

The string of customers continued steady all the afternoon, dropped to a trickle about the time that the women were cooking suppers for their husbands, then rose again to flood, as the lumbermen came from their camp to the town.

Elgar was dreadfully tired with his long day of work in the store, and he was disposed to be a little resentful that his uncle should go away so much, leaving the whole work of serving on his hands, especially in the unfinished state of the building, when things were all over the place, and it was almost one person's work to hunt round among the miscellaneous heaps on the floor to find the goods as they were required.

But the first duty of a scout was to do his part in the world without complaining, and the next was to help some one else, and if he did these things properly, Elgar knew that his complainings had not a leg to stand upon, so he swallowed his dissatisfaction and promised himself a run in the fresh air when closing time came.

The store was still thronged at quite a late hour in the evening, and Elgar was wondering how he would manage to get rid of the customers and get the place shut up, when a rough-looking man, who had a pronounced squint, hurried into the store and asked to see Mr. Townsford.

"He has not come in yet. Can I give him a message, or do anything for you?" asked Elgar, in his best business manner.

"I only want that old report of the last Commission to the Stikine. Mr. Townsford said this morning that he would put it out for me, and I could have it at once, but I was unfortunately