

# Motor-Bike Mac o' The Mounted!

*Something new in "Mounties" is Motor-Bike Mac, and his presence in the Yukon Territory is by no means welcome to the gunmen and bad-hats of New Find!*

## THE FIRST CHAPTER The Mystery Message I

"HORSES are queer critters," grinned Constable MacFlood, of the Royal Canadian Mounted. "That's why I prefer to fork old 'Dot-and-Dash.' The old mo'-bike's more reliable than any horse-flesh."

He crouched forward in the saddle of his powerful motor-bike, the staccato roar of which struck a strange note among the rugged, snow-clad peaks of the Yukon Territory, as it bowled him across the hard-packed snow.

"Guess it would go hard with this kid just now if I had to do my six-hundred-mile

beat on a nag," Mac went on to himself, skidding round a tricky curve. "There wouldn't be much chance to jug the gunmen and bad-hats that hang around. Black Ledger's gang would show me a clean pair o' heels, I reckon. As it is I'll get 'em before long."

Something new in "Mounties" was Mac. Young and sturdy, with a determined jaw, he was the kind that gets things done with as much fun as possible.

Six months before he had been dirt-track and ice-rink riding in England, and having exhausted the thrills, had come over to Canada to join the Mounties and see life.

He had broken away from custom by bringing his motor-bike with him, and though the



machine had not at first met with the approval of his superiors at Regina, Mac had soon made himself a popular favourite. When he was promoted from a mere rookie and drafted to this beat he had been allowed to bring his bike up with him.

At first he had used a horse, but it broke a leg and had to be shot.

That was six weeks before, and instead of reporting it, Mac had been riding his beat upon old "Dot-and-Dash," and found that it gave him more time to deal with the bad-hats of those parts. Since the opening up of the New Find mining camp these were many.

"But they won't be as many when I get a line on the Ledger gang," thought Mac as, turning another bend, he came in sight of his police hut.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed at sight of a dark-clad figure approaching the hut from the opposite direction. "A visitor! An Indian, by gum!"

The Indian had heard the roar of Mac's bike long before he saw the young Mountie, and was waiting for Mac when he pulled up at the door of his hut.

"Huh," the Chilkat grunted. "Message."

"Who from?" Mac demanded as he unscrewed the ball of paper which his visitor handed him.

"Trapper," the Chilkat replied, staring impressively into the Mountie's face. "Le Favre."

Just for an instant Mac's eyes flickered. Then he grinned and nodded, beginning to read. As he did so his expression changed and he looked grim.

"Black Ledger's gang hanging about here. Come right away.—Pierre le Favre."

That was the message scrawled roughly across the paper.

"Did Le Favre give you this to bring to me?" the young Mountie questioned, frowning.

The Chilkat nodded. Mac shrugged.

"Right-o! I'll be along in a jiffy. Thanks for bringing the note!"

Without another word the Indian passed on. Mac stared after him a long moment, deep in thought.

"There's somebody pullin' my leg or I'm a hump-backed lynx," he muttered. "Either it's that Indian or Le Favre, or both. Then again, it might be Black Ledger himself."

He stared at the note critically.

"Rummy! Why should Le Favre tell me he couldn't write even his own name an' then go sending me a message?" the puzzled Mountie grunted. "There sure is some mystery here an' it's this kid who's goin' to solve it. Can't say I liked the look o' that Chilkat, but you never can tell with the Red men, they're so bloomin' deceptive. All the same, while I'm standing here wondering I might be letting slip the first chance I've had o' getting on Black Ledger's track. Here goes for a visit to Le Favre."

As he heard Mac's bike kicked into a roar, the Chilkat looked back. A sardonic grin creased his leathery flat face as he saw Mac skidding over the hard-packed snow and pools of glassy ice, the machine quickly whipping up to thirty miles an hour.

"Polleceman one fool," he grunted. "He bluffed. He no good."

With a shrug the Indian turned back, and dropping into an easy lope, followed the track left by the tread of Mac's tyres. A cunning leer lurked in the corners of his slant eyes.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER

### Mac Makes Merry!

MAC steered his machine along the treacherous icy trail with every sense on the alert. His suspicions had been aroused, but at the same time he thrilled to the prospect of getting on the trail of the gang that had eluded all his efforts to catch them.

