



Men Marooned

by George Marsh

A THRILLING TALE OF THE HUDSON BAY COUNTRY

Two hours of grinding slavery on lacerated feet into the pin-pointed fury, and turning in their harness, the spent dogs lay down, refusing to move. Numb to threats or urging, the heart-broken huskies, crusted with ice, had made their choice. Rather than the torture which flayed their faces, they would lie, backs to the barrage, while the withering wind slowly stiffened them to ice.

There was nothing the men could do. The dogs were done.

"I turn dem loose. We hunt de timber," Etienne shouted into Garth's hood. With his knife he slashed the dogs from their frozen harness, but the huskies lay while the snow beat over them, refusing their freedom. Shot, white-coated from nose to tail, gingerly muzzled the motionless shapes, Castor alone, resented the act by a feeble snap. Lifting their heads, and shaking them, Garth in turn called their names, but the numbness of the white death already was in their blood. Gently he lifted Castor to his feet, but the leader sank limply in the snow.

"Good-by, boys!" he called to the white shapes by the sled. "You gave us all you had. Good-by!"

"Dey weel freeze in ten minute—nevair feel eet now," shouted Etienne, his voice breaking as he turned from a last word with his favorite Castor.

Shelter and fire! All thought of the food frozen under the sled cover had left them. The windbreak of the spruce meant fire, warmth, life—but how far was the timber. With the ax from the sled the two men started. Shot at their heels. A hundred yards



With the Warmth the Men Rubbed the Circulation Into Numbed Hands and Faces.

and Etienne stumbled, stopped—While Garth lunged into him.

The man on his knees turned to the other. "De spruce—eet ees here!" His snowshoes had fouled a dwarf spruce on the edge of the timber. Swiftly now they plunged ahead, seeking the heavier growth. In a hundred yards they were in the thick bush.

While Guthrie scraped out a fire-hole with a snowshoe, Etienne gathered dry spruce twigs and started a fire; then slashed down saplings and soon had a comfortable heat in the snow-hole behind the wind break. With the warmth the men rubbed the circulation into numbed hands and faces. But out on the tundra in the drive of the blizzard lay five loyal friends, stiffening under the drift.

Leaving the tree Garth and Etienne started to back-track to the sled. Guthrie, with Shot alternately plunging ahead and returning to find his master, had gone but a short distance into the blackness with its shot-like hail of fine snow, when he found that he had drifted away from the half-breed. Too dark to locate tracks in the snow which filled at once with drift, he kept on with the wind on his left shoulder. Suddenly he missed Shot. He stopped and shouted, hoping the dog was near, but the aire-dale was lost, or had left him. Why?

Continuing down wind, counting his paces, at last Guthrie knew that he had passed the sled in the blind murk, so circled. Etienne had said the dogs would freeze in ten minutes—and he had missed them; lost the chance to save the huskies who had given him their all that grim December day—Then a white body shouldered into his legs—Shot!

"Where did you go?" he shouted into the dog's ear. But the excited beast left him to plunge into the storm—then returned to seize Garth's mittened hand.

Following the dog for a space he stumbled against a mound in the snow—the sled! He groped for the heaps that marked the frozen dogs, but in vain. They were gone. Etienne? Had he got them up into the spruce.

In his joy Garth knelt and hugged the ice sheeted body of the great aire-dale whose tongue found his master's face.

Food! The sled-load was untouched. Etienne had had but one thought—to save his dogs. So Garth slashed the frozen lashings and reached a grub-bag, tea pail and kettle; then started for the camp, following blindly the dog who nosed out the tracks of the team. The dull glow of the fire through the blur of snow led them over the last yards. There, on his knees, Etienne was working over his huskie's legs.

"Grub and a pail!" shouted Garth, as he scooped up snow for tea. "Good old Castor! You feel better now?"

The husky sprawled near the blazing logs, lifted his tail in response.

"Der moccasins save der feet," said Etienne. "Good t'ing dey cut feet on de bush so we put on de shoe."

"But how did you get them up to follow you? They were close to frozen when we left them."

Etienne grinned as he pinched and rubbed a pair of hairy paws. "Do husky ees ver' smart feller. Dey were all fire out—but not start to freeze w'en we left dem. Een leetle tam, dey so tire and hungree, dey freeze. But Etienne tell dem dat supper start soon, and dey come to life, toute suite. Den I drag dem here."

"I'll go back for the blankets," said the much relieved Guthrie, and with Shot, went to the sled and returned with robes, and the whitefish for the famished huskies.

Later, snug before their fire in the wind-break of the timber, two men and six dogs slept the sleep of exhaustion.

Although the wind ceased and the snow ceased by noon of the following day, the crippled dogs held Guthrie to his camp. With his glasses he located the smoke of cooking fires in the scrub across the basin, and in the early afternoon Etienne slipped his moccasins into the thongs of his snowshoes and started for the camp of the hunters, while Garth, whose knowledge of Cree was limited stayed with the dogs.

