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**Quality Beds**

express the highest note of mechanical excellence and the top notch of style. No Quality Bed is "good enough to sell" until it passes our rigid final inspection—and before it comes to you it must be pronounced perfect. That is our business policy—and to make you sure you are getting the best, our iron-clad guarantee ticket is attached to every Quality Bed. It is insurance that if the bed isn't all we claim for it, after five years, we buy it back without argument or quibbling. Try a Quality Bed for thirty days and if you don't agree that it's the best you ever used—you needn't keep it.

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Look for the Quality Tag



MANUFACTURERS WELLAND, ONT.

The Real Quality Guarantee

## The other day a woman threw away a family heirloom 150 years old

It was a rare china plate which got broken during some alterations to the house, and she had to throw it away. At least she thought she had. Though if she had only known about Cæmentium, as she said afterwards, she might have had the precious family relic to-day. And the same idea applies to other household articles as well. Cut glass, china, silverware and anything of the sort liable to breakage or leakage may be quickly mended with

### CÆMENTIUM

to look like new and to last for years. It's a good piece of economy to keep Cæmentium in the house ready for just such emergencies. Buy a 25c. tin to-day and you'll likely save its price many times over before long. Your druggist, grocer, stationer or department store has it. If not, send us 25c. and we'll send you a full-sized tin postage paid. Send us the name of your dealer when writing.

Dillons Limited, 441 St. Paul Street, Montreal

## The Shadow that Became Light.

A R. N. W. M. P. Story. By Irene Keane, University of Alberta.

"Halt!" The command rang out sharply on the night, and was echoed and re-echoed among the spruce and poplar of the lake shore, running up the bald hill at the right into a cave, and dying away in the gurgles of the waves. The birds hushed for a minute, as though wondering where that strange sound came from and a cayote howled in the distance. A little branch fell from an over-hanging tree and was borne away by the waters. Then all was silent.

Hubert Sinclair, the man with a price on his head, sank back in the moss of the muskeg, scarcely daring to breathe. For four years he had evaded the police, and he had sworn that he would never be taken alive. Now, for the first time, he had known what it was to feel that the hour for destroying himself was near at hand. That ringing command had come to him with a force he had never felt before, and he awaited its repetition, revolver in hand, his eyes anxiously scanning the surrounding woods, that he might learn the whereabouts of the one who had discovered him.

Hour after hour he lay there, and no sound of human voice again broke the stillness. There was a dark shadow on one side of the bald hill, that he did not remember having seen before, that seemed immovable; when he finally crept down to his boat and launched it with the care of a man who fears discovery, he saw that the shadow had moved—ever so slightly—and he was still more alarmed. His fears grew apace, while he paddled swiftly over the lake, for the shadow followed him. Now and then a racking cough burst from his lips, and started the echoes anew. Grounding the boat just as the day broke, his lean, dark, hollow-eyed haunted face became distinct for a moment. Dropping on all fours, he was the picture of a sneaking, hunted animal. His eyes searched in vain for the shadow. It was gone.

Corporal Grierson, Royal North-West Mounted Police, dismounted easily from his horse and entered the little store at Corbett's Landing. "Waal neou! Wonder who's going to catch it this time?" ejaculated the store-keeper, who combined in his own person the united dignities of store-keeper, justice of the peace, notary public, insurance agent, and post-master. This sentiment directly or indirectly expressed, seemed to be general. When Grierson had lit the "best" cigar hastily proffered him by the before mentioned office-holder, he turned and sauntered through the store again, with a slow deliberate stride, his spurs clinking on the uneven boards, his hat carelessly thrust to the back of his head.

Three or four country girls, of uncertain ages stood at the bottom of the steps, all of them intent upon making certain that their hair and neck ribbons were quite right. A great number of small boys gazed with widening eyes upon this silent, red-coated man with the quiet dignity and command of the born soldier. A ridiculous little fellow, who could scarcely have been three years old, attired in a light shirt several sizes too big for him and a pair of overalls likewise too large, walked fearlessly up the steps, with a fair imitation of the cavalry stride of the officer. Grierson smiled, and bending down, surprised the little man by shaking hands with him. There was general laughter; the tension was relieved and the onlookers realized that the policeman was quite human; and when he rode away a few minutes later, this feeling took expression in a more complimentary form than is usual with such a group.

Little cared this "Rider of the Plain" or any other member of the Force for comments or opinions, however, as long as duty was performed, and Grierson gave not a second thought to the group behind him. Steadily riding on, he came to an old, apparently deserted cabin. The mud had fallen away in many places from the filling between the roughly-hewed logs. The single window was broken, and a rusty latch and padlock indicated that the cabin had been

vacant for years. The path to the door was choked with wild grass and innumerable weeds, and the fence lay on the ground in many places.

The cabin and its surroundings received but a cursory inspection, for Grierson had expected to find them in just this state of repair. There was evidently a different focal point for his investigations. For hours he worked among the weeds, parting them, taking observations from different points of vantage. An exclamation of intense satisfaction—"Ha!—I thought as much!" escaped him, when he found the marks of a well-worn path at the lower end of the deserted garden. The path once found, Grierson lost no time in making a plan for its location in his note-book. Then, apparently satisfied, he rode away in a direction opposite to that which he had taken first.

When next he alighted, it was at a cabin more pretentious than any he had yet seen on the trail. He was received with the grave reserved courtesy which distinguishes the British host, his horse taken care of, and he himself made at home. With the quick scrutiny of the man whose powers of observation are highly trained, Grierson had grasped all the main details of the living room of the cabin in the few minutes which elapsed during the time Mr. Montgomery was putting away the horse.

Grierson noted a volume of Milton lying loosely turned down on top of a recent "Strand" Magazine; engravings of the relief of Lucknow, and the Thin Red Line of the Crimea; a surveyor's transit upon the shelf, and a heap of manuscript at a desk, and formed a mental estimate of the man with whom he expected to spend the night. One thing had startled him a little—a photograph lying carelessly among the closely written sheets, showing a man in the uniform of the Black Watch—the famous Forty-Second—standing beside a woman dressed in black velvet, holding aside with her hand a white lace veil which hung from the top of her head, to the hem of her dress. The man was Montgomery aged perhaps twenty-five or six; the woman's features were unmistakably Indian.

He had reason to remember it a few hours later, for the serving was attended to by a small, deft Indian maiden, who though treated with the consideration due a daughter of the house, held aloof from Montgomery as she poured the tea into the cups that Grierson mentally observed were of the finest china. Her hair hung loosely over her shoulder, caught with a band of Indian bead-work behind the ears; her dark dress matched the piercing inky shade of her eyes, which seemed all the darker contrasted with the slight olive color of her skin; on her feet were pure white moccasins. She watched every move of Grierson, who finally became impatient under the scrutiny. He was used to being narrowly watched by Indians, but he felt that somehow this one was different from the usual run of them. There was something compelling in her manner, a touch of hauteur more to be expected from a Saxon princess than from the daughter of a savage race. Hearing Montgomery address her constantly in Cree, he ventured to make some semi-complimentary remark to her in the same language, and was rather surprised when she drew herself up and looking him steadily in the eyes answered, "White Moccasin speaks English!"

"Thank you—I am very glad!" replied Grierson with perfect sang froid, watching her through half shut eyelids. White Moccasin left the room shortly afterwards at a signal from Montgomery, and Grierson had time to test his previous mental estimate of the man. He found that he had a very subtle personage to deal with, one who fenced so skillfully and who parried every implied question so easily that at the end of an hour, Grierson knew precisely what he did at the beginning. One cir-