

# The Riddle of THE RIDERLESS HORSE

By  
Jean & Cyril  
Casalis

## CHAPTER XIII JAPIE IS PUZZLED

Japie's first words proved him to be innocent of any suspicion that for Malcolm it was an awkward encounter.

"Man, Mr. Green," he was saying, "I'm sorry about this news."

"About Mortimer? You've heard then?"

"Yes, one of Mr. Channing's boys told my herd boy. And they are saying he was drowned."

"Drowned!" Japie's voice was scornful. "Don't you believe it."

Malcolm stared at him in amazement.

"I tell you, Mr. Green," Japie went on, "it's a bad business this, and it's bothering me a lot. I'd like to see you about it."

"You think he wasn't drowned?" was all that Malcolm could say.

"I think there is a funny business going on; and it makes it very hard for me."

"Look here," said Malcolm. "We'd better find some other place to talk in. Why not stable your horse, and we can go into the hotel and talk it over quietly."

The hotel lounge was empty. Japie led the way to a distant corner where they could be secure from the distraction of possible arrivals, and they sat down facing each other across the prim little table. Still silent, Japie produced a packet of cigarettes and lit one, while Malcolm filled a pipe. He did not want to ask questions yet; for Japie's remark about Mortimer's death was so entirely opposed to the case he had built up round the evidence of the crop, that he felt it would be wiser to let him tell his story unprompted. And at last Japie spoke.

"This thing is bothering me," he said again; "and I'll tell you why. Somebody thinks my father did it. I can swear he never even saw Mr. Mortimer that night. Now, I'll tell you something," he went on, lowering his voice. "When we were at the Nagmaal, five nights before last, somebody got into our house. I rode back home late. I don't usually—my father likes me to stay in town for Nagmaal; but I had

to look after a sick cow, so I came home, and I caught a man inside the house. He got away, but I'm quite certain from the way he ran, that he wasn't a koffer. Man, he was wearing a blanket and he threw it on me just when I had my hands on him—and it was one of our own blankets. And, man, whoever it was, he broke open my father's vorkis."

"Well?" said Malcolm, wondering what was coming next.

"But, man, that wasn't all. I'll tell you why I'm bothered. The day after you and Corney came to our house in the middle of the night, my father found Mr. Mortimer's riding whip, and he brought it to the house. He was angry about it, and said it showed Mr. Mortimer must have been on his land again—he didn't like that, you know. I said, 'But, father, Mr. Mortimer is lost, and you know the police are looking for him; you should take this to Pienaar,' but he would not, and when I said I would take it—man, do you think he would let me? He said he'd be coming to town for Nagmaal, and he would see about it himself. I said it might help to find Mr. Mortimer to say where the whip was lying, and I said, 'Suppose Mr. Mortimer is dead, it might make it bad for you to have that whip,' but he laughed, and said he could begin to be afraid when he had done some bad thing."

"Where did your father find the crop?"

"At the top of the spruit, not far from the road. Mr. Green, my father looked up that whip in his vorkis, and the person who got into our house took it away. It makes things bad for us, and I don't know what's the best thing to do. And that is not all. My father says there were some people in our spruit last night, and one of them wasn't just a kaffer. Mr. Green, can you tell me what I must do? I wanted to speak to Corney about it, but I must go back in a short time, and Corney won't be back before I go. Do you think it's the police, and they are sending to trap my father?"

"But, look here," said Malcolm, "the police say that Mortimer was drowned,

and if that's so, why should you be in a difficult position?"

"Hang, man, but that's nonsense—to say that he was drowned. Why, the river is far from the road, and Mr. Mortimer sat a horse like a Hottentot."

"Well, the police aren't going to try to trap anyone when they are sure that he did have an accident. And there's nothing to suggest that he didn't do it."

"FUNNY BUSINESS GOING ON"

Japie leant forward across the table, lowering his voice still further.

"Mr. Green, the police are going to change their minds about it one of these days. I know there's a funny business going on. His voice sank almost to a whisper. "I often go and put out night lines at the river, and there are lights in Basutoland that come and go like signals. I'm going to find out about them."

"Signals?" said Malcolm incredulously.

