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April 19, 23



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LUCY GRAHAM'S SECRET

(Continued.)

But Christmas brought visitors to the rambling old mansion. A country squire and his fat wife occupied the tapestried chamber; merry girls scampered up and down the long passages, and young men stared out of the latticed windows, watching for southerly winds and cloudy skies; there was not an empty stall in the roomy old stables; an extempore forge had been set up in the yard for the shoeing of hunters; yelping dogs made the place noisy with their perpetual clamor; strange servants herded together on the garret story; and every little casement hidden away under some pointed gable, and every dormer window in the quaint old roof, glistened upon the winter's night with its separate taper, till, coming suddenly upon Audley Court, the benighted stranger, misled by the light, and noise, and bustle of the place, might have easily fallen into young Marlowe's error, and have mistaken the hospitable mansion for a good, old-fashioned inn, such as have faded from this earth since the last mail coach and prancing titty took their last melancholy journey to the knacker's yard.

Among other visitors Mr. Robert Audley came down to Essex for the hunting season, with half a dozen French novels, a case of cigars, and three pounds of Turkish tobacco in his portmanteau.

The honest young country squire, who talked all breakfast time of Flying Dutchman fillies and Voltigeur colts; of glorious runs of seven hours' hard riding over three counties, and a midnight homeward ride of thirty miles upon their covert hacks; and who ran away from the well-spread table with their mouths full of cold sirloin, to look at that off pasture, or that sprained forearm, or the colt that had just come back from the veterinary surgeon's, set down Robert Audley, dawdling over a slice of bread and marmalade, as a person utterly unworthy of any remark whatsoever.

The young barrister had brought a couple of dogs with him; and the country gentleman who gave fifty pounds for a pointer, and traveled a couple of hundred miles to look at a leash of setters before he struck a bargain, laughed aloud at the two miserable curs, one of which had followed Robert Audley through Chancery Lane, and half the length of Holborn; while his companion had been taken by the barrister's et armis from a coarser-monger who was ill-using him. And as Robert furthermore insisted on having these two deplorable animals under his easy-chair in the drawing room much to the annoyance of my lady, who, as we know, hated all dogs, the visitors at Audley Court looked upon the barrister's nephew as an offensive species of maniac.

During other visits to the Court Robert Audley had made a feeble show of joining in the sports of the merry assembly. He had jogged across half a dozen ploughed fields on a quiet gray pony of Sir Michael's, and drawing up breathless and panting at the door of some farmhouse, had expressed his intention of following the hounds no further that morning. He had even gone so far

as to put on, with great labor, a pair of skates, with a view to taking a turn on the frozen surface of the pond, and had fallen ignominiously at the first attempt, lying placidly extended on the flat of his back until such time as the bystanders should think fit to pick him up. He had occupied the back seat in a dog-cart during a pleasant morning drive vehemently protesting against being taken up hill, and requiring the vehicle to be stopped every ten minutes in order to readjust the cushions. But this year he showed no inclination for any of these outdoor amusements, and he spent his time entirely in lounging in the drawing room, and making himself agreeable, after his own lazy fashion, to my lady and Alicia.

Lady Audley received her nephew's attentions in that graceful half-childish fashion which her admirers found so charming; but Alicia was indignant at the change in her cousin's conduct.

"You were always a poor, spiritless fellow, Bob," said the young lady, contemptuously, as she bounced into the drawing-room in her riding habit after a hunting breakfast, from which Robert had absented himself, preferring a cup of tea in my lady's boudoir; "but this year I don't know what has come to you. You are good for nothing but hold a skein of silk or read Tennyson to Lady Audley."

"My dear, hasty, impetuous Alicia, don't be violent," said the young man imploringly. "A conclusion isn't a five-barred gate; and you needn't give your judgment its head, as you give your mare Atalanta hers, when you're flying across country at the heels of an unfortunate fox. Lady Audley interests me, and my uncle's county friends do not. Is that a sufficient answer, Alicia?"

Miss Audley gave her head a little scornful toss.

"It's as good an answer as I shall ever get from you, Bob," she said, impatiently; "but pray amuse yourself in your own way; lol in an easy chair all day, with those two spoilt dogs asleep on your knees; spoil my lady's window-curtains with your cigars and annoy everybody in the house with your stupid, inanimate countenance."

Mr. Robert Audley opened his handsome gray eyes to their widest extent at this tirade, and looked helplessly at Miss Alicia.

