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PF387

Second Time West

(Continued from Page Two)
 replied Bissett. "For instance, I could not rope a steer or use a pistol," Jim smiled. The staid Bissett on a cow pony, wearing shaps and a two-gallon hat, would be amusing. Bissett finished the apple which was his dessert and got up.

"I've got to be back at the office by five. Shall we be moving?"
 Jim paid the bill and presently they were in the car again. The rain had stopped, the sun shone, the country looked very lovely. If Jim had not been so anxious he would have enjoyed the drive. They took Bissett to his office where Jim wrote the cable for Joan. It was to be sent later that night so that Joan would get it first thing in the morning. Then Trant drove Jim back to the Cosmopolis.

"Haven't enjoyed a day so much for years," said Trant rather wistfully as Jim got out, "but I wish I'd caught that there boat for you."

"No fault of yours," Jim answered, then paused as a sudden idea seized him. "Trant, are you married?" he asked.

"Not me," said Trant with a grin. "Are you keen on your job?"

"There's worse," Trant answered laconically, "but not many."

"How would you like to go to America?"

"Me!" Trant's eyes glowed. Jim hadn't realized that the man could show so much excitement. "You means along with you?"

"That's the idea," Jim said. "I've only known you a few hours, but you strike me as a useful chap in a tight place, and there's a chance of trouble if I go to New York."

"With that fat crook, sir?" Jim nodded.

"If he's fat he's useful in a scrap," he said.

"Gimme an eighteen-inch spanner and I'll lay he won't give no trouble to you or anyone else," Trant declared. Jim laughed.

"Here's ten pounds. Take the car back and settle for it and come and see me in the morning."

"I'll be here," Trant promised and Jim went in to write a full account of his doings to Bill and another, not quite so full, to Nita.

Forty-eight hours later he and Trant were aboard the Berlin steaming down channel. Not wanting to run into acquaintances Jim had booked second cabin under the name of Freeland. After dinner he was enjoying a pipe in the smoking room when he noticed a long gaunt American sitting at a table at a little distance. There was something vaguely familiar about the man and Jim was looking at him when the other turned and saw Jim. He stared a moment then got up and strode across the room.

"Dog-gone if it ain't Jim Preston," he drawled. "Jim, don't say you've forgot Ward Haskell."

"It's the boiled shirt put me off," said Jim as he shook hands cordially. "Last time we met you were wearing blue overalls, a pair of Blucher boots and a Stetson that had seen better days." Haskell nodded.

"Down at the Loomis cattle pens. Hot as hell and you was helping load two hundred head of stock into box cars. Gee, but I can hear 'em bawling. Them were good days." He turned and beckoned a steward. "This here meeting calls for something special. What'll be, Jim?"

"Whiskey and soda, Ward."

"What about a bottle o' bubbly?" Jim shook his head.

"Not at this hour of the night." Rather regretfully Haskell ordered two highballs. Jim spoke.

"What brings you over here, Ward?"

"Business Jim. I've got on right smart last few years. I been buying Hereford bulls. Prize stock. Paid up to three thousand dollars apiece but, by Gum, they're worth it. I've a ranch of my own now, the old S. Bar S. Remember it?"

"Rather! I congratulate you, Ward." Haskell raised his glass.

"Here's how, Jim." He drank, then laid down his glass and looked hard at Jim. "But you ain't going back to New Mex.," he said in a changed tone.

"I don't know what I'm going to do," Jim confessed.

"Don't you dare to think of going back that way," said Haskell sharply. "Grant Garnett is still sheriff. The durned crook, and he ain't forgot you. Let him get his dirty hands on you and your life ain't worth that." He snapped his strong bony fingers. Jim was silent a moment or two. He liked Haskell and trusted him and it seemed that the best thing was to tell him the whole story.

"I don't want to go back to Loomis, Ward," he said. "but it's on the cards I may have to. You remember Joan Chandler?"

"I'd say I do. A fine girl that. I saw her no more'n six months ago—and pretty Jim! Why you wouldn't believe that long-legged freckled kid could change so. She's a beauty."

"I know. I saw her less than a week ago. Now listen." If Nita had been listening she would have reversed her verdict as to Jim being a rotten story teller. Anyhow Haskell forgot to drink

and let his car go out, he was so interested.

