



# Men Marooned

by George Marsh

## A THRILLING TALE OF THE HUDSON BAY COUNTRY

At noon the goose hunters launched the canoe and driving her through a quarter sea, pushed her down the coast for the shelter of Akimiski island. They were rounding the low headland of Elkwan point when Garth slaving in the bow, was aroused by an exclamation from the stern man.

"Look! A boat!" Etienne pointed his dripping paddle across the yellow strait to the shore of the island. "Shipwrecked—somewhere! Dey use de oar."

In the distance, crossing to the mainland, Guthrie made out a boat. "Dey wave to us!" cried Etienne. "Dey see de canoes!"

From the craft still miles away, showed a flutter of white.

"We'll come up with them on the lee side of the point," said Guthrie, whose thoughts were at Elkwan, whose arms were driven by fear—fear that in his absence tragedy had its grim way, lunged viciously with his paddle.

In the quiet waters beyond Elkwan point, the two boats approached within hailing distance. In the ship's dory four men were rowing, while two figures sat in the stern. The crew of the boat rested on their oars.

"Hello, canoe!" Guthrie answered the hail, and shortly the Peterboro came up with the larger craft. "You've lost your ship?" he began.

The blackbearded figure in the stern of the boat, ignoring the question, demanded: "You're Hudson's Bay people?"

"Yes, we're bound to the Elkwan just below here. You've lost your ship? Where did you leave her?"

Guthrie's curious glance shifted from the bearded spokesman to the girl at his side wearing a pea-jacket and a sou'wester, below the brim, which fluttered a plume of dark hair. As the boats swung together, the air-dale, mane and tall stiff, growled menacingly at the strangers, but a low command from his master silenced him.

"Our schooner's ashore on the outside of the island. We left Fort George day before yesterday, and were off Cape Jones when the blow struck us. It crippled our rudder and drove us straight across the bay. We couldn't head into it."

"You were lucky to get ashore in that blow," said the surprised Guthrie. "Your boat must have got a pounding on those flats."

"It did, but we struck at high tide and managed to get most of our stuff off her. Then, this morning, we fell in the hands of a pirate."

"Pirate!" Guthrie exclaimed,

"Oh, Archie," protested the girl, "that's hardly fair. He paid for what he took, and helped us with the last of the stores."

"Who were they—where from?" "They were in a little sixty-foot power schooner, the Ghost, St. Johns, and the leader was a red-headed ruffian with a mutilated face—horrible."

The black eyes of Etienne Savanne snapped as they met the backward glance of his chief. "McDonald, Ha! Ha!" said the half-breed with a grin that mapped his swart face with lines. "What?"

"Yes," nodded Guthrie. "Your pirate was undoubtedly the famous Laughing McDonald. The Indians call him 'McDonald Ha. Ha' because of the grin—from that scar."

As he spoke, Guthrie was aware that the grave eyes of the girl were curiously studying him—the second man with a scarred face she had met since her shipwreck on the west coast. Instinctively he got the impression that those sober eyes had themselves looked on suffering—tragedy. The blood rose to his forehead as he went on: "They think he's sort of a superman—the Indians. He's hypnotized them; but," and he met the girl's straight look, "you say he treated you fairly?"

"I think he did," she said, and, as she tucked the loose lock of chestnut under her cap, while the color showed faintly at her temples, he wondered if she had read his thoughts.

"Treated us fairly," exploded the bearded man. "Well, I call that—"

"How many men were with him?" roughly interrupted Guthrie. "Four. There was an Eskimo, too."

"One, a big, red-bearded chap?"

"Yes! The others I took to be sailors."

Guthrie nodded to Savanne. "That's the Newfoundland whaler who brought him into the bay last year," he said; then continued to the stranger, "You had the honor, sir, to meet the man who has stamped the fur trade from Whale river to Fort Churchill. He took fifty thousand dollars' worth of fox out of the bay last year."

"Hum! Why didn't you drive him out—arrest him?" Guthrie laughed. "Arrest him for what? He has as much right here as we. Then, you know, there are not many who would relish the job."

