

Second Time West

by
T. C. BRIDGES

CHAPTER XXI THE PRISONER TALKS

Then picked himself up, and bolted for his life.

"I'll learn you!" shouted the man with the gun, and Jim almost laughed as he recognized the familiar voice of Noah Grant. It is an odd fact that a man who will stand like a rock against pistol fire can't stick a shotgun. The fellow opposite Jim got the wind up, sprang to his feet, and bent double raced away among the bushes. Jim let him go. He was only too glad to see the last of him.

"This way!" Jim shouted to Grant. "Nat's hurt."

Nat, Jim found, had fainted, and, small wonder, for there was a regular pool of blood where he had been lying. "The dirty dogs!" growled Grant, as he started tying up Nat's leg with his handkerchief. "Looks like they got you, too," he added, as he noticed the blood-stained handkerchief round Jim's head.

"Nothing to signify," Jim told him. "Can we get Nat back to the house?"

"There ain't no one to stop us far as I know. Them as ain't dead is running after their horses." He looked up at Jim. "You did a good job when you turned them horses loose."

"And you did a better with your old scatter gun," Jim told him. "There was a fellow drawing a bead on me when you let loose."

"I can't handle them pistols now," Grant told him. "But I done a bit 'o rabbit shooting when I were a nipper." He looked up. "Here come some of the chaps. Now we'll be all right." Two of the Painted Cross Boys came running. They picked up Nat and carried him in. Jim and Grant followed. Dave Condon met Jim at the door.

"I'm mighty glad to see you alive," were his first words. "I made sure them hounds had got you. Come right in." He drew Jim into the big hall-sitting room and poured him a badly needed drink.

"Grub's ready," he added. "While you eat you can tell me what happened. Sam will look after Nat." Jim found himself ravenous and, while he put away stewed beef and vegetables, gave Dave a full account of the whole business.

"You got five of 'em up the Pass," said Dave. "Gee, but that's good news! And turning them horses loose just about saved us. Looks like we've given Farnie a nasty knock." Jim laughed.

"I certainly gave him one with the toe of my boot when I fell out of the loft. Is that what started him on this raid?"

"I wouldn't wonder. You see he made sure of getting you and Nat and he did get two of our boys. He had fellows laying for you on both roads, and Jack Brill and Tom Stanton rode right into the other lot." Jim's eyes went hard.

"Killed them?" he asked harshly. Dave nodded.

"Riddled them. Young Burney got away and brought the news. They followed him and, knowing we'd be short handed, I reckon they thought they'd rush the place afore we could stop them. Mistake they made was firing them ricks. That gave us a chance to get our guns. Still it's odds they'd have had us if you and Nat hadn't come along when you did. They was working up to fire the house." Jim's face was pinched. The death of Brill and Stanton had hit him hard. Dave realized that he was feeling, and laid a kindly hand on his shoulder.

"It wasn't your fault, son. The trouble was bound to come. And thanks to you we've won the first round. The loss of those five men is going to cripple Farnie quite a bit."

"He's lost more than that," Jim said. "Trant got two with his gun, I shot another and—I'd almost forgotten—there's one lying out, tied, by the horse corral. We crept upon him and rapped him over the head. I'll go get him. Dave pushed him back into his chair. "Stay right where you are and finish your grub. Mart will bring him in." He shouted for Mart and Mart who had been in helping Sam to dress Nat's leg went out. In a few minutes he was back driving the prisoner before him. The man had thick lips, a broad nose and bilious yellowish eyes, while a livid blue scar running all across his left cheek did nothing to improve his appearance. Dave looked him over.

"What's your name?" he asked. "Go to Hades and find out," retorted the fellow defiantly.

"Good advice I've no doubt," said Dave drily. "The Devil knows the names of his servants. Lock him down in the potato cellar, Mart. We'll keep him there till he's ready to talk."

"You turn me loose if you know what's good for you," the fellow threatened. "Farnie will have your scalps for this."

