

THE GOLDEN SANDS RIDDLE

By Alexander Campbell

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Characters in the Story
PETER CROSBY: Young mining engineer taking a modest seaside holiday when the story opens.
SIR JOHN CARR: A South African gold mining magnate; widower, rather pompous and purse-proud, but sound at heart.
LUCY CARR: His only child, a very attractive girl in the early twenties.
TERENCE PARRY: A rich young acquaintance of the Carr's. A man of great charm and good looks.
FRANCIS GOULD: Sir John Carr's secretary. Silent, reserved; much occupied with his work and with mining statistics.
MR. XOSA: A coloured man of European education, short of stature, but a giant in detective skill.

CHAPTER XIX

BARRIER TO HAPPINESS

"An hour and a half to lunch," announced Sir John as they sat in the garden of the Dutch farmhouse.
 Then suddenly he turned upon Terry.
 "A walk will do you good, my lad," he declared. "You're getting fat. We'll meet you two at the car in half an hour," he told Peter and Lucy. "Amuse yourselves."
 An awkward little silence fell between them when they were alone. Peter gazed at the roses. Lucy inspected her shoes. It was very quiet and still in the garden. The sunshine was warm and soothing.
 "Not a bad chap," said Peter suddenly.
 "Who?"
 "Terry," Peter looked at the girl. "Shall I make a confession? At first, I didn't like him."
 Lucy laughed. "I know."
 "You know?"
 "And so," said Lucy, nodding, "does he. Terry is rather the perfect knight, you know. He sensed hostility in you—and it embarrassed him frightfully. You scolded him for being one of the idle rich?"
 Then, Peter reflected, had been part of the reason, but only part. The chief factor had been that he was jealous of the handsome young man. But he could hardly say so.
 "Whoever I thought, I was wrong," he said rather lamely. "He has been a brick."
 "How money changes the outlook!" Lucy mocked him.
 "Now that you are a wealthy young man yourself, you think more kindly of poor Terry!"
 "Don't let's talk about that money!" said Peter, almost savagely. "As a matter of fact, I don't intend to spend a penny of it. If they ever locate any relatives of Monte, the money is going to them. And if they don't, it's going to charity." He stared broodingly across the sunlit garden. I suspect that that mad gesture of Monte's started the whole thing. I can't escape the feeling that I have been indirectly responsible for two deaths."
 "But that's nonsense," said the practical Lucy. "I don't suppose the man who killed Monte even knew that Monte had given you that money and the information about Golden Sands. It just happened that Monte got killed immediately after he had given you the money, and the police linked the two things up. But that's all over now."
 Peter shook his head. "I still can't get rid of a queer feeling... and I have made up my mind about the money. I'm not touching it." He turned suddenly to the girl. "Lucy, if I did that, could you—would you think—"
 "Yes," said Lucy, wistfully.
 But Peter's courage failed him. "How long have you known Terry?" he asked abruptly.
 Lucy thought. "Not long, really. We met him in Johannesburg, about six months ago. He'd come down from Rhodesia, where I believe he's got a farm, or something. Father took to him at once. We went to dances together." She talked reminiscently of their early acquaintance, and he was content to listen. "Then, when he heard we were coming here for a holiday, Terry asked if he might come along too, because he was at a loose end, and didn't know anybody in Johannesburg. Of course we were pleased to have him."
 Peter nodded. "Yes. He's charming." He hesitated. "I suppose women find him irresistible," he said, with carefully measured inconsequence.
 Lucy laughed. "Not discerning women."
 Peter raised his eyebrows. "How do you mean?"
 "Terry pretends that he has lots of conquests, but in moments of confidence he occasionally admits, is a born bachelor. He's scared stiff of women. He doesn't want them to find him irresistible. He much prefers them to treat him like a brother, or even an uncle. And that is what discerning women do."
 Peter took a deep breath. "Is that what you do?"
 "Of course."
 "And he prefers that—from you?"
 Lucy hesitated. "He pretends not to. He—pays me compliments. But Terry in almost insufferably polite."
 "I think he's in love with you," said Peter flatly.
 Lucy sighed. "I think he imagines himself to be, a little. But I'm sure it will pass. It's so hard to separate