"It may be just a bluff," he muttered, steering Dot-and-Dash around lumps of piled-up frozen snow and slippery curves as only an expert ice-rink rider could have done. "Then again, it might be genuine, and some simple explanation of the note possible. In that case maybe I'll get my first line on the gang, an' that's all I want. Better keep my eyes peeled for trouble, though."

Le Favre's cabin lay through a spidery wood of tall spruce about ten miles from



Mac's hut, and half-way to New Find. The Mountie had paid the little old French trapper a visit only a week before, and it was then that Le Favre had told Mac he could not write a line. Naturally, the young Mountie felt there was something queer about the message the Chilkat had delivered.

Before him Mac saw a screen of tall trees, their feathery boughs laden with sparkling snow, and roared along the trail which led through. Eventually he came in sight of the trapper's cabin, a one-roomed hut of square logs, with snow drift piled three feet high against the near wall.

As he throttled down, Mac suddenly stiffened in the saddle. Darkly outlined against the white drift snow he saw a sprawling figure dressed like a trapper.

"Great Scott!" he gasped. "Le Favre!"

Hardly pulling up, Mac leaped from the saddle and plunged forward toward the inert body, anxious to see what he could do. Then he remembered the note, and instantly every fibre of his being became actively alert. Even as he hurried forward his quick eyes darted round, taking in every little detail for sign of a possible trap.

Something moved on the roof of the cabin. What it was Mac could not be sure, but he came to a quick decision.

"Yep, a trap, by gosh!" he muttered.



With rifle clubbed, a figure leaped down from the roof of the shack towards Mac.

Then he saw something which made him sure. A rough scar coursed along the track of the sprawled man's outflung hand!

There was only one man who owned such a scar, as far as the Mountie knew—Scarhand Jackson. Then it wasn't the old trapper sprawling there, but a member of Black Ledger's gang!

Mac could have shouted with the pleasure the thought gave him. He was hot on the trail!

He made as if to stoop over the man, then caught the faintest of sounds from the roof-edge above his head. He jumped back quickly.

Followed by a cloud of fine snow a tight-clad figure with clubbed rifle dropped down into the snow at the point where Mac had been stooped a moment before. He floundered



a second, and as he did so, the sprawled figure of Scarhand Jackson leaped to life, snarling.

Mac went into action when Scarhand was half-way to his feet. The Mountie pushed the fellow who had dropped from the roof so that he barged heavily against Scarhand, who gave a grunt as he went down again with the other on his chest.

"Attaboy!" Mac grinned; and snatching the rifle, raised it and swung. Crack!

The second fellow dropped senseless as the heavy butt connected with his head.

Scarhand leaped free of the clinging snow and rushed, but Mac dodged quickly, and as his assailant barged past, poked the rifle forward between his legs.

Scarhand tripped and shot forward on his head. Unfortunately for him, the snow did not cushion his fall. His head hit the tank of Mac's machine, and he, too, was knocked out.

"Clean K.O.," Mac grinned, looking round. "Any more for any more?"

Apparently there was not, so the young Mountie took the precaution of going over his prisoners for weapons, and when the two men came to, they found themselves unarmed and staring into the muzzle of the rifle, while their guns hung prominently from Mac's belt.

"Don't know what your game is," Mac gritted. "But I guess I'll soon find out. March! Inside the cabin."

Scowling, Scarhand and his companion had to obey, and with Mac close behind they entered the cabin. As the young Mountie crossed the threshold he caught sight of Le Favre, angry-eyed and excitable, with a gag in his mouth and securely bound to the rough, heavy table.

"Here you, Scarhand; cut him loose, an' no hanky-panky," he ordered. "Get that knife on the table, an' keep this side where I can shoot without having any obstacles in the way."

The crook did as commanded without relishing the task. Once free the little French trapper was voluble. He stormed at Mac's two prisoners and brandished his fist under their noses, until Mac intervened.

"That's all right," the youngster grunted.

"Pipe down a bit, old chap, while I find out what it's all about. D'you know anything?"

