

The Guardian.

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\$1.00 per year to any part of
Nfld. (post free). To Canada, U.S.
A. and Great Britain \$1.50.

VOL. 12, NO. 17 TO UNITED STATES AND CANADA \$1.50 A YEAR. BAY ROBERTS, Nfld., FRIDAY, JUNE 1, 1923. PRICE: TWO CENTS. \$1.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

If You are Proud of your Baking and want
the Really Perfect Loaf of Bread we Recom-
mend You to use

WINDSOR PATENT "Canada's Best Flour"

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS Farmers,
Attention

HOSIERY
LADIES'
Blk. Cotton Hose... 22c, 25c and up
Brown Cotton Hose... 25c, 35c and up
Blk. Silk Hose... 55c, 1.20 and 1.50
Brown, Nude and Polo Silk Sp'... 70c

CHILDREN'S
Black and Brown Cotton Hose
Sizes 5 to 9 in. at 10c to 30c. an up

INFANTS
Socks, Coloured top... 35c

MEN'S
Fancy Mixture Ribbed 1-2 Hose 55c.
Blk. and Brown Cotton... 45c

WOOLS
CRESCENT
Red ticket Blk. only... 12c slip
Original Blk. and light... 17c slip
Original 14 colours... 19c slip

BEEHIVE
Blk. and Coloured... 27c slip

SCOTCH
Wheeling Pink and Navy... 33c
All Wools cheaper per head

UNDERWEAR
MEN'S
Fleece Lined... 95c and \$1.05 garment

LADIES'
Summer vests... 25c, 40c, 55c and up
Medium weight vests at... 65c

JOB
lot of Children's Summer Vests,
slightly soiled, high class goods, sell-
ing cheap.

A. A. KEEFE, Coley's Pt.

NEW ARRIVALS
Dress Poplins in Black, Navy and Brown at \$1.45 per yd.
Tweeds \$1.25 per yd.

The following Pound goods: Tweeds, Cotton Tweeds,
Denims, Scrims, Sheerings, Flannelettes, Sateers. All at
lowest cash prices.

Hearth Rugs... \$3.20 to \$6.00 Oil Cloth Mats... \$1.10 and \$1.65
Rope Mats... \$2.85 Canvas Mats... \$1.20

The following at Special Cut Prices

Ladies' Raglans... \$12.00 Girl's Oil Coats... \$7.50
Ladies' Waterproofs... \$12.50
... \$13.50 and \$15.00

A Big Variety of
Wall Papers
in various Shades and Patterns
Also the following

1923 Garden Seeds
Hay Seeds, Vegetable Seeds, and Flower Seeds, and to
arrive, Potato and Turnip Fertilizers.

A. E. MERCER, Bay Roberts W.

THE STORY OF A GREAT LOVE

Remarkable Confession of a Young
Man's Sin and Repentance
FROM TIT-BITS

I know that the story I am about
to tell will brand me a scoundrel in
the eyes of all decent men and wo-
men. I tell it as part of a self-im-
posed penance for conduct which has
filled me with a remorse and penit-
ence that has come too late.

If I had the courage of my penit-
ence I would put my name to this
confession; but I am still a moral
coward, and always shall be, I fear
until my last day.

This cowardice has been the curse
of my life and of the lives of others.
It broke the heart of one of the
noblest of women. It killed her,
and I bear—hidden, it is true, from
the eyes of the world—the pitiless
mark of a murderer.

Twenty years ago I was a bank
clerk in a certain town. I was young
and supposed to be clever. I had my
share of good looks and certain qual-
ities that made me popular. I found
the world a pleasant place, and hoped
to do well.

THE SHADOW FALLS.
I had not many months in B—
when one day, at a tennis party, I
met a girl over whom I was to cast
a baleful and tragic shadow.

I can see her now as vividly as
when I first set eyes on her—a sweet
idyllic picture, in a simple frock,
with a hat wreathed with daisies.
She was beautiful with the beauty of
raven hair, large grey eyes, dimpled
cheeks, and the complexion of a wild
rose, and lips radiant with smiles. At
sight of her I lost my heart entirely.

For her, indeed, as for me, as I
learned later, it was a case of love at
first sight.

She was, I discovered, the daugh-
ter of a doctor in a remote village,
beloved by all who knew her
good heart.

