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April 19, 23



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LUCY GRAHAM'S SECRET

Robert Audley found his friend waiting for him at the breakfast table.

George was very pale but perfectly tranquil—if anything, indeed more cheerful than usual.

He shook Robert by the hand with something of that hearty manner for which he had been distinguished before the one affliction of his life overtook and shipwrecked him.

"Forgive me, Bob," he said frankly, "for my surly temper of last night. You were quite correct in your assertion; the thunderstorm did upset me. It always had the same effect upon me in my youth."

"Poor old boy! Shall we go up by the express, or shall we stop here and dine with my uncle to-night?" asked Robert.

"To tell the truth, Bob, I would rather do neither. It's a glorious morning. Suppose we stroll about all day, take another turn with the rod and line, and go up to town by the train that leaves here at 6.15 in the evening?"

Robert Audley would have assented to a far more disagreeable proposition than this, rather than have taken the trouble to oppose his friend so the matter was immediately agreed upon; and after they had finished their breakfast, and ordered a four o'clock dinner, George Talboys took the fishing rod across his broad shoulders and strode out of the house with his friend and companion.

But if the equable temperament of Mr. Robert Audley had been undisturbed by the crackling peals of thunder that shook the very foundations of the Sun Inn, it had not been so with the delicate sensibilities of his uncle's young wife. Lady Audley her bested wheeled into a corner of the room, and with the heavy curtains drawn tightly round her, she lay with her face buried in the pillow, shuddering convulsively at every sound of the tempest without. Sir Michael, whose stout heart had never known a fear, almost trembled for this fragile creature, whom it was his happy privilege to protect and defend. My lady would not consent to undress till nearly three o'clock in the morning, when the last lingering peal of thunder had died away among the distant hills. Until that hour she lay in the handsome silk dress in which she had traveled huddled together among the bedclothes only looking up now and then with a scared face to ask if the storm was over.

Toward four o'clock her husband who spent the night in watching by her bedside, saw her drop off into a deep sleep, from which she did not awake for nearly five hours.

But she came into the breakfast-room, at half-past nine o'clock singing a little Scotch melody, her cheeks tinged with as delicate a pink as the pale hue of her muslin morning dress. Like the birds and flowers, she seemed to recover her beauty and joyousness in the morning sunshine. She tripped lightly onto the lawn gathering a last lingering rosebud here and there, and a sprig or two of geranium, and returning through the dewy grass, warbling long cadences for very happiness of heart, and looking as fresh and radiant as the flowers in

Stall's Books

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.

her hands. The baronet caught her in his strong arms as she came in through the open window.

"My pretty one," he said, "my darling, what happiness to see you your own merry self again! Do you know, Lucy, that once last night, when you looked out through the dark-green bed-curtains, with your poor, white face, and the purple rims round your hollow eyes, I had almost a difficulty to recognise my little wife in that terrified agonized-looking creature crying out about the storm. Thank God for the morning sun which has brought back the rosy cheeks and bright smile! I hope to Heaven, Lucy, I shall never see you look as you did last night."

She stood on tiptoe to kiss him, and then was only tall enough to reach his white beard. She told him laughing, that she had always been a silly frightened creature—frightened of cattle, frightened of a thunder-storm, frightened of a rough sea. "Frightened of everything and every body but my dear, noble, handsome husband," she said.

She had found the carpet in her dressing room disarranged and had inquired into the mystery of the secret passage. She chid Miss Alicia in a playful laughing way, for her boldness in introducing two great men into my lady's rooms.

"And they had" the audacity to look at my picture, Alicia," she said, with mock indignation. "I found the baize thrown on the ground, and a great man's glove on the carpet. Look!"

She held up a thick driving glove as she spoke. It was George's, which he had dropped looking at the picture.

"I shall go up to the Sun, and ask those boys-to dinner," Sir Michael said, as he left the court upon his morning walk around the farm.

Lady Audley flitted from room to room in the bright September sunshine—now sitting down to the piano to play a ballad, or the first page of a bravura, or running through a brilliant overture, or hovering about a stand of house flowers, doing amateur sewing with a pair of fairy-like silver mounted embroidery scissors—now strolling into her dressing-room to talk to Thoebe Marks, and have her curls rearranged for the third or fourth time; for the ringlets were always getting into disorder, and gave no little trouble to Lady Audley's maid.

