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**SPECIAL FOR YOUR KITCHEN**



**Only \$14.95**

Don't envy your friends who have radio in the kitchen. Now you can make your kitchen work and other house-keeping duties lighter and brighter with RCA Victor's amazingly low priced "Little Nipper" radio.

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- Standard broadcast reception including police band.
- Virolta Plug-in.
- Meets all fire and safety regulations in Canada.
- Beautiful plastic cabinet. So small you can hold it in your hand.

SEE AND HEAR IT TODAY!

**MILLER BROS. LTD.**

**PICNIC MOCHA MIX**

3 heaping tablespoons cocoa  
6 teaspoons table sugar  
1 1/2 cups cold water  
1-4 teaspoon salt  
4 1/2 cups milk  
2 cups double-strength coffee  
Mix cocoa, sugar, salt and cold water and cook, stirring constantly about 2 minutes. Add milk and heat thoroughly. Chill and blend with iced coffee. Carry to picnic in well-chilled thermos.

**Professional Cards**

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**The Riddle of the Riderless Horse**

By JEAN & CYRIL CASALIS

**CHAPTER II  
THE RIDERLESS HORSE**

They turned in early that night, but Malcolm, once in bed, found himself unable to sleep; for like many another visitor new to Africa, the quiet of night, on the veiled pressed heavily on him. After following the blurred images of his new impression for an hour or more, he rose and went to the window to look out on the moonlit country, but the fly-proof gauze over the windows interfered with his view, so he went outside and sat down on the low step at the rondavel door.

Buildings, trees, the very air, seemed held in a rarefied tangible peace; not the peace of older countries, created by houses and gardens and the protecting works of man, but a peace in keeping with the stars, austere and inviolable, clear as the unclouded air.

He must have been in deeper reverie than he realised, for suddenly he became aware that, for some seconds, he had been conscious of the approaching beat of horse-hoofs. For a moment he listened idly to them. Mortimer coming home, he supposed, and not wishing to meet him thus, he rose and turned to go in. But as his hand touched the latch of the door it flashed upon him that, whoever the rider, the horse was coming at breakneck speed, and instinctively he looked back.

The flying hoofs were thundering past the trees now. Then round the end of the plantation the horse swung a clear-cut silhouette in the moonlight, and came straight for the stables, swerved as all uncontrolled horses do when near home, checked, and in a short turn stopped dead, lifted its head and gave a tremulous snort. And it was then that Malcolm knew for certain why, at the first sight of it, he had started running towards it. It was riderless.

It made no attempt to move, and he caught it in the difficulty. The reins were still hanging across its neck and a stirrup was missing. Malcolm led it towards the home-stead, stroking its neck and soothing it as he walked.

Cornellie, who was sleeping out in the veranda had awakened and was sitting up in bed.

"That you Mortimer?" he said; then as he caught sight of Malcolm: "Hallo Malcolm, what's up? Mortimer's horse? where is he?"

"Is Mortimer's horse, is it? He's had a spill then. The horse came up a minute ago alone, and there's a stirrup missing.

"Punny! I shouldn't have expected a fall from Mortimer! I wonder where he came off. We'll better go out and look for him. He will be sick at coming off."

"This horse has had a fright, you know, Cornellie. Look at him."

"Yes, that's odd. I'll pull on some clothes and we'll go out."

"Right. I'll get the bar. What shall I do with the horse?"

"Oh, shout for Jani, the stable boy, will you Malcolm? He'll hear you from the rondavel." Cornellie was already lighting the candle in his bedroom "I shan't be a shake."

Ten minutes later Malcolm was at the wheel with Cornellie beside him, and old Adhemar, with a waterproof thrown over his shoulders and his inseparable felt hat crowning his tousled grey hair, was saying: "When you find Mortimer just remind him that I always said one of our horses could throw an English rider."

"By the look of that horse," said Cornellie, as the car sped along the avenue, "I should say that he and Mortimer parted company at least on the boundary between Campsie and van Stelien's farm. Was he far off when you first heard him coming?"

"I couldn't be sure. I only know that I heard him coming for some minutes before I realised it. You know how one does that. But Mortimer may not have been thrown at all. Isn't there a gate that he'd have to open? The horse could have got away then."

"The only gate between here and the Brandfontein commonage is one just beyond van Stelien's house; we'll go and see if that's open. In the meantime, when we get to the far boundary of Campsie we'd better go slow and watch for him."

