

The Riddle of THE RIDERLESS HORSE

By Jean & Cyril Casalis

THE SHADOW INTRUDER

The bushes at the entrance moved; then, silhouetted against the dim light, rose a tall figure with a heavy slouch hat. Without pausing he came straight across the cave towards the very place where Malcolm lay concealed. Malcolm braced himself up. A low tackle was the thing—then the stone. He would do the surprising this time.

But just then, the blurred mass moving towards him stopped dead, crouched down and began, quietly but most deliberately, scraping away the sand of the foot of the rocks. He was only a yard or two away, but so dark was the cave that, even at that distance, Malcolm could not follow his movements. Intoxicated on his work, the intruder continued his scraping for a full minute. Then the noise changed to a sound like the creak of a box whose lid is slowly opened. For a few seconds there was utter silence; then, most astonishing thing in that night of surprises, a familiar squeak followed by a long-drawn gurgle, and a deep soul-satisfied sigh.

"A-ah," said the intruder.

Reaction conquered Malcolm, and he leant against his projecting boulder, fighting the wave of sudden laughter that threatened to expose him; for even without the strong smell of brandy which had now reached him, there was no failing to recognize in that heart-felt sigh the satisfaction of a gratified toper.

After a few more minutes, punctuated by an occasional gurgle, the mysterious box was quietly closed, the sand was scraped back, and the intruder

started walking away. Somehow, Malcolm decided, he must identify that man, so that he had hardly left the cave when Malcolm was on his tracks. But when he reached the entrance the intruder had vanished. In sudden fear lest he should be eluded, Malcolm became less cautious. He scrambled out of the cave, tumbled, and dislodged a stone which went clattering down the slope, and before he could curse himself for his negligence he caught sight of a tall figure, half way up the bank, not more than ten yards above him.

Further surprise awaited him. Instead of maintaining his aloof role of the pursued, the stranger turned on him, and with abandoned rage in his voice screamed out: "Wie is dit?"

Even if he had not spoken in Afrikaans, Malcolm would have recognized him then; it was old van Stellen; and it did not require quick wit to realize that the tables had been turned. Without offering any reply, Malcolm bolted down the spruit, and van Stellen took up the chase.

Malcolm had hoped to establish an early lead, and to have slipped away unperceived towards Campsie at the first bend in the spruit, but he had underestimated the virility of the old farmer. And, moreover, van Stellen knew every inch of the ground. He was close on his heels, and Malcolm, hard put to it to evade capture, missed the turn and continued his flight down the spruit, hopelessly handicapped by the huge boulders along its course. Slipping in scaling one of them, he felt his ankle grabbed in a vice-like grip which threw him sprawling head foremost on the far side of the rock, with van Stellen, on the other side, still clutching his leg tenaciously.

There they hung for a moment, Malcolm unable to release himself, and van Stellen unable, without releasing his captive, to climb up in pursuit. But it was clear with whom lay the advantage; van Stellen was always worming himself slowly up the rock, preparatory to leaping on Malcolm when he chose to let him go. It was only a matter of seconds now, Malcolm thought—and even less; for down the bank of the spruit another man came bounding, shouting encouragement to van Stellen, as he ran. "Hou vas, Pa; ek kom!"

The newcomer crashed through the scrub between the boulders, seized Malcolm by the arms. Old van Stellen ejaculated, and let go his hold. Malcolm rolled to the ground, but the newcomer dragged him to his feet and whispering: "Run Baas," led the way to the bank, leaving van Stellen poised on his rock.

"Maraka, the priceless blighter," thought Malcolm, who could have laughed aloud at the brilliance of the trick.

Once out of the spruit they increased their pace, making, for the sake of deception, for a meadow land in the direction of the river, while behind them van Stellen, fooled by a cloudy night and a clever imitation of his son's voice, rent the silence with a torrent of

wrath and abuse.

A DEAD END

They did not slacken their speed until after they had crossed the meadow field and passed Campsie, for Maraka, who set the pace, held no illusion as to the consequences that would follow discovery. The moment he dropped into a walk, Malcolm sat down and, breathless though he was, broke into laughter.

"Thank you, Maraka," he gasped. "A fine piece of work and well done. But how on earth did you come in, and what did you say to make him let go?"

