

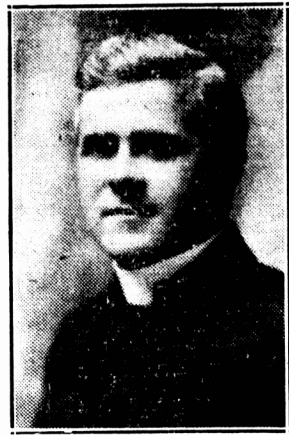
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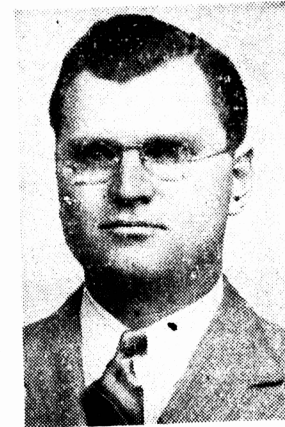
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New York Times Features Action By Rev. Dr. Bonnell

The following is from the New York Times of Oct. 1:—
The Rev. Dr. John Sutherland Bonnell, the pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, at Fifty-fifth Street, has declined a \$2,000 increase in his salary, it became known yesterday.
At the last meeting of the board of trustees of the church, an increase in salary was voted not only to Dr. Bonnell but also to the Rev. Ralph B. Nesbitt, the associate pastor; Raymond S. Swanson, superintendent of the property; each of his deputies, all of the office secretaries and typists, the receptionist and switchboard operator. All accepted the raise except Dr. Bonnell. The additional sum offered Mr. Nesbitt was \$1,000.
When Dr. Bonnell was called to the church twelve years ago his salary was \$10,000 plus the rent of an apartment. The Bonnell

home is an apartment at 1010 Fifth Avenue, opposite the Metropolitan Museum of Art.
Dr. Bonnell received an increase in his stipend several years ago. This is understood to have been \$2,000.
"In no sense do I regard my action in this matter as a necessary pattern for other ministers," Dr. Bonnell said when he was asked by telephone last evening. "Indeed, I hope that many churches whose pastors' salaries are in the lower-income brackets will take steps to increase their stipends to meet the inflationary costs of today."
He explained he had refused the extra \$2,000 for two reasons.
"First, I hoped that my action would enable the church to contribute more generously to the work of missions and the restoration of what the war has destroyed," he said. "The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church has asked all churches to more than double the annual amount previously given to the boards of the church."
"Second, my wife and I felt that by an adjustment in the family budget we will be able to meet the rising cost of living."
Dr. and Mrs. Bonnell have four children, the three oldest of whom

are in college.
In the last five years 1,067 persons have been received into the membership of the Fifth Avenue Church, this being the largest gain of any church in the Presbytery of New York. When Dr. Bonnell came here in 1935 from the pastorate of the Westminster United Church, Winnipeg, Canada, the average attendance Sunday mornings at the church here was 600. Now it is 1,600.
The Gothic brownstone church, which has stood on its present site since 1875, is having its "face lifted" at a cost of \$50,000 or more. The scaffolding is now erected on the exterior.
The "face-lifting" has included the removal of the six-foot stone fleur de lis at the top of the high steeple, which weighed several hundred pounds. The fleur de lis was taken down because it was feared to be insufficiently secured. Now the spire tapers to a point. The entire stone work is being pointed.
John I. Downey, president of the Fifth Avenue Bank, is chairman of the Church Property Committee, which has supervised the repairs. Mr. Downey is treasurer of the church, an elder and a trustee.

(Continued on Page 11)



MR. MALCOLM A. BEATON,
Murray Harbour North



MR. R. A. MacKENZIE,
Pinette

In addition to the above there are: Ministers—Rev. G. B. Cunningham, B.A., Alberton; Rev. F. N. Young, B.A., Marshfield; Rev. R. D. MacLean, B.A., Montague; Rev. W. A. Young, B.A., Tyne Valley; and, Elders—Mr. Milton Fraser, Montague; Mr. Gordon MacArthur, Victoria West; Dr. J. A. MacMurdo, Summerside; Mr. A. A. MacDonald, Zion; and Mr. J. R. Burnett, St. James, whose photographs were not available.

Beyond The Law

By Mary Inlay Taylor
CHAPTER IX

How long he lay unconscious he never knew. He sank deep down into velvet blackness, and came out of it in stinging pain. At first he could not see. Then he tried to lift his right arm and could not; it hung helpless. A throbbing pain swept every limb. He tried to think and seemed to be wrapped in a gray mist. Then he remembered how he had fallen. He struggled to his knees and tried to clutch at the slippery ice with his left hand. He gripped a bit of the ledge and clung to it, his eyes still blinded by the pain in his head. The wide stretch of snow upon him seemed to reel crazily to be dyed all colors of the rainbow. Then, knowing himself caught and helpless, he called for help, shouting to them—Duval and the woman. Where were they? He tried to raise himself so he could see over the rocks.
The trail dropped from the ledge, where he had fallen, into the snow barrens. For miles there showed no other break, only the rise and fall of drifted snow on a flat land where only the tops of young spruce trees showed above the white waste. The ice fields stretched endlessly; and the wind swept across them with light flurries of dry snow, frosted spume of the great frozen drifts beyond. Duval had halted the sled and was looking back.
"Come back to him. 'Duval! Come back. I'm helpless. Come back!'"
For an instant the breed seemed to hesitate. Then his long whip whirled, the huskies answered with sharp yelps, the sled lurched forward and broke into wild flight. O'Hara shouted again, furiously, desperately. Then he tied to climb, and fell forward into snow, the burning ache in his broken arm and the dizzy blindness besetting him, while the cold seized him and held him like a vise. Ice! He was forming on his hair and in the corners of his eyes. He breathed with difficulty. Soon he

