

appearance. They had in the first place increased their speed, as though anxious to get their man before the others reached him, and had sent in a few more shots which the man had not replied to, and then they had drawn off a little, widening out the crescent formation in which they had been moving.

Red Mackintosh's musket was cocked and raised for the firing when he halted, and the pursued man saw it—saw it and lifted his own, calling out as he did so :

“ Don't fire, Red ! ”

“ Radley, by gum ! ” shouted Mackintosh, and Hal thrilled as he heard the name. Many a time had his chief spoken of this man—John Radley—one of the most intrepid of the Hudson Bay traders, and a man who was filled with the desire to discover while he was engaged in his work, and, therefore, went farther afield than any of his fellow-traders.

There was little time for thought, however, because Radley was now sweeping up towards Mackintosh and gasping out :

“ Turn back, Red—must make for your shack. Down ! ” he exclaimed, as something whistled within dangerous and unpleasant nearness.

Down into the snow the three figures dropped instantly, and well it was for them that they did so, because a volley came whistling in.

“ Is this real honest business, Radley ? ” Mackintosh asked quietly and tensely, his finger crooked round the trigger of his musket.