"So you see, Ward," Jim ended. "It's up to me to save her from those two crooks." Haskell nodded emphatically.

"That's a fact, Jim. You couldn't do nothing else. She's a fine girl and she's had a crooked deal. That land of hers didn't go dry by any act of God." Jim's eyes widened.

"What do you mean?"

"That Pronghorn Spring. You remember. Came out of the limestone like a river."

"I remember. I've been up there dozens of times. There was enough water to irrigate half the country."

"Just so. And the water comes out of a sink way back in the hills. Farnie or one of his gang dynamited the bank of that sink and let every drop of water out. It's running down the Eastern Divide into Elbow Creek."

"What a foul trick! And Joan doesn't know?"

"Hain't a notion. I only got to know just before I sailed. Kay Warner, one of my hands, was hunting a lobo up in them hills and he come on the dry sink. I don't need tell you what they're after. Farnie aims to marry Joan and arter that he'll fill in the sink, run the water back and it's all his for nothing."

He paused, took another drink, re-lit his cigar and went on.

"Se here, Jim. You don't need to go there at all. Joan will have had your cable and be waiting for you in New York. You take her back to England."

He paused again and looked at Jim. "You aiming to marry her?" he asked abruptly.

**CHAPTER VIII
 SKY-SCRAPER**

The question gave Jim a jolt, but he did not hesitate with his answer.

"I am already engaged, Ward, but Miss Vaughan, my fiancée, is as keen as I that Joan should be got away from Bignal and Farnie."

"And what do you reckon to do with her back in England?"

"Find her work that she will like. I'm a rich man, Ward, and I think I can find her a job that will suit her and make her independent. All the same I hate to think of her being a swindler out of her property in America."

"Maybe you could send out an agent to buy up that land of hers," said Haskell shrewdly.

"What would be the use? She couldn't live there."

"Not right now," Haskell told him, "but that Garnett ain't going to last for ever. The West's moving, Jim. They got fine motor roads right down through the South East and decent folk ain't going to stand for being bossed by a gang of crooks. It'll maybe take time, for Loomis is away back in the hills but, take my word for it, there'll be a bust-up sooner or later. Maybe sooner."

"I'd like to be there when it comes," said Jim.

"And I'd like to have you alongside when it do come," Haskell declared. "Anyways I'll keep you posted."

The two talked till late and next day Haskell got moved to Jim's table. He also met Trant, and the two men, so utterly unlike, took to one another at once.

"You done well, Jim," said Haskell, "when you took on that bozo. He's the sort will go through hell and high water."

"I've no ambition to go through either," said Jim with a laugh. "The sooner I get back to my place in Scotland the better I'll be pleased. I've some Highland cattle there that you'd like. Ward, and nearly two thousand sheep."

Ward looked horrified.

"Don't tell me you've turned sheep man!" Jim laughed again.

"Sheep are all right on their native hills. We don't despise them in Scotland as you do in the West."

It was very good for Jim to have Haskell with him. It kept him from thinking too much, and Jim's thoughts when alone were not happy ones. The image of Joan was always in his mind. Jim was, at bottom, a simple, straightforward soul and felt it was disloyal of Nita to think so much of Joan. He didn't sleep too well during that crossing.

The night before they reached New York Haskell asked Jim about his plans, and Jim told him he meant to go straight to the Broadway Office of Franklin Slatter, Bissett's New York agent. "In my cable I asked Joan to leave a note there, and tell me where I could see her," he said. "What I'm hoping is that she has cut loose from her step-father and that I shall be able to take her straight back."

"I sure hope so," said Haskell with unusual gravity. "You don't want to run into Murray Farnie again. He's poison."

Jim's only baggage was a suitcase and when they docked at ten in the morning Haskell agreed to take it with him to the Brevoort, where he was saying, Trant, too, would go with Haskell. Jim was to meet them later. Meantime Jim took a taxi to Slatter's office which was on the 17th floor of a tall building to which Jim was shot up in a fast elevator, and Slatter proved to be a large, genial man who sat in his shirt sleeves in a large airy room at a desk of appropriate size. He gave Jim a powerful grip.

"I been expecting you, Sir James. My partner cabled me you were coming. Yes, I got the letter you were expecting. Read it right away," he added. "I guess I know just how you are feeling."

