

WINNIPEG MAN IS SHOT DEAD

**Believed Victim of Murder,
but Robbery Evidently
Not the Motive**

THE SLAYER ESCAPES

**Fellow ex-Police Officer
Receives Threatening
Letter**

(Canadian Press Despatch.)

Winnipeg, Oct. 18.—W. J. De Forge, who was attached to the Military Intelligence Department during the war, was found at 1.30 o'clock this morning shot through the heart, and it is believed that he was the victim of murder. He was about twenty-five years of age, and since severing his connection with the militia, had conducted a small confectionery store, in front of which his body was found. Robbery apparently was not the motive for the crime, as \$200 was found on his person.

De Forge left his store at 1 a.m. and walked toward home, accompanied by H. Scott, who stopped at his apartments, De Forge continuing on his way home. Mr. Scott states that he heard a shot just as he reached his room, and hurried to the street, where he found De Forge lying on his face with a bullet wound through his heart.

The neighborhood was alarmed by the shot and hastened to the scene, but no one seems to have seen the murderer, who had every chance to escape, numerous lanes and alleys between the apartment blocks affording ample means of concealment. De Forge leaves a wife and a young son.

Someone Bore a Grudge.

Further evidence came to light today in support of the view that Sgt.

W. J. Deforge, late of the Military Secret Service in Winnipeg, was done to death by someone who "had it in for him" because of his work in the rounding up of **aliens** during the war period.

This is in form of a letter received by George Foss, late sub-inspector in the Dominion Police Force, who had been engaged in similar operations to Deforge, whom he knew. Foss was himself responsible for the deportation of some aliens engaged in **enemy** propaganda.

The letter reads:

"Remember Deforge. Maryland street. You're next for the box, you know."

Messenger a Small Boy.

The letter, which was badly written and badly spelled, as if by a person having a poor education, was delivered at Foss' residence on Saturday evening before dusk by a small boy. It was taken at the door by his sister. Foss, as soon as he had read it, ran out, but the boy had disappeared.