

FOR SALE

Three colts, one, two and three years old. Standard bred and registered. Mother is Watson Peter whose dam is by Aquiri, Kalol, and Parkside.

All three colts are sired by Abner T. Clegg. Apply HARRY SCHURMAN New Annan

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Exit Tony Blount

CHAPTER XXV

EXIT MATT. THURLOW

"So now you know everything," Thurlow concluded. "That's the whole story from the beginning to the end, and you'll have to think what you're going to do about it. I have come to the end of my bluff now, so it's up to you." And he leaned back on the settee in a manner that suggested he was glad to have got it off his mind. Captain Bowker drew a deep breath and regarded him with something like respectful admiration. "Well, I've heard a yarn or two in me time," he observed slowly at last. "But this one o' yours is a ringer! If I hadn't been mixed up in it myself, I'd say you was one of the finest liars I've listened to. But I knew there was something funny about you from what that cove Sanderson had said. You and Strang may have figured that you'd pulled the wool over my eyes last night, but you hadn't - not any way. But I'd made up me mind it wasn't no business of mine, and I was going to keep me mouth shut about it. So if it hadn't been for that blamed jack rabbit of an island don't his disappearin' trick, I wouldn't have known what it was all about an' you'd have been sittin' in for the Wapiti to show up, instead o' bein' where you are." He re-lit his pipe, which he had allowed to go out during Thurlow's recital, and then looked across at him again through the blue haze of tobacco smoke. "What gets me, though," he went on, "is the way you put that memory business over on us - particularly on the doc. O' course, we was both took up with the idea that was that made it easier. Still, it must have took a bit o' doing to keep it up." "It did," Thurlow agreed grimly. "But there was nothing else for it. If you'd been alone, or if he'd been anything but a Frenchman, I'd have taken a chance and told the truth. But as it was... I suppose you didn't hear anything about my escape while you were at Suva?" "Well, it's a queer thing but I did," the captain answered slowly. "An' it was the doc who told me about it, too. He only mentioned it casual, an' I never thought no more about it till now. It seems there was a letter waitin' for him from one o' his pals in Noumea, an' the cove give him all the latest news in it. Among other things, he said that an Englishman had broken away from one o' the workin' gangs and took to the bush, an' some time after in the swamps and buried it. The doc passed it on to me just for something to talk about, the last time I see him. I

might have forgot all about it if your yarn hadn't brought it back to me mind." "Then - I'm officially dead at Noumea!" Thurlow exclaimed. "That's right," the captain agreed, with an unexpected chuckle. "They've planted the real Thurlow in your name. Kind o' funny, ain't it? Talk about a cat's nine lives! You've croaked three times in the last few months - an' it seems to suit you. First, you're supposed to be dead an' buried in them swamps. Then, as Thurlow you was given up for lost with the rest o' the Mauwail's crowd. An' now, still as Thurlow you've been killed off again on Arafu. Blamed if you ain't as bad as Otani for bobbin' up again when everyone reckons you've gone under!" His companion was eyeing him with sudden alertness. "What do you mean?" he asked slowly. "How was I killed off on Arafu?" "The captain seemed to be having some difficulty with his pipe. He had taken a knife from his pocket and was probing into the bowl with the blade viciously. He replied without looking up. "Well, if you wasn't killed on Arafu, you'll have a devil of a lot of explainin' to do, won't you? O' course, it ain't none o' my business, but if I was in your place, I'd stop dead this time. I don't mind signin' the death certificate, so to speak." "There followed a short silence, and then Thurlow heaved a deep sigh of relief. "You're a sportsman, Skipper!" he said soberly. "I had a hope that you'd take it that way. But I don't want you to run the risk of getting into trouble over me. Suppose the hands get talking!" "Who - them," the captain snorted scornfully. "Don't you worry your head about that, master! They ain't Kanakas. These boys have been with me for years, an' they can keep their mouths shut better than most white men." "Well, but what about the port authorities at Brisbane," Thurlow pursued doubtfully. "They'll want to know something about me. Where you picked me up, and so on." "The captain had got his pipe going again now, and he puffed it in thoughtful silence for a moment or two. "You'd have the immigration folk on your neck if you tried to land as a passenger," he admitted at last. "But what was you aimin' to do next anyway?" "I don't know," Thurlow confessed. "I hadn't got as far as thinking of that. What I'd like to do would be to get back to sea again. Of course, the French authorities have got all my papers, so it would mean starting again from the beginning. Still, I would not mind that as long as I could get a clear start." The captain nodded, as though this talked with his own thoughts. To be concluded.

Tignish Shore And Vicinity

Mr. and Mrs. John McKinnon Charlottetown were recent visitors at the Shore.

A social evening was held in the school on July 23 for the benefit of the school. Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Arsenault were recent visitors in Bloomfield.

Miss Audrey Arsenault is spending the vacation in Charlottetown at the home of her aunt. BI

BURGESS BEDTIME

(Continued from page 11)

lively little Weasels, and was ready to leap out to protect them if there should be need.

Very, very carefully, keeping well under cover, Reddy inched nearer and nearer to that pile of stones. If he could get just a little nearer, he was sure that he could snatch up one of those little Weasels, perhaps two, before mother could interfere.

