



Men Marooned

by George Marsh

A THRILLING TALE OF THE HUDSON BAY COUNTRY

"We'll take rations for a week," said Guthrie, "round up the Elkwan hunters Saul is sure of, and chase them over the ice. McDonald may not know for days that the strait is closed here. He's thirty miles away."

The willing huskies, urged by the crack of Etienne's whip, took the back trail to the post on a run. The success of the undertaking hung largely on speed, and while Marie loudly bewailed the rashness of the crossing, seconded by the vehement protests of old Anne, tent, robes and provisions were hurriedly stowed and lashed.

When Anne opened the gate, with a leap Shot reached Guthrie, busy with a sled lashing, and man and dog rolled in the snow. Shielding his face with a mittened hand from the attacks of a hot tongue, Garth finally calmed the delirious dog, while Etienne checked the yelping huskies, keen to punish such familiarity with the factor of Elkwan.

South of the Big Point Shoals, the great Attawapiskat, carrying the drainage of a vast hinterland, debouched through two mouths, a wide delta, and, eight miles to the south, a single channel, the Lowaski. Snug in his tight little post above the delta of the upper mouth of the river, Graham, the factor, independent of the fox skins of Akimiski, waited for the rich trade of the interior to come to him. But some of the hunters trading at the post always wintered on the island and before he crossed in search of Saul, Guthrie wished to get the latest news from Albany and arrange for the dispatch of a dog-team, informing his chief of his crossing to the island. How far the crew of the schooner were prepared to go in the struggle for the trade, he had no means of knowing, but of their energy and daring there was no doubt. If Souci were successful and the free-traders attempted to interfere with the hunters crossing to Elkwan, there might be an ugly row. So the fast dog-team doubled back down the coast ice and before noon drew in to the high shore at Attawapiskat.

Graham looked up in surprise to see the tall figure of his neighbor to the north walk into the trade-room. Graham was old and waiting only for his service pension. His days with the dogs on the shore ice or inland over the white barriers were over. If McDonald were wintering on the island there would be little Akimiski fox traded at a Hunson's Bay post that year. Of that he was sure. He couldn't see how crossing to the island after the strait closed would help the matter. The schooner would get the Christmas trade and pick up the fur through the winter as it was trapped.

It was hard on Elkwan, but he had his upriver trade. McDonald couldn't touch that. Thus Graham, who lacked but two years of retirement, and loved the comfort of his snug quarters.

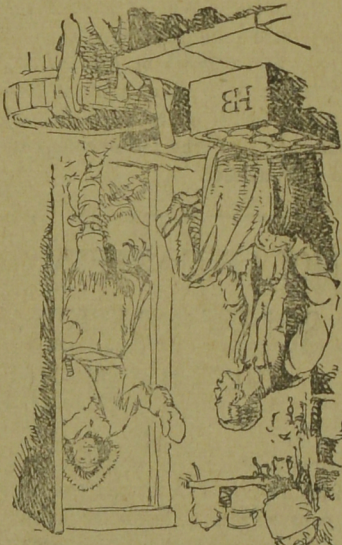
"Well, what brings you here in thirty-below weather?" he replied to Guthrie's salutation. "I've been hugging a fire for a week, trying to thaw out."

Guthrie laughed. "I'm on my way to the island, Graham. I want you to relay this letter to Cameron—"

"The island!" Graham gasped in surprise. "How—you mean the strait's closed—set over the shoals?"

"Yes!" And Guthrie hastily outlined the situation on Akimiski and his plans.

"You think Saul Souci will control the Elkwan hunters? Why should they cross the ice to you when McDonald will pay more for their pelts?"



Graham Looked Up in Surprise

Guthrie's face reflected his irritation. "Graham, I'm employed to get fur—not smoke by the stove and wait for it to come in. As Cameron expects this letter and Christmas is only ten days away, I'll thank you to start a team with it at once."

The victim of Guthrie's sarcasm red-dened under the ruthless characterization of his sedentary tendencies, but his pension was near, and the rise of a dash over the young ice was Guthrie's, not his, so he magnanimously overlooked the thrust.

"I'll send a team, yes, if that's Cameron's orders. I'll say you're a fool, though, to cross. A good wind will break up that new ice and cut you off. It's never in my memory closed before January. Still, it's your job, not mine. Go ahead and get yourself

drowned, if you want to." "Some of your people winter there?" "Oh, yes! Six or eight families. But I can't help that." "No you can't," agreed Guthrie, catching Etienne's furtive look. "Well, we'll have just about light enough to cross in, so I'll start."