Terry's polite fictions from what he really feels and thinks.
 "Anyhow," she said frankly, "he's recalled to not having me. That is well understood between us."
 She was watching him covertly.
 "Is there—someone else?"
 "Let's talk about your affairs for a change," said Lucy. "Peter, I'm so glad you're cleared. I mean, you needn't worry any more about that policeman and his suspicions. I think it's—"
 He interrupted her.
 "We were talking about my affairs," he said grimly. "Lucy, I want to know if there's someone else, I mean. Because I love you."
 The girl laughed, though there was a kindly note in her laughter.
 "Peter, you do look frightfully grim when you rush your fences! Like a serious young man in a humorous film. No, there's no-one else."
 "Lucy!" cried Peter. And then he relapsed into gloom. "But I've got no right to be talking like this. We've got to clear up the Monte business first."
 "I don't see what it's got to do with us any more."
 Peter shook his head. "They haven't got the murderer yet, you know."
 Lucy had no time to reply.
 "Aha! The young lovers," murmured Terence Parry, and Lucy blushed.
 Terry had approached softly, his footsteps making no noise on the grass. Now he grinned impudently down on them. "Has he proposed yet, Lucy?"
 "He insists on talking about murders," she declared.
 Peter, watching these two, listening to their banter, felt his heart lighten. What Lucy had said was true. He had no need to fear a rival in Terry. And Lucy had said that he had no need to fear a rival in anyone else! His heart bounded.
 They went slowly back to the car, where Sir John awaited them, smoking a cigar. It seemed to Peter that he glanced shrewdly at his daughter and at the young engineer from under his eyebrows.

CHAPTER XX

AN ARREST IS MADE

When Sir John's car drew up outside the opulent entrance to the Orient Hotel, it was obvious that sensation had paid the great building a second visit. People were standing about in clusters, in all sorts of attire, bathing wraps and tennis clothes, talking in an animated way, unusual in the guests of an establishment devoted to relaxation and healthy idling.
 Sir John Carr looked on the unusual scene, and, being sensitive to atmosphere, he realized that there was news of which he knew nothing. A fat man in white, with a glistening bald head, wearing sun glasses and smoking a cigar, was standing on the steps. Sir John hailed him without ceremony.
 "Hey! Rumpelmeyer!"
 The South African Dutchman lumbered forward. "Have you heard the news?" he asked wheezily.
 Sir John shook his head. "What news?"
 "They have arrested our host," said Mynheer Rumpelmeyer complacently.
 Sir John expressed astonishment which he did not feel. "Arrested Orion? Good lord!" He turned to his companions, and passed on the news.
 Peter frowned in perplexity.
 "But what reason would he have for killing Monte?"
 Mynheer Rumpelmeyer shook his head. He was obviously pleased at being the purveyor of a sensational piece of news, but he was not prepared to debate the pro's and con's of the matter.
 "That I do not know," he said. "But the policeman—what is his name?—Inspector Quayle: he came to see Orion this morning, and they had a long talk. And now Orion is in his room—and there is a policeman on guard in the corridor outside," he added, with a certain relish.
 Inside the building the staff scarcely concealed their excitement.
 Peter noticed that Mr. Orion's fate had apparently aroused no sympathy. Mynheer Rumpelmeyer had seemed almost jubilant. It was plain that the unfortunate Mr. Orion, for all his suavity, had failed to make himself popular with either guests or servants.
 Up in Sir John's suite they found Inspector Quayle awaiting him. He was standing at the window, his eyes fixed on the brilliant crescent of yellow sands and blue sea outside, his bowler tucked securely under one arm. He turned swiftly as they entered, and his smile was pleasant.
 Sir John nodded. "You've arrested Orion?"
 "Detained him," said Inspector Quayle cautiously. "He's what you might call under-house arrest. At the moment, he's consulting with his lawyer. He threatens to sue for wrongful arrest. I don't think he will, though," added Inspector Quayle thoughtfully.

