

The Riddle of the Riderless Horse

By JEAN & CYRIL CASALIS

FUNNY BUSINESS GOING ON

Japle leant forward across the table, lowering his voice still further. "What's that, Johannes?" he was shouting to the boy. "Dead? When? How did it happen? Tell him to tell you quickly."

"Mr. Green, the police are going to change their minds about it one of these days. I know there's a funny business going on. His voice sank almost to a whisper. "I often go and put out night-lights at the river, and there are lights in Basutoiland that come and go like signals. I'm going to find out about them."

"Signals?" said Malcolm incredulously.

"Yes, man, signals. They come from near the police post, and that's the funny thing about it. But I'm going to find out—I'm going to ride over and see Dr. Kerrival; he knows those police well, and he'll tell if they know anything. Yes, man, he's always drunk, I know, but he knows much more about people than I do. And do you know why? Because he doctors the niggers. I wouldn't have thought much of the signals if I hadn't started counting them one night. I've counted twice and each time they were the same, and quite slow—one, two, three, four, five, six—straight at me. I'm going to find out about those lights."

"Look here, Mr. van Stellen," Malcolm said desperately, "you know that, staying near Basutoiland, I've been in pretty close touch with the police through the whole business; will you take it from me that they do not, and never have, suspected your father and that they had nothing to do with the crop being taken from your father's house?"

"Man are you sure?"

"Dead certain."

"Well, I'm glad, and thank you very much, Mr. Green. Man, I'm glad I spoke to you! But I'm still going to find out about those lights; they're not right."

"When did you see them?"

"The first time was about six weeks ago, and I saw them again about a fortnight back; on dark nights, with no moon and quite late—after midnight. They were just the same—flashes—like a man swinging a torch up and down and each time just those six flashes."

Despite a good deal more questioning Japle had nothing more to tell, but, apart from that, Malcolm had learnt, their meeting had had the good result of establishing a sort of friendship between them; and before the night was over, Malcolm had secured a promise that if Japle saw the lights again, or if he discovered anything else that looked suspicious, he would come more promptly in him.

An hour later Adhemar and Cornelle returned. The body found on the river was Mortimer's. It bore no sign of violence.

Both the Recoules had obviously now accepted the police view of his death—not unnatural, Malcolm realized, because that view must have held a little comfort for them.

"We seem to have made too much out of very little," Cornelle said, "and old Maraka's imagination has been running riot. You've always got to be careful of what natives say and think, you know, Malcolm, even when it is a chap like Maraka."

They hardly spoke on the way home. After luncheon Malcolm went for a tramp, leaving Adhemar and Cornelle to compose a letter to Mortimer's father. When he returned, Ed Maraka, who had been watching for him, told him that they had walked over to Campsie, and that his tea was ready in the dining-room.

"You've heard what the police say, Maraka," Malcolm said. "They say that Baas Mortimer's death was an accident."

Maraka shook his head sadly.

"The police baas, him like big white road. Him no like little foot path."

CHAPTER XIV ANOTHER DEATH

A fortnight had elapsed since the recovery of Mortimer's body, and the inquest, having been adjourned, the police theory of how he had met his death, the wave of excitement had ebbed.

Malcolm had started in earnest his apprenticeship to farming, but on this morning Cornelle, who seemed to find increasing business to transact at Campsie, called him from his work of a broken plough, to accompany him there.

They went direct to the Campsie byres, where, indeed, the only business to be transacted was that they found Cynthia, radiant in gum boots and waterproof, busy weighing milk. Malcolm left Cornelle to help her, and went to see the calves. Tom was feeding them, and before long Channing came striding through the orchard, and joined him.

"Hallo, Malcolm," he said in high spirits, "now you'll see what this country can do. Man, I tell you that if we could have rains like this every month, there'd be nothing to beat this country. You wouldn't get land for £10 a morgen—you'd pay £50 and have to take anything you could get."