"Relish the job! Bah! I thought you fur men were—"

The speaker was interrupted by a voice suddenly grown hard with impatience. "It's getting late. My name is Guthrie—this is my assistant, Etienne Savanne. You'd better steer that mast. You'll need the sail or

you won't make Elkwan before dark." "Tim Dr. Archibald Quarrier, sir geologist. We've been prospecting for iron and copper on the east coast," snapped the other visibly annoyed. "This is my sister, Miss Joan Quarrier. How far did you say we were from Albany?"

Guthrie smiled into the amused eyes of the girl, who seemed to enjoy the discomfiture of her brother.

"You're ninety miles from Albany. Your boat can't be beached like a canoe. It would depend on the wind." Then, as he glanced at the sun, dread of what he might find at Elkwan led Guthrie to finish abruptly: "Follow me into the river mouth. Our accommodations are limited, but you are welcome." And delivered of this lie, with a sweep of the paddle, he separated the boats.

"How about my stuff over on the island; it's very valuable?" called Quarrier after the retreating canoe. "You can send men for that and bring it to Albany?"

But the paddles of the now fast-moving Peterboro lunged and swung in unison, the question ignored.

Beyond the river valley the muskge was smothering a sun veiled in haze when the Peterboro approached the fog landing below the huddle of buildings on the high shore, which was Elkwan. The problem of caring for the guests which the storm had brought, Guthrie had been swiftly crowded from his thoughts by solicitude for those he had left at the post, a week before, when the necessity for beginning the hunt of their winter supply of geese had compelled his absence. He was overdue, and Anne was old and ignorant. He would never forgive himself—never cease to be haunted by the eyes of the doomed girl he had left in the care of the Cree woman, if—but no! It was unthinkable—too hideously tragic that it should have come to her, alone with old Annie. Fear of the thing had depressed him on his summer trip to Albany—had harassed him through the last two days, a prisoner to the wind. The ache of his own loneliness through the first weeks at the sanatorium and lent him deeper understanding of the frightened look in the eyes of the girl whenever of necessity he had left her, even for a few hours, in the care of old Anne. But always he had returned to find her and the joy in her wistful face had been fit to recompense for his haste to turn back—to keep his word to a waif of a half-breed, that he would be with her at the end.

Guthrie leaped up the cliff trail to his quarters. Opening the door, he announced his coming in a voice that belied his fear.

"Back again! How's all my family?"

A squat Indian woman shuffled into the living room, her wide mouth splitting a swarthy face in a grin of delight.

"Allo! We glad you come!"

Guthrie expelled a deep breath of relief. A voice from an adjacent room called faintly:

"Nia! nia! You come back! It ees long tam!"

"Yes, Nina." He bent over the cot where lay the wrath of a girl in whose face, thin to emaciation, great dark eyes glowed feverishly as she smiled up to him in her joy.

Guthrie drew a chair to the bedside and took in his the hot hand which lay on the coverlet. The fever was worse!

To Be Continued.

Visitor—How does the land lie out this way?

Native—It ain't the land that lies it's the real estate agents."

### CAUGHT BAD COLD WHILE OUT PLAYING NOT PROPERLY DRESSED

Mrs. L. Mantie, Millet, Alta., writes:—"My youngest child had a very bad cold which she got by going out playing in a strong, cold wind not properly dressed."

"She got so hoarse she could hardly speak, and her throat and chest were very sore."

"I used everything available, but she received no relief until, finally, I secured a bottle of

**Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup**

and the first few doses certainly did her good. It is wonderful how it can help so quickly."

"Dr. Wood's" Norway Pine Syrup is 25c. a bottle, large family size 60c.; put up only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

## PROF. W. C. KIERSTEAD OF THE U. N. B. STRESSES IMPORTANCE OF PROTECTING THE FORESTS

The following address by Dr. W. C. Kierstead, Professor of Economics, University of New Brunswick, Fredericton, N. B., was especially written for Canadian Forest Week and broadcast from Radio Stations CFNB and CFBO at 7.15., Thursday, April 26th., 1928, and from radio station CNRA in the afternoon:

The forest industry has always been and is today the leading industry in the Province of New Brunswick. According to federal statistics for 1924, forestry accounted for nearly 40 per cent of the entire net production of the province; agriculture came second with 29 per cent; manufacturing, 17 per cent; fisheries, 7 per cent and mining less than 3 per cent of our net production. According to estimates of the Department of Lands and Mines the total forest production for 1926 including, of course, the manufactured products thereof, was nearly \$40,000,000. This province has an area of nearly 28,000 square miles and three-fourths of this area or 21,000 square miles are covered with forest growth. Moreover most of this land is unfitted for agriculture. Less than one-fourth of the area of the province is in occupied farm lands and less than one third of the occupied farm lands is improved.

