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April 19, 23



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LUCY GRAHAM'S SECRET

(Continued.)

Robert Audley looked straight into the man's dingy face as he spoke. The locksmith was not a bad-looking fellow, and there was nothing that he needed have been ashamed of in his face, except the dirt, and that, as Hamlet's mother says, "is common," but in spite of this, Mr. White's eyelids dropped under the young barrister's calm scrutiny, and he stammered out some apologetic sort of speech about his "misses," and his missus's neighbors, and port and sherry wine, with as much confusion as if he, an honest mechanic in a free country, were called upon to excuse himself to Robert Audley for being caught in the act of enjoying himself in his own parlor.

Robert cut him short with a careless nod.

"Pray don't apologize," he said; "I like to see people enjoy themselves. Good-night, Mr. White—good-night, ladies!"

He lifted his hat to "the missus," and the missus's neighbors, who were much fascinated by his easy manner and his handsome face, and left the shop. "And so," he muttered to himself as he went back to his chambers, "with that she walked off as graceful as you please." Who was it that walked off; and what was the story which the locksmith was telling when I interrupted him at that sentence? Oh, George Talboys, George Talboys, am I ever to come any nearer to the secret of your fate? Am I coming nearer to it now, slowly but surely? Is the radius to grow narrower day by day until it draws a dark circle around the home of those I love? How is it all to end?

He sighed wearily as he walked slowly back across the flagged quadrangles in the Temple to his own solitary chambers.

Mrs. Maloney had prepared for him that bachelor's dinner, which, however excellent and nutritious in itself, has no claim to the special charm of novelty. She had cooked for him a mutton-chop, which was sizzling itself between two plates upon the little table near the fire.

Robert Audley sighed as he sat down to the familiar meal, remembering his uncle's cook with a fond, regretful sorrow.

"Her cutlets a la Maintenon made mutton seem more than mutton; a sublimated meat that could scarcely have grown upon any mundane sheep," he murmured sentimentally, "and Mrs. Maloney's chops are apt to be tough; but such is life—what does it matter?"

He pushed away his plate impatiently after eating a few mouthfuls.

"I have never eaten a good dinner at this table since I lost George Talboys," he said. "The place seems as gloomy as if the poor fellow had died in the next room, and had never been taken away to be buried. How long ago that September afternoon appears as I look back at it—that September afternoon upon which I parted with him alive and well; and lost him as suddenly and unaccountably as if a trap-door had opened in the solid earth and let him through to the antipodes!"

Mr. Audley rose from the dinner-table and walked over to the cabinet

in which he kept the document he had drawn up relating to George Talboys. He unlocked the doors of his cabinet, took the paper from the pigeon-hole marked important, and seated himself at his desk to write. He added several paragraphs to those in the document, numbering the fresh paragraphs as carefully as he had numbered the old ones.

"Heaven help us all," he muttered once; "is this paper with which no attorney has had any hand to be my first brief?"

He wrote for about half an hour then replaced the document in the pigeon-hole, and locked the cabinet. When he had done this, he took a candle in his hand, and went into the room in which were his own port manteaus and the trunk belonging to George Talboys.

He took a bunch of keys from his pocket, and tried them one by one. The lock of the shabby old trunk was a common one, and at the fifth trial the key turned easily.

"There'd be no need for any one to break open such a lock as this," muttered Robert, as he lifted the lid of the trunk.

He slowly emptied it of its contents, taking out each article separately, and laying it carefully upon a chair by his side. He handled the things with a respectful tenderness, as if he had been fitting the dead body of his lost friend. One by one he laid the neatly folded mourning garments on the chair. He found old meerschaum pipes, and soiled, crumpled gloves that had once been fresh from the Parisian maker; old play-bills, whose biggest letters spelled the names of actors who were dead and gone; old perfume-bottles, fragrant with essences, whose fashion had passed away; neat little parcels of letters, each carefully labeled with the name of the writer; fragments of old newspapers; and a little heap of shabby, dilapidated books, each of which tumbled into as many pieces as a pack of cards, in Robert's incautious hand. But among all the mass of worthless litter, each scrap of which had once had its separate purpose, Robert Audley looked in vain for that which he sought—the packet of letters written to the missing man by his dead wife Helen Talboys. He had heard George allude more than once to the existence of these letters. He had seen him once sorting the faded papers with a reverent hand; and he had seen him replace them, carefully tied together with a faded ribbon which had once been Helen's, among the mourning garments in the trunk. Whether he had afterward removed them, or whether they had been removed since his disappearance by some other hand, it was not easy to say; but they were gone.

