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April 19, 23



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LUCY GRAHAM'S SECRET

(Continued.)

"What can be the meaning of all this?" said Robert. "What could be his motive for leaving England in this manner, without a word to me, his most intimate friend—without even a change of clothes; for he has left everything at my chambers? It is the most extraordinary proceeding!"

The old man looked very grave. "Do you know, Mr. Audley," he said, tapping his forehead significantly, "I sometimes fancy that Helen's death had a strange effect upon poor George."

"Pshaw!" cried Robert contemptuously; "he felt the blow most cruelly, but his brain was as sound as yours or mine."

"Perhaps he will write you from Liverpool," said George's father in law. He seemed anxious to smooth over any indignation that Robert might feel at his friend's conduct.

"He ought," said Robert, gravely; "for we've been good friends from the days when we were together at Eton. It isn't kind of George Talboys to treat me like this."

But even at the moment that he uttered the reproach a strange thrill of remorse shot through his heart. "I don't like him," he said, "it isn't like George Talboys."

Little George caught at the sound. "That's my name," he said, "and my papa's name—the big gentleman's name."

"Yes, little George, and your papa came last night and kissed you in your sleep. Do you remember?"

"No," said the boy, shaking his curly little head.

"You must have been very fast asleep, little George, not to see poor papa."

The child did not answer, but presently, fixing his eyes upon Robert's face, he said abruptly:

"Where's the pretty lady?"

"What pretty lady?"

"The pretty lady that used to come a long while ago."

"He means his poor mamma," said the old man.

"No," cried the boy, "she isn't my mamma. Mamma was always crying. I didn't like mamma—"

"Hush, little George!"

"But I didn't, and she didn't like me. She was always crying. I mean the pretty lady; the lady that was dressed so fine, and that gave me my gold watch."

"He means the wife of my old captain—an excellent creature, who took a great fancy to George, and gave him some handsome presents."

"Where's my gold watch? Let me show the gentleman my gold watch," cried George.

"It's gone to be cleaned, George," answered his grandfather.

"It's always going to be cleaned," said the boy.

"The watch is perfectly safe, I assure you," Mr. Audley, murmured the old man, apologetically; "and taking out a pawnbroker's duplicate he handed it to Robert."

It was made out in the name of Captain Mortimer: "Watch, set with diamonds, £11."

"I'm often hard pressed for a few shillings," Mr. Audley, said the old man. "My son in law has been very liberal to me; but there are others, there are others, Mr. Audley—and—and—I've not been treated well." He wiped away some

genuine tears as he said this in a pitiful, sly voice. "Come, George, it's time the brave little man was in bed. Come along with grand pa. Excuse me for a quarter of an hour, Mr. Audley."

The boy went very willingly. At the door of the room the old man looked back at his visitor, and said in the same peevish voice, "This is a poor place for me to pass my declining years in, Mr. Audley. I've made many sacrifices, and I make them still, but I've not been treated well."

(To be continued.)

JOURNAL OF REV.

HENRY GORDON

CARTWRIGHT, LABRADOR

(Continued.)

Thursday, Mar. 20th.

A most perfect day. Clear sky and warm sun. A good night's frost had put a hard surface on the snow, so that we were able to make excellent time into Double Mer. I just went into the house to see Mr. Batten and exchange greetings, then went on across the portage to Rigolet. Coming down the hill our chain drag broke, and caused us some monetary excitement. A large number of visitors were in Rigolet. The water had gained very rapidly in the run. Evensong, 8.0.

Friday, March 21st.

A warm day with noticeable effect on the ice and snow. Dick harness ed up and started off for home. The poor dogs have had a hard time of it and are very cut up. Nigger, our leader, is crippled. I intend traveling on by means of hired teams. John Oliver is to take me as far as North West River, and we made a start by going up as far as Mulhouse, where we had dinner. Re turning to Rigolet we had dinner and then went over the portage to Double Mer. The going was very soft and our progress slow. John has only five dogs. It was nearly seven by the time we reached Pompey's Head. We saw many seals out on the ice sunning themselves. Prayers at 9.

Saturday, March 22.

Showing slightly. Baptized a little baby, then set off up the bay to Big Brooks. Here I baptized an other baby. How one rejoices to see the little children coming along, after so many deaths. Leaving here about 10.30 we rapidly overhauled a team that had started some time before us and brought up at New England for the night. Prayers 7.30.

Sunday, March 23.

