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April 19, 23



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LUCY GRAHAM'S
SECRET

(Continued.)

Amicable as was my lady's nature, she could not live long at the Court without discovering Alicia's dislike to her. She never alluded to it but once; then, shrugging her graceful white shoulders, she said, with a sigh:

"It seems very hard that you cannot love me, Alicia, for I have never been used to make enemies; but since it seems that it must be so, I cannot help it. If we cannot be friends, let us be neutral. You won't try to injure me?"

"Injure you!" exclaimed Alicia; "how should I injure you?"

"You'll not try to deprive me of your father's affection?"

"I may not be as amiable as you are, my lady, and I may not have the same sweet smiles and pretty words for every stranger I meet, but I am not capable of a contemptible meanness; and even if I were, I think you are so secure of my father's love, that nothing but your own act will ever deprive you of it."

"What a severe creature you are, Alicia!" said my lady, making a little grimace. "I suppose you mean to infer by all that, that I'm deceitful. Why, I can't help smiling at people, and speaking prettily to them. I know I'm no better than the rest of the world; but I can't help it if I'm pleasanter. I'm constitutional."

Alicia having thus entirely shut the door upon all intimacy between Lady Audley and herself, and Sir Michael being chiefly occupied in agricultural pursuits and many sports, which kept him away from home, it was perhaps natural that my lady, being of an eminently social disposition, should find herself thrown a good deal upon her white-cyclashed maid for society.

Phoebe Marks was exactly the sort of a girl who is generally promoted from the post of lady's maid to that of companion. She had just sufficient education to enable her to understand her mistress when Lucy chose to allow herself to run riot in a species of intellectual rantella, in which her tongue went mad to the sound of its own rattle, as the Spanish dancer at the noise of the French language to be able to dip into the yellow-paper-covered novels which my lady ordered from the Burlington Arcade, and to discourse with her mistress upon the questionable subjects of these romances. The likeness which the lady's maid bore to Luck Audley was, perhaps, a point of sympathy between the two women. It was not to be called a striking likeness; a stranger might have seen them both together, and yet have failed to remark it. But there were certain dim and shadowy lights in which, meeting Phoebe Marks glided softly through the dark oak passage of the Court, or under the shrouded avenues in the garden, you might have easily mistaken her for my lady.

Sharp October winds were sweeping the leaves from the lines in the long avenue, and driving them in withered heaps with a hoistly rustling noise along the dry gravel walks. The old well must have been half choked up with the leaves.

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THE GUARDIAN OFFICE

that drifted about it, and whirled in eddying circles into its black, broken mouth. On the still bosom of the fishpond the same withered leaves slowly rotted away, mixing themselves with the tangled weeds that discolored the surface of the water. All the gardeners Sir Michael could employ could not keep the impress of autumn's destroying hand from the grounds around the Court.

"How I hate this desolate month!" my lady said, as she walked about the garden, shivering beneath her sable mantle. "Everything drooping to ruin and decay, and the cold flicker of the sun lighting up the ugliness of the earth, as the glare of gas-lamps lights the wrinkles of an old woman."

"Shall I ever grow old, Phoebe? Will my hair ever drop off as the leaves are falling from those trees, and leave me wan and bare like them? What is to become of me when I grow old?" She shivered at the thought of this more than she had done at the cold, wintry breeze, and muffling herself closely in her fur, walked so fast that her maid had some difficulty in keeping up with her.

"Do you remember, Phoebe," she said presently, relaxing her pace, "do you remember that French story we read—the story of a beautiful woman who had committed some crime—I forget what—in the zenith of her power and loveliness, when all Paris drank to her every night, and when the people ran away from the carriage of the king to flock about hers, and get a peep at her face? Do you remember how she had done for nearly half a century, spending her old age in her family chateau, beloved and honored by all the province as an uncanonized saint and benefactress of the poor; and how, when her hair was white and her eyes almost blind with age, the secret was revealed through one of those strange accidents by which such secrets are always revealed in romances, and she was tried, found guilty, and condemned to be burned alive? The king who had worn her coronet fled and gone; the court of which she had been a star had passed away; powerful functionaries and great magistrates, who might perhaps have helped her, were mouldering in the graves; brave young cavaliers, who would have died for her, had fallen upon distant battle-fields; she had lived to see the age to which she had belonged fade like a dream; and she went to the stake, followed by only a few ignorant country people, who forgot all her bounties, and hooted at her for a wicked sorceress."

