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DAVID STOTT,

Superintendent

G. W. LeMESSURIER

Deputy Min. Posts & Telegraph

April 19, 23



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## LUCY GRAHAM'S SECRET

(Continued.)

Robert Audley sighed wearily as he replaced the things in the empty box one by one, as he had taken them out. He stopped with the little heap of tattered books in his hand, and hesitated for a moment. "I will keep these out," he muttered, "there may be something to help me in one of them."

George's library was no very brilliant collection of literature. There was an old Greek Testament and the Eton Latin Grammar; a French pamphlet on the cavalry sword-exercise; and odd volume of Tom Jones with one half of its stiff leather cover hanging to it by a thread; Byron's Don Juan, printed in a murderous type, which must have been invented for the special advantage of oculists and opticians; and a fat book in faded gilt and crimson cover.

Robert Audley locked the trunk and took the books under his arm. Mrs. Maloney was clearing away the remains of his repast when he returned to the sitting-room. He put the books aside on a little table in a corner of the fire-place, and waited patiently while the laundress finished her work. He was in no humor even for his meerschaum console; the yellow-papered fictions on the shelves above his head seemed stale and profitless—he opened a volume of Balzac, but his uncle's wife's golden curls danced and trembled in a glittering haze, alike upon the metaphysical diablerie of the *Peau de Chagrin*, and the hideous social horrors of "Cousine Bette." The volume dropped from his hand, and he sat wearily watching Mrs. Maloney as she swept up the ashes on the hearth, replenished the fire, drew the dark damask curtains, supplied the simple wants of the canaries, and put on her bonnet in the disused clerk's office, prior to bidding her employer good-night. As the door closed upon the Irishwoman, he arose impatiently from his chair, and paced up and down the room.

"Why do I go on with this," he said, "when I know that it is leading me, step by step, day by day, hour by hour, nearer to that conclusion which, of all others, I should avoid? Am I tied to a wheel, and must I go with its every revolution, let it take me where it will? Or can I sit down here to-night and say I have done my duty to my missing friend, I have searched for him patiently, but I have searched in vain: Should I be justified in doing this? Should I be justified in letting the chain which I have slowly put together, link by link, drop at this point or must I go on adding fresh links to that fatal chain until the last rivet drops into its place and the circle is complete? I think, and I believe, that I shall never see my friend's face again; and that no exertion of mine can ever be of any benefit to him. In plainer, crueler words I believe him to be dead. Am I bound to discover how and where he died? or being, as I think, on the road to that discovery, shall I do a wrong to the memory of George Talboys by turning back or stopping still? What am I to do?—what am I to do?"

He rested his elbows on his knees, and buried his face in his hands. The

one purpose which had slowly grown up in his careless nature until it had become powerful enough to work a change in that very nature, made him what he had never been before—a Christian; conscious of his own weakness; anxious to keep to the strict line of duty; fearful to swerve from the conscientious discharge of the strange task that had been forced upon him; and reliant on a stronger hand than his own to point the way which he was to go. Perhaps he uttered his first earnest prayer that night, seated by his lonely fireside, thinking of George Talboys. When he raised his head from that long and silent reverie his eyes had a bright, determined glance, and every feature in his face seemed to wear a new expression.

"Justice to the dead first," he said; "mercy to the living afterward."

He wheeled his easy-chair to the table trimmed the lamp, and settled himself to the examination of his books. He took them up, one by one, and looked carefully through them, first looking at the page on which the name of the owner is ordinarily written, and then searching for any scrap of paper which might have been left within the leaves. On the first page of the Eton Latin Grammar the name of Master Talboys was written in a prim, scholastic hand; the French pamphlet had a careless G. T. scrawled on the cover in pencil, in George's big, slovenly calligraphy; the Tom Jones had evidently been bought at a book stall, and bore an inscription, dated March 14th, 1788, setting forth that the book was a tribute of respect to Mr. Thos. Scroton, from his obedient servant, James Anderly, the Don Juan and the Testament were blank. Robert Audley breathed a little more freely; he had arrived at the last but one of the books without any result whatever, and there remained the fat gilt-and-crimson-bound volume to be examined before his task was finished.

(To be continued.)

### Others

The best, the most successful, of the human race do not live for self-enjoyment or fame. Their highest motive is to help those not so well favored as themselves.

