

# Second Time West

by  
**T. C. BRIDGES**

## CHAPTER XX RED LIGHT IN THE NIGHT

Jim led the way along the shelf back towards the mouth of the cave and Nat followed. It was perilous work in the black dark, with nothing to guide them but the patch of dim light at the entrance. They stumbled over rocks and barked their shins but the rumble of the shale still pouring into that bottomless pit drowned the lesser noises they made.

The shelf ended so suddenly that Jim nearly took a fall. He saved himself just in time and swung down to the floor of the pit and he and Nat crept along as quickly as they dared, keeping close under the wall. Gray Boy was still where they had left him, badly frightened but unhurt and, passing behind him, Jim paused and peered around the shoulder of rock. The last of the loosened shale had fallen into the depths and the silence was uncanny after the long-drawn thunder of sound. From just outside the mouth came a voice then and sharp with fright.

"What's happened, Bolan? Sounded like the bottom of the cave fell out."

"Just about what did happen," was the grim reply. "Reckon they've all been killed together." Two men were plainly outlined against the starshine. Jim could not see any other.

"Not all," he said curtly. "Put your hands up. You're covered."

The man called Bolan, trusting no doubt to the dim light and to the fact that his gun was actually in his hand, raised it swiftly and fired. A burning pain shot across Jim's forehead and he dropped. Half consciously he heard Nat's heavy pistol roar in his ear. Five shots followed one another with almost the speed of a machine gun.

"Got 'em both," he heard Nat say with fierce satisfaction. Then he was tending over Jim.

"How bad is it, son?" he asked in a very different tone. Jim tried to answer but his voice failed and he slipped away into unconsciousness.

He came to with the welcome coolness of water splashing on his face. His head ached vilely but he was able to open his eyes. A small fire of pinion cones was burning and the red light shone on Nat's anxious face. Nat had his hat full of water and with a handkerchief was wiping blood from Jim's forehead.

"He didn't hit you," Nat said, "but you surely had a close call. The bullet struck a rock just level with your head and a splinter of stone or lead cut you across the forehead. You lost a lot of blood but the wound ain't anything to worry about."

"Give me a drink and I'll be all right," Jim told him and, as the cold water flowed down his parched throat, he felt his strength come back. He looked round and saw two bodies on the ledge outside the cave.

"Good shooting, Nat," he said gravely.

"Lucky, I'd call it," Nat replied. "Specially in this light. We've come out of this might well, Jim. There was three came into the cave and there's the other two, so Farnie's short of five gunmen. All I hope is he didn't get any of the other boys."

"We'd better go and see," Jim said as he sat up. Then his face fell. "I forgot. We've only one horse."

"You're dreaming," Nat retorted. "We got six. That is, if the noise ain't scared them Kettle Drum bones. You

lie here and rest while I round me up a mount.

He walked away up the pass but Jim could not keep still. He got up and looked at the dead men. He shivered—not from any feeling of remorse, for these men were human wolves, but because the sight brought back that day, years ago, when he had stood over the dead body of Wesley Garnett and realized that now he would have to fly for his life. So Nat found him when, he returned leading a sturdy skewbald.

"I took the saddles and bridles off the others and turned 'em loose," he told Jim. "They'll find their way home, but what are we going to do with these?"—pointing to the bodies. "Bad as they be, it don't seem right to leave 'em to the buzzards."

"Carry them into the cave and pile rocks over them," Jim suggested, and this they did. Nat took a flask out of his pocket.

"Found this in one of the saddle bags," he said. "Reckon a swallow won't hurt us."

It was corn whisky, almost pure alcohol, the sort known as "forty-rod," and one mouthful was enough for Jim. Yet it gave him just the stimulus he needed, and presently the two were in the saddle and had reached the crest of the pass. The trail widened and they were able to ride abreast.

"What comes now?" Jim asked.

"War," was the grim answer.

"That's started already. I'm asking what Farnie will do when he finds he's lost five of his killers."

