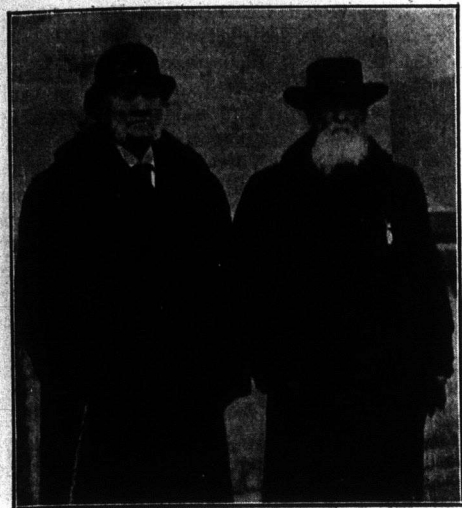


Riel, seeing matters were going against him, interrupted Smith. An uproar ensued. Blood might have been shed at any moment. Riel's followers exchanged significant glances. There was a mysterious fumbling in pockets, and a man named Tait whispered to his



Two old Winnipeg Warriors who fought against Riel in the Rebellion.

neighbor that the French were well armed. "So are we," was the reply. "And if it comes to a fight, my first shot will be for Riel."

When Smith read a letter from Queen Victoria, in whose esteem in after years he found so well-merited a place, there was an outburst of loyalty among the English and Scotch. One man named

States on the approach of the British troops under Col. Wolseley, but in 1894 he came over the Canadian border and brought the native Indians out in open rebellion. The murder of Thomas Scott was nothing compared to the savagery of the Indians among the innocent settlers in the Saskatchewan Valley. Riel had a strange influence over the Indian chiefs and their tribes and at his call rapine and bloodshed spread over the Western country. Riel was once heard to exclaim: "It is blood, blood, we are after; it is a war of extermination." The threat was carried out to the letter by the massacres of Duck Lake and Fish Creek—but that's another story. Riel had to pay the penalty with his life. The Rebellion ended with the capture of the Indian Chief, "Big Bear." The death roll among the whites had risen to 36, and nearly a hundred had been wounded.

Riel was placed on trial at Regina. He was found guilty of high treason. On November 16th, 1885, the man who faced Donald Smith, fell a victim to the hangman in Regina gaol. The man he hated for his courage and his patriotism is Lord Strathcona, who, amid the scenes of his former hardships and privations, has seen moulded that Western Canada we hear spoken of to-day as "The Granary of the World." Verily, it was "The parting of the Ways."

In the State of Victoria, Australia, the wool clip this year was eight million pounds. The average fleece (unwashed) was 6.15 pounds.



A group of Indians snapped at Regina Fair.

Burke sprang up, and in the Queen's name demanded of Riel the release of his prisoners. "Not now!" exclaimed the Dictator, who was playing a bold game. "Yes, yes!" was the reply from many throats.

At a given signal, as if to show that he was still master of the situation, Riel signalled to his men to show their arms. There was a momentary indecision. The challenge was not accepted, and the meeting ended.

Then came Riel's parting of the ways. His influence with the French and half-breeds was tremendous. Although he had played with loaded dice, he would have made reparation if he had accepted the terms offered by Smith on behalf of the Government. So far, he had acted genuinely, as he thought, in the interests of the community of the Red River Settlement, and his motives were influenced by the general good, and not by personal gain.

The Murder of Thomas Scott.

But like many other men who are lifted high by those around them, he got dizzy and fell. One morning, when the temperature was 20 below zero, a young settler named Thomas Scott, who had played a part in the events of the time, was led out of Fort Garry and shot. Riel was the man who gave the order. It is said that young Scott knelt in the snow in amazement at Riel's cruelty. The moment he toppled over with the bullets of Riel's men in his body, Riel damned his own future, and signed his own death warrant.

The story of the cold-blooded murder sent a feeling of abhorrence throughout Canada. Riel fled to the United

I ttle whiles to spin,
But wee, wee patterin' feet
Come rinnin' out and in,
And then I just maun greet!
I ken it's a fancy a'—
And faster rows the tear—
For they a' dwindled awa'
I' the fa' o' the year!

Thomas Smilbert.

O, lass, will ye sell yer fiddle,
And gang to Beltane Fair?
Na, I'll no sell my fiddle
For nae sic kind o' ware!
Gin I sould sell my fiddle
The folks wad say, I'd gane mad,
To think o' the joyfu' days
That I and my fiddle hae had!

Old Song.

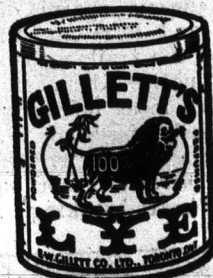
Ye'll a' hae heard tell o' Rob Rory-
son's bonnet,
Ye'll a' hae heard tell o' Rob Rory-
son's bonnet:
'Twas no for itsel, but the heid that
was in it
Gar't a'bodies tell o' Rob Roryson's
bonnet!

Robert Tannahill.

Let every man aim in his heart to
excel,
Let every man ettle to fend for him-
self:
Aye nourish ye stern independence
within,
For the mair that ye work aye the
mair will ye win.

James Ballantine.

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