

GIFT Answers!



From the UNITED CIGAR STORE

★ FOR SMOKERS & NON-SMOKERS ★

It is astonishing how many gift suggestions there are in the United Cigar Store.

You can spend a profitable few minutes in the United Cigar Store and come out with the major part of your gift list completed—in a highly satisfactory and economical manner.

We illustrate here, a few suggestions. Use this advertisement as your guide—or put your gift problems up to our courteous, efficient salesmen.

A Nos Clients Francais
NOUS AVONS QUATRE COMMIS QUI PARLENT FRANCAIS ET SERONT CONTENT DE VOUS AIDER DANS VOS SELECTIONS.

GIFT SMOKES

Complete Fresh Stock of all Popular Brands of Cigars, Cigarettes and Tobaccos in Special Christmas Wrappings.

TOBACCO

- PICOBAC Smoking Tobacco**
1/2 lb. "Lok-Top" Tin \$ 60
- OLD CHUM PIPE TOBACCO**
1/2 lb. Vacuum Tin \$ 85
- OGDEN'S CIGARETTE TOBACCO**
1/2 lb. Vacuum Tin \$ 75
- HERBERT TAREYTON Smoking Mixture**
1/2 lb Glass Humidor \$1 50
1 lb Glass Humidor \$3 00

CIGARS

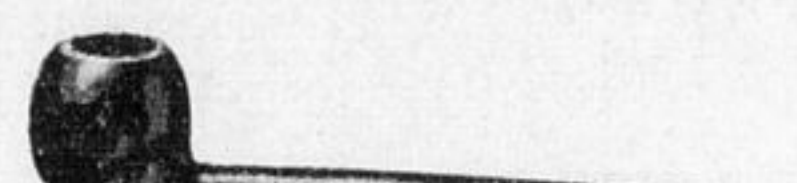
- HOUSE OF LORDS CIGARS**
Box of 25 \$3 50
- BACHELOR CIGARS**
Box of 25 \$2 40
Straight or Belvedere
- PUNCH Perfecto Cigars**
Box of 25 \$2 40
- TUCKETT'S Preferred PANETELAS**
Box of 25 \$2 40
- WHITE OWL CIGARS**
Box of 25 \$1 25

CIGARETTES

- SWEET CAPORAL**
4 Flat Tins of 50, 200 cigarettes \$2 00
Flat Tin of 50 \$ 50
2 Flat Tins of 50 \$1 00
- PLAYER'S**
Plain End:
Flat Tin of 50 \$ 55
Cork Tip:
2 Flat Tins of 50 \$1 10
- GUINEA GOLD**
Cork Tip:
2 Flat Tins of 50 \$1 00
- TURRET**
Flat Tin of 50 \$ 50
2 Flat Tins of 50 \$1 00
- WINCHESTER**
4 Flat Tins of 50, 200 cigarettes \$2 00
Flat Tin of 50 \$ 50
2 Flat Tins of 50 \$1 00
- GOLD FLAKE**
Plain or Cork Tip:
Flat Tin of 50 \$ 55
2 Flat Tins of 50 \$1 10
- BUCKINGHAM**
4 Flat Tins of 50 \$2 00
Flat Tin of 50 \$ 50
2 Flat Tins of 50 \$1 00
- MILLBANK**
Flat Tin of 50 \$ 50
2 Flat Tins of 50 \$1 00

COMOY'S "Grand Slam" PATENTED PIPE

Comoy's "Grand Slam" means "Perfect Smoking." The Patented System and Fluid-Tight Washer Traps and HOLDS all Moisture. Made in London by Comoy's. Pipe Makes since 1825.
All shapes \$3.50
also Comoy "Royal" \$6.00



CIVIC PIPE

Carbonized bowl for quick seasoning and for a cool, sweet smoke. London made. Model No. 52 illustrated.
All shapes \$2.00



