

anything more; but even that was not to be despised, and then, with a little extra good fortune, he might in time become an owner of "limits" and mills himself. Why not? Many another boy had thus risen into wealth and importance. He had at least the right to try.

Fifteen in October, and in the highest class, this was to be Frank's last winter at school; and before leaving for the woods his father had enjoined upon him to make the best of it, as after the summer holidays were over he would have to "cease learning, and begin earning." Frank was rather glad to hear this. He was beginning to think he had grown too big for school, and ought to be doing something more directly remunerative. Poor boy! Could he have guessed that those were the last words he would hear from his dear father's lips, how differently would they have affected him! Calumet never saw Mr. Kingston again. In returning alone to the depot from a distant shanty, he was caught in a fierce and sudden snowstorm. The little-travelled road through the forest was soon obliterated. Blinded and bewildered by the pitiless storm beating in their faces, both man and beast lost their way, and, wandering about until all strength was spent, lay down to die in the drifts