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April 19, 23

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**LUCY GRAHAM'S
SECRET**

(Continued.)

'Take the boy away, Mrs. Plowson,' he said, after a pause; 'take him away and put his things on. He is going with Mr. Audley.'

'Which I do say that it's not kind of the gentleman to take his poor grandpa's pet away,' Mrs. Plowson exclaimed, suddenly, with respectful indignation.

'Hush, Mrs. Plowson,' the old man answered, pitiously; 'Mr. Audley is the best judge. I—I haven't many years to live; I sha'n't trouble anybody long.'

The tears oozed slowly through the dirty fingers with which he shaded his blood-shot eyes, as he said this.

'God knows, I never injured your friend, sir,' he said, by-and-by, when Mrs. Plowson and George had returned, 'nor even wished him any ill. He was a good son-in-law to me—better than many a son. I never did any wilful wrong, sir. I—I spent his money, perhaps, but I am sorry for it—I am very sorry for it now. But I don't believe he is dead—no, sir; no, I don't believe it!' exclaimed the old man, dropping his hand from his eyes, and looking with new energy at Robert Audley. 'I—I don't believe it, sir! How—how should he be dead?'

Robert did not answer this eager questioning. He shook his head mournfully, and, walking to the little window, looked out across a row of straggling geraniums at the dreary patch of waste ground on which the children were at play.

Mrs. Plowson returned with little George muffled in a coat and comforter, and Robert took the boy's hand.

The little fellow sprang toward the old man, and clinging about his neck, kissed the dirty tears from his faded cheeks.

'Don't be sorry for me, gran'pa,' he said; 'I am going to school to learn to be a clever man, and I shall come home to see you and Mrs. Plowson, sha'n't I?' he added, turning to Robert.

'Yes, my dear, by-and-by.' 'Take him away, sir—take him away,' cried Mr. Maldon; 'you are breaking my heart.'

The little fellow trotted away contentedly at Robert's side. He was very well pleased at the idea of going to school, though he had been happy enough with his drunken old grandfather, who had always displayed a maudlin affection for the pretty child, and had done his best to spoil George, by letting him have his own way in everything; in consequence of which indulgence, Master Talboys had acquired a taste for late hours, hot suppers of the most indigestible nature, and sips of rum-and-water from his grandfather's glass.

He communicated his sentiments upon many subjects to Robert Audley, as they walked to the Dolphin Hotel; but the barrister did not encourage him to talk.

It was no very difficult matter to find a good school in such a place as Southampton. Robert Audley was directed to a pretty house between the Bar and the Avenue, and

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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:

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THE GUARDIAN OFFICE

BAY ROBERTS

leaving George to the care of a good-natured waiter, who seemed to have nothing to do but to look out of the window, and whisk invisible dust off the brightly polished tables, the barrister walked up the High street toward Mr. Marchmont's academy for young gentlemen.

He found Mr. Marchmont a very sensible man, and he met a file of orderly-looking young gentlemen walking toward under the escort of a couple of ushers as he entered the house.

He told the schoolmaster that little George Talboys had been left in his charge by a dear friend, who had sailed for Australia some months before, and whom he believed to be dead. He confided him to Mr. Marchmont's especial care, and he further requested that no visitors should be admitted to see the boy unless accredited by a letter from himself. Having arranged the matter in a very few business-like words he returned to the hotel to fetch George.

He found the little man on intimate terms with the idle waiter, who had been directing Master George's attention to the different objects of interest in the High street.

Poor Robert had about as much notion of the requirements of a child as he had of those of a white elephant. He had catered for silk-worms, guinea-pigs, dormice, canary-birds, and dogs, without number, during his boyhood, but he had never been called upon to provide for a young person of five years old.

He looked back five-and-twenty years, and tried to remember his own diet at the age of five.

'I've a vague recollection of getting a good deal of bread and milk and boiled mutton,' he thought; 'and I've another vague recollection of not liking them. I wonder if this boy likes bread and milk and boiled mutton.'

He stood pulling his thick mustache and staring thoughtfully at the child for some minutes before he could get any further.

'I dare say you're hungry, George,' he said at last.

The boy nodded, and the waiter whisked some more invisible dust from the nearest table as a preparatory step toward laying a cloth.

'Perhaps you'd like some lunch?' Mr. Audley suggested, still pulling his mustache.

The boy burst out laughing.

'Lunch?' he cried. 'Why, it's afternoon, and I've had my dinner.'

Robert Audley felt himself brought to a standstill. What refreshment could he possibly provide for a boy who called it afternoon at three o'clock?

'You shall have some bread and milk, George,' he said, presently. 'Waiter, bread and milk, and a pint of hot.'

Master Talboys made a wry face. 'I never have bread and milk,' he said, 'I don't like it. I like what gran'pa calls something savory. I should like a veal cutlet. Gran'pa told me he dined here once, and the veal cutlets were lovely, gran'pa said. Please may I have a veal cutlet, with egg and bread-crumbs, you know, and lemon-juice you know?' he added to the waiter: 'Gran'pa knows the cook here. The cook's such a nice gentleman, and once gave me a shilling, when gran'pa brought me here. The cook wears better clothes than gran'pa—better than yours, even,' said Master George, pointing to Robert's rough great-coat with a depreciating nod.