"Hire fifteen more, I reckon."

"Can he get them?"

"Sure he can, so long as he's got the money to pay them."

"And when he's got them?"

"He'll use 'em."

"Attack us, you mean?"

"Right away," said Nat. Jim considered a little.

"Then wouldn't it be a good notion to get in first whack?" Nat turned in his saddle and looked at Jim.

"It might," he agreed slowly. "With our lot and Haskell's we could make it hot for them. Reckon we better put it up to Dave." They turned a corner and the great valley, deep, dark, and mysterious lay beneath them.

"What's that?" Jim's voice was sharp as he pointed to a glare of blood-red light in the distance. Nat pulled up short.

"It's the ranch! Farnie has got in the first whack!" He touched his horse with the spur and the beast sprang forward. Jim followed and the two rode hell for leather down the pass.

"Lucky for them that the trail was fairly good and their mounts were sure-footed as two goats. They were still together when they reached the level floor of the valley and neck and neck they raced over the wide grasslands towards the ever-mounting plume of flame. As they came nearer the faint pop pop of shots was heard and Nat checked a moment.

"It ain't the ranch. It's a rick," he said to Jim in a tone of intense relief. "And Dave's holding 'em off. See the flashes from the windows. Take a pull on your horse. No use running into it bull-headed."

The advice was good. Not one rick but three were burning, and the blaze lit up everything for hundreds of yards round. Fortunately these ricks stood on lower ground than the ranch house and its surrounding buildings; fortunately, too, there was no wind, so though sparks rose to a great height, the buildings were in no particular danger.

"Better leave our horses in the cotton-woods by the river," Jim suggested. "Then we can slip up afoot and get round to the back of Farnie's crowd.

"Horses are loose. Get on after 'em," roared a stentorian voice.

"That's Buck Coulton," said Nat. "Let's get him, Jim. This place ain't going to be any health resort in the near future."

The two bolted up the hill again, but here their luck deserted them. Some of the Kettle Drum men running out from the buildings spotted them, firing crashed out, and Nat went down like a shot rabbit.

(To be Continued)

Moncton Transcript:—The Chicago Daily News asks whether Britain is deteriorating, whether the colonial influence is undermining its ancestral dignities when the Canadian-born Lord Beaverbrook describes his newspaper, the London Daily Express, with a circulation of 2,413,000, as the "world's greatest newspaper." If the Americans realize that boasts about the world's greatest, largest, smallest, swiftest, slowest are not becoming they are very much like the Minnesota farmer who wrote to the United States Department of Agriculture: "Please don't send me any more books. I don't farm so good as I know how now."

They're in behind the wagon sheds," Nat agreed, so they left their sweating horses in the trees, slackened the girths then forded the stream and went round to the left, towards the horse corral. They had to crawl across a short space of open ground, then, reaching a belt of timber which shaded the western edge of the corral, were able to get to their feet again. Nat was for running, but Jim checked him.

"They may have men this side," he whispered. "If Lopez is in charge they're almost sure to. He's cunning as a fox."

"You may be right at that," Nat agreed and, guns in hand, the two slipped quietly from tree to tree. All the time firing went on—not continuously but in short bursts. It seemed to Jim that the attacking party were trying to creep up on the east side of the house under cover of the buildings.

It was Jim who spotted the enemy. One of the stacks collapsed, a great uprush of flame made everything for a moment as light as day and revealed a man with a rifle sheltering behind a tree trunk. His back was to Jim and Nat, and he was watching the house. Jim caught Nat by the arm and pointed to the fellow.

"Wait! I'll get him," he whispered, and before Nat could reply was creeping forward.

Intent on the house, the fellow never dreamed of danger from behind, and Jim was within a yard before the other heard him and turned. He opened his mouth to yell, but the yell was never uttered, for Jim's heavy pistol swept downward, and the barrel cracked across the man's skull. He crumpled and dropped without a sound.

