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April 19, 23



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NEWFOUNDLAND GOVERNMENT RAILWAY

Change in Train Schedules

ARGENTIA AND PLACENTIA

Commencing Monday, July 15th, regular 8.45 morning train from St. John's will run through to Argentia, and return to St. John's 9.15 p.m., daily, (except Sunday's).

BRIGUS BRANCH

Regular morning train connections between St. John's and Carbonear, will be as usual. Passengers will transfer at Brigus Jet. Regular night train from St. John's & Carbonear will run daily, (except Sunday), as usual. When returning from Carbonear on Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays, train will leave Carbonear 11.50 a.m. and arrive St. John's 4.25 p.m. in order to accommodate passengers arriving at Brigus Junction for points West on these days. Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays train will leave Carbonear at 7.50 a.m. as heretofore, arriving St. John's 12.25 p.m.

BAY DE VERDE BRANCH

Commencing Saturday, July 12th, regular train leaving St. John's 6 p.m., will connect at Carbonear for Bay de Verde Branch, on Saturdays, Mondays and Wednesdays, leaving Carbonear 10.45 p.m. Returning, will leave Grate's Cove 8 a.m. Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, connecting at Carbonear with regular morning train for St. John's making further connection at Brigus Junction with Westbound express on these days.

HEART'S CONTENT BRANCH

Commencing Monday, July 14th, train will leave Heart's Content 8 a.m. daily, (except Sunday's) and returning, leave Whitbourne 7.50 p.m., arriving at Heart's Content 10.50 p.m. Connection will be made at Brigus Junction for St. John's with the Carbonear train on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and from St. John's to Heart's Content on Westbound express, Tuesdays and Thursdays. Connection will also be made with the Humber special train leaving St. John's 5.00 p.m. on Mondays.

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LUCY GRAHAM'S SECRET

(Contd.)
 Robert paid his bill and rewarded the waiter liberally. The young barrister was very willing to distribute his comfortable little income among the people who served him, for he carried his indifference to all things in the universe, even to the matter of pounds, shillings and pence. Perhaps he was rather exceptional in this, as you may frequently find that the philosopher who calls life an empty illusion is pretty sharp in the management of his moneys, and recognizes the tangible nature of India bonds, Spanish certificates, and Egyptian scrip—as contrasted with the painful uncertainty of an Ego or non-Ego in metaphysics.

The snug rooms in Figtree Court seemed dreary in their orderly quiet to Robert Audley upon this particular evening. He had no inclination for his French novels, though there was a packet of uncut romances, comic and sentimental, ordered a month before, waiting his pleasure upon one of the tables. He took his favorite meerschaum and dropped into his favorite chair with a sigh. "It's comfortable, but it seems so deuced lonely to-night. If poor George were sitting opposite to me, or—even George's sister—she's very like him—existence might be a little more endurable. But when a fellow's lived by himself for eight ten years he begins to be bad company."

He burst out laughing presently as he finished his first pipe.

"The idea of my thinking of George's sister," he thought; "what a preposterous idiot I am."

The next days post brought him a letter in a firm but feminine hand, which was strange to him. He found the little packet lying on his breast; fast-table, beside the warm French roll wrapped in a napkin by Mrs. Malone's careful but rather dirty hands. He contemplated the envelope for some minutes before opening it—not in any wonder as to his correspondent, for the letter bore the postmark of Grange Heath, and he knew that there was only one person who was likely to write to him from that obscure village, but in that lazy dreaminess which was a part of his character.

"From Clara Talboys," he murmured slowly, as he looked critically at the clearly-shaped letters of his name and address. "Yes, from Clara Talboys, most decidedly; I recognized a feminine resemblance to poor George's hand; nearer than his, and more decided than his, but very like, very like."

He turned the letter over and examined the seal, which bore his friend's familiar crest.

"I wonder what she says to me," he thought. "It's a long letter, I dare say; she's the kind of woman who would write a long letter—a letter that will urge me on, drive me forward, wrench me out of myself, I've no doubt. But that can't be helped—so here goes!"

He tore open the envelope with a sigh of resignation. It contained

nothing but George's two letters, and a few words written on the flap: "I send the letters; please preserve and return them—C.T."

The letter, written from Liverpool told nothing of the writer's life except his sudden determination of starting for a new world, to redeem the fortunes that had been ruined in the old. The letter written almost immediately after George's marriage, contained a full description of his wife—such a description as a man could only write within three weeks of a love match—a description in which every feature was minutely catalogued, every grace of form or beauty of expression fondly dwelt upon, every charm of manner lovingly depicted.

Robert Audley read the letter three times before he laid it down.

"If George could have known for what a purpose this description would serve when he wrote it," thought the young barrister, "surely his hand would have fallen paralyzed by horror, and powerless to shape one syllable of these tender words."

CHAPTER XXV.

RETROGRADE INVESTIGATION.

The dreary London January dragged its dull length slowly out. The slender records of Christmas time were swept away, and Robert Audley still lingered in town—still spent his lonely evenings in his quiet sitting-room in Figtree Court—still wandered listlessly in the Temple Gardens on sunny mornings, absently listening to the children's babble, idly watching their play. He had many friends among the inhabitants of the quaint old buildings round him; he had other friends far away in pleasant country places, whose spare bedrooms were always at Bob's service, whose cheerful firesides had snugly luxurious chairs specially allotted to him.

