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LUCY GRAHAM'S SECRET

(Continued.)

He rose from his chair, and looked full at Mrs. Plowson as he said this. The fair-haired widow's face was as white as her cap when she tried to answer him, and her pale lips were so dry that she was compelled to wet them with her tongue before the words would come.

"The little boy relieved her embarrassment. 'Don't be cross to Mrs. Plowson, he said. 'Mrs. Plowson is very kind to me. Mrs. Plowson is Matilda's mother. You don't know Matilda. Poor Matilda was always crying; she was ill, she—'

The boy was stopped by the sudden appearance of Mr. Maldon, who stood on the threshold of the parlor door staring at Robert Audley with a half-drunken, half-terrified aspect, scarcely consistent with the dignity of a retired naval officer. The servant girl, breathless and panting, stood close behind her master. Early in the day though it was, the old man's speech was thick and confused, as he addressed himself fiercely to Mrs. Plowson.

"You're a prett' creature to call yourself sensible woman!" he said. "Why don't you take th' chile 'way or wash 's face, Dyer want to ruin me? Dyer want to 'stroy me? Take th' chile 'way Mr. Audley, sir, I'm ver' glad to see yer, ver' 'appy to 'ceive yer in m' humbl' 'bode', the old man added with tipsy politeness dropping into a chair as he spoke, and trying to look steadily at his unexpected visitor.

"Whatever this man's secrets are, thought Robert, as Mrs. Plowson hustled little George Talboys out of the room, 'that woman has no unimportant share of them. Whatever the mystery maybe, it grows darker and thicker at every step; but I try in vain to draw back or to stop short upon the road, for a stronger hand than my own is pointing the way to my lost friend's unknown grave."

CHAPTER XXI.

LITTLE GEORGEY LEAVES HIS OLD HOME.

"I am going to take your grandson away with me, Mr. Maldon," Robert said gravely, as Mrs. Plowson retired with her young charge.

The old man's drunken imbecility was slowly clearing away like the heavy mists of a London fog, through which the feeble sunshine struggles dimly to appear. The very uncertain radiance of Lieutenant Maldon's intellect took a considerable time in piercing the hazy vapors of rum-and-water; but the flickering light at last faintly glimmered athwart the clouds, and the old man screwed his poor wits to the sticking-point.

"Yes, yes," he said feebly; "take the boy away from his poor old grandfather, I always thought so." "You always thought that I should take him away?" scrutinizing the half-drunken countenance with a searching glance. "Why did you think so, Mr. Maldon?"

The fogs of intoxication got the

better of the light of sobriety for a moment, and the lieutenant answered vaguely:

"Thought so—'cause I thought so. Meeting the young barristers impatient frown, he made another effort and the light glimmered again.

"'Because I thought you or his father would fetch 'm away."

"When I was last in this house, Mr. Maldon, you told me that George Talboys had sailed for Australia."

"Yes, yes—I know, I know," the old man answered, confusedly, shuffling his scanty limp gray hairs with his two wandering hands—"I know; but he might have come back—mightn't he? He was restless, and—queer in his mind, perhaps, sometimes. He might have come back."

He repeated this two or three times in feeble, muttering tones, groping about on the littered mantle-piece for a dirty-looking clay pipe, and filling and lighting it with hands that trembled violently.

Robert Audley watched those poor, withered, tremulous fingers dropping shreds of tobacco upon the hearth rug, and scarcely able to kindle a lucifer for their unsteadiness. Then walking once or twice up and down the little room, he left the old man to take a few puffs from the great console.

Presently he turned suddenly upon the half-pay lieutenant with a dark solemnity in his handsome face.

"Mr. Maldon," he said, slowly watching the effect of every syllable as he spoke, "George Talboys never sailed for Australia—that I know. More than this, he never came to Southampton; and the lie you told me on the 8th of last September was dictated to you by the telegraphic message which you received on that day."

The dirty clay pipe dropped from the tremulous hand, and shivered against the iron fender, but the old mystery maybe, it grows darker and one; he sat trembling in every limb, and looking at Heaven knows how piteously, at Robert Audley.

The lie was dictated to you, and you repeated your lesson. But you no more saw George Talboys here on the 7th of September than I see him in this room now. You thought you had burnt the telegraphic message, but you had only burnt a part of it—the remainder is in my possession."

Lieutenant Maldon was quite sober now.

"What have I done?" he murmured, hopelessly. "Oh my God, what have I done?"

