



## Men Marooned by George Marsh

A THRILLING TALE OF THE  
HUDSON BAY COUNTRY

"You'll do no such thing. Do you suppose I'd allow you to sell yourself with this family row? You brother has unintentionally done me a service, for which I thank him."

Joan's dark brows contracted, as she gravely searched his face. "You are not joking—you mean it?"

"I mean every syllable of it. Now let's forget it all and get on to the Camerons' before you freeze out here! It's growing sharp," he said, but what he meant was: If you stand there another second looking at me like that, Joan Quarrier, I'll kiss you.

The talk of the factor's was not allowed by the jubilant fur trader to stray far from the mad raid on Akimiski by Garth and Etienne, and the medicine-making old Saul. From the mouth of Cameron, Joan Quarrier learned the details of the desperate effort to save the trade and its ultimate success.

"Aren't you proud of yourself, Mr. Exile?" she said as Cameron finished, and her patent joy in his success was like wine to his blood. "And, Shot, too, he earned his citation—but how gruesome it was—awful!"

As he walked beside her under the frosted stars to the mission, Guthrie strove to shift the conversation to the personal—to recapture the note struck with such poignancy when she learned the aftermath of her brother's story in Montreal, but the armor of her reserve defied him. Baffled by her mood, but respecting it, he asked if he might come to say good-bye the following morning, and left her at the mission door.

To the man whose love had been on his lips when his hand touched her shoulder, the new mood of the girl defied analysis. He had left the Camerons' full of what Joan Quarrier had come to mean to him—hungry to tell her there above the white Albany what he had first sensed in September night, caught in the magic of her nearness. Here, on the rim of the world, with only the glittering stars to see, he would have offered the scarred face and the love of Garth Guthrie, black sheep; but she had known his purpose and closed his lips. Yet why, unless the exile up the coast had meant more than a passing friendship, had she stayed on to the drudgery—the unspeakable monotony of the mission?

### CHAPTER XI

She was waiting on the clearing when Shot loped up, sniffled, looked at her curiously, then pawed her joyfully with fore feet.

"Shot, you know me?" And she

rubbed the ears of the wriggling air-dale.

"He has a good memory for his friends," said Garth, as the dog leaped in the snow around the pleased girl. "I think it is quite wonderful though, that he should remember me. He knew me but five days."

Garth's mouth curved. "His master knew you no longer." And the factor of Elkwan revealed in the slow color that touched her temples—the swift flickering of heavy eye-lashed lids. "His master had reason to remember the guests who insulted him in his own house."

"One of his guests," countered Guthrie, "was an angel of mercy. We seldom forget the visitation of angels, do we?"

"And the other—an ungrateful scandal-monger."

"I told you last night that he was a blessing in disguise."

She looked squarely in his eyes as she said: "But I did not believe you, Mr. Exile."

With a gesture of helplessness, he insisted, "But how am I to prove it to an unbeliever?"

Her eyes clouded. "Let's walk along the shore," she parried, and led the way, Shot circling her, begging for a frolic.

"You're trying again for the spring trade from the island?" she asked.

"Oh, with Souci there, and the echo of his spirit voices in their ears, we shall hold the hunters who crossed the strait."

"Then Elkwan will have a wonderful year?"

"Yes, the best in its history."

"Because of its new factor?"

"Because of Etienne Savanne and Saul Souci."

"No," vehemently, "because you went inland and found Souci, and had the nerve to cross the channel through the ice in a York boat, then took a long chance over the new ice to reach the island in time; Mr. Cameron knows."

He glanced sharply at the clean profile, crowned by a plume of wind-tossed hair. "You're a doughty champion."

"May I never have a fairer—nor one more 'unfair.'"

"Unfair?" What do you mean, Mr. Exile?"

She had given him his opening. "I mean, Joan Quarrier, that you have shut your heart to the truth," he plunged in impetuously. "I mean that you are coupling me with ghosts—dead memories; that you will not see—understand—" In his eagerness to clarify her vision of him—erase the memory of Ethel, with whom, in spite of his denials, he still seemed hope-

lessly involved, Garth floundered—came to a halt through sheer excess of emotion.