As the dogs hurried over the wind-brushed shell of the strait, broken by drifts and hummocks, split by tide crocks, irregular with crushed ice masses lifted into pressure ridges, the eyes of the men on the light sled were focused far out on what, the week before had been impassably black water. Eight miles out, half way across, its drift ice, thrall to tide and wind had threatened with swift ruin the eggshell of a canoe, which challenged its barriers. But now, over the shoals, the channel had been sealed. As the dog team reached the newly frozen gap, Etienne and Guthrie went ahead to test the ice with axes. In defiance of the tide, the fierce frost had set three-inch ice. Anxiously the men swept the width of the channel with glasses. There were no breaks. So, led by the scampering alreadale and Guthrie, with Etienne driving the huskies from the all of the sled, they took the crossing on the run.

A half-mile out when fear of thin ice had left him and he swung along with Shot in front, Garth suddenly felt the ice vibrate beneath his moccasins. The sled with the dogs would go through, unless they came with a rush. Turning as he ran, he waved to Etienne—their agreed-upon signal for speed.

"Marche! mes enfants!" The long caribou thong cracked on the lead dog's ears. With a surprised yelp Castor, spreading his feet, came with the team at a wild gallop. On they rushed, straining, flipping huskies, nails scratching the ice for footing, and swinging tobogan, urged on by Etienne, for a break through meant swift drowning for the dogs from the drag of the sled, and freezing in the stinging wind for the driver, if he reached firm ice.

A hundred yards of mad scramble and the second dog slipped, slid sideways, jerking the leader off his feet. The sled swung in a wide skid. Passing his thrashing huskies on the run, Etienne called them to follow. Before the sled stopped its swing, the dogs were up and hard at their master's heels. A hundred yards and they reached the heavier ice—minutes of suspense, and the lead was crossed.

The two friends gripped hands beside the panting dogs.

"Did you feel it?" cried Guthrie. "Thought I was going through! Felt like running on a stretched canvas!"

"I saw it geeve undair you, and crack de wheep before you turn. We go t'ro een dat channel, and pouf! we nevaire care eef McDonald Ha! Ha! get de fur or not, eh?"

To Be Continued.

St. Petersburg, Fla., May 14—Pill-fering the Atlantic Ocean or the Wool-worth Building should be about as easy as stealing 800 live alligators, and yet the 'gators are gone and police have failed to find them.

When A. H. Barker made a check of his farm recently he found \$1,200 worth of alligators missing. He told the police that the missing leather manufacturers were all present or accounted for the day before, and could offer no clue as to how 800 alligators were kidnapped in less than 12 hours.

Even though the story is not very entertaining it may run through many pages of arresting advertisements.

HALIFAX WOMAN FINDS RELIEF

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Halifax, N. S.—"I am passing through the critical period of my life and there is nothing to equal Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for all the ills that come at this time. I was dragging around the house, no energy, every nerve in my body on edge at the least confusion, so that at times I almost wished I was dead. My appetite was no good, I was dull and listless, in fact, I thought I had some dreadful disease. I took three bottles of the Vegetable Compound and it is truly wonderful. That terrible drowsiness and hot flashes have disappeared. I can do my work now without that good-for-nothing feeling. Mothers who have raised families should give the Vegetable Compound a fair trial. I am sure they will be loud in their praise of it."—MRS. MARY JOHNSTON, 927 Barrington St., Halifax, Nova Scotia.

TABLET UNVEILED AT U. N. B. IN COMMORATING OF GRANTING FIRST DEGREE 100 YEARS AGO

The University of New Brunswick, in imagination to a day one hundred years ago when this noble and substantial building was in course of construction and nearing completion. One imagines the stone walls and the interior of the building the scene of bustling activity due to the presence of plasterers, carpenters and painters preparing for its completion by the end of the year. Unfortunately the modern plumber, true to form, had not arrived and the building was without anything approaching modern heating and plumbing facilities, a defect which has not yet been adequately remedied, but it is one of the objects which we hope to accomplish before many more years have passed by.

The first degrees were conferred on February 21st, 1928, and the unveiling at the commemoration exercises this afternoon was performed by Mr. L. Lee Street, B. A., B. Sc., civil engineer, of Boston, Mass., a grandson of the late Samuel Denny Lee Street, who was one of the three candidates upon whom the first degrees were conferred one hundred years ago. Samuel Denny Lee Street, who was an Anglican Church minister was born on January 23rd., 1806 and died December 8th., 1870. Mr. L. Lee Street, himself a graduate of the University of New Brunswick and so was his father, the late Alfred F. Street, who was for many years collector of Customs at Fredericton. He is a member of the firm of Isaac Blair & Co., Inc., Building Movers and Contractors, 433 Harrison Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Dr. C. C. Jones

Dr. C. C. Jones, Chancellor of the University, who presided at the commemoration exercises this afternoon in his opening remarks as chairman, gave some interesting historical data respecting the University of New Brunswick, which is one of Canada's oldest educational institutions, when he spoke as follows:

"We are asked to turn our thoughts

British North America.

