

tightly to the canoe, which just served to keep her head above water.

It was well enough for Archie to say that they would be all right soon, but there certainly did not seem much ground for his confidence. They were at least a quarter of a mile from the shore, and even could little Rose have held on so long, it was not at all possible for Archie to push the canoe to land, while to get back into it was no less out of the question. Unhappily, too, there was no one in sight at the fort, and his shrill cries for rescue got no response save from the mocking echoes.

Although it was midsummer, the water was too cold to be long endured. A few minutes more, and the M'Kenzie household would have been made desolate, when Providence, in the guise of a brown Indian, intervened.

Old Akaitchko had been paying a visit to his nets at Whitefish Point that morning, and was returning with a full fare, and in high good-humour, when his keen eyes caught sight of the overturned canoe, and the next moment Archie's cry fell upon his ear. Instantly the old man bowed over his paddle, until it bent like a bow in his hands, and the canoe, laden as it was, leaped over the water as though it shared its master's eagerness.

'I come, I come!' he shouted at the top of his voice, and drove the paddle still deeper into the water.