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DAVID STOTT,
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April 19, 23



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**LUCY GRAHAM'S
 SECRET**

(Continued.)

'Luk! Luk!' 'No, you're not going to stop my mouth with all your 'Lukes, Lukes!' answered Mr. Marks to his wife's remonstrance. 'I say again, what's a hundred pound?'

'No,' answered Robert Audley, with wonderful distinctness, and addressing his words to Luke Marks, but fixing his eyes upon Phoebe's anxious face. 'What, indeed, is a hundred pounds to a man possessed of the power which you hold, or rather which your wife holds, over the person in question?'

CHAPTER XVIII
 ROBERT RECEIVES A VISITOR WHOM HE HAD SCARCELY EXPECTED

Eleven o'clock struck the next morning, and found Mr. Robert Audley still lounging over the well-ordered breakfast table, with one of his dogs at each side of his arm-chair, regarding him with watchful eyes and opened mouths, awaiting the expected morsel of ham or toast. Robert had a county paper on his knees, and made a feeble effort now and then to read the first page, which was filled with advertisements of farming stock, quack medicines, and other interesting matter.

The weather had changed, and the snow, which had for the last few days been looming blackly in the frosty sky, fell in great feathery flakes against the windows, and lay piled in the little bit of garden-ground without.

The long, lonely road leading toward Audley seemed untroubled by a footstep, as Robert Audley looked out at the wintry landscape.

'Lively,' he said, 'for a man used to the fascinations of Temple Bar.' As he watched the snow-flakes falling every moment thicker and faster upon the lonely road, he was surprised by seeing a brougham driving slowly up the hill.

'I wonder what unhappy wretch has too restless a spirit to stop at home on such a morning as this,' he muttered, as he returned to the arm-chair by the fire.

He had only resettled himself a few minutes when Phoebe Marks entered the room to announce Lady Audley.

'Lady Audley! Pray beg her to come in,' said Robert; and then, as Phoebe left the room to usher in this unexpected visitor, he muttered between his teeth—'A false move, my lady, and one I never looked for from you.'

Lucy Audley was radiant on this cold and snowy January morning. Other people's noses are rudely assailed by the sharp fingers of the grim ice-king, but not my lady's;

other people's lips turn pale and blue with the chilling influence of the bitter weather, but my lady's pretty little rosebud of a mouth retained its brightest coloring and cheeriest freshness.

She was wrapped in the very sables which Robert Audley had brought from Russia, and carried a muff that the young man thought seemed almost as big as herself.

She looked a childish, helpless, babyfied little creature; and Robert looked down upon her with some touch of pity in his eyes, as she came up to the hearth by which he was standing, and warmed her tiny gloved hands at the blaze.

'What a morning, Mr. Audley!' she said, 'what a morning!'

'Yes, indeed! Why did you come out in such weather?'

'Because I wished to see you—particularly.'

'Indeed!'

'Yes,' said my lady, with an air of considerable embarrassment, playing with the button of her glove, and almost wrenching it off in her restlessness—'Yes, Mr. Audley, I felt that you had not been well treated; that—that you had, in short, reason to complain; and that an apology was due you.'

'I do not wish for any apology, Lady Audley.'

'But you are entitled to one,' answered my lady, quietly. 'Why, my dear Robert, should we be so ceremonious toward each other? You were very comfortable at Audley; we were very glad to have you there; but my dear, silly husband must needs take it into his foolish head that it is dangerous for his poor little wife's peace of mind to have a nephew of eight or nine and twenty smoking his cigars in her boudoir, and beholding our pleasant little family circle is broken up.'

Lucy Audley spoke with that peculiar childish vivacity which seemed so natural to her, Robert looking down almost sadly at her bright, animated face.

'Lady Audley,' he said, 'Heaven ever bring grief or dishonor upon my uncle's generous heart! Better, perhaps, that I should be out of the house—better, perhaps, that I had never entered it!'

My lady had been looking at the fire while her nephew spoke, but at his last words she lifted her head suddenly, and looked him full in the face with a wondering expression—an earnest, questioning gaze, whose full meaning the young barrister understood.

'Oh, pray do not be alarmed, Lady Audley,' he said gravely. 'You have no sentimental nonsense, no silly insinuation, borrowed from Balzac or Dumas fils, to fear from me. The benches of the Inner Temple will tell you that Robert Audley is troubled with none of the epidemics whose outward signs are turn-down collars and Byronic neckties. I say that I wish I had never entered my uncle's house during the last year; but I say it with a far more solemn meaning than any sentimental one.'

