

If there is anything in a name, one need have no difficulty in settling what nation little Archie's father belonged to; and you had only to take a good look at him to see that his name fitted him all right, for he was a Scotchman in every line of his face and turn of his body. They called him "Big Donald" in the Northwest, for he stood full six feet high, and was so stout of limb, broad of shoulder and deep of chest that exertion seemed to fatigue him no more than danger appalled him. He had not a handsome face, but better than that, a transparently frank, honest one, and with his shaggy eyebrows, heavy moustache and dense brown beard, from whose midst issued a voice of startling depth and volume, commanded universal respect among the *voyageurs bois brulés* (half-breeds) and Indians that formed the subjects of his realm.

For the factor of an important fort in those days held little short of regal sway over the men that were under him, and the Indians that came to barter their precious peltries for his beads, and blankets, and kettles, and hatchets. He was responsible only to the company, whose headquarters were at Montreal, thousands of miles distant, and, so long as the number of packs sent yearly from his district showed no falling off, he could do pretty much as he liked without interference from anybody.

Donald McKenzie had sailed across from Scot-