(To be continued.)

JOURNAL OF REV. HENRY GORDON

CARTWRIGHT, LABRADOR

(Continued.)

Wednesday, April 16th.

A lovely day. Paid some visits, and shovelled snow. Also sawed up wood. Shall be thankful when Wilfrid gets back to take all this work off my hands, and let me attend to matters of more importance. Good attendance at Evensong. Put some flower seeds in boxes to-day.

Thursday, April 17th.

Fine and bright, but only thaw-

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- 1 Sleigh.
- 8 Moving Picture Films.
- 1 Gaslight for machine for use where there are no electric lights.
- 1 Carbonating Machine.
- 1 Bottling Machine, for bottling aerated water—Lemonade, Root Beer, Ginger Ale, etc. Also a quantity of Extracts for making same.
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ing in the sun. Sawed a stock of dry wood for the week-end. Another good attendance at service to-night.

Friday, April 18th.

Mild S.S.W. wind, some snow. Mattins well attended. Spent quiet day indoors preparing for Easter. At evensong, Miss Udle sang the "Story of the Cross." I thing everybody was most impressed. I put up two brass memorial tablets in memory of our two first soldiers to fall in the war.

Saturday, April 19th.

Mild weather. Wind S.E. with some snow. At desk all morning. In the afternoon, had a meeting of the women to make final arrangements for the tea and sale on Wednesday. I rather imagine we have spent too much on materials, which will lower our profits considerably. Not much sign yet of any snow or ice going. A long thin strip of water only in our run.

Sunday, April 20th.

A fine and warm Easter Day. Good congregations at the services. I dedicated several small memorials placed in the church by the people. I don't suppose there is much snow to-day in England!

Monday, April 21st.

Wind veers to S. W. This is the wind we long for at this time of the year, as it decides whether we have a late or early spring. Busy all day getting ready for the tea and sale. Many visitors have arrived already. I am fitting out the teacher's house as a hotel for the women and children. Wind back to the North again in the evening.

Tuesday, April 22nd.

The fine weather holds, for which one is truly thankful. The show opened up at 3.0, and things were soon humming. There was much fun from the auction sale, for which some men had made paddles, hand-barrows, brooms, etc. Tea came off at 3.0. The concert was a great success. At a rough estimate, we shall clear a little over a hundred dollars, but if I had managed the affair in a more businesslike way, we could have doubled this figure easily. Parsonage filled with visitors for night.

Thursday, April 24th.

Turned out 3.20 and roused up the crowd, who were anxious to get away early. A clear sky, with every sign of a beautiful day. Miss Bright departed about 6. About noon Wilfrid Shiwak turned up, having been delayed by Chance running away. The two pups had stuck it out splendidly, and although they had a fifty mile run, they were still able to chase each other about. Towards night Will Martin arrived with the last mail. No news or letters, as usual.

Friday, April 25th.

Thick fog over everything, regular spring weather. Wind N.E. Wilfrid starts in on the wood, and got a fine stock sawed up. I spent morning at desk. After dinner had a go at my study, which is in a great mess. Raining by night.

Saturday, April 26th.

Wind S. W. and mild. Busy indoors all morning. After dinner had a game of billiards in the club. Our Y. M. C. A. Committee had tea with me and we discussed affairs of the club till late in night.

(To be continued)

There is nothing so powerful as truth, and often nothing so strange.

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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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 colours—
(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. LEMESSUEUR,
Registrar of Shipping

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