My lady shrugged her shoulders. 'If you insist on talking in enigmas, Mr. Audley,' she said, 'you must forgive a poor little woman if she declines to answer them.'

Robert made no reply to this speech.

'But tell me,' said my lady, with an entire change of tone, 'what could have induced you to come up to this dismal place?'

'Curiosity?'

'Curiosity?'

'Yes; I felt an interest in that bull-necked man, with the dark-red hair and wicked grey eyes. A dangerous man, my lady—a man in whose power I should not like to be.'

(To be continued.)

NOT UNDERSTOOD
 Not understood. We move along asunder.
 Our paths grow wider as the seasons creep.
 Along the years, we marvel and we wonder
 Why life is life, and then we fall asleep—
 Not understood.
 Not understood. We gather false impressions
 And hug them closer as the years go by.

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?

Till virtues often seem to us transgressions;
 And thus men rise and fall and live and die—
 Not understood.

Not understood. Poor souls with stunted vision
 Oft measure giants by the narrow gauge.
 The poisoned shafts of falshood and derision
 Are oft impelled 'gainst those who mould the age—
 Not understood.

Not understood. The secret springs of action
 Which lie beneath the surface and the show
 Are disregarded. With self-satisfaction
 We judge our neighbors, and they often go—
 Not understood.

Not understood. How trifles often change us;
 The thoughtless sentence or the fancied slight
 Destroy long years of friendship and estrange us.
 And on our soil there falls a freezing blight—
 Not understood.

Not understood. How many hearts are aching
 For lack of sympathy. Ah, day by day,
 How many cheerless, lonely hearts are breaking.
 How many noble spirits pass away—
 Not understood.

O God! that men would see a little clearer,
 Or judge less harshly when they cannot see!
 O God! that men would draw a little nearer
 To one another!—they'd be nearer
 Thee—
 And understood.
 —Sent in by A. E. Baggs.

**FIRE AT SEA—BURGOE
 VESSEL ABANDONED.**

A message received yesterday by Manager Russell of the Government Railway, from Captain Blandford of the S.S. Glencoe, tells of another marine catastrophe. It appears that shortly after leaving Burgoe bound west, the captain of the Glencoe sighted flames on the horizon. On proceeding to the scene he found the schooner Gordon E. Moulton burning fore and aft, the vessels boats missing and no sign of the crew on board. How the schooner caught fire could not be determined but apparently the ship's company abandoned her and with moderate weather conditions rowed to land, a distance of sixty or seventy miles as shown by the position of the derelict. The following is a copy of the message received from the Captain of the Glencoe:—
 "At 5:30 a.m. (Sunday) after leaving Burgoe sighted a three masted vessel on fire. Preceded to scene of wreck and found the vessel to be the Gordon E. Moulton of Burgoe. Vessel's boats gone and no sign of life aboard. Weather moderate. Expect crew rowed to Burgoe. Ship on fire fore and aft on deck, but hull apparently in good condition. Position of wreck Lat. 46.30 N. Long. 57.35 W. Please inform Department Marine and Fisheries.—News, Mar. 3.

**100,000 CASES OF LIQUOR
 SMUGGLED INTO U. S.**

Washington, Mar. 2.—One hundred thousand cases of liquor a month are smuggled into the United States by rum runners off the Atlantic and Gulf coast, according to coast guard officers estimate, was given the House Appropriation Sub-Committee which drafted the deficiency bill, reported yesterday, allotting an additional \$13,853,980 for guard service. Com. Root said smugglers maintained advance stations at St. John's, Nfld., St. Pierre and Miquelon, Azores, Bermuda and Bahamas. The smugglers maintain a bribery fund, he added and have shore organization for obtaining supplies and making contracts. Not only is traffic increasing but also audacity, skill and the courage of the enemy.

**REV. R. H. MERCER
 RETURNING TO NFLD.**

Rev. R. H. Mercer, who is attending Queen's University, will graduate Bachelor of Arts in May. It has been understood in some quarters that Mr. Mercer would transfer to some Canadian Conference, but the latest word from him is that he prefers the work in his homeland, and will return in time to attend his Conference in June. Mr. Mercer is an able pulpit and platform speaker, and his many friends will be glad to know of his intention to return home.—Telegram.

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There never was a goal worth getting but you must work to attain.
 You must suffer and bleed for it, cling to your creed for it.
 Fail and go at it again.

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 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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