Fine mild day. Had Mattins at 10. John Blake's at 10.30, when I baptized two babies. After dinner I walked across the bay to Staves Point, getting hot and tired in the process. The walking was just wrong for anything. John came over late in the evening. Evensong and Holy Communion 7.30.

Monday, March 24.

We turned out long before day light this morning in view of a strenuous day's work. Pearl River is our next stopping place, and there are two ways of getting there. To follow the usual route along the shores of Double Mer and Groswater Bay means covering some 70 miles and taking two days at it. The other route lies straight through the country across a big 'neck,' but only measures some 25 miles. We were bent on tackling the latter route, and had got Will Blake to come with us as pilot. Got off at 5.30, and after a short call at the head of the bay, took to the land at 7. Much snow had fallen in the night, and it lay very deep on the land. Will and I put on our snow shoes and falked ahead of the dogs. To me it all seemed a mystery how we got along over bare marches and through thick woods. Will seemed to have a new sense, although he declared that he was following a fixed line. After five hours' steady tramp

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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

ing we called a halt and made a fire. One really knows what hunger is on occasions like this. Our meal consisted of very strong tea and a big lump of fat salt pork. Resuming our course we tramped on once more, and now I found that we were following a brook. After a time the brook forked, and Will showed signs of hesitation for the first time. He finally chose the wider of the branches. The dogs could only just crawl along even in our tracks. At the end of a couple of three hours our brook suddenly narrowed down into almost nothing and Will realized he had made a mistake. We held a consultation, debating what was best to be done. To go all the way back to where the brook had forked seemed too bad. It seemed better to lay a course with the compass and try and strike the right brook across the land. For a time all went well until we struck dense woods and could not keep on our course. Then we got wandering about in all directions, and dark came, on us hopelessly lost. For the first time in my four winters down here I had the experience of a night out in a snow hole. I certainly do not want another. You start by making a huge fire on top of the snow, and as the snow melts until you are as dead as nine or ten feet down. After this it is like living in a chimney. The smoke from the fire nearly chokes you. You have to get fairly close to it to keep yourself from freezing. To add to other discomforts, I was wet through with sweat after a long day on snowshoes.

(To be continued.)

NOT GUILTY OF MURDER

OR MANSLAUGHTER

But Jury Disagrees on Question of Cruelty, and Unfortunate Woman is Released.

The case of the Crown vs. Laura Pye charged with murder occupied the attention of the Supreme Court yesterday. The accused was charged with having caused the death of her three weeks' old baby at Crocker's Cove, Carbonear, in September last, and the case was heard before the full bench and a special jury.

Mr. H. A. Winter appeared for the Crown, and Mr. W. J. Higgins for the defendant.

The morning session was fully occupied by Crown witnesses, the fol lowing apparently well nourished. There was a little froth at the mouth and lowing being examined: Theresa Fraze, Bert Chubbis, W. H. Butt, Emily Butt, Dr. G. L. Stentaford, District Inspector Sheppard and Constable March.

It was deposed that accused had given birth to a baby girl on August 18th in Hr. Grace; that she left there on September 10th, that subsequently she was seen at Carbonear in a "hungry, weak and wet condition." During her stay at the home where her baby was born she made clothes for the infant, and in every way showed a mother's love for her offspring. Later when met, she made no attempt to hide or avoid anyone, and showed no evidence of desiring to get rid of the child. Dr. Stentaford, who made the post mortem examination, stated that the infant was about three weeks old and nose. There were no marks of violence on the body. He could not say from the external examination what was the cause of death. The brain was normal and there was nothing in the mouth or throat. The lungs were partly distended, but not as fully as they usually are in the case of drowning. The heart was normal. Nothing was found in the stomach but a tablespoonful of water. There was no sign of food whatever, and every indication that the child had not been fed. Witness was not prepared to say the child was in the water long enough to drown, but if it was not dead when it was taken from the water, it died from cold and exposure.

In the afternoon accused gave evidence in her own defence, and she told a story that was tragic and pathetic, a story of hopelessness, helplessness and despair. The unfortunate woman was married in Halifax in June last. In August at Hr. Grace she gave birth to her child, whose father was not her husband. On September 10th she returned to the scene of her former home, there it was declared she received no sympathy and no help and she spent two nights exposed to the rainy weather in the hills back of Carbonear. She had nothing to eat, nothing to give her child, which became ill, and worried, wearied, hungry and distraught, and believing that her infant was dead, she determined to end it all by taking her

Continued on page 3.



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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,
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