

# The Riddle of the Riderless Horse

By JEAN & CYRIL CASALIS

"A last throw! And how do you know that?"

"Left-Hand him do plenty big work to-night," repeated Maraka, and plunged at once into details of a proposed plan of campaign. Maraka was to write to Sergeant Piennar, but in order to outwit any attempt at spying, the letter should be enclosed in another to James, the chemist, whom Malcolm was to persuade to deliver his letter to the police personally.

"Jani him plenty poor black fool," explained Maraka. "Maybe older boy come to him and say, 'Oho, Jani my friend, what you going do in Brandfontein?' and Jani him say, 'Me take cream—my Baas got plenty many fine cows, milk plenty much, any me take letter police; my Baas write plenty much to police—him plenty fine Baas. And him Left-Hand, Baas him plenty sick, maybe him not know the Baas him write to the police.'"

"That's a cunning move," said Malcolm laughing, "and how do we break the news to the police?"

Maraka lowered his voice.

"The Baas him tell the police him come to-night, when all him people go to sleep, and take the road to Baas Van Stellen, and then him take the footpath to the river. Maraka him go there, and show police where to wait for to catch Left-Hand."

"And me? Where do I come in?"

"The Baas him can help with plenty heavy work. Look, Baas, Maraka's voice take to a dramatic whisper: "When all him police hiding and waiting by the river, the night him plenty dark, maybe him rain; maybe the police him not see what the Baas and Maraka him see last night. The police him no good, Baas. Him can't see plenty well in the night. How can the Baas help him, please?"

For the first time Malcolm approved of his eldest brother's queer taste in his souvenirs—very pistols, and even more of his irresponsible sister's parting joke of packing one of these and a goodly supply of its ammunition, in his heavy trunk, to confound him with the Customs. Maraka, when he had seen it and its action had been explained to him, showed by "ohos" and exhibitions of incredulous wonder, how thoroughly he approved of it; and their final plans for the night's work were quickly made.

Malcolm was to go through all the normal formalities of going to bed. He was not to get up before midnight had struck; he was to dress in the dark, and was then to creep down the Campbell, making for the point from which he and Maraka had watched the diver and was to wait there, hidden until the smuggler's craft had well and truly started from its hiding place. Then, and not a moment before, he was to fire the Very pistol—the signal which would not only bring the whole of the police rushing on the smugglers, but would light up the whole scene for them. Maraka himself would place the police. He had already asked Maraka to hemar for the afternoon off, ostensibly to visit relations in Basutoland, in reality to make a last reconnaissance of the river bank.

In the meantime Malcolm had to write the letter to the police. He did so at once as follows:—

"Dear Sergeant Piennar:—

"I have stumbled on important evidence regarding Roy Mortimer's death and Miss Channing's abduction. Both crimes were committed by liquor smugglers from Basutoland. Chance had allowed me to be an eye-witness of their operations, and I have strong reason to believe that they will bring on their last coup to-night. The gang is a determined and large one. They are armed and they use poisoned arrows. A force of at least ten is required.

"I cannot describe more than this, but if you will leave Brandfontein by devious ways, singly or in pairs, not before eleven o'clock to-night, branch off the main road near 'Van Stellen's homestead and continue along the footpath that leads to the river, you will be met by Mr. Recoullet's cook, who will guide you to the most favourable point for an attack. Above all things trust the boy. He knows the lie of the land and will tell you exactly what to do. The signal for the attack will be given by me, and will consist of a Very light fired into the air, which should simplify your job.

"A proper clean-up could be effected with the co-operation of the Basutoland police, but the utmost secrecy and silence must be preserved at all costs. This is a real show and will be worth your while. Don't fail, and give me the O. K. by ringing up at one o'clock to ask me about my car's registration number, which was taken out in Bloemfontein."

"And now for a little note to James," thought Malcolm. "Well, I'll know the value of obliging a customer."

"Dear Mr. James (he wrote):—

"I know you won't mind joining me in a little pious fraud. The enclosed is for Sergeant Piennar, and for reasons which I cannot divulge, but which I will give when I see you again, it is of the utmost importance that no one should know that I am communicating with him. Do me the great favour of taking the letter across and delivering it personally."

He called in Maraka and read him the letters.

"Kheek!" said Maraka. "Him plenty fine! But the Baas must tell Baas James him must give Jani one bottle medicine for the Baas. The Baas him plenty sick. Him want big bottle medicine—plenty big Baas; maybe him cost ten shillings. And him plenty black boy Jani, him must know him take letter to

for the Baas.

"Not much faith you've got in that poor blighter Jani," laughed Malcolm, as he made the necessary additions to his letter.

Malcolm gave Jani his letter himself, and saw him start out with the cream.

