

there was not a better ordered post in the country than Chipewyan, nor one whose chief was in better favour.

Not only because he was the factor's son, and it was therefore good policy, but because they all liked him for himself, the men made very much of Archie, and did their best to spoil him. He was always eager to be in their company, and his father, intending as he did that he should follow in his footsteps, put no restraint upon him, for the earlier he began to learn the life of a fur-trader, the more thoroughly would he master it.

The consequence was, that at an age when the ordinary city boy would be thought a wonder if he could catch a ball fairly well, or ride a pony without falling off, this child of the wilderness could swim like a duck, ride like an Indian, hit a squirrel with an arrow at thirty yards, and paddle a canoe like a *voyageur*.

Nor had his education in other ways been neglected. His father had been a fairly good scholar in his young days, and among the treasures he had gathered about him since coming into the North-West were a number of volumes of fiction, poetry, history, science, and theology, which were a source of never-failing pleasure to him, and the contents of which he took delight in imparting to Archie, who proved an apt pupil, being able to read well when but eight years old, and enjoying very much his father's enthusiastic teaching.

For this schooling there was plenty of time in the long, cold winters, when the factor spent most of his