# DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

### Notes of Proceedings in the National Legislature.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

Mr. Bell of Addington, was informed by Dr. Borden, that the major portion of the militia will be ordered out for drill in camp this year in June as usual, and the rest in September. The Minister of Militia was unable to designate the particular corps which will drill in each month, as the military programme for the annual camps had not yet been made up.

Mr. Marcotte enquired whether an appropriation of $3,000 was ever granted or promised for the purpose of making a survey with a view to lowering the level of Lake Temiscamingue.

Sir Louis Davies replied that the Government could find no record of any such grant or promise. A report on this subject was received from Rev. Father Paradis, in 1887, but it was destroyed in the fire in the west block in 1897.

Mr. Foster was informed by Mr. Blair that sixteen cars were purchased by the Railway Department from the Wagner Car Company in 1899. Several of the wheels on these cars were afterwards found to be defective, and these were replaced by the Wagner Company.

Mr. Davies was told by Sir Wilfrid Laurier that the Government of Canada, pays to the Government of Manitoba $1 per day for the maintenance of lunatics from the North-West Territories in the Manitoba asylum. Sir Wilfrid was unable to state what is the actual cost of the maintenance of such lunatics

CHINESE LABOUR.

The Chinese problem was brought up by Mr. McInnes in the shape of an amendment to a bill granting a railway charter on the Island of Vancouver. He wanted to prevent the employment of Chinese labour on the construction or operation of the road, but found only 21 members of the House who agreed with him. Most of these who voted against him did so because they thought his method of treating the question was unwise, and not because they disagreed with his general idea of restricting Chinese immigration.

THE REPORT OF THE G.O.C.

Mr. Prior enquired when the militia report would be printed, and whether it would contain the report of the G. O. C.

Dr. Borden replied that it was now in the printers' hands, and would contain such parts of the general officer's report as the Minister of Militia thought necessary.

PROHIBITION DISCUSSION.

The discussion of Mr. Flint's resolution favouring prohibition by provinces was set down for Monday, April 23rd.

CALLING PARLIAMENT.

A short discussion took place on Mr. Casey's motion affirming the desirability of calling Parliament on a fixed day annually or on a day between certain fixed and narrow limits. In December or January of each year would be in the public interest, and would best consult the convenience of those who have business to bring before that body and of the members thereof.

Sir Louis Davies said there was a growing desire to have the sessions of Parliament called early, and that was the policy of the Government also. It would be impossible, however, to have all the departmental reports down in January.

The motion was withdrawn.

IMPORTATION OF FRUIT TREES.

An order in Council has been passed suspending the action of the regulation against the introduction into Canada of trees suspected of being infected by the San Jose scale until May 1 next. Importations are permitted to be entered at St. John, N.B., St. John's, Que., Niagara Falls, Windsor and Vancouver only, when they will be thoroughly fumigated with hydrocyanic acid gas by a competent Government official in accordance with the most approved methods. All shipments made in accordance with the above will be entirely at the risk of the shippers or consignees, the Government assuming no risk whatever. The packages must be addressed so as to enter Canada at one of the above named ports of entry, and the route by which they will be shipped must be clearly stated upon each package. As it is well-known that well matured and thoroughly dormant nursery stock may be safely treated, but that there is danger of serious injury to the trees if fumigated in the autumn before the buds are thoroughly dormant or in the spring after the buds have begun to unfold, all stock which when received is immature or too far advanced for safe treatment will be refused entry and held at the risk of the shipper.

LIVE STOCK ASSOCIATION.

The Government bill to provide for Incorporation of Live Stock Record Associations will permit any five or more persons who desire to join together for the purpose of keeping a record of pure-bred live stock of any distinct breed to be incorporated on application to the Minister of Agriculture. Not more than one association for each distinct breed of horses, cattle, sheep, and swine is to be incorporated under the Act. The association may adopt constitution and by-laws, and may elect annual and life members, whose liability shall be limited by the amount of the membership fees. An annual report is to be sent to the Minister of Agriculture. If any association ceases for twelve months to do business its corporative powers may be revoked. Any persons who signs a false pedigree for registration may be fined summarily in a court of law.

THE YUKON FIELD FORCE.

The Militia Department has received a report from the commandant of the Yukon force. The report says that some of the men who are now serving will be time-expired before long, and the chances are that they will likely come back to their homes. The discipline of the force is good up to the standard at the depots, which is saying much, considering the temptations of Dawson City. The winter climate has been perfect, and the men have been walking out in red, which means that they have thrown off their overcoats, from the 15th of March. Their health is all that could be desired.

HORSES FOR BRITISH ARMY.

Dr. Sproule called attention to the large purchase of horses being made in the United States by the Imperial Government, and asked what steps the Canadian Government was taking to have them bought in this country.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier replied that representations to that effect had been made to the British authorities, and he had reason to believe a result would follow immediately.

Mr. Fisher stated that he had frequently cabled and written to the High Commissioner that Canada could furnish a large number of useful and serviceable horses, and he believed there would be a result from these communications shortly.

