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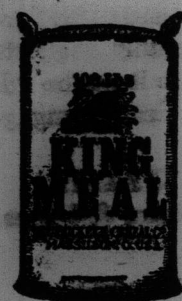
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Deputy Min. Posts & Telegraph

April 19, 25



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Business Girl's Resolves for 1925

My watchword is Growth.

Therefore I shall not wait for Opportunity to knock at my door. I shall tempt her, invite her, advertise for her, and, when necessary, pursue her.

I shall know my business.

No detail is too petty for me to manage; no problem too difficult for me to attempt. I shall study the tools of my work and be expert in their mechanism; I shall draw on the business allies that help me succeed—the books, the trade papers, the lectures and counsels from authorities.

I shall work for a just reward.

I shall insist on good pay for good work and do good work for its own sake. When I desire men's rewards, I shall assume the risks and responsibilities that men assume, not idly say, "Lo, because he is a man an unjust world gives him higher rewards."

In business I shall be businesslike.

I shall leave my emotions at home. I shall not demand special privileges because I am a woman. I shall not bring to business the clothes, manners or conversation of the drawing room.

I shall develop my bodily health.

My body must be an efficient machine. Therefore I shall not abuse or neglect it by overwork, late hours, worry or malnutrition. I shall freely exercise it as I exercise my mind. I shall cultivate its strength and beauty. I shall strengthen it by right food and protect it by proper clothing.

I shall have many interests.

I shall know the affairs of the day, national and world problems; in art, literature and the many phases of modern culture. I shall be well versed in the womanly science of home-making; and lend my aid to movements for women's progress. I shall be many-sided that I may succeed as a woman as well as a business woman.

I shall respect my work.

It shall not be regarded as my temporary makeshift. I shall do the work that I love or can respect, and look upon it as my permanent source of livelihood—to make the most of it, to improve it, to excel in it by effort and result.—Eleanor Gilbert.

The Weather Prophet

Peter McArthur

The old man lifts his weather-eye And takes a squint at the cloudless sky,

And says, as he samples a whiff of the breeze,

"It looks to me like it's goin' to freeze."

Oh, then you should hear the children shout!

And before you can wink their skates are out!

They oil the strips and they polish the rust,

And the old man files them, because he must.

"We're going to have skating!" they shout with glee,

And then they rush to the pond to see.

Such joy can be found in words like these,

"It looks to me like it's goin' to freeze."

When the old man comes from his chores at night,

He opens the door and blinks in the light,

Pulls off his mitts, and says, "I dunno,

But it looks to me like it's goin' to snow."

Then the children shout and rush to the shed.

And soon they are back with the battered sled.

The runners are warped and are all askew,

But the old man works till he gets them true,

And soon with their joy the roof-tree shakes.

When down through the night come the first big flakes,

Such joy is in the words: "I dunno,

But it looks to me like it's going to snow."

The old man stands by the open door

And takes a squint at the sky once more,

And then he says, and his words are law,

"It looks to me like it's goin' to thaw."

Oh, then what sport there is in sight!

The snowman is built and the snow ball fight!

And the old man whittles a little boat—

Not much to look at, but still it will float.

The children will shout and the dog will bark,

When there's water to float the clumsy ark.

And by noon they know that his words were law:

"It looks to me like it's goin' to thaw."

Andrew Carnegie says that his wife helped him in every important undertaking, and whatever noteworthy work he may have done he attributes to the advice and sound judgment of his wife. He has no patience with any of his biographers who fail to give credit to his wife.

Ink Spots on the Floor

When ink is spilled on any waxed floor, hardwood or soft wood, mop it up quickly with a soft cloth. Then rub the spot with fine steel wool wet in clear warm water. Finish with a clean wet cloth, allow to dry, and apply wax. Not a trace of ink will be left if you work quickly.

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?

Stall's Books

Rev. T. Albert Moore, D. D., General Secretary of the Dept. of Social Service and Evangelism of the Methodist 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

RESOLUTIONS.

(The Sentinel)

I will be an unafraid fighter for right and against wrong.

I will live more in the affirmative and less in the negative.

I will cultivate my confidences and discourage my doubts.

I will never again write—and mail—a letter when angry.

I will be a graveyard for useless or hurtful gossip.

I will try to spend less than I earn, honestly earning all that I spend.

I will be loyal to right and duty at all costs.

I will practise the presence of the God of nature in His own out-of-doors.

I will accept any wayward weakness I meet as God's call to me to be strong and helpful.

I will work enough and play adequately, and will neither work nor play half-heartedly.

I will not play the coward by silence when I ought to speak, nor the fool by speaking when I ought to be still.

I will believe firmly the few vital things of Christianity, allowing myself and my neighbors the utmost liberty regarding non-essentials.

