

Second Time West

by
T. C. BRIDGES

Principal Characters
SIR JAMES CHERNOCKE, BARONET, formerly Jim Weston, a cowboy. He has inherited his uncle's titles and estates. Later in the story is known as Grant Andrews.

BILL BEVERLEY, his friend and secretary.

NITA VAUGHAN, Jim's fiancée.

JOAN CHANDLER, whose brother Bart was Jim's partner on the ranch at Loomis, New Mexico. She had saved Jim's life when he rescued Bart in a shooting affray. There is still a warrant out against Jim for murder, in Loomis.

VINCENT BIGNAL, Joan's stepfather, and friend of

MURRAY FARNE, who wants to marry Joan and get possession of her ranch. Farne is head of a terrorizing gang, who, assisted by the Sheriff, GRANT GARRETT, are seeking to gain possession of all the land surrounding Loomis.

WARD HASKELL and DAVE CONDON, two of the ranchers who are oppressed by Farne's gang.

Synopsis of Previous Chapters

SIR JAMES CHERNOCKE has inherited the baronetcy and a fortune from his uncle. He is engaged to NITA VAUGHAN.

Before this event he had been plain Jim Preston, working on a ranch in America, where he had been mixed up in a shooting affray. His partner, Bart Chandler, had been arrested on a framed-up charge. In rescuing him, Jim had shot a man named Wesley Garnett. Hunted, he escaped through the pluck and cleverness of Bart's sixteen-year-old sister, JOAN. Later, he heard from Joan that Bart had been killed in an accident. He wrote at once but got no reply.

One day, while Sir James is fishing in his own part of the stream, he hooked a fish which led him out of his bounds. He followed the fish, as was customary, and just as he had landed it, he found himself challenged by a girl. She turns out to be Joan Chandler. She tells him that her American stepfather, VINCENT BIGNAL, has taken charge of her and is trying to make her marry his friend, MURRAY FARNE, whom she loathes.

Just then Farne arrives, a huge, cruel-looking man. The two men quarrel, Farne accusing Chernocke of trespass. In a struggle, they both fall in the river. On returning home, Jim tells his friends and secretary, BILL BEVERLEY, of the happening. The following day, he visits the cottage that Bignal had rented, but finds that the three have gone.

(Now Read On)

**CHAPTER IV.
JIM GOES SOUTH**

Now that Macdonald told him what had happened, Jim Chernocke felt that he had known it ever since he had first set eyes on the closed house. For all that, the shock was a heavy one.

"Where have they gone? Have they left an address?" he asked Macdonald.

"They didn't leave any address, Sir James. The rent was paid for the whole month, and they could leave any time they were wishing to."

"What road did they take?"

"They took the Perth road. I'm thinking they'll have caught the fast train which leaves for the South at eleven." Jim saw curiosity in the man's eyes, and thought best to explain.

"Miss Chandler is an old friend of mine, Macdonald. I met her on the river yesterday, and she wished to see me again." A slow smile appeared on Macdonald's lips.

"Maybe ye met yon Farne, Sir James, as well as the leddy."

"Yes, I met him, and we had some trouble about a fish which I hooked on my water and landed on his."

"And ye put him in the river?"

"As a matter of fact, we both went in," Jim told him.

Macdonald chuckled openly.

"The peety is ye didn't leave him there. The world would ha' been the cleaner."

"You didn't like him, Macdonald?"

"I ha' never met a man I liked less," said the other drily. Jim couldn't help smiling.

"He's a nasty piece of work, Macdonald. But tell me—did Miss Chandler leave any message for me?"

"Not with me, Sir James—but then she hadn't the chance. They went so sudden—she'll maybe write," he added.

"There's a chance she might have left a note in the house," Jim said.

"Aye, there's the chance," agreed Macdonald, and led the way to the house. It was quite small, a sitting-room, dining-room, and kitchen below stairs, four bedrooms above. In the sitting-room were vases of flowers no doubt, picked by Joan herself, but though he searched everywhere, Jim found no letter or anything that might give him the clue he needed. A pile of ash in the grate showed that Farne or Bignal had burned a quantity of papers.

