



## Men Marooned by George Marsh

A THRILLING TALE OF THE  
HUDSON BAY COUNTRY

"There must be ten thousand men in Canada with scarred faces, Cameron. Because Laughing McDonald happens to have one doesn't make him the murderer."

Cameron sensed that the reply had a personal tinge—was in the nature of a defense of the maimed legions, and said quietly: "No, of course not, but this McDonald sailed out of St. Johns. Queer if he should be the bird they're after."

"How many police will they send on this case?"

"Oh, not more than two."

"I'm sorry for them, then. They'd never come back. Do you think that two men can go to that schooner in Seal cove and get McDonald, if he's the guilty man? He wouldn't be taken alive—and I've a notion that life isn't worth much to McDonald Ha! Ha!"

"Why, you seem to sort of sympathize with this pirate who's stealing our trade," objected the other.

The gray eyes of the factor of Elkwan held those of Cameron in a penetrating look, as he said—"I do."

The brooding face of the man with the scarred cheek sought the window. The tragedy of the man at Seal cove, if he proved to be the Nova Scotian soldier wanted by the police, was, he realized, simply the story of Garth Guthrie in an exaggerated form. The wife he had come home to, like Ethel, had turned from the mutilated face—lacked the womanhood to shield him with her heart from the mockery of an unfeeling world. How many of Canadian maimed, he wondered, the broken, the crippled, had walked in Gethsemane with Garth Guthrie and Laughing McDonald? How many had seen veiled horror in the eyes of those they loved?

"Well, I sympathize with any man whose wife goes wrong," the voice of Cameron went on, after a pause, "but that don't justify murder, Guthrie."

"I'm not so sure," was the quiet response, "when a man comes home with a comic mask for a face, that he isn't justified in killing both his wife and the man she turns to. Put yourself in his place, Cameron. Even the children on the streets must have mocked him if he passed. Think of the hell he lived through—then she his refuge and his anchor—falls him."

Again Cameron felt that the man championing the unknown McDonald was making the case his own. That Guthrie was sensitive of his scarred cheek he already was aware and it irritated the older man into blurring outright: "Guthrie, don't take offense at what I'm going to say, but it seems to me that you must be vain as a girl to have that scar always on your

mind. Why, man, you're handsome enough to carry a dozen scars. Nobody ever thinks of it, except to envy your war record."

Guthrie's mouth curled slightly in answer: "Man, I've forgotten all about that scar, but I can't forget the men who were not so lucky."

But as Cameron's hand left the shoulder of the factor of Elkwan, he was sure that the furrow across the cheek of the younger man had played its part in a personal tragedy.

As Guthrie left the trade house to seek his room at Cameron's hospitable quarters and make himself presentable for the supper on which Mrs. Cameron would spare no effort, he turned for a short stroll across the clearing. He was approaching the mission when the fur-hooded figure of a woman passed him at a short distance on a parallel path. The face in the hood was turned from him, but the swinging stride of the moccasined feet aroused his curiosity. The white woman residents of the post could be counted on the fingers of a hand. It was a stranger—a new missionary teacher at the orphan Indian school, doubtless. At the mission the paths met, and Guthrie turned with a "good evening," as the woman in the fur capote came abreast, to gasp, with a furiously pounding heart, as she looked into the laughing eyes of Joan Quarrier.

"You! Here?" he exclaimed, gazing at the uptilted hood as if at a ghost. "Welcome to Albany, Mr. Exile," she cried, extending a mittened hand. "I've just left Mrs. Cameron, and knew of your arrival with that fabulous amount of fur. Congratulations on your defeat of Laughing McDonald."

"You—wintering at Albany!" he continued, "and you never told me!" The color rose to the dark hair on her forehead. "I found a job. You see they needed a nurse terribly, at the school." Her eyes avoided his searching look now. "My brother returns this spring, so I decided to wait for him here."

"But when I left, you were leaving in a day or two for Moose," he relentlessly persisted. "And you wrote my Christmas letter and never told me you were only ninety miles away," he added reproachfully.

"I—I couldn't interfere with the—your fight for the fox trade," she replied weakly.

"Well, the fact is, Miss Joan Quarrier," he said with a laugh, "that you're here at Albany, and I'm at Albany, and I hereby announce that I'm going to stay a day, or two, or three, and talk to you."

