

# NESTLÉ'S MILK

"CANADA'S KOW"

NESTLÉ'S Evaporated Milk is more than twice as rich as ordinary bottled milk—richer, more digestible and absolutely pure.

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## Blue Murder

Continued from page 2.

fairly things, apparently suspended from nothing. They were rattling through the cupboards presently and the floor had deepened. He wondered whether the sheets the newsboys carried bore scare headlines, whether hoarse voices were shouting "Horrible murder at Forte Mallot!" He could picture the scene of the crime in the Rue des Acacias standing in the road, wild-eyed and unshaven, voicing the gruesome details of his discovery for the benefit of his friends. They would be looking for a tall Englishman and a little man in a blue, belted coat and gray velvet hat. The attendant glanced in at the doorway to announce that dinner would be served in the dining-car at 7. Dighton accepted a slip of pink paper and pushed it away into a wastebasket. He turned the pages of the magazine idly. He would report to Tavernier from Turin.

It would be news to him to learn that Daudet and the Lizard were accomplices. Turning over the whole adventure in cold blood, Dighton could not see that he had achieved much. He was satisfied that the detective was dead, although he could not produce proof even of this. He had established that the Lizard's agents might be found in the most unexpected places and occupations—prepared a suitable program. The Mission Band is also preparing for a concert to be held in the Church square his chief that he had not been on Thursday evening, Oct. 18th, of which and that the arch-bandit's which further announcement will be charges.

His memory jerked back to Mlle. Laroche, the little, painted brunette who had been so frightened when R. T. Holman Ltd. in both the Sun-her called. Her end was as tragic as homicide and Charlottetown stores. Lizard had realized that he was Royal Bank here made and certified the official count for Summerside. There. He was sorry for Mlle. Laroche. A sudden sound aroused him from There were almost one thousand his reverie—the noise of a news- Paper being opened coming from three large C. C. M. Joy-cycles. L somewhere almost at his elbow.

Turning his head sharply, he was astonished to see Marney—his acquaintance of the Co-Kolster Club chewing a black cigar and occupying the other corner seat. A flash of gold-filled teeth depu- sized for smile. "Well, stranger!" drawled Mar- ney, staring dreamy-eyed through the window. "I guess it's blowing up for now."

"How the blazes did you get here?" exclaimed Dighton. (To Be Continued.)

## Hunter River And Vicinity

Rev. W. J. MacLeod and bride returned home from New York on Saturday evening to their home in New Glasgow.

Rev. A. E. Chapman and Mrs. Chapman are spending the week with friends in Oranmore, N. B.

Mr. Ivan Bowman, formerly of the staff of the Royal Bank, was a visitor here on Tuesday.

Rev. R. H. Baxter, a former pastor, was the preacher in the Hunter River Charge on Sunday last and large congregations greeted him in each service. The announcements in the Hunter River Church, included the holding of the Communion Service on Sunday next in the afternoon with a Preparatory Service on Friday evening of this week conducted by Rev. David C. Burn, Bradabane. The Rally Day Service will be observed in Wheatly River Church on Sunday evening.

Rev. Mr. Baxter left on return to Bayfield, N. B., on Monday morning. While here, he was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. William McDougall.

Mr. Hart, a visitor here over the week-end from New Brunswick, was in attendance at the Sunday School Service on Sunday morning and addressed in a very pleasant and helpful manner, the large number of girls and boys who were present.


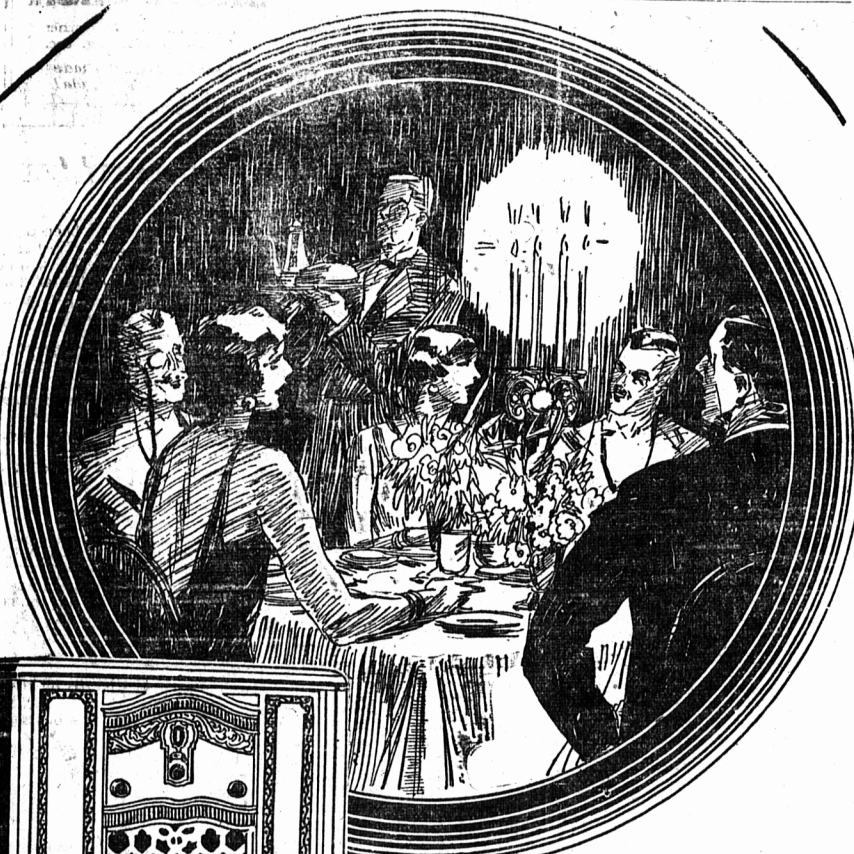
The October meeting of the W. M. S. was held at Mansie. There was a good attendance and business included arrangements for the holding of the annual Thank offering Service in the church on the evening of Sunday, Oct. 28. An active committee was named who are particularly interested in having