"Can't we continue, the good friends we are, Mr. Exile? We need friendship—understanding, up here on this lonely coast. Can't we—like two good comrades—hold to what we have?"

Dazed, helpless in the face of her obsession—her evident conviction that her brother had been the cause of his ultimate break with Ethel Falconer, Guthrie walked on in silence.

"Can't we hold to our friendship," she repeated, facing him, and slipping off her mitten, extended her hand.

He took it. At the raw pain in his eyes Joan Quarrier's lips opened in an involuntary catch of the breath. Her eyes widened in a look of wonder, as if startled by what she saw.

"You know you always will have my friendship," he said thickly. "I'm coming down the coast in February—to see my friend. May I?"

"Your friend will be very glad to see you."

At the door of the mission, she met his reluctant good-bye with a smile so personal—so like a caress that the hand he gave her shook like a leaf in the wind.

"My friend," he repeated under his breath as he followed Shot back to Etienne and the waiting dog team, "my friend—my world."

Hour by hour, over the coast, ice the light sled reeled off the miles. So good was the going, so keen the five great huskies for the trail, that the men left their robes only to stretch their legs. The forty miles to the Big Willow river slid past by early afternoon, and the hungry men turned in to the river mouth to build a fire from driftwood and boil their kettle.

Twenty miles directly across the strait, the gray Akimiski hills parted to form Seal Cove.

"I'd give a good deal to know how they took the news over there of the loss of the northern fur, Etienne," said Guthrie, busy with a plate of beans and bacon. "Hello! There's a team coming in over the ice. Wonder who it is?"

For a time Etienne studied the black object through the binoculars, but when the kettle and fry-pan had been stowed and the sled cover relashed, two rifles in their skin cases rode by the side of the passengers.

A mile from the noon camp at the river the sled, evidently headed for the mouth of the Kapiskau, drew inshore.

"A hunter from de Kapiskau. We weel now hear how dey swear on de schooner dis Christmas."

The dog-team slowed to a walk and shortly were within speaking distance. "Kequay!" called Savanne. "Were you go?"

Leaving his panting dogs, who straightway lay down on the ice, the stargazer hurried to the sled from Elkwan. As he approached, it was evident to the two men that the Cree was laboring under strong excitement. His sled was heavily loaded and his hard breathing indicated that he had run much crossing the strait. Staggering up, he gasped: "De boat—ovair dere! All gone! McDona! Ha! Ha! dead—all dead!"

"What?" cried Guthrie, "the schooner's crew—dead?"

"You come from dere—you see dem?" demanded the astute Etienne. A sinewy hand shot out, and gripping the Cree's shoulder, shook him violently.

"You see dem? How many?" repeated the half-breed, searching the Indian's face in an attempt to probe the truth of his statement.

"I see one dead man. No answer when I yell," insisted the other, and seemingly at the memory of the ship of the dead, his small eyes filled with dread.

"What happened? Was this man shot?" demanded Garth, exchanging glances with Savanne.

"He die of sickness—I look an' run. It was ver' bad down dere een dat boat," said the Indian with a shudder.

"Were the dogs there?"

"I see no dog."

"Were you from?" snarled Savanne, thrusting a face fierce with suspicion, into the Cree's.

From de Kapiskau. I go to de boat to trade some fox."

"You get that flour from de boat—steal it?" hazarded Etienne guessing at the nature of the bulky load on the Indian's sled.

(to be continued)

J. W. MacQuarrie, of Montreal, was registered at the Barker House yesterday.

## TRAINS ON FRENCH RAILWAYS ARE SMALL BUT MOVE FAST; ACCOMMODATION IS GOOD

By RUSSEL BARNES in  
Detroit News

Paris—Americans frequently laugh when they see French trains. Beside enormous American locomotives and great steel Pullman cars, French engines and railway carriages appear so small as to seem appropriate for the nursery.

