

Townsford, when the things had gone. "What will you do, until the next boat comes in, Elgar?"

"I shall have to go to the warehouses and pay the warehouse price, which I don't like," replied Elgar, in a rueful tone, for his Scotch ancestry was showing in his business thrift, and he heartily disliked being compelled to pay a price which put a big profit into some one else's pocket, but left none for his own. Then he went on to speak of a plan which had occurred to him earlier that day, by which they might order bigger shipments and so get a lower rate of freightage. "I think that it would be a good thing if I went over to Eli Smart, at North Bank, and asked him if he would join us in ordering goods. He does much the same sort of trade that we do, and being on the other side of the city, we are not likely to cross each other's tracks. Don't you think that it would be a good plan, Aunt Mary?"

"Very good, dear, and I should certainly do it if I were you. But you will have to do it on your own, for it is hopeless to even think of mentioning business to your uncle these days, the least thing makes his temperature fly up, and we must not risk fever for him in his present condition," Mrs. Townsford said with a sigh.

"I should think not, and there is really no need to bother him, either," said Elgar. "I can go over to North Bank to-night after store is closed, and settle the matter, then the letter can go to-morrow, and we shall have the goods up by the next boat."

Mrs. Townsford nodded, and then hurried back to her husband's room, from which she had been absent for more than half-an-hour, leaving Etta in charge.

Bob Townsford did not make a good patient, he was