

voices, one cursing and the other entreating, in half-breed patois. Hastening to the spot, he found a drunken *voyageur* belaboring a boy about Sawtloulai's size, who was evidently in mortal terror. Archie's anger was at once aroused, and he shouted out in commanding tones: "Stop that, you cowardly brute! Leave the boy alone."

The *voyageur* paid no heed, but continued his blows. Archie's indignation got to white heat

"Stop that, I say! I'll make you stop," he cried; and rushing upon the man, he caught him by the collar and swung him away from his victim, who seized the opportunity to spring to his feet and make good his escape.

Furious at this interference, the *voyageur* now turned upon Archie, and being a powerful, active man and frenzied with drink, it certainly would have gone hard with the boy had not a gentleman suddenly appeared upon the scene, and with one well-aimed blow of a stout walking-stick felled the half-breed to the ground, where he lay stunned and motionless.

"That was a crack in good time, wasn't it, my lad?" said the newcomer, puffing a little from his sudden exertion. "What was the rascal about? You were no match for him?"

Archie at once recognized in his friend in need none other than Mr. McTavish, who had been enjoying an early constitutional when he so opportunely chanced upon the unequal encounter.