As a last hope he went upstairs.

Joan's room, in spite of signs of hurried packing, was the neatest in the house. Jim looked round. He could see no letter, but he noticed a book lying on the little table by the bed. It was Stevenson's "Kidnapped." He picked it up, opened it, and a letter fell out. His heart gave a jump as he saw the envelope bore his name.

"I have it, Macdonald," he said, as he tore it open. This is what he read:

"Dear Jim,

I know you will come to the house when you miss me and I hope you will find this. I have had to hide it because Farne is suspicious. He and my stepfather had a violent quarrel last evening. Mr. Bignal told him that he had been a fool to attack you as he did, and that you might summon him for assault. In the end they decided to leave. I have no idea where we are going. It may be London, it may be Liverpool. So I can give you no address. In any case you had better forget me, Jim. I am grateful for your wish to help me, but I don't think you can do so. Be sure I shan't marry Farne—if that is any comfort to you. All my good wishes and hopes that you will be happy.

Cordially

Joan."

Jim bit his lip. The letter disappointed him but it did not in the least change his determination to get Joan away from Bignal and Farne. He turned to Macdonald.

"No telephone here, is there?"

"No, Sir James. Your's is the nearest." Jim nodded and took a note from his pocket book.

"You'll let me know if you hear anything, Macdonald."

"I will that," promised the other. "I'm thanking ye, Sir James."

Jim walked back in forty minutes and went straight to the telephone. He called up Perth Station and, after some delay, learned that Bignal's party had left for London. Before he could make up his mind what best to do, he heard the car on the drive and went out to meet Nita and her mother. As soon as possible he got Bill aside and told him everything.

"What do you want to do about it?" Bill asked bluntly.

"I want to follow them and get Joan out the clutches of those two brutes."

"Then you'll have to tell Nita," said Bill flatly.

"I don't mind telling her for I think she'd understand. But her mother won't."

"We can find a lie for her," Bill answered. "You have some property in America."

"That homestead I took up. I've paid the taxes and it's still mine."

"Good enough. Tell her that someone wants to buy it and you have to see about it."

"But we can't turn her out. I asked her for a fortnight. Will you stay and look after her and Nita?" Bill frowned and Jim wondered what was passing in his mind.

"I suppose I shall have to," Bill said at last. "But I'll lay you'll get into trouble messing about on your own. Whatever you do, don't get to New Mexico. Then Bignal will have you all ends up."

"I hope to catch them before they start and get Joan away from them. I shall go down by the midnight train. Bill. I'll see Nita now."

Nita was not only charmingly pretty; she was a generous-minded girl and had common sense beyond her twenty-one years. She listened to Jim's account of his meeting with Joan with the greatest interest and at once said:

"Of course you must go, Jim. You'd never forgive yourself and I don't think I'd forgive you either if you didn't get Joan." She paused and looked at Jim with widening eyes.

"Did you really kill a man, Jim? You never told me." He shrugged.

"It isn't the sort of thing one cares to talk about. I had to do it or he would have killed Bart."

"And Bart's sister saved you?"

"She rode nearly twenty miles on a pitch dark, stormy night to tell me that the Sheriff was after me. If she hadn't warned me I should not have had a chance, for Garnett, the man I shot, was the Sheriff's own brother, and the Sheriff was as big a crook as he."

"Joan must be a wonderful girl. I should like to meet her," Nita said.

"Go to-night, Jim, and mind you keep me posted."

"I will," said Jim as he kissed her.

"If I have any luck I ought to catch them before they leave for America, but if I don't I shall have to follow them."

He glanced at the clock. "Time to dress for dinner, my dear—I needn't go till half-past ten. Bill will take me to the train." Nita nodded and went up and Jim went to the telephone to book a sleeper.

Bill drove him to Perth.

"What are you going to do, Jim, when you get to London?" he asked as they neared the station.