The brilliant lights dipped and danced over the rough farm road as they skirted the long plantation of gum trees that sheltered the Campsie orchard, and passed the small tank and hand-pump that furnished that farm with its water supply. A mile further on, as the car toiled through heavy sand, the glare of the headlights struck a sudden answering gleam in the roadway, which made Cornellie exclaim:

"The stirrup!"

It was the stirrup, whose bright burnish proclaimed it in a land where polish is not a feature of riding equipment, to be Mortimer's. But, despite scrupulous search, not a sign could they find in the sand that lay feet deep in that sunken track, either of a fall or even of the horse's spoor. Cornellie passed. But his voice, which must have carried miles in that silence, died away unanswered.

"More than likely the stirrup dropped when the horse had already got away," Cornellie said. "Mortimer says it comes off pretty easily. Let's push on."

As they pushed on they passed the Campsie boundary, and noting down a slight hill, dropped into the rocky spruit below van Stelien's home-stead. Then the road improved and Malcolm increased the pace, feeling that at any moment they must meet Mortimer. But the road stretched out empty and lonely before them, and the gate when they reached it was wide open.

"It's the only thing to do. He may never have started; the horse may have got away from him before he mounted," Cornellie laughed softly. "Whatever happened," he said, "I'll bet the air round Mortimer is blue. I should think the last time he had a fall was when he was learning to ride—and that was when he was a babe in arms."

"I don't like this," said Cornellie uneasily. "One of two things must have happened; either he's hurt and we've missed him, lying out in the road, or else he's gone for help to one of the farms on the road—though that's not likely; he doesn't know any of those people. But we'd better call at all these places on the way back."

After that, save for his brief directions when they had to turn aside into the rough tracks that led to those farm houses, they drove in silence: for as their search narrowed down their uneasiness gave place to anxiety.

"It's a good rider?"

"Oh, magnificent; one of the best I've ever seen."

Malcolm gave a sudden mighty yawn.

"It's always the way," he said; "when I might have slept I couldn't, and now—oh, for bed."

They drove on into the "dorp"; but when they reached the hotel at which Mortimer had dined, and Cornellie knocked up the manager, it was only to learn that Mortimer had set out for home nearly three hours earlier.

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**NEUTRALIZE FOOT ODOR**

**NU-FEET**

NU-FEET INSOLÉS medicated with severe alkaline antiseptic salts control perspiration, neutralize foot odors and speedily bring ease and comfort to sore, itchy burning feet. Only 25¢ a pair.

**NU-FEET** MEDICATED INSOLÉS

"There are only two places to try at now," announced Cornellie, as they drove off after their fourth fruitless call; "van Stelien's and Campsie. This thing defeats me, Malcolm. It's absurd to think of Mortimer disappearing like this. When we set out to look for him I never doubted that we'd be home again in half an hour."

(To be Continued)

**APPOINTED PATROL HISTORIAN**

**OTTAWA, June 28—(CP)—**Richard Marriott, Australian newspaperman on exchange with the Montreal Daily Star, has been appointed official historian for the Arctic Patrol of the Steamship Nasopole this summer. It was announced by the Mines and Resources Department today.

**Borden's EVAPORATED MILK**

**MAKES MY COOKING TASTE BETTER**

**IF it's Borden's it's GOT to be Good!**



**OUT OUR WAY**

By J. R. Williams

**OUR BOARDING HOUSE**

With Major Hoop



I DUNNO, PUNKY, I GUESS WE'RE GOIN' UP TO TH' LAKE AGIN-- YEAH, TH' SAME PLACE WHERE MOM GOT THAT AWFUL SUNBURN-- LIH-HUH-- SNAKES? GOSH, YES, WHY, SIS WOULDN'T SET FOOT OUTSIDE TH' COTTAGE-- BUT THEY WASN'T AS BAD AS TH' BUGS AN' MOSQUITOES-- WHADDA YOU SAY? OH, SURE, I WAS HAVIN' A SWELL TIME UNTIL I FELL OFF! I TH' PIER AN' BJUSTED MY ARM! LIH-HUH, WE'LL BE THERE TWO WEEKS!

HE FORGOT TO MENTION THAT DAD LEANED OVER THE SIDE OF A ROWBOAT AND LOST HIS UPPERS!

WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY



COMMODORE TARR, THIS WAS MY UNIFORM IN HER MAJESTY'S ADMIRALTY, EGAD! WHILE IN SERVICE ON THE GOLD COAST, IT WAS MY FORTUNE TO TRACK DOWN, ACROSS 'O LEAGUES OF OCEAN, THE KNAVES WHO STOLE A GOLDEN FOOTSTOOL USED BY THE KUMASI TRIBE IN CORONATION EXERCISES, THIS EARNING THE UNDYING GRATITUDE OF CHIEF CHEWS-HIS-SLIPPERS, A REDOUBTABLE OLD SAVAGE WHO ONCE MASTICATED A MISSIONARY'S SANDALS!

AYE, MAJOR! HOW'D YE TRACK 'EM IN THE WATER-- USE A SEA DOG?

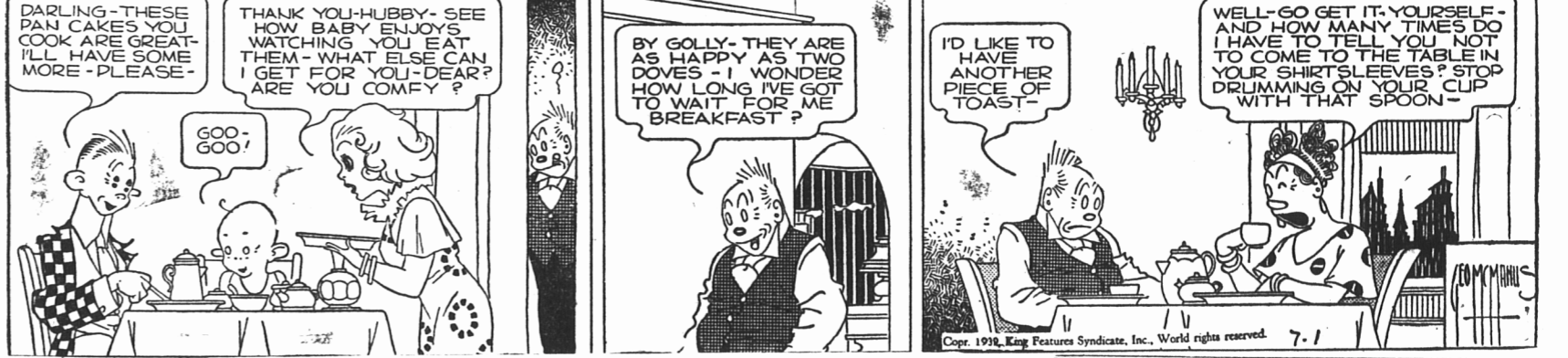
THAT WAS THE MAJOR'S DISGUISE WHEN HE BE-LOANED TO THE KNIGHTS OF OLIVER HAZARD PERRY-- UNTIL HE GOT A BILL FOR DUES!

CHIEF CHEW-EM-UP-SHOES SOUNDS LIKE AN OLD HARVARD GOLD-FISH SWALLOWER-- HE'D GET A MASTER'S DEGREE IF HE COULD FIND A PAIR OF HIP BOOTS!

A LITTLE LIGHT ON DARKEST AFRICA

**BRINGING UP FATHER**

By George McManus



DARLING--THESE DAN CAKES YOU COOK ARE GREAT-- I'LL HAVE SOME MORE-- PLEASE--

THANK YOU--HUBBY-- SEE HOW BABY ENJOYS WATCHING YOU EAT THEM-- WHAT ELSE CAN I GET FOR YOU--DEAR? ARE YOU COMFY?

GOO--GOO!

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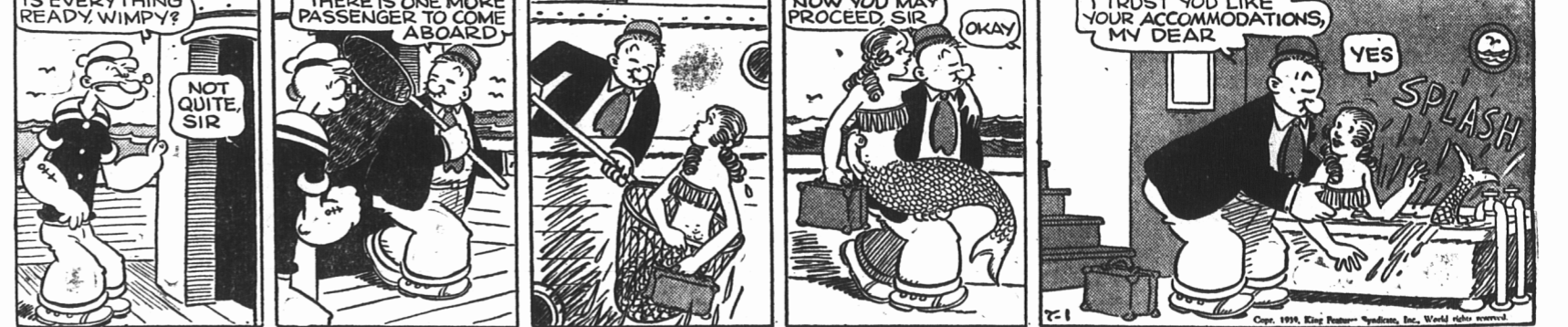
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**Thimble Theatre, Starring POPEYE**