"Yes, man, signals. They come from near the police post, and that is the funny thing about it. But I'm going to find out—I'm going to ride over and see Dr. Kerrivalt; he knows those police well, and he'll tell if they know anything. Yes, man, he's always drunk. I know, but he knows much more than people think; and do you know why? Because he doctors the niggers. I wouldn't have thought much of the signals if I hadn't started counting them one night. I've counted twice, each time they were the same, and quite slow—one, two, three, four, five, six—straight at me. I'm going to find out about those lights."

"Look here, Mr. van Stellen," Malcolm said desperately, "you know that, staying with Mr. Recoille, I've been in pretty close touch with the police through the whole business, will you take it from me that they do not, and never have suspected your father, and that they had nothing to do with the crop being taken from your father's house?"

"Man, are you sure?"

"Dead certain."

"Well, I'm glad, and thank you very much, Mr. Green. Man, but I'm glad

## First Military Attache



Col. Carlos Sanchez, the first military attache to the Venezuelan legation in Washington, is pictured here as he arrived in New York en route to his new duties. The appointment of Col. Sanchez is believed to be the result of President Roosevelt's announced policy of unified military defence of the western hemisphere.

I spoke to you! But I'm still going to find out about those lights; they're not right."

"When did you see them?"

"The first time was about six weeks ago, and I saw them again about a fortnight back; on dark nights, with no moon and quite late—after midnight. There were just the same—flashes—like a man swinging a torch up and down, and each time just those six flashes."

Despite a good deal more questioning Japie had nothing more to tell, but, apart from what Malcolm had learnt, their meeting had had the good result of establishing a sort of friendship between them; and before they parted Malcolm had secured a promise that if Japie saw the lights again, or if he discovered anything else that looked suspicious, he would once more confide in him.

An hour later Adhemar and Cornelle returned. The body found in the river was Mortimer's. It bore no sign of violence.

Both the Recoilles had obviously now accepted the police view of his death—not unnatural, Malcolm realized, because that view must have held a little comfort for them.

"We seem to have made too much out of very little," Cornelle said; "and old Maraka's imagination has been running riot. You've always got to be careful of what natives say and think, you know, Malcolm, even when it is a chap like Maraka."

They hardly spoke on the way home. After luncheon Malcolm went for a tramp, leaving Adhemar and Cornelle to compose a letter to Mortimer's father. When he returned, Maraka, who had been watching for him, told him that they had walked over to Campsis, and that his sea was ready in the dining room.

"You've heard what the police say, Maraka," Malcolm said. "They say that Baas Mortimer's death was an accident."

Maraka shook his head sadly. "The police, baas, him like big white road. Him no little footpath."

## If You Like Books

(By A. H.)

This is a story without a title, but a story with Christmas spirit, which makes it doubly beautiful.

He was a little ragged waif living in a village. A stranger to actual comfort it is not to be supposed that he was very familiar with the pleasures of life. On Christmas eve he was standing before a shop window with his lean little face pressed against the pane, devouring with hungry eyes the beautiful display within.

There was a lady in the shop, deeply engaged in purchasing gifts for her small nieces and nephews. She saw the waif at the window—ragged, half-clad, and without doubt half-starved as well.

"Prudence," said she, in speaking of the matter afterward, "might have suggested food and clothes. But another idea had taken possession of me. I determined then and there that that boy should know the blessedness of happy childhood for one Christmas at all events."

On the impulse she called him in. Toys, a wagon, an iron horse with a flying driver madly sounding a fire-alarm, a drum with gilded sticks, a tin horn, a pack of firecrackers, things which his poverty-blinded eyes had never before looked upon in the light of real possession, were put into his hands.

"There was a kind of awe in his solemn, earnest eyes," said the lady, "as though the joy of possession had stricken him dumb."

It was the day after Christmas that I came upon him again, hanging about the streets with that same old look of a beggar about him. That is, in all but his eyes; they, I think, were never quite the same again. They fairly shone when he lifted them to my face, in recognition. "Good morning, Joe," said I, "what have you done with your toys?"

"Imagine my surprise when he said, 'I give 'em to Jack Parker, the colored boy, over yonder to Scruff Town.'"