"Inquire at the steamship offices, I suppose," Jim answered.

"And before you've been round half of them the party will have sailed," Bill retorted.

"Why, there are only three or four offices."

"Listen to the man!" jeered Bill. "There are lines to New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore, to say nothing of Quebec. And Bignal might go from London, Southampton, Bristol or Liverpool. What you have to do is to employ a private inquiry agent and luckily I know one. His name is Martin Bisset and his office is 63, John Street. He will put half a dozen men on the job if necessary. Phone him from Euston, then go and see him."

"I'll do it," Jim promised.

"And wire me the minute you hear anything," said Bill as he pulled up. He came into the station with Jim, got his ticket for him and saw him into the train.

"I wish I were going with you," were his last words. "I'm not easy about this fellow, Farne. He's dangerous and you might not have the same luck next time you run into him. You're a bull-headed chap, Jim, and much too apt to jump into a row without thinking of consequences."

The train began to move, there was no time to say more but as Bill Beverley walked back to the car, his spirits were oddly low, nor did he recover them as he drove back through the night to Kilmecan.

**CHAPTER V.
THE TRAP IS SPRUNG**

Martin Bisset was a quiet, middle-aged man going rather bald. He was more like a solicitor, Jim thought, than a private detective. But he evidently knew his job. He listened to all Jim had to say, asked searching questions, and then said:

"I think I can promise the information before to-night, Sir James. That is, if these people are sailing by any recognized line. If they are going by

some cargo boat that may cause delay. Where are you staying?"

"At the Cosmopolis," Bisset nodded.

"I shall hope to ring you up not later than one o'clock."

"Splendid!" said Jim and left. He walked down to the junction of Gray's Inn and Theodald's Roads and waited for an Embankment tram. His idea was to go as far as Charing Cross and walk the rest of the way. He had time to kill and it was a lovely morning.

A tram stopped, he pushed his way through the crowd that took a vacant seat at the rear. The tram was almost full and Jim idly ran his eyes over the passengers. Then he started sharply and hastily unfolded his newspaper. From behind the shelter of this he looked again and a thrill ran through him. Those broad shoulders which he had glimpsed in the front of the vehicle belonged to no one else but Murray Farne. Jim could hardly believe his luck. To run across the one man for whom he was searching among all the millions of London seemed beyond belief. It seemed too extraordinary to be pure coincidence, and yet stranger coincidences had occurred. He looked again to make sure that Farne had not seen him, but Farne was busy reading what looked like a list of sailings. Jim could see his profile and smiled to himself as he noticed that Farne's nose was a full size larger than natural and badly discoloured. All the way up Theodald's Road, all through the Kingsway tunnel Jim watched the other like a cat, but Farne did not move or take his eyes off what he was reading.

The tram emerged, went along the Embankment and stopped in the shadow of Charing Cross Bridge. Farne rose and Jim saw that he would pass him as he came out. He hid his head behind his paper and hoped fervently that Farne would not notice him. Apparently he did not. He got out and Jim followed. Farne started across towards the Underground Station. This was the danger point for Jim dared not wait or the heavy traffic would cut him off. Fortune was kind. Farne did not look back and Jim followed him through the passage on the east side of the station into Villiers Street. He saw Farne hail a taxi and get in. A second taxi was handy, and under Jim's instructions it shot away in pursuit.

"I don't want him to spot me," Jim said through the speaking tube, and the driver nodded.

They went up Northumberland Avenue into Cockspur Street where Farne's taxi stopped at the door of a shipping office. Jim felt elated. This was easy. Now all he had to do was follow Farne to his destination and the odds were that this was where Joan and her stepfather were staying.

The delay was short, Farne got in again and was driven up St. Martin's Lane. Jim's driver followed skilfully. They crossed Oxford Street and still kept north. They cut through Regent's Park and went on to St. John's Wood.

Farne's taxi stopped at last opposite the gate of a detached house in Suffolk Avenue and Jim's man cleverly turned into a side street before stopping.