"Pardieu!" the excitable trapper exclaimed, his eyes dancing. "I forgetting. Pierre know it all. Ze skunks dey talk while dey wait the coming of the Mountie. Dey are of Black Ledger's gang, ze gang ze poleeceman is after."

"So that Chilkat was a fake, as I thought," Mac put in.

"Dey send the Indian with message, an' when he gone dey say it ees to you from me."

"Yes, but why? What do they want me out of the way for?" Mac questioned.

"Pardieu, again I forgetting!" Le Favre exclaimed. "Ze gold at New Find dey wish to take. Dey get you first out of ze way den it all vairy simple."

Mac stared, then confronted his prisoners, poking his rifle into their ribs.

"Is that right, Scarhand?" he demanded.

Scarhand scowled and nodded sulkily.

"Sure it's right," he growled. "They'll have shot up the place before you kin get there to stop 'em, so you don't gain anythin' by bein' told."

"Don't I?" Mac put in, a determined look in his eyes. "Don't be too sure about that. Look here, Pierre," he went on, turning to Le Favre. "You like these two quite a lot, don't you?"

The little trapper snorted.

"Like ze bear which springs my traps," he shrieked. "Dey hit me over ze head, den dey tie me up for one-two hours. Yeh, I like 'em plenty."

"That's good," Mac grinned. "I can trust you to look after 'em while I'm away, then. Here, take some o' this armoury. I'm off to New Find. Be back some time. S'long!"

Leaving the trapper herding the two men into a corner with threats as to what he would do if they tried anything, the young Mountie strode out of the cabin.

Mac moved quickly. He yanked his machine off the ground where he had let it lie, kicked on the starter almost at the same time, flung himself in the saddle, and once more the snowy mountain peaks echoed to Dot-and-Dash's high-pitched hum.



"Got to get to New Find in less time than it takes a puppy dog to wag its tail, else the Ledger crowd will get away with the best haul of the century," Mac thought. "It was a cute dodge getting me out o' the way while the main party raided New Find. If I take the short cut over the Hump Back and old Dot-and-Dash'll stand the gruelling, I'll show 'em they weren't cute enough by a long chalk."

Sending flurries of snow up from its back wheel, Dot-and-Dash hummed along. Mac, for all his anxiety to reach New Find, handled his machine expertly. A bad skid on such treacherous surface at the fast clip he was making meant a broken neck at least. He didn't mean to risk that when he was so hot on the trail of one of the biggest gang of crooks in the Yukon Territory.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER

#### Crossing the Canyon !

A MILE farther on Mac bounced on to the frozen Yukon. For two more miles the going was easy, skimming across the ice, on which was a thin layer of snow to grip the wheels, with frowning white peaks on either side.

"Guess if it was like this all the way I'd do it easy, but it ain't. There's the Hump Back to get over. Here we are! Left wheel, old boy."

The young Mountie took on the risky task cheerfully, grinning all over his face as his wheels bounced and ducked over the rough, treacherous trail leading up from the river between snowy bluffs.

By this short cut he saved a detour of six miles to New Find, and that meant a lot.

"Doing nicely," the youngster grinned as they neared the top. "Get the other side of Whispering Canyon an' we're sitting on top o' the world!"

Mac had come this way during the first fortnight of his work in the district, on horseback. The steady beast had been as safe as houses up this trail, which nobody but trappers wishing to make a short cut used. The peak of the trail was at Whispering Canyon where a cleft of two hundred feet split the mountain-side almost in two, the

trail going over a rough wooden bridge of spruce logs to the other side.

Dot-and-Dash behaved splendidly. Bounces and bumps came all the same to the powerful motor-bike, which was roaring its staccato challenge to the snowy landscape with the same vigour at the top as when Mac first turned off the Yukon.

Mac came in sight of the bridge—then checked the whoopee which rose to his lips. The bridge was broken down, nothing but two stumps driven deep into the ground on this side remaining.

"Well, that's a facer and no mistake," Mac muttered, too flabbergasted at first to think.

He pulled up, and moved forward to examine the structure more closely. With his hand upon the wooden posts he carefully scrutinised the wreckage.

"Great saddlebags!" he muttered. "Has the Ledger lot done this, too? I'll stake a month's pay that bridge has been broken down with an axe from the other side, and pretty recently."

