



## Men Marooned by George Marsh

A THRILLING TALE OF THE HUDSON BAY COUNTRY

Joan gave the patient a hypodermic of strychnia and left the room to make some gruel.

"Craig Galbraith—Laughing McDonald" mused Guthrie aloud. "You gave all you had for Canada, and now Canada hunts you because a woman without eyes could see only your scars."

On her return with the nourishment Joan found Guthrie still gazing with somber eyes at his friend.

With her well-equipped medicine kit, and her wide experience with influenza and pneumonia cases in the army, Joan Quarrier gave immediate battle for the life dependent on her care. But the problem confronting Guthrie was more complex. What was to become of Galbraith if he lived? Cameron would waste no time in taking possession of the schooner and its valuable cargo, which he would hold for the disposition of the authorities at Ottawa. But the schooner and cargo belonged to the estates of the dead men. McDonald was officially dead. He, a hunted man, could not claim it. Who, besides his wife, were his heirs? Garth did not know.

Then Cameron had said the police were coming shortly to the bay in search of the man who called himself McDonald. Failing to find McDonald's body, which Garth said he had seen on the boat, they would naturally come to Elkwan to talk to the man who brought the news to Albany. If Craig lived, he would be weeks in bed, recovering his strength. Where could they hide a man needing constant care if a police dog-team appeared on the ice below the post? Etienne could be hustled into bed and bandaged to corroborate the story told to Cameron, but Galbraith—what of him? Accessory though it made him to the crime of his friend, the gray eyes of Guthrie hardened at the thought of Galbraith. V. C., Galbraith the trench-raider, whose name was known the length of the British front, being bounded down in his dire extremity. Garth laughed as he pictured the police attempting to take Laughing McDonald on his schooner in the fullness of his strength—McDonald Ha! Ha! and the bearded mate who limped, with Lewis guns and the sniper's rifles they had slept with for four years.

And Joan—he had made her an accessory as well; asked her to nurse a man she knew, now, was wanted for murder. How was he to square his conscience with that? To pay his debt to Galbraith he not only had asked her to throw her reputation to the winds, but to defy the law—Joan Quarrier, who had stepped into his

life to become his world.

It stripped down to this: If the police found Galbraith at Elkwan, Garth Guthrie was done. Cameron might fix it with the company, but the authorities would be merciless. Then the smug Charles could revel in his "I told you so," and Ethel—he had not thought of Ethel, whose Christmas letters he had not answered, since he found Joan Quarrier on the Albany clearing—she could thank heaven for her lucky escape.

"But the police won't find him at Elkwan!" Guthrie rasped through his teeth, and went to the trade-house to make his plans with Etienne.

"Did you have any trouble getting him up here?" Guthrie asked.

"No, he holler some, but he was lashed in good."

Then Guthrie explained the part Etienne was to play when the police appeared. They would want to interview him, and must find him in bed, a sick man. Accordingly, he must have the bandages, which Miss Quarrier would prepare at once, ready to put on. The children would have to be coached and kept out of the way.

"Have you ever been badly hurt, Etienne?"

The half breed smiled and opening his shirts, drew them back, baring a long scar across the muscular chest.

"At Henley house, at de New Year dance, I get dis, manee year ago. I was ver' sick man. I know. W'en poleece dey come, I be ver' seek man once more."

Guthrie laughed outright at the gravity of his head man.

"Trust you, Etienne, to act your part anywhere! Now, if we could only keep them away from my quarters, but I've got to feed them there. That's where the danger lies. He may make a noise. He'll have to have an opiate to keep him quiet. If they hear him, it's all up with us."

Savanne took the pipe from his mouth and leaned toward his chief, the muscles in his swart face knotted with the intensity of his feeling. For a space the two men hardly breathed as the narrowed eyes of the half-breed bored into Guthrie's quizzical gaze. Then Etienne said slowly: "You are good frien' to me an' my familie. I feex de poleece—if you—say so."

Slowly as he read the stark sincerity of the offer in the other's face—sensed that his friend of the dusky skin was bringing to the altar of their friendship the supreme gift, the hazard of his life, Guthrie's eyes softened with the affection which two years of river and coast and trail with Etienne Savanne had kindled.

