the man's lip. He was fast losing hold of himself; like an untamed beast driven into a corner, he was ready to fight with tooth and nail for the life of his only child. Sigurdsen made an impatient movement.

"No insolence," he said sharp-"This is no place for you. You will go at once; I have told you several times that I cannot help you. If I miss the steamer do you wish me to ask someone to remove you?"

It was all spoken precisely, and the colorless mask of his face revealed nothing of the tremors that beset his soul. He started back with a swift shiver as the big man lurched forward; but Kendricks had no intention resorting to violence. He dropped on his knees, and clawed at the well-manicured hand.

"I'm desperate; it's life or death-my child, my little Lucy. For Gods sake, think it over. You can save her!"

Sigurdsen rang the ball, and his man appeared. The surgeon waved his hand towards the almost distracted father.

"Show this-er-person out, Bayne."

Kendricks went out, seeing no-Something within his head seemed to burst; a red mist swam before his eyes. In such moods men have committed atrocious murders and not known their deeds. He stumbled into the street, turned to look up at the house, saw nothing. His heart was colder and heavier than all the lead in the world.

He reached the shabby street where he made his home, and climbed the stair; it creaked beneath his weight He stepped with curious lightness as he softly pushed open a door and entered the room. There was no welcoming cry to greet him today; there had been none for many a day. Previously there had been a scurry of feet, a high, piping treble voice; thin arms flung round his neck. Now He gulped. Only a curious, low moan from the bed in the corner of the darkened apartment; a rustling, a warning hush from the neighbor who watched. Lucy was in pain; her eyes were wide and glazed, her brow flushed, constantly covered with sweatbeads.

"Is he coming?"

"No, curse him!" he said gratingly. "No; he'll let her die. He's off on a steamer, with a crowd of swell friends and comforts all about him that-thatoh, Lucy!" His convulsive sobs shook the pallet. The neighbor felt herself powerless in the presence of this grief; she withdrew with a muttered word that

did not reach his ears.
"God, teach him!" groaned Kendricks. "Teach him what it

is to lose his child-let him see her die before his eyes. God-if there's a God-do it!

He did not pray for Lucy's life. The local doctor had told him that it was sped, save for Sigurdsen's assistance. His soul was filled with bitterness against the man who possessed the power to save and who had withheld that power.

"Another day-it wouldn't have have no difference to him; but he must be gone. He was afraid he wouldn't get his cursed money. Lucy dropped into an uneasy sleep. Not for long; she aroused at the soft opening of the door. The young medical stood there.

"Well?" Kendricks held the hand he grasped a little tighter; Lucy moaned afresh.

"He wouldn't come; he was going away—couldn't stop to help. That's all."

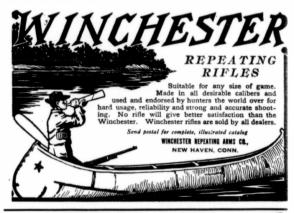
Well, I'm---" The doctor bit off the oath. "Did he make that his excuse? He's away for his holiday?"

"Let's see what we can do," he said; and examined the tiny patient with that tender affection most medicals show to a child. He knew the case was hopeless now; he had asked an eminent surgeon at one of the hospitals to perform the operation, to take the risk on the remote chance of saving a life; but the man he had asked declined; he dared not run the risk.

Kendricks had not slept for several nights. Food was almost a stranger to him: he thought nothing of his lack. The child of his heart was dying-dying. He tried to collect his thoughts, imagining what the coming days would be without the sunshiny presence of his girl; but he could only remember past days, the days of his degradation, when Lucy had dragged his drunken self out of the mire of disgrace and helped him to paths of decency and comparative prosper-

He changed the tenour of his prayers now; he forgot his ravings against Sigurdsen; his entire being was merged in one "God let her die-let desire. her die," he implored. Strong man as he was, one who had looked on death unafraid a score of times, one who had seen wellloved comrades dashed to pieces at his feet, he could not endure the feeble battling. Every pang that shook the tiny body was duplicated in his own; he tasted the torments of the damned a thousand times, and still she would not die.

Stay; the breath was coming with more ease-or-was it? He stooped, he cried alout; the figure was stiffening. He had prayed for this, but its coming unmanned him. Lucy opened







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