



## Men Marooned by George Marsh A THRILLING TALE OF THE HUDSON BAY COUNTRY

His eyes shifting in doubts from the savage features of Savanne, to the man still kneeling, dazed, beside the body, Farrel demanded, "What's this? A hold-up?"

"It's all right, Etienne. Drop your gun," ordered Guthrie in a tired voice, getting to his feet. "There's no trouble here."

"Oh yes there is!" objected Rawdon, recovering his nerve. "What do you mean, Major Guthrie, by secreting a man wanted for murder? There is some real trouble ahead for you, as an accessory!"

"Shut up, Rawdon!" snapped Farrel. "I'm in command here." And the older man fumbled in an inside pocket and produced an oilskin envelope.

Numb with bitterness, Guthrie, aided by Etienne, carried the shell of Craig Galbraith into the bedroom littered with the debris of his unconscious frenzy.

"Come here, will you, Guthrie?" called Farrel, who held a photograph in his hand.

"Is that Laughing McDonald?"

Guthrie apathetically took the photograph and went to the lamp. It was the likeness of a large man in Canadian uniform, the patched face hopelessly disfigured with wounds. As he looked at the Canadian soldier, into the listless eyes of the man who had given his all for friendship, and in vain, crept a doubt—perplexity, then cold assurance. Garth handed the photograph to Joan Quarrier.

For an instant she examined the likeness, then with a note of triumph in her voice, returned it to Guthrie with: "It looks like him, but this man has no lobe on his left ear and his hair—look at the thin hair! His—our man's—is thick."

Guthrie nodded. "This is the man you are after, Farrel?"

"Yes, and he's the man in that room."

"You didn't tell me his real name." "His real name is Carmichael—Jack Carmichael. You ought to know major; he must have been a friend of yours to take the chances with the law that you have, in hiding him."

"All right," said Guthrie coldly, "any chances I took, I'll answer for. Now look at this photograph. You see that this man, besides losing half his face—poor devil—has no lobe on his left ear. That's clear, is it?"

"Yes, I noticed that."

"All right. Now, look at his hair—is it thick or thin?"

"Thin."

"All right. Now in his description, what scars does he carry?"

Farrel read from the paper he took from the envelope in his pocket. "Scars: Little finger on right hand

missing; lobe on left ear, missing; etc.; shell wound on knee."

"Come in here. Taking a candle, Guthrie led the two policemen into the bedroom. "There's the little finger of both hands. Get that?" Joan heard Guthrie say. "Ears both whole, aren't they? See any scars on his knees?—No!"

"Now, Inspector Farrel, look at that head of hair!—Does that look thin to you?—No, quite to the contrary, it couldn't be thicker. Now I'll ask you to notice this bayonet thrust. He got it in a raid in the Ypres salient. That's what gave him his first V. C. I was with him. Has your man a slash across the collar bone like this?—No!—Are you satisfied, Farrel?"

For a space, the trembling girl, thrilled—elated, listened for a reply. Then there came in the low voice of Farrel a reluctant, "Yes."

The three men returned to the living room, victory in the eyes of the factor of Elkwan. After the toil, the anxiety, the despair, the memory of Craig Galbraith was clean of stain. Excusable as Guthrie had thought the act, in the light of circumstances, it was good to know he had not died a hunted man. Craig had not been the only Canadian to come home to his Calvary. Laughing McDonald, of the Ghost, was not wanted in Halifax.

### CHAPTER XV

"Etienne," said Guthrie to the half-breed, who lingered at the gun-rack in the room, knife still hanging from wrist thong, hostile eyes on the policemen, "you help Miss Quarrier and Old Anne, while I show these gentlemen their beds. I'll be back directly."

With a backward glance at Joan, Rawdon reluctantly followed the others from the house.

In the trade-room Guthrie told the story of Craig Galbraith.

"He made the trench raid a work of art, Farrel, V. C., Croix de Guerre, Legion of Honor, he had them all. There wasn't a Hun headquarters that didn't know his name. They offered a king's ransom for him dead or alive."

"They warned me at Moose that it would be suicide for us to go to that schooner," replied the older man.

