

If the object of his expedition to Grenfell had only proved successful he would have felt like a conquering hero, returning to his native town, ready to receive the admiration and the applause of the inhabitants.

But absolute and hopeless failure had been his lot and he felt like sneaking unnoticed around behind the fort and post to his mother's cabin, instead of taking the main street. He did not, however, long entertain this suggestion, for the thought of doing anything underhanded or sneaking went very much "against the grain" and made him suffer severely from remorse and self-contempt wherever he yielded to such an impulse.

After a few moments of gloomy meditation, Rodney aroused himself, drew from his pocket a Winnipeg paper and re-read, for the third time, the account of the Duck Lake massacre in which the Half Breeds and Indians had inaugurated the Riel Rebellion. It was a bloody protest against wrongs which bore heavily upon nearly every poor family in the Saskatchewan and Qu'Appelle Valleys, and especially upon Rodney Merton and his weary overworked mother.

Some years before, Thomas Merton, along with a few other hardy and courageous pioneers, had come to the valley and settled upon Government land, in the full faith that, by enduring the hardships and privations necessary in reclaiming the wilderness, he might secure a comfortable home for himself, in his old age and for his family. He and his companions