Maraka sag on his haunches in characteristic Basuto fashion, steadying himself with the stick he carried. "Maraka," he said deprecatingly, "him just say, 'Oho, my father, here is your little son. Him will hold plenty fast!'"

Malcolm rocked in silent laughter. "You should be on the stage, but how did you manage to get there? Did you know who Baas van Stellen had caught? Did you know it was I?"

A slow smile, revealed in the faint light by a row of shining teeth, spread over Maraka's face.

"Maraka, baas I'm hear about the Baas last night, and when him see the Baas pu' on 'oes with him rubber for supper, Maraka him say: 'The Baas's head him not yet white. Him want to go back to him angry Baas's farm.' But Maraka him know Baas van Stellen is in him house to-night, and Maraka him say: 'Maybe Maraka him can help the Baas.' So when the Baas him come, Maraka him follow. Him see the Baas go by the spruit, and inside the cave, so Maraka sit behind big stone on top of the spruit, and wait. By and by him see Baas van Stellen come, and him throw one, two, three, four little stones at him cave, but achi! him arm getting too pleny old—him throw no good no more. So the baas him not hear, and Baas van Stellen him also go into him cave, for little sople."

"Sople—What's that?"

In reply Maraka gave an imitation of a man imbibing from a bottle.

"Then you knew Baas van Stellen kept drink there?"

"All the peoples know, Baas; but not the old Missis of the angry Baas. She no like, and the angry Baas must go in cave every night, when all him peoples are sleeping quiet."

Malcolm cursed vigorously. "So I've been on a wild goose chase, and nearly got nabbed into the bargain."

He felt suddenly dead tired. His hopes which had soared so high but a few hours earlier, vanished like mist in strong sunshine; he had been on a false scent, and he was no nearer the solution of this baffling mystery. Slowly he dragged himself to bed.

CHAPTER XII

NEWS OF MORTIMER

In the morning there was news of Mortimer. Malcolm had just joined the Recouilles at breakfast when the telephone rang and Cornelle answered it. When he re-entered the dining room his face was deathly white, yet in his expression relief seemed to find a place.

"Mortimer's dead," he announced simply. "He was drowned. His body has been found near Maseru, and the police want us to identify it. We'll have to leave directly after breakfast, father. Pienaar wants us to meet him at nine o'clock, and he'll drive us over to Maseru."

"I'll take you then," said Malcolm. "Did the sergeant say anything else?"

"Yes; that it seems clear now that he was right all along, and that it was purely a drowning accident. He said again that Mortimer must have been dazed by his fall, and have fallen into the river accidentally. He must have wandered down there without knowing where he was going. There's just one thing to be thankful for—his puts an end to that other nightmare."

They reached Brandfontein shortly before nine o'clock, and Malcolm saw Adhemar and Cornelle off with Pienaar. He had arranged, at Adhemar's request, to do the farm shopping while he waited. But his commissions were finished in half an hour; the Recouilles could not be back for at least two hours, and he eyed the empty dusty streets with disfavour, as, faced with a dreary wait, he walked back to the hotel.

He wandered out through the stable yard. Eggies and cream carts crowded the restricted space. Channing's white car was in the far corner but Tom was not in his usual place beside it. The yard was alive with noise and bustle, and Malcolm strolled out to the street where he had parked his car. There, to his surprise, he found Tom, duster in hand, hard at work on the car. Malcolm stopped for a moment to watch him, surprised also by the sight of a ring which flashed and glinted with every movement of his industrious hand.

"Bewjewelled native, indeed," he thought amusedly and walked up to the boy.

"That's a good idea, Tom; thanks very much."

Tom looked up smiling.

"Good morning, Master," he said in his careful English. "The dust is very bad, and I see the Master's car wants polishing. I have no work to do, for I am waiting for my horses."

And he went on with his work, Malcolm watching him, amused by the contrast between the flashing ring and the brown hand.

"This is a bad business about Baas Mortimer, Tom," he said at length. Tom shook his head sadly. "It is very bad, Master. I hope nothing bad has come to Baas Mortimer. My master and my missis like him, and he is a good master."

"Then you haven't heard that Baas Mortimer's body has been found?"

"Dead, Master?"

"Yes, he was drowned. His body was found in the river near Maseru last night."

"Oh, I am sorry, Master. I did not know. He was drowned, Master?"