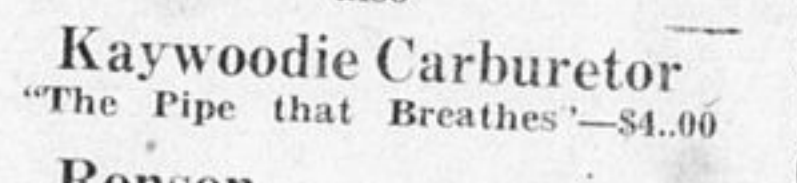
DUNHILL PIPES

Universally recognized as the pipe of pipes. London Made. Genuine Briar. Standard and Shell finish.
All shapes \$8.00



"Drinkless" KAYWOODIE PIPE

"You are sure of a perfect bowl—if it's Kaywoodie."
London Made from selected Briar
Standard and Thorn
Model No. 6727, illustrated
All shapes \$3.50



Kaywoodie Carburetor "The Pipe that Breathes" \$4.00

Ronson "Butler" Finish Lighter
A man's lighter "Flip and It's Lit" —"Release and It's On!" Illustrated 4.50 Other models at \$5.50, \$6.00, \$6.50, \$7.50 and up



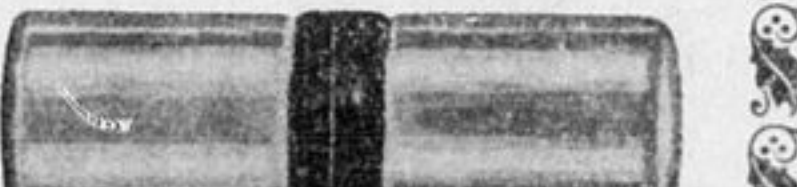
"Chik" Lighters

New patented tank lighters. Fuel reservoir holds 1.4 oz. several months' supply. Black enamel with nickel trimmings or Nickel engine turned. at \$1.00 Other models \$1.50 \$2.00 \$2.50



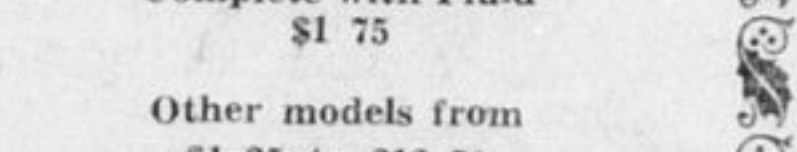
Imco "Safety" Lighter

Nickel plated, fully Automatic 79c
Other Lighters from 35c up



GLOLITE JUNIOR

Provides magic lights for the cigarettes of to-day. They're wind-proof, flameless and odorless. Made from Plaskon—Variety of colours
Complete with Fluid \$1 75



Other models from \$1 25 to \$12 50

Second Time West

by T. C. BRIDGES

CHAPTER XVI. MART TALKS

Dave Condon had ten riders, all picked men. Jim needed no introduction. Mart Dowling and Vat Vedder had already spread the story of how he had saved Bud, and Jim was at once accepted as one of the crowd. They didn't ask him who he was or where he came from. Personal questions of that sort are not considered good manners in the West. One man showed him an empty bunk, another pointed out where to wash and offered the loan of a clean towel. To Trant they were equally civil though they at once spotted him as Britisher.

Supper came in. Beef steaks fried, baked sweet potatoes and plenty of green stuff and raw tomatoes. Dave had a good garden. There were canned peaches and coffee, and the "biscuits" (baking powder scones) were hot and crisp from the oven. A rough meal but a good one, and Jim enjoyed it. Afterwards some of the men helped Sam to collect the dishes and wash up, two went down to the corral to do various chores and four started a game of panny ante poker.

Jim was ready to help, but Mart who was foreman, said he was to lay off, so Jim and Trant went outside, where they sat on a bench in the cool of the evening and lit their pipes.

"They're all right, these chaps, Sir James," said Trant.

"As fair a 'tlot as you could meet, Trant, but for God's sake don't call me Sir James. I'm Grant Andrews, and you're Chip Wilson in future and so long as we stay in this country," Trant looked shocked.

