

"Stop at the Crossing and see about starting the mill."

Hulton nodded. "I guess that's the best thing. When you have got her started, come and see what we want. I think that's all in the meantime."

Foster left them and began work next day. He wrote to Lawrence telling him of his plans, but got no answer for a week, when a telegram arrived.

"Come out if you can leave the mill. You're wanted here," it ran.

Foster was puzzled, because he thought the summons would have come from Lucy if Lawrence was ill. Yet the latter knew he was occupied and ought not have sent for him unless he was needed. On the whole, he felt annoyed. Lawrence, who was sometimes careless, should have told him why he was required, and he could not conveniently leave the mill.

Since he had found his partner, he had realized how wide, in a social sense, was the difference between Alice Featherstone and a small Canadian lumber dealer, and had, with characteristic determination, resolved to bridge the gap. This meant bold planning and strenuous effort, but he shrank from neither and meant his partner to help. Lawrence, although resolute enough when things went against them, sometimes got slack when they were going well, and Foster understood that Lucy Stephen had money. For all that, if Lawrence was unwilling to keep pace with him, he must be dragged. Foster frowned as he put off matters that needed prompt attention until his return, and then sent a telegram and caught the next west-bound train.

When he got down at the flag station his annoyance