He reached out a long arm and took the sinewy hand of the other.

"I won't forget—my friend." The swart face of the half-breed lit with pride at the words, then turning away, he threw over his shoulder: "I get de bandage from M'a'mselle Quarrier an' show Marie how to mak' good nurse."

"His temperature's risen to 103. I can hear it on the other lung now." Joan Quarrier entered the living room, from which Old Anne had taken the supper dishes.

"Double pneumonia," Guthrie muttered. "Not a chance, after the flu, is there? Poor old Craig! We've done what we could."

She raised her eyes to the man who slouched, head in hands, elbows on knees. "Friendship is a very real thing to you."

He looked up. "Yes, so real that without a thought of the cost to you, I brought you into this."

"That was rather a fine compliment to me, Mr. Exile, that you should feel sure of me—know that I would come."

"I thought only of him—of what I owed him." For an interval he was silent, then continued with a look that brought the blood to her face: "You?—I knew you would come—when you understood. But it was unfair—wrong."

"Why wrong?" she demurred. "Etienne or this man, what did it matter? You needed me to help you and I came."

"But I done worse still. If the police find him here, you'll be subject to the law—an accessory. I did not think. I was mad, but I want to get you out of this before it's too late. I'll take you to Albany tomorrow."

As Joan Quarrier stared at the speaker, her surprise slowly shifted to anger. The dark eyes lit with a look new to the man who watched.

"You mean that? You think I'd desert him, dying, your friend?"

He shrugged hopelessly in the face of her determination. "You're in a false position. I had no right—"

"Stop!" she commanded, raising her hand in finality. "Now, if they come, what will you do?"

For a space he could not answer, swept by a wave of pride in the staunchness of the girl of whom he had asked so much.

"I've got to feed them here. Can you keep him under an opiate?"

"Yes, he's under one now. If he grows delirious, as some do, he'll injure himself—try to get up. We'll have to keep him lashed to the bed."

"I'll get them over at the trade-house as soon as they eat. They may not stay more than a night, but when they fail to find his body at the schooner, they'll want to see me."

"I gave Etienne his bandages and showed Marie how to adjust them."

"What a wonderful conspirator you are, Healer of Wounds! How am I ever to repay you?" He sat from habit with the unmarred left side of his face quartering on the girl. Suddenly she straightened, startling him with the tenseness of her look.

"Why do you sit that way?" she demanded angrily.

"What—what do you mean?" he asked, confused by her tone.

"You treat me as if I were—oh, like the one he came back to." She pointed toward the adjacent sickroom.

Vaguely her meaning dawned on him. Scars—to be—were an accolade. Those straight eyes of hers never turned in horror from a wound.

"Forgive me," he said, and his eyes clouded with a mist. "I knew the day I met you—that you saw beyond—the scars."

For an instant her face was radiant with a look that stirred the man with the mad desire to go to her—take her in his arms—wring from this woman who doubted him—his love. But no, not here, his ward and guest, helpless to avoid him. His chi valry checked his impulse. She knew he loved her; she should have fair play at Elkwan.

Muttered words from the sick man drew them to his bedside. The great frame, banded by strips of cloth to confine him in his delirium, rendered the bed he lay on insignificant. His heavy russet hair, smoothed by the nurse from his wide forehead, framed the deep blue eyes which stared unseeing at the ceiling of the room. Below leered the torn mouth, ghastly in its distortion.

(To be continued)

It's true the younger generation sometimes shows little respect for the older, but that's generally the fault of the older.

## THE BRITISH SECRET SERVICE IS THE MOST MYSTERIOUS POLICE FORCE IN THE WORLD

by M. W. BINGAY in  
The Detroit News

London—That flawlessly dressed gentleman in evening clothes and top hat, standing idly in the theater lobby or the Carleton corridor, may be one of them. That thug with his cap pulled down so hard his ears stick out, may be another. The taxi driver, the tram conductor, the doctor, the lawyer, the bank clerk—each may be one of them. There are about 300 of them and they go to make up the British Secret Service, the most mysterious, powerful and secretive police force in the world.

