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VOL. 18, NO. 20

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BAY ROBERTS, Nfld., FRIDAY, JUNE 20, 1924

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C. L. B. Notes.

Sunday, June 15th, the 1st Nfld. Regiment, C. L. B. Cadets, with their Old Comrades, Bishop Spencer and Girl Friendly Society, Girl Guides and Ranger Companies paraded at 2.15 p.m. and marched to the Church of England Cathedral for Divine Service. They were under command of Lt-Col. Walter F. Rendell, C. B. E. and Captain Stick, Ad-rank's mustered. The Regimental Band under Capt. Major Sidney Bursell were in excellent form and provided martial music. The Colours were in charge of Lieut. Eric Jerrett. Full size decorations were worn by all ranks. Sergt. Major T. Ricketts, V.C., also paraded with Field College Company. The usual Brigade service was held at the Cathedral. The service was choral, Mr. King presiding at the organ, which was very much appreciated. The Brigade was courteously received and seated by Mr. Frank E. Rendell, Peoples' Warden. The clergymen present were Rev. Canon Jeeves, M. A., Rector, Rev. and Captain Herbert Pike and Rev. J. Brinton, Battalion Chaplain. The Rev. E. M. Bishop, Rector of Bay Roberts, Company Chaplain of H. Company, was also present in the pews. The service was preached by Rev. Canon Jeeves from the text of the 1st and 2nd verses of Exodus. "And thou shalt put into him what is in his hand, and he said a rod: The preacher appealed to all to restrain and control their passions and by this manner increase their influence, turning their weaknesses into towers of strength and their lives into real usefulness in every walk of life. The address was short, practical and to the point. After the service the parade returned to the Armoury via Gower Street Kings Road and Military Road where the Officer Commanding addressed the various units. He thanked the Old Comrades for their loyal support and presence and extended a hearty welcome to the Girl Guides at the C. L. B. Church parades. He announced that the annual C. L. B. Outdoor Sports managed by the Athletic Association will be held next Monday, June 23rd, at St. George's Field. The Old Comrades are requested to lend a hand, and C.L.B. friends to make the date—to-day week. On Sunday morning, June 29th, at 9 a.m., it has been arranged to parade the C.L.B. and kindred organizations to line the streets from Shea's wharf to Government House to honour the landing of Field Marshal Earl Haig, which will take place (D.V.) at 9.30. All ex-service men, Old Comrades or others are invited to wear full size decorations and parade with the Brigade on this occasion and afterwards attend Divine Service at 11 a.m. at the Cathedral. This will be the annual commemoration service held on the nearest Sunday to Newfoundland's National Memorial Day, July 1st. "In memory of our gallant dead." The parade was then dismissed and the Girl Guides Officers marched their Companies back to their headquarters.

Steamship's Collide off Nfld. Coast

In a dense fog on June 19th the steamers Metagama, of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, Montreal, and Clara Camus, owned by an Italian company, and registered in Trieste, collided some miles off the coast of Newfoundland according to messages received which read as follows signed by Mr. E. J. Myrick, lighthouse keeper and wireless operator at Cape Race:

"Following received from s.s. Metagama: S. O. S. Collided with unknown ship seven miles east-south-east of Cape Race; dense fog. Number one stokehold damaged. Am proceeding to St. John's."

(Signed) HENDERSON.

"Other ship in collision with Metagama is s.s. Clara Camus, and calling for immediate assistance. Heading for St. John's. We are in communication with Rosalind, Kenbarrhead and Canada. All three are proceeding to scene with greatest possible speed. Will advise further particulars."

"Metagama left boat containing three men, adrift in 46.35 north latitude, 52.57 west longitude. Cannot see from here owing to fog. Rosalind due soon. Will report further details later."

In regard to the last message very little can be gathered except that three men from the Metagama put out in a small boat in order to locate and ascertain their position.

Other than this there is no particulars of the collision. Both ships are heading for St. John's when full information will be available.

ITEMS OF NEWS.

Mr. George Bursell, of the Finance Dept., St. John's, spent the week-end at his home here.

Miss Mary Evans, from Boston and Mrs. R. Kearley, from B. C., arrived here last week.

Mr. A. E. Mercer spent a few days in St. John's this week.

DIED

On Monday, June 16th, of diphtheria, John, beloved child of James and Margaret Fitzpatrick aged 10 years. Left to mourn are father, mother, one brother and one sister. Funeral took place on Tuesday to the R. C. Cemetery, Rev. Fr. Thibault officiating.

OBITUARY

There passed peacefully away at Coley's Point on Saturday, June 14th, after a short illness, Mary Ann, widow of the late Stephen French, aged 79 years. Deceased had not been in robust health for some time past but the end came after only a week's illness.

The funeral, which was largely attended, took place to the C. of E. Cemetery, Rev. E. M. Bishop officiating. The text at the Church Service was taken from 2nd Timothy, chapter 1, verse 12, "I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."

Rev. Bishop spoke in the highest terms of the deceased, he having visited her throughout the time of her illness. She possessed the many qualities which go to make up a loyal friend and good neighbour and she will be mourned and missed by many who enjoyed her friendship.

Left to mourn are four sons, James H. and Charles S., in the United States, Reuben, at Corner Brook and William at home; two daughters, Mrs. John A. Morgan, of St. John's, and Mrs. Thomas Hardy, of Watertown, Mass., U. S. A., also one sister, Mrs. Fannie French of Coley's Point, and two brothers, James H. Stevens, of Canada, and John Stevens of Barenhead. Also 33 grandchildren and two great-grandchildren, besides a large circle of friends to whom sympathy is extended in their hour of sorrow.

Just as the sun descends at eve, Soon with fresher beams to rise, So shall our mother dear receive Life eternal in the skies.

Flour that's at the Head of the procession of Bread Makers is

Cracker Jack

It has a natural and earned right to take such high rank, because the Wheat from which it is made, the skill, care and cleanliness used in its manufacture, prove our claim that Cracker Jack Flour is the best made.

BOWRING BROTHERS, Limited, Distributors.

A. A. FRENCH, LOCAL AGENT.

Teachers Honored

On Wednesday, June 18th, the friends of Miss Florence Mercer, Teacher of the Primary Department, and Mr. William O. Butt, Teacher of the Superior Department of the West Methodist School, surprised them with a party in their honor.