Yet the French locomotives that appear to toy-like pull trains faster than American locomotives, get more power from their fuel, and the passenger accommodations are regarded by most travelers as being superior to those in American cars.

In fact, European railroad men do not express much admiration for the passenger divisions of American railroads.

"Of course American railroad problems differ greatly from those of Europe," an executive of the French Nord System declared. "You have great distances to traverse, and the loads you must carry are enormous, but it is difficult to understand why your passenger trains are so slow. You have a great natural love for speed, yet they remain much inferior in this respect to European trains."

### French Trains Fast

"It may take a real threat like the airplane to stir your railroads out of what seems to us to be lethargy. There is every demand for speed, and all the equipment necessary can be readily obtained, but something is lacking. It appears to be lack of energy on the part of your executives."

The fastest train in the world is said to be the "Fleche d'Or," or "Golden Arrow," which connects Paris with Calais, where the channel boat is taken for England. This train covers 187 miles in three hours and 10 minutes, or an average for the entire journey of 60 miles an hour.

The second fastest train, whose performance is matched by some English trains, which are also very speedy

is the "Etoile du Nord," or "North Star" which makes the 193 miles between Paris and Brussels at an average of 56 miles an hour.

French rails are lighter than those in America and roadbeds do not appear to be any better.

European passenger cars are with few exceptions divided into compartments, in which there is considerable more privacy than in American cars. The ordinary compartment seats six passengers. They can be had in three classes, depending upon how much the riders care to pay. Most Europeans travel second-class, which is almost as comfortable as first, and much less expensive.

Wagon-lits or sleeping cars, are divided into single and double compartments—one or two berths. They are completely separated and the passengers may stay in bed all day if he pleases. Europeans object strenuously to the lack of privacy in American Pullman cars.

The "Blue Train," which is one of the crack French fliers, running between Paris and the Riviera, is to be equipped next season with 11 coaches of single compartments, which can be thrown together into doubles, if the passengers prefer.

### Meal Costs \$1.25

The experiment of serving meals in the compartments, or in the special chair cars operated on some of the lines, has been tried but found to be less popular than the regular dinner, which permits the traveler to stretch his legs en route.

French dinners differ from those in America in that most of the food is cooked in the stations and loaded on to the trains, where it is kept hot until served. There is no attempt to prepare the food in the car. One regular meal, from soup through fish, meat, salad, cheese, dessert and coffee is served at a fixed price, at a cost of approximately \$1.25, without wine.

## WILL MAKE GEOLOGICAL SURVEY OF N. B.

The Geological Survey of Canada is continuing this season the work of mapping and carrying on investigations into the geology and mineral resources of New Brunswick.

Dr. W. H. Collins, Director of the Survey, announces that Dr. F. J. Alcock will examine the Lake George antimony deposit, and other mineral occurrences of the province. He will also undertake geological mapping in the general vicinity of Bathurst that will be contributory to the systematic mapping of the province on a scale of 1 inch to the mile, and also towards preparation of a general geological map of New Brunswick on 1 inch to 5 miles.

S. C. McLean will complete control surveys to a topographical map of parts of the counties of St. John and Kings east of the city of Saint John, and J. W. Spence will complete the topographical mapping of a large part of Albert County. The work of Mr. McLean and Mr. Spence is contributory to a systematic topographical and geographical survey of the province.

A. T. McKinnon will collect mineral specimens from various parts of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia for museum purposes and for use in mineral collections distributed to educational institutions.

Mere Man—I'd like to get a birthday present for my wife.

Floorwalker—Something in the electrical line, perhaps.

M. M.—Yes—have you any nice electrical chairs.

"Have you some of that gasoline that stops knocking.

Service Station Attendant—Yes. "Then give my wife a glass.

"Does your wife attend church regularly."

"Very. She hasn't missed an Easter Sunday since we were married."

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