"Well, the police said so this morning, and they probably know."

"My master will be very sorry, Master."

He went on with his dusting, working more slowly as if pondering over Mortimer's death. When at last the car was polished to his satisfaction, he stepped back a pace to admire it, and Malcolm fished in his pocket for the generous tip he considered a fitting reward for the voluntary work. Tom accepted it with a smiling "Thank you, Master," and as he did so, Malcolm noticed that the hoop of the ring looked remarkably unlike the usual brass or copper trinket worn by natives.

"That's a handsome ring of yours, Tom," he remarked.

The boy laughed, and turned his hand to display the stone.

"It is a real diamond, Master, my master at the mines gave it to me, for helping him with a very bad boy who wanted to kill him." He went off.

Malcolm, very much at a loose end, started tinkering with the carburettor of his car and, like all true motorists, was soon engrossed; so much so, indeed, that only when he heard his name spoken, did he realize that a horseman had stopped beside the car. He raised his head quickly, and found himself looking straight up into the face of Japle van Stellen.

(To be Continued)



(by James W. Barton, M.D.)

That Body of Hours

Treating Ingrown Toe-Nail in the Early Stage

It is unfortunate that many physicians give little or no attention to the foot ailments of which their patients complain—painful arches, corns, bunions, hammer-toes, ringworm and others.

When it is realized that the entire weight of the body—100 to 250 pounds—rests on the feet and that in the simple act of walking the front part of the foot and toes have to lift and carry forward all this weight, some idea may be gathered of the great pressure on the toes. Instead of leaving the work of corns, ingrown-toe-nails, and other defects to the chiropodists, although many chiropodists are skillful and use safe or antiseptic measures at all times, the physician should think of the feet as of any other organ of the body, because aside from the inconvenience and interference with work and play of foot defects, there is the depressing effect upon the whole nervous system.

As ingrown toe-nail often gives patient and physician considerable annoyance and concern, Dr. Carl J. Heifetz, St. Louis, gives some helpful suggestions in the American Journal of Surgery.

"The main underlying causes of ingrown toe-nail are ill-fitting footwear and improper cutting of toe-nails. The nails should be allowed to grow to considerable length and then cut straight across."

"The symptoms and signs of ingrown toe-nail are conveniently divided into three stages: (a) inflammation and redness, (b) inflammation and a little moisture (thin at first), and (c) formation of new or granulation tissue."