My dear lady seemed, on this particular September day, restless from very joyousness of spirit, and unable to stay long in one place, or occupy herself with one thing.

While Lady Audley amused herself in her own frivolous fashion, the two young men strolled slowly along the margin of the stream until they reached a shady corner, where the water was deep and still and the long branches of the willows trailed into the brook.

George Talboys took the fishing-rod, while Robert stretched himself at full length on a railway rug and balancing his hat upon his nose as a screen from the sunshine, fell fast asleep.

Those were happy fish in the stream on the banks of which Mr. Talboys was seated. They might have amused themselves to their heart's content with timid nibbles at this gentleman's bait without in any manner endangering their safety; for George only stared vacantly in the water, holding his rod in a loose, listless hand and with a strange far-away look in his eyes. As the church clock struck two he threw down his rod, and, striding away along the bank, left Robert Audley to enjoy a nap which, according to that gentleman's habits was by no means unlikely to last for two or three hours. About a quarter of a mile further on George crossed a rustic bridge, and struck into the meadows which led to Audley Court.

(To be continued.)

Halifax, N. S., Oct. 6.—Victor McAuley, of the Halifax Wanderers, won the Herald ten mile marathon here to-day for the third time in succession and the fourth time altogether. His time was 55.50.

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?

JOURNAL OF REV.

HENRY GORDON

CARTWRIGHT, LABRADOR

(Continued.)

Friday, Jan. 24th.

Left Otter Bay with Joe Green, going quite good. Cape Bluff Pond better than I have ever seen it. Reached Gilbert's Neck at 2.30, putting up for the night with Fred Burden. There wasn't much room indoors! Evensong 7.30. I had a very unusual treat in the food line, my first meal of rabbit this year.

Saturday, Jan. 25th.

A sudden change in the weather. Snow, hail, and finally heavy rain. Tommy Burden had agreed to carry me right up the shore to Battle Harbor, but he was not yet ready, so we hung on at his home for the day. The good folk made me as comfortable as they could.

Sunday, Jan. 26th.

Still raining this morning, but felt it my duty to get on to Georges' Cove for the day. Literally waded out there. Put up at John Kippenhook's. Visited the settlement and had service in the school chapel. After service I baptised and received a couple of babies. One feels really glad that one came on the trip just for the sake of the little babies. Tommy's team is almost beyond words! It gets along after a long time and that is about all there is to

Continued on page 3.

THE SHIELD'S REVERSE

The intellect of man has achieved, in the realms especially of the physical science, marvels of which the most renowned of the ancients never dreamed.

The wonders of the starry heavens, the secrets of the buried pages of the earth's long-hidden records, have yielded to man's patient study tales more wonderful than any fiction has produced. The discovery of once unknown forces and the subjugating of them to the control of man—all that has resulted in the accumulation of wealth and power from the researches of man in the sphere of material nature—fill us with deepening amazement. The discredit science as a benefactor of the race in its search for truth and fact would be to rank oneself with the ignorant and the fanatic. The truth, every honest man must follow let it lead where it may. It can never contradict itself.

But science, too, has made possible many an instrument for evil. On its anvils have been forged weapons for destruction that our most savage ancestors would have disdained to use. In many an instance its influence over the mind of its devotee has been to blind him to truths of greater worth to mankind than any exact science has ever discovered. It may be possible to measure and weigh the stars of heaven and yet catch no glimpse of eternal spiritual values beside which the shining stars grow pale.

It is when one looks upon the shield's reverse side, when he confronts the cold crass materialism into which scientific studies have so often led its votaries, that he scarcely wonders that one who had seen both sides should have written years before this last unpeachable war, which drew its engines of destruction from the laboratories of Science:

"I hate and fear Science" because of my conviction that for long to come, if not forever, it will be the remorseless enemy of mankind. I see it destroying all gentleness and simplicity of life; I see it restoring barbarism under the mask of civilization; I see it darkening men's minds and hardening their hearts; I see it bringing a time of vast conflicts which will pale into insignificance the thousand wars of old, and, as likely as not, overwhelm all the laborious advances of mankind in blood-drenched chaos."—Ex.

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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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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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