"Farnie too busy saving his own to worry about you," Mart told him. "We got seven of your crowd already and you'll be the eighth if you don't mind your step. Get on!" He drove him out of the room, and presently they heard the trap of the cellar fall with a crash. Sam Loy came in.

"Nat all right," he remarked. "Now I see your head, Grant." There and then he took off the handkerchief which Nat had tied over Jim's head, and set to work to cleanse and dress the ragged cut on Jim's forehead. He finished the job as neatly as any doctor, stood back and looked at Jim.

"You all tired out. You go right to bed."

"Sam's right," said Dave. "Turn in, Grant. Well fix things up in the morning."

"It's morning, already," Jim said as he glanced at the clock, the hands of which showed ten past three. He went out to the bunkhouse, got to bed at once and, in spite of is anxieties, slept soundly.

The sun was blazing in through the bunkhouse windows when he woke and everyone else was up and out. A bit stiff but otherwise fresh enough, Jim got up, slouched himself with cold water, dressed and went across to the house. Everything was quiet and peaceful and, but for the bluish ashes of the three ricks and some bullet-smashed windows, there was no sign of the battle of the previous night. Sam met him.

"You all right, Grant?"

"Fine," said Jim. "How's Nat?"

"Jim sleep like a coon in a log. Breakfast ready."

"And I'm ready for breakfast," Jim assured him. Dave came in just as Jim finished his meal and told him that he had been down to the cellar to see the prisoner.

"He's plumb tame this morning. I reckon he'll do most anything to earn his breakfast."

"Will he talk," Jim asked.

"He'll talk right enough. Mart's bringing him up."

A minute later Mart came in with the prisoner. A night in the dark chill of the cellar without food or tobacco had taken all the starch out of the fellow, and as Dave had said, he was quite tame. He looked hungrily at the laden table and sniffed the rich scent of the fried bacon.

"You'll get your grub if you talk," Dave told him. "What's your name?"

"Clancy," the man answered.

"I know him now," Mart put in. "Fatlips Clancy they call him. He's wanted for a rustling job in Arizona. He was one of Parson Jake's crowd."

"We know where to send him, then," said Dave, drily. Clancy's thick cheeks went white; there was terror in his yellow eyes.

"I ain't going back there," he vowed. Dave's eyes hardened.

"Then you'll talk," he said harshly. "How long have you been with Farnie?"

"Three or four weeks."

"How many men has he got?"

"There was twenty-two sleeping in the bunkhouse."

"And how many came here last night?"

"Fifteen, I reckon."

"Was the raid planned beforehand?"

"I don't reckon so. Lopez come out to the ranch just afore dark and told us to get our guns and come with him."

"Did you all come together?"

"No. Five was sent round by Last Chance Pass. Lopez reckoned as two men from here might be going round that way." Jim cut in.

"How did he know that?"

"I ain't sure, but I heard Bolan say as they got word through Miss Chandler." Jim's face flamed.

"The lair!" he exclaimed, so fiercely that Clancy fell back a step. Dave spoke.

"No need to get heated up, Grant. Of course, Jean didn't give you away. What likely happened is that Bignal or someone saw you going out and her coming in and put two and two together." The hot colour faded from Jim's cheeks.

"But that means they suspect her." He turned to Clancy.

"Did you see or hear anything of Miss Chandler before you left?" Clancy hesitated.

"If I tell you I get your word as I won't be sent back to Arizona?" he asked.

"I'll promise you that much," Dave said. Clancy's face showed his relief.

Virginia Bruce Weds Again



Fourth wife of the late John Gilbert, Virginia Bruce, Hollywood screen favourite, has become the wife of J. Walter Ruben, a film director. Their romance began some months ago when both started working on the same picture. This photo shows them after their marriage recently.

Important Notice

Will all members of Branch 88, Canadian Legion, B.E.S.L. residing in Timmins please leave their Street Address with the stewards in the Club Rooms or send them to the Secretary, Box 1059, Timmins with as little delay as possible.

