



## Men Marooned by George Marsh

A THRILLING TALE OF THE  
HUDSON BAY COUNTRY

"Did he get them to promise to take their fur to the schooner?"

"No! Mokoman he talk to dem strong, too, but dey not know w'at to da w'en I say de strait froze. Dey have mooch fox—silver, black and cross."

"They are going to Souci's pow-wow?"

"Yes, and hunter down the riviere—all weel go."

"How far is it?"

"Not far—ten mile—mebbe more, ovair de hill."

Garth's mouth shut hard. "Well, Etienne, we haven't been invited, but we'll surely attend that party."

Etienne nodded. "But dees Souci, w'y he tak' de troubl' to do dees t'ing?"

"He's going to tell the hunters that the spirits are the friends of McDonald and they must take their fur to the schooner."

"I feex dat for heem. I tell de Cree ovair dere dat you and I watch de schooner at night, and see fire come out of her an' de devil dance on de mast. I scare dose squaw so bad, one had de fit."

"How about the men?"

"Dey wait to see Souci—but dey are scare."

"Where is this Mokoman?"

"He has gone to de Canoe. He was not wid Souci."

"Well, we head for the Canoe at daylight. Will the dogs be able to travel? If not, we go wiout them."

"Ah-hah, de dogs can walk to de Canoe."

"We may not persuade the hunters to cross the ice with us, but we can make it hot for sorcerer Souci when he tries his mumbo-jumbo. Will he dare make his medicine when he sees us?"

Savanne scratched his head before replying. "Something een dis dat ees queer. Dey say Souci has not met Mokoman, an' he was here on de islan' long tam. Dere was troubl', too, wid French compagne, down de Rabbit?"

"What kind of trouble—fighting?"

French Cree ovair de ice—drive dem

"Ah-hah! Dis Blackbeard run de off de islan'."

"He did, did he? Well, that will cook McDonald's goose for next year. The government will have the police up here waiting for that schooner on her return. Run 'em off the island? Good! I only wish he'd try that with us. I wouldn't mind meeting up with Monsieur Breault of St. Johns."

Etienne drew a long skinning knife from his inside sash. "I would lak to cut dem whiskers wid dis—ver' short, een de neck."

"I'll bet you would, you old knife-fighter! Like the job you did on One-

Eyed Louis, up at God's Lake."

Etienne squinted along the edge of the knife—then run a thumb over it. "Breault insult ma femme," he said quietly, and returned the knife to its sheath.

In the blue dawn the dog-team pulled out of camp bound down river to the west fork, which would take them north through a gash in the barrens to the watershed of the Canoe. The norther had left much drifted snow and the stiff legs of the huskies cut the pace to a walk. Shot, exuberant after his two days of enforced idleness, ranged to the front and flanked in search of ptarmigan, rabbit, and mouse. Along the river, the broken-out drift in the old trail marked the hunters on their way to the rendezvous on the Canoe. It was evident that the Cree trappers in the north of the island were bound for the medicine lodge of the old shaman. Twenty to thirty hunters with a catch of at least one hundred foxes would gather to witness the necromancy of the conjurer. On the power of the old man's magic would depend the destination of twenty thousand dollars' worth of fox pelts. Whether Elkwan or the schooner at Seal cove was to enjoy a rich Christmas trade would be determined by the ability of Saul and his spirit coadjutors to nullify the superstitious fears aroused by the sinister rumors of the crafty Etienne. It would be a battle worth watching.

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ber, the trail of a snowshoe rabbit which had first lured him, was crossed by that of a more enticing fox. Keen with the lust of the hunt, Shot followed the trail back through the scrub and out into the open barren on the shoulders of the valley. There, far from the river, he stopped. Before him the webbed imprint of snowshoes cut the fox tracks he followed. The dog sniffed curiously, but it was a vague, unfamiliar scent that the fresh trail carried. Slowly at first, then at a lope, he followed it down through the timber. As he neared the river the voices of Garth and Etienne drifted faintly in from the ice. The dog was puzzled. From his rigid war training he had learned silence when business was afoot. And this seemed business. By the hour he had watched shell holes—from trenches—had patrolled forests as at present, in absolute silence. In some occult way the keen-witted dog seemed that again, there in the white north far from Flemish battle fields, he was at his old trade, guarding with quivering nostrils, eyes, and ears tense, the safety of the man out there on the ice.

On he went, weaving in and out of the thick scrub, relentless as a wolf. Suddenly the airedale stiffened, hair rising like brush bristles along his spine. Near the shore in the thicket ahead was something dark, motionless.

