

evidently well pleased at his own part in the matter, and appreciating Archie's indirect praise. 'But may I ask your name? I do not remember having seen you before.'

'My name is Archie M'Kenzie, sir,' replied Archie, feeling entirely at his ease with this genial old gentleman.

'What?' queried Mr. M'Tavish. 'Is your father factor at Chipewyan?'

'Yes, sir,' answered Archie. 'His name is Donald M'Kenzie, and this is my sister Rose,' slipping his hand through the arm of Rose-Marie, who had come shyly up, still trembling from the fright the fracas had given her.

'Dear me!' exclaimed Mr. M'Tavish. 'How odd! Why, we were all talking about you yesterday at the council, and your father promised to bring you in and show you to us this very morning. No wonder he's so proud of you; any man might be proud of such a boy.' And as he spoke these last words, his voice fell away into a sigh, for he had no son to inherit his honoured name and abundant wealth, and it was the one cloud upon his career of otherwise unshadowed prosperity. Then, brightening up, he added—

'But come along. It's nearly time for the council. I am going to have the pleasure of introducing you to my partners myself.'

Thus it came about that Archie appeared before the awe-inspiring council under the wing of its most important member, and was given a reception that bewildered him, so that he completely lost the use of his tongue, and could only blush his acknowledgments.