About one hundred young people assembled in Snowden Hall and an enjoyable time spent. Refreshments were served and following which Miss Myrtis Dawe, who occupied the chair, called Mr. Arch Norman, who read an address of appreciation of Mr. Butt's work and Miss Vera Mercer, on behalf of his pupils, presented him with a tangible token of their good wishes.

Mrs. (Rev.) Baggs, before reading the address to Miss Florence Mercer, spoke in the highest terms of the invaluable services Miss Mercer had always given to the various church organizations and as minister's wife she said, "Miss Mercer has never failed me, no matter what task she was asked to undertake." This was truly a record to be proud of. The gift of the Primary scholars to their teacher was presented by Miss Beatrice Fradsham.

Both teachers made suitable replies to the kind wishes and appreciation of their services as expressed in the addresses. We hope to publish these in next week's issue. After the presentations an impromptu

ITEMS OF NEWS.

Today (Friday) a little lad named Walter Russell had the misfortune, while hauling a load of caplin, to have his horse together with the cart, and load back out and fall over the high bank just west of the Guardian Office. The boy did all possible to prevent the accident but in vain. To all appearances the horse did not receive any injuries and by the help of some men the horse and cart was brought back to the road.

At last meeting of Avalon Council, No. 2223, Knights of Columbus, Mr. F. T. Bateman was elected Grand Knight in succession to Mr. W. T. Jones, who at the recent State Convention was elevated to the office of State Deputy. Mr. Crowley of North River succeeds Mr. Bateman as Deputy Grand Knight.

On June 16th, to Mr. and Mrs. R. I. Hollett, Great Burin, a son. Mother and baby doing well.

NOTE OF THANKS.

The family of the late Mrs. Mary Ann French desire to thank the many kind friends who helped in any way during the illness and at the time of the death of their dear loved one. Also those who sent flowers to adorn the casket.

For Sale

That first class yacht "Mona-nais" belonging to the estate of the late Rev. Dr. Whelan. Equipped with 40 h.p. motor engine, electric light apparatus, up-to-date lavatory, and cabin furniture. Yacht or motor engine may be purchased separately or together. For particulars apply to Messrs. Higgins, East & Emerson, Solicitors, St. John's.

Wanted to Buy

A number SECOND-HAND GRAPNELS, about 50lb. weight. W. H. GREENLAND, Coley's Point.

New Goods.

Big assortment Summer Hose in all popular Shades, in Ladies', Children's and Men's sizes. All at lowest prices.

Ladies' Summer Vests. Gent's Summer Underwear. Carpet Mats 45c each.

Full range of pound Goods in White and Striped Flannelettes. Coloured Chintz. Black and Coloured Satens. Stripe and Check Percaloes and Ginghams.

Plain and fancy bordered Scrimas. Voiles in long lengths. Men's and Boy's Rubber Boots. Boy's Pegged Boots.

Shipment of Men's Boots, colours: Black and Ox Blood, just arrived. A few Oil Jackets in Men's and Boy's sizes. Cheap to clear.

Splitting Knives. Cut-throat Knives. Sheath Knives.

Fish Hooks. Assorted sizes. Few pairs of Men's Tweed and Corduroy Pants at very attractive prices to clear.

Pitch and Tar. Provisions and Cattle Feeds at lowest prices.

E. J. French

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 Has Wireless connection with Shipping, via Cape Race, Fogo and Labrador, via Battle Harbor.
 Gives quick service to Canada and the United States, and all benefits of reduced low rates for night messages. Direct service to Great Britain at rates as low as 6 cents a word.
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DAVID STOTT,
 Superintendent
 G. W. LEMESSURIER
 Deputy Min. Posts & Telegraph

April 19, 23



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 Wholesale Only.

Advertise in The Bay Roberts Guardian

LUCY GRAHAM'S SECRET

(Continued.)

If there were any selfish feelings displayed in such speeches as these, George Talboys had never discovered it. He had loved and believed in his wife from the first to the last hour of his brief married life. The love that is not blind is perhaps only a spurious divinity after all; for when Cupid takes the fillet from his eyes it is a fatally certain indication that he is preparing to spread his wings for a flight. George never forgot the hour in which he had first become bewitched by Lieutenant Maldon's pretty daughter, and how ever she might have changed, the image which had charmed him then, unchanged and unchanging, represented her in his heart.

Robert Audley left Southampton by a train which started before day-break, and reached Wareham station early in the day. He hired a vehicle at Wareham to take him over to Grange Heath.

The snow had hardened upon the ground, and the day was clear and frosty, every object in the landscape standing in sharp outline against the cold blue sky. The horses' hoofs clattered upon the ice-bound road, the iron shoes striking on the ground that was almost as firm as themselves. The wintry day bore some resemblance to the man to whom Robert was going. Like him, it was sharp, frigid, and uncompromising; like him, it was merciless to distress and impregnable to the softening power of sunshine.

It would accept no sunshine but such January radiance as would light up the bleak, bare country without brightening it; and thus resembled Harcourt Talboys, who took the sternest side of every truth, and declared loudly to the disbelieving world that there never had been and never could be any other side.

Robert Audley's heart sunk within him as the shabby hired vehicle stopped at a stern-looking barred fence, and the driver dismounted to open a broad iron gate which swung back with a clanking noise and was caught by a great iron tooth, planted in the ground, which snapped at the lowest bar of the gate as if it wanted to bite.

This iron gate opened into a scanty plantation of straight-limbed fir-trees, that grew in rows and shook their sturdy winter foliage defiantly in the very teeth of the frosty breeze. A straight, graveled carriage drive ran between these straight trees across a smoothly kept lawn to a square red-brick mansion, every window of which winked and glittered in the January sunlight as if it had been that moment cleaned by some indefatigable housemaid.

I don't know whether Junius Brutus was a nuisance in his own house, but among other of his Roman virtues, Mr. Talboys owned an extreme aversion to disorder, and was the terror of every domestic in his establishment.