"You saw where he went, sir," he said to Jim. "Third house above this. The number should be 27."

"I saw," Jim answered, and handed the man a pound note. "No, I don't want any change. You've earned it."

"Thank you, sir." The man was really grateful. "Like me to wait and take you back. I'll do it for nothing."

"That's decent of you," said Jim smiling, "but I don't know how long I shall be. I have to wait till that man comes out again."

"Then wait in the cab, sir, and I'll watch for him. Maybe you wouldn't want him to recognize you." Jim smiled.

"Good idea. You're sure you'll know him?"

"Couldn't mistake him, sir. Specially his nose," he added with a grin.

Jim's wait was not a long one. It was barely a quarter of an hour before his driver came hurrying back.

"He's out. He's gone up the street, walking. Want to follow him?"

"No. I want him out of the way. It's someone else I want to see." He dismissed the cab and walked straight to No. 27.

The house stood back from the road and was separated from it by a fence and thick laurel hedges. A paved walk ran to the front door. Jim rang and the door was answered by a middle-aged woman with a thin face and pale eyes.

"Is Miss Chandler at home?" Jim asked.

"Yes, sir. What name shall I say?"

"Sir James Chernocke."

"Please come in," said the woman.

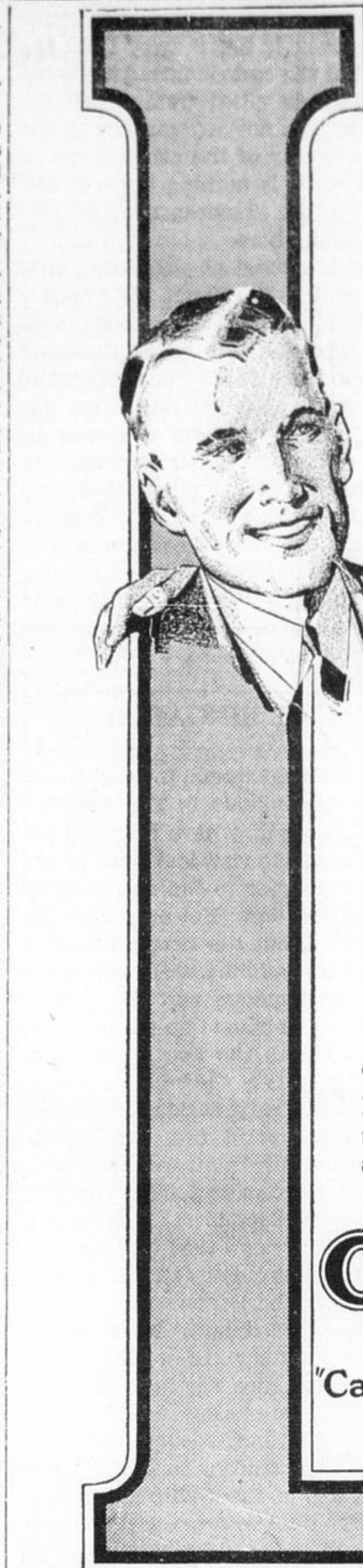
"This way, sir." As Jim followed her down the hall passage he was wondering what would happen if he encountered Bignal. He might have to handle him but he would do so without compunction if he needed case. Joan was not going back to America in Farne's company if he could help it. The woman was opening a door.

"Will you come in here, sir. I'm sorry it's the back room but the sitting room is being cleaned. I'll tell Miss Chandler you are here."

Jim found himself in a poky room which looked like an office. There was little furniture except a roll-top desk and a couple of chairs, and the carpet was much worn. The woman went out, closing the door behind her. Jim sat down and waited. He hoped Joan wouldn't be long. So far things had gone wonderfully well, but there was always the danger that Farne might return.

(To be Continued)

Durham Chronicle.—We've talked so much "peace" in this country the past few years that Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin and Japan think we are weaklings and afraid of them. Soft words do not carry much weight with dictators, and were Britain, France, the United States and other decent countries to stand together as firmly as Germany, Italy and Japan, war threats would soon be a thing of the past.



