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April 19, 23



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LUCY GRAHAM'S SECRET

(Continued.)

He had purposely avoided the society of the child; and he walked through the light drifting snow till the early darkness closed upon him. He went back to the town, and made inquiries at the station about the trains for Dorsetshire.

'I shall start early to-morrow morning,' he thought, 'and see George's father before nightfall. I will tell him all—but the interest which I take in—the suspected person, and he shall decide what is next to be done.'

Master George did very good justice to the dinner, which Robert had ordered. He drank Bass' pale ale to an extent which considerably alarmed his entertainer, and enjoyed himself amazingly, showing an appreciation of roast pheasant and bread-sauce which was beyond his years. At eight o'clock a fly was brought out for his accommodation, and he departed in the highest spirits, with a sovereign in his pocket, and a letter from Robert to Mr. Marchmont, inclosing a check for the young gentleman's outfit.

'I'm glad I'm going to have new clothes,' he said, as he bade Robert good-bye, 'for Mrs. Plowson has mended the old ones ever so many times. She can have them now, for Billy.'

'Who's Billy?' Robert asked, laughing at the boy's chatter.

'Billy is poor Matilda's little boy. He's a common boy, you know. Matilda was common, but she—'

But the flyman snapping his whip at this moment, the old horse jogged off, and Robert Audley heard no more of Matilda.

CHAPTER XXII.

COMING TO A STANDSTILL.

Mr. Harcourt Talboys lived in a prim, square, red-brick mansion, within a mile of a little village called Grange Heath, in Dorsetshire. The prim, square, red-brick mansion stood in the center of prim, square grounds, scarcely large enough to be called a park, too large to be called anything else—so neither the house nor the grounds had any name, and the estate was simply designated Squire Talboys'.

Perhaps Mr. Harcourt Talboys was the last person in this world with whom it was possible to associate the homely, hearty, rural old English title of squire. He neither hunted nor farmed. He had never worn crimson, pink, or top-boots in his life. A southerly wind and a cloudy sky were matters of supreme indifference to him, so long as they did not in any way interfere with his own prim comforts; and he only cared for the state of the crops inasmuch as it involved the hazard of certain rents which he received for the farms upon his estate. He was a man about fifty years of age, tall, straight, bony and angular, with a square, pale face, light gray eyes, and scanty dark hair, brushed down either ear across his bald crown, and thus imparting to his physiognomy some faint resemblance to that of a terrier—a sharp, uncompromising, hard-headed terrier.

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 Avoiced 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
BAY ROBERTS

urged him to ask assistance from Harcourt Talboys.

'No my darling,' he would say, conclusively. 'It's very hard perhaps, to be poor, but we will bear it. We won't go with pitiful faces to the stern father, and ask him to give us food and shelter, only to be refused in long, Johnsonian sentences, and made a classical example for the benefit of the neighborhood. No, my pretty one; it is easy to starve, but it is difficult to stoop.' Perhaps poor Mrs. George did not agree very heartily to the first of these two propositions. She had no great fancy for starving, and she whimpered pitifully when the pretty pint bottles of champagne, with Cluquot's and Moët's brands upon their corks, were exchanged for sixpenny ale, procured by a slipshod attendant from the nearest beer-shop. George had been obliged to carry his own burden and lend a helping hand with that of his wife, who had no idea of keeping her regrets or disappointments a secret.

'I thought dragoons were always rich,' she used to say, peevishly. 'Girls always want to marry dragoons; and tradespeople always want to serve dragoons; and hotel-keepers to entertain dragoons; and theatrical managers to be patronized by dragoons. Who could have ever expected that a dragoon would drink sixpenny ale, smoke horrid bird's-eye tobacco, and let his wife wear a shabby bonnet?'

(To be continued.)

A GOOD SOLDIER.

A good soldier is one who is faithful to his captain and devoted to his cause. One young man who went to war, was a watchmaker and he thought it would be a good plan to take his tools along with him as he might find some watches to repair.

Nor was he disappointed, for he was constantly in demand to mend the watch of some one or other. One day the command was given for the battalion to which he belonged to get into action, as they were to make an attack that night.

'How can I?' this soldier exclaimed. 'I have ten watches to mend.'

It is certain that those who heard him would have a good laugh at his excuse and forgetfulness in regard to what he was in the army for. But after all, is not this very like the way some of us act, who have enlisted in the army of the Lord. We become so engrossed with the things of the world, which perhaps are bringing us in a good income, in either money or pleasure, that we are in danger of forgetting that our first duty is to obey the commands of our captain.—Ex.

THE LAUGH LINE

Equal to the Occasion.

He came tripping merrily into his tiny hall one day, and almost fell, stumbling upon someone's rubbers left lying about.

'Whose ferry boats are those in the hall?' he asked angrily, when he entered the drawing-room.

'Ferry boats?' exclaimed his mother-in-law, indignantly. 'Why, those are my rubbers. Ferry boats, indeed!'

'My dear, good ma,' he said hurriedly, 'who said ferry boats?' You misunderstood. I said fairy boats—you know fairy boats!'

And then he went out and wiped the cold sweat from his brow.

The Prince's Hunting Story.

The Prince of Wales has been making a collection of hunting stories. He has just added one to his list that is attributed to the Whaddon Chase country.

A horse bolted with his rider, a novice, and ran into the yard of a publican farmer, who was something of a character in the neighborhood. The horse pulled up half-way through the door of a barn. The owner of the yard looked on.

'What on earth am I to do now?' demanded the rider.

'Stay right where you are, sir,' came the reply. 'I'll get a few chaps together, and we'll soon pull the old barn down.'

The Sell.

Izzy: What price, Abe, should you say I mark this coat?'

Abe: 'Five guineas, you mark it.'

Izzy: 'But Abe, you gave one pound for it only.'

Abe: 'That's right; you mark it that it is sold regardless of cost.'

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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 colours—

- on a signal made to her by one of His Majesty's ships, including any vessel under the command of an officer of H's Majesty's navy or full pay, and
- on entering or leaving any foreign port and
- 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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