The windows winked and the flight of stone steps glared in the sunlight, the prim garden walks were so freshly graveled that they gave a sandy, gingery aspect to the place, reminding

ing one unpleasantly of red hair. The lawn was chiefly ornamented with dark, wintry shrubs of a funeral aspect which grew in beds that looked like problems in algebra; and the flight of stone steps leading to the square half-glass door of the hall was adorned with dark-green wooden tubs containing the same sturdy evergreens.

"If the man is anything like his house," Robert thought, "I don't wonder that poor George and he parted."

At the end of a scanty avenue the carriage-drive turned a sharp corner (it would have been made to describe a curve in any other man's grounds) and ran before the lower windows of the house. The flyman dismounted at the steps, ascended them, and rang a brass-handled bell, which flew back to its socket, with an angry metallic snap, as if it had been insulted by the plebeian touch of the man's hand.

A man in black trousers and a striped linen jacket, which was evidently fresh from the hands of the laundress, opened the door. Mr. Talboys was at home. Would the gentleman send in his card?

Robert waited in the hall while his card was taken to the master of the house.

The hall was large and lofty, paved with stone. The panels of the oaken wainscot shone with the same uncompromising polish which was on every object within and without the red-bricked mansion.

Some people are so weak-minded as to affect pictures and statues. Mr. Harcourt Talboys was far too practical to indulge in any foolish fancies. A barometer and an umbrella-stand were the only adornments of his entrance-hall.

Robert Audley looked at these while his name was being submitted to George's father.

The linen-jacketed servant returned presently. He was a square, pale faced man of almost forty, and had the appearance of having outlived every emotion to which humanity is subject.

"If you will step this way, sir," he said, "Mr. Talboys will see you, although he is at breakfast. He begged me to state that everybody in Dorsetshire was acquainted with his breakfast hour."

This was intended as a stately reproof to Mr. Robert Audley. It had, however, very small effect upon the young barrister. He merely lifted his eyebrows in placid deprecation of himself and everybody else.

"I don't belong to Dorsetshire," he said. "Mr. Talboys might have known that, if he'd done me the honor to exercise his powers of ratiocination. Drive on, my friend."

The emotionless man looked at Robert Audley with a vacant stare of unmitigated horror, and opening one of the heavy oak doors, led the way into a large dining-room furnished with the severe simplicity of an apartment which is meant to be ate in, but never lived in; and at top of a table which would have accommodated eighteen persons Robert beheld Mr. Harcourt Talboys.

Mr. Talboys was robed in a dressing-gown of gray cloth, fastened about his waist with a girdle. It was a severe looking garment, and was perhaps the nearest approach to the toga to be obtained within the range of modern costume. He wore a buff waistcoat, a stiffly starched cambric cravat, and a fullness shirt collar. The cold gray of his dressing-gown was almost the same as the cold gray of his eyes, and the pale buff of his waistcoat was the pale buff of his complexion.

Robert Audley had not expected to find Harcourt Talboys at all like George in his manners or disposition, but he had expected to see some family likeness between the father and the son. There was none. It would have been impossible to imagine any one more unlike George than the author of his existence. Robert scarcely wondered at the cruel letter he received from Mr. Talboys when he saw the writer of it. Such a man could scarcely have written otherwise.

There was a second person in the large room, toward whom Robert glanced after saluting Harcourt Talboys, doubtful how to proceed. This second person was a lady, who sat at the last of a range of four windows, employed with some needlework, the kind of which is generally called plain work, and with a large wicker basket filled with calicoes and flannels, standing by her.

The whole length of the room divided this lady from Robert, but he could see that she was young, and that she was like George Talboys.

"His sister!" he thought in that one moment, during which he ventured

to glance away from the master of the house toward the female figure at the window. "His sister, no doubt. He was fond of her, I know. Surely, she is not utterly indifferent as to his fate?"

The lady half rose from her seat, letting her work, which was large and awkward, fall from her lap as she did so, and dropping a reel of cotton, which rolled away upon the polished oaken flooring beyond the margin of the Turkey carpet.

"Sit down, Clara," said the hard voice of Mr. Talboys.

That gentleman did not appear to address his daughter, nor had his face been turned toward her when she rose. It seemed as if he had known it by some social magnetism peculiar to himself; it seemed, as his servants were apt disrespectfully to observe, as if he had eyes in the back of his head.

"Sit down, Clara," he repeated, "and keep the cotton in your workbox."

The lady blushed at this reproof, and stooped to look for the cotton. Mr. Robert Audley, who was unshaken by the stern presence of the master of the house, knelt on the carpet, found the reel, and restored it to its owner; Harcourt Talboys staring at the proceeding with an expression of unmitigated astonishment.

"Perhaps, Mr.—, Mr. Robert Audley!" he said, looking at the card which he held between his finger and thumb, "perhaps when you have finished looking for reels of cotton, you will be good enough to tell me to what I owe the honor of this visit?"

He waved his well-shaped hand with a gesture which might have been admired in the stately John Kemble; and the servant, understanding the gesture, brought forward a ponderous red-morocco chair.

The proceeding was so slow and solemn, that Robert had at first thought that something extraordinary was about to be done; but the truth dawned upon him at last, and he dropped into the massive chair.

"You may remain, Wilson," said Mr. Talboys, as the servant was about to withdraw; "Mr. Audley would perhaps like coffee."

Robert had eaten nothing that morning, but he glanced at the long expanse of dreary table-cloth, the silver tea and coffee equipage, the stiff splendor, and the very little appearance of any substantial entertainment, and he declined Mr. Talboys' invitation.

"Mr. Audley will not take coffee, Wilson," said the master of the house. "You may go."

The man bowed and retired, opening and shutting the door as cautiously as if he were taking a liberty in doing it at all, or as if the respect due to Mr. Talboys demanded his walking straight through the oaken panel like a ghost in a German story.

Mr. Harcourt Talboys sat with his gray eyes fixed severely on his visitor, his elbows on the red-morocco arms of his chair, and his finger tips joined. It was the attitude in which, had he been Junius Brutus, he would have sat at the trial of his son. Had Robert Audley been easily embarrassed, Mr. Talboys might have succeeded in making him feel so; as he would have sat with perfect tranquillity upon an open gunpowder barrel lighting his cigar, he was not at all disturbed upon this occasion.

The father's dignity seemed a very small thing to him when he thought of the possible causes of the son's disappearance.