"Moving at last," he said with deep satisfaction. "If the police don't spoil it by refusing to take us seriously, we should soon get to the bottom of this mystery."

But he had not reckoned with his own friends.

## CHAPTER XXVII LAST MINUTE HITCH

The police did not fall him. At one o'clock the telephone rang, and Malcolm was ready to answer it himself. It was the sergeant who spoke, and a hint of excitement pervaded his seemingly commonplace inquiries.

"You're quite sure that's the right number?" he was saying. "If you make a mistake I'll pay for it, not you."

"You can bank on it, Sergeant. I know the number of my car by this time."

The sergeant chuckled.

"Right," he said, "but don't let me find that you've made a mistake, next time I see you!"

"Not on your life," replied Malcolm, hanging up the receiver with the jubilant feeling that even if Left-Hand himself had overheard every word of their conversation, he would have been hard-put to it to guess that another had been tied in the bonds that they were preparing for him.

But Left-Hand was not being idle. Just before he left for his afternoon off, Maraka told Malcolm that Jani had met one of the strange boys who had visited Bon Espoir in the morning, and had apparently recognized that another had been tied in the bonds that they were preparing for him.

But Left-Hand was not being idle. Just before he left for his afternoon off, Maraka told Malcolm that Jani had met one of the strange boys who had visited Bon Espoir in the morning, and had apparently recognized that another had been tied in the bonds that they were preparing for him.

(To be continued)

## Ch'Town Royalty And Vicinity

Crossing from the mainland aboard the ferry on Monday were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hardy, their daughter, Mrs. Gladys Worthington, son Malcolm and grandson Master Paul Worthington, all of New Bedford, Mass., enroute to Mrs. Hardy's old home in St. George, where they will remain for some weeks. During their stay they will be the guests of Mrs. Hardy's sister Mrs. Russell Abbott, St. George, and brother Mr. V. M. Hudson, St. Avars, Mr. Hardy, who last visited P.E.I. thirty years ago, looks upon the prevalence of motor cars, electric lights, etc., throughout the country, as something of an intrusion, from the tourist point of view.

A festival in aid of St. Eugene's Church on Covehead Road, was held on the Gulf Shore, not far from the North Shore Hotel, Stanhope. A refreshment booth and bountiful laden tea table, supplied the wants of the inner man, a bingo table and dancing booth provided amusement, whilst a starry sky, moonlit waters and the lapping of the waves on the rocks, shore added the touch of romance so much appreciated by the younger generation. Music for dancing was supplied by the Maye Bros. of West Covehead. The festival was well attended and a good time was enjoyed. It was a financial success as well.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Swan and family of St. Avars, are spending their holidays at York Point.

Master Harold Gregory (Himle) St. Avars, who has been working in V. M. Hudson's Grocery, during the school holiday, is taking a vacation and spending it with the 9th Trinity United Boy Scout troop in their camp at Fairview. These boys are assured of a good time having Scoutmaster William W. Reid (Bill) in charge.

## MR. KENNETH BRUCE STEWART

The death of Mr. Kenneth Bruce Stewart occurred on Friday of last week in the Winnipeg General Hospital. Although it was not unexpected his death came as a shock to his many relatives and friends. He was the son of Mrs. Albert Stewart, now residing with her daughter, Mrs. Wallace Williams, Summerdale, and the late Albert Stewart, formerly of Park Corner. Mr. Stewart, who was a resident of Winnipeg for over 40 years, the greater part of which he spent as an employee of the Greater Winnipeg Water District, was a man of excellent character and was another of Prince Edward Island's successful sons abroad. He was a life member of the ancient Landmark Lodge F & A.M. Many from his Island home made their home with him during their visits to Winnipeg and always found in him a warm and all the medical skill available was administered during his illness but to no avail. He visited his native Province quite frequently where he had a host of friends. Surviving are his wife, the former Florence Vivian Matthews, of North Sydney, Cape Breton, and family of Winnipeg; his mother, Mrs. Albert Stewart, Summerdale, George in Vancouver, B.C., Mrs. William Rattie, Moose Jaw, Sask., Mrs. Wallace Williams, Summerdale, Mrs. Everett McLeod, Park Corner, Mrs. George Dickson and William Stewart, New Glasgow, to all of whom sympathy is extended. His brother George Stewart and sister Mrs. Rattie visited him during his illness.

## FOR PERFUMERY

Seal your exotic winter perfumes with wax. Pack them away in a cool dark place. Take now to revelling in eau de cologne, toilet, wigs and to beguiling summer fragrances. A drop of scent on your handkerchief is good on torrid days.

