



Men Marooned

by George Marsh

A THRILLING TALE OF THE HUDSON BAY COUNTRY

"No, we made no mistake. The Indians must have spirited it away. They tell me there is a fortune in fur on that schooner, too, but, there's no sign of it's being plundered."

The watchful Guthrie had his opening and lost no time in developing it.

"Why, we left McDonald dead in his berth, from flu, I suppose. Breathe was in the cabin, and the other two in berths. The interpreter and a sailor they claim were on the boat must have made for the nearest camp. Did you search the ice? The Indians might have buried him. He had some Indians picking up fur for him and given him a decent burial in the ice."

"That's true, but why should they leave the rest on the boat?"

"He was a big man—the chief. He had a great hold on them. That might explain it," Guthrie suggested. "Well, I wonder what they've got for you hungry men to eat," he added. "Make yourselves at home while I go over and ask Old Anne when she'll be ready for us."

"By the way," called Farrel, as Garth opened the door. "How's your man, wound all right? He can talk, can't he? I want to get his statement."

"He's doing finely—thanks to his army nurse. She saved him from infection."

They were waiting for Garth at the house. Her eyes shadowy with strain and anxiety, Joan met him at the door.

The morphine? Is it working?" he asked.

"He's quiet now, but I don't know how long it will last. It seems lost on him. I've given him all I dare."

"His temperature—pulse?"

"Awful! I don't see how he lives. It looks like the crisis tonight."

"I can't hear him breathe. Is supper ready? I'll bring them in and rush it through."

"Yes."

As he turned to go out he heard a sob. She stood at the door of the bedroom.

"To think he should die like this!" she said.

Guthrie strode back to her. He took a limp hand in both of his. "Healer of Wounds, I love you! Courage!" And he went out.

At the trade-house door his set face dropped its lines.

"Well, Old Anne is about ready for us. It's a short variety but I hope there'll be enough for your appetites. I'm sorry, but I'll have to put you up here. Miss Quarrier has my extra room."

ness and was introduced, the eyes of Rawdon bulged in patent admiration of the picture she made. Fair women are rare where life is hard and his evident surprise at finding the ex-army nurse who had wintered at the mission at Albany of such comeliness, seemed temporarily to paralyze his tongue.

Appearing on the minute with the stew, Old Anne filled the room with the harsh sibilants of the Cree tongue. "Don't mind Anne," Guthrie laughed, making conversation as his guests ate. "She's a bit queer in the head, but her heart's all right, isn't it, Anne?"

Anne turned upon him a chaos of chatter. From the kitchen, where she went for the boiled goose, the staunch old Cree kept up a rattle of pans, until she hurriedly returned to resume her conversation with the man whose ears strained for sounds through the shut door of the sick room.

And yet no sound from the room. Thus far—victory!

"Well," said Farrel, comfortably, as he finished, "your cook may be a bit talkative, Guthrie, but I sure have enjoyed her supper."

"Glad you have. Sorry it wasn't better."

"And you've got to run to that half-breed?" demanded Rawdon, now quite at his ease with Joan. "I don't see why you can't stay a while and talk to us?"

"Oh, a nurse always puts duty before pleasure, Mr. Rawdon," she replied, with a stiff smile, as with tilted head she waited, nerves taut as wires for the repetition of a sound she had heard—a sound incomprehensible, terrifying from the closed room.

"Well," he laughed, "that's what I call a complaint. But you'll be back soon?"

"Back soon, you whelp!" cursed Guthrie inwardly. "If you don't finish that food, I'll choke you with it!" Then his heart skipped—to shake him with its hammering, as he heard a thud—a sound of ripping cloth. Raising his voice, he said sharply: "If you're through, gentlemen, we'll have a smoke beside the trade-house fire," and with Farrel, rose from the table where Rawdon lingered, hypnotized by the face of the girl who sat rigid with fear.

Guthrie flung open the door, admitting the biting air. "Rawdon!" The words snapped through the silent room like the crack of a whip. "Miss Quarrier has a dressing to do for Savanne." Then behind the shut door, a crash, curses, a groan froze him, desperate, where he stood. The game was up. He had lost!

"Why, what's that? Somebody in

there?" demanded the younger policeman, rising, head thrust in the direction of the sounds. Gray-faced, Joan Quarrier, like one under a spell, watched the hawk-like features of Guthrie harden—saw the gray eyes grow cold, as the surprised Farrel turned to his host.

"Get Etienne quick!" "Like the ring of tempered metal the voice of Guthrie crossed to the Cree in the kitchen door. She disappeared.

"What's this all about, Guthrie—this racket in there?" stormed Rawdon, heatedly.

As the bewildered Farrel waited for Guthrie's answer, his eyes widened as she saw the groping fingers of the factor of Elkwan, who leaned against the gun-rack, find and close on the butt of his automatic.

Then with a crash the door of the bedroom was thrown back, and a giant figure, shreds of cloth hanging from naked shoulders and arms, swayed, head lowered, in the doorway. Burning with fever, the wild eyes above the grinning mouth glared with the ferocity of a mad beast at Rawdon, who instinctively recoiled from the diabolic countenance thrust toward him. Gripping the door jambs for support, the great muscles of his arms flexed, Laughing McDonald shook the room with a roar: "Give 'em the steel, Canadians! Steel for their gas! Give 'em—" With a gasp, a hoarse rumble of the deep throat, a choking cough, the massive frame pitched headlong to the floor.

On her knees beside the man whose pulse she could not feel, sobbed Joan Quarrier. Gripping the relaxed hand of the friend he had failed to save, Guthrie listened for a heart beat. There was none. Laughing McDonald had joined the silent battalions.

"He's gone?" he asked the girl, while the policemen, dumb in their surprise, gaped at the two figures with their dead.

She nodded.