NEWSPAPER POSTAGE.

Replying to Mr. Bergeron, Mr. Mulock stated that the amount collected for newspaper postage at a quarter cent per pound for the three months ending March 31, 1899, was $19,332.39. The amount at half a cent per pound for the two months ending February 28 last was $17,982.30. The returns for March are not yet complete.

# WAR NOT YET OVER

### Some Further Trouble Feared in the Caledon District.

London, Saturday, April 14.—It has recently been asserted that the rebellion in Cape Colony was completely stamped out, but news from Cape Town hardly accords with these assertions. It is said that the attitude of the Dutch farmers in the south-western districts of the colony, notably Swellendam and Caledon, causes grave apprehension. A prominent Dutch farmer there declares that a majority of the Dutch in the districts are only awaiting the right moment to rebel. He says that he alone has sufficient Mauser rifles and ammunition to arm 500 men. He adds that they will make the first move in Caledon, where they will seize the keys of the magistracy. The disturbances are continuous.

The revival of the rebellious spirit is doubtless due to the general belief of the members of the Afrikander Bond that the recent British mishaps in the Free State are the signal for Boer victories. The Dutch believe that the war will last for three years, owing to the Boers and the rebels adopting guerilla tactics.

# BOERS' NEW TACTICS.

### Columns Enabled to Move Almost as Quickly as Cavalry.

London, Saturday, April 14.—The Bloemfontein correspondent of the Morning Post, telegraphing Thursday, says:—

"The enemy have evidently determined to adopt entirely new tactics. Two columns are known to be moving to the south of Bloemfontein. They are relying on Cape carts for transport and are carrying scarcely any forage, and only sufficient to meet the immediate requirements of the convoy, with no transport following at a secure distance. The Boer columns are thus enabled to move almost as quickly as cavalry.

"It is reported that there are 9,000 Boers to the south of De Wetsdorp, the force extending from that point to Odendahl. The burghers who had returned to their farms are undoubtedly rejoining the enemy.

"Lord Roberts has appointed the Duke of Marlborough to be assistant military secretary at headquarters."

# TO FILL UP GAPS.

### Reserve Companies of Several Battalions Going to the Cape.

London, April 13.—The War Office announces that 4,000 horses will arrive at the Cape this week. It is well understood that the animals are not fit for work until about ten days after the voyage. Two thousand more are due at the Cape next week.

The War Office has called out the reserve companies of several infantry battalions, which will be sent to South Africa forthwith.

# FEARS AT KIMBERLEY.

### The Town Guard Remobilized and Guns Remounted at the Forts.

Kimberley, April 13.—The town guard has been remobilized, and guns have been remounted at the forts, owing to the fears of the populace that the Boers will again attempt a seige.

A battalion of the Scottish Rifles has arrived, and the redoubts around the town are manned with regular troops.

The military authorities, however, regard these fears as groundless.

# WAR OFFICE SILENT SUNDAY

### Rumor of Gen. Brabant's Victory Regarded as Premature.

**All Bloemfontein Despatches Breathe a Confident Tone—Battery "C," Second Canadian Contingent, Ordered to Go to the North of Kimberley Schiel Is Treacherous—Bribed a Dutch Cruiser to Carry a Letter to Dutch Cruiser.**

London, April 16—(4.55 a.m.)—The War Office had nothing to communicate to the public yesterday. It may be taken for granted that the rumor of Gen. Brabant's victory at Wepener is premature. With the remainder of his troops he left Aliwal North Saturday for Rouxville, and there has scarcely been time for an engagement. There is practically no fresh news. All the Bloemfontein despatches, however, breath a confident tone. There seems to be a heavy demand on the railway for so large an army leaves the populace bare of everything save the absolute necessities of life.

The despatches announce the approach of winter. The first pinch of frost has been felt at Bloemfontein, where considerable rain has fallen.

**HAS BRABANT WHIPPED THEM?**

**Unconfirmed Report That He Has Given Boers a Crushing Defeat.**

London, April 16.—The Cape Town correspondent of The Daily Telegraph, telegraphing Sunday, says: "An unconfirmed report is in circulation here that Gen. Brabant has inflicted a crushing defeat upon the Boers at Wepener, capturing guns and taking prisoners."

**Reinforcements for the Enemy.**

The Bloemfontein correspondent of the Times, telegraphing Sunday, says: "It is reported that reinforcements for the Boers, with 60 wagons, have arrived at Dewetsdorp, en route for Wepener. This should precipitate an action. The statement that President Kruger has been south seems to confirm the report that the Boers are getting disheartened. This continued exertion of his personal influence appears now to have become a necessity."

**Kruger Will Desert Free Staters.**

London, April 16.—The Bloemfontein correspondent of the Daily News, telegraphing Saturday, says: "President Kruger attended a conference of the Boer commandants at Brandfort on Thursday. It is believed that a decision was reached to withdraw the Transvaal forces to the north of the Vet River, preparatory to a general retirement across the Vaal River, if hard pressed, leaving the Free Staters to their own resources."