"That's six," said Nat as he set to work to tie and gag the fellow. "We're sure getting a tally." They left him where he lay and, moving on cautiously, gained the rough rocky hillside behind the terrace on which the ranch house stood. Here they found plenty of cover and moving in an easterly direction among the rocks and bushes reached a spot just above the out-buildings. They were in shadow, but were able to see the enemy or some of them sheltering behind the buildings and firing at the house.

"Hell! there's a dozen of 'em," growled Nat disgustedly. "More, most likely, for we can't see 'em all. We can't run in on 'em for there's too much light. And we're too far off to make any sort of shooting with short guns. Looks like we've took all this trouble for nothing," Jim looked round.

"Where do you reckon they've put their horses?" he asked.

"Horses," repeated Nat, then chuckled suddenly. "You're the lad with the brains. You mean we find 'em and turn 'em loose?"

"That's the idea," Jim agreed modestly. "I was cowboy long enough to know how it rattles a man to be set afoot." Nat considered, then pointed to a clump of trees a couple of hundred yards away in an easterly direction.

"That's the likeliest spot."

"Then let's try it. If we can stampede the lot Lopez's men are bound to see or hear 'em. Some will go after them and then we get our chance."

"We'll do that very thing," Nat declared joyously, and off they went.

"There was nothing difficult in reaching the trees and, sure enough, there were the horses—fifteen in all so far as they could count. Nat frowned.

"Dog-gone, if he ain't brought an army. Farnie's sure honing to make a job of it," he said in Jim's ear. "But you're right, Jim. If we turn this cavy a-drift that's going to rattle 'em bad."

"Go slow," Jim advised. There may be a guard with them."

There was no guard and the horses were ground hitched—that is, they stood with the reins hanging over their heads. Western horses are trained to stand in that way. It was a matter of moments only to slip the bridle off each horse in turn. Then Nat gave one a sharp slap on the flank with his open hand and the beast threw up its head and galloped off, followed at once by the rest. All in a bunch, they went pounding down the slope, their hoofs beating the turf like a squadron of cavalry. As they swept out into the wide patch of the light flung by the burning ricks, yells came from Farnie's men.

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San Francisco Argonaut: A lot of young people appear to think that life must have been intolerable in the old days before the invention of electric lights, automobiles and some other things. When these youngsters grow older, they will know that their happiness did not come from the inventions, but from the fact that they were young.

Blairmore Enterprise: A woman is a person who dresses that way to make you look, then feels insulted if you look too bad.

## CANADIAN MINISTER AT BANQUET



M. George Bonnet, French Foreign Minister, speaking at the banquet given by the Association d'anciens Officiers de Liaison, Aupres de l'Armee Americaine, appealed to the democracies to unite to preserve liberty. The picture shows him making his speech. On left is Hon. Philippe Roy, the Canadian Minister to Paris.

## If You Like Books

(By A. H.)

To the reader who stops to consider, one of the greatest joys in life is the descriptive poem, especially if he is the imaginative type of individual. There are lines that vividly portray scenes that flash across his mind in an endless series of charming peacefulness, or storm-swept seas, as he sits comfortably before the fire-place. He visits lands that are strange to him, he sees people of all lands and all types, and he learns such a great deal. And then, of course, there are certain lines that flow so smoothly, and carry so much meaning. Perhaps it is only one word like "crystal-throated" in "One crystal-throated hermit-thrush" that last line of "Dream River" by Marjorie Pickthall, which says so much in so few words.

Wilfred Campbell has written several descriptive poems that are a great pleasure to the reader. In them are lines and phrases that catch the "imaginative eye" and treat it to a scenic feast. Such is his poem "How One Winter Came In The Lake Region" which will appeal to every "Northern-er". Quote:

How One Winter Came in the Lake Region  
(by Wilfred Campbell)

For weeks and weeks the autumn world stood still,  
Clothed in the shadow of a smoky haze;  
The fields were dead, the wind had lost its will,  
And all the lands were hushed by wood and hill,  
In those gray, withered days.

