

land when just out of his teens, to make his way in the New World as best he might with nothing but keen wits, strong hands, a brave heart and a clear conscience to help him. Meeting in Montreal with a brother Scot, a few years his senior, who had been some time in the employ of the Northwest Fur Company, or "Nor'westers" as they were generally called, and who stirred his imagination and ambition alike by graphic descriptions of life with the fur traders, he determined to enlist in the same service. He had no difficulty in obtaining an engagement. The company was composed mainly of Scotchmen, and so sturdy and promising a fellow-countryman did not have to go begging. He was accepted on sight, and that same summer dispatched to Fort William, at the far end of Lake Superior, where he entered upon the life in which his career was to be one of thrilling experience and steady success until the brown beard was plentifully streaked with gray, and he could honorably retire rich in reputation and in purse also.

As junior clerk Donald had traveled up and down a large portion of the wilderness lying between Lake Superior and the Rocky Mountains, remaining for a time at Fort Pembina, Fort Qu'Appelle, Moose Fort, and others of the many posts scattered by the company over this immense territory, until he had become thoroughly acquainted with the workings of the fur trade, and