Sir John shook his head in bewilderment. "It's quite beyond me," he confessed. "What motive could Orion have for murdering this man Monte?"
 "Oh, he had motive, all right," said Quayle. He was massaging his jaw with the fingers of one hand. His long, aesthetic face was thoughtful. "Plenty of motive. Only, you see I don't think he did kill Monte."
 Sir John exclaimed. "You don't think so! Then why have you arrested him?"
 "There is another charge," Inspector Quayle consulted his finger-nails. "Would you like to hear the story?"
 He shot a level glance at Peter. "I feel that I owe you that much, for any inconvenience I may have caused you—Mr. Crosby in particular."
 Lucy squeezed Peter's arm exultantly. Quayle was admitting that in suspecting Peter he had made a mistake.
 Sir John nodded. "Sit down. Have a cigar?"
 Inspector Quayle accepted a cigar. He leaned back in his chair, and blue smoke wreathed his tanned head.
 "Blackmail!" he said with startling abruptness. "That's the core and kernel of the whole story—as I'd suspected from the start. Monte looked the type. He had money to burn—but no one had ever heard of him. We keep a sharp eye on visitors to Marathon. Where there's plenty of money you'll always find crooks. Every summer we get them—big 'uns and little 'uns."
 "As you know, Monte had been staying here, in this hotel, for some time. He came before the season properly started; he looked as if he intended to stay indefinitely. Now that isn't done. Even the richest people stay here for only three weeks to a month at the longest. If you're staying longer, it'd be cheaper to buy a house and a couple of yachts."
 "So we had our eye on Mr. Monte. We made inquiries in Johannesburg, Capetown, Durban—all over; but we couldn't get a line on him. He had never been in the hands of the police, it seems."
 "I tried to find out what his racket might be. He wasn't a card-sharper, for he never played for anything but low stakes, curiously enough."
 "You're right, there, Inspector," said Terry. He nodded to Quayle. "I sat in at one or two games with him, as I think I told you. And in any case he was an indifferent player."
 Quayle nodded.
 "When I'd considered everything, there was only one racket left in which you often get what might be called the cunning amateur—blackmail."
 "I'd got so far when Monte was murdered. The job then became to find out who he'd been blackmailing. But right away I was faced with a startling possibility—the blackmailer being blackmailing."
 Quayle grinned at Peter. "Monte didn't look like the sort of man to give anything away—yet he'd given you a packet of money and some very valuable information."
 "Then the case was turned upside down again when that card with the threatening message turned up. It looked as though my first surmise had been correct after all. Monte had been pressing somebody, and that somebody had wiped him out."
 "Last night I got a new angle, from the hoesian police, who knew Monte, though they'd never been able to pin anything on him. They advised me that at one time he'd worked with a partner. He and the partner had quarrelled, and they'd split. But the interesting thing was that the description of the partner fitted our Mr. Orion, manager of this very exclusive hotel."
 Quayle paused to unload ash from his cigar.
 "Then I had a brainwave. It occurred to me that Monte might have been blackmailing his former friend. So I called on Orion and asked him to produce his books. I had a shrewd sus-

picion that they would show that Monte hadn't paid a bean for his expensive board and lodging. And I was right.
 "Only I'd been beaten to it," Quayle smiled ruefully.
 "I believe you know our little Banku friend, Xosa. He'd worked it all out by himself. And he had very coolly lifted Orion's books to have a look at them. However, he handed them over to me. And Mr. Orion is now consulting with his lawyer."
 "Who," demanded Peter, "is this Xosa?"
 "A detective," said Quayle solemnly. "Or so I understand. I know that he's a graduate of the Native College at Fort Hare. And I know that he's not so meek and mild as he looks. He has a habit of popping up unexpectedly in the middle of emotional cases. He's helped the police before."
 Lucy was frowning. "But you say that, after all, you don't think Mr. Orion committed the murder?"
 Quayle shook his head. "No."
 "Why?"
 The policeman appeared to go off at a tangent.
 "Our friend Xosa was smart enough to go after a crook called Tickey Charlie. Unfortunately Tickey Charlie was killed before he could get any information out of him."
 "But you said you didn't believe that Tickey Charlie's death had anything to do with the Monte affair!"
 Quayle nodded soberly. "I've changed my mind," he said. "Even policemen may do that, you know. And, you see, Orion—"
 "Oh!" said Lucy. "I think I see. It's the same reason that finally convinced you that Peter had nothing to do with the murders? Mr. Orion—"
 "—had an alibi," Quayle finished for her. "Not only for the murder of Tickey Charlie, but also for the murder of Monte! And both alibis, I assure you, seem unbreakable."
 "And so here we are—back where we started!"
 (To Be Continued)



