

12 TI-TI-PU: A BOY OF RED RIVER

backs and heads of the Huskies, and poor little Ailie shrieked pitifully at what she believed to be the imminent peril of all four.

The collies fought superbly. Fearfully outnumbered as they were, their superior sagacity and speed of movement for a while enabled them to hold their own. Keeping close together in front of the children, they struck to right and left with their keen white fangs, slashing the Huskies on head and shoulder, so that one after another slunk away, howling dolefully.

But for each one thus driven off, two others rushed to the attack, and, in spite of the splendid play Hector made with his stick, at the risk of being badly bitten himself, the issue must have gone hard against the gallant collies, for the Huskies would not have stopped until they had torn them to pieces. But, in the nick of time, a stalwart figure came charging down the beach with mighty strides.

Into the thick of the melee plunged Andrew Macrae, using, with unsparing