By now he had forgotten all about Shadow. He was almost to the point where he could leap out and make a sudden rush, and had not yet been seen by Mrs. Shadow. He inched a little nearer, and a little nearer.

Then, just as he was making ready to spring out of hiding something caught him by his lower lip. It was something that hurt. It upset him completely. He leaped to his feet, snarling, shaking his head.

What do you think was hurting that lower lip so? It was the teeth of Shadow the Weasel. Yes, sir, it was the teeth of Shadow the Weasel. He had discovered Reddy just in time.

In size his whole body wasn't as long as one of Reddy's legs. Reddy was many many times his size. Shadow hadn't hesitated. He had leaped and caught Reddy by the lower lip, and now Reddy was vainly trying to do something about it. He couldn't bite him, and he couldn't shake him off. Shadow just hung on to that lip. Reddy tried to knock him off with his paws, but he couldn't do that.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Shadow had hurried the children back into the house. Then she hurried back to see that strange sight. The mighty little one was still hanging on in spite of all that Reddy Fox could do to get rid of him.

HOTEL FOR SQUIRRELS

EAST FERRY, N. S. CP - Mrs. Charlie Thibodeau runs a summer hotel - for squirrels. She captures them in a wire-cage trap in the spring; feeds them in special enclosures during the summer, and turns them loose again in the fall. She provides ball-bearing wheels for exercise.

Bedeque Notes

Rev. E. S. Weeks, substituted for Rev. J. M. Baxter, on Sunday morning, at Malpeque United Church.

Mrs. Edna Jenkins, Bedeque, and Mrs. Walter Craig, Middleton, are attending the school of music at Mount Allison University, Sackville.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving Toombs were visitors to Marie on Sunday when they were guests of Mrs. Toombs's brother, and other relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Wright, Lower Bedeque, have as their guest Mr. Wright's sister, Miss Winnifred Wright, Boston, Mass., who is vacationing here.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Webster, Central Bedeque, have visiting with them, Miss Ruth Leard, New Jersey, U. S. A., who is spending her holidays on P. E. I.

Mr. and Mrs. George Brown, Florida, and Rev. E. S. and Mrs. Weeks, Bedeque, motored to Charlottetown on Tuesday afternoon, where they visited their uncle, Mr. Aubrey Brown-BQ.

Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Henderson, have as their guest, Mr. Henderson's aunt, Miss Dora Wright, Vancouver, B. C. Miss Wright was a former resident of Bedeque, but for many years has resided in the West.

Mr. William Slavert, Lower Bedeque, has sold his fine farm property, including stock, farm implements and growing crop to Mr. Plompp, of Central Bedeque, who came to the island about two years ago, from Holland. This farm is in an excellent state of fertility.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Brown, Florida, U. S. A., arrived in Bedeque on Monday, July 27th, to spend some time with Mr. Brown's sister, Mrs. E. S. Weeks and Mr. Weeks and also his sister, Mrs. A. W. Milligan, and Mr. Milligan, Tyne Valley, and other relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Burton Ellis, Everett, Mass., arrived on the Is-land on Friday the 24, to spend

Piusville and Vicinity

Miss Norma Corcoran was to Tignish recently.

Mr. Oscar Gallant was a recent business visitor to Summerside.

Mr. George Clark and son Arthur were business visitors to Piusville on July 22.

Mr. Arthur Clark, Toronto, is spending his holidays at his home in Brooklyn.

Miss Marie Clarkin, Peakes spent a few days at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John J. Corcoran-BB.

Mrs. Maurice FitzGerald, Grand River, was a recent visitor at the home of Mrs. Ambrose Corcoran.

Mrs. Ben Gallant, Urbainville is visiting her sister, Mrs. Peter F. Gallant, Piusville.

Friends of Mrs. Elizabeth Gallant are pleased to hear she is home again after being a patient in the Western Hospital.

Mr. Joseph Clarkin of Peakes, is spending a few days at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John J. Corcoran.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Gallant and family, returned to Summerside after spending some time in Piusville.

Sunday visitors, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John J. Corcoran were Messrs. Les Campbell, Ross Woodside, Aubrey Doyle, Billy Campbell, Bruce Murray all from Summerside.

Some time with relatives in Bedeque, and Tyne Valley. Mrs. Ellis was called home due to the illness of her brother, Mr. Ernest Ellis of Tyne Valley, who is a patient in the Prince County Hospital, having undergone a major operation.

Mr. and Mrs. Hedley Lowther, and Mr. Albert Muttart, Carleton, were visitors to Bedeque on Sunday, when they called on Mrs. Carrie Schurman and Mr. George Taylor, and Mrs. Flossie Lowther and Rev. J. M. Baxter.

DAILY CROSSWORD

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for Across and Down. Includes a 'Yesterday's Answer' section with a grid and a 'DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE' section with a quote and a cryptogram.

DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it: A X Y D I B A A X R is LONG FELLOW. One letter simply stands for another. In this example A is used for the three L's, X for the two O's, etc. Single letters, apostrophes, the length and formation of the words are all hints. Each day the code letters are different. A Cryptogram Quotation: MOQQAZ PRNWF LDGO T W ARJW OWFF TZ FQYM-UQNRPW. Yesterday's Cryptoquote: AND EVERY TREE WHICH OVERHANGS THEE STARTS AWAY-OVID.

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