

divide the affection that he had been monopolising, or, as the saying is, to put his nose out of joint, and our young gentleman resented this intrusion so warmly that it positively was not safe to leave him alone with tiny Rose-Marie. He would attack her instantly. Once, indeed, he came very near ridding himself of his rival by tumbling her cradle over on top of her.

When he grew older, however, this childish jealousy disappeared, and he became as fond of his sister—who was just a comical little copy of her mother—as he had been jealous of her, playing happily with her all day long, and taking such good care of the wee one as to prove a real help to Mrs. M'Kenzie.

And now it is full time to tell something about the home in which these young folks were growing up. Fort Chipewyan still exists, and to find it you must take a good map of the Dominion of Canada, and look right into the heart of the vast region called the North-West Territories. There you will notice an immense lake, bearing the Indian name of Athabasca, and at the south-western end of the lake, occupying a commanding position upon a promontory that juts out from the northern shore into the cold blue water, is the fort, which has been for nearly a hundred years one of the most important centres of the fur trade.

To the traveller approaching it after having been for weeks accustomed to nothing better than a wigwam, the fort presented a very imposing appear-