

The Riddle of the Riderless Horse

By JEAN & CYRIL CASALIS

"If it is possible!" he exclaimed. "Would you have believed it? I cannot believe it now! Channing gone, and George Loftus dead!"

"What happened?" demanded Malcolm. "I caved in just before the end."

When George Loftus broke his neck after nearly assassinating you, when he fell down the river bank, and knocked Channing into the river, and Cornelle and Maxie jumped into the water after Channing, but in that raging torrent, it was madness—they could easily have been drowned themselves, and for what good? No, they did not find him, and it is certain that he is drowned. He and Loftus, although they were old friends, deserved what they got, the rascals!

"And all for the sake of drink running," Malcolm said. "Liquor running? Adhemar exclaimed scornfully. 'Diamonds! What always said.' 'I B. D. By Jove!' 'And gun running,' Adhemar added reverently. 'What?' 'They were doing all that? How do you know?' 'Tom, confounded rascal—I never liked that boy; he told the police. And they found them—a whole party of about a dozen. Some of them were in his room, some in the room next to it, some in the room next to that. I say that if there are diamonds in Basutoland, they are in the hands of those who are in the room next to that. There's only the river in between, you know; you must remember that."

But the old man did not pause for Malcolm to reply. "Old Petros, the boat boy, was here just now. He says that that famous boat of theirs—sixty and ammunition! The police have them, and Petros saw them with his own eyes this morning. Would you have believed that, you?" "I begin to understand," replied Malcolm soberly. "Why Mortimer was killed, and then Japie and that boy Sam." "And that poor child Cynthia?" "Lord, yes," said Malcolm. "What happened to her? Did she take it? Adhemar hurriedly took his watch from his pocket. "The buggy must be ready," he said. "I must go. Cornelle is marrying Cynthia to-day—by special licence—in Brandfontein. He is taking her away to Durban at once. Poor child she is very upset. I must go. I'll be back this afternoon."

He rose and walked towards the door, but turned half-way and said, "And you?" he exclaimed. "What are you doing still out of bed, when I told you you mustn't get up? Into bed, my boy; and don't move till I come back."

"You think it's all right," blurted out Malcolm, suddenly realizing the part he had played in Cynthia's bereavement; "give them my love and say I am sorry."

"You! You did quite right. We have been cheated too long. By and by Cynthia will know too."

CHAPTER XXIX CURIOUS CONFESSION

"Well, if you're quite certain," said Malcolm, "that Cynthia is determined to sell the piece, and that you yourself have no feeling in the matter I'd love to buy it."

"Good man," replied Cornelle, "that's a great relief to me. Cynthia wouldn't live here at any price; and as for myself, I feel quite differently about the whole thing, because it's you."

"Right, then that's settled," said Malcolm, and the two friends shook hands formally over the bargain. They were sitting on the Campsie veranda on the day of Cynthia's return, and Cornelle's return from their honeymoon, within sight of the river, and the scene of those events which, in less than two months, had wrought such a change in their future."

"Then you don't resent my share in that wretched business?" Malcolm asked. "Ever since that night I've wanted to tell you how rotten I felt about it, but I didn't like to write. I swear to you, old lad, that until I fired that very pistol, I had absolutely no idea that it was Channing and Loftus."

"I know. They had us on toast, just as much as you. What I still can't get over is Channing's cold-bloodedness. And what a consummate actor! Just think, that on that night when he knocked him up to tell him about Mortimer, he was as ordinary and phlegmatic as he was always; and he had just got home after his first murder, and Cynthia, his own sister—just think of it."

"Perhaps you'd like to know the true reason for that dirty bit of work," said Malcolm, "and, as it happens, explanation of the whole business, from A to Z. I had a letter this morning; you'll never guess from whom. A most interesting epistle, from our friend Kerriwallt."

"In the flesh, old bird; and written to the life. But hang on; I'll get it, and you can read the amazing document yourself."

