

The Riddle of the Riderless Horse

By JEAN & CYRIL CASALIS

CHAPTER VIII

WHAT THE NATIVE KNEW

As Adhemar walked away Joseph resumed the interrupted conversation. "We were talking about liquor just now, Mr. Green. You should see the doctor who lives close to my store. He has passed more examinations than most doctors in this country. He is very very smart too, but he drinks like a fish and even kaffir beer now, because he can't get a permit for brandy."

It was then that Malcolm saw his opportunity. Thanks to the Rescoule brothers he had, in a very short time, learnt a good deal about the natives of the district, but so far he knew very little of the Rescoules' European neighbourhood. There was no knowing — it might be useful to know something about them.

"What a pretty girl Miss Channing is," he said tentatively, and Joseph promptly rose to the bait. "Very very pretty," he agreed heartily, "and very smart. Do you know that she looks after all her brother's cows? She only started two years ago, and since then they have paid. It wasn't like that before, Mr. Green."

"I didn't know she'd been here such a short time. I thought she'd been on the farm all her life." "Oh no. Her father died when she was very young, and he made his friend, Mr. Loftus, the guardian of Cynthia and her brother. In those days old George Loftus hadn't got the money he has now, but he was good to them. He spoilt them, and it wasn't his fault that Chan left school too early, and hasn't got polished like his pretty sister."

But Chan is a good boy and a good farmer, and even a better spectaculor. He is doing a very big business in Basistoland, and of course he is lucky—he has George Loftus to see that he doesn't get humbugged when he sends his cattle off to be sold."

But Malcolm's education was cut short at this stage by Adhemar's and Cornelle's return. Joseph stayed to supper, and when at last he left, Adhemar accompanied him as was his custom, for part of the way. Malcolm and Cornelle had only just returned to the dining room, after seeing the brothers off, when Maraka came in.

"The near ring of the bridle . . . and the off side of the saddle . . . Malcolm was thinking aloud. "Then, suddenly, he leapt to his feet. "By gosh, Maraka, I see! You mean he was pulled off!" Cornelle swung round aghast. "What do you mean, Malcolm? How do you get that?" "Don't you see, old lad? If you fell off on the near side of your horse and hung on to the reins, you'd pull the off side ring off the bit into your horse's mouth. If Mortimer had had an ordinary fall, the scratches and the dirty ring would be on the same side. Mortimer didn't pull that ring into his horse's mouth. Someone else did."

"But if they did? If someone tried to stop him why didn't he lay him out?" "The chances are that it wasn't just one person—that someone else did the pulling off and the hitting; those rowsel marks are plain enough now." "Now that the baas him know," interposed Maraka with apparent relief. "Maraka him go to him little children." A slow smile broke over Malcolm's face as the door closed behind Maraka.

"And he's a native cook on a far-away Free State farm," he mused aloud, entranced by the subtlety of the whole piece of reasoning. He spoke aloud, involuntarily, then turned in quick remorse to Cornelle, realising that if, for himself, Maraka's deductions were the dominating interest; for Cornelle they brought only proof that some inexplicable disaster had befallen his friend.

Cornelle, still dazed, was standing with the bride in his hand. "Bed for you," said Malcolm. They walked out together, and as Malcolm turned to go to his room Cornelle spoke at last. "This is a big thing, Malcolm. It's only just begun for us."

"I'm with you," Malcolm answered. "I can't get over this business of Mortimer," he began, when he had roused Malcolm to face the new day. "I'd like, to talk it over. I think we should go straight to the police and explain how Maraka sees it."

Malcolm thought for a moment before answering. It was perfectly natural that Cornelle should want to lay every shred of evidence before the police, but, after all, all that they had to reveal was Maraka's reading of the marks on the bridle and saddle. Was it likely that evidence of that kind, founded on nothing more solid than a native's reasoning from marks which the sergeant had already examined and explained, would carry any weight? (To be Continued)

CHAPTER IX

MALCOLM WINS

Cornelle was already dressed by the time the first gleams of the rising sun reached the roundel window. "I can't get over this business of Mortimer," he began, when he had roused Malcolm to face the new day. "I'd like, to talk it over. I think we should go straight to the police and explain how Maraka sees it."