The run of his thoughts was checked suddenly, in a dramatic manner. The bark of an automatic crashed out from somewhere on the other side of Whispering Canyon, and the next moment the bullet bit deep into the stump upon which Mac was leaning.

"Gosh, looks as if I'm right again. Black Ledger's got a man up here, an' that fellow's ripe for shooting. Dot-and-Dash, old stocking, we've got to get out o' this!"

For all the jocularly of his speech Mac was feeling far from easy. Standing there by the stump he was an open mark for a gunman on the other side of the canyon. The first thing to do was get into cover.

As another shot rang out from the invisible marksman, Mac steered his machine behind a large boulder. There he propped it; then drawing his heavy Webley, peered round to see how the land lay.

"Ah, that's you, is it!" he exclaimed a moment later as another bullet ricocheted from the boulder just by his head. But he had seen a slight movement and caught the flash as the hidden marksman's gun spoke. Mac poked his own Webley round the boulder and waited.



Presently the hidden marksman's weapon appeared again, and Mac fired. His shot was followed by a sneering laugh.

"Shoot, Mountie; that's the ticket. But yuh couldn't hit me in a week o' Sundays from there."

"The boulder's right!" Mac muttered grimly. "He's so well covered by them two chunks o' rock there's only a chance in a million o' hitting him. Gosh, I know!"

An idea had occurred to him, and he turned to his machine. First blocking the wheels, he kicked old Dot-and-Dash into throbbing life, and left her propped against the boulder humming away.

"That'll give that Johnny over the way something to occupy his attention thinking what I aim to do," he grinned. "While he's thinking, I'll be doing."

Cautiously, keeping the boulder between himself and the marksman, he crawled backwards upon his stomach until his boots came into contact with another boulder ten yards away. Mac dodged behind this, and then continued the process until he was well down the hill and out of sight of the marksman, whose whole attention was occupied by the staccato roar of Mac's bike.

Caution was now no longer necessary, and, getting to his feet, Mac edged about fifty yards parallel to the chasm, then started climbing the hill again, so that when Whispering Canyon again blocked his progress he was fifty yards away from his machine.

"There he is! Now for the surprise packet!" Mac muttered, after a keen glance.

From here the marksman was not so well covered as he thought. Mac could see him steadying his gun upon a rock, tensely waiting for Mac to show up behind the boulder he had originally occupied, and where Dot-and-Dash was still burning petrol.

Mac levelled his gun. Crack!

The shot was so unexpected that the fellow leaped in the air. His gun was shot clean out of his fist, and he yelled with the pain in his wrist. The next moment, casting a startled glance about, not sure from which direction his new adversary had fired, and thinking that the Mountie had received reinforcement, he started slithering and stumbling

down the hillside, anxious to get out of the way.

"That's settled him!" Mac muttered grimly. "Now for crossing this little hole."

Coming out from cover, Mac examined his side of the chasm. His gaze was attracted by an icy projection which glittered and shimmered as the bright glare of a harsh sun played upon it.

The Mountie stared at it calculatingly a long moment, then set his jaw firmly.

"Chances have got to be taken at this game," he muttered. "So we'll take 'em, an' with a bit o' luck we'll pull this off."

He hurried back to his machine, and a few moments later was steering it down from the shattered bridge towards the icy projection, which was nothing more than a heap of snow frozen hard as it drifted over the edge of the chasm.

"Almost like my ice-rink days, this," the young Mountie thought as he drew back to get a start.

Then he kicked his machine into roaring life and gave her full throttle.

Dot-and-Dash raced forward. The chasm leaped towards Mac at alarming speed. Cool as the ice all around, he steered for the bridge of snow. Over the edge and upon the queer bridge went the front wheel. The next moment Mac and the motor-bike were shot upwards into the air by the elevated bridge, to come down with a bump upon the ground the other side and roar on. Mac was safely across!

## THE FOURTH CHAPTER

### A Knock-out Stunt!

As Mac dropped down into New Find it soon became evident that Black Ledger's gang was in full charge. Half a mile away he could hear shots and shouts, and a little later a sharp crack, and the whizz of a bullet perilously close to his head warned him of the danger he himself was running.