Behind a mist the bleak sun rose and set,  
At night the moon would nestle in a cloud;  
The fishermen, a ghost, did cast his net;  
The lake its shores forgot to chafe and fret,  
And hushed its caverns loud.

Far in the smoky woods the birds were mute,  
Save that from blackened tree a jay would scream,  
Or far in swamps the lizard's lonesome lute  
Would pipe in thirst, or by some gnarled root  
The tree-load trilled his dream.

From day to day still hushed the season's mood,  
The streams stayed in their runnels shrunk and dry;  
Sun rose agnast by wave and shore and wood,  
And all the world, with ominous silence, stood  
In weird expectancy:

When one strange night the sun like blood went down,  
Flooding the heavens in a ruddy hue;  
Red grew the lake, the sere fields parched and brown,  
Red grew the marshes where the creeks stole down,  
But never a wind-breath blew.

That night I felt the winter in my veins,  
A joyous tremor of the icy glow;  
And woke to hear the north's wild vibrant strains,  
While far and wide, by withered woods and plains,  
Fast fell the driving snow.

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## New Trucks and Cars Announced by Ford

### Advanced Styling, Greater Strength, in 1938 Trucks and Commercial Cars

New beauty, resulting from advanced styling and increased stamina obtained through improvement in design are features of the 1938 line of Ford V-3 trucks and commercial cars announced today by Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited. Introduced this year is the 134-inch wheelbase to replace the 131½-inch wheelbase of previous years. The rugged 157-inch wheelbase chassis with cab is again available.

The 1938-Ford V-8 two-ton trucks are powered with the 95 horsepower engine and the 1½-ton trucks and commercial cars with the 85 horsepower engine. De luxe trucks are continued. A new treatment of the radiator grille gives the front end a more massive, impressive appearance. This effect is heightened by long louvers extending horizontally along the sides of the hood. The hood is hinged at the cowl and lifts at the front. It is held down securely by a locking device which serves also as an attractive modernistic radiator ornament. Starting at the hood side panels, the fenders sweep gracefully rearward in flowing contour effectively continued in panel body and rear fender design. Smart appearance and pleasing symmetry of line result.

The new wheelbase length, the 134-inch chassis, has greater load space forward of the rear axle providing improved load distribution. Panel delivery, sedan delivery, light delivery and station wagon bodies are available on the 112-inch commercial chassis.

The sedan delivery has the front end design of the standard passenger car and the station wagon the front end of the de luxe passenger car. The station wagon body has safety glass windows all around. These and the tail gate can be locked from the inside to prevent theft.

An entirely new type construction is used in building the panel bodies. New methods for forming and welding the side panels, roof rails and roof panel greater structural strength. Rear doors are hung in a welded one piece channel steel frame.

Heavier gate steel is used on the 112-inch light delivery. Load length has been increased to 77½ inches and height of flare boards to 29½ inches. Cab interiors are fully lined with embossed "art leather" and present an improved appearance. Seat cushions and backs are covered with the same material. It is rubberized and washable. Cab headroom has been increased three inches.

The 1½-ton de luxe 134-inch wheelbase panel truck has new streamlined design and is now 4½ inches longer than formerly. Load length of the 112-inch panel delivery has been increased to 87½ inches, width to 55 inches. The height is 51½ inches.

Braking action on trucks has been improved through use of larger brakes and self-energizing brake shoes with cable and conduit control. Quicker stopping is obtained with much less pedal pressure. Drum diameters have been increased to 15½ inches. Drums are heavily ribbed for added strength and quicker cooling. Truck steering has been made easier through use of a new worm and roller type steering gear, 18.2 to 1 ratio, and a larger steering wheel.

Proved chassis features such as full torque tube and radius rod drive, full-floating rear axle, straddle mounted driving pinion, and centriforce clutch on trucks, and ¾-floating rear axle, straddle mounted pinion, centriforce clutch, interleaf lubrication and oil-less-type spring shackles on commercial cars are continued.

