

time I know you will do everything possible."

Beulah turned her eyes to the bed. A man was lying there, and an old man was sitting beside it. At the second glance she recognized him, but in an instant she had herself under control. She walked with a steady step to the bed and looked for a full minute in her brother's face. Then she looked at her father.

"What have you done to him?" she said.

He threw out his hand feebly. "You do well to ask me that," he said. "I take all the blame." He raised his face slowly until his eyes met hers. They were not the eyes she had known. They were the eyes of a man who had been crushed, who had been powdered between the wheels of Fate. The old masterful quality, the old in-

domitable will that stirred her anger and admiration were gone, and in their place were coals of sorrow and ashes of defeat. For a moment she held back; then, with arms outstretched, she fell upon her father's breast.

And then he felt his strength return. He drew her to him as all that remained in the world; crushed her to him; then, very gently, released her a little. He found his fingers threading her fine hair, as they had loved to do when she was a little child.

She sank to her knees beside him, and at last she looked up in his face. "Forgive me, my father," she whispered.

He kissed her forehead and struggled with his voice. "We all make mistakes, Beulah," he said. "I have

made mine this twenty-five years, and there—there is the price!"

His words turned Beulah's thoughts to Allan, and the necessity for action brought her to her feet. "We must save him," she cried. "We must, and we will! Is the policeman gone? We must have the best doctors from Calgary." Looking about she found that Grey and Arthurs had left the room. They had slipped out to leave father and child alone with their emotion, but she found them at the front of the house.

She seized the policeman by the arm. "You must get us a doctor—the best doctor in the country," she pleaded. "We will spare nothing—"

"My guest, Miss Harris, Sergeant Grey," said Arthurs, and the policeman deftly converted her grasp into a handshake.

"Mr. Arthurs has told me the injured man is your brother. He shall want for nothing. And the sooner I go the sooner you will have help."

"Your prisoner seems docile enough," Arthurs remarked, as the policeman swung on to his horse.

"Rather a puzzler," said Grey. "Doesn't look the part, but was caught in the act, or next thing to it, and his revolver was found lying on the spot where the young man was shot. By the way, I had almost forgotten. One of the robbers was shot and killed. I had to leave his body, but I wish you would send a man up to stay about the place until I can get a coroner out here."

"Robbers, did you say?" demanded Beulah. "Then it was for robbery?"

"Yes, Miss Harris. It seems your father had a large sum of money on him. We have found no trace of it yet, but it is not likely that more than two were implicated, and as one was shot on the spot this other must know where the money is. We will bring it out of him in due time."

So saying he rode down to the gate, thanked the cowboy who had been keeping an eye on the prisoner, and the two started off at a smart trot down the trail.

(To be Continued)

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MAPLE SUGAR FOR THE MEN IN THE TRENCHES

The Secretary of the Edmonton branch of the Red Cross Society is in receipt of the following acknowledgement of a donation to the Canadian War Contingent Association for which the Red Cross act as agent: "You will be glad to hear that the C. W. C. A. is shipping thirty-two tons of maple sugar to the trenches which means one hundred and twenty-eight thousand of the half pound boxes, a sample of which I showed you".

GROWING RHUBARB DURING THE WINTER

Fresh rhubarb during the middle of the winter is easily obtained by anyone who has a few spare rhubarb roots in his garden.

Just as the ground is about to freeze at the commencement of winter dig two or three roots, lifting them with as little damage as possible. Put these roots in an outside shed or somewhere else where they will freeze solid but will not be buried with snow. After they have been frozen for two or three weeks, take them indoors, put them into the bottom of barrels, filling in around the roots with soil, sand, sawdust or other moisture holding material; set the barrels in the cellar or some other place where there is some artificial warmth, keep the roots dampened, and cover the barrels with a sack to darken the inside.

Under these conditions a root of rhubarb will grow almost as many shoots as it would during the next summer, and by darkening the atmosphere the shoots will be tender and well blanched. The amount of earth surrounding the root is not very important, as the growth is largely independent of any feeding upon the soil, the material for the shoots being taken directly from the stored food in the roots.

When spring comes the roots may, if desired, be again planted in the garden; but they will be so well exhausted as to require about two or three years to come back to their normal condition.

* * *

Lift up yourselves to the great meaning of the day, and dare to think of your humanity as something so Divinely precious that it is worthy of being an offering to God. Count it a privilege to make that offering as complete as possible, keeping nothing back, and then go out to the pleasures and duties of your life, having been born anew into His Divinity, as He was born into our humanity on Christmas Day.—Phillips Brooks.