"You mean I got to call you Grant?" "You jolly well have, and the sooner you get accustomed to it the better. One mistake on your part may bust up everything," Trant looked so serious that Jim almost laughed.

"I'll watch out," he said. He gazed at the great stretch of shadowed valley below and at the tall peak of The Painted Cross now reddened by the last rays of the invisible sun.

"Blowed if it ain't just like [the movies]," he remarked. "I never knowed them pictures could be real-like. I thought it were all made up so to speak."

"The old West isn't dead yet," Jim told him. "Motor roads and dude ranches haven't changed it all, and here we are on the raw edge of things."

"You're surely right, Grant," came a voice behind him, and Mart Dowling, smoking a corn-cob filled with Bull Durham, took a seat beside them. "They'll buy if they can buy cheap and steal if they can't. They aims to own all this country."

"But they can't do it so long as old timers like Dave and Ward Haskell sit tight," said Jim. Mart puffed a cloud of smoke into the still air, then took his pipe from his mouth.

"It ain't as easy as that, Grant. Farnes got money and no more conscience than a wolf. His men are hired killers. Worse'n that, the Sheriff's his man, body and soul, and between 'em they run Loomis. You see what happened to-day about that water hole," Jim shrugged.

"This isn't 1890. You've got railroads and motor roads and telephones. The whole thing's too old fashioned for these times."

"You're wrong," Mart answered. "This here neck o' woods is right off the beaten track. There ain't no law here except what the Sheriff makes, and I reckon you know what sort of law that is. It's true there's some decent folk in Loomis but they're scared to open their mouths. The small men haven't a chance and, if any of 'em dare say what they think, they're either ruined or run out. There was a case a few years ago. Young Bart Chandler of the Circle O. tried to buck them. They set a gun-man after him—Wesley Grant he was, the Sheriff's own brother—and if it hadn't been for a chap called Jim Preston, one of Bart's hands, Bart would have been killed. Jim shot Wesley and got away. But that didn't help Bart any. They got him in the long run."

Jim only just managed to repress a start for Joan had told him that Bart had been killed in an accident.

"How did they get him?" he asked quickly.

"Doped his horse with marijuana or some stuff. The beast went plumb crazy and kicked Bart to death."

"Devils!" exclaimed Jim so hotly that Mart stared at him.

"They're devils right enough," he agreed. "And all hell's going to pop shortly." Jim jaw set hard.

"I hope I'll be here when it does pop. I'll enjoy being on the side of the angels," Mart looked at the tall young man with approval. Then he grinned.

"Don't know so much about angels," he said, "but if it comes to war I'll sure like to have you alongside me, Grant. You'll do to tie to." Jim flushed a little. It was a very real compliment this hard-bitten foreman had paid him. But he said nothing. The two smoked a while in silence, then Mart said he reckoned he'd turn in and Jim followed him into the bunkhouse.

Next day Jim rode the range. At first everything seemed strange. The American saddle with high cantle and rawhide seat, the broad wooden stirrups with their long leathers, the heavy curb bit, the lops of his pony so different from the trot of an English horse. But within a very few hours it had all come back and, if it had not been for his cruel anxiety on Joan's account, Jim

would have been thoroughly enjoying himself. He took the opportunity of a little practice with his rope and this, too, came back as easily almost as the rest. Most of the day he rode with Nat Vedder and knew that he was being watched yet felt by evening that he had passed muster.

There was not a great deal to do. It was not yet the season for the roundup and on the Painted Cross the grazing was so good that the cattle did not range much. A few of the young beasts strayed up the "draws," the short box canyons running into the hills, and these Jim and Nat drove out. Most of the boys were busy on the North fence but Dave Condon had suggested to Mart that the new hand should ride round for a day or two and learn the lie of the land. Dave knew that Jim would wish to get his "saddle legs"—so to speak.

When he came back that evening Jim learned that all had been quiet during the day and that Bud Condon was getting on as well as could be expected. Ward Haskell had gone off to his own ranch, the S. Bar S., but had promised to come back and bring his boys if there was trouble. As for Noah Trant, he had been busy all day on an old reaper which had broken down. There was a forge on the place and Trant had made an excellent job of the repairs. He seemed to be quite at home and happy.