**Schiel is Treacherous.**

St. Helena, April 16.—Col. Schiel and two other Boer prisoners were landed yesterday and sent to the citadel in consequence of an attempt to escape. It appears that Col. Schiel bribed a boatman to take a letter to the Dutch cruiser, but the boatman by mistake took it to the British cruiser Niobe. A large knife was found in possession of one of the three. Col. Schiel walked to the citadel, declining a carriage that was placed at his disposal.

**Frank Smith in the Hands of Boers.**

Warrenton, April 15.—Frank Smith, the well-known mine owner, fell into the hands of the Boers while driving from Barkley West towards the Frank Smith Diamond Mine.

# HERO OF LADYSMITH.

**Thousands Greeted Gen. White on His Arrival at Southampton on Saturday —Tremendous Enthusiasm Shown.**

London, April 16. — As the steamer Dunvegan Castle loomed up at Southampton Saturday with Gen. White standing on the bridge, the enthusiasm of the waiting multitude broke loose, and a storm of cheering and singing and the sounding of sirens and whistles intermingled uninterruptedly until Sir George landed at 2.30 p.m.

The greeting between husband and wife being over, Gen. White had to undergo much handshaking and the receiving of congratulations from personal friends before he reached the dock, where the municipal authorities presented him with an elaborately illuminated address of welcome, expressing profound admiration at his "noble and successful efforts to uphold and maintain the honor and dignity of the Empire in distant Natal, which have won the lasting admiration of the civilized world."

During the reading of the address, the enthusiasm broke out in all methods of demonstration. Gen. White was visibly moved at the warmth of his reception.

In acknowledging the address, he referred with admiration to his gallant garrison, every one of whom, he said, "from Gen. Hunter to the brave trumpter, had behaved magnificently."

**Japs Flocking to Canada.**

Victoria, B.C., April 16.—Steamer Riojun Maru of the N.Y.K. Line arrived at the outer wharf Saturday afternoon from China and Japan. She had about 1,000 people on board, including 900 Japanese, of whom 600 debarked here, together with 93 Chinese. She brought about ten saloon passengers.

# COL. PARSONS AT DE AAR.

**Canadian Artillery and Mounted Infantry End a 5-Weeks March After Arresting Rebels.**

De Aar, April 14.—The main body of the Carnarvon field force, in command of Col. Parsons, including the Canadian Artillery and the Mounted Rifles, arrived here this morning, after a five weeks' march from Victoria Road, by way of Kenhardt, a distance of more than 500 miles. They encountered no active opposition. Col. Parsons pacified the district which was previously in rebellion, and arrested the ring leaders.

**Wallace Decidedly Improved.**

Toronto, April 16. — Dr. C. A. Hodgetts recieved the following cable yesterday from Dr. Ryerson, dated Bloemfontein, April 14: "Fisher and Macdonnell convalescing; Wallace decidedly improved; Richard Harrison, 7,802, dead of enteric fever."

Harrison was a member of the Quebec company of the Canadian contingent. His relatives were informed of his death through a telegram sent by Dr. Hodgetts.

**Canadians Coming Home.**

London, April 16. — The following Canadians will leave the Herbert Hospital at Woolwich on Thursday next, and will sail for Canada forthwith:

7,467—Pte. J.S. Cairns of the 2nd Field Battery, C. A. of Quebec, a member of D Company, Ottawa and Kingston.

7,563—Pte. L. C. Walker, of the 16th Field Battery, C. A., of Guelph, a member of D Company, Ottawa and Kingston.

7,965—Pte. John McLeod of the 71st York Battalion, Fredericton, N. B., a member of G Company.

5,714—Pte. F. Cox of the Royal Canadian Regiment of Infantry, a member of E Company of Montreal.

8,096—Pte. J. W. Hartnett of the 93rd Cumberland Battalion, a member of H Company, Nova Scotia.

**Ordered to Rangoon.**

Montreal, April 16. — A cablegram has been received from Captain Norman Leslie of "C" Battery, which went to South Africa on the Elder-Dempster steamship Milwaukee, saying that the battery has been ordered to Rangoon. This is accepted as showing that the battery is intended to take part in operations in the vicinity of Kimberley.

**Sergt. Beattie Dead.**

Toronto, April 16.—Frederick Hamilton, telegraphing The Globe from Bloemfontein on the 14th, says that Sergt. Beattie of Toronto, formerly of the Queen's Own Rifles, is dead of enteric fever.

**THE QUEEN AND IRELAND.**

**Her Majesty Will Visit Emerald Isle Yearly While She Lives.**

Dublin, April 16.—It is said here that Queen Victoria's private secretary is making inquiries with a view to the purchase of Clondalkin Castle as the Irish royal residence. Clondalkin Castle is a splendid mansion, with a thousand acres of beautiful park, within five miles of Dublin.

The Queen intends to visit Ireland every recurring year of her life.

**Took a Sunday Drive.**

The Queen took a long drive yesterday morning through villages adjacent to the city.