"I'll buy next month or the one after," said Malcolm, "£5 during a drought will suit me just as well."

"Just a minute," Channing interrupted, and went to give the milk to the boy feeding the calves. "Tom tell January to herd those Basutoiland cattle on the 'bult' to-day; and no nonsense this time. Don't want to see them in the contention, even if it does rain; there's no grass here, and the Missis wants it for the milk cows."

"Been doing another of your deals in Basutoiland cattle?"

"Yes, but, man, they're a rough lot this time," answered Channing appreciatively.

There was a lull in the conversation, and Malcolm turned to listen, fascinated, to one of the farm boys, conducting, with astounding ease, a conversation with another boy in the squatter village across the valley, fully a mile away.

"It's amazing how their voices

carry," he began; but Channing cut him short.

"What's that, Johannes?" he was shouting to the boy. "Dead? When? How did it happen? Tell him to tell you quickly."

"The routine work that a minute before was being carried out so smoothly and placidly, had become hopelessly disorganized. Milkers left the byre in a body, and had crowded round Johannes, joining in his efforts to communicate with the messenger of that startling news. Minutes passed before Malcolm could get Channing to reply to his questions, and when he did it was with such evident distress that Malcolm felt he could not detain him.

"Man, Japle van Stellen is dead. He fell off his horse last night in the storm, just outside his stables—broke his neck. The old man heard the horse and went out, but Japle was dead already. I must go and see the old man."

He walked away rapidly, and Malcolm stood gazing after him, seeing not Channing's sturdy figure riding through the wet grass, but a horseman cantering up a moonlit track to a lonely home—Japle coming home on his grey, which knew the road so well and never made a mistake. . . . He went to look for Cynthia and Cornelle and found, to his relief, that they had left for the home-stead before the news had arrived. But next moment he saw Cornelle hastening towards him.

"Have you heard? They burst out simultaneously as they met."

"Yes," Cornelle replied quickly. "I've seen Chan. This business has got me absolutely beat. Two men, both good riders on horses they knew well, coming home along familiar roads, and two fatal accidents, caused by who knows what, in less than three weeks. I'll soon be believing in what the natives say—that the district is bewitched. Come on, Malcolm, let's get back. We must tell Father about this."

Adhemar was standing at the top of the veranda steps, polishing his spectacles.

"We must go over at once, Cornelle; his father will expect us to go. You will come too, Mr. Green?"

Distress and urgency were mingled in Adhemar's tone.

Malcolm knew that he would want to get out immediately, to offer his condolences to van Stellen, but had hardly expected to be asked to accompany him. He assented, however, never doubting that Adhemar would accept his offer to drive him over by car. But with something of the sackcloth and ashes spirit of his Huguenot ancestors, Adhemar seemed determined to make the ordeal as unpleasant as possible, for he firmly declined the offer, saying that van Stellen, who hated cars, would like it as an insult, and insisted that they must drive over in the buggy.

(To be continued)

E. V. McMillan Laid To Rest

LAST POST SOUNDED AT THE GRAVESIDE; VETERANS DROP POPPIES

(Sault Ste. Marie Star, July 4)

To the sound of trumpets wailing the sad notes of the Last Post, a sound he had often heard after hard fought actions in France, Major E. V. McMillan, K. C. M. C., was buried in Greenwood Cemetery yesterday afternoon.

Fast by his resting place, before the casket was hidden from sight, filed his many comrades of war days. Medals clinking, trophies that spoke eloquently of long years in the trenches overseas, where the deceased won the Military Cross for valor, the veterans moved past. And as they went they deposited their own simple but touching tribute, the little red poppy that each wore at his lapel.

The veterans tribute was part of the funeral service, conducted by President D. Rout of the Legion, with which legion members lay all their comrades in their final resting places. It followed the regular service conducted by the Very Rev. Den P. A. Paris. Trumpeters C. Duncan and W. Jannison sounded the Last Post.

