

**Exit Tony Blount**

CHAPTER XXIII  
Continued

Gradually his scattered senses returned to him, and his first clear thought was an almost incredulous feeling of surprise at finding himself still alive. He was aware of having been involved in a fight against the unbridled forces of the nether world, and from what scraps of recollection his bewildered mind retained of the struggle, he found it little short of a miracle that he had survived it — at any rate so far.

With the dawning realization of his temporary safety, he raised his head cautiously and looked about him for the first time.

To his astonishment he saw that the darkness had lifted and the setting moon was now palely illumining the scene from over the hills to the westward. At the same time, he became aware that the roaring sound in his ears was not due to wind, as he had supposed, for though a breeze had sprung up, it was blowing at no more than moderate force. It now sounded more like the continuous thundering crash of water — and it came from somewhere close at hand.

With an effort he rose slowly and uncertainly to his feet, and turned to look down the slope — and at the sight which met his eyes he stood rooted to the spot in sheer incredulous amazement and horror.

The widening valley in which the plantation had stood now presented a scene which almost convinced him he was dreaming; for where the long serried rows of palm trees had stretched away from the foot of the slope to the distant shore of the lagoon, a swirling flood of torn and broken water was now raging between the rocky walls on either hand.

He gaped down at it blankly, his already dazed brain, shocked and stupefied by the appalling magnitude of this catastrophe. He found it almost impossible to realize that in the period that had elapsed since he and M'fani had been flung apart by that first sudden upheaval, the low-lying valley had become an arm of the sea, and the plantation had been completely wiped out of existence.

Yet, even as he stared down incredulously, he saw that hundreds

of uprooted palms were being driven forward in the flood like logs in a mill race, and the pale moonlight showed him towering ridge after ridge of water sweeping in from the ocean beyond.

Here and there the head of a palm still rose above the raging flood, but almost all the trees had been uprooted or snapped off by the first tremendous rush of the water, and already the foot of the slope below him was piled high with their wreckage. This was being added to at every moment as each successive wave came racing in between the narrowing walls of the valley and hurling its floating freight of trees on to the heap, and the grinding and crashing of the splintered trunks and the roar of the water combined to create a clamour which was as hideous as it was awe-inspiring.

As he stood staring down at the wild scene, its significance was gradually borne in upon him. It was obvious that the whole of the settlement must have been wiped out almost immediately by this sudden ghastly invasion of the ocean, and the only explanation seemed to be that the entire island had sunk below its former level as a result of submarine volcanic activity.

Nor was that all. It seemed likely that it was still sinking for to his horrified eyes it appeared that each towering sea that came driving in raised the flood to a higher level, and clots of spume were spattering the hillside, a bare fifty feet below him with gouts of yeasty foam.

The grinding, crashing uproar sounded in his ears like a prelude to the utter annihilation of the island; and as though to confirm this impression, at that moment there came another earth tremor, which threw him off balance and sent him staggering sideways helplessly.

He dropped on to his hands and knees and remained in that attitude for some minutes in a condition of sick apprehension. The tremor was not repeated, but while he waited in trembling anticipation of a resumption of the hideous upheaval of the solid earth a great mass of black cloud which had been spreading swiftly across the sky from the southward, passed over the moon's face, and in an instant a pall of inky darkness blotted out the entire scene from his sight.

Then almost before his bewildered mind had had time to register the abrupt transition from light to utter blackness, came the rain. It fell without the slightest warning — a hissing torrent that dulled and muffled the crashing

**Lorne Valley and Vicinity**

Mr. Wilbur MacDonald and Mr. Reuben MacCannell were business visitors to Montague on June 23.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex MacIntyre were visitors to Red Head on June 23.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Myers, New Perth, were recent visitors of Mrs. Myer's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Shaw.

Mrs. Francis MacIntyre entertained the Lorne Valley W. I. on June 24.

Miss Chris Shaw, Charlottetown, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Shaw over the week-end of June 27.

Master Gerald MacDougall, Montague, is vacationing with his grand - parents, Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm MacLeod.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Crane, and son and daughter Bennet and Isobel were visitors to Hazelbrook.

umult below him and beat down upon him with the force of a catapult. He found himself gasping for breath under its sudden onslaught, and he bowed his head almost between his knees and remained huddled helplessly where he was, while the water sluiced over his back and shoulders and thrashed the earth all about him with drumming, relentless fury.

To be continued

William John Rankine, a Scottish engineer and physicist born in 1820, is considered one of the founders of thermodynamics.

**Dr. and Mrs. Rice Mark Anniversary in Toronto**

The many friends of Rev. Dr. H. C. and Mrs. Rice, who are now living at 59 Boustead Ave., Toronto, will be interested to know that they celebrated their golden wedding anniversary on June 24.

Mrs. Rice was the former Blanche E. Pleener of Jacksonville, N. B., where they were married by the late Rev. Geo. A. Rose, D.D.