The rest of the week passed quietly and Jim began to feel that he had never been anything else but a cow hand. He rode all day, ate like a horse and slept like a log. Each day he felt himself growing harder and fitter.

Friday came and that evening Jim managed to get a word aside with Dave.

"I want to go to town to-morrow," he told the old man. Dave stared.

"Are you crazy?" he demanded. "I shall be if I don't go," Jim answered. "Listen, Mr. Condon. Nearly all the boys are riding in to-morrow. They'll think it funny if I don't go with them. Anyhow, I'll have to go sooner or later, and I'd better go before Farnes gets back."

"He may be back right now." "If he is I'll keep clear of him. In any case you have to remember that he believes me to be in England. He'd never dream I had come here."

"If he sees you he'll recognize you," the old man said gravely. "There's two things makes a man's eyes keen. They're love and hate, and Murray Farnes surely hates you worse than anyone in the world."

CHAPTER XVII. BLIND ALLEY

Jim was not dismayed, nor was he to be turned from his purpose, and in the end Dave gave his consent. So on Saturday afternoon Jim, with six others of the ranch crew, rode across the hills to the East. His pony was Gray Boy, one of the best beasts in old Dave's corral. Dave had wanted to give Jim the horse, but Jim had insisted on paying a fair price.

"It isn't as if I couldn't afford it," he said with a smile.

Loomis had not changed much. Just a few new buildings, but it all seemed familiar enough to Jim, and he had to be careful not to betray to the others how well he knew it. The biggest building in the place bore Bignal's name. It was half store, half saloon, though the two were quite separate, one from the other.

Drink had always been obtained at Bignal's place, even in prohibition days, but then in a den at the back to which only those known were admitted; now Bignal had a handsomely fitted bar room with all kinds of drinks, both "soft" and "hard."

"But if some of the drinks were soft that was more than could be said for the faces of the men who lined the front of the bar. These were gun men, most of them, and as he glanced round Jim remembered what Mart Dowling had told him.

Prominent among them was one of the most devilishly handsome men Jim had ever seen. He wasn't particularly big, but he looked all wire and whipcord. His face was deep bronze, he had an eagle nose, a jutting chin and long narrow dark eyes set under perfectly shaped brows. His hair was jet black and it didn't need a second glance to make certain he was half Indian.

"Lopez," Nat Vedder whispered in Jim's ear. "The coldest-blooded murderer in New Mexico."

At that moment Lopez turned and though it was quite impossible that he could have heard Nats whispered words, fixed his eyes on Nat and Jim. He did not scowl or smile, but Jim felt a shudder of repulsion run through him. Those eyes were worse than the stony orbs of a rattlesnake.

Jim's shudder was succeeded by a hot wave of anger. So this was the man who had dry-gulched Bud Condon. He took a step forward but Nat had him by the arm.

"Go slow, Grant," he muttered. "This ain't no time for a fuss."

He was right, Jim knew he was right. He pulled himself together, and he and Nat moved slowly up to the bar and got their schooners of beer from the tightlipped competent bar-tender. The beer was good and cool, Jim enjoyed it after his long, hot ride. He had just laid down his glass when a door behind the bar opened, and there came out a stout middle-aged man who must once have been remarkably good looking, but had now run sadly to seed.

Jim stiffened as he recognized Vincent Bignal. He stood perfectly still,

but Bignal was not looking at him. He was speaking to one of the two bartenders, then he went back through the door by which he had come.

"That's old Bignal," said Nat, "the one as married Bart Chandler's mother."

"I thought it must be," Jim managed to say. He was quivering with inward excitement for, if Bignal was back, so was Joan. He spoke to Nat.

"I'm going round to the store to buy some smoking tobacco. I'll find you here when I get back."