**CONFIDENCE RESTORED.**

**Correspondents Agree That Lord Roberts Knows What He Is About.**

London, April 16.—The only development reported up to 2 p. m. Saturday in the cable despatches received here from South Africa was the heavy bombardment of the British trenches at Warrenton, April 13, which resulted in no damage, the Boers, apparently, being under the impression that the British meditated an attack.

Major-General Sir Frederick Carrington, accompanied by detachments of Bushmen and Scotch scouts, sailed on Saturday from Cape Town for Beira.

Prince Adolphus of Teck has returned to Bloemfontein, after a short visit to Cape Town.

The reassurance from Bloemfontein have done much to restore confidence in London. All the correspondents seem agreed that Lord Roberts knows what he is about.

**A Big Mining Deal.**

Toluca, Mexico, April 16.—One of the largest mining deals ever made in Mexico has just been consummated here by the sale of a group of four exceedingly rich and productive gold mines located in the Zacualpam district, near here, by their Mexican owners, to a London syndicate, for $4,000,000 in gold. Cecil Rhodes is said to be one of the principal stockholders.

**Short $25,000 in His Accounts.**

Burlington, Vt., April 16.—A special from Waterbury says that John D. Farrar, teller of the Waterbury National Bank, is missing, and that there is a defalcation of $25,000 of the bank's funds. The community is greatly shocked by the news, as Farrar was considered a model young man.

**Seeding in Manitoba.**

Montreal, April 16.—The Lake of the Woods Milling Co. received a despatch from their Winnipeg house on Saturday saying that seeding in Manitoba would be three-quarters done by evening, and that the weather was fine.

# MARKETS OF THE WORLD

### Prices of Grain, Cattle, Cheese, &c., in the Leading Markets.

Toronto, April 17.—There was again practically no change in the market to-day, as the receipts were fortunately light, otherwise we should have had a decided break in the price of ordinary cattle.

Both in shipping cattle, butcher cattle, and "small stuff," the added firmness in prices was mainly owing to a light run.

A few lots of shipping cattle sold at 5c, per pound, but the quotations that have lately prevailed, were in no sense disturbed.

The same remarks apply to butcher cattle; good stuff sold at from $3.75 to $4.25, and for extra choice lots ten to fifteen cents more was occasionally paid; but for medium and common stuff prices are no better.

Stockers, feeders, milkers, export and shipping bulls are unchanged.

Good veal calves are in request; common rough calves are not wanted, even at low figures.

Choice lambs are wanted, and as we had a small supply to-day prices were stronger; some people called them better, but there was no actual quotable change.

Sheep are steady and unchanged.

There was a decline of a quarter in light hogs only, but it may be well to observe that the hog market shows a downward tendency all round.

We received about 1,500 hogs to-day.

For prime hogs, scaling from 160 to 200 lbs., the top price is 6 1-4c; light hogs are bringing 5 1-2c per pound.

Following is the range of quotations:—

| Cattle. | | |
|---|---|---|
| Shippers, per cwt. | $4 25 | $5 00 |
| Butcher, choice, do. | 3 75 | 4 25 |
| Butcher, med. to good | 3 25 | 3 50 |
| Butcher, inferior | 2 50 | 3 00 |
| Stockers, per cwt. | 2 75 | 3 50 |
| Sheep and Lambs. | | |
| Sheep, per cwt. | 3 00 | 3 75 |
| Lambs, per cwt. | 4 50 | 6 00 |
| Bucks, per cwt. | 2 50 | 3 00 |
| Milkers and Calves. | | |
| Cows, each | 25 00 | 45 00 |
| Calves, each | 2 00 | 10 00 |
| Hogs. | | |
| Choice hogs, per cwt. | 6 00 | 6 25 |
| Light hogs, per cwt. | 5 50 | 5 50 |
| Heavy hogs, per cwt. | 5 50 | 5 75 |
| Sows | 3 00 | 3 25 |
| Stags | 2 25 | 2 25 |

Toronto, April 17.—Wheat — The opening in western markets was strong, on the English construction given the crop report. Later in the day, however prices sagged. Locally prices were about steady, Quotations are as follows:—Ontario, red and white, 65 to 65 1-2c west; 65 1-2 to 66c east; goose wheat, 71 to 71 1-2c, low freights to New York; spring, east, 65 1-2 to 67c; Manitoba, No. 1 hard, 81c, North Bay; and 81 1-2c, g.i.t.

Flour—Outside millers offer straight rollers, in buyers' bags, middle freights, at $2.65 per bbl; and export agents bid $2.55. Special brands, in wood, for local account, sell from $3 to $3.10, according to brand.

Millfeed—Scarce. Bran in quoted at $16 to $16.50; and shorts at $17 to $17.50 on the mill door, through Western Ontario.

Corn—Unchanged, but rather quieter. No. 2, American yellow quoted at 47c, track, Toronto; and mixed at 46 1-2c; Canadian corn scarce.

Peas—Steady. Car lots, 60c, north and west, and 61c east.

