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DAVID STOTT,
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G. W. LeMESSURIER

Deputy Min. Posts & Telegraph

April 19, 23



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Roberts Guardian

LUCY GRAHAM'S
SECRET

(Continued.)

Robert Audley started by an early express for Southampton. The snow lay thick and white upon the pleasant country through which he went; and the young barrister had wrapped himself in so many comforters and railway rugs as to appear a perambulating mass of wollen goods, rather than a living member of a learned profession. He looked gloomily out of the misty window, opaque with the breath of himself and an elderly Indian officer, who was his only companion, and watched the fleeting landscape, which had a certain phantom-like appearance in its shroud of snow. He wrapped himself in the vast folds of his railway rug, with a peevish shiver, and felt inclined to quarrel with the destiny which compelled him to travel by an early train upon a pitiless winter's day.

"Who would have thought that I could have grown so fond of this fellow," he muttered, "or feel so lonely without him? I've a comfortable little fortune in the three percents; I'm heir presumptive to my uncle's title; and I know of a certain dear little girl who, as I think, would do her best to make me happy; but I declare that I would freely give all and stand penniless in the world to-morrow; if this mystery, could be satisfactorily cleared away, and George Talboys could stand by my side."

He reached Southampton between eleven and twelve o'clock, and walked across the platform, with the snow drifting in his face toward the pier and the lower end of the town. The clock of St. Michael's Church was striking twelve as he crossed the quaint old square in which that edifice stands, and groped his way through the narrow streets leading down to the water.

Mr. Maldon had established his slovenly household gods in one of those dreary thoroughfares which speculative builders love to raise upon some miserable fragment of waste ground hanging to the skirts of a prosperous town. Brigsmore's Terrace was, perhaps, one of the most dismal blocks of building that was ever composed of brick and mortar, since the first mason piled his trowel and the first architect drew his plan. The builder who had speculated in the ten dreary eight-roomed prison-houses had hung himself behind the parlor door of an adjacent tavern while the carcasses were yet unfinished. The man who had bought the brief and mortar skeletons had gone through the bankruptcy court while the paper-hangers were still busy in Brigsmore's Terrace, and had whitewashed his ceilings and himself simultaneously. Ill luck and insolvency clung to the wretched habitations. The bailiff and the broker's man were as well known as the butcher and the baker to the noisy children who played upon the waste ground in front of the parlor windows. Solvent tenants openly defied the collector of the water-rate from their ten-roomed strongholds, and existed for weeks without any visible means of procuring that necessary fluid.

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."

"What a Young Man Ought to Know," by Dr. Stall, 269 pages, cloth binding. Price, postpaid..... \$1.25

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THE GUARDIAN OFFICE
BAY ROBERTS

Robert Audley looked about him with a shudder as he turned from the waterside into this poverty-stricken locality. A child's funeral was leaving one of the houses as he approached, and he thought with a thrill of horror that if the little coffin had held George's son he would have been in some measure responsible for the boy's death.

The poor child shall not sleep another night in this wretched hovel," he thought, as he knocked at the door of Mr. Maldon's house. "He is the legacy of my best friend, and it shall be my business to secure his safety."

A slipshod servant girl opened the door and looked at Mr. Audley rather suspiciously as she asked him, very much through her nose, what he pleased to want. The door of the little sitting room was ajar, and Robert could hear the clattering of knives and forks and the childish voice of little George prattling gaily. He told the servant that he had come from London, that he wanted to see Master Talboys, and that he would announce himself and walking past her without further ceremony he opened the door of the parlor. The girl stared at him aghast as he did this; and as if struck by some sudden and terrible conviction, threw her apron over her head and ran out into the snow. She darted across the waste ground, plunged into a narrow alley, and never drew breath till she found herself upon the threshold of a certain tavern called the Coach and Horses, and much affected by Mr. Maldon. The lieutenant's faithful retainer had taken Robert Audley for some new and determined collector of poor's rates—rejecting that gentleman's account of himself as an artful fiction devised for the destruction of parochial defaulters—and had hurried, ok to give her master timely warning of the enemy's approach.

When Robert entered the sitting-room he was surprised to find little George seated opposite to a woman who was doing the honors of a shabby, repast, spread upon a dirty table, and flanked by a petted, beer-meaure. The woman rose as Robert entered, and courtesied very humbly to the young barrister. She looked about fifty years of age, and was dressed in rusty widow's weeds. Her complexion was insipidly fair, and the two smooth bands of hair beneath her cap were of that sunless, flaxen hue which generally accompanies pink cheeks and white eyelashes. She had been a rustic beauty, perhaps, in her time, but her features, although tolerably regular in their shape, had a mean, pinched look, as if they had been made too small for her face. This defect was peculiarly noticeable in her mouth, which was an obvious misfit for the set of teeth it contained. She smiled as she courtesied to Mr. Robert Audley, and her smile, which laid bare the greater part of this set of square, hungry looking teeth, by no means added to the beauty of her personal appearance.

