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April 19, 23



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LUCY GRAHAM'S SECRET

(Continued.)

It was eight o'clock in the evening when Robert got into Liverpool—too late for anything except to make inquiries as to what vessel had sailed within the last two days for the antipodes.

An emigrant ship had sailed at four o'clock that afternoon—the Victoria Regia, bound for Melbourne.

The result of his inquiries amounted to this—If he wanted to find out who had sailed in the Victoria Regia, he must wait till the next morning, and apply for information of that vessel.

Robert Audley was at the office at nine o'clock the next morning, and was the first person after the clerks who entered it.

He met with every civility from the clerk to whom he applied. The young man referred to his books, and running his pen down the list of passengers who had sailed in the Victoria Regia, told Robert that there was no one among them of the name of Talboys. He pushed his inquiries further. Had any of the passengers entered their names within a short time of the vessel's sailing?

One of the other clerks looked up from his desk as Robert asked this question. Yes, he said; he remembered a young man's coming into the office at half-past three o'clock in the afternoon, and paying his passage money. His name was the last on the list—Thomas Brown. Robert Audley shrugged his shoulders. There could have been no possible reason for George's taking a feigned name. He asked the clerk who had last spoken if he could remember the appearance of this Mr. Thomas Brown.

No; the office was crowded at the time, people were running in and out, and he had not taken any particular notice of this last passenger. Robert thanked them for their civility, and wished them good-morning. As he was leaving the office, one of the young men called after him.

"Oh, by-the-by, sir," he said, "I remember one thing about this Mr. Thomas Brown—his arm was in a sling."

There was nothing more for Robert Audley to do but to return to town. He re-entered his chambers at six o'clock that evening, thoroughly worn out once more with his useless search.

Mrs. Maloney brought him his dinner and a pint of wine from a tavern in the Strand. The evening was raw and chilly and the landlady had lighted a good fire in the sitting-room grate.

After eating about half a mutton chop, Robert sat with his wine untasted upon the table before him, smoking cigars and staring into the blaze.

"George Talboys never sailed for Australia," he said, after long and painful reflection. "If it is so, we are still in England; and if he is dead his body is hidden in some corner of England."

He sat for hours smoking and thinking—trouble and gloomy thoughts leaving a dark shadow upon his moody face, which neither the brilliant light of the gas nor the red blaze of the fire could dispel.

Very late in the evening he rose

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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

from his chair, pushed away the table, wheeled his desk over to the fire-place, took out a sheet of foolscap, and dipped a pen in the ink.

But after doing this he paused, leaned his forehead upon his hand, and once more relapsed into thought.

"I shall draw up a record of all that has occurred between our going down to Essex and to-night, beginning at the very beginning."

He drew up this record in short, detached sentences, which he numbered as he wrote.

It ran thus: "Journal of Facts connected with the Disappearance of George Talboys, inclusive of Facts which have no apparent Relation to that Circumstance."

In spite of the troubled state of his mind, he was rather inclined to be proud of the official appearance of this heading. He sat for some time looking at it with affection and with the feather of his pen in his mouth. "Upon my word," he said, "I begin to think that I ought to have pursued my profession, instead of dawdling my life away as I have done."

He smoked half a cigar before he got his thoughts in the proper train, and then began to write:

1. I write to Alicia, proposing to take George down to the Court.

2. Alicia writes, objecting to the visit, on the part of Lady Audley.

3. We go to Essex in spite of that objection. see my lady. My lady refuses to be introduced to George on that particular evening on the score of fatigue.

4. Sir Michael invites George and me to dinner for the following evening.

5. My lady receives a telegraphic dispatch the next morning which summons her to London.

6. Alicia shows me a letter from my lady, in which she requests to be told when I and my friend, Mr. Talboys, mean to leave Essex. To this letter is subjoined a postscript reiterating the above request.

7. We call at the Court, and ask to see the house. My lady's apartments are locked.

8. We get at the aforesaid apartments by means of a secret passage, the existence of which is unknown to my lady. In one of the rooms we find her portrait.

(To be continued.)

JOURNAL OF REV. HENRY GORDON

CARTWRIGHT, LABRADOR

(Continued.)

Saturday, April 5th.

Turned out at 5.0. Fine and frosty. Made a start at 7.0, finding the going excellent. The dogs were in splendid form, and at times almost mad with the strong scent of seals, hundreds of which lay on top of the ice.