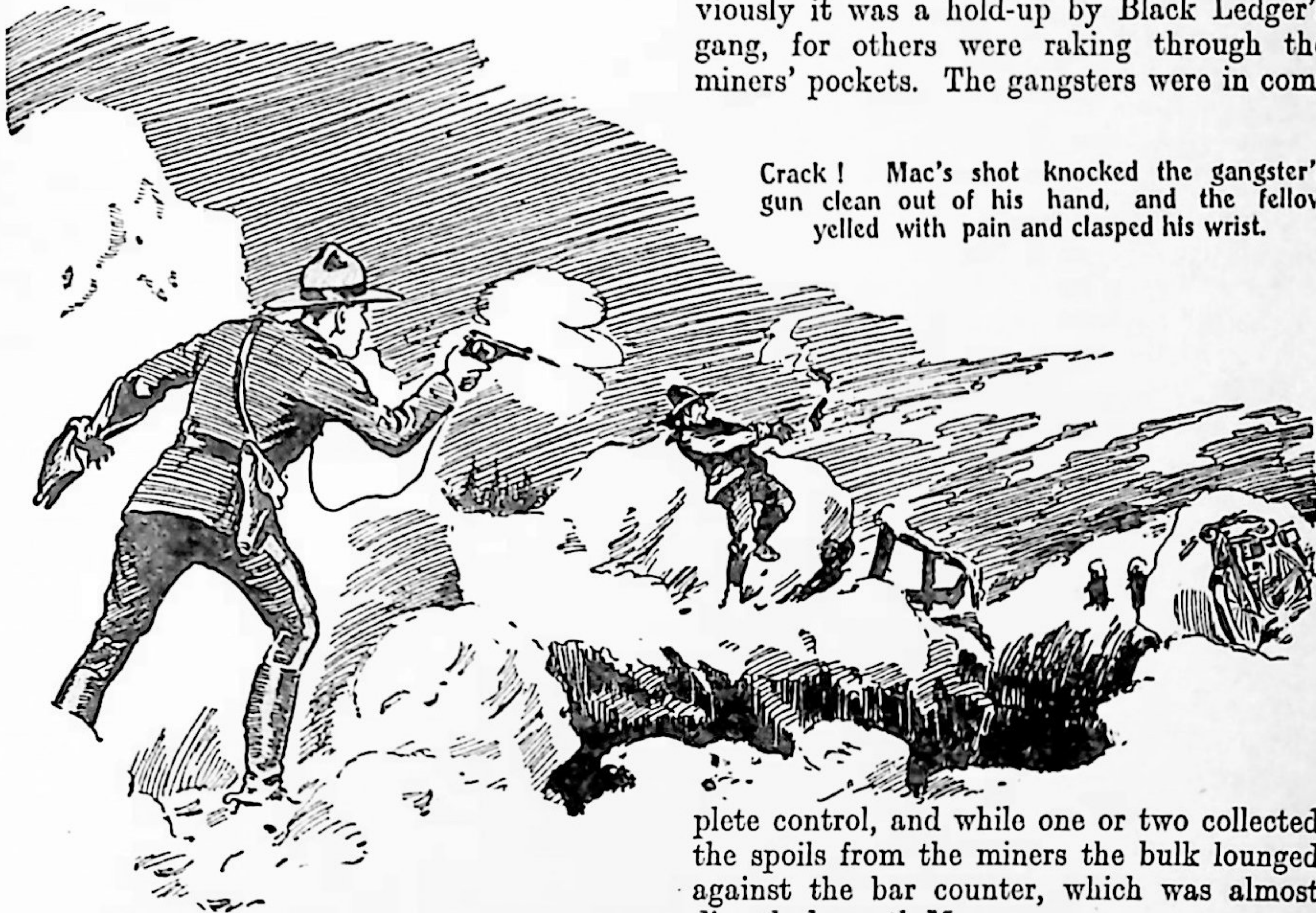
Danger could not stop the young Mountie, however, although it did teach him caution. He had thought of barging right into New Find and seeing what he could do, but now he realised that against the whole gang, using such methods, he would stand no chance, and



so he swerved round and approached the mining town from behind.

