

push on and not remain outside that night. Long before they reached the walls of the fort they heard sounds that surprised them and made Mackintosh shout :

“Come on, fellow—there’s trouble—God grant it ain’t the Great Hunt begun after all ! ”

For the sounds were those made by firearms, and there was a subdued murmur in the distance of men’s voices, evidently raised in anger.

Jaded though the horses were, they were forced forward and at last came to a halt before the gate of the fort. Springing off their animals, the three men thundered upon the heavy gate and, despite the noise inside, they were heard.

“Who comes ? ” shouted a voice above the tumult.

“Red Mackintosh—open—what’s the matter ? ” called back the factor ; and the gate swung open immediately. “Tell us, man, quickly,” rapped Mackintosh, and the sentry gave the answer that almost staggered the new-comers.

“Just a little affair wi’ Mister Governor Morton, that’s all,” he said. “’N hour ago McTavish an’ a few more came in and demanded audience wi’ the governor—all the white factors were there ; an’ th’ news got ’round that Morton was in wi’ the redskins in a great round up an’——”

“Thet’s ’nough,” shouted Mackintosh. “Come on,” and he went dashing up between the wooden houses towards the governor’s quarters. Few people were about until they arrived on the scene of the