Service at St. Luke's

Following a private service at the home of the deceased, citizens of all walks of life thronged St. Luke's Pro-Cathedral to pay their last tribute of respect to an esteemed and respected citizen. City officials, members and ex-members of the Dominion and provincial parliaments, members of the Conservative Party whose candidate he was at the time of his death, representatives from the Y. M. C. A. and the Y's men's Club, the mayor and members of the city council, representatives from the Sault Ste. Marie Regiment, Legion men, Great War veterans of both the city and district, jurists, members of the Bar Association, followed from the highest to the lowest, jammed the Pro-Cathedral to honor the memory of a good soldier and citizen.

The draped bronze casket was met at the church door by Dean Paris who had it conveyed to its appointed position within the chancel where it rested beneath the banner of the Sault Ste. Marie Regiment, which was there when the men returned from overseas.

The prescribed service of the Church of England was read by the dean during which were sung favorite hymns of the deceased: "Unto the Hills Around" and "Safe in the Arms of Jesus."

Address by Dean Paris

Dean Paris said: "It is with a deep sense of personal loss we are assembled here to perform the last rites for one who, whether we knew him intimately or not, has commanded our utmost respect. His integrity, his courtesy, his high sense of responsibility was known to all. His distinguished and courageous record as a soldier who fought overseas is well known. He was interested always in all good projects for the benefit of his community. His kindly deeds which he performed so unostentatiously for those with whom he came into contact and who needed his aid will always be remembered by those he served. He never advertised his qualities, his good deeds, but it was impossible in meeting him, not to sense his desire to aid others. From those who were his grateful recipients we learn how much his friendship meant to them in an hour of need. He was a noble gentleman, a true patriot, a sincere Christian. Fairness and justice, and the utmost consideration marked the performance of all the duties which in the interest of his profession re-

BRINGS INSTANT EASE

from PAINS, SPRAINS, BRUISES, BURNS, RHEUMATIC ACHEs

HINARD'S

REUMATISM RUBBING LINIMENT

ATHLETES FOOT? USE ZAM-BUK

quired performance. We shall miss him from our midst but his memory will always be hallowed. For my part I cannot but believe his good influence will be felt for a long time to come amongst us, for from that high estate that is now his he will remember the place and the people for whom he labored so faithfully.

"Death is not extinction. It is promotion. The soul is housed in a nat-

ural body and it is the real self. It is the soul and all its attributes that entered him to us. His soul, indeed, produced his character, and knowing the source of that loving kindness that was always his surely we cannot doubt but that his traits of character will be intensified and will continue to work for the good of those he knew and loved.

"Meanwhile we know well that he had well earned promotion and with confidence we can commend him to the loving care of the Master whose people he served so well.

"To those whose hearts are shaken with the sense of a deep and personal loss, to the members of his family, the sympathy of the whole community goes out as is evident by this great assembly here today.

Dean Paris closed with a parting message to the bereaved friends and relatives of the deceased giving assurance of a reunion to come, made possible through the death and resurrection of Christ.

The body was borne to its last resting place by past presidents of the Canadian legion and old military associates. The pall bearers were: Dr. J. E. Gimby, Sheriff Dr. R. E. Stone, William W. Lightfoot, W. H. Birks, Col. E. S. Hamilton, K. C., M. P., and John L. Lang.

Honorary pall bearers were: His Honor Judge P. Stone; Dr. J. M. Roby representing the Hon. Dr. Marlon, Dominion Conservative leader; T. E. Simpson; Hon. James Lyons; Mayor Albert Grigg; of Bruce Mines; Mayor W. J. McMeekin, D. J. Rout, president of the Canadian Legion, P. T. Rowland, K.C. past president Sault Ste. Marie Law Association; W. C. Frana vice president Flummier Memorial Hospital; W. R. Werther, past president, Y. M. C. A.; I. S. Watkinson, past president Y's men's Club; A. Brewer,

Dr. Eduard Benes Sails for England

NEW YORK, July 12—(AP)—Dr. Eduard Benes, former president of Czechoslovakia, sailed for England today saying he believed "my country will soon be free again, very soon," and that he "never had any doubts" about the future development of the country.