(To be continued)

LOOK UP FOR SUNSHINE.

In the spring, when the days are just beginning to be warm, how pleasant it is to walk out in the bright sunshine! All round you the fields are golden, all nature is cheerful. Then suddenly there is a change. The earth turns dull, and the air is chill. It is as if the happiness had suddenly gone out of the world.

You realize in a moment what has happened, and instead of stooping to examine the earth, you turn your eyes up toward the cloud that has drifted between you and the sun. In a little while it has gone by and you see the big shadow flitting across the fields and watch the ploughman in the distance turn his eyes upward, just as you turned up yours.

Why is it that in life we often look downward when shadows darken our pathway? There is no more reason to do it in the journey of life than in the walk in the fields. A cloud can do no more than hide the sun for a little while; it cannot destroy it. We are not afraid of that. Neither can the clouds of life destroy the brightness of God's face, which shines continuously.

There is nothing really wrong with the world when there are shadows overhead. It is the same world as when the sun is shining. The friends we meet are the same true friends and duty is the same duty. Moreover, neither clouds of the air nor clouds of the soul can stay long, for they are always moving; and when they are gone life will be as bright as it was before.

Look upward in the shadows, good friends. That is where the sunshine comes from!

NO DOUBLE STANDARD.

"The aim if reached or not makes great the life."
 There is no double standard. There is nowhere and at no time any easing of the requirement. There is no half allegiance. There is no partial obedience. . . . We are prone to imagine that there is a higher, purer life within our reach; that it is nobler not to love the pleasant things of earth, while yet to love them is not sinful. This is utter confusion of moral ideas. Nothing less than the best that we see and know is required of any one of us. Nothing more than the best that we see and know is possible to any one of us. There is no second best in morals.—Mary E. Case.

LESSON OF THE BLUEBELL.

What an evidence have I, in this blue drooping flower, of the regularity and endurance of God's will since creation's dawn. Amidst all revolutions of heaven and earth, hurricanes and earthquakes, floods and fires, invasions and dispersions; sighs in the sun, moon and stars; perplexity and distress of nations, nothing has happened to injure this fragile bluebell. It has persevered throughout all generations. The forces of this stormy and troubled earth, which have rent rocks, have been so beautifully adjusted from age to age, that this head, though drooping, has not been broken; and this stalk, though frail, still stands erect. This is "central peace subsisting at the heart of endless agitation."

The bluebell swung in breezes tempered to its strength centuries before the children of Japheth spied the chalky cliffs of Dover. It has been called many a name from the days of the painted warrior to the days of Burns; but it has ever been the same. It will sing on with its own woodland music to all who can hear its spirit-song, until time shall be no more. The bluebell may sing the knell of the human race.—Norman Macleod.

ACCORDING TO HIS FOLLY.

"Do you believe I have got a soul?" once asked a man of a minister. "Yes, I do." "That's strange," was the rejoinder, adding: "I understand the component parts of a man are, so much water, so much lime, sugar, phosphorus, carbon, starch, etc.—sixteen ingredients in all. You can see them in bottles in a museum. Where, then, does the soul come in?" "Excuse me," said the minister, "I must decline to hold any argument with so much water, phosphorus, etc. that you are made up of." A case of answering a fool according to his folly.

WARS ON PARASITES WHICH ATTACK TREES.

Foresters have only scratched the surface in the matter of the elimination of disease to trees in timberlands, according to the report of Dr. J. H. Faull, professor of botany at the University of Toronto, who described methods for warding off the attacks of certain parasites, in a paper delivered in the agriculture section of the British Association to day. "At the outset we are confronted in Eastern Canada with a multiplicity of diseases of which even the cause is unknown," said Dr. Faull. Methods have been developed for coping with diseases affecting white pine and the pulpwoods.

Huge quantities of timber, prematurely diseased following on injuries from fire, have been left unharvested, and the amount at present considered unfit amount to 50 per cent. in certain areas. Experiments are being pushed which aim to make this timber available, and it is likely that such losses will be avoidable at least in part," the speaker said.

The systematic study of fungus diseases follows two lines; it is necessary to work out the life history of the parasite which does the damage, and also, to determine at what ages the trees are most susceptible to the attacks of various diseases. The second factor is an important one in the securing of uniform, sustained yields from forests.

HOPE FOR THE NEAR-BLIND TORONTO, Aug. 12

A Mail and Empire special from New York say that failing sight, the result of rheumatic or other infection, or even the penetration of the eyeball, can be arrested with three days by injections of pure cow's milk into the lumbar region of the patient, according to Dr. Edward R. Goddin, of Boston, who arrived here after five months' study in Vienna of this new discovery by physicians of the hospital attached to the University of Vienna. Dr. Goddin reports that milk injections or penetration, or those in whose eyes the infection has just been discovered, have good reasons to hope that their sight will not get worse, and that sympathetic ophthalmia "affection of the other eye" will be prevented.

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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, Falling, yet playing the game.

The test of man's merit is trouble, the proof of his work a 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 leave to be 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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