Malcolm thought for a moment before answering. It was perfectly natural that Cornelle should want to lay every shred of evidence before the police, but, after all, all that they had to reveal was Maraka's reading of the marks on the bridle and saddle. Was it likely that evidence of that kind, founded on nothing more solid than a native's reasoning from marks which the sergeant had already examined and explained, would carry any weight? (To be Continued)

Malcolm thought for a moment before answering. It was perfectly natural that Cornelle should want to lay every shred of evidence before the police, but, after all, all that they had to reveal was Maraka's reading of the marks on the bridle and saddle. Was it likely that evidence of that kind, founded on nothing more solid than a native's reasoning from marks which the sergeant had already examined and explained, would carry any weight? (To be Continued)

Malcolm thought for a moment before answering. It was perfectly natural that Cornelle should want to lay every shred of evidence before the police, but, after all, all that they had to reveal was Maraka's reading of the marks on the bridle and saddle. Was it likely that evidence of that kind, founded on nothing more solid than a native's reasoning from marks which the sergeant had already examined and explained, would carry any weight? (To be Continued)

Malcolm thought for a moment before answering. It was perfectly natural that Cornelle should want to lay every shred of evidence before the police, but, after all, all that they had to reveal was Maraka's reading of the marks on the bridle and saddle. Was it likely that evidence of that kind, founded on nothing more solid than a native's reasoning from marks which the sergeant had already examined and explained, would carry any weight? (To be Continued)

Malcolm thought for a moment before answering. It was perfectly natural that Cornelle should want to lay every shred of evidence before the police, but, after all, all that they had to reveal was Maraka's reading of the marks on the bridle and saddle. Was it likely that evidence of that kind, founded on nothing more solid than a native's reasoning from marks which the sergeant had already examined and explained, would carry any weight? (To be Continued)

Malcolm thought for a moment before answering. It was perfectly natural that Cornelle should want to lay every shred of evidence before the police, but, after all, all that they had to reveal was Maraka's reading of the marks on the bridle and saddle. Was it likely that evidence of that kind, founded on nothing more solid than a native's reasoning from marks which the sergeant had already examined and explained, would carry any weight? (To be Continued)

Malcolm thought for a moment before answering. It was perfectly natural that Cornelle should want to lay every shred of evidence before the police, but, after all, all that they had to reveal was Maraka's reading of the marks on the bridle and saddle. Was it likely that evidence of that kind, founded on nothing more solid than a native's reasoning from marks which the sergeant had already examined and explained, would carry any weight? (To be Continued)

Malcolm thought for a moment before answering. It was perfectly natural that Cornelle should want to lay every shred of evidence before the police, but, after all, all that they had to reveal was Maraka's reading of the marks on the bridle and saddle. Was it likely that evidence of that kind, founded on nothing more solid than a native's reasoning from marks which the sergeant had already examined and explained, would carry any weight? (To be Continued)

Malcolm thought for a moment before answering. It was perfectly natural that Cornelle should want to lay every shred of evidence before the police, but, after all, all that they had to reveal was Maraka's reading of the marks on the bridle and saddle. Was it likely that evidence of that kind, founded on nothing more solid than a native's reasoning from marks which the sergeant had already examined and explained, would carry any weight? (To be Continued)

Malcolm thought for a moment before answering. It was perfectly natural that Cornelle should want to lay every shred of evidence before the police, but, after all, all that they had to reveal was Maraka's reading of the marks on the bridle and saddle. Was it likely that evidence of that kind, founded on nothing more solid than a native's reasoning from marks which the sergeant had already examined and explained, would carry any weight? (To be Continued)

Malcolm thought for a moment before answering. It was perfectly natural that Cornelle should want to lay every shred of evidence before the police, but, after all, all that they had to reveal was Maraka's reading of the marks on the bridle and saddle. Was it likely that evidence of that kind, founded on nothing more solid than a native's reasoning from marks which the sergeant had already examined and explained, would carry any weight? (To be Continued)

Malcolm thought for a moment before answering. It was perfectly natural that Cornelle should want to lay every shred of evidence before the police, but, after all, all that they had to reveal was Maraka's reading of the marks on the bridle and saddle. Was it likely that evidence of that kind, founded on nothing more solid than a native's reasoning from marks which the sergeant had already examined and explained, would carry any weight? (To be Continued)

Malcolm thought for a moment before answering. It was perfectly natural that Cornelle should want to lay every shred of evidence before the police, but, after all, all that they had to reveal was Maraka's reading of the marks on the bridle and saddle. Was it likely that evidence of that kind, founded on nothing more solid than a native's reasoning from marks which the sergeant had already examined and explained, would carry any weight? (To be Continued)

Malcolm thought for a moment before answering. It was perfectly natural that Cornelle should want to lay every shred of evidence before the police, but, after all, all that they had to reveal was Maraka's reading of the marks on the bridle and saddle. Was it likely that evidence of that kind, founded on nothing more solid than a native's reasoning from marks which the sergeant had already examined and explained, would carry any weight? (To be Continued)