After the first meeting I knew no
peace until I had seen her again and
again, and when I at last summoned
up courage to ask her to be my wife,
I knew what her answer would be,
for I knew that she loved me as I
loved her.

Then followed for both of us hal-
cyon months. We dwelt in a fairy-
land of our own, such as only lovers
know, and longed for the day that
would make us one in life, as we
were one in heart and soul.

A BREAKER OF HEARTS
That day was never to come, for
the sergeant had come into our Eden.

Before I met Helen I had got en-
tangled with a pretty girl in the
town. It was a silly passing fancy,
but it was fated to wreck two lives.

Well, the day of our wedding was
fixed. All preparations had been
made or it. Then the "bolt" fell
from a cloudless sky.

Three days before that which was
to have made me the happiest of men
this girl came to see me. She told
me tearfully, that there was the
strongest of all reasons why I should
marry her—and soon. She threaten-
ed that, if I did not, she would ex-
pose and ruin me.

I was horror-struck; the blow was
so utterly unexpected. I was in de-
spair. I racked my brains all that
day and night (I had promised to
give her my answer on the morrow)
to discover some way of escape. I
could find none. To marry Helen
meant certain exposure and dis-
grace. I could not face such an al-
ternative, coward that I was, and I
promised to marry her quick-
ly as possible.

I made my plans to take her away
to Leeds and marry her by special
license within a few days; and as I
faced them, shame, remorse, despair,
had me in their clutch, until I
thought I should go mad.

I dared not tell Helen—I was too
cowardly. I met her, once again,
hiding my treachery under the mask
of love. My last words to her were,
"Only two days more, darling." I can
see now the light in her eyes as she
kissed my lying lips.

The next day I met in Leeds the
girl whom I was to make my wife,
and then I sent the following tele-
gram to Helen: "Deeply sorry. Sud-
denly called away on most import-
ant business. Postpone wedding.
Letter follows." Then I wrote to
her, making a full confession of the
truth, and begging her to keep it
secret.

(To be continued)

NO FURTHER NEED OF IT

"Smart boy wanted."
Such was the notice hanging out-
side a busy warehouse.

It had not been there long before a
littie fellow, red-headed and freckled,
calmly lifted it down and went inside
briskly.

"Did you hang this outside, sir?" he
asked the manager.

"Yes!" was the stern reply. "Why
did you pull it down?"

The boy looked at him for a few
moments. "Fity for the man's igno-
rance was expressed on his ace.

Then he spoke and his reply was
short but to the point:

"Why?" he said. "Why, because I'm
the boy."—Exchange.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

Beets taste pleasantly "different"
when served fin brown sauce.

Garnish hamburger steak with thin-
sliced onion rings.

Sliced pineapple makes a pleas-
ant different breakfast fruit.

Sprinkle creamed potatoes with
chopped parsley before serving.

Creamed ham and veal in salad
rolls makes a nice luncheon dish.

HOW TO CATCH A BIRD.

Don't hunt him with a sling or gun,
For that would surely spoil the fun;
For when all life would leave his
breast

You then can pick up all the rest—
A crumpled body, red and small,
A bit of plumage, that is all.
You haven't got his song or call!
Don't kill him!

I'll tell a secret that I heard—
The perfect way to catch a bird.
Just get a bird book, called a guide,
And with field-glasses at your side
Go out into the woods and see
The birds perched up in some tall
tree;

Stop, too, and hear his melody—
YOU'VE got him!

REBUKED.

Old Lady (to druggist)—"I want a
box of canine pills."
Druggist—"What's the matter with
the dog?"
Old Lady (indignantly)—"I want you
to know, sir, that my husband is a
gentleman."

The druggist put up some quinine
pills in profound silence.

Mother—And so my little man did
cry, when he fell down? That was
brave.

Little Man—There was't anyone
to hear!

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS

While in the maddening maze of
things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed trust my spirit clings;
I know that God is good!

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise.
Assured alone that life and death,
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fringed palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

—Whittier.

The St. Barbe count came in on
Wednesday last. The result of the
contest was as follows:

Scamuel... 1365
Moore... 1021

This completes the count for all the
Districts, and the standing of the
parties are: Government, 23; Opposi-
tion, 13.

