

in that day. Elgar's idea was that his uncle might have been stunned, and not recovered consciousness, which would account for their not having received news of the disaster, if such there had been.

But at the tent they received their first disappointment, for they were told that no accident cases had been received for three days past, which was sufficiently wonderful in a place like Prince Rupert Town, where blasting was continually going on, and where people seemed absolutely careless about risking their lives in all sorts of ways.

"Where was the place that you parted from Uncle Bob?" asked Elgar curtly as they turned away from the enclosure in which stood the great white tent.

"Round at the side of the lot where Smith & Barnet's shipping offices are going up; but you could not exactly call it a parting, since he ran one way and I ran the other, sprinting for all we were worth, for though you may find it hard to believe, we had neither of us heard the siren giving warning for the blasting, and so we were taken quite unawares. I felt the ground begin to heave, and your uncle called out to know if it was earthquake, and then I sized up pretty sharp what it really was, and I went for all I was worth, and I guess that he did too."

"I don't, I know Uncle Bob's ways too well," replied Elgar, "I expect he stood still to see what was coming next, and then something came along, and knocked him down, and there he has lain ever since. Poor uncle!"

"I should just think he is 'poor uncle,' if he was soft enough to stand still, and wait while rocks whistled round his head on the off chance that they wouldn't hit him!" exclaimed Dick Blore, his tone