and—"

"Nothing of this kind ever happened before, I suppose," said Robert, gravely. "No, it's altogether a singular kind of business, not likely to come about every day. You've been enjoying yourself this evening I see, Mr. White. You've done a good stroke of work to-day, I'll wager—made a luck hit, and you're what you call 'standing treat,' eh?"

(To be continued.)

THE VOYAGE OF THE S.S. GREENLAND, 1891.

(H. F. SHORTIS in The Telegram)

In looking over some old papers the other day I came across the following verses depicting the voyage of the S.S. "Greenland," Capt. Henry Dawe, in 1891. It is well that such old songs should be preserved, as they, in many instances, relate to most important events in connection with the seal-fishing and other great industries of our country—in fact they are really history in verse. I think this song was given me by Mr. R. S. Munn, of Harbor Grace, who is quite a walking encyclopedia on all matters connected with the seal-fishing, etc., and this is not to be wondered at when it was stated by the late Robert Brown, Bank Manager, that his great grandfather, Capt. Billy Munden "taught them all their business in the early part of the past century." However, these old songs should be preserved, and we had many local poets in the past whose efforts were of a very high order and their songs were sung by the sealers, fishermen, on board their ships, as well as at weddings, social gatherings, etc., but lately they dropped out to give place to such trash as "We have no bananas to-day," and other senseless rubbish. We have in our midst to-day one whose poetic efforts are really classic, and would take a prominent place in the literature of any country. I refer to Mr. Dan Carrol. He is undoubtedly our poet laureate, and stands on a pedestal of his own. But the following lines have the regular swing of the old-time Newfoundland sealer about them, and are certainly worthy of notice. They were composed in the engine-room of the S.S. Greenland (of which ship the large-hearted and gentlemanly late Frederick Martin was chief) and I think were the joint production of George Sheppard, brother of John F. Sheppard of Spaniard's Bay, and Hector Martin. Anyhow, they were the principals. Our countryman, William Duff, formerly of Carbonear, and now a prominent member of the Canadian

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an Parliament, was on board during the trip. Some years ago St. John's could boast of many popular poets, such as Quigley, Power, Clarke and Grace, and we have one amongst us to-day, still hale and hearty, in the person of Mr. Jas. Murphy, who has contributed more than his quota of local songs, as well as preserving the songs of others, during the past quarter of a century. The following is a copy of the song composed on board the Greenland:—

THE SEALING VOYAGE OF THE S.S. "GREENLAND" 1891.

All ye who love old Newfoundland
And her sons who plough the sea
Mid summers' suns and winters
snows

So bold and fearlessly;
Please pay attention for a while
And I will sing to you
A song about the "Greenland"
And her hearty sealing crew.

We've just arrived at Hr. Grace
From the southern whitecoat patch,
The hold with oily pelts is stowed
Cock up to every hatch.

We were the first to strike them.
A fact, deny who can
And not a ball was chewed for us
By our sister ship the "Van."

When the captain left the bridge to-day
And on the wharf did stand.
Full many were the friends he met
And shook his greasy hand.

He's a hardy Newfoundland
Henry Dawe it is his name,
And he is a bold commander
When on the raging main.

On the morning of the 10th of March
From the offing of Greenspon'
To get her "links in motion"
It did not take us long.

And Freddy was so anxious
To see that all was right,
He went "round her" like a paper
man

'Til twelve o'clock that night.

Our pumps were in good order
The condenser it was clean,
The pistons worked like magic
And were well supplied with
steam.

We were all in good condition
To face the northern jam,
And to keep the head position
The chief "rove" every man.

The Captain wore a smile that day,
Upon his handsome face,
And he says "Those Dundee Grey-
hounds' boys

For us will have a chase.
So loose your topsails, fore and aft,
To catch the 'Sot' West wind,
And down off the Grey Islands
The seals we'll surely find."

A family of hoods was first
On us to make a call.
On the evening of the 12th
We heard a whitecoat bawl—
Then next morning very early
Full equipped was every man.
With spirits right, soon as 'twas
light

The seals commenced to pan,
The slaughter then was dreadful
'Tis useless to describe:
From East to West for miles around
The ice was crimson dyed.
Sharp knives and bats did deadly
work

And when the day was done
Twice seven thousand scalps were
flagged,
Beneath the setting sun.

The Captain throughout all the trip
Never swore upon his crew,
He knew their sterling value,
And their duty they would do.
And when the ship was loaded
And we were homeward bound,
At the calling of the roll, each man
Turned up both safe and sound.

And as we neared the Harbor Bar
We steamed her slowly in,
With her colors gaily flying
And as deep as 'she could swim.
And people gathered on the wharf
From every street and lane,
To welcome back the sealers
From off the stormy main.

And now we're home for Easter—
At the "hop" we'll swing the girls
With their neat wire form improvers,
And Dolly Varden curls.
"Nice" folks may perhaps laugh at
us
But they don't understand,
That the boys in oily jumpers
Are the pride of Newfoundland.

And now three cheers for Captain
Dawe,
And long may he command
A gallant ship and hardy crew,
From dear old Newfoundland.
And I hope success he'll always get
When in the Northern seas.
And may his "big jib" always draw,
Filled with a moderate breeze.

ONE OF HER CREW.
Hr. Grace, March 25th, 1891.

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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.

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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 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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