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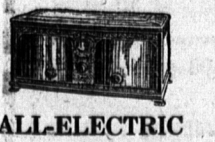
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stretcher bearer over with some milk and left me. I never saw him again nor heard of him until yesterday."

Today he is rather amused by the nation-wide publicity which has been accorded him through Col. Collins' announcement. His name is on file at Ottawa, for he draws a pension as a result of that same duel.

As for the pair of boots that Col. Collins intends to replace, Muncey were new, just drawn from stores before he went into action.

"I have good reason, you see, to remember that duel," he said. "It was one of the closest shaves I ever had, and if this man Collins and his Boers had been better shots and had not been so excited, I wouldn't be here talking now. But then, I missed him too."

"It was early in 1900, about February, when I got wounded. At the time there were ten of us attached to Campbell's column and so were running despatches over to Pagett's column. On this particular day we were returning to camp when Paget asked us to reconnoitre a group of men seen moving down the valley near Lake Crilly."

"At that time it was often difficult to tell the difference between the Boers and the British in the distance, and the Boers were carrying the flanks with quercilla tags. As a matter of fact our outfit looked more like Boers than Britishers, for we never shaved and we carried our tunics across our saddles."

"Suddenly, as we were riding in scattered formation across the valley, the Boers swooped out on us and captured one of our men, Bill Deighton, of Winnipeg, who is now a physician there, and the rest of us turned and raced away to give warning."

"We galloped across the hill, but the Boers hidden behind an anthill there met us with ambush. We swung off our ponies and fell to the ground to return their fire. They were only forty yards away, some thirty-five or forty of them, and they killed one of our men. I was lucky, however, and Collins and I kept up the fight for a few minutes."

"Then we played possum. In a moment of carelessness I rose out of position and Col. Collins shot me in the collarbone. I signalled I was hit and he quit firing and came over. I accused him of using explosive bullets as my arm went numb, but he denied it. Later I found out the bullet had severed my nerve."

"After stripping me of my heavy sack, boots and rifle, he gave me a drink, promised to send a Boer of

## Muncey Relates Story of Boots Lost in Boer War

VANCOUVER, Oct. 9th. — The story of how S. W. Muncey, of Vancouver, formerly of Prince Edward Island, lost his boots in the South African War and how Colonel W. R. Collins, one of the visiting Parliamentarians, confessed to taking them when he was an Irish Commandant of the Boer troops is known throughout the continent. Col. Collins told his story at Moncton.

This is Lieutenant Muncey's story of how it happened: "I was a member of 'Gatling Gun' Howard's wild-riding Canadian Scouts, one of the most independent military units that ever put foot in a stirrup. It was the serious wound which Collins inflicted that day on the

## UNCLE RAY'S CORNER

### THE STORY OF COLUMBUS IV. THE COMPASS GOES WRONG

Five days after leaving the Canary islands, the sailors of Columbus point right!" Columbus did not know why the compass acted so strangely; but he invented an excuse, saying: "The North Star is moving all the time. That is why the compass does not point straight toward it now. There is no danger."

The sailors thought that Columbus knew a great deal about the stars, and believed that his words might be true. By good fortune, a "sign of land" was soon seen. Birds often called "water waytails," flew over the ships. Those birds were not really a proof that land was near, but they helped to calm the fears of the sailors.

Day followed day, week followed week. Still there was no sight of land. There were "signs" in plenty, besides the waytails; but the land itself did not appear. More than once the heart of the captain must have sunk, as he wondered in secret whether there really was any land to be found beyond the broad ocean.

A mast was seen drifting in the ocean. The sight of the mast brought gloom over the sailors, who muttered: "See what has happened to a big vessel which came this way! What will happen to our little ships?" A few days later, the compass on the Santa Maria began to act in a strange manner. It did not point straight to the North Star when evening came. The sailors were alarmed, and cried: "Where are you tak-

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