GRAPES

Rich, ripe, healthful grapes,
grown in the famous vineyards
of Southern Europe—produce
the cream of tartar from which
Royal Baking Powder is made.

The most eminent authorities
in the world say cream of tartar
makes the best and most health-
ful baking powder.

ROYAL Baking Powder

MADE IN CANADA
Contains No Alum—Leaves No Bitter Taste

HOUSE OPENS.

The House of Assembly meets for
the despatch of business on Wednes-
day next, June 6th. The Humber
deal will, no doubt, be dealt with
first, and other important matters
will also come before the House for
consideration.

News in Brief

Mr. W. H. Greenland went to St.
John's by Thursday's train.

Mrs. Pearl Elms left for St. John's
by Thursday morning's train to take
the 'Silvia' for Boston.

Beginning Monday, June 4th, the
local train will run to and from St.
John's twice a day.

The merchant who does not make
a noise and get people talking about
his goods and his methods is a back
number these days.

Mr. A. M. Calpin, M. H. A., went
to St. John's by Wednesday morn-
ing's train.

Mr. Ron Kent, of Spaniard's Bay,
left for Toronto by Thursday morn-
ing's train.

The Women's Missionary Society
of the Methodist Church are holding
their annual convention in St. John's
this week.

A PUZZLE.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but what is
your name," the teller politely asked
the man presenting a check.

"Name," echoed the indignant cus-
tomer, "don't you see my signature on
the check?"

"I do," answered the teller. That's
what aroused my curiosity.—Dry
Goods Economist.

MORE ADVICE

One day a well-to-do farmer in
need of legal advice sought a strug-
gling attorney with reference to a
suit he desired to bring against a
neighbour. The lawyer looked up
the statutes and adviser his client
what course to pursue. As the latter
rose to leave the office, he asked,
"What's your fee?"

"Oh, say three dollars," carelessly
responded the attorney.

Whereupon the client proffered a
five-dollar bill. The lawyer seemed
embarrassed. He carefully searched
his pockets and the drawers of his
desk without finding the necessary
change. Finally he met the exigency
by pocketing the bill and observing,
as he reached for a digest:

"It would seem, sir, that I shall
have to give you two dollars' worth
more of advice."

News in Brief

Messrs. John Yetman, Cecil Rus-
sell, Alex Mercer, Edward Bradbury,
Bert Baggs, Victor Parsons, Bas
Parsons, Sam Dawe, Albert Dawe
and Will Kelly left here Thursday
morning for St. John's to take the
Silvia for Boston, Montreal, Toronto
and other places.

Mr. John Bishop, who was visiting
St. John's, returned home on Friday.

A few fishing crews are starting to
get ready for fishing the coming
summer. They are Holton crews
who go to Labrador in Capt. Gorge
Gosse's schooners.

We understand that Capt. Robert
Churchill has purchased the east end
premises belonging to the Estate of
the late George Hierlily.

The ballots in the Districts of Bur-
geo and LaPoile are being recount-
ed by Judge Johnson of the Supreme
Court. This is being done on the
petition of Mr. Chambers, the de-
feated candidate.

There are many rumors in circula-
tion regarding election petitions be-
ing filed against certain representa-
tives, particularly those of Mr. Grace
and Bay de Verde Districts. Up to
this writing we cannot vouch for the
accuracy or otherwise of these rum-
ors.

ITEMS OF NEWS.

One of the Japanese universities
is to establish a Chair of Alcoholic
Research.

The children's clothes will stay
clean several days if you keep them
off the children.

Have you seen the new earrings
that reach the shoulders, and keep
the ears from flapping?

Most of them should read, "Sixty
days after date I promise to renew."

Life is just a slow business of los-
ing the appetites you were born with.

At any rate Ambassador Harvey
serves as a good test of British-
American friendship.

King Tut came back after 3,000
years; so it wasn't a political land-
slide that buried him.

Lawyers are addicted to long sen-
tences, but they seem to get over
it when they become judges.

About the only thing that now in-
spires as little respect as a German
mark is an ultimatum.

The golfer who is a pedestrian,
should begin the season better
equipped to address a bad lie.

There is a growing fear that the
future balance of power in Europe
will show too many entries in Red.