Robert Audley stared aghast. How was he to deal with this epicure of five years old, who rejected bread and milk and asked for veal cutlets? 'I'll tell you what I'll do with you little George,' he exclaimed, after a pause—'I'll give you a dinner.'

The waiter nodded briskly.

'Upon my word, sir,' he said, approvingly, 'I think the little gentleman will know how to eat it.'

'I'll give you a dinner, George,' repeated Robert—'some stewed eels, a little Julienne, a dish of cutlets, a bird, and a pudding. What do you say to that, George?'

'I don't think the young gentleman will object to it when he sees it, sir,' said the waiter. 'Eels, Julienne, cutlets, bird, pudding—I'll go and tell the cook, sir. What time, sir?'

'Well, we'll say six, and Master

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tions. Will you help—NOW?

Georgey will get to his new school by bedtime. You can contrive to amuse the child for this afternoon, I dare say. I have some business to settle, and sha'n't be able to take him out. I shall sleep here to-night. Good-by, Georgey; take care of yourself and try and get your appetite in order against six o'clock.'

Robert Audley left the boy in charge of the idle waiter, and strolled down to the water side, choosing that lonely bank which leads away under the moldering walls of the town toward the little villages beside the narrowing river.

(To be continued.)

HOW DID YOU DIE?

Did you tackle the trouble that came your way

With a resolute heart and cheerful? Or hide your face from the light of day

With a craven soul and fearful? Oh, a trouble's a ton or a trouble's an ounce,

Or a trouble is what you make it, And it isn't the fact that you're hurt

But only how did you take it?

You are beaten to earth? Well, well, what's that?

Come up with a smiling face, It's nothing against you to fall down flat

But to lie there—that's disgrace. The harder you're thrown, why, the harder you bounce,

Be proud of your blackened eye. It isn't the fact that you're licked

That counts; It's how did you fight—and why?

And though you be done to death, what then, If you battled the best you could,

If you played your part in the world of men,

Why, the critic will count it good. Death comes with a crawl, or comes

With a pounce, And whether he's slow or spry, It isn't the fact that you're dead

That counts, But only, how did you die?

NOTE OF THANKS.

Mrs. Elizabeth Russell and family wishes to thank all those who so kindly assisted them in any way during their recent bereavement, viz: Mrs. John Sparkes, Mrs. Isaac Russell, Mrs. Wm. Brown, Mrs. Alex. Mercer, Mrs. James Brown, Mrs. Wm. Russell, Mrs. George Squires. Also those who sent floral wreaths and flowers to adorn the coffin of their dear loved one, viz: S. A. Sunday School, Misses Sadie Brown, Vera Mercer, Annie Spencer, Daisy and May Oake, Blanche Mercer, Palmer and Marcie Bishop, Lizzie Norman, Stella Roach, Leah Russell, Gertrude Thompson, Mildred Parry, Stella French, Janie Badcock, Mr. Clayton Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lawrence, Mrs. John Moore and girls, Mrs. H. S. Atkinson, Mrs. Isaac Russell, Mrs. Arthur Somerton, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Russell, Mrs. Alex. Mercer and children, Mrs. Edward Brown, Mrs. Aubrey Sparkes.

OBITUARY

There passed peacefully away on May 13th at 7 a.m., after a lingering illness, Katie, beloved daughter of Elizabeth and the late Edward Russell, aged 17 years and 10 months.

The deceased had been ill for two months but her passing came as a shock to her many friends. She was a great sufferer but bore it all without a murmur. As she drew near to the end she wore a smile as she wished her loved ones good-bye. She was well-known and loved by all who knew her.

The funeral took place from her late residence Bay Roberts West on Saturday, May 17th, at 11 a.m. to the Methodist cemetery, Coley's Pt., Rev. S. Baggs officiating. The Salvation Army Bible Class of which deceased young lady was a member, attended the funeral.

She leaves to mourn a sorrowing mother, one sister, Florence, two brothers, Cecil, now residing in Chelsea, Mass., U.S.A., and Willie, one step-sister, Rebecca, and one step-brother, Alexander, now residing in Chelsea, Mass. Also another step-sister, Mrs. Nehemiah Hicks, of Lynn, Mass., and two step-brothers, Messrs. Robert and Isaac Russell, of Lynn and Chelsea, Mass., besides a large number of friends who will learn with sorrow of her demise.

One we loved has left our circle For the dark and silent tomb; Closed her eyes in death's slumber, Faded in her womanhood's bloom.

Ah! Heaven retaineth now our treasures, Earth alone the caskets keep; But the sunbeams love to linger Where our dearest loved ones sleep.

—Inserted by her sister, Florence.

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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 a distress. Much as you long for it, man must be strong for it, Work is the door to success.

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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.

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