"It would have been, Farrel."

"What was he doing with the Lewis guns?"

"I don't know. Of course, I thought he was the man wanted and figured that he didn't intend to be taken. But he was weird with a pistol. He'd shoot with either hand, from any angle. And his strength—you saw him and can judge."

"Well, said Farrel with a sigh. "I'm glad it turned out as it did. If

the description had tallied with him, you were in bad for concealing him from us, although I understand how you felt—in bad with your people, too."

"Yes!" said Guthrie, quietly. "It took some hard thinking to decide what to do when you heard him break loose."

"What to do?" demanded Rawdon with a sneer. "What could you do?"

Guthrie's glance in the direction of the speaker brought the blood to Rawdon's face.

"Shoot you through the head, Rawdon, if I had been the only one involved—or rather the ears to insure getting your brain."

"You would—would you!" Purpling with rage, the policeman straightened to his feet. "You were trying to hide a crook from the officers of the law—or thought you were—"

With a crash Guthrie's chair hit the floor behind him. "Mention that man over there again—and you'll never leave—"

"Hold on there!" Roughly pushing his subordinate behind him, Farrel faced the man whose mouth curled in contempt of the patent fear in the eyes of the younger policeman. "I won't have a fight here, major! You're nervous—get yourself in hand."

"It's all right Farrel! He's safe enough here," said Guthrie quietly, "but he'll have to watch his step. Understand, Rawdon?"

Turning his back on the victim of his over-raw nerves, Garth threw back a good-night to Inspector Farrel and returned to the watchers.

Guthrie crossed the white clearing, stung by regret at his loss of self-control, his deliberate humiliation of the man whose manner with Joan Quarrier at the supper table was eloquent of the gossip at Albany. But, harassed as he was by anxiety for the safety of Galbraith, at the veiled insult in the uncouth Rawdon's frank admiration of the girl, whose staunchly stimulated interest in his attentions, while her ears strained for the dreaded sounds which would betray them, Guthrie's command of himself had been sorely taxed. The strain over, his raw nerves had sought the pancea offered. During his short stay at Elkwan, Constable Rawdon of the government police was not apt to press his attentions on Joan Quarrier.

(To be continued)

## CONCERNING SUMMER PASTURE FOR BROOD SOWS

In order to obtain the best results in the feeding of market hogs, it is absolutely essential to give due consideration to the brood sows which produce the young pigs. It is generally considered that the health and condition of the sow at breeding time and during the subsequent period of pregnancy has a marked bearing on the size of the litter, as well as on the size and vitality of the pigs.

The sow should not be fat either at breeding time nor during the gestation period, but she should be in a good healthy condition with a tendency toward more flesh as farrowing time approaches. This condition is best obtained by encouraging plenty of exercise and supplying a ration which is largely made up of roughages and succulent feeds. During the summer season a well watered pasture provided with ample shade and protection from cold rains is an ideal location for brood sows. There may be some doubt as to the advisability of using pasture for growing pigs, but there is no doubt as to its value for brood sows.

At the Dominion Experimental Station, Kapuskasing, Ontario, it has been found that brood sows do particularly well under conditions as described above. In this way it is possible to carry the sows over the summer period at a minimum cost and in a very vigorous and thriving condition. The pasture was supplemented by a light ration made up of coarse health producing grains such as bran, shorts and oats, with barley used occasionally if some gains were desired.

A good growth of red clover or alfalfa would be excellent as a pasture, but if these are not available an ordinary grass pasture will be much better than none.

M. O. Miller of Sussex is in the city today.

## THE CLIPPER RAINBOW WAS THE PEER OF SAILING SHIPS; MADE RECORD TRIP TO CHINA AND BACK

Although steamships monopolized most of the river traffic during the 1840's, the sailing vessel was still the queen of the high seas.

Just before the gold rush to California in 1849 was inaugurated a romantic period in American foreign trade was dominated by the clipper ship.

The first of these fast-sailing vessels which could not be driven off the ocean lanes by the steamships until years had passed, it believed to have been the Rainbow, launched in New York in 1845. Her lines were revolutionary.