"Gentlemen," Guthrie turned his face to his guests, "You are too late. Your man has escaped."

"Stan' back!"

From the open door two slit-like eyes in a face black with menace glittered over a rifle barrel held loosely, shoulder high. In undershirt and socks, his waist belted in bandages, stood Etienne Savanne, skinning knife dangling from a waist thong, at the summons of his chief.

"Hand up! Queek!"

(To be continued)

DOLORES DEL RIO GETS A DIVORCE

Hollywood, June 11—(Dolores Del Rio, Mexican film star, has been granted a decree of divorce at Nogales, Sonora, Mexico, according to word received from her attorneys.

Miss Del Rio went to the Mexican city several weeks ago and immediately returned to her home here.

Her husband, Jaime Del Rio, was reported today to have sailed for Spain to visit his former home.

"I am glad it's all over," Miss Del Rio said on being informed that her decree had been granted by the Mexican court. "I plan now to devote all my time and efforts to my motion picture work."

In announcing her plan for seeking a divorce, Miss Del Rio said that it was solely due to incompatibility.

Presume that in the case of a humorist his head is his funnybone.

MOTHER OF TWINS HELPED

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THE SCOTCHMEN ARE THE ONLY PEOPLE IN THE WORLD WHO CAN ENJOY A JOKE ON THEMSELVES

By M. W. BINGAY in
The Detroit News

London—As Dick Lindsay would remark, any time you hand a Scotchman a lemon he will make lemonade out of it and have a drink at your expense.

For a good many years now, the world has been having its fun at the "expense" of the Scotch. Did auld Scotia mind? Not a bit. The Scotch are the only people in the world who can enjoy a joke on themselves. And now I have found one reason why.

One of the biggest publishing houses in Scotland is devoting almost all its time to the printing of books in which are collected all these jokes. The books are beautifully bound, with remarkably fine illustrations. All manners of souvenirs dwelling on the closeness of the Scotchman also are manufactured.

One is a handsome calendar. On it is a picture of the main street of Aberdeen with not a Scot in sight. And underneath is the familiar caption "Aberdeen on Tag Day."

At the recent British Industrial Exposition, the Aberdeen printers had a booth displaying this commercialized comedy of the Scots.

They are all there; every blessed one of the old gags—and a lot more.

And now comes the odd psychology of the Celt. He has enjoyed these jokes on himself for years but with it having developed into a money making proposition: "Aw weel, it's nae sae guid." Dick Watson and Jamie Spott will ken' wha' I mean. Here are some they are making ye pay for th' noo:

Speaking about races, there's a good one told of an argument three men had on the subject of close races. One told of a race where the first horse won through putting its tongue out of its mouth; the second man affirmed that certain boat race was won through a new coat of paint. "Oh," said the

third man, "I've been in Aberdeen and saw a closer race than that."

An Aberdeen proverb told a friend of his intention to pay a visit to London. His friend told him that it was very lucky to throw a half-penny out of the carriage window as he crossed the bridges on the way south. On his return home he was asked how he got on. "Weel enough," was his reply. "I got on fine crossing the Dee and managed a' richt at the Tay Bridge, but when I came to the Forth Bridge, the string got mixed up with the girders, and I lost my ha'penny."

It was a hotel in Glasgow. The manager was making a final tour for the night. In one of the corridors he found the "Boots" cleaning a pair of shoes at a bedroom. "Now then, Boots," he said, "you know this isn't allowed. Take the shoes to the basement at once." I can't sir," replied the "Boots," "there's an Aberdeen gentleman in there, and he's hanging on to the laces."

An Aberdeen proverb: Dinna spend money on drink, but aye keep a cork-screw.

On the occasion of flag day in Aberdeen there was a great exodus from the city. Thirteen passengers were in one compartment and being superstitious, they decided to toss a sixpence to determine which one should leave the carriage at the next station. While tossing the sixpence, it unfortunately fell out the window with the result that the thirteen passengers were killed by a rain coming in the opposite direction.

When Aberdonian children ask their fathers for money to buy ice cream, they are put off with ghost stories to make their blood run cold. An Aberdonian was asked the other day, "How's the world treating you, Sandy?" Sandy's reply was "Very seldom sir, very seldom."

A church service was broadcast the other Sunday. The thrifty Aberdon-

ians enjoyed the hymns, the prayers, readings and the sermon, but when the announcement was made: "The collection will now be taken," all the earphones were put away for the night.

An Aberdeen proverb: Keep the Sawbath and a' thing ye can lay yer hands on.

Have you heard the one about the great day at a horse race at Aberdeen when no one saw the race? They were all keeping their eyes on the bookies.

These are just a few of the thousands that are being printed, illustrated and sold the world over. But the Scots, ye ken, Judge Gordon, think it a two bit o' joukery-pawkery!

A prophet is not without honor save in his own country. Neither is a comedian. Harry Lauder, now playing in London, is packing his house every night. But not in Scotland. The most famous of living Scotchmen plays but one week a year in Scotland—at Glasgow—and then but to light houses. The Scots grant him his genius as an artist, but they say he gives his people a bad name because he is a "two bit too canny." Tight-fisted, ye ken. They say he has made a fortune at their expense and he has kept it a' tae a penny."

I am told that in one Scotch railroad station there is a sign. Over it hangs a half-penny by a piece of string. On the sign it says: "This tip was given by Harry Lauder to the porter."

The doubtful part of the story, Jamie, is they say it still hangs there.

ANITA STEWART IS IN RENO FOR DIVORCE

Reno, Nev., June 13—Anita Stewart, once one of the most prominent of motion picture actresses, admitted today that she had come to Reno to obtain a divorce.

Miss Stewart was married to Rudolph Cameron, motion picture actor and director, seven years ago. They have been separated for several years.

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