

love, full of dreams and ambitions. My father had taken her away from everything she had known and cared for, but she had followed him gladly. He was fighting to win her a home in a land where only strong men can survive. Left alone, they would have created for themselves a paradise in the barren north. It was an act of courage any one should have admired and respected. But it meant nothing to the Hudson's Bay Company.

"Twice it wrecked him financially. It was not that he forced the competition. He tried to avoid it. He would go off alone, select a site for a post far from any of the Hudson's Bay, then in a few months or a year it would be the same. The company would hear of his operations, grudge him his small success, establish an outpost so near that you could toss a stone from one building to another, bring all its resources to crush him."

"But that is the fur business as it always has been and must always be," interrupted Pattison, calmly.

"Fur business!" cried Rochette. "Is it the fur business to kill a woman, to wreck a man, and to destroy the home of a child?"

"Kill!" repeated Pattison.

"Yes, kill! Perhaps they could not be convicted of it in court but the effect was the same. I tell you, the Hudson's Bay, with its greed and its cunning and its cruelty, murdered my mother, and it shall pay if I must spend my life at the task."

"That's a big job, young man."

There was a challenge in Pattison's voice and he was no longer coldly indifferent. Before he had called Rochette from the street he had thought of a