



Malcolm did not attempt the test—Maraka's demonstration was sufficiently convincing. It would be quite unnatural for a man to lie on his back and retain his feet in a perpendicular position, for any length of time; and if those were rowel marks, their clean-cut outline showed that the feet, which had worn the spurs, had not moved during the time that they had rested on the ground.

By this time a number of boys who had taken part in the search, were drifting back. Cornelle summoned one of them, and, having posted him over the marks, he and Malcolm rode back to Bon Espoir. There was no sign of Adhemar, but they found a portly, benign-looking gentleman pacing restlessly up and down the veranda. He came towards them as once.

"This is a dreadful business, Cornelle," he said. "You haven't any news, have you?" "We've got something—and something very queer, though Malcolm seems to think it's nothing much to go by. Oh, you haven't met. This is Malcolm," he added, and proceeded to introduce Malcolm to George Loftus, Channing's legal adviser and Cynthia Channing's guardian, who had come to Campsie, from Johannesburg, a few days before.

"What have you found?" inquired Loftus, paying hardly any attention to Malcolm in his eagerness to hear Cornelle's news. "Two rowel marks on a path at the side of the road, just beyond van Stellen's spruit. And the question is whether Mortimer had on his spurs last night. We've come back to make sure. Where's father?"

"He's with Cynthia; they've just gone towards the hill, to see whether they could spot you. But what about the rowel marks? Do they point to anything? What is it about them that's queer?"

"They are so clear, and so close together, that they could only have been made by a man wearing spurs if he'd lain down there carefully—so carefully that he was probably bound, and didn't lie there of his own free will."

"What?" exclaimed Loftus, his eyes wide with horror. "Foul play? It surely can't be as bad as that; there's no rhyme or reason in it. Have the police seen the marks?"

"They haven't come yet, but as soon as we've made certain about the spurs, we're going back. We'll probably meet them."

"I'll come with you," said Loftus immediately. "I've had lots of experience of criminal work, as you know, and I may be of some help."

"Very well, my boy; it is late," Adhemar turned to Malcolm. "What do you think about it, Mr. Green?" Malcolm sat down rather wearily, on the veranda steps.

"Frankly," he said, "the sergeant's theory seems to me hopeless. Cornelle and I didn't waste time in starting, last night; and a dazed man doesn't get up and walk off, across country, so quickly as to have been out of sight and hearing, by the time that we were on the road. You're quite sure about the natives? A gang of them could have done him in?"

"No, never," Adhemar exclaimed emphatically. "The natives in Basutoland have become lazy and cheery, but they have not got as far as attacking people, and especially a white man."

"Yes, Adhemar; but remember, Maraka has told you they are drinking," Joseph's emphasis rolled a dozen r's out of the word. "And the chiefs are the worst of the lot."

"That's quite true, but they would never cross the border, Joseph, and attack a white man—never, even though it's not the ordinary kaffir beer they drink now, but that skonnkva. That is a bad drink, Mr. Green; it is illegal, but still they make it and drink it. They'll do anything for it, and even more for dop—our cheapest brandy. Mr. Green, if you want to get rich quick, get a permit to open a canteen over the border; in one week you could

buy all the farms between here and Brandfontein! Some people try smuggling, and get caught, but they are fools; they try to do it alone, instead of doing it the safe way."

"What's the safe way of smuggling?" "It is simple. Suppose you want a little extra cash, all you need do is to see that one of the hotels, or bottle stores, hears about it. Then you will soon know how safe and easy everything can be. A boy will come to your farm, pretending to be looking for work, but he will wait about discreetly, until he can speak to you alone. He will tell you how many bottles he can take and he will have the cash all ready. You take the cash, point to a core or a rondavel, and name a day. Next time you go into town, so many bottles are put into your car while you do your shopping; then you drive home, and all that drink is put into the store you pointed out—and you forget to lock the door. Next morning, not one bottle is left; it has vanished, just as if you had been robbed. That liquor, Mr. Green, has cost you five shillings a bottle. You see, in the Union, no one can sell drink to natives, and no one is allowed to take drink into Basutoland without a permit."

"They tell me, Adhemar," chimed in Joseph, "that even L.D.B. is going on."