"At two o'clock on the 7th of September last," continued the pitiless, accusing voice, "George Talboys was seen alive and well at a house in Essex."

Robert paused to see the effect of these words. They had produced no change in the old man. He still sat trembling from head to foot, and staring with the fixed and solid gaze of some helpless wretch whose every sense is gradually becoming numbed by terror.

(To be continued.)

NOTE OF APPRECIATION

The Ways and Means Committee of the L.O.A., Bay Roberts, wishes to thank all those who helped make the St. George's Day Celebration a success, also those who so generously donated toward the Tea which was served in Cable Hall, viz: Mrs. A. E. Mercer, Mrs. George Hiertly, Mrs. Arthur George, Mrs. Albert Badcock, Mrs. John C. Mercer, Mrs. Robert Dawe, Miss Susie Fitzpatrick, Mrs. Isaac Dawe, Mrs. Isaac Roach, Mrs. Wm. Greenland, Mrs. John Smith, Mrs. George Badcock, Mrs. C. E. Russell, Mrs. Wm. Dawe, Mrs. Wilfred Dawe, Mrs. (Capt.) A. Parsons, Mrs. Edw. Snow, of John, Mrs. Joseph Snow, Mrs. Jas. Mosdell, of Wm., Mrs. Stephen Cave, Mrs. Samuel E. Mercer, Mrs. Donald Mercer, Mrs. Albert Mercer, of Isaac, Mrs. John Mercer of Jacob, Mrs. George Crane, Mrs. Isaac Mercer, of Chas., Mrs. Zebecde Earle, Mrs. George Cave of Chas., Mrs. E. J. French, Mrs. Henry Cave, Mrs. Isaac Mercer of Samuel, Mrs. J. G. Baggs, Mrs. Chas. Snow of Wm., Mrs. Samuel

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PULL TOGETHER

We are helped by helping others; If we give, we always get; Seeing others as our brothers Is life's safest, surest bet! If we give what folks are needing, It will pay us in the end, And we just can't help succeeding In the game of life, my friend.

Cheerfulness is always catching— Certain cure for every ills; Happiness is always hatching In the sunshine of a smile! Banish gloom, by being cheerful; Blaze the trail, and set the pace! And you'll see expressions dreadful Swiftly fade from ev'ry face!

Life gives back just what we give it; Give it smiles—and smiles we get; We will never know regret; Give a cheerful word—we'll reap it; It will come back multiplied, And will linger—we can keep it In our 'treasure chest,' my friend!

Get Together! Pull Together! Is the spirit that will win! If the gates of life we'd weather, We must buck 'em, with a grin! Help yourself, by helping others; Grab an oar, and join the crew! Pull together with your brothers, And they'll win the race—for you! —James E. Hungerford.

WEDDING BELLS.

SPARKES—PETERSON

The marriage of Miss Jennie Sparkes and Mr. John E. Peterson took place at the home of Mrs. Myra Warner, 235 Fairmont Ave., Hyde Park, Mass., on the evening of March 22nd. At 9 p.m. the bridal party entered the drawing-room to the strains of the Wedding March, played by Mrs. George D. Appleton, devoted friend of the bride.

The house was beautifully decorated for the occasion, the ceremony taking place under a floral bower, in which was hidden a confetti bell. As the bride and groom turned to receive the best wishes of their friends, the bridesmaids pulled concealed cords and the happy couple were showered with confetti.

The bride looked charming in a gown of pearl white canton crepe, trimmed with very old lace and seed pearls. She wore bridal veil and orange blossoms and carried a bouquet of white roses and sweet peas. The bridesmaids, Misses Pearl Sparkes and Winnie Babcock, wore gowns of old rose canton crepe trimmed with silver lace and carried bouquets of sweet peas and ferns.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. Arthur Pittman, of the Glendale Meth. Church, Everett. Mr. Selby Sparkes, brother of the bride, acted as father-giver, while Mr. Wm. Sparkes, a younger brother, was best man. Among the honoured guests who attended the reception was Mr. W. Backman, automobile king of Boston. The music for the occasion was furnished by the well-known Alton Dearing Orchestra. The groom's present to the bride was clear-cut crystals, and to the best man gold cuff-links. The bride's gift to her maids was pearls. The numerous presents of cut-glass and silver testify to the popularity of the young couple.

Mr. and Mrs. Peterson will reside at 22 Whittemore St., Medford, Mass.

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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's 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.

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