Whenever the animals would wind a seal, they would simply tear away in the direction until the hole was reached. The seal would long ago have disappeared! As these mad rushes were liable to occur without a second's warning, it was no uncommon thing to find myself suddenly jerked head over heels off the komatik, and rise up to see the team fading away into the distance. We reached Pearl River at 1.30, where I had planned to spend the week-end. Miss McKenny had left two days ago, Mr. Parsons very generously offering her a passage to Cartwright.

Sunday, April 6th.

A beautiful day. Hugh Campbell came over in time for Mattins at 10.0. After dinner, I went over with all the children to Mulligan for a children's service. On return, we had Evensong at Pearl River. I examined the children in some of their work, and found that they had got on very well.

Monday, April 7th.

Another great day. Three of the Chaulks were off for a deer-hunt, so that we were able to make an early start. The going was still good, and the scent of seals stronger than ever. We had some terrible runs and many a spill. Just below Lowlands I mounted guard over the dogs with the whip, whilst Wilfrid very cleverly stalked and shot a seal. About 11.0, we boiled our kettle among the birches. We reached our day's destination at Valley's Bight, about 3.0. An hour or two later, Mr. Fequet and Charlie Williams arrived, having driven all the way from North West River. Charlie's dogs had actually caught a seal asleep on the ice. Much talk and a service at 9.0.

Tuesday, April 8th.

They told us that we could not go home via Back Bay, as the ice was all broken up there. This made Wilfrid and myself all the more determined to try it. I did not want to miss our four lonely families scattered about the district, and I think neither of us liked being informed that it could not be done. All the morning it was so dirty and stormy that we did not like making a start. We had to cross the bay, and in several places the ice was broken up. About dinner time we decided to start. I set a course with my compass and we hit St. John's Island fair and square. From here we were able to make the south side of the bay and I caught Trout Cove for the night. Sam Wolfey gave me a pure white bitch named Chance, who will make an excellent leader for my little team. She is three years old, so may be hard to settle down into a new home.

Wednesday, April 8th.

Blowing and drifting hard. Left Trout Cove 7.0. Snow soft, deep and watery. Called Peter Lewis' Brook for midday. Waited several hours for Adam Mucko to return from Rigolet, as I wanted him to be present at the baptism of his baby. Bought a seal's carcass and 20 lbs. of fat for our dogs. Wilfrid tried Chance ahead on leaving here, and in spite of being rather bad at turning I think she will make a good leader. She sets a great pace, and keeps it up. Reached Pease Cove, 3.0. The old man of the house had ed me over a couple of tins of meat which the doctor had left for me, and one could not but feel that there was some special providence attached to the gift, for we were both of us almost famished. Evensong 7.30.

Thursday, April 10th.

Will Wolfey set out with us this morning to help us round the shore of Back Bay, several miles of which we would have to cover before being able to take to the ice again. Even so, things were not nearly so bad as people had tried to make out. One big hill had to be negotiated. After this was safely accomplished we returned home. Taking to the ice a little too soon, we were only just in time to save ourselves a nasty accident, and got back on to land again as quickly as possible. Looking down from a hill on to the place where we had just been, made one feel almost sick. It was all rotten and full of holes. Once safe out on the Bay ice we got along well and reached the head of the bay by 2.0. The weather continues splendid. The sun gives great heat in the middle of the day. Evensong and holy communion 7. Joe Pottle gave me a lovely dog's skin.

(To be continued.)

AN APPRECIATION

Mrs. Isaac French, of Samuel French's Cove, desires to thank Mrs. James E. Snow, Allston, Mass., for her thoughtfulness in collecting from the following Newfoundlanders in America an amount for which she is deeply grateful:

- \$5.00—Mrs. James E. Snow.
- \$2.00—Mr. Stephen Mercer, Mr. Stephen Bradbury.
- \$1.00—Mr. Arthur Snow, Mrs. Arthur Snow, Mr. Ernest Snow, Mrs. Ernest Snow, Nathan Babcock, Mr. W. J. Babcock, Mrs. W. J. Babcock, Mrs. Charlie Hussey, Mrs. A. F. Mercer, Mrs. William J. Baggs, Mr. Cecil Russell, Mr. W. E. Cave, Mr. John Babcock, Mr. Edward Russell, Mr. L. K. Mercer, Mr. Joseph Moores, Mr. H. W. Babcock, Mr. Albert Babcock, Mr. Allen Trimm.
- 50c—Mrs. Edward Russell, Mr. Nathaniel Babcock, Mrs. Nathan Babcock of Wm. A. Friend, Mrs. Emma Russell, A. Friend.

Total \$31.00

Mr. Frank Ward, of the Western Union Telegraph Co., Canso, who is spending his holidays at Hr. Grace, was here on a brief visit this week.

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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 colours—
- (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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