Do you know the six simple rules for budgeting your income? The first is: Pay no more than a week's salary for a month's rent. What are the other five? This booklet gives them to you. It divides the expenses you must meet from the expenses you must calculate. And it gives examples of budgets for married and unmarried persons earning various incomes. The booklet is called "Making the most of your income." It helps you to do just that. Many pages are provided for your personal memoranda in this handy Pocket Memo Budget Booklet. Simply fill out and send the coupon and you'll receive a copy free.

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Three Accidents on Saturday are Blamed on Weather

Raining at One Time and Snowing When Two Other Accidents Happened.

Three accidents that occurred on Saturday afternoon and evening were investigated by the police and no charges were laid against any of the drivers. Rain and snow were blamed for all the accidents and the slippery condition of the streets at the time was taken into consideration. Damage to the cars involved was not very great, except in one of the accidents on Saturday evening when damage to each of the cars amounted to about a hundred and fifty dollars.
 Ted Charbonneau, 56½ First avenue, driving a truck that belonged to W. H. Sever, of 153 Mountjoy street south, said Ernest Mondeaux driving another truck that belonged to A. R. Dubiens of 101 Commercial avenue, were involved in an accident in front of 8 Spruce street north, Charbonneau was said to have been backing out of Berini's Garage and was almost across the street when he collided with the other truck that was proceeding north on Spruce street. Skid marks on the street showed that the drivers of both cars had tried to stop but the icy condition of the street made this impossible. It was raining at the time

and damage to the cars amounted to about five dollars all together.
 Frederick Chenier, who lives over the Timmins post office and Arthur Larivee, 68 Toke street, were involved in a minor accident about half past six on Saturday afternoon when Chenier was backing his truck out of the laneway behind the post office and crashed into the other car. Damage to the car was about twenty-five dollars and was made up of a badly smashed right front door and several dents and scratches on the right side of the car. Police said that Chenier was unable to see as he was backing up. It was snowing at the time.
 Henry Burke, 109 Hemlock street and Oswald F. Carter, Coniaurum Mines Schumacher, were involved in a head-on collision on Toke street, about eighty-three in the evening on Saturday. Damages from the collision amounted to a hundred and fifty dollars to each of the cars. Police laid no charges against either of the drivers and said that it was snowing quite heavily at the time.
 Both cars collided while they were travelling in opposite directions and both drivers blamed the heavy snow storm for blocking their vision. Damages to each of the cars consisted of broken grills, smashed fenders and smashed headlights.
 THE LIGHTER SIDE OF LIFE
 "Is that an ermine fur coat?"
 "If it is, some rabbit has been living under an assumed name."—Kitchener Record.

Timmins Oddfellows at Cochrane Installation

Several from Timmins Oddfellows lodge went to Cochrane last week to assist with the installation of officers of Cochrane Lodge No. 418. The installation was conducted with a strict team. There was a good attendance of members present.
 Officers installed were:—P.N.G.—Peter MacGregor, N.G.—C. Bernstein, V.G.—A. McNeil, Rec. Sec.—W. K. S. Ford, treasure—W. L. Warrell, fin. sec.—R. W. Ryder; also all the subordinate officers.
 The visiting district degree team consisted of D.D.G.M. F. McCauley, Cochrane; P.D.D.G.M. William Wills, Timmins; P.N.G. Charles Lacey, Timmins; R.S.V.G. Walter Avery, Timmins; Treas. Gordon Campbell, Timmins; P.N.G. M. M. MacLeod, Cochrane; P.D.D.G.M. M. David, Cochrane.
 Refreshments were served at the close of the meeting.

