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LUCY GRAHAM'S SECRET

(Continued.)

Perhaps, when that gentleman who is making such a noise about a pointer with liver-colored spots, has discovered the particular pointer and spots that he wants—which happy combination of events scarcely seems likely to arrive—they'll give me my luggage and let me go. The designing wretches knew at a glance that I was born to be imposed upon; and that if they were to trample the life of me upon this very platform, I should never have the spirit to bring an action against the company. Suddenly an idea seemed to strike him, and he left the porter to struggle for the custody of his goods, and walked round to the other side of the station.

He heard a bell ring, and looking at the clock, had remembered that the down train for Colchester started at this time. He had learned what it was to have an earnest purpose since the disappearance of George Talboys; and he reached the opposite platform in time to see the passengers take their seats.

There was one lady who had evidently only just arrived at the station; for she hurried on to the platform at the very moment that Robert approached the train, and almost ran against that gentleman in her haste and excitement.

"I beg your pardon," she began, ceremoniously; then raising her eyes from Mr. Audley's waistcoat, which was about on the level of her pretty face, she exclaimed, "Robert, you in London already?"

"Yes, Lady Audley; you were quite right; the Castle Inn is a dismal place, and—"

"You got tired of it—I knew you would. Please open the carriage door for me; the train will start in two minutes."

Robert Audley was looking at his uncle's wife with a puzzled expression of countenance.

"What does it mean?" he thought. "She is altogether a different being to the wretched, helpless creature who dropped her mask for a moment and looked at me with her own pitiful face, in the little room at Mount Stanning, four hours ago. What has happened to cause the change?"

He opened the door for her while he thought this, and helped her to settle herself in her seat, spreading her furs over her knees, and arranging the huge velvet mantle in which her slender little figure was almost hidden.

"Thank you very much; how good you are to me," she said as he did this. "You will think me very foolish to travel upon such a day, without my dear darling's knowledge too; but I went up to town to settle a very terrific milliner's bill, which I did not wish my best of husbands to see; for, indulgent as he is, he might think me extravagant; and I cannot bear to suffer even in his thoughts."

"Heaven forbid that you ever should Lady Audley," Robert said, gravely. She looked at him for a moment with a smile, which had some thing defiant in its brightness.

"Heaven forbid it, indeed," she murmured. "I don't think I ever shall."

The second bell rung, and the train moved as she spoke. The last Robert

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:

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THE GUARDIAN OFFICE

ert saw of her was that bright defiant smile.

"What ever object brought her to London has been successfully accomplished," he thought. "Has she baffled me by some piece of womanly jugglery? Am I never to get any nearer to the truth, but am I to be tormented all my life by vague doubts, and wretched suspicions, which may grow upon me till I become a monomaniac? Why did she come to London?"

He was still mentally asking himself this question as he ascended the stairs in Figtree Court, with one of his dogs under each arm, and his railway bags over his shoulder.

He found his chambers in their accustomed order. The geraniums had been carefully tended, and the canaries had retired for the night under cover of a square of green baize, testifying to the care of honest Mrs. Maloney. Robert cast a hurried glance round the sitting-room; then sitting down the dogs upon the hearth-rug, he walked straight into the little inner chamber which served as his dressing-room.

It was in this room that he kept disused portmanteaus, battered japan cases, and other lumber; and it was in this room that George Talboys had left his luggage. Robert lifted a portmanteau from the top of a large trunk, and kneeling down before it with a lighted candle in his hand, carefully examined the lock.

To all appearance it was exactly in the same condition in which George had left it, when he laid his mourning garments aside and placed them in this shabby repository with all other memorials of his dead wife. Robert brushed his coat sleeve across the worn, leather-covered lid, upon which the initials G. T. were inscribed with big brass-head nails; but Mrs. Maloney, the laundress, must have been the most precise of housewives, for neither the portmanteau nor the trunk were dusty.

Mr. Audley dispatched a boy to fetch his Irish attendant, and paced up and down his sitting-room waiting anxiously for her arrival.

She came in about ten minutes, and after expressing her delight in the return of the "master," humbly awaited his orders.

"I only sent for you to ask if anybody has been here; that is to say if anybody has applied to you for the key of my rooms to-day—any lady?"

"Lady! No indeed, yer honor; there's been no lady for the key; barrin' it's the blacksmith."

"The blacksmith!"

"Yes; the blacksmith yer honor ordered to come to-day."

"I order a blacksmith!" exclaimed Robert. "I left a bottle of French brandy in the cupboard," he thought, "and Mrs. M. has been evidently enjoying herself."