Two long rows of buildings comprised the place, some of them only partially constructed. Riding up behind these, Mac could hear the wild riot of noise as the gunmen rode around, shooting and bullying, creating a reign of terror while they stripped the place and everybody in it of their hard-won gold-dust.

"Well, I sure am hot on Black Ledger's trail now," thought the Mountie grimly. "The point is getting the cuffs on him an' his merry men."



The sight of a new plank of wood reared up against the low roof behind the Money-Pot Saloon gave him an idea.

"Just the thing!" he murmured, his cheery face broadening in a grin. "They'll get the shock o' their lives when they see me."

"Go it, Dot-and-Dash! Do your stuff!"

Roaring into full speed, Mac drove his machine for the plank. He braced himself upwards as the front wheel touched. The next moment he went easily upwards to the

roof, the motor-bike mounting the plank easily.

"Attaboy!" Mac chuckled, and cut the motor dead.

Then, laying the bike down upon the roof of the Money-Pot, he looked around. He spotted a fanlight, and hurried over towards it.

Peering down into the saloon, a sight that almost made him shout for joy met his eyes.

The saloon was almost crowded, but only a few of the crowd seemed happy. These gripped guns in a menacing manner. Obviously it was a hold-up by Black Ledger's gang, for others were raking through the miners' pockets. The gangsters were in com-

Crack! Mac's shot knocked the gangster's gun clean out of his hand, and the fellow yelled with pain and clasped his wrist.

plete control, and while one or two collected the spoils from the miners the bulk lounged against the bar counter, which was almost directly beneath Mac.

"Couldn't be better placed," thought Mac. "Can't see Black Ledger among 'em, but it looks like this is the main part of the gang. Mac, you're going to make the cop o' your life."

Cocking his Webley in readiness, Mac lifted the fanlight and swung it back against the roof. Then, before a current of cold air could warn the gang, he dropped down feet first, to land behind the counter with a heavy thud.



"Don't move! Not a man!" he barked.  
"I'm shooting!"

Both crooks and miners were flabbergasted. Just one of Black Ledger's gang swung round with a snarl. Mac's Webley spoke and he dropped, cursing, with a bullet in his shoulder.

"Quick—drop your guns, before I count three," Mac rapped. "One—two——"

Clatter! Clatter! Thud! Thump! Weapons thudded upon the boarded floor of the Money-Pot, dropped as if they were red hot.

"Three!" Mac finished his count. "Ah, that's better."

Every man in the Money-Pot was unarmed except Mac. The floor was littered with guns and arms of every description. Mac's sudden entrance and his quick action in winging the first man who had disobeyed his command had completely demoralised the gunmen.

Mac made a sign to a long, lean-faced man among the miners.

"Collect the armoury, an' dump it over here, Pete," he ordered. Pete Borrow, the saloon keeper, did as requested. "Now, just pick out for me which is Ledger's gang an' which isn't, an' then get 'em tied up, will you?"

"Sure, Mountie," Pete answered with a grin. "Glad to."

Five minutes later Mac's captives were securely tied up, the miners had recovered the guns the crooks had taken from them, and their gold was in a pile on the counter.

"Don't know how you're goin' to sort that out among you," Mac told the saloon keeper. "Guess you'll have to trust each man to say how much belongs to him."

"That's easy," Pete Borrow said with a frown. "What's on that table ain't nothin'! There were a dozen fortunes in the bank, an' Black Ledger's got clean away with the lot."

"You don't say so!" Mac exclaimed.

"I sure do," Borrow replied. "Him an' Butch Barlow skipped off after raiding the bank, to get a good start with the main haul while this crowd rifled the men. They're well away by now, so I guess we'll have to whistle f'r our fortunes. That there on the table ain't nothin' compared to it."

"That's bad," Mac admitted. "I wondered where Black Ledger was. If I knew which way they'd gone there'd still be a chance."

"They said they was makin' Le Favre's cabin their meetin' place," the saloon keeper explained. "They said you would be there, an' they were goin' to enjoy themselves at your expense. Guess they—— Say, what yuh on?"

But Mac didn't stop to explain what he was on. He jumped on the bar counter, grabbed the edge of the fanlight above his head, and disappeared. The next thing the saloon keeper heard was the roar of a motor-bike on the roof above his head.