As Garth watched a boiling kettle of salt wavy, and bannock baking in a tilted frying pan, the dogs announced the return of Etienne through the dusk. Much depended upon what the head man had learned and Guthrie probed the immobile features as the half-breed thrust his shoes in a drift and stepped to the fire.

"Well, what news?" From the gravity of his expression it was clear that Savanne was struggling with a problem difficult and baffling.

"Ver' queer t'ing—ver' queer!" was the unresponsive answer as Etienne

KIDNAPPING IS THE INVISIBLE TERROR OF CITY OF SHANGHAI; BIG RANSOMS ARE OFTEN PAID

(By Thomas F. Millard in New York Herald Tribune)

On a prominent corner of Shanghai's famous thoroughfare, Bubbling Well Road, stands an imposing house whose architecture suggests a castle. The house is in grounds that are enclosed by a high, thick wall of masonry, with steel spikes and other devices against scaling. Entrance is through a gateway with strong steel doors which are almost always closed except for a peephole.

There are always several guards at the gateway and one can see other guards around the house. Some of the guards are foreigners (Russian ex-soldiers) and some are Sikhs and some are Chinese. Not long ago I happened to pass the house at the moment when the steel gates were opened to permit a large motor car to pass out. One foreign guard sat beside the chauffeur and another guard was inside the car. One caught a glimpse in the rear seat of the merchant class. As soon as the car passed through the gates were quickly shut.

That house is the residence of a Chinese capitalist and property owner. I have heard that he employs fifteen men to guard himself, his family and his residence night and

dropped his mittens on their neck thong to warm his hands at the fire.

"What is?"

"What dose Cree tell me. Dere are eight hunter wid camp een dis valley here; some from Elkwan and some from down de coast. I talk to dem all. W'at dey say was ver' strange."

"Well, for heaven's sake shoot!"

"Souci has been here two—t'ree day back. He invite dem to the Canoe Riviere w'ere he mak' de beeg medicine."

(to be continued)

ing kidnapped. Some time ago, I hear he suddenly discharged all his guards and hired a new lot. That was because another wealthy Chinese had been kidnapped by his own bodyguard and chauffeur while out in his motor car.

Kidnapping is the invisible terror of Shanghai. It is a highly organized business. The police records show more than one hundred forcible kidnappings inside the foreign settlements so far this year. More than dozen foreign and Chinese policemen have been killed in trying to suppress the kidnapers' and robbers' bands. Over one hundred were captured in one raid a few weeks ago. Since last December fifty-one armed kidnapers and robbers have been convicted in the Provisional Court of the International Settlement, of whom only one has been executed although many of them were given death sentences. These cases go to Nanking for review and something holds them there. The foreign police insinuate that the Nanking regime for some reason is not anxious to suppress the kidnaping industry in these concessions.

It is an odd situation. In late years the foreign concessions at Shanghai have become a refuge for wealthy Chinese, many of them former officials and militarists thrown out of power by the frequent overturns. Many of those men have been in the past, and still are, opponents and enemies of men now in power in the Nationalist government. It is part of the political game to strip those men of their riches, to make them contribute to the Nationalist cause. In putting that kind of pressure on rich Chinese refugees here the kidnapers' organizations may be very useful. There is plenty of evidence

that the more powerful kidnapers bands are "protected" in various ways. They are believed to have their agents even in the police of the settlements.

The settlements police do their best to suppress the kidnapers. They make raids and captures frequently. Conditions are so bad that Chinese in the settlements have started a special anonymous fund to reward the police which already amounts to more than \$50,000.

During the month of March there was an average of one kidnaping a day. They take people in many ways. The other day a prosperous Chinese merchant was going along a bus street in his private ricksha, when two men jumped out of a motor car, grabbed the merchant thrust a gag into his mouth, shoved him into the car and drove off before any of the many spectators could interfere.

QUIT TOMMY WOULDN'T AGREE

(New York Sun)

Irene, 6, was infatuated with Tommy, 8. Ever since she could remember, which wasn't very long, she and Tommy were playmates. She would always tell her mother what a nice boy Tommy was.

But one evening Irene returned home for her dinner and didn't mention his name. This was rather noticeable to her parents as she usually was chatty after playing with Tommy.

"I saw you playing with Tommy, Irene. Did you enjoy yourselves?" inquired her daddy.

Breaking her silence for the first time she quickly snapped back a reply.

"No! I'm mad at Tommy for Good!"

"Why, what has he done?" asked her mother.

"Well, he said that he won't marry me when I grow up."

TO-DAY you can buy your favourite smoking tobacco, "Rosebud," ready-cut in packages.

We are now putting it up in packages for those who like a ready-cut tobacco.

Try a package of Rosebud to-day. It's the biggest value on the market in package smoking tobacco!

ROSEBUD
CUT PLUG
SMOKING TOBACCO

10 and 15¢ packages

SAVE THE "POKER HANDS"