

for the little man was not only himself again, but was laughing spasmodically.

"Madam," he gasped at length, "our native Indians fought vigorously when this province was a battleground between England and France. Since the founding of this city they have gradually calmed down, till now they are meeker than sheep. We have only a few thousands of them, and they are scattered all over the province, living in camps in the woods, or in small settlements. They never do anybody any harm."

"It does my heart good to hear that," said Mrs. Macartney, with a jovial laugh. "Truth to tell, my scalp has been feeling a trifle loose on my head since we came in sight of this country. And if the Indians don't worry you now," insinuatingly, "I daresay you are able to make quite a civilized town of Halifax."

He stifled a laugh. "We try to, madam."

This answer was too indefinite to suit Mrs. Macartney. A suspicion was gaining ground in her mind that Halifax was not the military camp and collection of log houses that she had thought it to be.

"How many people are there in the town?" she inquired guilelessly.

"About forty thousand, madam."

"In Halifax?" she asked hesitatingly, "or in the whole province?"