

That would be neither murder nor manslaughter, but at the same time might teach the thief a useful lesson as to the undesirability of thieving. It would be the right hand too, and Elgar was thinking of how he would go to the police to-morrow, and would say to them, look out for a man with an injured right hand, and that is the thief, who tried to loot my uncle's store last night.

Ah, there it was! In his hurry he aimed the revolver a little too high, there was a crash of broken glass, a startled exclamation, and then the sound of hastily retreating footsteps, while from the next room his uncle was shouting to know what was the matter in the store.

Elgar was the most dreadfully mortified boy in all the new young city that night, because he had aimed at the burglar at such close quarters, and then had missed him, for he was sure that he had missed him, and now there would be no means of identifying him, while the pane of glass was smashed all to bits, and the other pane which the robber had removed was broken also.

For a wonder his uncle did not laugh at him though, and that was just a little balm to his soreness. There really had been some one trying to force an entrance, and Bob Townsford congratulated the boy on his promptness and pluck, at the same time promising to have a more secure fastening put on the door, the very next day.

This was being fixed in the middle of the morning, while Elgar was unpacking a lot of goods which had arrived from Vancouver City, consigned to a man who was dead before they could arrive, and whose heirs had been glad to hand them over to the