would be unable to move. He struggled madly, but every movement increased the agony. Duval was escaping with his prisoner; they had abandoned him to his fate. His fate? How well he knew what it would be! After long agony he would freeze to death. And afterward, perhaps before the end—wolves!
He was able to make little effort after that, but fell into a kind of twitching stupor. The pain in his head was horrible. The corner the biting cold got in its work, the better. He no longer tried to think but buried his head on his left arm and set his teeth to keep back the groans which sprang to his lips. Once his hand went to his pistol, but he did not remove the weapon from the holster. No, please God, he would die like a man, not like a coward afraid to face mortal agony. He felt the chill of it creeping into his senses. Again that deadly faintness seized him. The cold enfolded him like a mantle, he raised his head feebly but he could see nothing but wastes of snow and above them he grew dizzy again, dizzy and unearthy cold, only the burning pain in his broken arm keeping him conscious of life. Objects swam before his eyes. He lost all reckoning of time. A face haunted, her face. His stiff lips formed a word and whispered it—
"Laure!"
A long time after that he heard voices, but took no heed of them. The cold and the pain were still at odds over his body. When the cold won he would cease to feel the pain. He almost had attained the point of detachment from which he could view the suffering of this thing which had been himself, with impersonal calm. That calm was death, he suspected. Strange, how people feared it! Suddenly he felt human hands busy with him. His head was lifted, a flask pressed to his lips. He opened his eyes, saw her face close to his, heard her voice. "Put your arm about me, lift yourself on my shoulder, m'sieur!"
"Laure," he gasped faintly.
"You're hurt—but how?" She busied herself trying to lift his head upon her arm and force brandy down his throat. "Can you get up m'sieur?"
"My arm's broken—but it's my head—" His voice trailed.
She uttered a little cry of com-

miseration, touched his cold cheek with her hand. "Mon Dieu, how you must suffer! And at first Duval wouldn't come back; he was bent on saving me, Jacques!" she called sharply. "His arm's broken and his head is bruised and bleeding. He must get him on the sled."
Half conscious after that, the injured man felt himself lifted bodily, felt the sled under him and knew, in a dim, confused way, that they were traveling—not south, but north. Then pain deadened everything, and something akin to delirium gripped him. He mumbled her name and cried out for help. It was a long while before he felt them carry him on a blanket into Gharlan's cabin. Knew that he was lying on a bed and the woman was ministering to his hurts. His blurred eyes followed her, saw her figure outlined against the light from the outer room, heard her kindling a fire.
"Laure!" he cried. "Laure!"
She came out at once, carrying a lamp in her hand and lifted her pale face out of the gloom and made it beautiful. She set the lamp down and knelt down beside him as a mother might soothe a child. "Duval's gone for a doctor. He is staying close by; (there's been—illness near. He'll be here by morning anyway. Meanwhile, m'sieur, take but a little of the hot broth. It'll give you strength to fight the fever."
But he would do no more than taste it to please her. "I can't eat, Laure, why should you feed me? I was taking you to prison!"
"I don't think of that now, m'sieur; you are suffering, I must do what I can. Your head is hot with fever—I'll bathe your forehead."
And in a moment he felt her hands busy with cooling water on his wounded head. Her gentle touch soother. She raised him a

little on the pillow, eased his strained attitude. The fever had seized him, and the swollen arm throbbed painfully. But, all the while her face hovered before his burning eyes, her voice tried to comfort him. He called her an angel and again through ensuing delirium, he cursed a mscelf for betraying her; she was innocent and he loved her.
In the long hours of the night he raved. He had run her down from that moment when first he saw her face at French Pete's his, accused instinct had set him on her track. He had hunted her, trapped her—but he loved her! The woman, tending him through the long night, heard it all.
"Laure," he moaned. "Laure!"
Over and over again, the same battle, his duty and his sudden, overwhelming attachment for the woman. Then, when he felt her cooling hand on his hot forehead, or tasted the water she pressed to his parched lips, he raised glazed eyes to her and murmured broken, unintelligible words.
"Hour after hour, thus, and then, at last, water, figures, moving before this fevered vision, strange shapes, fresh thrills of agony at a new touch of his swollen arm and his wounded head, a strange voice.
"Give me more light! And a basin of hot water."
The words trickled through his consciousness. A glare shone in the room. He tried to rise and was thrust back into—nothingness.
It was morning when he opened his eyes again. Through the door of the outer room he heard a kettle singing loudly on the stove. Then he suddenly was aware that his broken arm lay in splints, and that his head had cleared. Dimly things came back to him. A doctor had been summoned for him from somewhere.

(To Be Continued)

Seven-year-old Ontario Mystery Case Unsolved

NORTH BAY, Ont., Oct. 5.—(CP)—Seven years ago this week-end, a North Bay couple said good-bye to their four children and started their two-year-old blue sedan along the lonely highway to Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., on the first lap of a holiday trip to Winnipeg. They visited friends in Sudbury, made a date with them at the Sault for three weeks later and continued westward.
The date was never kept. The car never reached Sault Ste. Marie, and seven years later police still list the case of Mr. and Mrs. Earl D. Kirk as unsolved. Somewhere along 250 miles of pavement and gravel the car left the road and was not seen again.
The case rated screaming headlines when a few human bones were found in a Sault Ste. Marie junk yard in May, 1941, but they proved to be discarded medical specimens. Three months later, two fishermen found human hair tangled in their hooks at Red Cedar Lake, 40 miles north of here. Dragging equipment was rushed to the scene, but there were no further discoveries.

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