UNDOING INGENUITY

When Malcolm, who, since Cynthia's and Cornelle's departure had been living at Campsie and managing the farm, had returned with drinks, he and Cornelle filled their glasses, and Malcolm read Dr. Kerriwallt's letter. It was headed Lorraine Marquis.

"My Dear Green,—In order that you may the better understand my unfortunate position, I shall explain my connection with the Loftus-Channing combination from its inception. "Three and a half years ago, Channing, who was lamentably short of money, and who owed Loftus more than he could ever hope to repay, discovered by accident, the secret passage that connects the Campsie cave with the river. A few days later Loftus arrived on one of his periodic visits of taxation. His fertile brain did not take long to assess the value of this tunnel. Here was a way of opening a canteen in Basutoland, which, as Mr. Recouille always realized, would make you a millionaire in no time. It was a safe venture for Loftus, and Channing, never at any time very scrupulous, did not take much thought to come in. It was an afterthought, let me add, of Loftus's brain. He was aware of my own little weakness, and frankly, I did not need much urging. After all, to a soul that is forever thirsty, a case a week free gratis merely on condition that it shine a harmless little torch six times from the police post, is not to be despised. The object, I should say, of my signals, was to assure our friends on the river that the police were not on patrol—an unlikely enough possibility in any case, but one which had to be eliminated, for this was to be a safe game. And, it was a safe game for three solid years. The trade developed into one in which diamonds, and then arms, were included, and before the end of the first year my own honorarium had been increased to two cases. "Nothing was left to chance. The whole scheme was fool-proof. Our friend Manko, the chief, who, you know, an old racing friend of Loftus, entered wholeheartedly in the spirit of the trade. He readily took on the role of commission and delivery agent, besides being our chief customer; indeed, he made everything still safer for coming sole agent and distributor of our commodities. We dealt with him alone, and payments were all in kind—cattle and diamonds on one side, and drink and arms on the other, and you will realize that there was no difficulty in accounting for inconveniently large amounts deposited in the bank, when Channing could pretend to do so regular a speculative trade in Basutoland cattle."

"That is how Manko came to close that path to the river. It gave his minions greater privacy on the river bank, though that was hardly necessary. All officers were already known to every native as the lair of the mythical serpent, the great Kwenia. One or two natives saw the boat cross when the trade first began. That was enough. The news of the snake spread far and wide through Basutoland, and ensured us absolute safety; and I doubt that even now you would get natives going to that part of the river at night."

(To be Continued)

Kenneth Jay Elected District Master

The annual district meeting of Hillsboro District L. O. L. was held in Rose Lodge, Mt. Herbert, on July 18th, and was largely attended. All officers were present and also the County Master Bro. J. H. Colwill who gave a very inspiring address of the work done in the district and county. There were also several Grand Lodge officers present namely Bro. J. H. Colwill, J. D. G. M., and C. M.; Bro. A. A. McCullum, Grand Chaplain; Bro. C. V. S. Bentley, Grand Marshal; Bro. G. A. Cudmore, D. Grand Secretary. All those spoke briefly on the work done in the Right Worshipful Grand Lodge of P. E. I. The District report showed a great increase in membership, especially in Mt. Pleasant, Fanningbrook. There are four lodges in connection with the Hillsboro District namely: Rose, Mt. Herbert, Carnation, Milvieve, and Fanningbrook. After the election and installation of officers took place for the ensuing year as follows: District Master, Kenneth Jay; District Deputy, J. R. Munn; District Chaplain, Wm. McDonald; Dis. R. Secretary, G. A. Cudmore; Dis. P. Sect'y, J. W. Jay; Dis. Treasurer, A. A. McCullum; Dis. First Lecturer, C. W. Bentley; Dis. Deputy Lecturer, Roland Jay. Auditors: J. A. MacDonald, J. R. Munn, Past District Master, Roland MacDonald.

PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION

Spinning and Weaving

Send me your wool to be spun into yarn and then into blankets. The charges are: 23 cents for single yarn, doubled 26 cents per pound. Blankets cost \$2.00 laundered; and if unlaundered \$1.85. It takes five pounds of wool per blanket. Wool must be well washed, all burrs and dirt picked out. The size of single yarn medium, and doubled yarn, is fine, medium and coarse, also hooking yarn. For shippers' name, address, owners name and instructions inside all parcels. Send by mail or freight. Freight will be paid on 100 pound lot. Price of well washed, dry, picked, white wool is 23 cents per pound. Price for unwashed wool 12 cents cash, 14 cents trade. Auto robes, blankets and Fancy Bed Throws for sale. WM. CONDON P. O. Box 395 65 Queen Street, Charlottetown L-724-4-26-71-W-May 26 AUG 26

Today's Short Wave Radio Program

(All Time is Eastern Standard) WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 2 MOSCOW 4:00 p. m.—Broadcast in English. RAN, 9.6 meg., 31m. BERLIN 6:16 p. m.—Variety Concert. DJD, 11.77 meg., 25.4 m. LONDON 6:26 p. m.—"You're the Girl"—Musical comedy. GSF, 15.14 meg.

19.8 m.—GSD, 11.75 meg., 25.5 m.; GSB, 9.51 meg., 31.5 m. NEW YORK 6:56 p. m.—Musical Program. OLR4A, 15.23 meg., 19.7 m. BUDAPEST 7:00 p. m.—Chorus. HAT4, 9.13 meg., 32.8 m. NEW YORK 7:16 p. m.—Rhapsody Hour. W3X AL, 9.97 meg., 31 m. ROME 7:30 p. m.—Light Music; Italian Lesson. 2RO, 11.81 meg., 25.4 m.; IRF, 9.83 meg., 30.5 m. SENECHADY 7:45 p. m.—Slumber Hour. W2X AF, 9.53 meg., 31.4 m. EINDHOVEN 8:26 p. m.—PEOPH Program for America. FCJ, 9.59 meg., 31.2 m.

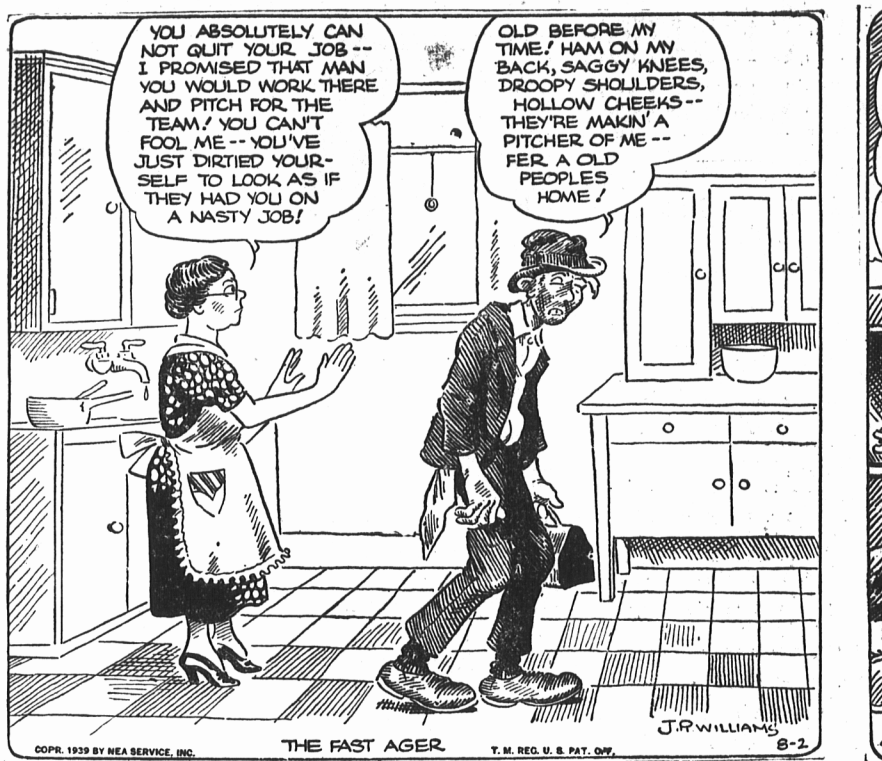
NEW YORK 9:30 p. m.—American Viewpoints. Guest Speakers. W2XZ, 11.83 meg., 25.3 m. LONDON 9:45 p. m.—"The Auld Alliance"—An affirmation of the closest friendship between the Kingdoms of France and Scotland. GSI, 15.26 meg., 19.6 m.; GSD, 11.75 meg., 25.5 m.; GSB, 9.51 meg., 31.5 m. GUATEMALA CITY 10:00 p. m.—Opera. TGWA, 9.68 meg., 31.1 m. PITTSBURGH 11:00 p. m.—Dance Music. W3XK, 6.14 meg., 46.8 m. CINCINNATI 11:00 p. m.—Latin American Music. W3XAL, 5.06 meg., 49.5 m.

