

and continued his homeward walk the thought, which had not occurred to him while watching the scouts, flashed through his mind; they were his enemies, fighting to continue the oppression which had broken down his father and which promised to turn his mother and himself from the home for which his father sacrificed health and life itself. If he were to join either side it must be that of the settlers. He would talk it over with his mother that night. If he could only enlist as a drummer boy or "something of that kind," his pay would support his mother, and he might win promotion by his bravery. Then when the war was over and the followers of Riel were victorious, he would be given a position as captain of the mounted police. He was picturing to himself how he would look entering the through-train from the east, demanding satchel keys from unwilling passengers, and ordering his men to "go through" the baggage and search the suspicious characters for smuggled liquor and goods. He could even hear the imaginary clink of glass flasks as his subordinates dashed them out of the windows and shattered them upon the ground.

"*Look out!* Want to run right over a lot of us small folks!" good-naturedly exclaimed a genial loafer, whose tilted chair, in front of the post, Rodney had almost overturned in his heedless course.

Rodney blushed and stammered his apologies, while the hangers-on joined in the laugh.

"Well; what luck?" asked Leveque, who came to the door behind an out-going customer.