Barley—Steady. Car lots, No. 2, middle freights, 42 1-2c; and east at 43c; No. 1 is quoted at 43 1-2 to 44c, outside.

Rye—Quiet. Car lots, 52c west, and 53c east.

Oats—Easy at the decline. Demand light. White oats, north and west, 27 1-2c; middle freight, 28c; and east at 28 1-2c.

Buckwheat—Quiet. Offerings light. Car lots outside are quoted at 51 to 52c.

Duluth, Apr. 17.—Wheat—No. 1 hard, cash, 69 7-8c; May, 69 5-8c; September, 70 7-8c; July, 70 7-8c; No. 2 Northern, cash, 67 1-8c; May, 67 5-8c; July, 68 3-4c; September, 67 3-8c; No. 3 Northern, 65 1-8c; No. 3 spring, 62 1-8c. Oats—24 1-2c. Corn—57 1-2c.

Minneapolis, April 17.—Wheat—In store, No. 1 Northern, April, 65 3-4c; May, 65c; July, 66 5-8c; September, 65 1-8c; on track, No. 1 hard, 66 3-4c; No. 1 Northern, 65 3-4c; No. 2 Northern 64 1-4.

Buffalo, April 17.—Spring wheat—No. 1 hard nominally 83c; No. 2 Northern, 76 7-8c; Winter wheat—No. 2 red, 74c; mixed, 73 1-2c; No. 1 white, 73c. Corn—No. 2 yellow, 44 3-4c, bid, 45c asked; No. 3 yellow, 44 1-2c; No. 4 yellow, 44c; No. 2 corn, 44 1-2c; No. 3 corn, 44 1-4c. Oats—Dull; No. 2 white, 30 1-2c; No. 3 white, 29 3-4c; No. 4 white, 29c. No. 2 mixed, 27 1-2c; No. 3 mixed, 27c. Rye—Fancy, in store, 64 1-2c; No. 2 quoted at 63 1-2c. Flour—Firm; better demand.

Chicago, April 17—Flaxseed closed:—North-West and South-West, cash and May, $1.73; September, $1.24 asked; October, $1.19.

Detroit, April 17.—Wheat closed:—No. 1 white, cash, 73 3-8c; No. 2 red, cash, 73 3-8c; May, 73 1-4c; July, 73c.

# BOER DOCTORS AS FIGHTERS

### Shoot at the British at Every Opportunity.

London, Saturday, April 14.—A resident of Paarl has received a letter from his brother, who has joined the Boers as a doctor, stating that most of the Boer doctors shoot at the British whenever they have the opportunity.

# The Duel in The Deeper Pit

It came upon me like the shock of a bullet-wound. The thing was impossible to refute; it was real. The nickel-plated revolver was in the mildewed locker where he said I should find it.

Valpy was mad; his mania was homicide.

The net which his maniac cunning had spun around my life seemed of such malignant strength and grip that no human effort could win me clear of its toils.

For a while I was so stunned by its discovery that Valpy's letter fluttered from my fingers to the coaly mud of the floor, and the flickering tallow-candle with its stepping of clay threatened to follow it. Peril of life is no great novelty to me. It was not so much the physical danger which caused my head to whirl then, as the shock of the other discovery. Valpy had been my friend for more than twenty years; we had known one another in salon and steamer-room, by tent and camp-fire; our camaraderie had run its course with never a hitch—and now he demanded my life for an offense which could never in possibility have existed. He said in the bitter letter which he left me to read, that I had alienated from him the affections of his wife. Why, the man had no wife.

This challenge of his was no sudden spasm; I saw that he had been contriving for weeks to pin me so that I must fight him. He had laid his plans with consummate skill; laid them, too, in the full sight of myself, and yet never allowed me a gleam or a glimmer of his real object will the time was full and ripe for doing so.

He had found the advertisement in the "Daily Courier," as it were by accident, before my very eyes, and after we had talked chaffingly about it during a lazy afternoon, it was actually this that suggested his taking up this pit which was offered for lease.

"D'you know, Calvert," he had said, "I've the deuce of a good mind to follow your advice. I'm getting rather bored with wandering over the globe doing nothing. It sounds fascinating to have an occupation in life, and the idea of being a colliery proprietor is, to a man of my antecedents, distinctly bizarre—that is attractive. Honestly, if this place turns out to be anything like the advertisement states I believe I'll go in for it. Will you come with me when I go to prospect?"

I had laughed and assented, and for the succeeding days he was full of the mine as a child with its first schoolboy hobby. Our rooms were littered with plans, tables, reports and specimens. The smuggled Tauchnitz novels had disappeared, the bookcase was replaced by technical literature of a new genus. Everything about the mine was dinned into my ears about twenty times a day. It was in the neighborhood of a shallow seam of coal recently worked out. The shaft penetrated lower than this, and was known usually as the Deeper Pit. For years it had been unworked, flooded. No the water had drained away of its own accord—as mine water does once in a thousand times—and the workings were again ready for the picks. The royalties surrounding the original workings could be obtained readily and cheaply. Altogether it was a most desirable property to secure.