"I'm sure," she said with a low bow, "that you are most flattering. But

## TENDERS ARE CALLED FOR ROAD PROJECTS

Two more highway construction projects in the \$2,375,000 programme of the Highway Division of the New Brunswick Department of Public Works for 1928 have advanced sufficiently for tenders to be called by Hon. D. A. Stewart, Minister of Public Works.

One of the projects is for widening half a mile of the highway at a heavy rock sidehill on the Goshen Road in Albert County, which was the scene of considerable damage in the floods in the fall of 1927. The other is for reconstruction of 5.5 miles of the Coverdale to Salisbury highway from Five Points east in the parish of Coverdale, Albert County.

Tenders for both projects which are known as Number 109 and 110 respectively close on Tuesday, June 12th.

## AN OLD FIRE APPARATUS SENT TO FORD

Chester, Pa., May 29—A relic of the days when firemen wore red shirts and suspenders, in the form of an antiquated piece of fire apparatus is being shipped from this city to Dearborn, Mich., to be added to Ford's collection of antiques. The old hand-pumper was presented to Mr. Ford by Henry Haas, local business man. It was one of the first fire engines in Delaware and was bought by the Delaware Fire Company No. 1 of Wilmington.

## ARCTIC, ANTARCTIC REGIONS RATED AS VALUABLE ASSETS

London, May 28—Five million square miles of the interior of the Antarctic remain unexplored and there "probably is enough power there going to waste to solve all the labor troubles of civilization," according to a book just published here.

The author of the book is the Rev. J. Gordon Hayes, vicar of Storrbridge, in the diocese of Hereford, a parish of 294 inhabitants.

Hayes estimates the unknown region in the Antarctic is 6,800 miles long and roughly in the form of Africa. He computes that 484,000 pounds sterling has been expended on ten recent Arctic and Antarctic expeditions.

you forget that my employer, Mr. Swan does not approve of you, sir."

"All the worse for Swan, then, for I'm going to see you tomorrow morning, afternoon, and evening, Swan or no Swan. I am a masterful man and will have my way. What time tonight do I knock on the door of the Reverend Swan?" With all his eyes Garth was caressing the face which had come to him by the fire in the snow followed him over the tundra of Akimiski, companioned his dreams. The miracle of her being here—to talk to—look at, when he had thought her south across the forests! And why had she stayed on in the dreary north?

"I think you could come up tonight." Joan's teeth flashed in an alluring smile. "I'll try to reconcile Mr. Swan to the bitter dose of your presence. He needs me here, you know—finds my experience valuable."

Removing his mitten, with a quick movement Garth slipped off the mitten of the surprised girl and took her hand. "I need you here," he said, "as well as Swan. Eight o'clock tonight!" And walked swiftly away, mad hope in his brain, his emotions out of hand.

Why had she stayed? Why had she stayed? he kept asking himself as he hurried to Cameron's house.

At supper at the Cameron's Guthrie said: "I met an old friend on the clearing tonight."

The kindly eyes of the factor's wife grew quizzical as they met the glance of her guest. "She was here when Etienne came to the kitchen and told us of your success. What did you do to that girl last September? She and I have talked a lot about you this winter."

Guthrie's heart warmed to the inference. He felt the blood in his face, and strove to cover his embarrassment with the question: "How did she come to stay and help that effigy of a man, Swan?"

(to be continued)

# His Lordship Bishop Richardson Delivers Charge to the Synod

His Lordship, Bishop Richardson, in delivering his charge at the annual meeting of the Diocesan Synod, here today, said in part:

"Year by year the swift flight of time is marked in our minds and memories by the absence from this assembly of faces long familiar to it. Since last we met, our loss by death has been unusually heavy. The fact will be formally and officially noted at the proper time and place, but I cannot deny myself the sad pleasure of making brief reference to the subject. I think of Dr. T. Carleton Allen, the prince among the laymen of the diocese, who was for so many years our honoured chancellor, and who gave to the church that he loved so well long years of splendid service. In the days of his declining health, I used to look at him and wonder how the diocese could go on without his help, and now he has gone to his reward."

