

altogether was a sort of a boy that it would have sorely puzzled the common run of parents under ordinary circumstances to deal with, but who, away up at Fort Chipewyan, in the midst of a life that was anything but ordinary, and with the firm hand of a father who brooked no disobedience controlling him, gave every promise of growing up into a worthy manhood.

It must not be forgotten that ere he was quite half-way to the ten years already mentioned, a little sister appeared upon the scene to divide the affection that he had been monopolizing, 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, his childish dislike 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. McKenzie.

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