So the rusted engine on the pit-bank was cleaned, a wire rope rove over the sheave in the derrick, and the heavy iron cage bent to its end. On a day appointed Valpy and I same to Bromlope to make the descent.

There is a slight feeling of exultation when one drops down the shaft through which living man has not penetrated the entrails of this planet for over sixteen years; and this feeling exhilarates. The cage descended slowly, screaming and grating along the rusted guide-iron, and in a matter of many minutes landed us on a platform of ebony bog left by the receding waters.

With our candles thrust out at shoulder-height, we stepped off the floor of the cage, plodding heavily through the mud. The gallery was low enough to make us crouch our heads; the air was chill and moist. Presently we came to a small oblong recess in which formerly had been the colliers' drawing-room and eating-chamber. Valpy went in first, asking me to remain in the gallery.

Presently he called that I should come to him.

"Look here, old man," he said, thrusting a roll of foolscap into my fingers, "have another turn at geography; make sure how you stand, and then we can move more comfortably. I'll just go out and see if the narrow gallery which runs round the back of this is still sound, or whether it has fallen in."

He went through the doorway and, after the yellow beam of his candle had been swamped in the darkness, I could still hear the faint splashing of his feet in the semi-liquid mud. Then I stuck my candle by its clay socket against the wall, and carelessly unrolled the crisp paper and flattened it out.

So confident had I been that it was merely a map of the mine which had been handed to me, that it caused me a preliminary shock to find it was instead a note scribbled in blue pencil. As I roaned through, the hair tickled on my scalp.

Valpy accused me of tampering with the love of this imaginary wife of his, setting forth this indictment with detail and circumstance. He called to my memory the fact that our engine-man on the pit-bank had returned to his home, and had been ordered not to rewind us to the surface for eight more hours. Then he challenged me to fight him to the death. Previous to my entrance into the room he had placed a revolver and cartridges in the locker opposite the door; he himself possessed an armament similar in all respects.

Furthermore, he had observed that our watches coincided. So I should be able to know when he made it exactly 10.30; up to that time there was a truce between us. The second it passed, he gave me his most sacred word of honor, he should set about endeavoring to slay me.

Some people reading so strange a screed under such strange circumstances might have scented the practical joke and endeavored to treat the matter as such. I knew Valpy too well; he was always an earnest sort of man; and the letter was pious to a degree. By some cerebral lesion he had lost his mind, and as with other mad creatures, his first wrath rose against his stanchest friend. If the chance came to him he would shoot me down like a beast.

Now, as I have said, the first shock stunned me; but the habits of a life spent for the greater part in wild places soon made themselves felt. My own self-preservation clamored to be thought about.

I glanced at my watch. There were left to me four minutes' grace. Then the truce would come to an end, and I might expect war to open at any moment.

Next I blew out the candle-flame. Everything seemed to point to this as a necessity. Then when the cold darkness had closed down, I nipped the smelling wick and slipped the candle into a pocket. It might be wanted again. I most sincerely hoped it would be wanted, because at that stage of the affair I had but one idea in my mind; I must come upon Valpy suddenly and disarm him; the rest would be simple. I was by far his superior in point of bodily strength. First, however, he must be found; and had, moreover, without letting him know he was being sought for until we came to hand-grips. In other words, he must be stalked. This seemed plain enough.

But as I went out of the door into the gallery, a sense of the difficulties of my position began to grow upon me at once; There were two ways to turn—up and down. From the far-other side, other galleries led off at right angles; on my own side, there were still others; in fact, as I knew from the maps and plans, the coal seam round the foot of the shaft was burrowed till the resemblance to a measured end on end, would make a line of tunnel many miles in length. Of course, there would be stoppages at all places where the roof had caved, but these points were to me unknown. Valpy and I descended the pit mainly to find how frequently they existed.

Thinking of these things, I listened intently. In that black silence the only sound which fell upon the ear was the distant rivulet of water trickling from roof-crack into the shallow pool below. Then a voice startled me.

"Half-past ten, Calvert. I see you have put out your candle, so we begin on entirely even terms. I need hardly recommend you to do your best to kill me. Because if you fail, as sure as God can see us even though we are buried out of reck, so surely will I satisfy my honor with your life."

The voice seemed to come from close to my elbow. On the first tone I begin moving toward it, using infinite care to stalk noiselessly. Yet the voice receded before me like an ignis fatuus. If one may use such a word in reference to sound, and I saw that Valpy had anticipated the manoeuver, and was in equal-paced retreat. His original distance I could not guess, because the tunnel acted like a speaking-tube, and carried sounds with little diminution of volume.

I traveled on thus for quite two hundred yards, with every muscle ready to spring, every nerve at highest tension. Then I stopped to listen At first it appeared that the silence reigned absolute, but as my ear strained to even further refinements, it seemed to me that I caught ever and anon the faint hush of breathing. Then I groped for a piece of stone, dislodge' from roof or wall, fell with a false splash to the slime of the roadway, and what had before been a suspicion now became a certainty.