### Depends on Forest

These facts clearly indicate that New Brunswick must depend largely upon its forest areas for its future development and prosperity. If the forests should be depleted or destroyed a large part of the income of the province would disappear, many industries would be abandoned and much population would migrate elsewhere. Now, it is a disquieting fact that our forest areas are limited and over-cutting, insect and free destruction have greatly decreased their stands and annual production. The large white pines for which this province was noted in its early days were practically all cut by the time of Confederation. The large growth of spruce is practically cut and used up. Prior to the war this province had a large trade in lumber with Great Britain but this market has been taken away from us by the Baltic because of its superior quality of timber. In recent years New Brunswick lumber has felt keenly the competition of the lumber of British Columbia (in our near markets of New England. The long lumber of our western sister province can be shipped via the Panama canal to enter the New England markets at a price that is difficult for our producers to meet with any profit for themselves. A map of this province will show that the lumbering is done along the areas contiguous to the main rivers and their tributaries—the Restigouche, the Nepisiguit, the Miramichi, and the St. John. The large lumber near those rivers has been cut long ago and each year the lumberman has to go farther from the river or cut smaller lumber and the result is that his costs of production are continually increasing. There has been over-cutting in the more remote areas. Lumbering like all extractive industries soon obeys the law of diminishing returns. As the resources show signs of exhaustion the costs increase for each unit produced more rapidly than does the price for the product. The result is that the most unfavorably situated producers are crowded out of the business and the others feel the competition of foreign producers where the law of diminishing returns is not in operative production. The lumber industry in New Brunswick is clearly in the stage of diminishing returns and for that reason it cannot compete with lumber from areas of native growth and low costs of production.

### A Depressed Industry

That the lumber industry of the province is passing through this stage depression that has existed for some years in the towns and villages depend upon the long lumber industry. At the present time the forest industries of the province are in a period of transition; the purely extractive or long industry is giving place to a large extent to the pulp and paper industry, that is, to a form of industry that has a much greater manufacturing process in the production of its product. The newer industry em-

plays a greater amount of capital in its plant; to be economical it requires a large-scale production. The result is that small producers are being driven out of the business and a few giant manufacturers will get control of the greater part of the forest industry. Today there are already five pulp mills in the province with a combined capital of over \$17,000,000 and an annual product of over \$7,000,000. There is but one paper mill which produces over 65 tons of paper daily and which will soon double its output. In 1926 this province produced nearly 440,000 cords of pulp wood, of which 280,000 were manufactured and 160,000 were exported. When the transition is complete perhaps we shall manufacture all this wood into pulp and the wood pulp into paper. We shall also make paper out of much of the lumber that is now exported to a foreign market.

### Some Important Problems

Can we regain prosperity in the forest industries by making this transition complete and using our raw forest products for our own manufacture? What is necessary for us to establish modern, well-equipped paper mills, large enough to have the economies of production? There are at least two essentials; one is the power which such manufacturing processes require and the other is plenty of accessible raw material or pulp wood. It is generally recognized that paper mills should be large enough to have a daily capacity of 200 tons of paper in order to have economy in its production. The Grand Falls development should provide power for mills with a daily capacity of 500 tons; the Nepisiguit development will produce power for another mill of 200 tons a day and hydro-electric power could be developed on the St. John near Meductic for another mill of 200 tons per day. Cheap power can therefore be produced for a daily production of paper of from 800 to 1,000 tons.