Heart of Montreal  
MOUNT ROYAL HOTEL  
BUSINESS PLEASURE  
MOUNT ROYAL HOTEL

## Dowling-Matthews Nuptials

(Brandon Daily News, July 19)

The marriage of Marys, younger daughter of J. E. Matthews, M. P., and Mrs. Matthews, formerly of Charlottetown, P. E. I., to Robert Alan Dowling, of Toronto, second son of Mr. and Mrs. William Dowling, was solemnized on Saturday evening. The twilight ceremony took place amid lovely floral decorations in a private drawing room suite in the Royal York hotel in Toronto. The officiating clergyman was Rev. C. W. Leslie and the bride attendants were Mr. and Mrs. James H. Hill, of Toronto.

The bride entered the drawing room with her father, who gave her in marriage, as the Bridal Chorus was played by Miss Doris Powell of Toronto, formerly of Brandon. The bride was radiant in her wedding gown of ivory slipper satin developed on Princess lines, made with high neckline and the skirt forming a train. Miniature bows made an effective finish down the back of the gown and on the long sleeves that ended in lily points. The bridal veil was of tulle, embroidered in seed pearls and fell softly to floor length from a Queen Anne cap of velvet flowers. The bride carried a bouquet of Tokon roses, white cornflowers and baby's breath. Her only ornament was a cameo brooch, the groom's gift.

The matron of honor chose a

smart costume of cornflower blue cobweb lace, made with a wide flared floor-length skirt. The bodice was completed with a boero of pale pink tulle, and her bouquet was of cornflowers and Biarcliffe roses. The gifts to the matron of honor and pianist were dainty rhinestone link bracelets and to the groomsmen a key chain.

A wedding dinner followed the ceremony, the table being done with low silver bowls of Johanna Hill roses. Ills of the valley and gladioli. The toast to the bride was proposed by Mr. George Patterson, of Toronto, and replied to by the groom. Many messages of good wishes were received and read.

Mr. and Mrs. Dowling will reside at 281 Vaughan Road, Toronto, after their honeymoon, which is being

spent at Georgian Bay. The bride had for her travelling gown a frock of turquoise blue silk, with jacket of matching shade, the revers and cuffs being of quilted taffeta. Over this costume she wore a coat of canary yellow wool. Her hat was a picture model of lighorn, her accessories were white and her corsage of yellow roses.

## FINLAND WARS ON FOOTING

Helsingki, July 28—(CP)— Bootlegging is still flourishing in Finland despite ceaseless efforts of authorities to suppress it. Officials statistics show 73,000 gallons of contraband spirits were seized in the first six months of this year, compared with 6,500 gallons in the period of 1938.

FOR MEN'S SUITS THAT FIT

SEE

J. P. MacPHERSON & SON

155 Great George St., Charlottetown

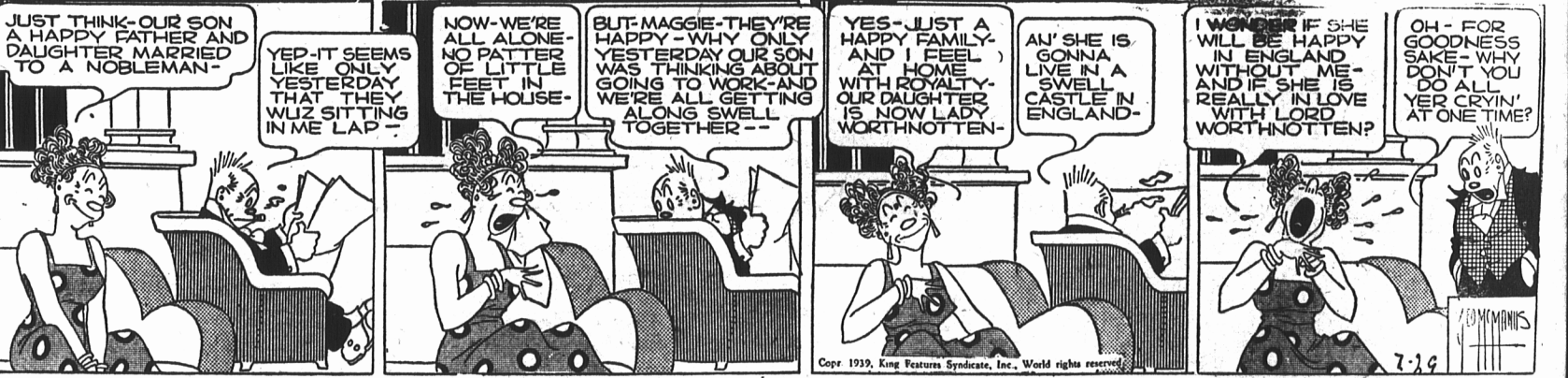
## OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



## BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



## Thimble Theatre, Starring POPEYE



## TIPPIE AND 'CAP' STUBBS

By Edwin



## TILLIE THE TOILER

## PENNIES FROM HEAVEN

By Westover

