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April 19, 23

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Advertise in The Bay Roberts Guardian

LUCY GRAHAM'S SECRET

(Continued.)

"9. George is frightened at the storm. His conduct is exceedingly strange for the rest of the evening. "10. George quite himself again the following morning. I propose leaving Audley Court immediately; he prefers remaining till the evening.

"11. We go out fishing. George leaves me to go to the Court.

"12. The last positive information I can obtain of him in Essex is at the Court, where the servant says he thinks Mr. Talboys told him he would go and look for my lady in the grounds.

"13. I receive information about him at the station which may or may not be correct.

"14. I hear of him positively once more at Southampton, where, according to his father-in-law, he had been for an hour on the previous night.

"15. The telegraphic message When Robert Audley had completed this brief record, which he drew up with great deliberation, and with frequent pauses for reflection alterations and erasures; he sat for a long time contemplating the written page.

At last he read it carefully over, stopping at some of the numbered paragraphs, and marked some of them with a pencil cross; then he folded the sheet of foolscap, went over to a cabinet on the opposite side of the room, unlocked it, and placed the paper in that very pigeon-hole into which he had thrust Alicia's letter — the pigeon-hole marked important.

Having done this he returned to his easy-chair by the fire, pushed away his desk and lighted a cigar. "It's as dark as midnight from first to last," he said, "and the clue to the mystery must be found either at Southampton or at Essex. Be it how it may, my mind is made up. I shall first go to Audley Court, and look for George Talboys in a narrow radius."

CHAPTER XIV.**PHOEBE'S SUITOR.**

"MR. GEORGE TALBOYS.—Any person who has met this gentleman since the 7th inst. or who possesses any information respecting him subsequent to that date, will be liberal rewarded on communicating with A. Z., 14 Chancery Lane."

Sir Michael Audley read the above advertisement in the second column of the Times, as he sat at breakfast with my lady and Alicia two or three days after Robert's return to town.

"Robert's friend has not yet been heard of, then," said the baronet, after reading the advertisement to his wife and daughter.

"As for that," replied my lady, "I cannot help wondering that any one can be silly enough to advertise for him. The young man was evidently of a restless roving disposition—a sort of Bamfylde Moore Carew of modern life, whom no attraction could ever keep in one spot."

Though the advertisement appeared three successive times, the party at the Court attached very little importance to Mr. Talboys disappearance; and after this one occasion his name was never again mentioned.

Stall's Books

Rev. T. Albert Moore, D. D., General Secretary of the Dept. of Social Service 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."

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THE GUARDIAN OFFICE

ed by either Sir Michael, my lady, or Alicia.

Alicia Audley and her pretty step-mother were by no means any better friends after that quiet evening on which the young barrister had dined at the Court.

"She is a vain, heartless little coquette," said Alicia, addressing herself to her Newfoundland dog Caesar, who was the sole recipient of the young lady's confidences; "she is a practiced and consummate flirt, Caesar; and not contented with setting her yellow ringlets and her silly giggle at half the men in Essex, she must needs make that stupid cousin of mine dance attendance upon her. I haven't common patience with her."

In proof of which last assertion Miss Alice Audley treated her step-mother with such very palpable impertinence that Sir Michael felt himself called upon to remonstrate with his only daughter.

"The poor little woman is very sensitive, you know, Alicia," the baronet said gravely, "and she feels your conduct most acutely."

"I don't believe it a bit, papa," answered Alicia stoutly. "You think her sensitive because she has soft little white hands, and big blue eyes with long lashes, and all manner of affected, fantastical ways, which you stupid men call fascinating. Sensitive! Why, I've seen her do cruel things with those slender white fingers, and laugh at the pain she inflicted. I'm very sorry, papa," she added, softened a little by her father's look of distress; "though she has come between us, and robbed poor Alicia of the love of that dear generous heart, I wish I could like her for your sake; but I can't, I can't, and no more can Caesar. She came up to him once with her red lips apart, and her little white teeth glistening between them, and stroked his great head with her soft hand; but if I had not had hold of his collar, he would have flown at her throat and strangled her. She may bewitch every man in Essex, but she'd never make friends with my dog."

"Your dog shall be shot," answered Sir Michael angrily, "if his vicious temper ever endangers Lucy."