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## Some Samples of Humour as They Have it in England

(London Humerist)

"It annoys me to see typists wearing valuable diamond rings," says an employer. But perhaps they are only carbon copies.

A bardit who entered a New York night club with the intention of robbing patrons was seized by waiters and ejected. After all, the waiters saw them first.

No girl, says a lecturer, should marry until she can cook. The ideal arrangement, of course, is for a man who would rather play golf than eat to marry a girl who would rather play bridge than cook.

A well-known artist tells us that he has to pay as many as five and six visits to his dentist in the course of a year. What a pity he doesn't pluck up courage and ring the bell the first time.

A Canadian collector has several garments worn by famous British politicians of the past, including a coat which belonged to Disraeli. His ambition is to acquire a pair of Gladstone's bags.

## CANADA'S FIRST LADY MAYOR PLEASES HER MUNICIPALITY

(London Free Press)

Canada's first and only woman mayor was returned unopposed for her third term. Canada's first woman M.P. has had a long and successful record at the polls. It is strange that in view of the apparent satisfaction with which women who actually attain office in Canada are regarded that so few should be elected.

## Mother of Five Who Was Always Tired

### Now Awakes as Fresh as a Daisy

A mother of five has a lot to do. Especially a country mother. And this one was "always tired." But Kruschen ended all that—now she gets up, feeling fresh, at five o'clock in the morning! She writes:

"I find Kruschen Salts the best thing money can buy for my health. I am the mother of five children, and before taking Kruschen, I was always feeling tired and run down. Now I am glad to say that I get up feeling fresh and I get up at five o'clock in the morning. I do my housework, look after my children and leave the house at 6.30 to start my daily work."—(Mrs. J. B.)

Tiredness and that run-down feeling can be traced to one root cause. That cause is internal sluggishness; failure to keep the inside free from poisonous, waste matter.

Kruschen Salts is an excellent recipe for maintaining a condition of internal cleanliness. The numerous salts in Kruschen stimulate your internal organs to smooth, regular action. Your inside is thus kept clear of those impurities which, when allowed to accumulate, lower the whole tone of the system.

## PIE FOR BREAKFAST

(Regina Leader-Post)

One can recall without trouble pie on the breakfast board, notably in certain rural districts in Ontario on other days. In fact the custom may persist there to this day. One remembers apple pie best but there was also cherry pie on occasions.

Globe and Mail: Returning to the United States for a short visit, Colonel Lindbergh was greeted by reporters, photographers and a host of questions. That is the chief reason why he left.

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Maxwell House COFFEE, per lb.	41c
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Blue Mountain STRAWBERRY JAM, jar	33c
DRY PRUNES (large size), 2 lbs.	23c
BLACK CURRANT JAM, 4 lb. pail	59c
WAX BEANS (Standard Quality), 3 tins	29c
LIFEBUOY SOAP, 3 bars	23c
Habitant PEA SOUP, 2 tins	25c
Dorothy MILK, 3 tins	25c
Robin Hood FLOUR, 24 lb. bag	99c
Brookfield BUTTER, per lb.	34c

## MEATS

ROLL ROAST VEAL, per lb.	15c
SHOULDER PORK, per lb.	17c
ROAST BEEF, Blade, per lb.	15c
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### THURSDAY, JANUARY 6TH, 1938

Tickets to U.S. Destinations sold subject to Passengers meeting Immigration Requirements of U.S.A., GOING—and Canada RETURNING.

Tickets valid for travel Train No. 2 from Timmins, Thursday, January 6th, 1938, connecting at North Bay, C.P. Train No. 857 and at Sudbury with C.P. Train No. 28.

All tickets valid to return so as to leave Toronto not later than C. P. Train No. 27, 11.10 p.m. Sunday, January 9th, arriving North Bay, and connecting with T. & N. O. Train No. 1—12:45 p.m., Monday January 10th, 1938.

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