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SMILES

GABBY GERTIE



"Revolving doors were probably invented by a Scotchman—they're such tight places to get caught in."



"Does she always have a chap-ron?" "Yes, there's usually a chap around that girl."



THE WAY TO JUDGE "You can judge a girl by the way she receives a kiss." "Nay, nay—by the way she gives it back."



He: How about a kiss? She: I'd scream. He: Why? She: For more.

Men Marooned

By George Marsh

THE STORY

"After what you've done, I could not send you off in that ship's boat. You might have been days making Albany—had serious trouble getting ashore to make camp if the wind changed. It's a tricky coast. You're not much like your dignified brother," he answered, his face lighting in amusement as he glanced toward the sulking Quarrier. "He's hardly worrying about our goose supply for the winter."

The clean-cut mouth of the man beside her curled in the smile she had come to associate with the factor of Eikwan. Then her eyes, shifting to the dim ribbon of spruce edging the marshes, saw the face of the girl of the photograph at the post, and she wondered what was behind it all. He studied the profile of Joan Quarrier, the musing eyes with the strongly marked brows, the half-parted lips, the frame of chestnut hair shot with gold. Fine, it was, he thought with the beauty of expression; but above its comeliness of line and skin—the stamp of strength, the essence of character. The absent look faded from her eyes.

"I can understand on a day like this," she said, "what you mean by this gray coast holding you. It's so untouched—so primeval. It seems almost as if we were the first to see it." "It's like this for a thousand miles—the west coast," he replied, "with a few fur posts at the mouths of the rivers."

"A thousand miles of silence—except the call of the geese." "You won't be here for the Black Brant and the Grand geese. They are the last to reach the west coast—they and the swans."

"Swans?" He nodded. "You haven't heard the voice of the raw solitudes if you've missed the trumpeting of the swans, high against the October stars." "Man, you're growing poetic." "The swans and the gray geese," he went on, "typifying it all—the silence the loneliness, the beauty."

For a space she sat, chin in hand, heavy brows contracted. Then she looked up with: "Like so many, the disillusion of its aftermath, has left you with abnormal nerves. This loneliness which attracts you now will make a hermit of you—a brooding eccentric. Go back to Montreal before it's too late."

"Not until I've had it out with Laughing McDonald," he laughed. "But whatever do you do in winter here? You'll admit it's forlorn enough then. Is it hard to keep warm in this terrible cold?"

"Cold? Why, it's colder on the north shore of Superior, and there's not as much snow. Of course when the wind blows it's cold on the sea ice. It's cold anywhere then." "And so you're actually not lonely," she persisted, "I've heard of men going mad."

"Oh, of course, there are times— His wind-burned face darkened as he avoided her look. "But there are compensations, you know. Shot!" The air-raid left the rail and pushing between Guthrie's knees, lifted his whiskered muzzle with a throaty rumble, his eyes searching his master's face.

"Here is one. I couldn't be lonely with Shot, could I, old man?" His tail beating the air, the nose of the air-raid wrinkled in display of formidable face smiling down at him. "He worships you, doesn't he?" said the girl.

"We went through the last months together—comrades. You see his found two of us—gassed—and brought help." The brown hands of Guthrie rubbed the air-raid's small ears. Closing his eyes, Shot grunted in ecstasy.

"No, but we tire of pork, so when the goose is gone, go after caribou." "And that is what keeps you here this winter," she hazarded, "when it might be Montreal; your love of hunting—the wilderness?"

She is thinking of the pictures of Ethel, Guthrie surmised, and wonders why I stay. As the York boat traveled, pushed by the following breeze his gaze swept the shimmering waters of the gray strait to the sunlit barrens of the island. Then he faced her frankly.

"I'm not sure what keeps me here. It pulls me—the country, this life. After the war, everything was changed. Montreal had grown callous. No one cared for anything but pleasure—and money. It seemed as if the whole world had forgotten them—the ones who 'went west,' and what they died for. I grew to hate it—the office. My nerves were a bit jumpy from the gas, yet I did."

"It gets you, doesn't it? although you curse it while you're in it?" His gray eyes lit with memory. She smiled in understanding. "It was hard, and awful—yet it does get one, as you say. It was life in the raw, stripped of the veneer—the shams. That is the reason, I suppose."