I will estrange no more true friends, and I will, if possible, win back all worthy ones lost, making a few new ones if I can, so dire is my need of friendship, and so short is the life we live.

I will never be proud and boastful, especially concerning what I did not unaided achieve; and, before I grow arrogant about my success, I shall subtract from them my failures and thereby grow humble.

I will cultivate the habit of whole some fun, and frown to death the heresy that there is any fun in evil.

I will believe the best about people till the worst is verified; and even then will be charitable to the weakness, especially of those less favoured by inheritance, associations and training that I have been.

—Ira Landrith, in the "Continent."

THE DISCOVERY OF A GREAT RIVER

It is three hundred and eighty-nine years ago now, on October 2nd, 1535, that Jacques Cartier, the French sea captain who made three voyages to Canada in the years 1534, 1535, and 1541 was taken to the top of the great hill above the town of Hochelaga, which he called Mount Royal, and shown the landscape of the island and its rivers, and the distant mountains.

At almost the same time Cortez of Spain was standing "silent upon a peak in Darien," the first white man to see spread out before him the waters of the Pacific.

Cartier discovered the St. Lawrence river, and followed it as far as the La Chine rapids. He carried some of the Indians home to France, and as they died there, and so did not return home, the Indians' lost faith in him. Superseded at home, and distrusted by the Indians Cartier made no further voyages to the new world.

The Great Adventure

By the late Dr. Orison Sweet Mar-den in "Success."

Once upon a time a butterfly, just emerged from the chrysalis state, was bitterly disappointed with the sudden change which had come over it. It could not bear to leave the old house in which it had grown to maturity.

Filled with regrets, for a long, long time it hovered around its out-grown shell. Instead of using its wings to fly out into the beautiful world in which it had been born to a new and fuller life, it shrank from what was new and strange. It longed to be a chrysalis again.

The butterfly was infinitely more beautiful than the chrysalis. Its power of self-expression was many times enlarged. It could get around infinitely better; everybody admired it more, but still it mourned its old self, its old apparel to which it had become so accustomed. It didn't feel at home in its gorgeous new suit, the glorious colors in which it had been arrayed.

We are like the butterfly. We grieve when we have to leave our old house—the body. We fear leaving it. We shrink from—the new, unknown life that lies beyond the chrysalis stage—our—

But why should we fear? We have had to trust a higher power than our own every moment of our lives. Not for one instant have we been able to take care of ourselves without this Infinite Power, this Inscrutable Wisdom, which keeps all of our life processes going, which gives and recalls life to itself.

Now, since this Divine Power, this Infinite Wisdom takes care of us so wonderfully up to the very point of the change we call Death, why should we then distrust it? Why should we shrink from taking the leap in the dark when the Father-Mother-God calls us to leap into His Everlasting Arms?

If your child stood frightened in the dark, and you called it to leap into your arms, it would not fear to do so. Even though it could not see your face, it knows your voice and would not hesitate to jump when you called to it.

I have trusted the Infinite Power all through the seventy odd years of my life. I will not distrust It now. Everything that has happened to me so far has come from this Infinite

Power—the Divine Providence—and has been for my good.

Why should I begin to distrust It at this very critical period of my life?

Why should I shrink from taking the leap in the dark when the Father calls to me?

Why should I hesitate to change this old suit I have worn so long for a new one better adapted to my new needs?

My Father knows what is best for me. I trust Him!

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST THINGS.

The largest library is the National in Paris, which contains 3,000,000 books.

The tallest monument is in Washington, D. C. It is 550 feet high.

The highest chimney is in Glasgow, Scotland, and is 474 feet.

The deepest coal mine is near Lambert, Belgium, and is 3,600 feet deep.

The largest monolith is in Egypt—106 feet.

The biggest dock is at Cardiff, Wales.

The strongest electric light is at the Sydney lighthouse, Australia.

The greatest bank is the Bank of England, London.

The oldest college is University College, Oxford. It was established in the year 1050.

The largest college is in Cairo, Egypt. It has on its register each year over 10,000 students and 310 teachers.

The largest bronze statue is that of Peter the Great, in St. Petersburg, Russia. It weighs some 1,100 tons.

Damascus is claimed to be the oldest city in the world.

The most costly book is a Hebrew Bible, which is owned by the German government, and which the Pope offered \$25,000 for, but which the government of Germany would not give up.

Until recently the most costly medicine was supposed to be metallic gallium, \$50,000 a pound. But lately radium has far outstripped it in price, bringing about \$200,000 an ounce.—Ex.

The teacher was giving the class a lesson on gravity.

"Now, children," she said, "it is the law of gravity that keeps us on this earth."

"But please teacher," inquired one small child, "how did we stick on so far has come from this Infinite

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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