HARDEST HOLIDAYER NEEDS NIGHT COMFORT The back-to-nature movement currently popular in furnishing summer homes is not an advisable one to follow when it comes to providing mattresses, springs and pillows for cottages and camps, bedding experts agree. Vacation days are spent in getting healthily tired and even the hardest vacationist needs a good civilized bed to fall into at night. Summer homes should be equipped with new, sturdy built mattresses, springs and pillows that are equal in quality and comfort to those used at home. Under no circumstances, if the summer holidays are to be really restful, should par-

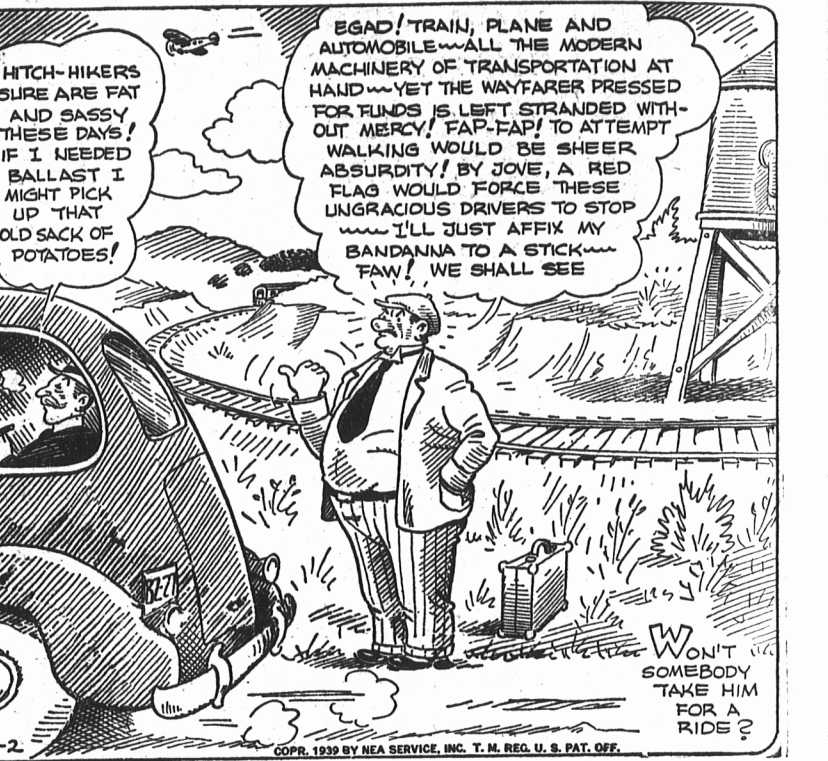
cially worn-out bedding equipment be taken to summer abodes to "finish them out." THE RIGHT FOUNDATION A really satisfactory foundation garment is rarely purchased hurriedly. Only slight adjustments may be necessary to make it fit perfectly, but it is always safer to have an experienced corsetiere make them. Chances are, if you have faulty faults, the right foundation will either correct them entirely or soften them to such an extent that they are barely noticeable. There is a right and a wrong way to put on a foundation garment. Have your corsetiere instruct you about that, too. Incorrectly donned, even a good foundation may wrinkle and strain.