### The Annual Growth

But will our forests supply continuously the wood necessary for paper mills of this capacity to operate at full production? Capitalists will not incur the large financial outlay necessary to establish a modern pulp and paper mill unless they are assured of an accessible forest supply ample enough to keep the mill in production for many years. It is estimated by the Lands Department that the annual growth on Crown Lands is about 200,000,000 board feet a year, which is equal to about 400,000 cords of pulp wood or an annual growth sufficient to produce a daily output of 800 tons or to support four mills each with a daily capacity of 200 tons. But much of the Crown Land wood is unsuited for paper production and part of it is not situated as to be accessible for economic use in any papermill likely to be established. The total cut on the Crown Lands in 1926 was 253,000,000 board feet or more than the annual growth. The total cut of forests in this province in 1926 for all purposes on both Crown Lands and private lands amounted to about 730,000,000 feet and about three eighths of this went into the production of pulp and paper and five eighths into other forest products. If the cut on all lands were limited to the annual growth the best that we could expect for the paper industry would be the production of a daily output of from 800 to 1,000 tons or from four to five paper mills. It would not be profitable at the present time to entirely abandon other forms of forest production. This province in 1926 led all provinces in the production of lath and sold its output for nearly two and two-third millions of dollars. There are today in operation nearly 300 sawmills of different kinds or other small factories for the greater or lesser manufacture of wood products. Some of these will undoubtedly disappear with the extension of the pulp and paper industry but others will continue to operate with profit. Perhaps the ratio of production between paper and the lumber industry will be reversed so that from five eighths to three fourths will go into pulp and paper and the remaining portion into other forest products.

### The Fire Scourge

It will be absolutely impossible to produce from 800 to 1000 tons of paper in this province unless we protect our forests from fire and insect destruction. According to the Crown Land Department the loss from fire and from insects upon the Crown Lands from 1916 to 1924, inclusive was more than three times the cut in this period and more than three times its growth. The loss from fire is enormous and strange to say more than 90 p. c. of it is due to carelessness in the use of fire. In one great fire on Crown Lands in 1923, 643 square miles were burnt over and the timber consumed. This one fire means an annual loss of revenue to the province of \$100,000, and to the industry of the province a loss of a yearly cut of 40,000,000 of lumber or one-sixth of the total cut on the Crown Lands for 1926. This one fire destroyed a stand of trees sufficient to support continuously a paper mill with a capacity of 200 tons a day or an annual product of \$34,000,000. The Tobique fire caused by the carelessness of campers destroyed a forest area capable of supporting a saw mill with a production to at least one-half the production of the large mill of Frasers at Plaster Rock. If the citizens of this province continue to burn up the forests, the lumber industry must cease to exist and the towns and the villages dependent upon it must become depopulated and deserted.

### Farmer's Wood Lots

It is unnecessary to show the importance of the forests to other industries. New Brunswick farmers take from their wood lots an annual crop of over \$7,000,000, which is an amount considerably larger than their potato and one and one-half times that of their oat crop. We should regard it as criminal carelessness for any one to start a fire which should burn up the orchards on the St. John River, yet the crop from the farmer's woodland is more than twenty times the product of all the orchards in the province. The farmer gets \$2,000,000 for his pulp wood, one and one-half millions for railway ties and one and one-quarter millions for lumber. But perhaps the farmers' greatest gain from forest industries is the purchasing power they produce and the market they afford for his farm products. He sells his products in the towns and cities of the province at a favorable price. Butter today is being sold by the Farmers' Co-operative at a price higher than that of the Montreal market. The \$7,000,000 paid out for wages and salaries in forestry goes largely to the farmers in exchange for their food products.

It need not be stated that hydro-electric development is dependent upon the forest industry to some extent for its water supply and almost entirely for the use or sale of its product. But in its employment of labor and capital the electric industries come second to the lumber industries in several provinces and are bound to develop in this province along with the greater manufacturing processes in forest products.

### Fish and Game

This province gets a large revenue from its fish and game licenses and the citizens of the province reap a large return from the growing tourist traffic. But these in turn are dependent upon the preservation of the forests. There is also a revenue in the form of psychic income which every citizen of the province gets from our forests and form its lakes and rivers and the sports connected with the forests and streams. There is a soul-satisfaction in the quietude of the majestic forests. There we get away from the turmoil and strife of things and find peace and rest and recuperative power. There we come near to nature and experience "that blessed mood in which the burden of the mystery, in which the heavy and weary weight of all this unintelligible world is lightened." Somehow an eternal presence seems to speak to us in the solitude of the forests as it does in the unceasing restlessness of the ocean, in the sublimity of the lofty mountain, in the glory of the sunset or in the infinite starry blue. There we say with the poet, "and I have felt a presence which disturbs me with joy of elevated thought, a sense sublime of something far more deeply interfused." We need our forests "because life is more than meat and the body than raiment."

The commercial and transportation industries depend upon the forests for their support. The purchasing power (Continued on Page Three.)