"What?" said I, "you have given them all away? All your beautiful toys?" He was silent a moment, and then his ragged little face glowed as he replied:

"I had 'em; I had 'em a whole day. I ain't got 'em any more, but I had 'em, anyhow."

## Another Truly Beautiful Christmas Special Number

For years past The Advance has been calling attention to the special Christmas issues of The War Cry. This has been the case not for the friendliness to the Salvation Army (though the good work of the Army has won that friendliness all the year round) but for friendliness to readers of The Advance. The Advance has felt that it owed it to its readers to call special attention to previous year's Christmas War Cry numbers. This year it would be particularly remiss to fail to give special mention to the War Cry for Christmas 1938. Beautifully printed in colours it will delight all who have the prevalent spirit of Christmas, with its love for beauty and its appeal to the artistic instincts. The front cover depicts a rich and colourful vision of the Three Wise Men presenting their gifts to The Child in the stable of the inn. The back cover shows "Sunday morning" in the calm and peaceful Christmas time, as portrayed in a painting by the well-known Canadian artist, Thomas W. Mitchell, A.R.C.A., O.S.A.

To many, however, the full page picture in colours on an inside page, "Expectation," will make the greatest appeal. This picture alone is worth more than the price of the whole issue. In the picture there is a wide fire place with the stockings hanging ready for Santa Claus to fill. There are two small stockings in the group, and before the fire sit two youngsters, a charming little girl and an equally charming little boy. The boy is pointing at the stockings, perhaps simply calling attention to his own, or maybe, suggesting that it is hardly fair that his stocking should be small when there is so much he would like to find in it in the morning.

In more serious vein there are full page coloured pictures of "The Sheep that was Lost," another scene in the Manger ("Unto Us a Son is Given") and a scene amid the Rockies ("The Great Silence").

Equal to the pictures in interest and inspiration is the reading matter in the issue. The page of Christmas Carols is a special feature, while special articles, stories, poems of particular Christmas appeal add to the interest of the number. "Good King Wenceslas," tells the romantic story of the hero of one of the best known Christmas carols. The story of "Santa Claus" is re-told in effective way, and some famous Christmas Days are reviewed. "Christmastide and the World's Needs" is the article contributed by Commissioner G. L. Carpenter. "The Romance of the Army's Printing Press," is told by Lieut.-Col. Ernest Webb, editor-in-chief. The feature article is by General Evangeline Booth, who gives her essay the title, "The Pre-eminent Christ." Other articles and stories add to the appeal of the 1938 Christmas War Cry—probably the best yet in the long list of excellent Christmas numbers of The War Cry.

## Works Programme is Approved for North

Ontario and Dominion Each Agree to Pay \$1,000,000.

Reference was made some weeks ago to a \$2,000,000 emergency works programme in the North to be carried through this winter. Early this month representations were made by members of the House of Commons and also by members of the Legislature to the effect that there was considerable unemployment in the North and particularly in the Port Arthur and Northwestern Ontario area. In the Port Arthur area it was said there were fully 12,000 men idle and that there was no chance of any material number of these men finding work. It was stated that in ordinary years these men could find employment for the winter in pulp-cutting and allied operations. This year, however, there had been so decided a drop in pulpwood operations that it seemed unlikely to put it mildly that any of the 12,000 unemployed would be able to secure work of any kind. All these men had to be cared for by the government in one way or another, and so it was urged that the two governments—the Dominion and the provincial—should combine to secure a solution. Highway construction, forestry conservation and other public works recommended to put the 12,000 idle men to work. So ably were the representations made that both the Dominion and the provincial governments were ready to give very thorough consideration to the question. Eventually a conference was held in which Hon. Norman Rogers, minister of labour, Ottawa, and Mr. R. M. Smith, deputy minister of highways for Ontario, were among those taking part. After studying the needs of the case and reviewing the situation generally, the conference agreed that something should be done. After further consideration it was decided what to do. This suggested an extended program of public works. It was decided that a \$2,000,000 program would be about right. With this programme in effect and under way it was hoped to relieve the unemployment situation in Northwestern Ontario. It is understood that most of the work will be done in the Port Arthur section but there are one or two public works that could be advantageously handled in this part of the North where there is also unemployment to be relieved. For instance, the right of way could be economically cut to complete the highway from

He was the proud possessor of three pleasures: That of receiving, of giving, and the ever blessed pleasure of a happy memory.