"Sure, and the blacksmith your honor told to see to the locks," replied Mrs. Maloney. "It's him that lives down in one of the little streets by the bridge," she added, giving a very lucid description of the man's whereabouts.

Robert lifted his eyebrows in mute despair.

"If you'll sit down and compose yourself, Mrs. M.," he said—he abbreviated her name thus on principle, for the avoidance of unnecessary—perhaps we shall be able by and by to understand each other."

"You say a blacksmith has been here?"

"Sure and I did, sir."

"To-day?"

"Quite correct, sir."

Step by step Mr. Audley elicited the following information. A locksmith had called upon Mrs. Maloney that afternoon at three o'clock, and had asked for the key of Mr. Audley's chambers, in order that he might look to the locks of the doors, which he stated were all out of repair. He declared that he was acting upon Mr. Audley's own orders, conveyed to him by a letter from the country, where the gentleman was spending his Christmas. Mrs. Maloney, believing in the truth of this statement, had admitted the man to the chambers, where he stayed about half an hour.

"But you were with him while he examined the locks, I suppose?" Mr. Audley asked.

"Sure I was, sir, in and out, as you may say, all the time, for I've been cleaning the stairs this afternoon, and I took the opportunity to

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?

begin my scouring while the man was at work?"

"Oh, you were in and out all the time. If you could conveniently give me a plain answer, Mrs. M., I should be glad to know what was the longest time that you were out while the locksmith was in my chambers?"

(To be continued.)

Do You Peddle Your Woe?

"To stand by one's friend to the uttermost end. And fight a fair fight with one's foe; Never to quit and never to twit, And never to peddle one's woe."

Never to peddle one's woe. What an achievement!

It is one of the most beguiling little habits in the world to slip into—that of easing the system of petty annoyances, vexations, discomforts and disappointments by generously sharing them with friends and acquaintances. They may be apparently interested and sympathetic but it is safe to predict that they will be neither cheered, encouraged nor inspired. The chances are that if we selfishly persist in the indulgence until we have acquired a sort of unofficial woe peddler's license, we are going to find ourselves an unpopular and undesirable friend and guest.

"Misery loves company," someone has said, "but company does not reciprocate." Company, like all the world, loves a cheerful, hopeful soul, and lends a more willing ear and turns a more welcome face to the bearer of good tidings—the people who leave their ills, worries and complaints out of their countenance, who impart their ease and not their distress, their courage and not their despair.

Annoyances, vexations, discomforts and disappointments fall to the lot of each of us—why should we try to impress people with the idea that ours are more important and depressing than theirs; that we are more deserving objects of sympathy and consideration than others? On the one hand they will not be seriously convinced that we are, while on the other their sympathy is going to be reserved for the people in real trouble who, as a rule, do not "peddle their woe."

Substitution would seem to be the grand remedy for the woe peddling tendency, if we would be happier ourselves and bring cheer and refreshment to others. Trying and troublesome events, like the poor, are rather likely to be always with us, but by dwelling on the pleasant happenings and assuring ourselves that good and agreeable things are going to come to us just as surely as the disagreeable are, the appreciation and expectation of them is going to get into our system and crowd out dismal broodings and forebodings. Thinking hopeful, wholesome thoughts is the first step to expressing them, and when we have once tasted the satisfaction of suppressing morbid, joy-killing happenings and anxieties, we have begun to reap the first-fruits of the triumph of an optimistic faith.

England's Labor Govt. received an adverse vote in the Commons on Wednesday when a vote was taken for suspension of an adjournment rule. The vote was 243 to 207. The Govt. does not consider this a vital defeat. One of the things brought out at the Enquiry this week was a case where a piece of land was taken from a man for street widening purposes. Arbitrators awarded this man \$450.00, but he was paid \$2500.00.

Lawlessness is on the increase in this country. This is the statement one reads day after day in the press. Is it any wonder? Is not the pace set by those "higher up?" And is not leniency meted out to certain law-breakers while others are punished? What respect can the people have for the law when certain wrongdoing is condoned, while others guilty of minor offences are punished. British law and justice should be no respecter of persons.

Rev. John A. Spencer is Pastor of the Meth. Episcopal Church at North Creek and North River, N.Y., U.S.A. This church publishes a small weekly bulletin called "The Community Greeting," and Rev. Spencer is Editor. It contains the local church news, services, collections, etc., and bears a message to all. It is published weekly in the interest of Christian work in the community.

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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,
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