

had heard what was in her mind, said "No," that the badly injured man was to be taken to his home, because his wife wished it.

"A good thing that he has got a home to be taken to, poor fellow," said the doctor, as he helped to put the damaged man on to a stretcher which had been hastily procured for the purpose. "We have quite enough folks in the hospital tent who have no home where they can be cared for."

Elgar hurried away to carry the news to his aunt, and to prepare her for the home-coming of his uncle, and as he made his way across main street, he saw the dawn beginning to break in the east, so a new day had begun, and the night was over, though he had had no rest.

There was no fuss or flurry from Mrs. Townsford when Elgar rushed indoors with the news that her husband had been found, and was being brought home. Instead, she quickly summed up the things that the doctor would require for his work, and started Elgar on getting them ready.

"The kitchen table will be wanted for the doctor to set the leg, just clear it off, will you, dear, and then hot water will be required, so the stove must be set going again, and the kettles filled up, so that they may boil by the time the doctor is ready for them. I am going to get the bed ready now, and then I shall be free to help the doctor when they get here," she said, with never a sign of breakdown.

But Elgar was dreadfully concerned on her behalf. "Isn't there some woman that I could fetch to help you, Aunt Mary?" he asked anxiously. "It doesn't seem right that you should have to wait on the doctor; it will be such ugly work anyway."