Jim stared doubtfully at the envelope. This queer, childish hand in which the

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address was written was not in the least like Joan's. He tore it open hastily. The letter was short and written in the same unformed writing. This is what he read:

"Dear Jim—I have had a fall and sprained my right wrist. I am trying to write with my left hand. I told you not to bother about me, but since you have come so far, I cannot refuse to see you. I will meet you at four on Thursday afternoon at Mr. Slatter's office.—Cordially Joan."

Jim saw Slatter watching him anxiously.

"It's all right, Mr. Slatter," he said. "The writing bothered me, but Miss Chandler explains that she has sprained her right wrist, and that she will meet me here this afternoon at four. Will that suit you?"

"Sure, Sir James! Anything I can do for you now?"

"Not a thing at present, thank you. I have to get to my hotel and meet a friend who came over in the Berlin. It is a cattle man, Ward Haskell—I knew him in New Mexico, and he's given me a deal of useful information about the state of things down there."

"I guess I needn't tell you to be careful, Sir James," said Slatter. "You're up against a tough crowd."

"I'll be very careful," Jim assured him and left. He drove straight to the Brevoort and told Haskell about Joan's letter.

"Sprained her wrist, eh?" said Haskell, "you're sure she wrote that letter?"

"It reads just as she would have written it, and, anyhow, I can't come to any harm if I'm meeting her in Slatter's office."

"That's a fact," Haskell agreed. "I've booked our rooms, and Trant's getting acquainted with the staff. Say, he takes to it all like a duck to water. Guess it's lunch-time, and I'm hungry."

Jim was not hungry; he was too anxious, and the hours dragged badly till it was time to return to Slatter's office.

"Same floor, huh?" said the negro attendant, recognizing Jim as he entered the lift.

"Seventeenth," Jim answered. The lift started, the bell rang, and it stopped at the seventh, where two men got in. Jim paid no particular attention to them; he was too engrossed with the idea of meeting Joan again. The lift started again, and suddenly Jim felt something prodding him in the ribs.

"Better stand right still, mister, if you want to live," came a nasal voice in his ear. It was an automatic that he held thrust against Jim's side, and one glance was enough to show that the second man and the lift attendant were both accomplices.

(To be Continued.)

**Advent of Airlines
 Brings New Words**

Explanation of Some Terms Soon to Be in Common Usage

What's an aileron? What's a gyro-pilot? What are airplane "elevators" for?

With the coming of the Trans-Canada Airlines, a great many new words will go into circulation in the Dominion and officers of the new transportation agency, interviewed the other day, gave an explanation of some of them.

First of all, they differentiated between two types of planes, monoplane and biplane. The definition of the former is "an aeroplane having one pair of wings, one on each side of the fuselage." These two wings may be attached to the top or the bottom of the fuselage and the planes are known accordingly as "high-wing" or "low-wing" monoplanes. The biplane has two pairs of wings, one pair across the top of the fuselage and the other across the bottom. In the "gap" between, interplane struts and flying and landing wires make a box truss out of the whole apparatus.

Trans-Canada planes, it is pointed out, are monoplanes, which because of their superior speed have become more common than biplanes. The Lockheed 10A's and 14A's are low-winged.

A term better known than some is "cockpit," which refers to the space occupied by the pilot or pilots from which the craft is controlled in the air. The fuselage is the main body structure into which the passenger cabin is built and to which the main planes and the tail plane assembly are attached.

There are two ailerons. These are hinged flaps on the trailing edge of the wing. Their purpose is to control banking, which is turning the aircraft in a revolving motion about its horizontal axis.

The two "elevators" are flaps attached to the trailing edge of the tail plane

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or horizontal stabilizer for control about the transverse axis. Depression of the elevators pushes the tail up and the nose down.

The "joystick" is a war word not now in general use. "control stick" or "column" is more usual. It is the shaft to which the wheel is attached, by which the pilot controls ailerons and elevators.

The Sperry Gyroscope Company likens the Gyro-pilot to the human body. "But it detects smaller departures and acts on the controls with less delay through its 'brain,' 'nerve' and 'muscular' system than does the human body." The automatic pilot maintains the aircraft on a straight and level course, allowing the officers to give their attention to navigation. The directional gyro is a free gyroscope with a compass card attached. Once set with the magnetic compass it maintains the course required.

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