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DAVID STOTT,
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April, 1923

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HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY.

Continued from page 2.
mortgage on everything, buildings, machinery, docks, dams, and works connected therewith, and on the whole of the forest areas comprehended in the scheme, not alone the areas which have been acquired from the Reid Newfoundland Company but also the property of the Company no matter how acquired.

Through the courtesy of the Rt. Hon. Mr. Mackenzie King, P.C., Prime Minister of Canada, I have been furnished with certain figures respecting the development of water power for the pulp and paper industry or that country, compiled by the Department of the Canadian Government charged with the oversight of this natural resource. The memorandum observes "The manufacture of pulp and paper is one of Canada's outstanding industries and the normal progress during the past few years is an indication of the rapid expansion which may be expected in the future. According to the Bureau of Statistics figures for 1920 the pulp and paper industry in Canada represented a total capital investment of \$47,553,333. found employment for 31,298 persons whose yearly wages and salaries amounted to \$25,232,893; while the value of products totalled \$24,421,546. The export trade of \$120 in 1890 for this industry is often contrasted with the present corresponding figure of over \$100,000,000 to demonstrate the remarkable expansion during this period.

"The water power installation for the operation of pulp and paper mills in Canada aggregates 476,593 h.p. while the additional hydro-electric energy purchased for this industry is 166,577 h.p. giving a total of 643,080 h.p. This covers the energy derived directly or indirectly from water power, but does not include mills where steam only is used as motive power. The use of steam as a source of power in this industry is very limited and in most cases is prompted by special conditions such as operation in close connection with the manufacture of lumber where refuse from the latter can be used as fuel under the boilers. The census returns (1920) show a total steam power installation in pulp and paper mills in the Dominion of only 62,400 h.p., and if the capacity of three or four larger steam operated mills where special conditions obtain is excluded, the remaining unit capacity works out to a very small amount."

(To be continued.)

**LUCY GRAHAM'S
SECRET**

(Continued.)
"What can I do?" he thought. "If I take him away from his grandfather, I shall break his heart; if I let him remain, he will grow up a stranger to me, and care more for that drunken old hypocrite than for his own father. But then, what could an ignorant, heavy dragoon like me do with such a child? What could I teach him, except to smoke cigars and idle around all day with his hands in his pockets?"
So the anniversary of that 30th of

Stall's Books

Rev. T. Albert Moore, D. D., General Secretary of the Dept. of Social Services 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 seems 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."
"What a Young Man Ought to Know," by Dr. Stall, 269 pages, cloth binding. Price, postpaid..... \$1.25
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THE GUARDIAN OFFICE
Bay Roberts.

August, upon which George had seen the advertisement of his wife's death in the Times newspaper, came round for the first time, and the young man put off his black clothes and the shabby crape from his hat, and laid his mournful garments in a trunk in which he kept a packet of his wife's letters, her portrait, and that lock of hair which had been cut from her head after death. Robert Audley had never seen either the letters, the portrait, or the long tress of silky hair; nor, indeed, had George ever mentioned the name of his dead wife after that one day at Ventnor, on which he learned the full particulars of her decease.
"I shall write to my cousin Alicia to day, George," the young barrister said, upon this very 30th of August. "Do you know that the day after tomorrow is the 1st of September? I shall write and tell her that we will both run down to the Court for a week's shooting."
"No, no, Bob; go by yourself; they don't want me, and I'd rather—"
"Bury yourself in Fig-tree Court, with no company but my dogs and canaries! N. George, you shall do nothing of the kind."
"But I don't care for shooting."
"And do you suppose I care for it?" cried Robert, with charm naive. "Why man, I don't know a partridge from a pigeon, and it might be the 1st of April, instead of the 1st of September for aught I care. I never hurt a bird in my life, but I have hurt my own shoulder with the weight of my gun. I only go down to Essex for the change of air, the good dinners, and the sight of my uncle's honest, handsome face. Besides, this time I've another inducement, as I want to see this fair-haired paragon—my new aunt. You'll go with me, George?"
"Yes, if you really wish it."
The quiet form his grief had taken after its first brief violence, left him as submissive as a child to the will of his friend; ready to go anywhere or do anything; never enjoying himself, or originating any enjoyment, but joining in the pleasures of others with a hopeless, uncomplaining, unobtrusive resignation peculiar to his simple nature. But the return of mood brought a letter from Alicia Audley, to say that the two young men could not be received at the Court.
"There are seventeen bedrooms," wrote the young man in an indignant running hand, "but for all that, my dear Robert, you can't come for my lady has taken it into her silly head that she's too ill to entertain visitors (there is no more the matter with her than there is with me), and she cannot have gentlemen (great, rough men, she says) in the house. Please apologize to your father and tell him that papa expects to see you both in the hunting season."
"My lady's airs and graces shan't keep us out of Essex for all that," said Robert, as he twisted the letter into a pipe-light for his big meerschaum. "I'll tell you what we'll do, George: there's a glorious inn at Audley, and plenty of fishing in the neighborhood; we'll go there and have a week's sport. Fishing is much better than shooting; you've only to lie on a bank and stare at your line; I don't find that you often catch any thing, but it's very pleasant."
He held the twisted letter to the feeble spark of his glimmering in the grate, as he spoke, and then changing his mind, deliberately unfolded it and smoothed the crumpled paper with his hand.
"Poor little Alicia!" he said, thoughtfully; "it's rather hard to treat her letter so cavalierly—I'll keep it;" upon which Mr. Robert Audley put the note back into its envelope, and afterward thrust it into a pigeon hole in his office desk marked important. Heaven knows what wonderful documents there were in this particular pigeon-hole, but I do not think it likely to have contained anything of great judicial value. If any one could at that moment have told the young barrister that so simple a thing as his cousin's brief letter would one day come to be a link in that terrible chain of evidence afterward to be slowly forged in the only criminal case in which he was ever to be concerned, perhaps Mr. Robert Audley would have lifted his eyebrows a little higher than usual.

