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April 19, 23



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LUCY GRAHAM'S SECRET

(Continued.)

In another dream he saw the grave of Helen Talboys open, and while he waited, with the cold horror lifting up his hair to see the dead woman arise and stand before him with her, stiff charnel-house drapery clinging about her rigid limbs, his uncle's wife tripped gaily out of the open grave, dressed in the crimson velvet robes in which the artist had painted her, and, with her ringlets flashing like red gold in the unearthly light that shone about her.

But into all these dreams the places he had last been in, and the people with whom he had last been concerned were dimly interwoven—sometimes his uncle, sometimes Alicia; oftentimes of all my lady; the trout stream in Essex; the lime-walk at the Court. Once he was walking in the black shadows of this long avenue, with Lady Audley hanging on his arm when suddenly they heard a great knocking in the distance and his uncle's wife wound her slender arms around him, crying out that it was the day of judgment and that all the wicked secrets must now be told. Looking at her as she shrieked this in his ear, he saw that her face had grown ghastly white, and that her beautiful golden ringlets were changing into serpents, and slowly creeping down her fair neck.

He started from his dream to find that there was someone really knocking at the outer door of his chambers.

It was a dreary, wet morning, the rain beating against the windows, and the canaries twittering dismally to each other—complaining, perhaps of the bad weather.

Robert could not tell how long the person had been knocking. He had mixed the sound with his dreams, and when he woke he was only half conscious of other things.

"It's that stupid Mrs. Maloney, I dare say," he muttered. "She may knock again for all I care. Why can't she use her duplicate key instead of dragging a man out of bed when he's half dead with fatigue?"

The person, whoever he was, did knock again and then desisted, apparently tired out; but about a minute afterward a key turned in the door.

"She had her key with her all the time, then," said Robert. "I'm very glad I didn't get up."

The door between the sitting-room and bed-room was half open and he could see the landress bustling about, dusting the furniture and rearranging things that had never been disarranged.

"Is that you, Mrs. Maloney," he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Then why, in goodness' name, did you make that row at the door when you had a key with you all the time?"

"A row at the door sir?"

"Yes; that infernal knocking."

"Sure I never knocked, Mistress Audley, but walked straight in with my key—"

"Then who did knock? There's been some one kicking up a row at the door for a quarter of an hour, I should think; you must have met him going downstairs."

"But I'm rather late this morning sir, for I've been in Mr. Martin's rooms first and I've come straight from the floor above."

Then you didn't see anyone at the door, or on the stairs?"

"Not a mortal soul, sir."

"Was ever anything so provoking?" said Robert. "To think that I should have let this person go away without ascertaining who he was, or what he wanted! How do I know that it was not some one with a message or a letter from George Talboys?"

"Sure if it was, sir, he'll come again," said Mrs. Maloney, soothingly.

"Yes of course if it was anything of consequence he'll come again," muttered Robert. The fact was, that from the moment of finding the telegraphic message at Southampton all hope of hearing of George had faded out of his mind. He felt that there was some mystery involved in the disappearance of his friend—some treachery toward himself, or toward George. What if the young man's greedy old father-in-law had tried to separate them on account of the monetary trust lodged in Robert Audley's hands? Or what if, since even in these civilized days all kinds of unsuspected horrors are constantly committed—what if the old man had deceived George down to Southampton, and made away with him in order to get possession of that £20,000 left in Robert's custody for little George's use?

But neither of these suppositions explained the telegraphic message, and it was the telegraphic message which had filled Robert's mind with a vague sense of alarm. The postman brought no letter from George Talboys, and the person who had knocked at the door of the chamber did not return between seven and nine o'clock, so Robert Audley left Figtree Court once more in search of his friend. This time he told the cabman to drive to the Euston Station, and in twenty minutes he was on the platform, making inquiries about the trains.

The Liverpool express had started half an hour before he reached the station, and he had to wait an hour in the quarters for a slow train to take him to his destination.

Robert Audley chafed, cruelly at this delay. Half a dozen vessels might sail for Australia while he roamed up and down the long platform, tumbling over trucks and porters, and swearing at his ill-luck.

He bought the Times newspaper, and looked instinctively at the second column, with a morbid interest in the advertisements of people missing—sons, brothers, and husbands who had left their homes, never to return or to be heard of more.

There was one advertisement of a young man found drowned somewhere on the Lambeth shore.

What if that should have been George's fate? No; the telegraphic message involved his father-in-law in the fact of his disappearance, and every speculation about him must start from that one point.