"Yes, and not only because the natives are working again at Kimberly; Basutoland is full of diamonds. You remember, Joseph, that pretty little stone that I found when I bought the bit of that shiny stuff that native maids dig out of the dongas, to put on their faces? In that handful of stuff, Mr. Green, I found a diamond. That kind of thing happens over and over again, and when a chief hears of it he closes the path or the donga at once, because he thinks that if white men get to hear of it they will take the country away from the natives."

"They say," said Joseph, "that it is for that reason that Manko, the chief over the border here, has closed that path over the river."

But the quiet talk ended at last when Adhemar rose abruptly, saying, "Cornelle is taking a long time. I must tell him to come in."

(To be Continued)

"I expect you're right, sir," Cornelle said more quietly. "We'd better get back at once and get hold of the police. Can we take your car Malcolm—oh, sorry, old man, I've clean forgotten to introduce you. This is Miss Channing, Cynthia, you know who Malcolm is."

They left Cynthia at Campsie, and went out again along the road. As they passed the Campsie pump they were hailed by a horseman who was cantering towards them, along the path that led through Channing's lands. It was the sergeant.

"I've been out along the other road, he said, reining up beside the car, "but I have nothing to tell you. And you?" He listened gravely to Cornelle's brief account of the discovery, then with a non-committal "Well, let's have a look at them," turned his horse and cantered beside them, back to the rocky spruit. They gathered in a little eager group round those clear small marks.

"Yes, they're spur marks all right," the sergeant added, after a brief but keen examination. "They're certainly suspicious Mr. Recouille; they're not natural, close together like that, and so clear-cut. But here's nothing to be done, except go on looking. Those marks might mean something if we'd found Mr. Mortimer; but we haven't, and that's what we've got to do."

"It is a terrible position, Sergeant. Mr. Mortimer is an only son, and I am responsible to his father. If these marks are, as you say, suspicious, surely

there is something that could be done."

"The only thing is to search, Mr. Recouille. I've said the marks are suspicious, but they might have been made quite naturally. Suppose Mr. Mortimer had fallen down here—after he was dazed a bit, by coming off his horse—he might have thrown up his legs as he fell, and brought them down on the path; that would account for those very clear prints. And mind you, Mr. Recouille, I still think that Mr. Mortimer will turn up. He's probably lost his memory through having a bad fall, and is still wandering about the country. The farms being big it's not surprising we haven't found him yet. Besides, you know what some of these farmers are. They'd have a man turning up from nowhere, but they wouldn't all the cream cart had to go to town, before reporting it, especially if they hadn't the phone."

CHAPTER VII  
SMUGGLERS TALES  
At 5 o'clock, save for the rowel marks they had found not the faintest trace of Mortimer. Cornelle had telephoned to all his friends in the neighborhood, asking them to search their farms, and to spread the news of Mortimer's disappearance. But every development of the search merely led to increased anxiety, and as they rode home in dejected silence, Malcolm found Adhemar's words of that morning running in ironical refrain through his head: "A man cannot vanish here like that."

At the Campsie gate they parted with Loftus who, rather to Malcolm's surprise, had taken a strenuous part in the afternoon's search.

"Well, Cornelle," he said, as they reined in their horses, "I'm sorry, but I must say goodbye; I am going back to Jo'burg tonight, you know. I wish that I could stay to see the end of this business, but I must go back to work, and to see about the sale of Chan's last consignment of Basutoland cattle. But remember that if there's anything—anything at all—that I can do, you have only to wire me."

Malcolm and Cornelle rode on in silence. The decision to abandon the search for that day had been something of a relief to Malcolm, for since Adhemar had affirmed that Mortimer was wearing spurs when he left the farm, the evidence of the rowel marks had become, in his opinion, not merely suspicious, but almost certain proof of foul play, and he longed for the opportunity of discussing it with Cornelle and Maraka. But his hope of getting hold of Maraka, as soon as they reached Bon Espoir, was not realized. Adhemar's brother, Joseph, had ridden over from his trading station in Basutoland, and the two brothers awaited them on the veranda.

"Nothing new?" Adhemar said as they rode up.

"Nothing; not a sign except those rowel marks. You haven't heard anything?"

"No. Higge telephoned just now; he has had his boys out all the afternoon, out they have seen nothing. Cornelle, what do you think can have happened to him?"