The sharp prow, the great width amidships instead of forward, made the Rainbow very different in appearance from the usual sailing ship of the times.

### Even Owner Worried

Some sailors attended the launching in the confident belief that the new ship would sink at once.

The merchant who paid for the Rainbow was so derided by his business friends that he almost refused to carry out his agreement when the ship was half built.

But the Rainbow, like so many other innovating things, turned the tables upon the men who had laughed at her.

### Proved Fastest of Time

On her second voyage she reached Canton from New York in ninety-two days and came back in eighty-eight. The round trip was made in faster time than any other sailing ship of the time could journey one way.

The Sea Witch was the second clipper, designed by John Willis Griffiths, the draftsman who had thought out the Rainbow. The Sea Witch smashed all records for the China voyage, once making the passage from Hong Kong to New York in seventy-three days, the fastest ever recorded for a sailing ship.

The China trade, already important, was augmented by the building of

clipper ships. Boston capitalists had for years been building up markets in China and they were quick to see the advantages of the clippers. The leading firms maintained large buildings, called "hongs" in the chief Chinese ports, Canton, Hong Kong, Foochow, Shanghai and others.

### Pleasant Life in China

Life was pleasant for the Americans who lived in China during the 1850's. There were no hotels then in the section where the foreigners lived so that the employees lived in the "hongs."

In the long intervals between the arrival of ships, the men made hunting trips or organized regattas or horse races.

The gold rush to California, in the early days of the clipper ship era, accentuated the mad desire of ship building to get speed at all costs.

For months, this scramble to California demoralized the shipping business. The faster clippers were diverted from their regular runs to China and India, so great was the demand for berths to San Francisco.

### Rush for Gold Fields

Old vessels rotting at wharves were hurriedly outfitted, some of them so inadequately that they never made port. No less than 775 sailing ships cleared from Atlantic ports for California during 1849, carrying nearly 100,000 passengers to be added to the thousands who were making the journey overland.

One result was not foreseen by ship owners, an unfortunate occurrence for many who saw their dreams of big dividends speedily transferred to losses. It was the easiest thing in the world to get passengers and crew for a voyage to California, but it was quite another thing to get the ship out of San Francisco for a return voyage.

### Craze Hits Sailors

The sailors deserted as soon as

port was made. Even officers joined the wild rush to the gold country.

San Francisco harbor was crowded with ships that could not get a crew. Dozens of them never sailed. Making the best of misfortune, the owners had to have them turned into hotels or saloons or even prisons.

Every ship that did get out of California and came back safely to Boston, New York or other Atlantic coast cities, added to the frenzy that was mounting in the East. Stories of men who had landed penniless in California and who washed out thousands of dollars' worth of gold in a few days were brought home, to be exaggerated even beyond the marvelous reality by credulous listeners.

Stories of failures were disregarded. There were so many more who lost everything than there were men who made fortunes. But throughout the East men believed, what they wanted to believe. Those who had doubted at first soon convinced themselves that they would have more gold than they could ever spend if they could only get to California.

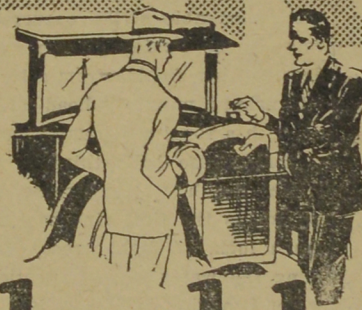
## THE SUDANESE CAN USE OLD RAZOR BLADES

London, June 14—The problem of how to dispose of old safety razor blades, which has puzzled mankind both in Europe and America for years, is solved by Kenneth G. Frazer, F. R. C. F., of Edinburgh in a letter to the London Times. Frazer is a medical missionary in the Southern Sudan and is now on furlough. His solution is both useful and philanthropic.

"For years I have been collecting used blades to present to my woolly-headed friends in the Southern Sudan, who are expert at shaving each other's head with them."

"I never could get enough of them. If anybody wishes to post blades to my Edinburgh address I will take them back with me in the Autumn to the Sudan where they will give real pleasure."

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