(To be continued.)

SPRING POETRY

Don't be, stubborn, just surrender;
Send to us your legal tender,
Send to us your advertising;
The result will be surprising;
Every dollar that is sent us
Will insure returns momentous;
If you don't believe our poet,
Try us,—the result will show it.
Take this generous chance to try us,
Don't creep fortune-ward so stealthy,
And not carelessly go by us;
Boldly dash in and be wealthy;
Start in boldly and go faster,
Be a Vanderbilt or Astor.
Use our paper and be wiser;
Try us, Mr. Advertiser.

As spring assumes its wonted genial atmosphere there is a general stir and bustle among our mechanics and the saw and hammer so long silent are brought forth and their clatter and bang reverberates on every hand. New dwellings, new barns, new roofs new yard fences are putting in appearances here and there and clearly indicate a busy season of general improvements ahead.

Lo the winter is passed, the rain is

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?

over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come—and singing of hearts as well, for it is the time of sunny skies, murmuring brooks and fragrant woodlands. So thou, likewise, dear reader, banish your "winter of discontent" and bear wreaths of smiles, sing praises of joy and let good cheer blossom and make fragrant and sunny your life.

Oh, dear to our hearts are the sad days of springtime, when the annual house cleaning recurs to our view, when we sleep on the sofa and eat off the mantle, in an atmosphere strongly suggestive of glue; we think of the stove-pipe, the soot that came with it and sweet expressions so fluent and fine but the saddest and most bitter of all recollections is the dusty old carpet that hung on the line. Oh, that dusty old carpet, that rusty old carpet, that musty old carpet that hung on the line! We remember how, armed with a lithe flag-clator, in the morning we blithely advanced to the fray, in the muscular pride of our heart, little dreaming that cleaning that carpet would take the whole day; we sweat and we kicked and our hand badly blistered, while the sun lent his countenance, warmly benign, but the harder we pounded the more it was needed by that dusty old carpet that hung on the line. Oh, that dusty old carpet, that musty old carpet, that rusty old carpet, that hung on the line!

Seeding and planting is the order of the day. Every farmer who may be truly called a farmer is busily employed in putting in his crops. The croaker or paper farmer is sitting about on store boxes at the village store whittling and deploring the state of the weather; "too wet to plow or plant anything" while last week it was too dry. The weather is never just right for those fellows. They, like Wilkins Mcawber, are waiting for something to turn up something. The prudent farmer is at home, wet or dry, when it rains doing odd jobs that he need not do when he ought to be in the field. Apportion your time, you need all of it; have system in performing your work; work in season, and plant in season, so when harvest comes the fruits of your labor will be fully realized. Stop your croaking about the worthlessness of the country. If the country don't suit you pack up your traps and go. Nobody compelled you to come here and nobody will stop you from going, provided always, you can escape the sheriff.

THE PROBLEM OF THE TIMES

There are a great many people with settled incomes who can live at home with their families from one year's end to the other who realize that the "whack" (able-bodied relief) must go. To this every thinking man must agree; but is it enough to sit back in our comforts and rule that thus and thus must it be? Does it ever occur to those stay at home that a large part of the population of Newfoundland has to get its living in shacks and hovels at great distance from their families for nearly the whole year round,—first seal-hunting, then Labrador, then Sydney, then lumberwoods, etc.—and a man is thought lazy if he does not go contentedly from one place to another just eking out an existence for himself and family. It is not enough to say away with the "whack," we and the government must go further and see to it that every possible industry be provided throughout the towns and settlements so that an increasing number of men and women can be employed in producing the things needed for home consumption and export thereby getting a wholesome living at home instead of merely hiving from place to place as "hewers of wood and drawers of water."

Abundance of foreign labour is being imported in crates, in barrels, in bottles and in paper boxes. Would we tolerate foreign labour to come in and take our jobs from us? Why import it in disguise and force our own workmen to rock-breaking and finally to exit from their homeland? Men want work, not "whack"; but they also want and should have as much as possible some equality in living facilities.

—H. H. A. (Hr. Grace) in Daily News.

The MacDonald (Labor) Government was defeated on Monday by a vote of 221 to 212 on the Rent Evictions question. The Government will not resign as a result of the vote.

It's not what you know, but what you do with what you know, that makes what you know worth anything.

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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.

HEALTH Is the greatest blessing in the world

If you are HEALTHY you can work hard but not otherwise. HARD WORK means SUCCESS but you will NEVER be able to work very hard without HEALTH and STRENGTH. If you require HEALTH and STRENGTH use

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St. John's, Newfoundland

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,
Registrar of Shipping

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that it is Economical in
every sense of the word
when she uses

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W. A. Munn, Wholesale Agent