They are the eyes of the empire. Even Scotland Yard doesn't know who they are; they do not report there. They report only to the office of the Home Secretary. Very few if any of them ever have been policemen. Most of them are university graduates, expert linguists who can speak half a dozen languages.

They are picked from all over the kingdom. They must have character, integrity, courage, intelligence, culture, initiative and absolute loyalty.

Ask the average Britisher what the Secret Service is and he will tell you that it is a branch of the diplomatic service, or "has something to do with politics." The Secret Service is perfectly willing to let it go at that. They ask no credit, they never are known; most of them do not even know each other.

But let there be a big murder case, a great robbery or any other crime mystery. Scotland Yard has exhausted its resources. The criminals have made a clean get-away. The thing looks hopeless. What happens? Most anything is likely to in a very mysterious way.

The Secret Service men are on the job. Their presence is felt rather than known.

These expert criminologists are turned loose. For weeks, months, years, they will work ceaselessly, tirelessly, silently. And when they have solved the mystery, is the glory theirs? No part of it; they are not even mentioned.

They merely file a brief with the office of the Home Secretary, giving the names of the criminals, where they are, how they did their crime—and how they can be captured. Finis for them. This brief is turned over to Scotland Yard. Then come the arrests. Detectives, known here as

Civil Investigation Department, reads the report, check over the ground, and the criminals are arrested—all to the greater glory and honor of Scotland Yard.

At no time does the Secret Service men appear in the picture. He is not even in court when they are tried.

When a passenger boat lands on the shores of England, the Secret Service has a list of every passenger on board. They know all about you. What you are over here for, what you do in the States or elsewhere, how long you are going to stay, and where. You may have talked to a half dozen of them and would never know that you had talked to one.

It was from one of these men that A. Conan Doyle got his idea, is it said, for his now famous character, Sherlock Holmes. He was a professor in the University of Edinburgh and has hobby was criminology, which he worked out through the deductive methods so clearly presented by Sherlock. Whenever there was a tough crime mystery he was called to London or elsewhere to use his uncanny powers. Though a professor is one of the world's great seats of learning, he was a member of the British Secret Service.

You might find some of them in India, some of them in America—any place in the world. How the organization runs only those who are running it know, and naturally they would not even talk about it.

What work they did during the war nobody ever will know, because report sars neve rmade on their activities.

In Constantinople, just before Turkey got into the fray, there was a retired English banker, his wife and young daughter. England was at war, he was in poor health and could not help; so he decided the best thing to do would be to stay right where he was.

One afternoon a leisurely American who he had met in the hotel walked over to him.

"There is a boat leaving Constantinople at two o'clock this afternoon. You may take it and sail with your family, immediately for home."

"I will not."

"You will or I will be forced to make you."

"Who are you to talk to me in this manner?"

"It does not matter. I represent

the British Government and have my orders."

"But you are an American!" "You're mistaken sir; one can acquire an accent. Will you leave willingly or must I use force?"

He went. Two days later Turkey went into the war. Years later in London he saw the same young man lounging around an exclusive club, boredly refusing to play bridge.

The retired banker, approached him, recalled the Turkey incident and asked him how he knew the war was to break there.

"You're mistaken, sir," he said, slipping into his American accent, with a smile, "I was never in Turkey in my life."

Just another of the British Secret Service.

## ENGLISH WOMEN ADD 4,000 TONS OF FLESH

London, June 11—A famous London physician has announced that since smart society women in London decided to give up slimming last autumn and put on a few curves, no fewer than 4,000 tons of flesh has been put on by debutantes and dowagers to cultivate the latest fashionable outline.