"It is extraordinary, veritably," broke in Joseph. "I was saying to your father, Cornelle, that we have lived here all our lives—over 60 years it is, Adhemar—and we can remember nothing like it."

"I don't know, father," Cornelle spoke as if he had not heard Joseph. "I can't even begin to imagine what's happened to him. I only hope now, that Pienaar is right, and that he has lost his memory; but I doubt it. I'm going up to the cow stables; I must see that the boys have rolled up all right."

"Very well, my boy; it is late," Adhemar turned to Malcolm. "What do you think about it, Mr. Green?" Malcolm sat down rather wearily, on the veranda steps.

"Frankly," he said, "the sergeant's theory seems to me hopeless. Cornelle and I didn't waste time in starting, last night; and a dazed man doesn't get up and walk off, across country, so quickly as to have been out of sight and hearing, by the time that we were on the road. You're quite sure about the natives? A gang of them could have done him in?"

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(To be Continued)

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Save a brown jug—  
Sometimes!

And sometimes a tear  
Will rise in each eye,  
Seeing the two old friends  
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So merrily!

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We kneel on the knee,  
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### Importance of Diet in the Growth of Children

Another in the Helpful Series of Articles on National Fitness Sponsored by the Ontario Second School Teachers' Federation. "Diet for Growth," Says Health Authority

Below will be found another of the excellent articles on National Fitness, sponsored by the Ontario Secondary School Teachers' Federation. (By Miss Ruth Hartwell, B.A., Westdale Vocational School, Hamilton, Ontario).  
Every mother is eager to give her child the foods which will enable him to be really well. She wants him to be normal in weight and height, to have strong bones and teeth, good posture, rosy cheeks, bright eyes, to be able to go through the school year without sickness or colds, to play rugby, basketball and hockey with the best of them. It is the duty of boys and girls to keep well, not only for their own sakes; but for the sake of those about them, and for the welfare of their country. Building foods are required for every part of the development and growth of every part of the body. If we compare the size and strength of a baby with that of a full grown man or woman we realize that a tremendous change has taken place in growing from a baby to an adult. Those changes have been brought about gradually through the building up of the body by means of food suited to its needs. The ability to work, to resist infections, to accomplish one aim in life, to compete with those who are physically strong may depend upon the attention given to laying a good foundation for health early in life. There are three main groups of building foods, proteins, minerals and water with powerful helpers in vitamins.

Protein is indispensable to the building and development of muscle and since many of the most important organs of the body are made of muscle, an adequate and constant supply of protein is required. Protein is necessary to keep young tissues growing, to keep growing tissues in repair, and to replace those wasted by disease. Growing girls and boys must have a protein included in each meal of the day. The proteins are divided into two groups. The important, or adequate ones are milk, cheese, eggs, fish, meat, nuts; the helpers are cereals and dried vegetables. If the helpers are joined up with one or more of the adequate proteins, valuable body-building energy-producing dishes result, as macaroni and cheese, rice custard, breakfast cereals with milk. Minerals are an important type of building food. While a number of minerals are necessary for the construction of a sound and healthy body, special consideration is given to those which are most apt to be lacking and which very closely control health and growth. These minerals are calcium, phosphorus and iron.

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Tickets valid for travel Train No. 2 from Timmins Thursday, December 8th, connecting at North Bay with C. P. Train No. 857 and at Sudbury with C.P. Train No. 28.

All tickets valid to return so as to leave Toronto not later than C. P. Train No. 27, 11.05 p.m. Sunday, Dec. 11th, arriving North Bay and connecting with T. & N. O. No. 1, 12.45 p.m. Monday, December 12th.

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### Political Tide Turns



Running as an Independent-Progressive, Vernon Bartlett, well-known British newspaperman, started the adherents of Prime Minister Chamberlain, when he won the House of Commons Bridgewater seat, traditionally a Conservative stronghold. Mr. Bartlett's campaign platform was against "the dangers of Prime Minister Chamberlain's foreign policy."

Windsor Daily Star: Mistaking a truck with 15 campers on it for a deer, a Michigan hunter shot and wounded two of the young men. Hunting may be fun for some, but isn't it just a trifle silly when men who can't tell the difference between a deer and a truckload of people are allowed to roam at large with loaded rifles.

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