Pete Borrow was surprised. He would have been more surprised, however, had he seen Mac cleverly steer Dot-and-Dash down the planking by which he had mounted the roof. The Mountie pulled up, however, when he had reached the ground. An idea had suddenly occurred to him.

"Gosh, the very thing!" he exclaimed; and turning back, levered the useful piece of planking from against the Money-Pot wall. "Tied to old Dot-and-Dash, it'll be a knock-out!"

Mac was an ingenious youngster, given to cute dodges. He was also one who believed in the usefulness of stout string, and for that reason always had a ball handy in his bag, which he now got out.

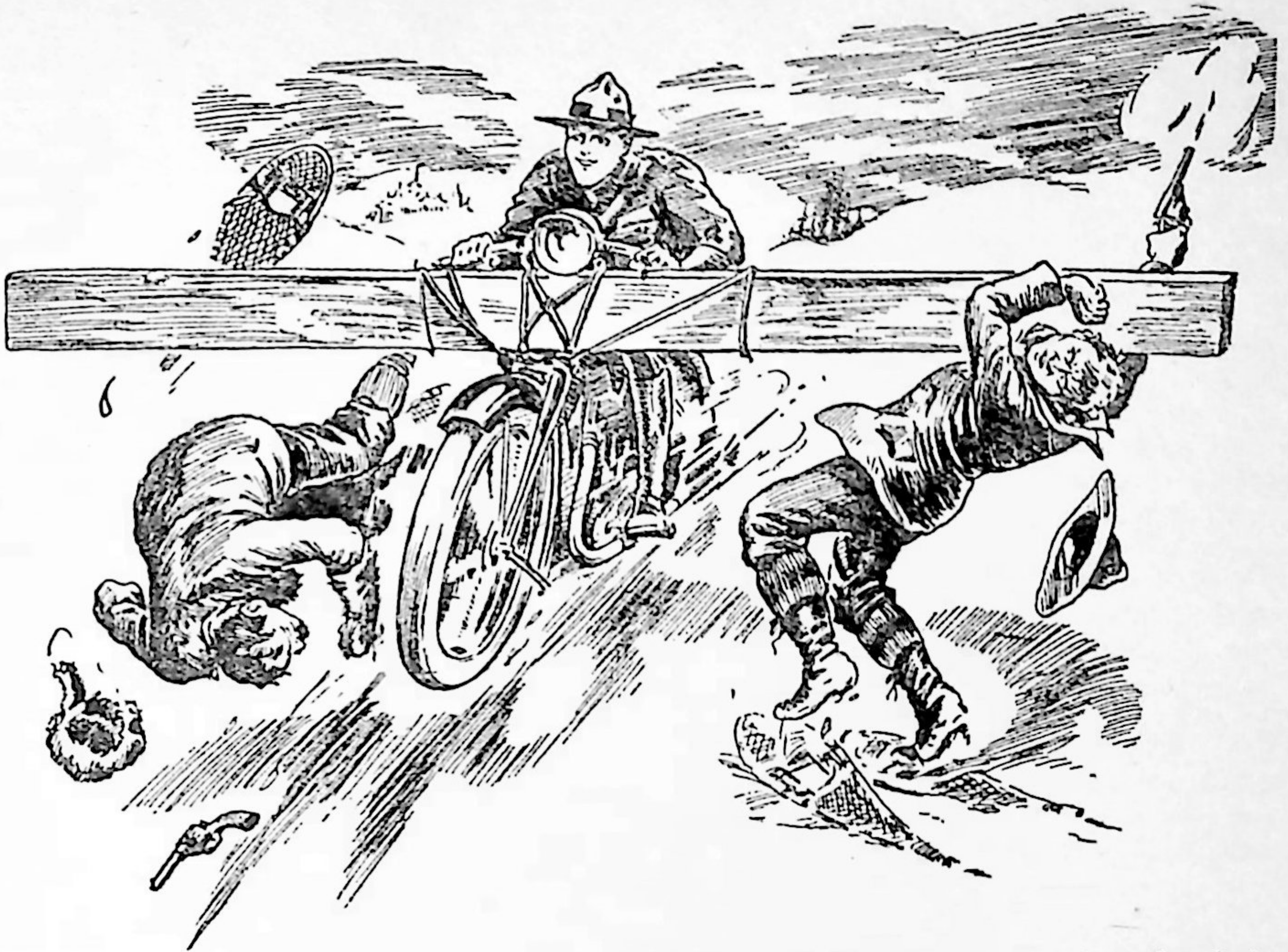
With the string he fastened the planking to the headstock of his motor-bike, just below the handlebars, so that the ends of the plank stuck out at either side about ten feet.