"I wrote to you some time since, Mr. Talboys," he said quietly, when he saw that he was expected to open the conversation.

Harcourt Talboys bowed. He knew that it was of his lost son that Robert came to speak. Heaven grant that his icy stoicism was the paltry affection of a vain man, rather than the utter heartlessness which Robert thought it. He bowed across his finger-tips at his visitor. The trial had begun, and Junius Brutus was enjoying himself.

"I received your communication, Mr. Audley," he said. "It is among other business letters: it was duly answered."

"That letter concerned your son." There was a little rustling noise at the window where the lady sat, as Robert said this; he looked at her almost instantaneously, but she did not seem to have stirred. She was not working, but she was perfectly quiet.

"She's as heartless as her father, I expect, though she is like George," thought Mr. Audley.

(To be continued.)

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Success is no whim of the moment, no crown for the indolent brow. You must battle and try for it, offer to die for it; Lose it yet win it somehow.

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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 a distress. Much as you long for it, man must be strong for it, Work is the door to success.

HEALTH is the greatest blessing in the world

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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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VERBENA FLOUR

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Rev. T. Albert Moore, D. D., General Secretary of the 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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- "What a Young Man Ought to Know," by Dr. Stall, 269 pages, cloth binding. Price, postpaid..... \$1.25
- "What a Young Woman Ought to Know," by Dr. Emma Drake, 272 pages, cloth binding. Price, postpaid..... \$1.25
- "What Young Husband Ought to Know," by Dr. Stall, 284 pages, cloth binding. Price, postpaid..... \$1.25
- "What a Young Wife Ought to Know," by Dr. Emma Drake, 293 pages, cloth binding. Price, postpaid..... \$1.25

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 BAY ROBERTS



RULES FOR Making Cod Liver Oil For the Guidance of Manufacturers

- 1st. The manager in charge of factory must see that the livers are fresh; that all brown or poor livers are thrown out; that there is no gall bladder attached to any livers. 2nd. The good livers must then be washed in a tub of clean fresh water. 3rd. The pan in which the livers are boiled must be perfectly clean inside, before any livers are placed in it. 4th. Before you start to boil any livers, you must have sufficient steam. 5th. Turn on the steam, and use as much as you need to have for the quantity of livers you have in your pan. Boil until the white scum floats off (which will take about thirty minutes.) Don't forget to stir the livers, and see that those in the bottom and those around the sides are brought into direct contact with the steam all the time. 6th. Turn the steam off, and allow all to settle, not exceeding five minutes, according to capacity of liver boiler. 7th. Then you dip all the oil you can get, which is the finest white oil. Put this oil in a cooling tank made of galvanized iron, and let the oil remain there till next morning. Don't forget to put a straining cloth over the cooling tank before you put any oil in, so that it will catch any bits of blubber; allow to remain 12 or 14 hours or longer if possible, then dip from cooling tank and strain through double calico bag, inside bag to be one inch smaller all around; then strain into a tin skute under the bags, the skute to be at the end of the shute with a funnel, to lead oil into casks, which funnel to be covered with cheese cloth. 8th. When you have dipped the finest oil from the top of the liver oiler pan, take all the blubber from the pan while it is warm. The oil from this blubber is not fit for medicinal purposes. 9th. Then clean your liver pan with warm water and washing powder. Have it bright and clean for the next boiling. 10th. Every bag, cloth, tank, funnel and pan, must be washed only with warm water, soap and water. Soda must not be used. The best results for medicinal oil can only be obtained by the use of tin barrels. Wooden packages generally make the oil dark, and destroy its fine flavor. Keep all oil in barrels in a cool place, and covered from the sun.

DEPARTMENT OF MARINE AND FISHERIES St. John's.

REGULATIONS For Salting Scotch Pack Herring

One barrel salt to five and a half barrels herring—Large Fulls. One barrel salt to six barrels herring—Medium Fulls. One barrel salt to six and a half barrels herring—Matt Fulls. This amount of salt is for dredging and laying on rows only. It does not take into account that put on the herring before gibbing. All salt falling off herring in rousing tubs is put on rows as you pack unless very dirty or scaly; in that case, you have to make good the same amount, or otherwise you could not have any fixed rule on salt. Matt Fulls 10 1/2 inches long Milt or roe Medium Fulls 11 1/2 inches long Milt or roe Large Fulls 12 1/2 inches long and upwards. Milt or roe Medium Filling 11 1/2 inches long and upward Large Filling 12 1/2 inches long and upwards Filling Fish may be branded as Scotch Cure without the Crown Brand No drowned, stale, or scaleless herring can be used as Scotch Pack, nor herring in half frozen state. The root cause of light salting is to come as near as possible to the pleasing of the palate of the consumer; and if we bear in mind that over three-fourths of all Scotch-Pack Herring are consumed as a tonic before the mid-day meal; just as they come out of the barrel, without any fire cooking, we can see the reason at a glance for the right salting. The herring is dressed by the head and the tail being at off, the main bone taken out. It is then cut into squares of about one inch, and is served with vinegar and other condiments. This gives power to the stomach to digest the following meal and keeps the consumer in the best of health. People with bad stomachs please note that the art of cooking and eating right is just as essential as the art of curing; and based on the best medical directions, and with the chemical analysis of the constituent parts of herring as a food ever kept before the consumer, we need not be surprised that the people who eat most herring are the most healthy and efficient. DEPARTMENT OF MARINE AND FISHERIES St. John's.

For Sale

Parcel of Land in Bay Roberts also Dwelling House in Conroy Road, to be removed from land. Having Electric Heating, Gas Light and Billiard. Aced Water Plant, suitable for an outport; one Sleigh. For particulars apply at this office.

F. GORDON BRADLEY, L.L.B., Barrister-at-Law, Solicitor, etc. RENOUF BUILDING, Duckworth Street, ST. JOHN'S. P. O. BOX 1277.

Beautiful Earth

"Though he own countless gold, who has no sight For all the bloom and loveliness of Spring. Nor hears the lyrics that the breezes bring, Nor marks the wonder of the wood-bird's flight, Is poorer far than he who se toil-worn night Must earn each portion of his daily bread, Since he with sense and sound is comforted, And his the kingdom of the starry night."