"OTHERS"—the greatest motto that ever could be chosen as the guiding motive of life—has been the aspiration of many of the world's noblest heroes. Jesus of Nazareth, our Saviour, had this thought constantly before Him. We read His own words in Matthew 20:28, "The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." George Washington gave his best to the service of others. It was the thought of others that sent Robert Moffat, David Livingstone, John Patterson, and John Williams to their dangerous posts of duty.

There is not a place, nor a condition, in the whole, wide world, which can stop one who has the thought of his fellow men uppermost in his mind. This consideration for others has sent men to darkest Africa, to heathen India and China, to the neglected Continent, and even to the cannibal Isles of the sea. No condition is too hard for them to conquer by the aid of God.

The greatest thing in the world is to work for others. You ask, "Why?" Because our Master came to this earth, not for His own pleasure, but to save sinful men. He is our Pattern. Let us follow in His steps.

### WAS THAT SOMEBODY YOU?

"Somebody did a golden deed; Somebody proved a friend in need; Somebody sang a beautiful song; Somebody smiled the whole day long; Somebody thought, 'Tis sweet to live'; Somebody said, 'I'm glad to give'; Somebody fought a valiant fight; Somebody lived to shield the right; Was that somebody you?"

There are no great benefits from scientific achievement apart from moral progress.

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 OFFICE

### PLAY LIFE'S GAME AS MEN.

Let us play life's game as men,  
Let's stand face front to fate,  
Though worsted now and then  
Let's not give way to hate.  
Let us be brave and bold  
Whatever may come our way,  
And when the dirge is tolled  
Above our lifeless clay  
Of us let it be said  
By those who stand and sigh,  
A true friend goes ahead,  
A man is passing by.

Let us play life's game as men,  
And not as pampered youth;  
Knocked down, let's rise again  
To battle for the truth.  
Let's take our share of blows,  
Though battered, bruised and faint,  
And bear our little woes  
Sometimes without complaint,  
Let us not wail and whine  
Because our skies are grey,  
Heads up, with courage fine,  
Let's meet what comes our way.

### PROTESTS AGAINST THE PLAYING OF "MAH JONGG."

A protest against the playing of Mah Jongg by American church members on the ground that it is the leading gambling device in China, by means of which as much as \$1,000,000 is won or lost in a single night, has been made by National Christian Council of China, according to a recent statement made by Rev. Paul Hutchinson of the committee on conservation and advancement of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The adoption of the game in America has appalled Christians in China, and has brought about a critical situation in Chinese churches where the playing of the game previously has been frowned upon.

### ENQUIRY POSTPONED

The preliminary enquiry into the schooner Willis C., which has been conducted before the Magistrate's Court for several weeks past has been postponed indefinitely. This has come about owing to several witnesses residing in Green Bay being unable to reach the city on account of ice conditions.—Telegram.

### LATEST ATLANTIC CABLE

Work on the latest complete cable circuit between America and Europe has been completed, the American end being landed on Long Island and the European end at Havre, France. In the Azores Islands it was connected with a cable to London by way of Waterville, Ireland. Its length is about 3,000 miles. The copper conductor in it is larger than any heretofore used, weighing 1,100 pounds to the nautical mile. In the making of the new cable there were more than 4,000,000 pounds of copper, 1,800,000 pounds of iron and steel wire. The deep-sea portion of the cable is a little more than an inch and a quarter in diameter, and it rests on the bottom of the ocean at depths varying from 10,000 to 17,000 feet. It is capable of transmitting 1,200 letters per minute, 600 in each direction at the same time. This is the first cable laid across the Atlantic since 1910.

### THE IMPOSSIBLE

We need a faith that will enable us to do the impossible. One of the boys who was badly wounded at the battle of Chateau-Thierry was carried back to the hospital. When the surgeons began their work on him, his whole soul was still aflame with the enthusiasm of the fight, and looking up in the face of the surgeon, he said, "I tell you, sir, they did things out there that can't be done." May we catch that spirit which shall lead us to do things that cannot be done.

This is a "fast age," literally as well as figuratively. There is no time for meditation on the deeper things of life. Serious thoughts are banished because they tend to check the delicious pace. Men are paying with their souls for this speed of body and mind.

"Go slow; you may meet a fool," are the words on a signboard along the highway at a very dangerous curve near a Florida town. Other signs read: "This road is not fool-proof; don't speed." "Go slow, see our city; go fast, see our jail." Public highways are not "fool-proof." Neither is the way of this life from the cradle to the kingdom "fool-proof."

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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. 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, Falling, 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

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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."

74.—(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

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