### Departed Brethren

"I think again of those three outstanding figures among the older clergy of the diocese—Allan Wilmot Daniel, Charles Arthur Somerville Warneford, and Edward Bertram Hooper. Twelve months ago, this Synod saw them in their accustomed places, and now they, also, are at rest. Strikingly dissimilar in many ways, these true priests and beloved brothers were alike in this, their deep devotion to Him who had called them to his service. To each one Christ was a living, bright reality, and each strove simply and earnestly to make that Christ known to all amongst whom they lived and laboured. We mourn their loss, while we thank God for the gracious gifts He gave us, and the diocese. May we be given grace to follow where they so bravely trod!"

"As I speak to you in this way, I am reminded of a great sorrow that has overtaken one of our faithful missionaries—the Rev. Arthur Pickering, whose sight has become so seriously impaired, that it is no longer possible for him to carry on his work. The loss of sight at any time of life is a great calamity, but to a young man, standing at the threshold of his career, the blow must be almost overwhelming. I know that the deep sympathy of every member of the Synod will go out to our brother, and to his brave young wife, in the great trial that has come to them. We shall not forget to pray that God may yet restore his sight to him, and, if that be not possible, he may see even in his darkness the Light that shineth unto the perfect day."

### Enjoyed Holiday

"May I take this opportunity of telling you all how thoroughly my wife and I enjoyed the holiday that was made possible by the gracious gift from many unknown friends in the diocese. The complete change and rest did me, I am sure, a great deal of good. My one regret was that all the clergy of the diocese could not share my pleasure. It is opportune at this point, perhaps, to remind churchwardens, and members of church corporations generally, that every clergyman in charge of the cure of souls in the diocese ought to be afforded an opportunity of taking an annual vacation. The difficulty, I know, in many cases—and this is particularly true, perhaps, of country parishes—is that of securing a substitute to carry on the services during the incumbent's absence. It is most desirable, of course, that there should be no break in the continuity of services in any parish, but I hold it better in case of need that even that should happen than that the clergymen concerned should never take a holiday."

### Anniversary of Cathedral

On August 31st next, the Cathedral of this Diocese will attain the 75th anniversary of its consecration, and preparations are being made to mark the important occasion in a fitting manner. The Diocese of Fredericton is fortunate in the possession of a Cathedral, which, for stately dignity of architecture, and suburb loveliness of setting, I still, I think, without a peer in the whole of Canada. Among

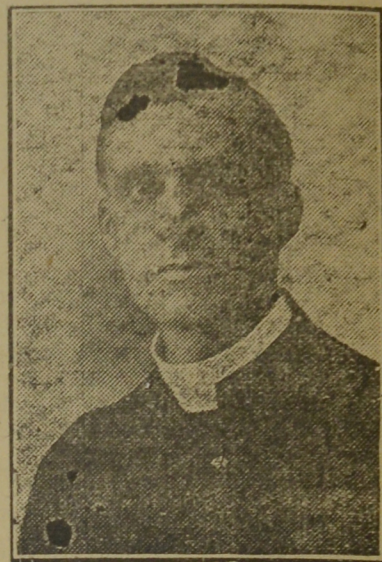
all the Cathedrals of the Church of England in the Dominion, it stands easily first in those two respects. Built by the wise forethought and untiring labours of the Right Rev. John Medley, first Bishop of the Diocese—a man whose memory will always be cherished in New Brunswick—the Cathedral was consecrated with due solemnity three quarters of a century ago, and on the date that I have mentioned we hope to celebrate the fact. It is not my intention at this time to dwell upon the fact at any length, but I should be doing less than my duty if I did not embrace this formal opportunity of inviting, both in my own name, and in the name of the Cathedral Chapter, the clergy and people of the Diocese to take part in that celebration. I trust that the entire diocese will recognize the importance of the occasion, and unite in a great effort to make the celebration the success that it ought to be. It is not my Cathedral. It is not the Cathedral of this city. It is the Cathedral of the Diocese, and every member of the Church of England in New Brunswick ought to feel, not only a grateful pride in the possession of so great a heritage but also at least some measure of responsibility for its welfare. I invite all the Church people of the province therefore, to make their own the coming anniversary, and to rejoice with us in its worthy celebration."