"The definite project for the new building took form at a meeting of the trustees in February, 1825, when they were advised by Governor Douglas that the assent of the Crown had been obtained to the surrender of the Old Charter of the College of New Brunswick and the granting of a Royal Charter to take its place. This Charter, as we know was finally obtained in the same year as that to which reference has been made one hundred years ago and dated the 15th of December, 1825, so that the three years from 1825 to 1828 were occupied not only by the building of the new college but by a rather acrimonious discussion regarding the provisions of the new charter. In both cases the successful outcome was very largely due to the efforts of one man, Sir Howard Douglas, Governor of New Brunswick and Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's forces in

A Crown Grant

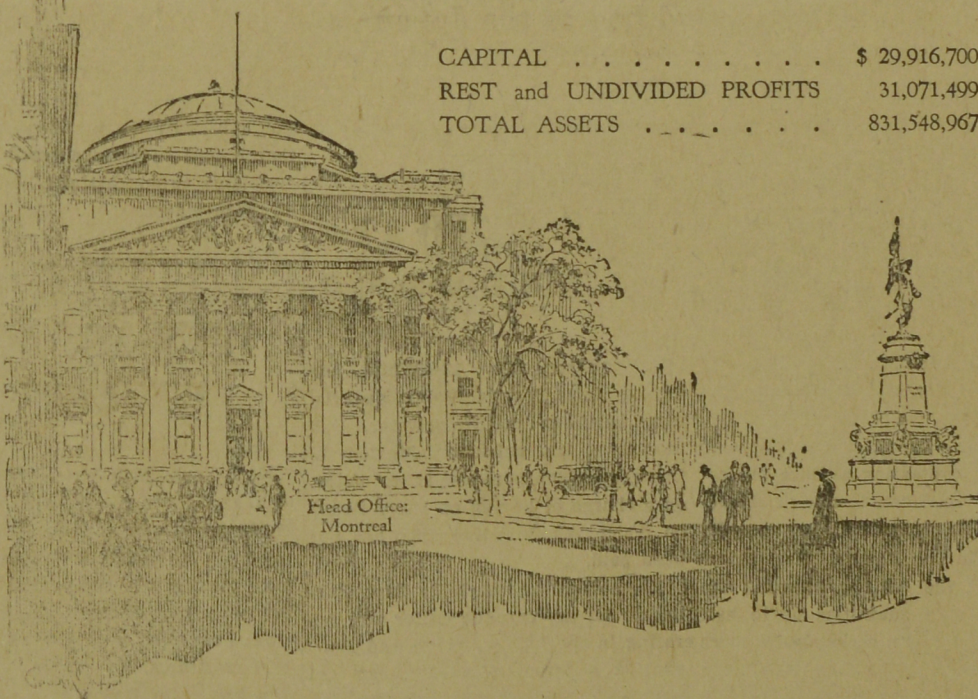
"At the meeting in February, 1825, Sir Howard was able to report a Crown grant of £1000 sterling for the use of the college. Immediately following that report it was decided to petition the Legislature for a grant for the building. A committee was appointed to select a site. In March of the same year plans were called for and in June His Excellency selected a site to the left of Maryland Road, but which later had to be abandoned owing to the difficulty of obtaining a satisfactory title. In October plans presented by Mr. Woodford were adopted and the present site selected and on the 31st of December tenders were advertised for.

"At the beginning of the season, 1826, His Excellency, the Governor, seems to have taken a very definite stand in the matter of the building, practically commanding the Trustees to close negotiations for the building lot at once. He also suggested modification of Mr. Wolford's plans which had proved too expensive and advised the Trustees to make another call for tenders and in May the tender of Messrs. Cross and Murray was accepted but subsequently withdrawn. The plans were again modified and in July the contract was finally closed with Mr. James Taylor and Messrs. Cross and Murray for £10,300.

"By next spring, the spring of 1827, the excavation for the building was doubtless completed as there is a record dated 4th March, 1827, of a plea from Michael Trainor for increased pay on account of the excavation which had proved more difficult than he had anticipated. The Trustees gave him a further sum of £35 as a donation from them. The meeting of the 4th of March, 1827, was further marked by a message from the Governor signifying his intention to permanently endow the Douglas Gold Medal. This message was enthusiastic (Continued on Page Three.)

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