

mother's hopeless view of the struggle, to do anything that might identify himself with those who had oppressed his father and neighbors, or to hinder the possible triumph of the settlers. Then the vivid recollection of his mother's words and of her present needs would fully justify to him the most active opposition to the Rebels of the Saskatchewan.

Without definitely settling the question, he resolved to ask old "Two-cent Tranquility," more about the scouts.

He found the shrewd old shoemaker at his bench, playing a lively tune upon the top of a scout's boot, with his pegging hammer, while his fingers performed that mysterious sleight by which the pegs seemed to flow from his bench, through his mouth into the awl holes in the tap.

Although the men, women and children of Ft. Qu'appelle, who did not habitually speak French unvaryingly, cheapened Toussaint Tranquilite's name into "Two-cent Tranquility," they held the old shoemaker in the highest esteem and regarded him as not only a marvel of shrewd, practical common sense, but second to the priest only in the wisdom of books. He was a kind of village premier or privy councilor for the majority of the inhabitants. His kindly and companionable nature, and his keen sense of fun extended his popularity to the children of the hamlet and made him the sharer of, perhaps, more of their secrets than any other adult person in the village.

He nodded to Rodney and jerked his hammer