

said the new-comer, puffing a little from his sudden exertion. 'What was the rascal about? You were no match for him.'

Archie at once recognised in his friend in need no other than Mr. M'Tavish, who had been enjoying an early constitutional when he so opportunely chanced upon the unequal encounter.

'Why, he was pounding a poor little fellow, and I made him stop,' he answered respectfully.

'That's right, my son; that's right,' said Mr. M'Tavish, smiling. 'Never refuse help to those who are in trouble. You may need it badly enough yourself some day.'

'I did need it pretty badly just now, sir,' said Archie, with a grateful look. 'If you hadn't come along when you did, I should have got a good licking, for certain.'

'I'm afraid you would, my son,' responded Mr. M'Tavish, evidently well pleased at his own part in the matter, and appreciating Archie's indirect praise. 'But may I ask your name? I do not remember having seen you before.'

'My name is Archie M'Kenzie, sir,' replied Archie, feeling entirely at his ease with this genial old gentleman.

'What?' queried Mr. M'Tavish. 'Is your father factor at Chipewyan?'

'Yes, sir,' answered Archie. 'His name is Donald M'Kenzie, and this is my sister Rose,' slipping his hand through the arm of Rose-Marie, who had come