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OUT OUR WAY



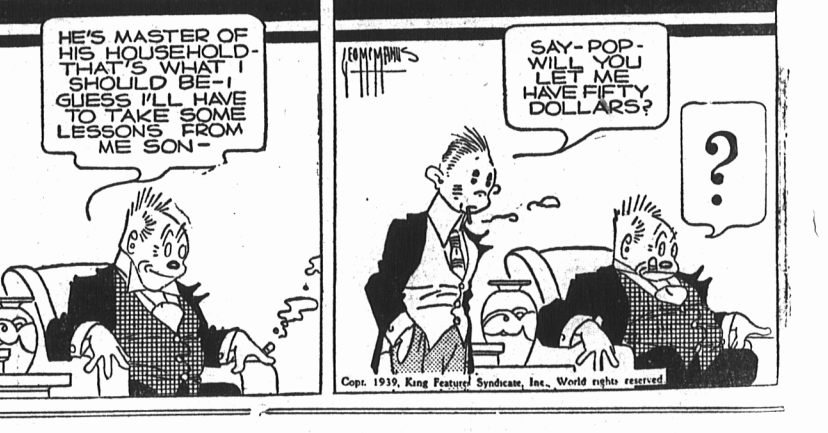
OUR BOARDING HOUSE



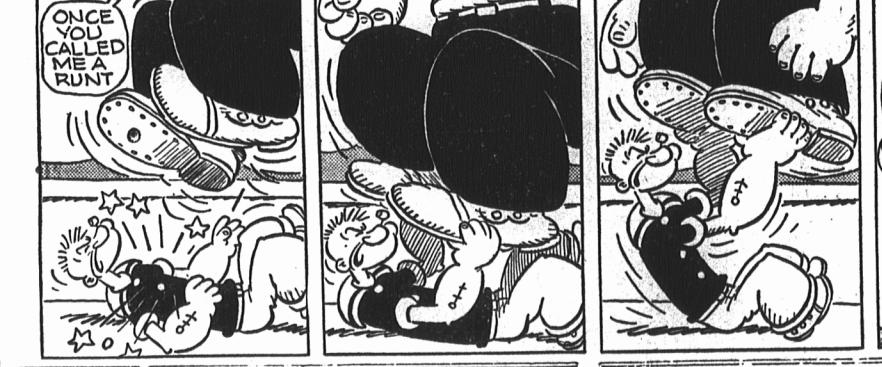
BRINGING UP FATHER



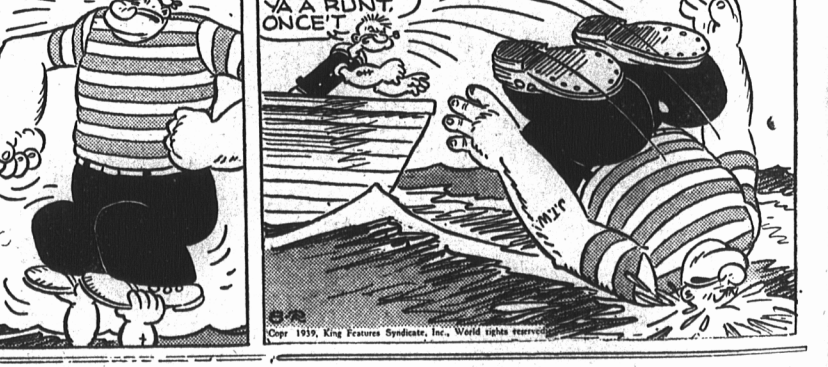
By George McMa



Thimble Theatre, Starring POPEYE



TIPPIE AND "CAP" STUBBS



LEMMIE SEE -- WE'VE GOT FORTY-SEVEN DOLLARS LEFT -- I CAN DRAW A LIL' MORE -- BUT, WELL, I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO GO HOME PRETTY SOON NOW --



WE CAN ONLY STAY A LIL' WHILE LONGER -- 'CUZ WE ONLY GOT FORTY-SEVEN DOLLARS LEFT --



TILLIE THE TOILER



MAC STILL HAS A CHANCE -- MAYBE!



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