Perhaps if we stopped a little while in contemplation of the common things around us, we would be so grandly repaid that life would be forever after happier and brighter. It is worth a trial anyway. Lincoln said at one time: "God must have loved the common people because he made so many of them"—whether this is or not. He certainly loves the common things of life because he has given us so much of them to enjoy. One has said "familiarity breeds contempt." Can it be that because we are so familiar with the common things of Earth that we fail to appreciate their charm? Yes, it is so—"Seeing we see, but do not understand."

There is no greater university in all the world than the University of Creation, all around us, from the blue sky above to the surface of Earth below. Many a lad, who perhaps longed for a University education but was denied it, need not despair, for all around him are vast books of knowledge ever opening to him and for him according as he will use his eyes to see and his mind to understand.

What are some of the common things of Earth? The Sun with its brilliant sunshine; the air; the water; the beautiful blue sky, more especially when it has its millions of lamps hung forth; the beautiful rainbow; the vast and mighty ocean—these and many other things are some of the common natural things of life. Surely no person can ever fully contemplate what it means to enjoy these things from day to day and feel poor or miserable.

"Not what we have, but what we use, Not what we see, but what we choose— These are the things that mar or bless The sun of human happiness."

"The things near by, not things afar, Not what we seem, but what we are— These are the things that make or break, That give the heart its joy or ache," and if we reckoned up the beautiful flowers, trees, singing birds, and love ly view of river and pond which is ours, most surely we would say: "What is man to be given such riches to enjoy?" Do you love beautiful pictures? Then watch the sun as it sinks into the west or one of those glorious spring or summer evenings. This picture will be surpassingly beautiful in that it is very suggestive to us of higher things.

We can never know the blessing of fresh air as it comes to us from the open country, or ocean unless we have lived in the sweltering heat of some large city with its smoke and dirt of various forms, or unless we have been shut up working in some dingy office for a year or so and are suddenly sent to some beautiful little country or seaside town, where we can breathe air without breaking the conventionalities of society. Someone asks, What is beautiful about air? Is it not its purity? What can be more beautiful than purity?

Let us now pass on to the numerous flowers with their beauty? Yes, beauty is—more ways than one! Beautiful to cheer and perfume the sick room—a simple office, but ah, often so sadly forgotten. Only a few days ago a friend said: "How beautiful to come out on the door in the morning when the dew is still on the grass, flowers and trees and drink in the fragrance of the air!" And so it is. It is said of Lord Tennyson, the great poet, that one day as he walked in his flower garden with a friend that he was asked this question: "What is your opinion of Christ?" Whereupon Tennyson stooped and plucked a beautiful rose, and pointing to the sun, he said: "What the sun is to this beautiful rose, Christ is to me." Do we learn the great truth underlying this action?

What was it made that day fishing in the country so enjoyable?—that picnic which you attended so delightful?—that cup of tea which tasted so appetizing? (The writer thinks there is no one but who enjoys a cup of tea or a meal cooked in the open

air.) What gave it all its charm and attraction? In great part the enjoyment of the simple things in God's great out-of-doors.

And so we might go on to tell of other beautiful things, but more is not necessary, I think, to convince us of the riches we enjoy. Let us, then, as we from day to day enjoy the beauties and blessings of Earth, enjoy them to the full—if we do this then a deeper realization of our kinship to the great whole will be the result.

H. R. B. June 16th, 1924.

LINCOLN, THE FAILURE.

A Kansas paper prints this: When Abraham Lincoln was a young man he ran for the legislature in Illinois, and was badly swamped.

He next entered business, failed, and spent seventeen years of his life paying up the debts of a worthless partner.

He was in love with a beautiful young woman to whom he was engaged—then she died. Later he married a woman who was a constant burden to him.

Entering politics again, he ran for Congress and was badly defeated. He then tried to get an appointment to the United States land office but failed.

He became a candidate for the United States Senate and was badly defeated.

In 1856 he became a candidate for vice-presidency and was again defeated.

In 1858 he was defeated by Douglas.

One failure after another—bad failures—great setbacks. In the face of all this he eventually became one of the country's greatest men, if not the greatest.

When you think of a series of setbacks like this, doesn't it make you feel small to become discouraged, just because you think you are having a hard time in life?

The best theology—a pure and beneficent life. The best philosophy—a contented mind. The best law—the Golden Rule. The best education—self-knowledge. The best statesmanship—self-government. The best medicine—cheerfulness and temperance. The best science—extracting sunshine from a cloudy day. The best war—to war against one's weakness. The best music—the laughter of an innocent child. The best engineering—building a bridge of faith over the river of death.

MY SELF-RESPECT.

It little matters that I win or lose, Or whether distant strangers think me great; Two ways to go there are, and one to choose— God help me never to desert the straight!

Fame may entice me and success allure, But what shall follow when the wrong is done? Is there for guilty knowledge any cure? Can one be proud of glory falsely won?

What if I hear men cheer, and take the prize? Shall I rejoice if I have played the cheat? Shall not that symbol stand before my eyes, A shining token of my own deceit?

God help me, when the choice is mine to make, Beyond the glamor of the lure to see; Let me not stain my crest for victory's sake, Nor sell my self-respect for any fee.

I know no failure, save failure in cleaving to the purposes which I know to be the best.—George Eliot. Nothing can work me damage except myself. The harm that I sustain I carry about with me, and never am a real sufferer but by my own fault.—St. Bernard.

There are some men and women in whose company we are always at our best. All the best stops in our nature are drawn out by their intercourse, and we find a music in our souls never there before.—Professor Henry Drummond.

He that defers his charity until he is dead is, if a man weighs it rightly, rather liberal of another man's than of his own.—Bacon.

BOYS THAT SUCCEED

"A new boy came into our office today," said a wholesale grocery merchant to his wife at the supper table.

"He was hired by the firm at the request of the senior member, who thought the boy gave promise of good things. But I feel sure that the boy will be out of the office in less than a week."

"What makes you think so?" inquired his wife. "Because the very first thing that he wanted to know was just exactly how much he was expected to do."

"Perhaps you will yet change your mind about him." "Perhaps I shall," replied the merchant, "but I do not think so."