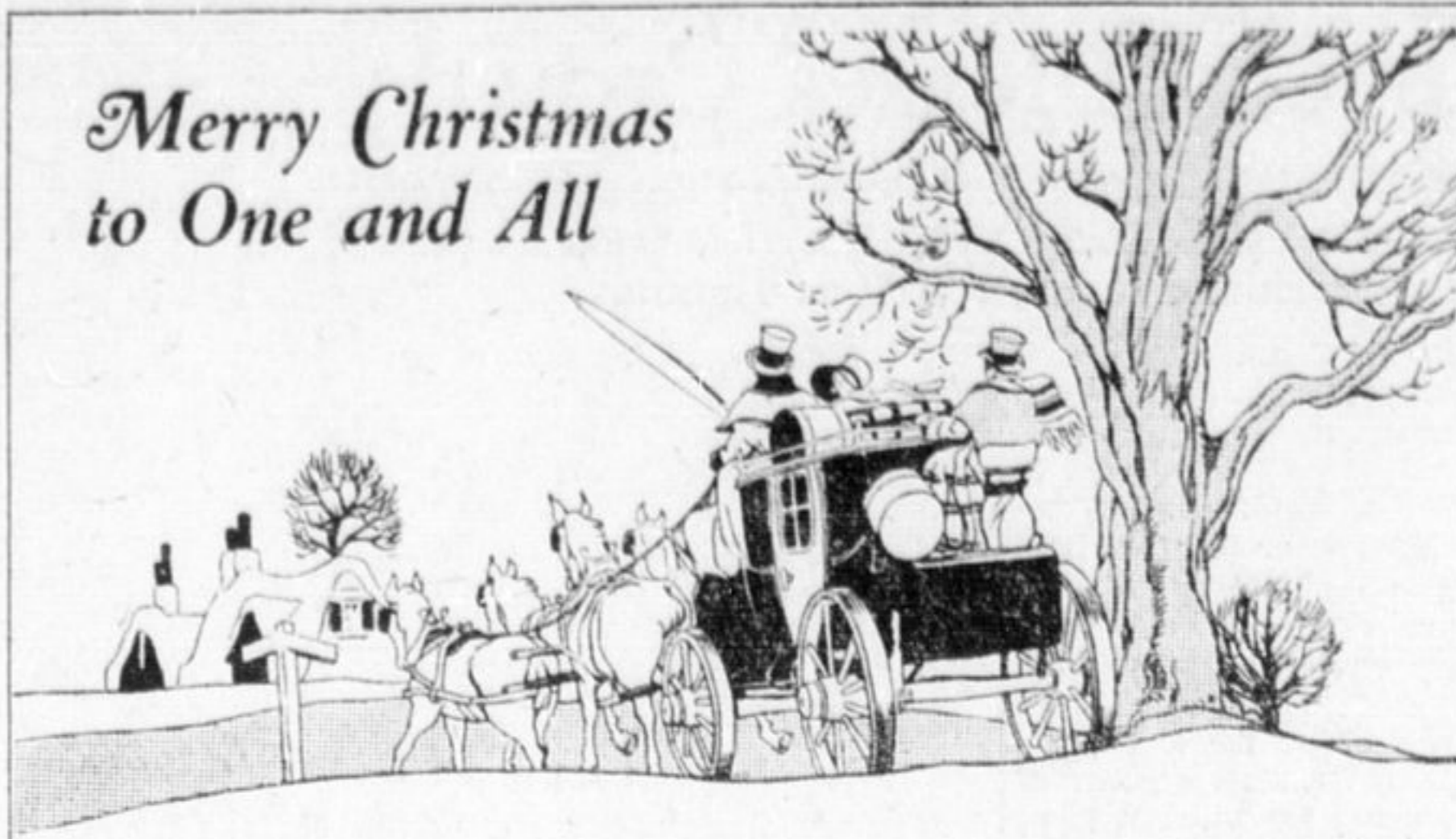
In the early stages of ingrown toe-nail, Dr. Heifetz suggests careful packing of absorbent cotton moistened with alcohol, between the edge of the nail and the soft parts. Use a small flat instrument. Collodion is then applied to the cotton and allowed to dry. If a sufficiently wide shoe or a cut-out shoe is worn, the packing changed weekly, and the nail allowed to grow long enough so that it can be correctly trimmed, a lasting cure can usually be obtained.

Many with ingrown toe-nails have tried packing the absorbent cotton between the nail and the skin, but have neglected to cover the absorbent cotton with collodion and the cotton has been pressed out from between the nail and the skin.

As the second and third stages require more intensive treatment and operation, they should be under the care of a physician.

Health Booklets Available

Eight helpful health booklets are now available for readers of The Advance. They are: Eating Your Way to Health (No. 101); Why Worry About Your Heart? (No. 102); Neurosis (No. 103); The Common Cold (No. 104); Overweight and Underweight (No. 105); Food Allergy (No. 106); Scourge (gonorrhoea and syphilis) (No. 107); and How Is Your Blood Pressure (108). These booklets by Dr. Barton may be obtained by sending Ten Cents for each one desired to The Bell Library, 247



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Twenty Years Ago

From The Porcupine Advance Files

During the latter years of the war there was a shortage of labour in Timmins and district. In view of the number of men enlisting for service overseas from this area, nothing else but a shortage of labour could be expected. The labour shortage, however, held back the progress of the camp to some extent, so it was with pleasure that twenty years ago change was noted. In its issue of Dec. 11th, 1918, The Advance said, in part:—"The labour situation in this section of the North Land is already showing evidence of improvement. During the past few weeks several hundred men have come into the Porcupine and more are coming each day. The majority coming here so far have been for work in the lumber camps around the district. Last week a lumber company brought in a couple of hundred men. The mines, however, are also receiving a share of new men, and many of the old-timers who left here are returning to the camp now that things 'do not look so rosy' down south. The closing of the munition plants has made a great change in the labour market, so far as it affects mechanical employments and ordinary labour. The Hollinger, McIntyre, and Dome—especially the two first named—are taking on men daily, but a great number are still required to bring working forces up to the desired point. It is estimated that about 2000 men could be used in the Porcupine camp now."