Major McMillan, who is so kindly remembered here is a brother of Mr. Venn, M. M. (with bear) officer commanding the Sault Ste. Marie-Sudbury Regiment.

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HERE'S SPEEDY WELCOME RELIEF FOR TENDER ACHING SWOLLEN FEET

Your feet may be so swollen and inflamed that you feel as if you couldn't walk another step. Your shoes feel as if they are cutting right into the flesh. You feel sick all over with the pain and distress—you'd give anything to get relief.

Two or three applications of Moone's Emerald Oil and in 15 minutes you get relief from the pain and distress. You'll get the surprise of your life.

No matter how discouraged you have been with powders, foot-baths or other applications; if you have not tried Emerald Oil then you have something to learn.

It's a splendid formula—the combination of essential oils with camphor and other cooling, soothing ingredients that thousands of bottles are sold annually.

Every good druggist sells Moone's Emerald Oil—satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

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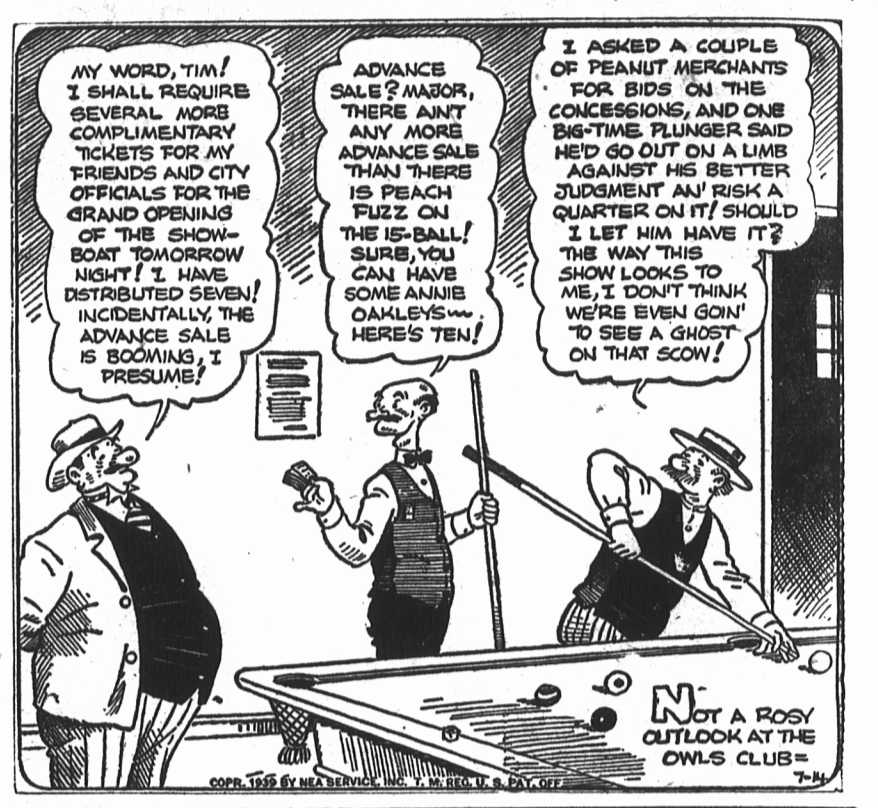
peak near the Nepal-Sikkim front in August, 1940. Negotiations with the Indian government for

OUT OUR WAY



By J. R. Williams

OUR BOARDING HOUSE



With Major Hoople

BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManis

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Thimble Theatre. Starring POPEYE



TIPPIE AND "CAP" STUBBS



By Edwina

TILLIE, THE TOILER -- SECOND CHOICE IS SAFER FOR MAC.



By Westov81