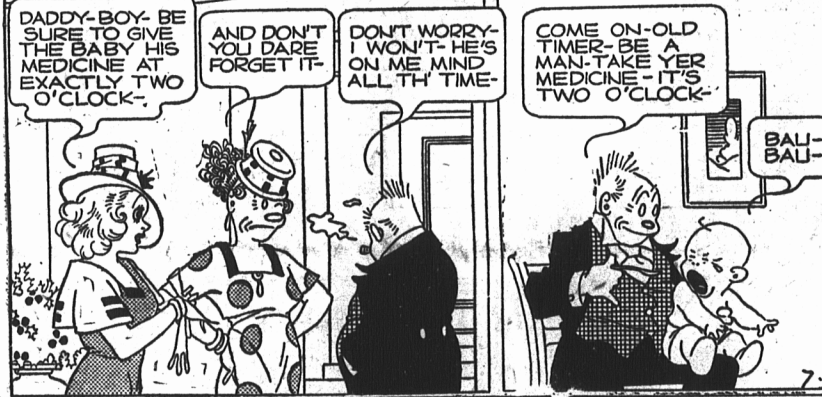
Malcolm thought for a moment before answering. It was perfectly natural that Cornelle should want to lay every shred of evidence before the police, but, after all, all that they had to reveal was Maraka's reading of the marks on the bridle and saddle. Was it likely that evidence of that kind, founded on nothing more solid than a native's reasoning from marks which the sergeant had already examined and explained, would carry any weight? (To be Continued)

Malcolm thought for a moment before answering. It was perfectly natural that Cornelle should want to lay every shred of evidence before the police, but, after all, all that they had to reveal was Maraka's reading of the marks on the bridle and saddle. Was it likely that evidence of that kind, founded on nothing more solid than a native's reasoning from marks which the sergeant had already examined and explained, would carry any weight? (To be Continued)

OUR WAY



BRINGING UP FATHER



Thimble Theatre, Starring POPEYE



TIPPIE AND "CAP" STUBBS



TILLIE THE TOILER



In Memoriam

MRS. W. N. WALDRON

There passed peacefully away at her home in Tyne Valley on May 27, Jennie, beloved wife of Mr. W. N. Waldron, at the early age of 87 years. Although a great sufferer she was so bright and cheerful that her death came as a distinct shock to her relatives and friends.

By J. R. Williams

OUR BOARDING HOUSE



By George McManus

NOTICE

J. S. Taylor, Optometrist and Jeweler of Alberton is moving to Charlottetown as manager with the firm of E. W. Taylor, Richmond Street, beginning July 10. But for the convenience of his western patrons intends to visit Alberton on Saturday of each week until further notice.

E. W. and J. S. Taylor take this opportunity to express appreciation of the patronage of their respective customers and hope by good work and satisfactory service to receive their continued favor.

Professional Cards

D. F. ARCHIBALD
Chartered Accountant
140 Richmond Street
Phone 47. P. O. Box 12

MCLEOD & BENTLEY
W. E. BENTLEY, K. C.
J. A. BENTLEY, K. C.
C. F. BENTLEY, LL.B.
Barristers and Attorney-at-Law
180 Richmond Street

Professional Fumigator and Exterminator
Guaranteed extermination of all Vermin Rodents, etc.
GEORGE C. WILDE
Phone 55 or Write 141 Great George Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

PALMER & HASLAM
E. J. PALMER, K. C.
A. J. HASLAM, B. A., LL.B.
BARRISTERS, ETC.
Bank of Nova Scotia Chambers, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
MONEY TO LOAN
Phone 55 P. O. Box 12

CUTCLIFFE & ANDREWS
FUNERAL DIRECTORS
AND EMBALMERS
Hunter River and Bradshaw Day and Night Service.

H. F. MCPHEE, B. A., K.C.
NOTARY, &c.
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR
Bible Building, Charlottetown

BELL & MATHIESON
MONEY TO LOAN
Cameron Block, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
R. R. Bell, D. L. Mathieson, LL.B.

MacGUGAN & TRAINOR
MARE & MacGUGAN, K. C.
ST. CLAIR TRAINOR, B. A.
Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.
MONEY TO LOAN
Office: Over Provincial Bank, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

TIRED FEET
FIND INSTANT EASE WHEN YOU RUB
MINARD'S
GREAT CANADIAN RUBBING
LINIMENT