

had grown up thirty-five miles away, and several settlers had established themselves between that place and his home.

"So you are going out fishing this morning, Harold?" Mr. Welch said. "I hope you will bring back a good supply, for the larder is low. I was looking at you yesterday, and I see that you are becoming a first-rate hand at the management of a canoe."

"So I ought to be," the boy said, "considering that for nearly three months I have done nothing but shoot and fish."

"You have a sharp eye, Harold, and will make a first-rate backwoodsman one of these days. You can shoot nearly as well as I can now. It is lucky that I had a good stock of powder and lead on hand; firing away by the hour together as you do consumes a large amount of ammunition. See, there is a canoe on the lake; it is coming this way too. There is but one man in it; he is a white by his clothes."

For a minute or two they stood watching the boat, and then seeing that its course was directed towards the shore, they walked down to the edge of the lake to meet it.

"Ah! Pearson, is that you?" Mr. Welch asked. "I thought I knew your long sweeping stroke at a distance. You have been hunting, I see; that is a fine stag you have got there. What is the news?"

"About as bad as can be, Master Welch," the hunter said. "The Irroquois have dug up the tomahawk again, and are out on the war-path. They have massacred John Brent and his family. I heard a talk of it amongst some hunters I met ten days since in the woods. They

said that the War Eagle, whole front told them, farther and less they drew would be good but I might begin to stir quiet again."

The colour the hunter saw "This is bad" "Are you sure?" "Sartin sure" had been down Just when he saw smoke rise and made track just arrived. and was going canoe and coming on the way.

said he should see it through about, and rec defend his log his har raised i that's his business "What do you doing this far?" "It would be