

of speech. There was a laugh in them, a laugh that might easily become a threat. But the most striking quality about them was their direct contradiction of the lower part of his face.

"I am Bruce Rochette," he said as he stopped across the desk from Pattison.

"Bruce Rochette!" repeated the fur trader.

The exclamation had been unconscious. The linking of a name so distinctively Scotch with one so manifestly French was like a repetition of the baffling combination of the eyes and the mouth.

"That's a queer mixture," Pattison added in an effort to explain his surprise.

"Then you don't remember me?"

"I've known several Rochettes but none called Bruce."

"My father was Jean Rochette. My mother was from the States. I was named for my grandfather, Bruce Hamilton, who was born, and always lived, in the States."

"Yes?" said Pattison with a rising inflection that asked plainly what that might have to do with him.

"Then you don't remember me?" repeated Rochette.

"I remember a Jean Rochette back east."

"And his son?"

"You're not the lad I sent out to the States?" asked Pattison in amazement. "Well, well! Time flies. That was twelve years ago. At Whitefish Lake."

"I have never forgotten what you did for me then!" exclaimed the young man. "I was alone in the world, didn't know anything except the bush, hardly