W. D. FORRESTER, Sec'y-Treas.

Frank Dolan Appeal of Death Sentence

Appeal to Come up This Week at Toronto.

Halleybury, Jan. 10.—(Special to The Advance)—Another stage in the Elk Lake murder case will be reached this week in Toronto, when the appeal of Frank Dolan, resident of that Montreal River community lying under sentence of death in the district jail here following conviction in the capital charge preferred against him in connection with the death of his wife, will be heard before the Court of Appeals at Osgoode Hall. William C. Inch, who conducted the defence for Dolan at the trial before Mr. Justice Ainslie Greene and a Temiskaming Assizes jury two months ago, has gone to the city to be ready to proceed with the argument of the appeal when the court resumes sittings during the present week. Mr. Inch, with whom will be associated Hon. W. A. Gordon, K.C., said before leaving he did not know on which day the appeal would be heard, but he believed it would come up early this week. Dolan is under sentence to hang on January 25, and he has been in the death cell at the jail for eight weeks. The body of his wife, Leona Dolan, was found in the cellar of their former home here last August, after the woman had been missing nearly five months.

Aeroplane Trip from Rouyn to Edmonton, Alberta

Starting his long hop from Rouyn to Edmonton on Tuesday in General Airways Norseman, Kelly Edmison was turned back by bad weather near the new Trans-Canada airport at Kapuskasing. He returned to the South Porcupine airport and remained there Tuesday night. He left on Wednesday. It is expected that to-day the Norseman will be well on the third lap of the journey to Edmonton. Pilot Edmison will make flights to the Northwest Territories.

New-Fangled Tests for the Tippy Driver

Professor of Toxicology in Indiana Has the Answer

In these days when there is so much complaint about the drunken motor-car driver, and a consequent amount of discussion as to when a man is considered legally drunk, the following article from The New York Times should be of interest.

"When the drunken driver, the highway's worst menace, is waved to one side by the uniformed officer on a motor cycle in a traffic accident, the same argument follows from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Heaven is called upon to witness that not a drop has been touched in weeks. To which the usual retort is 'Tell it to the judge.'

"But not in the State of Indiana, or, for that matter, in Berkeley, Cal., or Arlington, Texas. What the judges—enlightened by Dr. R. N. Harger professor of biochemistry and toxicology in the Indiana University School of Medicine—is a chemical argument.

"His blood contained 1.5 parts of alcohol per thousand," testifies the policeman or someone from headquarters. "Chemically speaking, he was drunk."

"There is usually no defence after that. According to Dr. Preston M. Nesbitt, one of Professor Harger's pupils, all but two of 64 drivers who proved to be chemically and physically drunk pleaded guilty after having been arrested and tested during the first six months of the present year in Arlington, which lies on the four-lane highway between Dallas and Fort Worth Texas.

"Alcohol affects the brain and higher nerve centres. When brain alcohol amounts to one and one-half parts per thousand by weight intoxication sets in. With five parts per thousand by weight the verdict is 'dead drunk.' If some carry their liquor well it is not because they belie these findings but that they rid themselves of alcohol more rapidly than others, and hence require more alcohol to affect the brain.

"Living brains cannot be examined for alcohol. But blood can. And the concentration in the blood indicates what the concentration in the brain must be. Any other liquid of the body is equally useful in making the determination—the spinal fluid, for example.

"In the United States, where some principles of the common law still hold good, it is doubtful, in the absence of a permissive statute, if blood may be legally withdrawn without committing a technical assault. But air, in this case a drunkard's breath, is free.

"The trick, then, is to collect breath and test it. Professor Harger has developed a new reagent for alcohol—a purple solution of permanganate of potash in mixture of sulphuric acid (specific gravity 1.42). When a drunkard breathes into such a solution the purple colour fades. A definite amount of alcohol bleaches a definite amount of liquid. Hence, the reagent shows how much alcohol there is in the breath.

