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## THE CANADIAN THRESHERMAN AND FARMER

September, '12



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They said he was gone, that the fire had overmastered him; but they spoke too soon. A welling torrent of smoke poured upwards; he vanished from sight; the smoke beat down again after seemingly interminable seconds, and he was there on the ledge, steadying himself—he had won.

But the worst was not yet over; the precarious walk along that narrow footway was ten times more precarious now than before. The child, who had swooned from fear, stirred uneasily; the motion unsteadied him. But he clenched his teeth, and did not know that the great oaths of the deeper seas were pouring from his lips in a stream blacker than the welling smoke. "Right — we're here!" He

"Kight — we're here!" He heard the voice from an infinite distance; it startled him; he staggered, dropped forward, and —they had him, gripping him fast.

"In here," said the fire-chief thickly; "in here. Get out of the way of the crowd; they'll pull him to pieces." He huried them into a building, a doctor somewhere produced stim u l an ts; Kendricks lifted himself to his feet. He was a terrible spectacle; his lothes were charred from him; his face was blackened, the skin scorched from it. A babbling, white-faced man moved about him, hesitating to approach; a crying child sat near by.

"What can I do? I can never hope to repay you. It was wonderful! Tell me what I can do, sir, to show my gratitude."

Kendricks squared himself up with something that was almost a snarl.

"Gratitude! I want none of your gratitude. Look at me. Do you know me? You don't? Remember the man who came to you a year back, and pleaded with you to save his child? You couldn't put off a holiday; a week's enjoyment was more to you than a child's life—that was nothing—there are too many of them; they're only born into trouble. I'm that man—see? Me; I knew it was your child."

"I am grateful. This is-very "Sigurdsen could not find the words.

"I tell you, I want none of your gratitude. Think I was wanting to heap coals of fire on your head? You ain't worth it. No; but I watched my little girl dic—slowly—I saw her agony; she died hard. And—there was a girl there; I couldn't think of her dying the same way. It seemed to me I heard her cries. Here; let me out of this."

He swung away, leaving Dr. Sigurdsen helpless.



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