

that he compelled their respect, and usually their friendship, for the physical is of prime importance with them.

A splendid type of a younger Briton, he ruled in his own sphere of influence, though sometimes, as today, the reins were hard pulled. His usual kindly expression was replaced by a grave, stern one, and even the dimple could not mask the determined set of the chin.

He was a very surprised man when Shasta came out from the Mission, where she had been to see Mrs. Linehauer, and started to walk along with him. He could hardly believe his eyes. Here she was, this Indian princess, looking like nothing so much as a well-bred English schoolgirl. Was last night's scene and vigil but a dreadful nightmare? But no, he had gathered enough from the talk of the children to learn that revenge was planned for the desecration of the graves; and he wondered if he had been selected as the sacrificial victim.

They passed a long bed of Black-eyed Susans, doubly golden in the sunlight, and Shasta exclaimed over their beauty; then they could not forbear to stand some minutes longer in silent rapture over the wondrous panorama of beauty spread out before them. War and the fear or thought of revenge and blood-feuds were obliterated in Seymour's mind as he stood with folded arms.

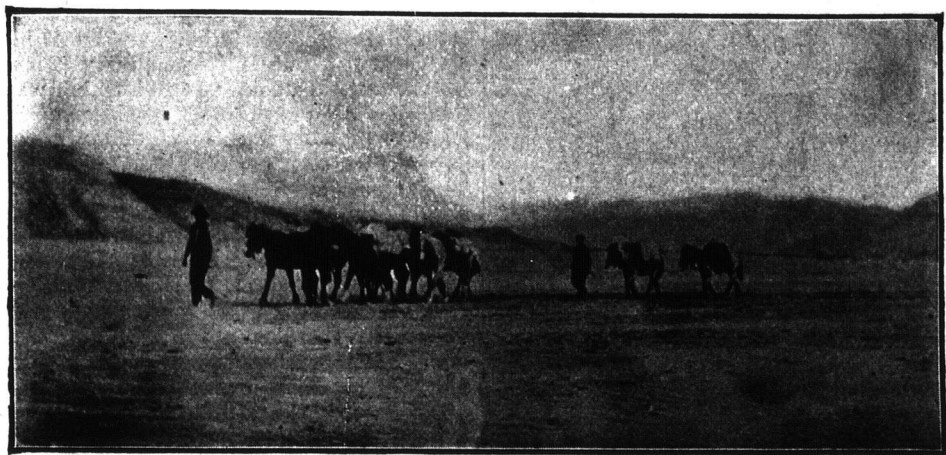
Far to the east stretched the hills, outlined by the mingled delicate pink and blue of the horizon, shading from old rose at one end of the arch to a deep violet at the other. In the west,

its approach was hardly visible. Gradually the turmoil of the river seemed to lessen; the birch knoll was pure gold in the evening glow; the voice of the summer night grew fainter, the nameless something of wild surroundings settled down. One by one the voices of the forest grew weaker and fewer. Its mystery was around, above them—that great, fascinating mystery which once felt grips the heart, and demands all of one; as Kipling says of the call of the Indian hills, a man cannot get it out of his blood; he will go back to end his days with it.

Side by side they sat silent. Gradually the dangerous fascination of the woods crept down upon them. Far away at first, then nearer, echoed the cry of the 'warning bird,' (as the Indians call it)—the bird whose call in the night, when all is still, is an unfailing warning of the near proximity of a human being.

Almost simultaneously, both became awake to the presence of the new chief on the shore below them. He stood with arms folded, the moonlight gleaming on the polished steel of a long hunting-knife clasped in one hand, and on the feathers and ornaments of his head-dress.

With a panther-like bound, Shasta threw herself before Seymour, who rose at the same instant. She pulled open her dress, turned, and unclasping the circle of bear's claws, turned and fastened them on Seymour, thus by Indian law saving his life. Then she spoke rapidly to the Chief, turned from evil design for the second time that day by a woman, and said:—"This man



The hack ponies came toiling along behind, each with its swollen burden

the embers of the sunset smouldered back of the heavy hill shadows, throwing an indescribable light across hill and field and river. In the north, an arm of the river curved, and in its deep-set valley hundreds of trees crowded together made a tone picture of vivid yellow, relieved here and there by the dark tints of the evergreens. They walked on till they came near to the river, and Shasta suggested a pause and rest. She stood beneath the shadow of the dark, rugged pines that for long ages had guarded the land of her forefathers. Undoubtedly she was beautiful. The setting sun's roseate rays shimmering through the trees and playing in checker light and shadow about her, gleamed on her shining black hair, glowed on her cheeks, and shone like fire in her deep eyes. She was a child of Nature, to Nature she turned. From the river she had drawn her buoyancy; like the flowers of the forest, she was lissome and graceful, from the ancient pines she had drawn and imbibed the spirit of unfaltering resolution.

Seymour found himself falling more and more under her spell, and still he was uncertain of her designs. He knew how greatly her word was obeyed by the natives; he knew she was pledged to the new chief, yet he could only think of her as a girl of his own race. She had always shown such a deep regard for him that he could not bring himself to believe that she was deliberately leading him into a trap. If such was her plan, she was succeeding admirably, for the longer he stayed, the more difficult he found it to leave, so potent was her charm.

The night came down slowly; in fact

is not the one who destroyed the graves; but he will help find the one who did, that the Great White Chief may punish. I have saved him now that he may have his even chance. You must do likewise."

Seymour was about to speak, but Shasta and the Chief turned and walked off. The quality of love had been determined strangely, it seemed.

Seymour is not a missionary now; but he is going back in the North country in a different capacity,— "Some were for Gospel Ministers, And some for red-coat seculars, As men most fit t' hold forth the word And wield th' one, and t' other the sword" and Constable Seymour, Royal North West Mounted Police, is still taking his even chance on discovering the culprit who almost cost the British Crown a Cree uprising.

#### The Way of a Woman

They had been quarreling, and although hubby was willing to take the blame all upon himself and smooth matters over peaceably, she was still snippy and indifferent.

"Come over here, Jessie. Aren't you curious to know what is in this package?"

"Oh, not very; I can stand the strain," she replied belligerently.

"Well, it's something for the one I love best in all the world," he said coaxingly, trying to win a smile.

"Oh, is that so?" she sniffed. "I suppose, then, it's those suspenders you said you needed."

There is  
AN ATMOSPHERE  
OF REFINEMENT  
Gentle, Restful and  
Wholesome, in the  
Warmth from a  
GUTHRIE  
WARM AIR FURNACE

Such a delightful indoor  
Climate is made possible  
by the adequate HUMIDITY  
from its big  
CIRCLE WATERPAN

the James  
Stewart  
Manufacturing  
Company Ltd.  
WOODSTOCK, ONT.  
WINNIPEG, MAN.

FURNACE IN STOCK  
MAILED IN BOX



## LEND VARIETY TO THE DAILY MENU

And Add to the Enjoyment of Home Cooking  
by Using

# CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP

The Purest and Most Delicious Table  
Syrup Obtainable

Crown Brand—clear as strained honey—gives a delightful flavor to dumplings, puddings, pastry, etc., and is especially desirable for serving with Buckwheat and Griddle Cakes, Cookies and Biscuits.

It is a most nourishing food—splendid for children, because it is so easily digested.

Next Time Try CROWN BRAND  
YOUR GROCER HAS IT

## The Edwardsburg Starch Co.

LIMITED

MONTREAL

CARDINAL

TORONTO

BRANTFORD

VANCOUVER