The war dog froze, stiff as the spruce above him, one paw suspended in air. A vague scent reached his working nostrils. Then, like a lynx through the dusk, the airedale drifted up the trail.

Out on the river ice the voice of Garth called, "Here Shot!" But the head of the dog did not turn. His small, ferrier eyes, never left the shape on the snow. He knew that the lean, brown barrel thrust before the dark body was a rifle—a maker of fire and death.

Three—four steps nearer, then gathering beneath him the steel springs which wear the muscles of his legs, the airedale leaped. As Shot's fangs ripped into the shoulder of the Indian's capote, the rifle exploded. A bullet ricocheted from the frozen sled cover and whined away over the river. Two men dropped behind the sled, as the team stopped. Reaching up, Etienne wrenched his cased rifle from its lashings and fired twice below a shred of blue smoke hanging in the spruce, while an enraged dog silently grappled with an unknown enemy. But his fire was not returned. There, under the trees, an Indian frantically fought to turn the rifle on the maddened brute who had ripped parka to ribbons and hurled him backward to the snow. Parrying the snap of punishing fangs with a blow of his gum butt, the Indian gained his feet, to meet another lunge before he aimed his gun. Again the dog leaped, carrying the man with him. Fangs slashed at bared throat—a choked cry—the airedale's jaws shut on dark flesh—ripped—and the would-be assassin lay on the snow with a torn throat.

Radio is educational. Through it we have learned that a flutist is a flutist, or vice versa.



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## CAMP. FOR THE BLIND SHOULD BE SUPPORTED

Dr. John A. MacDonald, Field Secretary of the Maritime Division of the Canadian National Institute for the Blind, describes a typical case cared for by the Institute. "John Smith" was a happy-go-lucky boy of 19. His job in an industrial plant required no great scholarship and he had only vague desires to "better himself." Then came an accident in which his eyes were injured. The physicians pronounced him hopelessly blind. In the hospital, with the certain knowledge that he would never see again, he refused, in the blackness of despair, all efforts to cheer him. Even the steady returning of his physical strength was to him an added mockery. What use his bodily fitness when work, sport and play could be only travesties of all he had enjoyed before? Then, unannounced, came to his bedside one afternoon a visitor, who offered him nothing of pity of his plight—a visitor who bluntly asked him "why he was lying in bed when he was fit enough to be up and about." Resentment gave way to interest, and interest to a tiny glow of hope, as the hearty confident voice went on to tell him that he was not the only man who had been blinded—that hundreds of others are as badly off as he were finding life well worth living—were almost forgetting they had lost their sight.

There followed weeks and months of growing achievement—Braille reading, steady training and ever-growing skill at the craft he had chosen—broom making. Then one day, as he ran his sensitive fingers over his first completed piece of work—he could hardly believe that he, who in the days that seemed so long ago, had been "all thumbs" at any handicraft, could have produced unaided this piece of work. Soon after came the day when he was able to take his place in the world again as a capable member of the community. The maid

who had first stirred his ambition to do better in life had proved loyal and true throughout, and it was as his wife and helpmate she was to travel the road through life with him. He has "made good" in every sense of the term—an industrious worker, a happy husband and father (there are two bairns now to make his life more full of interest.)

It is to enable the Institute to enlarge its field of such work that an effort is being made to raise an Endowment Fund of \$300,000, the income of which will make it possible to extend this assistance to all of those unfortunates who may think the future hopeless.

A young barrister conducting his first case and pleading drunkenness as his client's defense, began his speech:

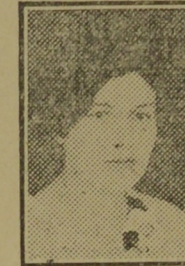
"Milord and gentlemen of the jury you all know what it is to be drunk."

The Office Cynic has a dark theory that the cartoonist sometimes spells that way on the chance that the picture wouldn't otherwise be considered very funny.

## "HELPED ME WONDERFULLY"

Woman Strengthened by  
Taking Lydia E.  
Pinkham's Vegetable  
Compound

Port Colborne, Ont.—"After having an operation, I was very miserable,



weak, nervous and very near unfit to work. I saw Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advertised and tried it and believe it helped me wonderfully. I have no weak spells any more, the pains have left me and my nerves are much better. I feel safe in saying Lydia E. Pinkham's medicines have helped me wonderfully."—Mrs. Wm. H. BECHTELLER, Box 143, Port Colborne, Ont.

Grace—What first attracted you to Fred?

Frances—The fact that we both liked the same cigarette.

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