Three days later the business man said to his wife: "About that boy you remember I mentioned two or three days ago. Well he is the best boy who ever entered the store."

"How did you find that out?" "In the easiest way in the world. The first morning after the boy began work he performed very faithfully and systematically the exact duties assigned him, which he had been so careful to have explained to him. When he had finished he came to me and said: 'Mr.—, I have finished all the work. Now, what can I do?'"

"I was a little surprised but I gave him a little job of work and forgot all about him until he came into my room with the question, 'What next?' That settled it for me. He was the first boy that ever entered our office who was willing and volunteered to do more than was assigned him. I predict a successful career for that boy as a business man."

King's Busy Life The behind-the-scenes work of the Monarch of the British Empire never ceases, but when parliament is sitting and the work of government is in full swing, then, apart from the work which he carries out for himself the King's diary is the diary of one of the busiest men in the country.

Made Too Much Work "Why don't you advertise?" asked the editor of the home paper. "Don't you believe in advertising?" "I'm agin advertising," replied the proprietor of the Hayville Racket store.

"But why are you against it?" asked the editor. "It keeps a feller too durn busy," replied the proprietor. "I advertised in a newspaper one time about ten years ago and I never even got time to go fishing."

An Oversight Sandy McIntosh started to build a small outhouse. He worked from the inside, and as he had the material close beside him, the walls here rising fast when noon arrived, and dith it his son John, who brought his father's dinner.

With honest pride in his eye, Sandy looked at John over the wall on which he was engaged, and asked: "How do ye think I'm gettin' on?" "Fine, father; but how dae ye get out, You've forgot the door!"

One glance around him showed Sandy that his son was right; but, looking at him kindly, he said: "Oh, but ye've got a grand heid on ye, John! Ye'll be an architect yet, as shure's yer feyther's a builder!"

The Two Prices A Clydesdale stevedore, who was "fou," tumbled into a dock and was with difficulty saved from drowning. He thanked his rescuer warmly, and presented him with a "braw new half-crown." The "long arm of coincidence" got to work, and the very same thing occurred again two months later. The same man pulled him out, and he received the same heartfelt compliments. Then the sobered-up stevedore said: "There will be nae siller coming t'ye this time, laddie. I paid ye retail price last time, and it should have been wholesale."

A NEW "INVENTION" A self-acting sofa, just large enough for two, has been invented. If properly wound up, it will begin to ring a warning bell just before 10 o'clock. At one minute past ten, it splits apart, and while one half carries the daughter up stairs, the other half kicks the young man out the door. They will come high, but nevertheless, several parents in this town feel that one of these sofas will be a household necessity in the near future.

C. & A. DAWE Our Prices and Qualities are Right for Provisions, Groceries and Dry Goods.

WE HAVE LATELY IMPORTED A LARGE STOCK OF BOOTS FOR LADIES, CHILDREN AND MEN, AND OFFER YOU A WIDE RANGE OF FOOTWEAR TO SELECT FROM ALL THESE



Boots are guaranteed BY THE MANUFACTURERS. WE HAVE ALSO LOTS OF LOCAL MANUFACTURED BOOTS AT RIGHT PRICES. COME AND SEE OUR STOCK.

The latest thing in Ladies' Winter Footwear is the CAVALIER GAITER. We have them in Black and Tan, all sizes. They are stylish and the quality is reliable. The price is Right at \$7.50

Your Satisfaction our First Thought.

VICTOR FLOUR

Sold by JOHN PARSONS



Newfoundland Postal Telegraphs Foreign Connection

The Commercial Cable Company and its World-Wide Service

THE COMMERCIAL CABLE COMPANY "American Postal Telegraph," "Canadian Pacific Railway Telegraphs," "All American Cables for Central and South America." "Hull fax and Bermuda and Direct West India Cables. A cheap night, as well as day service, is also given to all points in Canada and the United States of America. The Postal has also direct connection with Great Britain, thence to all European points. Rates as low as 6c. per word. Stoppage to value of ten cents must be affixed by senders to all cable (foreign) messages from Newfoundland. The Newfoundland revenue benefits largely when you patronize the Postal Telegraphs. Its whole staff (clerical and operators) from Superintendent to Messengers are sworn to secrecy.

GIRL GUIDE NOTES

The Girl Guides of 1st Bay Roberts Company will sell Forget-me-nots tomorrow (Saturday). It is hoped that everyone will donate as largely as possible, the minimum charge being five cents. The flowers are to be worn on July 1st as a token of respect to our gallant Newfoundlanders who paid so dearly for our Liberty and Freedom.

USEFUL RECIPES.

SPANISH RICE

1-2 cup washed rice. 2 cups tomatoes (1-2 can). 3 tablespoons onion. 3 tablespoons butter. 1-2 teaspoon salt. Few grains pepper. Boil rice until tender in two cups boiling water. Put tomatoes in a saucepan together with the chopped onion and pepper and cook slowly about five minutes. Drain rice and add to the tomatoes. This delicious dish may be served alone or as a side dish with meats.

LEMON CHEESE FILLING

1 lemon, juice and grated rind. 1 beaten egg. 1 tablespoon of butter. Mix all together in a double boiler and cook till it begins to thicken, stirring occasionally. This filling may be used in pastry shells or on crackers.

DR. MOSDELL REMOVED FROM PENSIONS BOARD.

We learn that Hon. Dr. Mosdell has been retired from his position on the Pensions Board by the Government.

ITEMS OF NEWS.

Dr. H. S. Atkinson spent a few days in St. John's during the week.

Dr. and Mrs. J. Alex. Robinson, Mrs. A. Peach and Miss Flora Currie motored from St. John's to Carbonear this week, spending Tuesday here, the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Atkinson.

Mrs. Geo. C. Snow, who has been ill for some time, left on Monday morning's train to enter the General Hospital, St. John's.

We learn that all the vessels which sailed from this port last week have reached Labrador safely and report a good sign of fish. No ice was met and fair weather was experienced.

Those taking the Council of Higher Education Examination will sit in the rooms appointed on Monday, June 23rd.

Mr. William Wood arrived from Washington, D. C., by Thursday night's train on a visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Wood.



Electrify!

No doubt you INTEND to have Electricity in your home SOME TIME—no home is complete now-a-days without it.