Know your physical condition and live

Most things that undermine health, whether of the heart or other parts of the body, can usually be detected before much harm is done. Some ailments can be completely cured if discovered and dealt with early, while many others can be 'arrested' in their development. By proper care, people with impairments have a good chance to live out their normal span of life.

Free Medical Examination

As an aid to good health, the London Life offers a free physical check-up periodically to policyholders over 30 years of age who have at least \$5,000 Ordinary Insurance with this Company.

Examinations are carried out by the Canadian Medical Institute and are absolutely confidential. No report on the findings is ever made to this Company or any other organization.

This is an extra service you get by insuring with the London Life. We earnestly commend it to policyholders and prospective policyholders. It costs nothing and may mean the avoidance of serious physical trouble.

Established 1874

London Life

Insurance Company

"Canada's Industrial-Ordinary Company"

HEAD OFFICE - LONDON, CANADA

District Offices—Bank of Commerce Buildings, Timmins, Ont.

Hit-and-Run Driver is Sought by Police

Unidentified Car Departs from Scene After Accidents on Hollinger Road.

Police are on the look-out for a hit-and-run driver who crashed head-on into a car driven by Norman Purvis, of Golden City, on the Hollinger road last Friday night about 7.45. Purvis, driving a car owned by Oscar Henderson, was going east toward Schumacher when a car going west toward Timmins ran into his vehicle head-on. The two cars bounced apart in the impact and the other driver pulled clear and vanished in the darkness. Purvis was unable to get his number or a definite description of the car. The road at the time was very slippery. Damage to the car Purvis was driving amounted to approximately \$50.

Charges Labour for Roads is Imported

North Bay Mayor Sends Protest to Government.

Mayor Robert Rowe of North Bay last week-end sent a strong protest to Hon. T. B. McQueen, Minister of Highways for Ontario, in the matter of labour on the highway work north of North Bay. Mayor Rowe claims that ten men formerly on relief at North Bay who had been working on the road work north of North Bay had been dismissed by the contractors and their places given to outsiders. Mayor Rowe also complained that other contractors doing government work were reported to be taking similar attitude. Another point made by Mayor Rowe was to the effect that he was informed that the Premier Construction Co. had asked the North Bay government employment office for 100 Swedes, with the suggestion that no others need apply. In his communication to Hon. Mr. McQueen, Mayor Rowe said that when the contracts were announced for the highway work, J. E. Cholette, M.L.A., for Nipissing, stated that as far as possible local relief labour would be employed. Mayor Rowe asked for the attitude of the Highways Dept. in regard to contractors ignoring local relief labour.

Death of Little Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. McNulty

Little Marilyn McNulty, two-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Christopher McNulty, of 74 Commercial avenue, died at St. Mary's hospital on Thursday, December 2nd. The baby was one year and nine months of age. Funeral services were held on Friday, December 3rd from the Church of the Nativity, with Rev. Fr. McManus conducting the services.

S.P. Firemen Inspect Hospital Building

Other News of South Porcupine and the Dome

South Porcupine, Ont., Dec. 4, 1937.—(Special to The Advance)—Mr. Jos. Sarsfield, of Ottawa, at one time mining recorder for the district, is in town renewing old acquaintances.

Miss Paolini, of the public school staff, who is recovering from illness which necessitated several days in St. Mary's hospital, left on Thursday for her home in Sault Ste. Marie where she will remain until after the Christmas holidays. We wish her a speedy recovery. Her place in the South Porcupine school is being temporarily filled by Mrs. P. Huggins, a former member of the staff.

The South Porcupine Fire Department is holding a fire practice this afternoon on the site of the new hospital. They are testing out the hydrants and pressure of water with hose streams so that in case of fire everything is in readiness for prompt action. They are also going over the building to become familiar with the interior, basement passage and doorways, for the same reason. No fire escapes are necessary as this is a one-storey building. This is one more proof that we have an efficient fire department—and this will add one more bouquet to those already handed out at the election meetings.