Twenty years ago this district had a case of a bold hold-up by a young man who seemed to want to get rich quick without working. Perhaps the speedy capture, prompt trial and adequate punishment of this crime had something to do with there being few more such cases in the intervening twenty years. The offence took place at about six o'clock on a Saturday evening when a young fellow of about nineteen years of age entered the office of Bourke, Lindsay and McCluskey's camp near Wawaitin and held up the timekeeper's son with a revolver, taking away a few dollars in cash and four blank cheques marked by the

bank. The raising of a cheque from five dollars to fifty dollars was another offence admitted by the young fellow after he was captured. He was arrested a couple of hours after the crime. Officer R. Allen making the arrest at Power's hotel where he asked for a room when he came down the river. The money and cheques were found in his possession and he admitted the crime. In police court he pleaded guilty, and while his youth no doubt tempted the magistrate to some leniency, the young robber was sentenced to two years less one day in the Ontario reformatory.

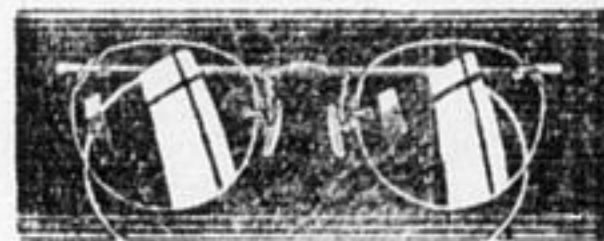
Twenty years ago it was the sad duty of The Advance to chronicle the death of one of the leading figures in the North Land—Mr. J. W. Mahon, barrister and solicitor of Cobalt and Timmins. The late Mr. Mahon was taken ill in November with pneumonia and three weeks after death came. Mr. Mahon passed away on Dec. 5th. He was born on the farm homestead in Oxford County in 1872. After a brief mercantile experience, he graduated from Woodstock collegiate institute as a teacher. Later he took up the study of law and was called to the bar in 1900. After practicing in Woodstock he came to Cobalt as the local representative of the Toronto firm of Ryckman, Kerr and McIntosh. In 1908, he opened offices in Cobalt on his own account. He was a widower at the time of death, the near relatives surviving being his mother at Woodstock and a brother who was practicing law at Woodstock. He was prominent in the North as a capable lawyer, a big figure in the Liberal party, and an active man in public affairs. He was a very effective public speaker and never missed an opportunity to strive to serve the interests of the North. He was buried at Woodstock, Ont. For some years he had an office at Timmins. He was town solicitor here until 1917 and held a similar position in Cobalt at the time of his death.

Twenty years ago Sergt. Mike Wernick, a popular old-timer of the Porcupine, was the guest of Mr. J. W. Pegg, Timmins, for a few days. Sergt. Wernick was home to Canada after several years of strenuous work overseas. For two years he was on the dangerous duty of scouting in No Man's Land, sleeping by day and gathering information under cover of darkness in the danger zone. He had been wounded three times. The first time the wound was in the knee, and it was not long before he was back on duty. The second time it was a shrapnel wound, but

Sergt. Wernick did not take long from work even from this. The third time it was a big shell that caused the trouble. The monster shell dropped among a party of eight, killing four outright. Sergt. Wernick received injury to his ear drums but otherwise escaped serious hurt. Overseas Sergt. Wernick won the Military Medal and other honours for conspicuous bravery and devotion to duty. Sergt. Wernick was accepted in the Princess Pats party for the fine record he had in the South African war. Sergt. Wernick who is a frequent and very popular visitor yet to the Porcupine district in his work as representative for the whole North for the Toledo Scale Company, originally came to this camp just after the 1911 fire. He conducted a cigar store and poolroom at South Porcupine in the early days and made hosts of friends here by his geniality and his good citizenship.

Twenty years ago The Advance had occasion from week to week to note in the police court news, fines imposed on aliens for having distributing objectionable literature. Three men were fined for this disloyalty to the country that had used them so well, in police court on Dec. 5th, 1918. A meeting of ratepayers called twenty years ago to organize a Ratepayers' Association could not be held on account of the ban then existing against public gathering on account of the prevalence of the influenza.

Globe and Mail: Father Coughlin makes no unduly modest estimate of his importance when he asks a million dollars' damages from a newspaper which seems to have misquoted him.



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