BUT WHY WAIT? You want the comforts and conveniences that Electricity affords now, and you can have them with less trouble and less expense than you may think possible.

Hundreds of thousands of already built homes have been wired for Electricity—AT SMALL COST.

Perhaps you are not familiar with modern methods of installing Electricity, whereby wires are drawn through partitions and under floors by expert workmen.

There is no dirt, no disfigurement of walls or woodwork and no interruption of the everyday household routine.

GET YOUR HOUSE WIRED NOW!

For particulars apply to Mr. F. J. Winsor, Bay Roberts, agent

UNITED TOWNS ELECTRIC CO. Limited.

THE GUARDIAN.

C. E. Russell - Proprietor

Issued every Saturday from the office of publication, Water St., Bay Roberts, Nfld. Subscriptions (post free) to any part of Nfld. \$1.00 per year. To Canada, United States, Great Britain, etc., \$1.50 per year, postpaid. All subscriptions payable in advance.

Advertising Rates—For display advertisements, 50 cents per inch for the first insertion; 25 cents per inch for each continuation. Special advt. Wanted or For Sale column, 10c per line for 1st insertion, 5c a line for subsequent insertions. Special prices quoted for six or twelve months.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

All advertisements subject to the approval of the management. Birth, Marriage and Death Notices 50 cents per insertion. Notes of Thanks and Lists of Presents, 50c to \$1.00.

We cannot guarantee to insert items of news or advertisements received later than Thursday morning.

All small and transient advertisements must be paid for at the time of insertion. The number of insertions must be specified.

Bay Roberts, Friday, June 20, 1924

Truth Shall Prevail

If there is one thing that the common people appreciate more than anything else, it is the Truth.

The age when deception, false promises and the like was practised on the electorate has passed forever and an era when the masses refuse to be dominated by the classes has been ushered in. A few still allow themselves to be led by a chieftain who want to run things, but we feel that even these will wake up to the fact that the honest poor man's right of free thought and speech is as good as a King's.

During the week many varied rumors have been current in regard to the Bye-Elections. And again we are in a position to say that these reports are but another type of propaganda and camouflage for the purpose of deceiving the electorate. These deceptions have their birthplace in the minds of wily politicians and are sent forth on the winds of envy and malice to find a lodging place where they will. Well they know the weakness of those who do not possess will-power enough to refuse to be swayed by every wind of doctrine, and, for purposes best known to themselves, try to upset the most careful plans of honest people.

In years past the people depended entirely on the sincerity and honesty of the politician, taxes were gathered and spent as those in charge of affairs saw fit. Today every taxpayer wants to know how his taxes are used and demands that the strictest economy be exercised in the spending of the money he has toiled so hard to produce. For that purpose he elects a Government composed of honest and reliable men to conduct his country's affairs.

The electors of Newfoundland by an almost unanimous vote have placed the welfare of Newfoundland in the hands of the Monroe Government. Why? Because in the midst of confusion and disorder the Monroe Party, based on a sure foundation and having the good of the country at heart came before the people and restored a lost confidence. The voice of the people chose them because they stood with clean records. Immediately upon taking over the Government they began their great task of Reconstruction but envious hands are burning to break down that which promises to be the remaking of Newfoundland. They cry, "What are the Monroe Party doing? Every man who has ever known what a schooner is is aware of the fact that weeks of preparation must be made at home, careful planning must be done and a long trip made before the traps can be set in the waters of Labrador. And not until the first load of fish is brought in does the fisherman see anything in return for his labor. The mending and barking of traps, the work in making the vessel ready for the voyage, the journey to Labrador—these were only the first steps before the work of catching and curing fish could be started. Other Governments have built upon a foundation of sand and when the storms of adversity swept upon them their building foundered. The Monroe Government are building upon a rock foundation and a great wall of confidence and trust must be built

Car and Carriage Collide

An accident which might have resulted in loss of life occurred at the corner of Station Road and the Cross Road on Thursday night when Mr. Robert Dawe's new car collided with Mr. A. E. Mercer's horse and carriage which was driven by his son, Edward. It seems that Mr. Dawe's car turned the corner of the station road and met Mr. Mercer's carriage. Dr. McLeod's car was on the other side of the road, leaving Mr. Mercer no course than to stop his horse. Mr. Dawe succeeded in stopping his car, which was being driven at a slow rate, soon after they ran into the horse. The occupants of the carriage received a shaking-up and the horse had several cuts and some little damage was done to Mr. Dawe's car. But for the presence of mind of both drivers the accident might have been a more serious one.

News from the Humber

Hon. M. S. Sullivan, who has just returned from the Humber, speaks in the most encouraging terms of the progress which has been made there. He further states that by next year the mill will be completed.

Regarding labour conditions he says that on Saturday last 6771 men were employed and all but 228 of that number were Newfoundlanders. Speaking of the new hotel, Mr. Sullivan says that the building is a most beautiful one, well-built and equipped with all modern conveniences. This hotel has been paid for out of the Company's own funds, which speaks highly of the great confidence they have in the undertaking. The Armstrong-Whitworth Company have raised on their own credit \$200,000 for the erection of the transmission line and the building of the town, and \$1,200,000 for working capital, or \$2,000,000 in all.

Forget-me-not Day—July 1st.

During the week Forget-me-nots will be sold in St. John's and throughout Newfoundland in commemoration of the Supreme Sacrifice made by so many of Our Boys on July 1st, and to whose memory the Newfoundland National War Memorial will be unveiled on that day. Everyone, whether in St. John's or any part of Newfoundland is asked to wear a Forget-me-not on July 1st.

BRIDGE REPAIRED.

During the past week the bridge near the Public Building here has been repaired. For a long time it was in a very dilapidated condition and after the least rainfall the street would be overflowed with water. It is now fitted with a steel pipe a foot in diameter and guaranteed to last for forty years. It reflects great credit on those responsible for the work.

ITEMS OF NEWS.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Dawe and little girl, Patricia, arrived from Western Arm, White Bay, this week.

Mrs. John A. Morgan, who arrived here from St. John's on Saturday last and remained with her mother, Mrs. Mary A. French, through her illness and at the time of her death, returned home by Tuesday morning's train accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. John Pender.