Don't let the  
Thought of Washday  
Spoil your  
Christmas Festivities

PHONE 153 now and arrange to send  
your washing to the

**TIMMINS**  
New Method  
**LAUNDRY**

Sudbury to the Porcupine. Whether this will be done or not remains to be seen.

After the conference referred to the Ontario government agreed to carry through its share of the bargain, provided the Ottawa government would do the same. The idea was that a \$2,000,000 programme of public works should be undertaken, the Dominion government pay \$1,000,000 and the Ontario government to contribute the other \$1,000,000. Hon. Mr. Rogers, minister of labour at Ottawa, recently wrote to Premier Hepburn endorsing the proposed programme and suggesting that the two governments carry through the plan on a 50-50 basis. Word from Ottawa this week indicates that despite the recent flare-up between Premier Hepburn and the Dominion Minister of Labour, the agreement had been studied and revised until it was satisfactory to both parties. This condition seems to have been achieved without particular difficulty and the announcement received is to be the effect that \$2,000,000 will be expended on roads, forest conservation and other public works, the Dominion and Province each footing half of the cost. No details have been given out as yet of the projects to be undertaken.

## Death of Mrs. J. Copeland at Capreol on Monday

Capreol, Dec. 21.—There will be general regret not only here but at her former home town of North Bay in the death of Mrs. James Copeland, who passed away at the home of her son, Mr. James Copeland, Capreol, on Sunday. The late Mrs. Copeland had lived in Capreol for 17 years, but previously lived at North Bay. At the time of death Mrs. Copeland was 83 years of age.

A funeral service was held on Monday night at 8:30 o'clock at her son's residence, with Rev. E. W. McBrien, of the United Church, officiating. The body was taken on the night train for burial in the family plot in Pembroke cemetery. Rev. J. Maxwell Allen, a former minister at Capreol, and also stationed at Timmins several years ago, officiated at the funeral services at Pembroke.

The former Elizabeth Dudley, of Pembroke, she was married there over 50 years ago to James Copeland, who predeceased her 49 years ago. Surviving are one daughter and two sons, Mrs. B. W. Bassett and James, of Capreol, and Jack of Timmins.

## BORROWED MONEY Profitably Employed PAYS DIVIDENDS



Are you taking cash discounts? Are you in a position to extend usual credit terms to your customers and at the same time build goodwill by meeting your own obligations promptly? Are you able to replenish your stocks when best grades are available or when prices are attractive?

We suggest that you consider whether a loan from this Bank could now be profitably used in your business. If you think so, any of our Branch Managers will be glad to discuss your problems.

**THE  
DOMINION BANK**  
ESTABLISHED 1871

Timmins Branch F. A. Burt, Manager  
Branches also at Kirkland Lake, Larder Lake and Rouyn.

STORE  
OPEN  
TILL  
11 p.m.  
EVERY  
NIGHT



We have advertised items before, but never at such prices as these. For the last two days before Christmas our store is packed with real values. You may buy whatever you need at Holtze's and simply pay a small deposit; the balance can be spread over a convenient term.

OUR LAST MINUTE SAVINGS ARE GREATEST

**Pen and Pencil Sets**  
Parker and Sheaffer matched sets, only \$5.00

**Men's Watches**  
Bulova, Rolex, etc. Attractive styles of natural gold colour. Priced from \$24.75

**Ladies' Bulova**  
Dainty styles, in either white or yellow gold colour from \$24.75

**Silverware**  
28-piece service for 6, in attractive wooden tarnish proof chest \$18.50

**Compacts**  
Chrome and black also gold colour. The newest styles \$2.50

**Men's Signet**  
Men's signet and initial rings. Massive 10k solid yellow gold only \$15.00

**EXCELSIOR DIAMONDS**

When you give a diamond, pride yourself with giving the best, and the knowledge that the lovely token is an "Excelsior." Symbolic of love is the Solitaire pictured below, set in platinum, with 3 Diamonds. Terms as low as \$1.00 weekly \$50



**PIC HOLTZE**

35 THIRD AVE.

YOUR CREDIT JEWELER

TIMMINS