



Men Marooned by George Marsh A THRILLING TALE OF THE HUDSON BAY COUNTRY

Gradually the wailing drifted into a song-song, which, accompanied by the shell rattle, rhythmically swelled and died. Suddenly the song ceased. Growls and snarls, whines and mewling—the bickering of beasts—filled the forest. Shrieks of a mating wolverine followed the caterwauling of a lynx. A wolf howled, lonely for his kind. From a September ridge drifted the moaning call of a cow moose. In a swamp a bittern chugged, a whooping crane startled with his trombone-like blast. From the gloom drifted the hoot of a snowy owl. Down wind, in full cry, swept waxes and Canadas, blue geese and brant. Through a repertory of the voices of the night and the sunlit forest wandered the ventriloquist in a marvelous imitation of nature.

Guthrie turned in surprise to Etienne. "He's a wonder!" "Wait!" was the laconic reply. Then, amid groans and eerie cries, shrieks, as of souls in torment, the whimper of children, sobs of women in anguish, men tortured, the voice of the shaman addressed the spirits he had conjured from the world of demons. His kinsmen, the Crees, were in great doubt and perplexity, and had begged him to call upon his familiar spirits, who saw into the future as one looks from a hill; to whom the devils seeking to destroy the Cree were as children—harmless! "The hunters," continued the shaman, "possessed much fur—"

Etienne's hand gripped Garth's arm, as he interrupted the speech of Saul. "Now he mak' de spirit tell dem to go to McDonald!"

"Fur of much value which they have toiled for on the cold barrens where the wind always blows," the sepulchral voice went on. "It is the time to go to the traders for the New Year's feast. But the hearts of the hunters are troubled. At the schooner of the trader who waits at Seal cove, the Crees have been told evil spirits and devils wait to watch them. And the women have begged their men to take their fur across the ice to Elkwan."

With a puzzled look Etienne stared into Garth's eyes.

"W'at he do now? I don't understand," whispered the half-breed.

Garth waited, hardly breathing, through the silence which followed. Then, on the hushed night boomed a noise, hollow, sculchral.

"Oh, Souci! Great Shaman of the Crees! It is well you call us to warn your people. There has come to the island a sorcerer from a far country—to destroy the hunters of Akimiskil!"

"By gar!" And the fingers of Etienne shut like a bear trap on the arm

of the man beside him. "We are de beeg fool!" he muttered, interpreting the reply of the spirit to the unsensitizing Garth.

"This conjurer," went on the voice from the tipi, as the listening Indians gasped with surprise and fear, "was bitten in the face by the devil. Matchi-Manitou, himself. He is the friend of demons and woe to the Crees who bring their fur to him, for their lives will see no more of them."

"Ahuah! Ahuah!" From the women at the fire rose a low wail as they clung in panic to the cowed hunters. "Go not to Seal cove but across the ice, for there the Crees may trade and feast in safety."

The voice died. Presently another answered in the same vein, and yet another, while the astonished and ashamed Etienne and Guthrie, who had so lightly accepted the treachery of old Saul as a proved fact, electrified by the swift turn of fortune, listened with admiration and gratitude. With the artistry of a master, Saul had played upon the known weaknesses of his people, relying on the mysteries of the medicine lodge rather than his personal influence—winning the squaws by the judicious planting of rumors, as had Etienne, and stampeding the men with a single stroke at the medicine rites, for no Indian who heard that unearthly voice from the tipi would now dare to trade with McDonald.

"The old son-of-a-gun," chuckled Garth. "He went to that ship to throw them off the scent and keep them away from this end of the island. He gets a life job with the company for this night's work."

In an overawed, whispering group, the hunters and their squaws returned to their tipis, where deep into the night was discussed the marvel of the spirit voices, which the great magician of the Elkwan had invoked for the safety and guidance of his people.

In the privacy of the tent the two men, still dazed by the unlooked for success of their mission to the island, gossiped by the fire.

"Forty-six silver foxes and eighteen black, besides a lot of cross and patch, you say," Garth repeated, elated with the trade that would come that Christmas to Elkwan.

"Ah-huh! Wor' twenty thousand dollars, de beegest trade Elkwan evair mak'. We do good job w'en we breeng Saul Souci from de headwater, w'at?" "You and Saul turned the trick, Etienne. I can't thank you enough."

In his second year in the trade Garth had made a telling business stroke. In the face of the higher prices of the free-trader—of what with the held of the crafty old Cree,

seemed inevitable failure, he had swung a huge trade to his company. They could hug their fire at Kapilekau and Attawapiskat, but he had carried the fight straight to the enemy, and had won. Going out to Shot, snug in his snow-hole, Garth poured his happiness into a hairy and comprehending ear, before he rolled into his blankets beside the staunch half-breed, who had made it possible.