Miss Della Fitzpatrick, of St. John's, was here recently on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Fitzpatrick.

Miss Essie Parsons arrived here from St. John's by motor car on Saturday last and returned on Sunday.

The schooner Tibbo, owned by Mr. John C. Snow, and in charge of Mr. Wm. Brown, sailed to St. John's last week and returned Tuesday.

Wanted!

WANTED TO PURCHASE, FOR CASH, early issues of Postage Stamps of all countries; also old Envelopes with stamps attached. Am open to purchase current issues of Newfoundland, as well as early issues, both on and off the envelopes. It may pay you to look up your old correspondence. Reply (by letter) to Box 103, The Guardian Office, Bay Roberts.

H. E. THE GOVERNOR VISITS HUMBER.

His Excellency the Governor, accompanied by Miss Allardye, Miss Stawell and Major Moncrieff, A.D.C., left on Sunday last on an official visit to Deer Lake and Corner Brook. Lady Allardye was unable to accompany His Excellency as she is still suffering from a severe cold.

Mr. and Mrs. Hayward Honored by friends

The friends of Mr. and Mrs. J. Hayward, hearing of their intention of leaving this town for Port Harrison, Hudson Bay, where Mr. Hayward will take the Hudson Bay Company's post, met in the Mercer's Cove schoolroom on Monday night, June 16th, and gave them a farewell party.

Since coming to this town last year, Mr. Hayward has devoted his time and musical talent to any worthy cause which called for it and he will be greatly missed by the many to whom he was popularly known. Mr. Hayward is the second member of the aggregation of artists known as the Jazz Band, whose work called him to another place but the memory of so many pleasant times will be with them wherever they go.

ITEMS OF NEWS.

Mr. and Mrs. John Pender and Mr. Herbert Morgan, of St. John's, arrived by the noon train on Monday to attend the funeral of the late Mrs. Mary Ann French.

The schooner Perfect, Robt. Bradbury master, owned by Mr. Lewis Dawe left on Saturday last for Labrador.

The schooner Cavalier arrived here recently with a cargo of coal for the W. U. Telegraph Co.

Mr. P. G. Butler, Principal of the United Business College, St. John's, was a visitor here during the week.

The schooner Maxwell Roy, owned by G. & M. Gosse, Capt. George Richards, master, sailed this (Friday) morning for Labrador with crews.

Mr. E. L. Oke, Editor of the Harbor Grace Standard was a passenger on Thursday's incoming express. Mr. Oke has just come from Toronto, Canada, where he attended the Canadian Weekly Newspapers' Association Convention. No doubt his visit was very enjoyable at the Queen City.

Thursday, June 19th, was the 63rd birthday of Field Marshal Earl Haig, who was born in 1861.

Mrs. Sturgen Hudson and little girl, of Chelsea, Mass., arrived by train last Thursday and will visit relatives at Coley's Point South.

Mrs. (Sergt.) J. Sheppard, of Hr. Grace, was here this week visiting Mrs. (Rev.) E. M. Bishop.

Beginning on Monday, June 23rd, there will be a nightly as well as the daily train service between St. John's and Carbonear.

Rev. R. J. Burton, of the Red Bay Mission, Labrador, arrived here from St. John's on Thursday last, and is the guest of Mr. W. J. Mercer.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wills, of St. John's, are here visiting friends.

Mr. James Fitzpatrick arrived from Sydney by Thursday night's train.

Messrs. W. T. & E. Bowering, of this town, have constructed a number of fine boats and portable houses which are in readiness to be shipped to the different Hudson Bay Company posts in the far north on the "Nascopee."

Rev. E. C. French arrived here by Thursday night's train.

Notice to Farmers!

Just received from the well-known seedsmen, Steele Briggs of Toronto, a shipment of the following Garden Seeds: "Good Luck" Turnip Seed. "Perfection" Turnip Seed. "Jumbo" Turnip Seed. Blood Beet Seed. Carrot and Parsnip Seeds. As their Seeds have been sown in this locality for the past 25 years giving good results, we would suggest you give them a trial this year.

W. H. Greenland COLEY'S POINT

EARL HAIG REGATTA

A meeting of the Haig Regatta Committee was held in the G.W.V.A. rooms, St. John's last week, when all arrangements were finalized for the Regatta in honor of Earl Haig's visit. The big event will be held under the patronage of His Excellency the Governor, at historic Quidi Vidi Lake, on the afternoon of July 2nd. The programme of events are as follows:—

- 1.—Amateur Race, 6 oared Race Boats. 2.—Ex-Service Race, 6 oared Race Boats. 3.—Juvenile Race (Dash), 6 Oared Race Boats. 4.—International Naval Race—Ship's Boats. 5.—Fishermen's Race, 6 oared Race Boats. 6.—Inter District Race (city crews) 6 oared Race Boats. 7.—Inter District Race, Outside Crews, (Dash), Ships' Boats. 8.—Ex-Brigade Race—6 oared Race Boats.

One of the features of the Regatta will be the twelve oared race between the crews of the warships which will be in port for the Haig celebration. Another feature will be a log rolling competition between log drivers.

Bill—Say, that ocean voyage took all the ginger out of me. Jill—What did you want to eat ginger for?

Messrs. Thomas Norman and William Dawe arrived from Boston, Mass., by train last Thursday.

Mr. Malcolm Norman arrived here by Thursday's noon train and will spend the summer months with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Norman.

WANTED!

I am open to buy SHEEP and the crews of the warships which will be in port for the Haig celebration. Another feature will be a log rolling competition between log drivers.

JAMES SPARKES, Shearstown.

New Arrivals at Lowest Cash Prices.

- 140 yds. Fancy Dress Goods @ 45c yd. 200 yds. Checked Voiles @ 22c yd. 100 yds. Fancy Chintz @ 28c yd. Dress Serge @ \$1.05 yd. Window Scrim (Fancy edge) 22c yd. Big variety of Wall Papers from 18 to 30 cents per roll.

FARMERS OUTFITS

Flower and Vegetable Seeds. Hayseeds. Fresh from the famous Steele Briggs Plantations. Also Fertilizers, Fence Wire, Hoes, Prongs, Digging Forks, Rakes, Plows, etc.

FISHERMEN'S OUTFITS

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