

for a while, as it was a great place for the berry that the Indians called *tawquoy meena*, but which we know as the choke-cherry.

Rose-Marie kept as still as a mouse, although her tongue wagged merrily, and Archie's steady paddling soon brought the canoe to the island, where he ran her gently up on the beach, and they got out to hunt for choke-cherries. Their search was successful, and when they had had enough, Archie broke off a big branch laden with the red beads to take back to their mother, and they returned to the canoe.

By this time Rose-Marie was getting tired and restless, and Archie had more than once to caution sharply—

'Be still, there, Rose, will you? You'll upset the canoe if you don't.'

But Rose was not in the humour to obey. She wriggled and squirmed about in a way that made Archie both cross and nervous.

At length, when they were not more than half-way home, the little witch caught sight of a dead fish gleaming white on the surface of the water, and exclaiming, 'Oh, Archie, I've got a fish!' made a sudden grasp at it. As quick as a flash Archie sprang forward to stop her, but he was too late. She had reached far over the side, and when he moved the cranky canoe was overbalanced, and the next moment they were both plunged headlong into the deep, cold water.

A
clea
siste
and
yard
and
the c
'T
put c
under
the bo
Arc
her by
'Do
right s
Poor
cheeks,
and her
loose, n