HIS OCCUPATION

"The best thing for you to do," said the doctor to the man with a nervous complaint, "is to stop thinking about yourself and bury yourself in your work."
 "Good heavens," said the patient, "I'm a concrete mixer!"—Exchange.
 North Bay Nugget—Since the Russians think the winter is going to be such a big help to them—we would be glad to give them ours with no strings attached.



SAVING IS URGENT

A growing savings account reinforces your country's effort toward victory.

We've got to pay for the war and a savings account helps to do that because it enables you to accumulate funds for taxes, for Victory Bonds and for War Savings Certificates. It also provides for emergencies for yourself and your family. Open a Savings Account.

It's not only wise to be thrifty—it's urgent.

To Save is Practical Patriotism

THE CHARTERED BANKS OF CANADA

A BOMBER EACH MONTH FOR THE DURATION

THE JOB IS NOT HALF DONE!

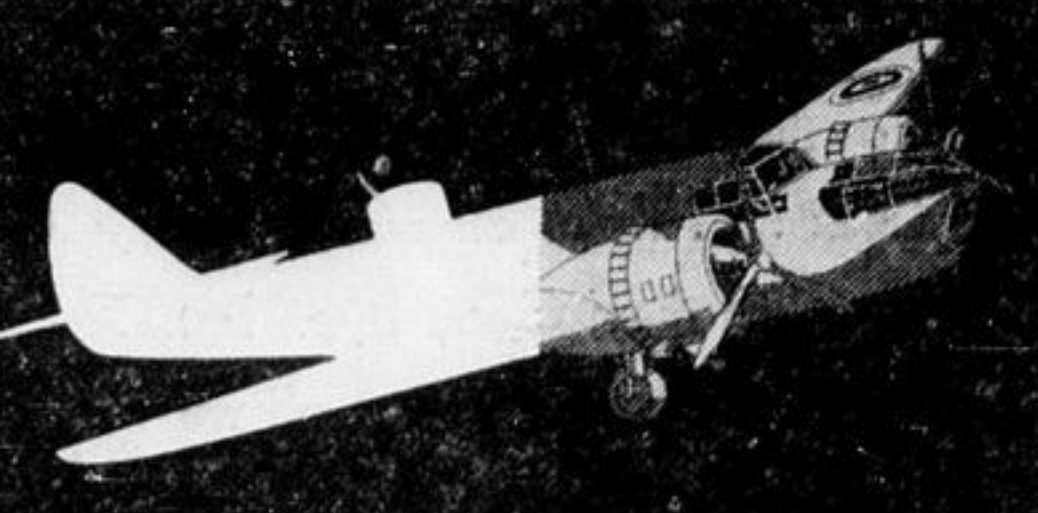
MAKE OUR OBJECTIVE A REALITY WITH YOUR DOLLARS!

TIMMINS, SCHUMACHER and SOUTH PORCUPINE MUST NOT FAIL!

OUR WAR WEAPONS DRIVE CALLS FOR ALL-OUT PERSONAL SACRIFICE

● We still have a big job ahead of us. Our objective is coming to life. But, we must speed it up. We must get wholeheartedly behind this National War Weapons Drive. We must increase our regular individual purchases of War Savings Certificates, to the limit. Remember, our soldiers, our

sailors, our airmen are counting on us. They've offered their lives. We must give them the weapons. Our community has pledged us all to take a vital part in Canada's war effort. Can any of us turn a deaf ear to the call?



37% Look at this graph. Time is slipping. We must get busy this coming week to assure success.

TIMMINS SCHUMACHER and SOUTH PORCUPINE WAR SAVINGS COMMITTEE

Double Your Pledge to Buy WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES REGULARLY