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(By The Canadian Press) SOUTHAMPTON, England—First of the 21-ton flying boats which will span the Tasman Sea (12,000 miles), extending England-Australian air service to New Zealand, has made its maiden flight here.

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The Riddle of the Riderless Horse

By JEAN & CYRIL CASALIS

MARAKA'S QUEER BEHAVIOUR

The shadow of tragedy was evident even at some distance from the van Stellen homestead. The very house, with blinds drawn across every window, looked more mournful than usual. Half a dozen buggies were there already, and their owners, hat in hand, went furtively in and out, their tanned skins and awkward steps contrasting oddly with their "dorp" clothes and unfamiliar collars. Adhemar drew up among the earlier arrivals, and when he went into the house alone, Malcolm understood that his and Cornelle's presence had been insisted upon for moral support alone. Awkwardly the minutes dragged past. Then diversion came with the sound of clattering hoofs on the road, and they turned quickly to see a scraggy pony coming towards them.

The pony swept up the rise towards the house. The rider was Maraka, and he was an astonishing sight. Over a pair of well-patched khaki trousers, he wore a thin, in deference to the house of mourning, an old-fashioned frock coat, green with age, whose skirts flapped against his legs, and above whose velvet collar, his bare neck and head rose with vulture-like promontory. Dismounting beside the buggy, he handed the overcoats with which he was burdened, to Cornelle. "Maybe him plenty cold by and by," Bas, he said, ingenuously. "And without further explanation he tied his pony's reins to the wheel of the trap, and betook himself to the stable where he joined a group of van Stellen's boys.

"I wish he'd found some better excuse for his curiosity," said Cornelle, stuffing the coals vindictively under the seat. But Malcolm's eyes were still on Maraka, who had now left the group at the stables and was wandering mournfully away, with a blanketed companion, towards the rough track that led from the homestead to the river. Suddenly his expression changed. The blanketed boy was standing in the middle of the track, talking and gesticulating. Maraka was examining one of the fencing posts at the side of the track. The blanketed boy talked on. Maraka crossed the track and examined another post. Malcolm watched them intently. He glanced quickly at the blanketed boy talking on. Cornelle, seeing that he had seen nothing of what was happening, and Maraka was apparently quickly satisfied with what he was doing, he was already walking back towards the buggy, and announcing that if he did not go home the porridge and coffee would be burnt, he leapt into the saddle and cantered away.

Almost immediately Adhemar rejoined them. "Japle," he said, "was only just dead when his father found him. He'd been out to put out night-lights in the river. His horse must have tripped or stumbled badly, near the fence, and thrown him."

CHAPTER XV
MARAKA SAYS MURDER

During their late breakfast Malcolm could hardly control his impatience. He must get hold of Maraka immediately. He must know whether his wild suspicions had any foundation. The meal was over at last, and he caught Cornelle's eye, and he went deep in thought, walked out of the room.

"Cornelle," he said in a low voice, "we must get hold of Maraka at once. He didn't follow us for nothing—those overcoats were an obvious blind, not curiosity as you thought. He's found out something and I saw him do it."

"Now then, Malcolm," said Cornelle deprecatingly, "you're off again!" But Malcolm was not to be off. "If you don't talk to Maraka, I will," he announced; and Cornelle gave in. They went out of the house by the back door, and as they passed through the kitchen, Cornelle beckoned to Maraka, who followed them to Malcolm's randaev.

"What is it now, Maraka?" Malcolm asked point blank as the cook came in. "Oho, Bas," said Maraka, and putting his hand in his pocket, he drew out a scrap of newspaper, unfolded it with great care, and handed it to Malcolm; and he bending over it towards the light, with Cornelle looking over his shoulder, saw that it held a few strands of rope. "Scraps of frayed rope," announced Cornelle. "What's in that?" "Let the Bas look well. Let the Bas look at kind of rope him is," Cornelle carried the packet to the window.

"Cotton rope," he admitted, "but I don't see that it means anything." "Bas," pointed out Maraka, "him plenty quick and plenty fast; and him cost plenty much money."

black boy him say: "We not kill Maraka him say: then what you fasten to him stone with rope? But that black boy him not plenty hard head, Bas. Maraka him plenty sure, by big stick on him head, just little piece dust come out. We fasten nothing with rope," him say; "my Bas him got no rope—him like rein; rein him plenty stone." And that black boy him laugh, Bas, plenty pleased. Then Maraka him look again, and him see the rope him so high from him ground. He stooped to indicate, with his hand, the height from the ground at which he had found traces of frayed rope. It was a little more than a foot.

Maraka passed. "Yes?" said Malcolm. His suspi-

ons were crystallising into certainty; yet he wished, rather than put them into words, to hear them corroborated by someone else. "Maraka him know nothing, Bas," the cook said humbly. "But when Maraka him say, 'Bas Japle him ride plenty well; Triplair him plenty good horse.' Maraka him say, 'Why, then, Triplair fall?' And when Maraka him find rope on stone, behind where Triplair fall, Maraka him say again, 'Why?' "Exactly," put in Malcolm. "Why?" "That is all Maraka him know, Bas. Maybe the ground him speak if so much plenty rain not come. Maybe Bas Japle him ride in plenty hurry. Maybe him come slow. Maraka him not know."

"Maraka is at potty over this business as you are," said Cornelle

scornfully, when the servant had gone. "You may say what you like, Cornelle, it's an odd business, as you yourself said this morning. Two good riders, on two good horses, gone west in the most absurd manner, and both leaving them tiny scraps of evidence—but mighty suspicious."

(To Be Continued)

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(To Be Continued)

British Guardsmen Acclaimed in Paris

PARIS, July 12—Five hundred British guardsmen marched through the streets of the capital today acclaimed by Parisians as France began three days of patriotic celebration that will culminate Friday, Bastille Day, in a vast show of Anglo-French solidarity.

July 14 will be just 150 years since revolutionists stormed the bastille and burned it to the ground. It will be just 20 years since troops of all the Great War

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alies officially celebrated the victory in Paris amid wild rejoicing. Grenadier guards and members of the Scots, Irish and Welsh Guards gave the Parisians a festive taste of the color of Friday's military display as they marched to their quarters.

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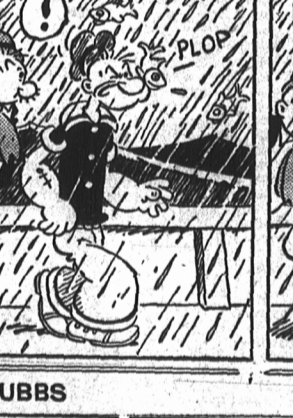
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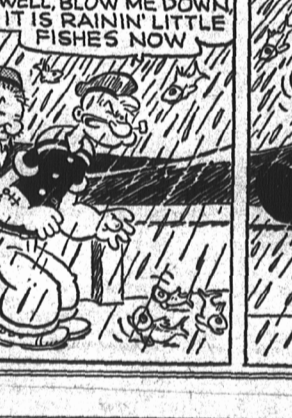
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