Valpy had rounded my flank and was now stalking me!

Let it be confessed that my first thought was for flight. My next, however, pointed out that he was playing my game. If he came upon me in the darkness, I could seize him before he could whisper one word to me. In our many wanderings Valpy and I often stalked big game together, and I remembered with a grim smile how well he had earned the title of "Cat" which had once been admirably bestowed upon him by a Bengal shikari. Here he was stalking me now through slush which to another man's movements would have been noisy with squelchings and splashes, and yet, though I felt that he was advancing, yes, and following my spoor with his fingertips in each footstep, the deep earth-silence was never intruded upon.

Suspense in many of its lurid shapes had been shown to me before, but the agony of that wait for the madman is one of the deepest scars on my memory.

Always far sharper than my own, and now more tartly stung, by insanity, his animal senses showed him my whereabouts first, and he raised the muzzle of the revolver and pulled the trigger.

The sum of what my dazed eyes saw was valpy's smudged white face, and the pistol, in a dazzling halo of flame. The bullet struck the wall beneath my left armpit, bringing down a small avalanche of shale.

I had no thought of returning his fire. Indeed, my revolver was in my pocket, still unloaded, but I leaped forward, endeavoring to grapple with him before he could get in another shot. Doubling like an eel in the utter darkness, he left a side-pocket of his coat in my hand and fled, giving parting shots behind him till he had emptied his revolver. The lead brought down great sheets of stone from the roof and sides till I thought that the whole stratum must have collapsed about our ears; still no shot touched me, and I crashed on at his heels. But Valpy ran like a deer and distanced me; and at length I slowed down, with hands and arms bleeding from contact with the rocky walls; and I heard Valpy slack his pace at the same time, and heard also the tinkle of the empty shells as he ejected them and reloaded his revolver.

My original feeling toward my companion had been one of compassion. This was beginning to give way now, and wild anger was coming in its place. What had I done that my life should be so savagely attacked?

The breech of his revolver closed with a vicious snap, and I heard him cock the hammer. Then he halted, waiting for me, I halted too; to advance upon him so would be a demand for instant death. As a general thing he was but an indifferent shot, but now I knew instinctively that he would not fire until the muzzle of his weapon rested against my breast.

He advanced again; I retreated, keeping pace with him; we were both too excited by this time to pay heed about treading delicately. Underneath were L-rails, and on these, our boots slid and clanked. The darkness was profound, and as I ran I steered by trailing raw finger-tips along the jagged walls. The plan of the mine was fixed pretty securely in my head, and twice I turned corners at right angles, hoping that the double would cause him to miss me. He did nothing of the kind, hanging like a dog on the track, and the third time I tried it he laughed loud in derision.

I was hot enough with exertion, heaven knows, but that laugh chilled me to the bone. The particular horror of it was something I could not describe, something I would wish only my most hateful enemy to experience.

So Valpy hunted me on through the network of the colliery, till a thing happened which brought me to bay whether I wished to or no. The ground rose beneath my feet, and for a while the roof rose too. Then the roof dropped again and the floor slanted up to meet it. There had been a fall of rock. The gallery was barred effectually. The madman was not a dozen yards from my heels.

I turned like a cornered animal to fight desperately for life. At my feet were jagged masses of newly fallen shale. As if by instinct they found their way into my clutch and with them I opened a furious bombardment of defense.

The roof of the gallery was rotten and crumbling, and where my missiles, vaguely aimed in the darkness, crashed against it, great masses detached themselves and fell into the slime of the roadway. Why merciful Providence prevented me from building myself into a living grave there, I cannot think, but I had the chance in my mind with every splinter of rock that I hurled, and in my savage fury cared not, so that Valpy might be smothered by the avalanche which walled in myself. Far above all that infernal turmoil of crashing stone his pistol-shots rang out shrill and clear, till the thick air grew biting with powder-smoke, and once more the chambers of his weapon were empty. Then, with a final discharge of missiles to herald my coming, I charged furiously at him and he in turn fled away down the gallery.

No longer did I remember that once he had been my friend, that his mind was unhinged, that his state demanded all forebearance. He was my mortal enemy, the object of my most blind and deadly hate; and had I laid hands upon him then I should have ripped the warm life from within him with willing fingers. Taking the revolver from my pocket, I slipped cartridges into the chambers as I ran. His last bullet had scored my side like the scar of a red-hot iron. With gnashing teeth I lusted to smash my fist into the centre of his face. Valpy might have been mad all along, but at that moment I was no less a maniac than he.

Then of a sudden the scene changed. The noise of pattering feet in front of me abruptly ceased. There was a heavy splash, a bubbling cry, and—silence.

I halted and listened. No sound came to me through the black gloom save only for the muffled lapping of tiny waves.

Then the noise of a heavy surge echoed down the gallery, and with it came a strangled voice which cried, "Help! for God's sake, help, Calvert!" The voice was drowned in gurglings and splashings, and again an earthy wave lapped down, and which I could hear my own breathing and those faint slappings of water.