Through the years Dr. and Mrs. Rice were stationed in various centres in the Maritimes, among other places, Hartland, Sunny Brae, Newcastle, Hampton, Sussex and Bathurst in New Brunswick, also Summerside, P. E. I., and Amherst, N.S. Dr. Rice was minister at the former Queen Square Church, St. John, from 1925 to 1937.

The anniversary was celebrated quietly with a family dinner gathering at the "Guild of All Arts", Toronto. They were also presented with gifts appropriate to the occasion.

Dr. and Mrs. Rice have two children living, Geitruide, wife of Carleton Ware Page of Richmond, Indiana, and Miss Mary Rice who is associated with the Fisheries Research Board of Canada at Toronto.

Dr. and Mrs. Rice came to Toronto two years ago from Charlottetown, P. E. I., where Dr. Rice was assistant minister at Trinity United Church, retiring because of ill health.

Mr. Lloyd MacDonald was a visitor to the City on June 27.

Miss Anna Goodwin, Bangor, recently visited her grandmother, Mrs. Mae McAulay.

Mr. and Mrs. Murdoch MacDonald and Miss Gloria MacLeod recently motored to the city.

Mrs. James Callaghan and sons George and Kenneth visited Mount Stewart on June 26.

Her friends are pleased that Miss Marion McAulay has returned home from the Memorial Hospital, Montague.

Mrs. Jane MacGrath, Montague, spent a few days of June with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. MacGrath.

The teacher, pupils and several late payers of Lorne Valley School had an enjoyable picnic at the North Shore on June 23. Sandwiches and cake were served and a pleasant afternoon was spent.

Cardigan-Lorne Valley Y. P. S. held a wiener roast at Brundell Point on June 26.

Miss Adele Shaw recently wrote P. W. C. Entrance Examinations at Montague.

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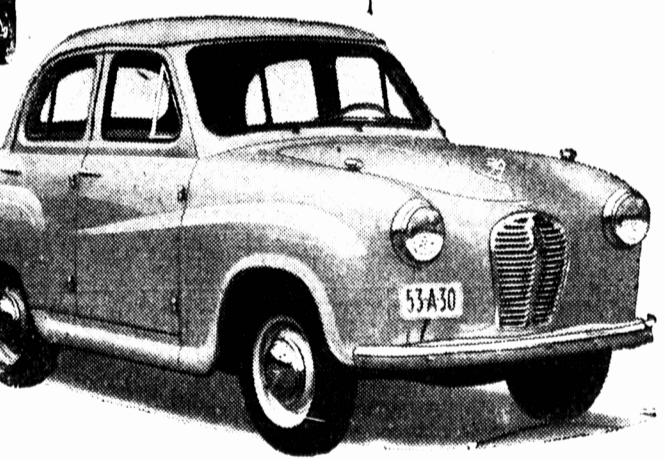
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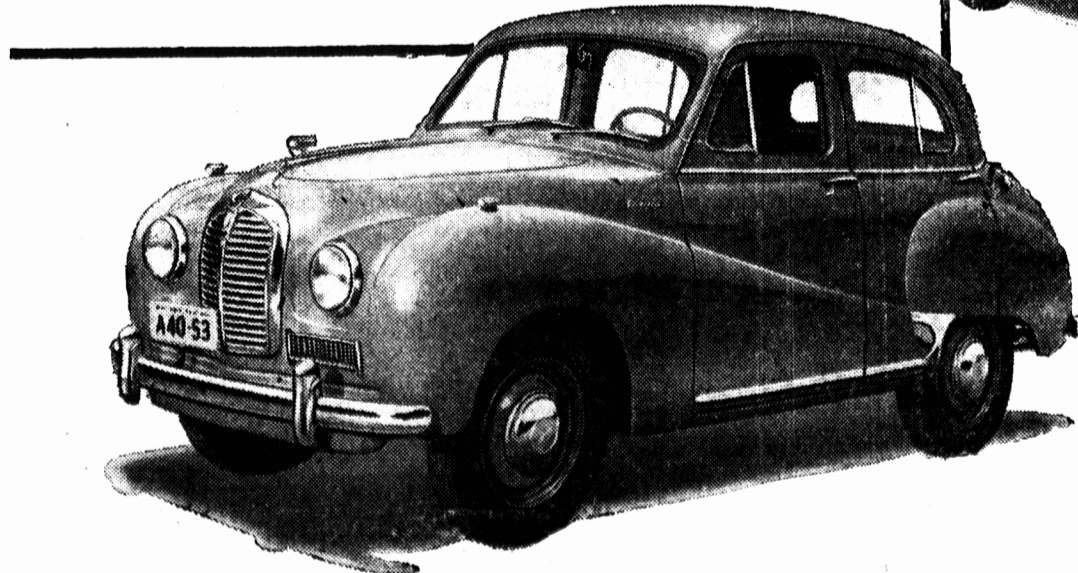
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