

being in the way, and would have liked to argue the point at length ; but his father was too busy to listen to him then, and he had to content himself with muttering—

‘I’m very sure I shouldn’t be in the way. Why couldn’t I take care of myself, I’d like to know?’

However, there was nothing to do but to submit ; for his mother, who loved her children so passionately that she was never content to have them out of sight, would give him no support, he knew, and he must only await his father’s pleasure in the matter.

But while waiting he could be preparing, and one of the most important accomplishments being the management of a canoe, he consoled himself by paddling about in his own little beauty, made especially for him by one of the Indians, who wished to find especial favour in the eyes of the factor.

It was one of the loveliest days of the all-too-short summer that comes to Athabasca, and the lake looked its best, as it stretched away from the foot of the fort, a vast expanse of dimpled blue. Archie had been but a few minutes in the canoe, and was not far from land, when who should come running down to the beach but little Rose-Marie, no hood upon her curly head, or moccasins on her chubby feet as she scampered towards Archie, calling out eagerly—

‘Archie, Archie, take me with you!’

Archie’s first impulse was to refuse her on the

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