

suppose that he was trying to ferret out the secret of Edith's hiding place.

But Reuben Shore was only about half-conscious, and although in a normal condition he had been so silent, and secretive, he had become with increasing mental weakness a most inveterate talker, and Elgar guessed that it only required a little patience, and sympathy to extract the necessary information.

"Sally was all for going back to Vancouver City, but Tim he wouldn't hear of it," the old man babbled on, while Elgar sat listening with breathless eagerness and thinking what a huge reward this doing of his scout duty would bring him, if it only gave him the clue to where Edith had been hidden so long.

"Tim was right too, he has got a head on his shoulders, though he is mostly lout to look at, and no match for my Sally in smartness, but oh, what a winter it has been, and they might surely have spared a little more food for the old man, even if they were a bit pinched themselves. But the girl must not be kept short, was always Sally's cry; and so I got left, don't you see—that is always the way, you get left when you are old, for no one cares."

The old man's tone was dreary, and his words bitter, then for a little while he seemed to sleep, while Elgar sat beside him, scarcely knowing how to curb his impatience, yet quite sure that the only way in which he could hope to learn the secret, was by appearing not to care in the least about it.

"Is there any one whom you would like to see, now that you are so ill?" asked Elgar presently, when his patient seemed to revive a little.

"A good many. For instance I'd like to see Simon