"Guess I'd get jugged back in England doing carrying service this way," he grinned. "Right away, Dot-and-Dash, an' if we don't give Black Ledger an' his pal beans before they get to Le Favre's cabin I'll eat my uniform."

With a roar that startled the echoes, machine and Mountie bounced away. As soon as he could, Mac edged round on to the main trail and presently bounced once more on to the frozen Yukon, skirting round the base of the Hump Back this time.

"Should spot 'em any minute now." He grinned in the teeth of the icy wind streaming about his eyes. "Ah, thought so! There





As Mac drove between Black Ledger and his companion, each received a terrific swipe from the plank and was sent flying. Mac's stunt surely was a knock-out!

they go, an' by Harry, they've heard me!"

Considering that the two men in front, who were mushing along on snow-shoes when he first saw them, were two of the most desperate gunmen in the Yukon Territory, Mac was surprisingly cool.

Black Ledger and his lieutenant had stopped. They had heard the roar of Mac's machine, and drew apart wondering who it could be.

Mac raced on, convinced that the two men would not detect the white planking against the white background of snow at the pace he was travelling. Then he saw the two draw their guns.

"Spotted my uniform," Mac thought. "They're going to spot an earthquake in a minute!"

He rode on, increasing his pace upon the frozen surface of the river to thirty-five miles

per hour. At that speed he would be an elusive target to hit.

However, the two crooks had hopes. With guns cocked, standing about a dozen feet apart, they waited, ready to plug Mac as he screamed past. The young Mountie, chuckling inwardly, steered towards them at a fast clip.

Black Ledger got ready to ease back on the trigger immediately Mac was between them. The next second he received a terrific swipe in the chest that sent him flying on to his head and laid him out. The very same moment his companion was knocked out, too, as the other end of Mac's plank hit him. Mac's stunt surely was a knock-out!

Grinning triumphantly, Mac throttled Dot-and-Dash down, swerved round, and came back to where the senseless forms of the two crooks lay upon the ice. Dismounting, the young Mountie removed their guns,



transferred the bag of gold they had taken from New Find bank to his own saddlebag, then scratched his head. For the two crooks didn't look like coming round yet!

"Got to get 'em round somehow," he pondered. "I've got it!"

Mac's method was simple but very effective. He took two large handfuls of snow, and pushed a handful down the back of each crook. With contorted faces Black Ledger and Butch Barlow blinked their eyes open, then wriggled uncomfortably as the icy-cold stuff worked right down their backs.

Black Ledger recovered first, and with a length of stout string Mac bound him to one end of his plank. When Butch was able to stand on two legs without help, Mac did the same for him, tying him to the other end of the plank. By the time all was complete, the two crooks were sufficiently awake to realise that Motor-Bike Mac had beaten them on every count!

Naturally they scowled. But Mac just grinned cheerfully.

"Now, my beauties," he said. "One way an' another you've cost me some petrol

scorching around looking for you, so now I hope you won't mind saving me a bit. You're going to mush back to New Find, while I ride. But Dot-and-Dash isn't goin' to burn any petrol, see? March!"

They marched. There was nothing else for it. And Mac enjoyed the ride, sitting comfortably in the saddle while the crooks, whom he had tied to the plank, dragged him and his machine along.

It took nearly two hours to reach New Find, but what a welcome there was for Mac as he brought his two new prisoners in! The miners went almost crazy, especially when Mac handed the bank its gold.

There was no need for Mac to ask for help in getting his bunch of prisoners down to Regina—nearly all in the place volunteered, and after Mac had dispatched half a dozen to bring in the two members of the gang he had left in Le Favre's charge, they set off, the biggest round-up any single Mountie had made in the history of the North-West Mounted.

"An' all because o' Dot-and-Dash," muttered Mac as he rode behind the procession.