### King's College

"In 1926, as you will all remember, the Synod was the scene of a somewhat tempestuous debate upon the subject of King's College in relation to this diocese. The differences of opinion, certainly the strong expression given to those differences, was to no small extent due to misunderstandings which have since, I hope, partly disappeared, and which I hope, will disappear altogether in the no distant future. If I refer to the matter at this time it is not in order to provoke a fresh discussion of the subject, but because I am sure that the Synod will become the opportunity of offering to the college, and in particular, perhaps, to its honored president the Rev. Dr. A. H. Moore, its warm congratulations upon the magnificent success of the campaign in connection with the Carnegie Corporation offer of \$600,000.00 by way of a permanent endowment. For the Church in these provinces to have succeeded in raising the sum of \$400,000.00 for the proposed new buildings is an achievement almost beyond praise."

### Budget Offerings

"I said almost at the outset that, while we have some reason to congratulate ourselves upon having done somewhat better in the matter of budget offerings than in 1926, there are some points of disconcerting weakness, and it is my duty to refer to these. It ought to cause the Diocese no little concern that, while we were asked to give the sum of \$10,000 to the M. S. C. C. for the work of missions in the far west, and in foreign lands, and for work amongst the Jews, the amount that actually was contributed in the year 1927 was only \$6,282.44. That is very far from satisfactory. So far as the work itself is concerned, the seriousness of the situation is not far to see, for if all the other dioceses were to give only in like proportion, the entire machinery of the Church for the purposes indicated would be crippled hopelessly. I have poured out my heart to this Synod so often upon this subject that there is little more, perhaps, that I can profitably say. If I thought that the church people of the diocese were unable to meet this paramount claim upon their generosity, I should be sorry for the failure, but I should not be ashamed. But I do not believe anything of this kind, and that leaves me ashamed as well as sorry. I am ashamed that it should be said of this old diocese that year after year it lags miserably behind other dioceses in this expression of loyalty to the Church. But the sting of failure goes deeper than that. The question involved is not alone that of loyalty to the church. It is a question, also, of loyalty to Him who is



BISHOP RICHARDSON

the Church's head—Jesus Christ our Lord and Master. There lies the greatest shame of failure. We are disloyal to Jesus Christ. We profess to believe in Him, and yet we disregard the command, which stands in the very forefront of all His teachings—"Go ye into the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." My dear brothers, to disregard that command is to disregard Christ Himself—to pay no heed to the command is to pay no heed to Christ—to thrust the command to one side as though it does not matter is to thrust Christ also to one side as though He does not matter. Oh, the tragedy of this apostasy! For apostasy it is. Nothing less than that. In the secret silence of our chambers we kneel down morning and evening to say our daily prayers, and each prayer is offered in the name of Jesus. In the house of worship, we stand Sunday by Sunday to sing His praise—"Thou art the King of Glory, oh Christ, Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father." In the age-long words of the baptismal symbol, we confer our faith in Him as God's "only Son." Before the altar of His dying love, we kneel to receive the blessed Sacrament, and pray that "our sinful bodies may be made clean by His Body, and our souls washed by His precious blood." All this we do, and yet, and yet . . . may we be forgiven for our base betrayal of His trust,—we have practical denial to it all by saying that we do not believe in missions. That is our shame.

### Protestant Orphans Home

In the Protestant Orphans Home we have another social service work of the utmost importance, and I desire to comment to it with heart and soul to the sympathy and support of all members of the Church. The institution speaks for the value of its work, with no uncertain voice. In reading the illuminating report, which, by the courtesy of the Secretary, I have received, I have been struck with the surprising fact that the number of children in the home of Church of England parentage is out of all proportion to the Church of England population of the province. Why that should be the case, it is not easy to say, but the fact constitutes a special claim upon our people. We are in honor bound to contribute our full quota towards the cost of keeping up the home. During the past year, it would seem, we have not done quite that, for whereas the number of Anglican children was 36 per cent. of the whole, the amount that the Church contributed through the annual collection, required by resolution of Synod was about 30 per cent. of the total received. I feel confident that, if these facts are made known to Church people in the diocese, the offerings will be considerably larger."

### The Priesthood of the Laity

"The Church has ever held in high esteem the office of those who have been called to serve God in the ministry. It is a holy office, and we do well to treasure it. One is inclined to wonder sometimes, as one looks out upon the Church, and in particular, perhaps, upon our Church of England, whether our great reverence for this office has not obscured us (Continued on Page Three.)