A great revulsion of feeling spread over me like a cold douche. Valpy, mad or sane, was drowning in some dreadful unseen tank, which drained the water of the mine. He could not swim a stroke. If I did not rush then to save him, he would die horribly. My fierce enmity withered and vanished within me. I remembered only the friendship of twenty years.

I strode forward again, stepped over some invisible brink, and sank deeply into water so cold that I emerged from it breathless and gasping. At the same moment Valpy rose again to the surface, almost noiselessly, well-nigh lifeless. My fingers slid out and twined themselves in his hair. Slipping beneath him, I swam for the pair of us, and in that awful darkness may have swum in anything but a straight line. I was tired, faint, bruised; and the deadly chill of the water was paralyzing. I must have gone light-headed then, for a horror seized me that I was on some vast underlake with shores leagues apart.

I swam on for what seemed hours—months—years — consciousness dimming with every stroke; and when at length I did touch a shelving beach, the last glimmer of sentient life within me died away.

Half in, half out, of that foul tank's broth we lay together, the pair of us, for how many hours I cannot tell; and when the man on the pit-bank above, growing alarmed at our non-appearance, formed a rescue party, they found us still devoid of consciousness.

When we were brought to blessed daylight once more, bruised, bleeding, filthy beyond recognition, a doctor took us both in hand, and through his skill I was little worse for the adventure. But Valpy's case was different. He woke into a raging brain-fever, and the doctor said that the disease must have smoldered in his system for weeks to permit of its arriving at such a sudden and violent head.

Eventually my poor chum recovered, though only after a long and tedious convalescence; but he knew nothing of that awful duel he forced upon me in the black abysses of the Deeper Pit, and to this day I have never told him.

# A SACRIFICE.

His little shop was only a few doors from my home, but on the narrow side street—our house was on the corner—and often when I took baby out for an airing myself, I stopped to talk to him as he sat bending over his work

Mother matters had given him an intelligent rather handsome face, in compensation for the cruel hump which she had placed between his shoulders, and as he told me stories of his loved Fatherland in his quaint Swede accent, I remembered the lady who was so impressed by the eloquence of the French President, M. Thiers, that she described him as being very tall and handsome. But Andrew Oleson was only the hunchback shoemaker, and his little shop was located in a big, shabby terrace, which seemed always to be so full of occupants that they overflowed into the street, for agesticulating, chattering crowd was always lounging around the doors. His trade was fairly lucrative; those North country people like to deal with one of their own race, so he mended and often made, shoes for all the Swedes, Germans and Icelanders in the West end.

Though always busy, he was yet always ready to tell the most wonderful fairy stories to the children, and every one of them—foreign and Canadian—loved Andrew Oleson.

I had known him two years when one day he told me of a contemplated change.

"I have saved some money, Meesis," he said, with a sparkle in his blue eyes and his pale face flushed. "At last I have got enough. I hate this place, with a wave of the hand which took in the close, sultry workshop, and the stuffy little living room back of it, and for a background the dirty yard with the numerous olive branches of the families in the terrace alternatively played amiably together, or fell into dispute and pelted each other with mud and decaying cabbage leaves.

"This is not like what I left—the dear old home—but the road was low so I stand. But now, I can soon leave this place and I remember that one street one long way, so pretty, with three rooms and a garden, where the vegetables may grow, so like the old home, and I buy it. Meesis, I have waited some long while to get the money, but now soon I pay them two hundred dollars. Then I pay them some more each month and soon all is paid and it is mine."

There was such pride and happiness shining in his face that I felt deeply interested in his proposed investment.

"I am very glad," I said cordially, "it will be so much better for you than these small rooms, and the garden will be a great pleasure to you."

His delight at the anticipated change was almost pathetic.

"Don't speak of it," he said at last, "as the deal is not completed yet and someone else may get it."

I could see how the possibility of this catastrophe troubled him, and I devoutly hoped that the cottage would not tempt any other aspiring householder.

Some time before this I had learned another secret of Andrew's, though he had not told it to me. He loved Inga Johannsson, my fair haired Swede servant girl.

Well, he was deformed but what of that? He was the kindest heart! I did not all the children love him? did any one ever hear him utter a rough or unkind word? Surely he would make pretty Inga a good husband. But fate and August Pjeturrsson, had decreed otherwise. Inga, with that feminine instinct which never errs in such matters, was perfectly well aware of Andrew's devotion, but she only tossed her head, was not August Pjeturrsson the best looking Swede in the west end, and did not all the girls envy her?

There came a day when Andrew spoke; played his last card—and lost.

Inga told me the next morning, "The idea of marrying him!"

"You might do much worse," I said, "Andrew would make you a good husband."

"But he is such an ugly looking fellow," she pouted.

"Oh, Inga! His back is deformed it true, but he has a very pleasant face, and you know how good natured he is. Then, he has saved money and would have a comfortable home for you."

But visions of August's stalwart form obscured all of poor Andrew's perfections.

All this had happened during the winter, and now for some time, Inga had gone about her work with a