CHAPTER IX

"Queer we haven't heard from Joe yet," McDonald said to Skene in the cabin of the Ghost, two days before Christmas.

"Time enough," answered the bearded mate. "He was to round up the hunters in the north, you know, and bring them down the shore ice."

"Well, we've made a good start. We've got twenty silvers now, with the three that came this morning, anw twelve blacks, not to count the cross and patch. There's fifty thousand dollars in this winter's work for us, John."

Skene looked hard at his chief. "What you goin' to do with your share of the fur we land in St. Johns?"

The deep blue eyes of the giant half closed as the heavy brows contracted. "Do with mine? What is there to do with it?"

"Goin' to head for the States and drink it up?"

"McDonald laughed, without mirth. "Drink it up? No, I'm goin' to hunt up the family of a pal who 'went West' at Vimy Ridge. There's a wife and kiddies, out in Alberta. I'm goin' to share mine with 'em."

For a space Skene smoked in silence. Once or twice he glanced curiously at the man opposite, who sat with head in hands, staring at the floor.

"It'll be some surprise to my old girl with a nest-egg," he said at length. "She ain't had a too soft life with me."

McDonald made no answer and Skene went on: "I'm going to buy a little place for her and the two girls—a cow or two and a horse to get around with; then I'll have me a tidy schooner, and summers go cod-fishin' on the Labrador."

"That's sensible," vouchsafed the other. "You owe it to the woman."

(to be continued)

JAP CABINET REORGANIZED

(Special to The Daily Mail by the British United Press)
Tokio, May 23—The Japanese cabinet was reorganized today with the following changes: Home Minister, Mochizuki, Minister of Communication, Kuhara.

Premier Tanaka still retains the post of Foreign Minister.

CONTENTMENT

Duty—grim word, it has a dreary sound

The dull phosic never ending round Of daily toil which it entails

Of washing endless dishes o'er and o'er

Of dusting chairs, mopping the kitchen floor,

Of baking pies and cakes and cooking stew,

Each task accomplished to be done anew.

I fan would loiter in some sunny nook

With dainty stitching or a favorite book.

A bulging mending basket stares at me,

Small stockings gaping at the heel and knee

And other tattered garments. Was I meant

For only such as this? Grave discontent

And weariness my soul assails.

Day wanes, I pause to watch the setting sun,

My man comes home to me, his labors done

The children, wearied with their play

Leave scattered toys in disarray

To climb upon my lap. But angels know

Such perfect joy or ever trow Contentment like to mine

Life is a thing divine.

—BEATRICE McDONALD in Detroit News.

THE UNITED STATES MAY BE AN IMPORTER OF CANADIAN WHEAT DURING PRESENT YEAR

(Financial Post)

Winnipeg—Present wheat market values indicate a strong current demand for wheat, and a belief that such a demand will continue for some months. Prices for October wheat reflect a current world opinion that the situation next October will be stronger than last October, from the producer's standpoint, but somewhat weaker than at the present time. On the basis of the opinion thus reflected, prospects are for a satisfactory disposal of remaining stocks of wheat in Canada, and for a satisfactory price for the crop which has just been sown.

U. S. Conditions are Factors

Conditions of the United States winter wheat crop will be one of the most important market factors during the next few weeks. In the greater part of the United States, as in Ontario and in England, wheat is sown in the fall. In the northwestern States, as in Western Canada, they sow wheat in the spring. A large part of the winter wheat in Kansas, Nebraska, Illinois, and Iowa, came through the winter in very poor condition. Cold weather, and lack of warm spring rains resulted in a still further deterioration. As very frequently happens, however, there was a tendency to exaggerate the damage, and a swift reversal of opinion took place with the first onset of good growing weather. On reports of damage the price of May wheat in Chicago shot up to \$1.71, only to drop back again by some 17 cents a bushel within a couple of weeks. For the next few weeks it is likely that the market will be more sensitive to reports of the condition of the American winter wheat crop than to any other influence.

Much Damage in States

The crop forecast in the United States Department of Agriculture,

published last week, with respect to conditions prevailing on May 1st, estimated a winter wheat production for the United States of 479,086,000 bushels, as against a production last year of 552,384,000 bushels, and an average production for the last five years of 549,117,000 bushels. Out of the total area planted to wheat last fall of 47,844,000 acres, 25 per cent, or nearly 12,000,000 acres have been abandoned owing to winter and spring damage. This compares with an average abandonment for the past ten years of 10.5 per cent. It must be noted however, that an annual production of about fall wheat last year, which compensates to some extent for the abandonment, although the acreage that can be harvested will be considerably less than that of last year, which was 37,251,000 acres.