(To be continued.)

Encourage

(By George M. Adams.)

You may think the above is a very commonplace subject. It is. So is Bread a commonplace product. But think what the world owes to Bread! Then think what you owe to the Encouragement that has come to you from time to time.

Bread belongs to the stomach, but Encouragement is for the Soul. A human being may be given sufficient Bread to satisfy his craving and hunger, but no human being ever received all the Encouragement that he wanted. In fact, the longer he lives and the more successful he becomes, the more he wants.

Encouragement is the Salt that savours the Smiles and Joy of the world.

To-day, study the first dozen faces that you meet. Do you think you could pick out one that wouldn't beam and brighten after a little Encouragement? Answer—no, not one. Every last member of the Human Race, moment by moment, craves—hungers and thirsts—for Encouragement. Just think of it! You do, don't you? Then—

Make it one of the busiest Habits of your life to Encourage everybody that you can.

For every time you Encourage someone else, you Encourage YOURSELF.

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?

SELF. And the more people you Encourage the more Encouraged you become. You don't have to belong to any Society or Club or Organization. And you don't need any 'Funds,' or Experience for that matter. All you have to have is the Willingness to Encourage. You can be a regular little Encouragement Society—President, Secretary and Treasurer—all by yourself.

That is what the writer of this little Talk is trying to be for you.

"Talk happiness. The world is sad enough Without your woe. No path is wholly rough.

Look for the places that are smooth and clear, And speak of them to rest the weary ear

Of earth; so hurt by one continuous strain Of mortal discontent and grief and pain.

"Talk faith. The world is better off without

Your uttered ignorance and morbid doubt.

If you have faith in God, or man, or self,

Say so; if not, push back upon the shelf

Of silence, all your thoughts till faith shall come.

No one will grieve because your lips are dumb.

"Talk health. The dreary, never-ending tale

Of mortal maladies is worn and stale;

You cannot charm, not interest nor please

By harping on that minor chord of disease.

Say you are well, or all is well with you,

And God shall hear your words and make them true."

Grand Falls Methodists

INVITES PASTOR TO REMAIN UNTIL CHURCH IS COMPLETED.

To The Editor.

Dear Sir,—At the third meeting of the Quarterly Official Board of Grand Falls Methodist Memorial Church, held on the 17th inst., the pastor, Rev. Sidney Bennett, President of Conference, was very cordially and unanimously invited to remain as pastor, not only for another year, but until the new Church has been completed. The outside has been finished, and the basement beautifully done by the contractors, Messrs. Bowring of Bay Roberts, and the finishing touch by Mr. George Nott.

We feel sure that in a year or two both pastor, and congregation will have the pleasure of worshipping in the Auditorium of a Church, second to none in the outports.

In extending the invitation the Board commended very highly the work of Rev. Mr. Bennett, and also Mrs. Bennett, and trust that both will remain with us until the good work has been completed.

N.P.

Grand Falls, March 20th 1924.

With our Correspondents

With a renewal subscription to the "Guardian" from Cambridge, Mass., U.S.A., comes the following letter,—"Enclosed please find \$1.50 for a renewal subscription to the Guardian—our most valued paper. We appreciate it greatly because it brings us all the news from our old home, and that is more interesting to us than all the news we read here. More especially we are interested now that the sealing fleet is out, and we would all be glad to hear that this year's voyage is a very prosperous one, as the country needs it. As we look back at the past and remember so many prosperous seasons and realize how our country is failing, we sigh within ourselves and say it is the fault of the rulers of our land. And now looking over the Public Enquiry we find that the public money was wasted in every way. I cannot put in words my feelings in this respect. Is it possible that Newfoundland cannot find men that will be interested in the welfare of the public? How often do they promise to be faithful in every respect until they are elected, and then they throw away all their promises and self-respect. They take up the 11th Commandment: Man, mind thyself! And so selfishness and greed is their only thought. I am sorry, as a Newfoundland, to make such statements, but they are true, nevertheless.

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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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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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