We are sorry to learn that Mrs. Carl Carruthers is in Tisdale hospital where she has undergone serious operation.

Everyone should patronize the concert to be put on in the Mascioi theatre next Sunday (12th) by the Children's Choir. We understand the proceeds are to provide a good old Christmas party for the youngsters performing.

A euchre party sounds a little out-of-date these days, but that staged by the Rebekah Lodge in the parish hall on Friday proved that euchre can still take its place among the more modern card parties. A larger crowd than has attended for some weeks turned out and one of the nicest evenings ensued. The Rebekahs served a good lunch at the end of cards. Those winning prizes were:—For ladies, first, Mrs. Coats; second, Mrs. J. W. Wilson; third, Mrs. Farren. For men, first, Mr. J. W. Wilson; second, Mr. Ernie Pelkie; third Mrs. Piccini (playing as man).

Congratulations to the Dome Girl Guides for winning the Routledge Silver Cup for Singing, word of which will be noted in their news.

We are glad to know that Mrs. Chambers, of Dome Extension, is home from hospital, and Mrs. Blair expected home on Sunday.

Born—to Mr. and Mrs. Hills, of Lakeview, on Thursday, Dec. 2nd—a daughter.

Born—On Thursday, Dec. 2nd, to Mr. and Mrs. Clarke Bradley of South Porcupine—a daughter.

We are sorry to learn of the death

on Thursday in Detroit of Mr. John Loneragan, father of Alexis and James Loneragan, of South Porcupine, and a brother-in-law of Teresa Burns, of the public school staff. The late Mr. Loneragan was in his 66th year and had been ill from heart complications for over two years. He will be buried on Monday morning. Lex and Jim left for Detroit on Friday to attend the funeral. Besides these two sons, two others—Lawrence, at Princeton, N.J., and Dominick of Buffalo survive; also one daughter, Mrs. Frank Neitt of Detroit. Our sympathies are extended to the bereaved family.

Mrs. Wm. Atkinson leaves on Sunday to spend some time in Hamilton.

Mr. and Mrs. George Russell of Muskoka are spending the winter at the home of their daughter, Mrs. Hugh Dysart, of Lakeview.

The Young People's Society of the United Church had a good time last Wednesday night, in the church. Mr. T. Nixon, of Timmins, was their guest artist and delighted all with his clever and professional sleight of hand tricks. In addition Betty McIntosh gave an example of the whistling which she does so well, accompanying herself on the piano.

North Bay Nugget.—The December session of the Ontario Legislature, called by Premier Hepburn, will, if nothing else, provide the "boys" with Christmas funds, and even though it endures for a few days only, \$20 per day will provide a nice roll.

North Bay Nugget.—The December session of the Ontario Legislature, called by Premier Hepburn, will, if nothing else, provide the "boys" with Christmas funds, and even though it endures for a few days only, \$20 per day will provide a nice roll.



He's a Terrible Grouch!

As a matter of fact, he has a kind and gentle heart. He doesn't understand, himself, why he is so cranky. The truth is that the poor man's nerves are so on edge from eyestrain that he's not himself. Defective sight is often the cause of jangled nerves. When the defects are corrected and clear vision restored, good temper is restored, too.

IRVIN ROSNER R.O.
EYESIGHT SPECIALIST
Evenings by Appointment
Above Bucovetsky's Store, Timmins
Telephone 1877

Now! DOUBLE PROTECTION

BLUEBIRD DIAMONDS
REGISTERED
ARE INSURED!

Wear a Bluebird Diamond anywhere without fear of loss!

In addition to our guarantee of perfection, Bluebird Registered Diamonds are now insured in your name against loss, assuring you of full protection when you buy and long after.

BLUEBIRD
Registered
DIAMOND RINGS

C. A. REMUS
Jeweller
17 Pine St. N. Phone 190
THE WORLD'S STANDARD FOR FINE DIAMONDS