Prior to the war the United States was producing annually about 690,000,000 bushels of wheat, of which something over 100,000,000 bushels were available for export. During the war production was increased to an average of 822,000,000 bushels, of which 240,000,000 bushels annually were exported. Production in some subsequent years has come very close to 1,000,000,000 bushels, but recently there has been a tendency to restrict wheat areas. It is now estimated that this total will not be reached by the combined production of winter and spring sown wheat, so that the United States, instead of having a surplus to ship abroad, which amounted in 1926-27 to nearly 200,000,000 bushels, may actually be compelled to import wheat from Canada. Under

SCOTLAND YARD TO OPEN WAR ON MOTOR BANDITS

London, May 22—Coincident with the revelation that crime had increased 27 per cent during the last year, Scotland Yard began plans to meet the latest form of desperado—the auto bandit—said to be a trans-Atlantic importation.

Considerable additions are to be made at the headquarters of the Criminal Investigation Department—otherwise Scotland Yard—where the strength of the "flying squad" will be increased and the fleet of fast cars augmented.

These new cars have already passed special tests at the Brooklands speedway. Although the active number in the "flying squad" already totals forty officers and men, it is to be raised to sixty. The additional will include twelve officers at present engaged on wireless duties who are to be released by wireless experts from other divisions.

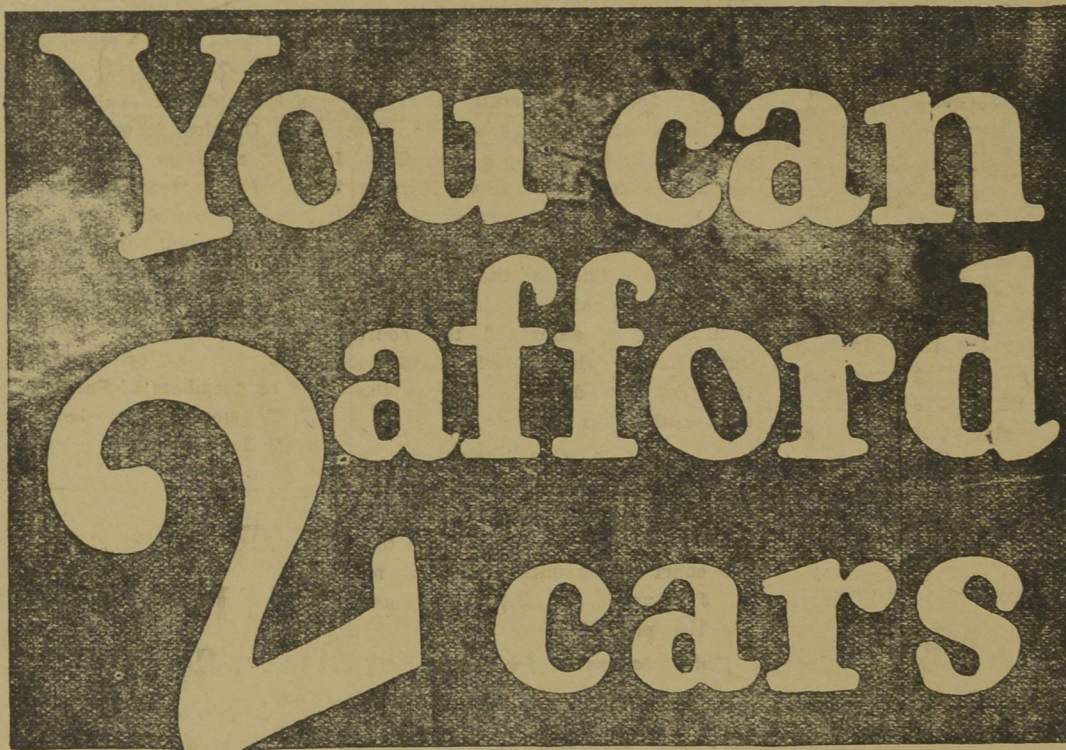
All the men are present dealing with fireless and crime investigating experts and their addition to the "flying squad" will be a valuable asset.

HEAVY FIGHTING IN CHINA IS GOING ON TODAY

(Special to The Daily Mail.)

London, May 23—Heavy fighting in a major engagement between Chinese Nationalists and northerners over a wide front below Peking was reported in Sketchy, advices received in London today said.

These circumstances it would appear that the increased area in wheat this year in the West, which will probably be between 1,000,000 and 2,000,000 acres, need not create any uneasiness.



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