

his intended victim was called upon to relate the whole story.

When the factor told, in simple but graphic language, how he had been entrapped, and how bravely he had been rescued, the staid and solemn assemblage broke out into a hearty round of applause.

'M'Kenzie,' burst out Mr. M'Tavish, from the head of the table, 'that boy of yours must be a lad of rare spirit. You must bring him in and let us see him. He certainly deserves the thanks of the Company, and he shall have them, and more too.'

'Hear, hear!' shouted the others. 'Bring in your boy, M'Kenzie, and introduce him to us.'

Only too glad to comply, the factor hurried out to seek his son. But, as it happened, Archie had that morning gone some distance away in a canoe, and being unable to find him, the father promised to have him at the next meeting. So when he returned, he informed him of the honour awaiting him, and told him he must be on hand the following morning to be presented to the council.

It was a bit of the good fortune which had attended Archie through life that he should make the acquaintance of the great Mr. M'Tavish in quite an unexpected way, without a formal introduction. The annual rendezvous had one feature which was not at all creditable, even if characteristic of those hard-drinking days. Wine and brandy flowed without stint, and as a consequence it was frequently a matter of some