So the two young men left London the next day, with one portmanteau and a rod and tackle between them, and reached the straggling, old-fashioned, fast-decaying village of Audley in time to order a good dinner at the Sun Inn.
(To be continued.)

Great Britain's Ministry of Agriculture has offered \$150,000 to establish an animal pathological research institute in Cambridge University.
The climate of England being unfavorable to the cultivation of tomatoes, 25,000 acres of glass have been devoted to this vegetable.

**JOURNAL OF REV.
HENRY GORDON**

CARTWRIGHT, LABRADOR

Continued.
Tuesday, Nov. 26th.
Martha Lemare died last night. Mr. Doan and I started in on the grave and had it finished by 2.0. I buried her in the afternoon. This makes a total of twenty-two that I have buried so far, not reckoning in the four Toomashes. We anxiously await the first news from up the bay and from down the shore.

Wednesday, Nov. 27th.
A regular 'house' day for me. Bussily employed on many little jobs about the place. First of all I harnessed up my team and hauled home some loads of wood. After this I went off for a barrel of water. My team, by the way, consists of one old dog by name of Turk. I intend travelling with him to haul along my sleeping bag and grub-box, etc. The old chap hauled up all I wanted today. After dinner I took down both sets of stove-pipes and cleaned them, making a considerable mess in the process. One set is replaced altogether. In the evening I paid a few visits. With two exceptions everybody is getting on well.

Thursday, Nov. 28th.
Still at house-work. Am trying to lay by a store of wood against the time when I am away. One of the young chaps came and gave me a hand. In the afternoon two teams arrived from Goose Cove bringing two of the Toomashes. We put them in the salt store till the arrival of the other two to-morrow. I think Mrs. Payne is suffering from an attack of acute melancholia; she simply refuses to eat and fight against her troubles.

Friday, Nov. 29th.
During the morning I hewed wood and drew water. The remaining Toomashes were brought in about noon. After dinner I assembled all hands for the funeral. This now makes 26 burials in a district which has only 100 population. In such a small number as this every single one is felt.

Saturday, Nov. 30th.
Weather changes to mild, wind S.W. Took the opportunity to put up my storm windows, also brought in the engine fittings and other boat gear. For the first time this season teams came in from Longstretch and Muddy Bay. It was good to see strangers.

Sunday, Dec. 1st.
Advent Sunday and still no services. Hope to have one service next Sunday. Most of the sickness is now dying out. The few who are still laid up are suffering from complications. In the evening I went down to the Parsons', who have been very good to me all this time.

Monday, Dec. 2nd.
N.E. gale with driving snow. Got a small camp stove going inside one of the out-houses and took my two engines to pieces—a very messy job.

Tuesday, Dec. 3rd.
Stormy and snowy. Winter reigns supreme on the land, but the bay cannot get a chance to freeze over till some colder weather comes. The H. B. C. started in sawing up wood with their engine, which simply flies through the work. My little one and a half Evinrude is too weak to run my saw. I shall try and sell it and get a size larger, a three horse power. I simply cannot go through the same labor as I have had to go through this fall.

Editor's note—The Parsons' referred to from time to time by Rev. Mr. Gordon is Mr. and Mrs. Hayward Parsons. Mrs. Parsons was formerly Nurse Oakley of the General Hospital, St. John's.
(To be continued.)

St. Paul's Church Garden Party was held at Shannon Park, Hr. Grace on Wednesday afternoon last. A splendid programme of sports was arranged by a committee, which was run off very successfully. A number of people from Bay Roberts, St. John's Bay, Upper Island Cove and Carbonar were present. We hope to give a full report in next week's issue.

Belief that the centre of the earth is a hot and seething mass is strengthened by the fact that oil is found in that direction.
A nation's aversion to a world court is in direct proportion to its ability to lick its neighbors.



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Success is no whim of the moment, no reward 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 gives 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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**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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