In Memoriam

MRS. GEO. FIGOTT

The heartfelt sympathy of a host of friends is extended to Mr. Geo. Figott and family of Dorchester, Mass., in the sudden passing of a beloved wife and mother, who died on Jan. 25th. She was enjoying life in her happy family circle when suddenly she was stricken with that dread disease pneumonia. Medical aid was summoned and she was taken at once to Bosworth Hospital, where everything possible was done to retard the grim messenger of death but God willed otherwise and after fighting the disease for almost two weeks her spirit passed into the great beyond. She will be much missed in the community in which she lived, as her kindly nature endeared her to all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance. There are left to mourn their irreparable loss a sorrowing husband, five children, namely, Edna Mary, Marjory, Wendell and Wallace, also her mother (Mrs. John Birt) of Pisquid and five sisters and two brothers.

The sisters are Mrs. Frank Worrell, and Lina, of Dorchester, Mass.; Mrs. Robert Docherty, of Cardigan; Alice and Maggie at home, and the brothers are Welland and Wallace. Only last summer she visited the Island to see her friends her father being in poor health at the time, having since passed away.

Our home this week is saddened by death's unexpected call Removing from our home Fannie, who was loved by all; Her heart was so light and cheerful Our home with joy did fill And her voice so kind and gentle, Now forever is still.

IVAN McEWEEN

On New Year's Day the death angel visited St. Peter's Harbour and took away Ivan McEween, the son of the late Nathan McEween, at the early age of 19. Ivan had been in failing health for several years, being confined to his bed for over two years. He suffered a great deal in the last four months, yet was never known to complain. Though all that loving hands could do was done to restore to him his health, which he so bravely fought for, yet God willed otherwise. He lived a beautiful Christian life, daily enjoying the Communion and fellowship of God.

He was much loved and respected by all who knew him and he has left behind him a fond remembrance that time can never erase. The funeral was held from his home at St. Peter's Harbour. Rev. M. K. Charman who visited him frequently during his illness gave a very comforting message. Our loved one was committed to the dust in confidence of meeting him again in the skies. He leaves to mourn, a sorrowing mother and two sisters: Edith and Gladys. The pall bearers were: Ted Anderson, Russell Hawbolt, Sidney Anderson, Wentzel Baker, Stewart Mosher, and Horace McEween.

Jesus doeth all things well.

MR. JOHN FLYNN

There passed away at his home at Farmington on January 16th, an esteemed inhabitant in the person of John Flynn, at the age of 77 years.

Although the deceased was in impaired health for some years, it was not until a few days prior to his death, that his condition became serious. But he bore his sufferings with meekness and resignation, and when the final summons came his soul, strengthened and fortified by the last Sacraments of the Catholic Church, went forth to meet its Maker.

The deceased was a man of sterling character, and by his kind, genial manner endeared himself to many, possessing a large circle of friends who were pained to learn of his death and who will ever keep his memory sacred and untarnished.

Those left to mourn the loss of a faithful husband, a kind and loving father, are his widow (nee Mary Larkin) three sons, and two daughters, namely: Mary, Margaret, and James R. of Roxbury, Mass., Richard of Ontario, and Justin at home, also one sister, Mrs. Wilson of Selkirk.

The funeral took place on Saturday January 19th, and despite the disagreeable weather, a fairly large funeral cortege followed his remains to the church at St. Peter's. The pallbearers were: Messrs. Moses McInnis, Fred Curran, John MacInnis, Frank Curran, Louis Burge, Ambrose Gorman.

A Requiem High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Connolly, after which the remains were laid to rest in the cemetery at St. Peter's.

Continued

In the adjacent cemetery, there to await a "Glorious Resurrection" May his soul rest in peace

MRS. CATHERINE McDONALD

The death occurred at the City Hospital on Sunday, Feb. 10th, of Mrs. Catherine Macdonald, formerly of Georgetown, after a short illness age 88 years. She was held in high esteem by all who knew her. It was a pleasure to visit her home and her passing will be mourned by a large circle of friends. All that medical skill and kind nursing could do, was done to relieve her of her suffering but God willed otherwise. Her grave is not a grave, it is a shrine where God's stars must love to shine and where, when winter closes fair spring shall come and in her garland twine just like the hand of mine, the whitest of white roses. So much the friends feel as they kneel at her lowly grave. She was called to a brighter home there to be the Guardian Angel of her loved ones on earth. She leaves to mourn one brother Joe in Charlottetown, besides her sorrowing family, four daughters, and two sons. The daughters are Florence and Mrs. Helen Dickenson in U. S. A.; Mrs. George Briggs in St. Louis; Mrs. McRae of Rollo Bay. Capt. Charles Macdonald, Dover, and Mr. J. C. Macdonald of Georgetown. She was a devoted member of the Roman Catholic Church. The many beautiful floral tributes spiritual bouquets, mass cards and letters of sympathy show the high esteem in which she was held. Her remains were forwarded to Georgetown, accompanied by her son, Jack and daughter Mrs. McRae. Adieu, such is the word for us, "Tis more than word, 'tis prayer. They do not part, who do part us. For God is everywhere. Sincere sympathy is extended to the family. May her soul rest in peace. Amen.—A