(To be continued.)

JOURNAL OF REV. HENRY GORDON

CARTWRIGHT, LABRADOR

(Continued.)

Saturday, Mar. 29th.

Met a number of the furriers who have come home earlier than usual this year. They report nothing doing inside, but on the whole this has been a record season in this neighborhood. In the evening, I addressed the Young People's Club on the subject of a Labrador Orphanage.

Sunday, Mar. 30th.

Weather continues very mild, but so far no rain. Holy Communion in the Hospital, 8.0. Mattins at Mrs. Blake's, 11.0. Service, 3.0. Evening-song, 6.30, a most splendidly attended service, and, to me, a real treat. One cannot fully express the sense of pleasure which the kindness of my hosts gives me. Heavy rain by night.

Monday, Mar. 31st.

Scraped together a scrap team—for

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THE GUARDIAN OFFICE

a run up to the head of the bay. Mr. Ewing lent me three dogs and Mrs. Paddon put two of the doctor's at my disposal. The doctor calls them the two 'camejs,' but they are better than they look. With this turn out, I started off for Mud Lake, taking one of the boys to keep me company. Contrary to all expectations, we got along first-rate, reaching our destination about 1.30. I spent the afternoon visiting the people, and had a service at John Michelin's at 7.30. Raining hard again.

Tuesday, April 1st.

Rained hard all night. Deep water lying over the ice. Much against the desire of our hosts, we made a start for North West River about 8.0, and soon after starting were soaked right through to the skin. I shall not forget this 'drive' in a hurry. For pure undiluted misery, I have not had anything to beat it. When nicely soaked, the wind veered to the N. E. and the rain changed to sleet snow, which powdered one all over and then melted in. The komatik was often completely submerged under snow and water, on which occasions the dogs would stop and I had to get off and stand in icy liquid up to my middle and lug and tug and shout at the beasts to haul. One endured six hours of this. By the time we reached North West River, I was not sure whether I had any hands or feet. John Bird the doctor's man, cheerily informed me that I looked like an old man of eighty! How one revelled in a hot bath and a change of clothing. It is simply marvelous what the body can stand, and how rapidly it can recover.

Wednesday, April 2nd.

Fine weather again, but atrocious going. Wilfrid Shiwak arrived in the morning with his dogs almost beaten out. He had come up from Rigolet in two and a half days. We decided to give them a good rest before starting off. Had a short service in the hospital after supper.

Thursday, April 3rd.

Mild but fine. Enjoyed a real lazy day playing with the doctor's youngsters. Sam Pottle is getting gradually better and will probably get around again. I have seen more people make marvellous recoveries this year than I have seen in all my life before. In this case, the mirroring care of Mrs. Paddon has been the chief factor. Sat up late simply gossiping and nothing else, a vice which I must get hold of before it grows on me. I rather imagine it is so prevalent because it is so easy. It needs no exertion on the part of the brain.

Friday, April 4th.

Another quiet day. Some snow during the morning. I busied myself typing off dialogues and recitations for the North West River Fair which is due to come off at Easter. There is a sort of rivalry between us in this business but we in Cartwright have not the same means as these folks, who have done very well on fur.

TRUTHFUL GEORGE

"Are you the defendant?" asked a man in a court of justice when he encountered a negro.

"No, boss," said the negro, "I've got a lawyer who does the defending. 'Is the gentleman what stole the chickens?"

A VIVID IMPRESSION

"As a matter of fact," said the opposing counsel, "you were so confused that you cannot say whether it was a motor car or something resembling a motor car that hit you."

"I can say at any rate," responded the battered victim, "that I was forcibly struck by the resemblance."

In a dull Scottish village, on a dull morning, one neighbor called at another's house. He was met at the door by his friend's wife, and the conversation which ensued went thus:—"Cauld?" "Ay." "Guan to be rainy, I'm thinkin'?" "Ay." "Is John in?" "Ay! He's in." "Can I see him?" "Na." "But a winted tae see him." "Ay, but ye canna see him. John's deid." "Deid?" "Ay." "Sudden?" "Ay verra sudden." "Did he say anything about a pot o' green pent afore he deid?"

No one can ask honestly or hopefully to be delivered from temptation unless he has himself honestly and firmly determined to do the best he can to keep out of it.—Ruskin.

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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. 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.

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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.

H. W. LeMESSURIER,
Registrar of Shipping

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