"I reckon," Nat answered and Jim slipped away. As he reached the store he found himself shaking like a school boy. This would never do, and he deliberately stopped and took a couple of deep breaths before entering the place.

Two long counters ran the length of the building. One side was given up to hardware, everything from barbed wire to cartridges, the other to groceries, flour, sugar, coffee, canned stuff of every description. There were two men at each of these. At the far end was a shorter counter where clothes and "notions" were displayed, and here Joan was in charge.

Jim stood a moment watching her. Wearing a plain white overall, with her shining hair in natural curls on her perfectly shaped head, she looked so lovely that Jim caught his breath. Then he pulled himself together and walked steadily forward. At the moment Joan had no customer. Jim came to the counter.

"Facket of Bull Durham, please, Miss," he said, speaking in a deeper tone than his usual voice.

Joan looked at him, and he saw her face change. Surprise, joy, then sheer terror showed in her eyes in swift succession. Yet she did not lose her head. Turning, she took the packet from a shelf and laid it on the counter, Jim put down a dollar and as she made change she spoke in a tense whisper.

"Oh, Jim, I told you not to come." "I'm perfectly safe," Jim answered in an equally low voice. "No one but you has recognized me. And I'm not leaving till I've had a talk with you. When and where can I see you?" Joan glanced round. A customer was coming up the centre aisle; there was no time for more than a word.

"Live Oak Spring. Eight to-night," she said swiftly.

"I'll be there," Jim answered, and, picking up his change, walked straight out.

Eight o'clock, and it was not yet six. To Jim those two hours stretched like an eternity and just then Nat came out of the saloon.

"I reckoned I was tough but that crowd's too tough for me," he told Jim. "What say if we feed?" Excitement had deprived Jim of his usual appetite, but Nat's talk would help to pass the time. He agreed and Nat led the way to a restaurant kept by a Chinaman, where, said Nat, "they sure know how to grill a tender loin."

The steak was excellent, so were the fried potatoes and the coffee. Nat ordered a tin of peaches, the cowman's favourite sweet. He talked. He had been using his ears in the saloon and was convinced that trouble was brewing.

"With Bignal and Farnes back it'll break mighty soon," he told Jim. "But I wish I knowed just what was happening. Then fellers is tight-mouthed. The more they drinks the less they say."

They sat and smoked and at half-past seven Jim excused himself on the plea that he wanted to give Gray Boy a feed before riding home.

The livery stable was behind Bignal's building, but separated from it by a broad road. It belonged to Farnes and Bignal, but was run by a man named Clem Hoskins, formerly a cowboy but now too crippled to ride. He, however, was not in the office nor was there anyone else in the big dusky building as Jim went in. Gray Boy nickered at sight of his master and Jim petted him, then just as he was in the act of lifting the bride off its peg, he heard footsteps.

Glancing round the corner of the stall, he saw two men entering. There was light enough to recognize one as the half-breed, Lopez, while the other was Murray Farnes.

Jim swore beneath his breath. The man in the white town he wanted to avoid, for Farnes, he felt certain, would recognize him. And Lopez with him—that was worse still, for Lopez was a killer. Jim glanced in the other direction to see if there was any way out. There was none. He was in a blind alley hopelessly trapped.

(To be Continued)

GIRLS WHO HAVE NO BOY FRIENDS

Quick Easy Way to Get Charm

Girls who don't attract boy friends wonder why. Beautiful, perfect features are not the reason. Cleopatra and famous women were often ugly. Have nice skin, plenty of animation, and watch out for your figure—you'll be surprised how popular you are. So many girls have poor complexions—no life—their figure slipping, and don't realize it. Take "Fruit-a-tives" and you'll soon be amazed how different and how attractive you've become. It purifies your blood, makes the skin pores work, gets rid of waste and poisons, gives you new energy, prevents flabby tissue from forming. "Fruit-a-tives" gives you new charm. 25c., 50c.

FRUIT-A-TIVES LIVER TABLETS

UNITED CIGAR STORES

20 THIRD AVE.

LIMITED
TIMMINS

TELEPHONE 317