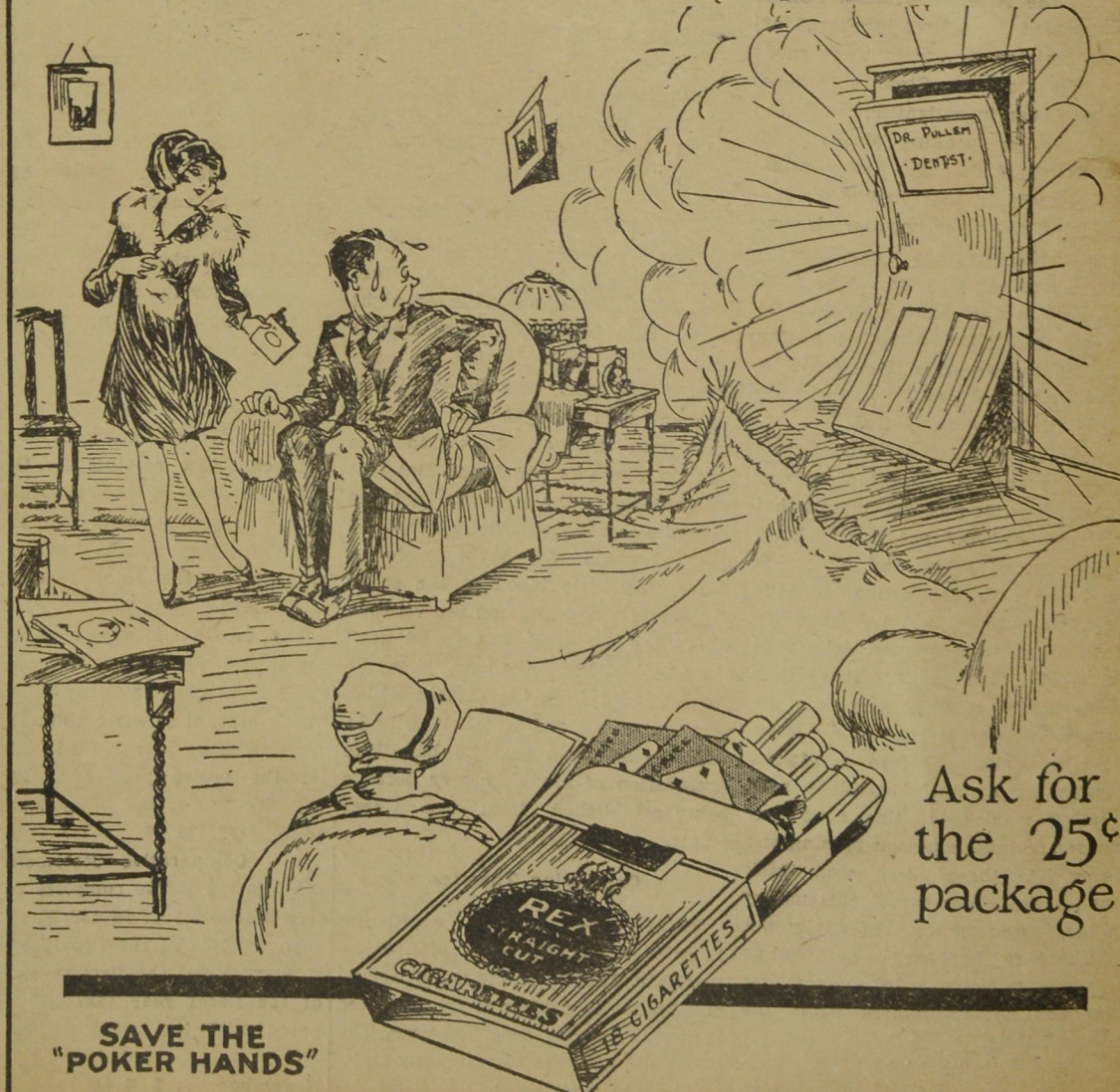
Consumption of cream, butter and sweets and other fattening dainties has increased a thousandfold. At the fashionable hotels, upon request, lady guests can now obtain special weekly menus of breakfast, lunch and supper, regulated according to how much plumper they wish to grow, and it is calculated that no fewer than 100 of these "graded menus" are used by fashionable visitors every week.

For those London women who are naturally inclined to put on flesh one week's slimming and one week's indulgence is found to keep them to the right weight.

## WOULD LIKE TO MAKE A FLIGHT

New York, June 11—Mrs. James A. Stillman would love to be the first woman to fly from this country to Europe, but she has her family to think of. She so writes in the American in describing a flight she had with Thea Rasche. And perhaps, she concludes, maybe after that she can get a job as a reporter. "Wouldn't I Just have fun."

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