GEORGE CAIRNS

Much sympathy is felt for Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cairns in their great bereavement—the death of their son George which sad event occurred at the Isolation Hospital, Toronto where he had been taken suffering from measles and later developing pneumonia which caused his death.

George, the eldest of a family of nine children was twenty-one years of age the day his remains arrived home for burial.

Always of a kind friendly disposition, he was greatly loved by all who knew him and his willingness to help others, especially the aged, was always remarked.

George secured his first education at Souris West and Souris High Schools, later he attended Prince of Wales College and St. Dunstan's University.

In August 1926 he left home and went West on the harvest excursion. After remaining four months in the West he returned to Halifax later going to Oshawa where he took up motor work. About a year ago he came to Toronto to work for the Ford Motor Co., where he was up till the time of his illness. George was a member of Holy Name Church, Toronto and during his illness in the hospital he was visited and prepared for death by Father Hodgins. He was also visited by Father Kelly. Great hopes were held out for his recovery by the doctors and nurses of the hospital till within three days of his death when pneumonia set in. His mother was immediately telegraphed for, also his aunt Ella, R.N., of Buffalo. His mother, owing to the whole family being sick was unable to leave home. His Aunt Ella arrived a few hours before he died, and she, with the kind assistance of Rt. Rev. Msgr. Blair, made all arrangements for the removal of his body to his Island home.

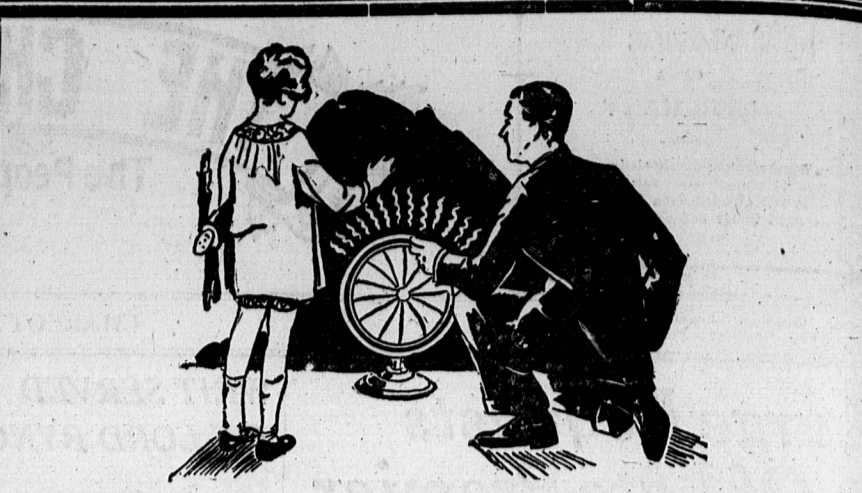
It was a sad home-coming for his parents, as they were expecting George home for a short vacation.

There are left to mourn, besides his sorrowing father and mother, four brothers and four sisters, Alfred at home, Irwin attending Souris High School, Roy and Joseph attending Souris West School; Agnes, Evelyn, Mary Ella and Helen attending Souris Convent.

Requiem Mass was celebrated by Rt. Rev. Msgr. McLean at Rollo Bay Church and the remains were taken to the family plot in the adjoining cemetery and buried beside his little brother and sister.

Eternal rest give unto him, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon him.

Mass Offerings Rt. Rev. Msgr. Blair, Toronto; Rev. Fr. John Mullally, Winnipeg; Rev. Fr. Finally Mullally, St. Dunstan's University; Father and Mother, Brother and Sisters; Grandma, Aunt Maggie, Peter ad Georgia, St. Teresa's; Uncle Jack, Aunt Mame and family, St. Teresa's; Uncle Pat, Auntie and Hannah, St. Teresa's; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Trainor, St. Teresa's; Mr. and Mrs. Curran and family, St. Teresa's; Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Mooney and Isabel Curran, St. Teresa's; Patricia and Eulalia Mullally, Souris West; T. J. Klekham, Souris



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