The Newfoundland rolled his eyes slowly round in the direction of the speaker, as if he understood every word that had been said. Lady Audley happened to enter the room at this very moment, and the animal cowered down by the side of his mistress with a suppressed growl. There was something in the manner of the dog which was, if anything, more indicative of terror than of fury; incredible as it appears that Caesar should be frightened by so fragile a creature as Lucy Audley.

(To be continued.)

JOURNAL OF REV. HENRY GORDON

CARTWRIGHT, LABRADOR

(Continued.)

Friday, April 11th.

Turned out early, fully bent on fetching home by night. Glorious frosty morning, but going a little dead. The Pottles followed astern of us. Reached Flatwater by 9.0. The people here told me that a very big team had passed south about an hour ago, which they took to be Mr. Perret, the superintendent of the Moravian Missions to the North. I had already heard that he planned to get as far south as he could on dogs and komatik, and then get in touch with the nearest railway or boat. His missions have suffered a terrible blow, and the outlook seems pretty gloomy. He purposes getting across to England to consult with his committee. I hoped that we might come up with him, as I had never met him, and there was much that we could converse about. Taking a hundred-weight of smelts from Flatwater, we drove on to Cat Trap Brook. Mr. Perret's team had not called n here so I was afraid our delay at the house would put him too far ahead.

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?

for us to catch. Though only with six dogs to his dozen, Wilfrid felt certain of still running him down. Between West Bay and North River, we had a clear non-stop run. We met several teams bound down, and from each of these we learned of the progress of our friends ahead. At last from the top of the hill on the Cape Porcupine neck, we sighted them about halfway across the stretch of ice between this and North River. Our dogs had evidently got a fresh scent, for they started galloping and kept it up on and off until well before the other side was reached we had overhauled our quarry. I was glad to meet Mr. Perret, but as he was staying at North River for the night and we were bound over the bay to Cartwright, we decided to leave our confab till the morrow. We arrived home in the dark, after a long drive of sixty-five miles, a very good performance with such poor going.

Saturday, April 12th.

A stormy day, but fine enough for my business, which was mainly indoors. Mr. Perret arrived and spent the night. I was immensely taken with his personality, and increased my already great admiration for the work of the Moravian Missions in these parts. It seems such a pity that we cannot join forces with this church; their doctrinal position does not seem to me to be any stumbling block at all. I was particularly interested in his scheme for a Moravian boarding-school, which it is intended to start at Makovic.

Sunday, April 13th.

Wind in. Matins 10.30, well-attended. Splendid crowd at Evensong at 3.0, many visitors from neighbouring places. Does one's absence make the people fonder of the church services or not? On every occasion when one returns from a trip, the church is packed. And then the leakage starts again. Any how, one is so glad to see the folk once again, that one hasn't the heart to jaw them.

Monday, April 14th.

I sent Wilfrid off again this morning to take his father's team home, after which he is to get back here as best he can. He takes Turk and Chance with him, and he will also have my two little pups which are still down near Rigolet. I have asked for one of his father's dogs. This will make a team of five, such as they are. I spent the morning at my desk. After dinner, I shovelled away snow, and sawed up wood. I started the Holy Week services to-night, and was pleased with the attendance. Our Tea-Party Committee have got everything well in hand. The concert bids fair to outdo all previous efforts.

Tuesday, April 15th.

Blowing very hard from N.E., and snow drifting in clouds. After some heavy shovelling round the house, I got a gang of boys with planks for the tea tables and platform. Evensong, 7.30.

(To be continued.)

HIS KING WANTED HIM

During the late war a young man was brought into a hospital at the front, battered to pieces and in agony. He pleaded again and again: "Nurse, put me to sleep," but she guessed what he meant from the way he said it, and dared not comply. "Put me out of it," he pleaded. "What is the use of keeping me alive? What good can I be to anybody?" But she refused. He asked the doctor in charge, and he refused. Finally he begged them to write to the King and ask his permission to end his sufferings. To pacify him the doctor replied that he would and told the King the whole story of his brave soldier, who had lost courage and given in to pain. Two or three days later came a telegram for the soldier, and this was what it said:

"Your King wants you.—George." That was the turning-point. He recovered.

IMPASSE

"That woman is the most awful actress I ever saw," said the middle-aged man to his neighbour. "That lady is my wife," replied the neighbor. "I am wrong," said the m-m. m.: "she is a good actress struggling with a rotten play. I wonder what fool wrote it?" "Unfortunately, I am the author," said the neighbor simply.

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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,
Register of Shipping

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