

mother was too rejoiced at the escape of her darling Rose-Marie to think of doing any more than enjoining solemnly upon Archie never to take his sister out canoeing again until he should have permission from her.

Of course, old Akaitchko came in for Mrs. M'Kenzie's warmest gratitude, receiving as reward such a supply of tea and tobacco as he had never had in his life before, and the assurance, moreover, that he need never go with empty pannikin or pipe so long as she was at hand to fill them for him. Whereat the old man felt that he had nothing more to ask for.

Little Rose-Marie was none the worse for her adventure, not even taking a cold, thanks to her vigorous constitution, developed by constant outdoor life; so that in the end there was nothing to be sorry for but the act of disobedience which might have had such dreadful consequences.

Life at the fort in midsummer was apt to be very quiet and uneventful. Mr. M'Kenzie and the majority of his men would be absent, either taking the furs as far down as Lac à la Crosse on their long journey to Montreal, or bringing back the supplies of goods and provisions which were sent up to meet them; or, when this was all over, they would be away out upon the prairies hunting the bison, moose, and deer, whose juicy meat, dried in the sun, and then pounded into shreds and mixed with melted fat, would be

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