

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. Sigurdson made an impatient movement.

"No insolence," he said sharply. "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 of 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 God's sake, think it over. You can save her!"

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

"Show this—er—person out, Bayne."

Kendricks went out, seeing nothing. 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 sweat-beads.

"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—oh, 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 Sigurdson'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 made any 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 prosperity.

He changed the tenor of his prayers now; he forgot his ravings against Sigurdson; his entire being was merged in one desire. "God let her die—let her die," he implored. Strong man as he was, one who had looked on death unafraid a score of times, one who had seen well-loved 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 aloud; the figure was stiffening. He had prayed for this, but its coming unmanned him. Lucy opened

WINCHESTER

REPEATING RIFLES

Suitable for any size of game. Made in all desirable calibers and used and endorsed by hunters the world over for hard usage, reliability and strong and accurate shooting. No rifle will give better satisfaction than the Winchester. Winchester rifles are sold by all dealers.

Send postal for complete, illustrated catalog
WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.,
NEW HAVEN, CONN.



CHALLENGE

GOLLARS

Save you money
Stop all laundry troubles. "Challenge" Gollars can be cleaned with a rub from a wet cloth—smart and dressy always. The correct dull finish and texture of the best linen. If your dealer hasn't "Challenge" Brand—write us enclosing money, 25c. for collars, 50c. per pair for cuffs. We will supply you. Send for new style book.

THE ARLINGTON CO. OF CANADA
Limited
54-64 Fraser Ave., Toronto, Can.
87-13



There Is No String To This Pipe



It is absolutely FREE to subscribers who take advantage of this offer

The Weekly Free Press and Prairie Farmer

Winnipeg

The Canadian Thresherman and Farmer

Both including Pipe for the nominal sum of **\$1.25**

The lowest price at which these two papers will be offered this year is \$1.25. It makes no difference whether you take the pipe or not, the price is the same. While the supply of these pipes lasts they will be given away free to all who subscribe. Better get your order in early and be sure of a good smoke.

1911.

Weekly Free Press and Prairie Farmer.
Winnipeg, Man.

Find enclosed \$1.25, for which send the "Weekly Free Press and Prairie Farmer" one year, and the "Canadian Thresherman and Farmer" one year, together with pipe, to the following address:

Name _____
Town _____
Province _____ P.O. Box _____

**Patronize Those Who
Patronize This Magazine**