The young lady was walking up and down the room, slashing the skirt of her habit with her riding-whip. Her eyes sparkled with an angry flash, and a crimson glow burned under her clear brown skin. The young barrister knew very well, by these diagnostics, that his cousin was in a passion.

"Yes," she repeated, "your stupid inanimate countenance. Do you know, Robert Audley, that with all your mock amiability, you are brimful of conceit and superciliousness. You look down upon our amusements; you lift up your eyebrows, and shrug your shoulders, and throw yourself back in your chair, and wash your hands of us and our pleasures. You are a selfish, cold-hearted Sybarite!"

"Alicia! Good-gracious-me! The morning paper dropped out of his hands, and he sat feebly staring at his assailant.

"Yes, selfish, Robert Audley! You take home half-starved dogs, because you like half-starved dogs. You stoop down, and pat the head of every good-for-nothing cur in the village street, because you like godforsaken little children. You notice little children, and give them halfpence, because it amuses you to do so. But you lift your eyebrows a quarter of a yard when poor Sir Harry Towers tells a stupid story, and stare the poor fellow out of countenance with your lazy insolence. As to your amiability, you would let a man hit you and say 'Thank you' for the blow, rather than take the trouble to hit him again; but you wouldn't go half a mile out of your way to serve your dearest friend. Sir Harry is worth twenty of you, though he did write to ask if my m-a-r Atalanta had recovered from the sprain. He can't spell, or lift his eyebrows to the roots of his hair; but he would go through fire and water for the girl he loves; while you—"

(To be continued.)

Stall's Books

Rev. T. Albert Moore, D. D., General Secretary of the Dept. of Social Services 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. Stall, 269 pages, cloth binding. Price, postpaid..... \$1.25

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"What a Young Husband Ought to Know," by Dr. Stall, 264 pages, cloth binding. Price, postpaid..... \$1.25

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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 LOCAL NEWSPAPER

(Pictou Advocate)

Our innate modesty would prevent expression of this sentiment, but it was written by another so we pass it on.—Stand by your town newspaper. If there is anything in your town worth while talking about, ten chances to one your little town newspaper had a hand in putting it there, and if there exists any slightly or unsavory nuisance, twenty chances to one it will stay there until your town editor sees it or smells it and wipes his pen on the town board's breeches. If anybody beyond the walls of your berg ever learns that there is such a place as your town it will be through the town oracle. Every town gets its money's worth through the town newspaper. It's the wagon that carries all your goods to market. It ought to be kept in good repair. It will pay to grease it, paint it and keep its running gears in good shape and shelter.

Stand by your local newspaper. It is the guardian and defender of every interest, the forerunner and pioneer of every advance movement, and the sturdy advocate of law and order. Take it away and it would not be six months before the town would look as if it had been doped. Business would drag, society would yawn, and grass would grow between the cobbles.

Miss Jane Russell went to St. John's recently on a visit to her brother, Mr. Edward Russell.

Philip Snowden, recently appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer in the new Labor Govt. of Great Britain, is a cousin of the late Rev. Samuel Snowden. Philip Snowden is a Socialist and a pacifist, a platform speaker, and a thinker. He is in his 60th year.

With a renewal subscription to the Guardian comes these words from Mrs. Chesley Hann, Grand Falls: "We look forward to the Guardian each week as one would look forward to the visit of an old and cherished friend. We all wish your paper the success it deserves."

In a letter received recently from Adj. and Mrs. Roberts, S.A., we learn that they are in charge of No. 1 Corps, Virginia Ave., St. Paul, Minn. They raised on kettles during Christmas week \$2797.73 for the poor, gave out over 600 bushel baskets valued at \$5.50 each to families averaging five in a family. This was beside coal and clothing. They request us to convey to the people of Bay Roberts their best wishes for a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

SPEED and SUSPICION

An automobile manufacturer recently received a visit from a party of distinguished tourists, and for their entertainment had a complete car assembled in something like ten minutes. The daily papers published this feat and a few days later the manufacturer received a telephone call asking if it were true that he had a car assembled in ten minutes. "Yes," replied the manufacturer, "why?" "Oh, nothing," was the calm reply, "only I've got the car."

"Hello, is this you, Abe?" "Sure it's me." "This is Abe Potash I'm talking to?" "Yes, yes. What do you want?" "Well, Abe, I want to borrow fifty dollars for—"

"All right. I'll tell him as soon as he comes in."

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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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

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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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