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 Deputy Min. Posts & Telegraph

April 19, 23



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**LUCY GRAHAM'S  
 SECRET**

(Continued.)  
 Robert looked at her thoughtfully as she spread the cloth, and drew the table nearer the fireplace.  
 "That," he thought, "is a woman who could keep a secret."  
 The dogs looked rather suspiciously at the quiet figure of Mrs. Marks gliding softly about the room, from the teapot to the caddy, and from the caddy to the kettle singing on the hob.  
 "Will you pour out my tea for me, Mrs. Marks?" said Robert, seating himself on a horsehair-covered armchair, which fitted him as tightly in every direction as if he had been measured for it.  
 "You have come straight from the Court, sir?" said Phoebe, as she handed Robert the sugar-basin.  
 "Yes; I only left my uncle's an hour ago."  
 "And my lady, sir, was she quite well?"  
 "Yes, quite well."  
 "As gay and light-hearted as ever, sir?"  
 "As gay and light-hearted as ever." Phoebe retired respectfully after having given Mr. Audley his tea, but as she stood with her hand upon the lock of the door he spoke again.  
 "You knew Lady Audley when she was Miss Lucy Graham, did you not?" he asked.  
 "Yes, sir. I lived at Mrs. Dawson's when my lady was governess there."  
 "Indeed! Was she long in the surgeon's family?"  
 "A year and a half, sir."  
 "And she came from London?"  
 "Yes, sir."  
 "And she was an orphan, I believe?"  
 "Yes, sir."  
 "Always as cheerful as she is now?"  
 "Always, sir."  
 Robert emptied his teacup and handed it to Mrs. Marks. Their eyes met—a lazy look in his, and an active, searching glance in hers.  
 "This woman would be good in a witness-box," he thought; "it would take a clever lawyer to bother her in a cross-examination."  
 He finished his second cup of tea, pushed away his plate, fed his dogs, and lit his pipe while Phoebe carried off the tea-tray.  
 The wind came whistling across the frosty open country, and through the leafless woods, and rattled fiercely at the window-frames.  
 "There's a triangular draught from those two windows and the door that scarcely adds to the comfort of this apartment," murmured Robert; "and there certainly are pleasanter sensations than that of standing up to one's knees in cold water."  
 He poked the fire, patted his dogs, put on his great coat, rolled a rickety old sofa close to the hearth, wrapped his legs in his railway rug, and stretching himself at full length upon the narrow horsehair cushion, smoked his pipe and watched the bluish-gray wreaths curling upward to the dingy ceiling.  
 "No," he murmured, again; "that is a woman who can keep a secret. A counsel for the prosecution could get very little out of her."  
 I have said that the bar-parlor was only separated from the sitting-room occupied by Robert by a lath-and-plaster partition. The young barrister could hear the two or three vil-

**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 is 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

change the conversation.  
 "No, I don't," answered Luke; "and I don't care who knows it; and as I said before, if folks hadn't been so precious stingy I might have had a public in a thriving market town instead of this tumble-down old place where a man has his hair glowed off his head on a windy day. What's fifty pounds, or what's a hundred pounds—"  
 (To be continued.)

**NEW EVERY MORNING.**

Every day is a fresh beginning. Every morn is a world made new; You who are weary of sorrow and sinning; Here is a beautiful hope for you. A hope for me and a hope for you. All the past things are past and over. The tasks are done and the tears are shed. Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover; Yesterday's wounds which smarted and bled Are healed with the healing which night has shed. Yesterday now is part of forever. Bound up in a sheaf which God holds tight, With glad days, and sad days and bad days, which never Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight, Their fullness of sunshine or sorrowful night. Let them go, since we cannot recall them. Cannot undo and cannot atone, God in His mercy receive, forgive them. Only the new days are our own: Today is ours and today alone. Here are the skies all burnished brightly; Here is the spent earth all reborn; Here are the tired limbs springing lightly To face the sun and share with the morn In the chrisom of dew and the cool of dawn. Every day is a fresh beginning; Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain, And spite of old sorrow and older sinning, And puzzles forecasted and possible pain, Take heart with the day and begin again!

**WHEN YOU GET A PROFIT**

Profit does not depend on what it costs to get merchandise on the shelves. It depends quite as much on the cost of getting merchandise off the shelves. A package that sticks for six months must pay its share of rent, insurance, interest, management, clerk hire and other overhead expenses for six months. The package that comes in today and goes out tomorrow has very little overhead to carry. What does it profit a merchant to save 5 per cent on purchase price and then pay 10 per cent on carrying charges for stuff that people do not know about, do not want and will not buy? Don't forget that you wrap your own reputation up with each package you send out.

**TWO MINERS KILLED AT GLACE BAY.**

Sydney, N.S., Feb. 25.—The lives of two miners, John Babb, a native of Carbonara, Nfld. and Daniel Macdonald, of Louisburg, were snuffed out without a moment's warning at Victory Mine No. 24, Glace Bay this afternoon, when shortly after the men entered the pit to begin the night shift, a piece of rock, eight feet long, seven feet wide and two feet thick, fell from the roof crushing the men and causing instant death. The accident was discovered by other miners who had occasion to pass the place where the deceased had been at work. Both men had been working in the mines for over a year and were practical miners. The remains of John Babb will be forwarded on the next trip of the steamer Kyle. An enquiry will be conducted into the accident tomorrow.

"And Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles, until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled" (Luke 21:24). Does not the return of the Jews and their prospect of having a national home, though limited, seem to indicate the fulfilling of the times of the Gentiles?

"What are you doing?"  
 "Eh, sir?"  
 "You gave me a nasty look."  
 "No, sir. You've got a nasty look, but I didn't give it to you."

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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 other wise. 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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**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 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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