IS EVERYTHING READY, WIMPY?

NOT QUITE, SIR

THERE IS ONE MORE PASSENGER TO COME ABOARD

NOW YOU MAY PROCEED, SIR

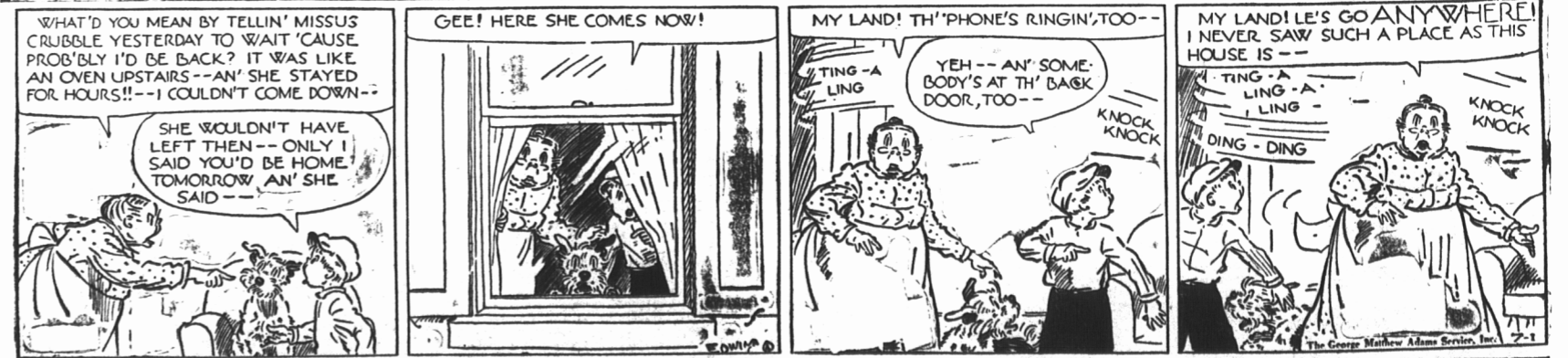
I TRUST YOU LIKE YOUR ACCOMMODATIONS, MY DEAR

YES

SPLASH

**TIPPIE AND "CAP" STUBBS**

By Edwina



WHAT'D YOU MEAN BY TELLIN' MISSUS CRIBBLE YESTERDAY TO WAIT 'CAUSE PROBABLY I'D BE BACK? IT WAS LIKE AN OVEN UPSTAIRS--AN' SHE STAYED FOR HOURS!--I COULDN'T COME DOWN--

GEE! HERE SHE COMES NOW!

MY LAND! TH' PHONE'S RINGIN', TOO--

YEH--AN' SOME BODYS AT TH' BASK DOOR, TOO--

MY LAND! LE'S GO ANYWHERE! I NEVER SAW SUCH A PLACE AS THIS HOUSE IS--

**TILLIE THE TOILER** — WHAT'S KEEPING MAC?

By Westover



WHY, WHAT WAS THE MATTER?

THAT LONG-WINDED JOE BOWLER KNEW I WAS HERE AND CALLED ME

I WAS RIGHT--LEAVING THE OLD PLACE FOR THE LAST TIME THREE TIMES IS TOO MUCH--I CAN'T

I JUST WANTED TO WARN YOU THAT AUNT MIRANDA IS IN TOWN AND ON THE WAY OVER

BOY, SHE DIDN'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE GETTING OUT THAT TIME

**CHAPTER III**

"ONE DOES NOT DISAPPEAR LIKE THAT!"

"I suppose this means we go on?" said Malcolm.

**TIRED FEET**

FIND INSTANT EASE WHEN YOU RUB

**WARTS**

GREAT CANADIAN RUBBING

CHARLOTTETOWN