"Dr. Harger has devised a small apparatus which is no bigger than a camera of medium size and which can be carried to the scene of an automobile accident. Anybody can operate it after a little training. It takes not more than five minutes to test breath for alcohol. The drunk simply blows up a little balloon. From this his breath passes into the purplish solution.

"You can lead a drunk to the apparatus, but can you make him blow up a little balloon? Professor Harger and his pupils can. Everybody must breathe two feathers are placed on the free end of a tube and held under the rebel's nose. If the feather's move, breath is being expelled. A suction pump does the rest.

North Bay Nugget.—Big interests are suspected of being responsible for the trade recession in the United States. All of which means an admission that the Roosevelt administration has a long way to go to ensure uninterrupted prosperity.

If You Like Books

(By A. H.)

Have you ever felt that you wanted to do something different from the part you play in everyday life? Have your thoughts strayed to far hidden places where you alone may go, and to futures or past times that are not for you? Have you dreamed of being a hero or heroine, or perhaps a dashing knight in the days of old, or some great man whose name will go down in history? If you haven't then you must be content with whatever you are now. Never admit this to a soul—even your own. Once a person becomes content to live with what he has, his aims and high hopes vanish, and when there is no hope there is life—while there is hope, there is life. How many people have dreamed of doing something that they have probably never accomplished, but while they dreamed they strived on, and were higher up and nearer to their goal. And numerous others have reached that goal.

H. J. MacLean asks the lord for "a breath of life—Once for a little while" had taken all the starch out of the fellow, and as Dave had said, he was quite tame. He looked hungrily at the laden table and sniffed the rich scent of the fried bacon.

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Changes in Staff of Canadian Explosives

C. I. L. Announces Staff Changes in Explosives Division.

As a result of the retirement on pension, January 1, of E. Godfrey, a number of staff changes have become effective in the Technical Department of the Explosives Division of Canadian Industries Limited, it was announced recently.

Appointed to succeed Mr. Godfrey as head of the Technical Department is A. E. Dymont. A graduate of the University of Toronto, Mr. Dymont has been connected with the Technical Department since 1931 and for the last five years had been located at Halleybury, Ontario, where, working under the supervision of Mr. Godfrey, he has looked after technical phases of mining and construction work throughout Northern Ontario and Quebec. Mr. Dymont will make his new headquarters at the head office of the company in Montreal.

Mr. L. H. Bergman, who for the past two years has been connected with the Division's Sales Department at Edmonton and Halleybury, succeeds Mr. Dymont as Northern Technical Representative, remaining in Halleybury. Replacing Mr. Bergman as Local Sales Representative is G. W. Eaker, who has been transferred from Noranda, while W. P. Carter has been transferred from Bolosol, P.Q., to assist in sales work at Noranda.

Mr. Godfrey, retires after 29 years of active service in explosives work, twenty-six of which were spent in Canada. Formerly with the Technical Department of Nobel Explosives Limited, Glasgow, which he joined in 1908, Mr. Godfrey was transferred to Canadian Explosives Limited in 1911. Since coming to Canada he has been connected with the Technical Department of the Explosives Division and was made head of the Department some years ago. He is well known to many explosives users throughout the country and his many friends in the mining and construction fields will wish him every happiness in his well-earned leisure.

Just prior to his retirement Mr. Godfrey had been engaged in supervising the Quebec Provincial Government's ditch blasting operations at Sherbrooke, near Montreal, where explosives are being used to convert fifty square miles of swamp land into truck farming area.

Sudbury Council Condemns Licensing of Slot Machines

Last week members of the Sudbury city council roundly condemned the idea of giving licenses for the operation of slot machines. These machines were termed by councillors as "vicious" and "an evil", and there was also the suggestion put forth that they were "corrupters of the morals of youth." It is probable that council will rescind the by-law now governing the licensing of certain types of machines, usually called slot machines. A lively battle is expected in the matter. Some months ago the town of Timmins decided to get rid of slot machines, the belief apparently being held that most, if not all, were favoured, at least to an extent, by the municipal authorities. The only kinds of machines now in Timmins are those usually called "whiffle boards" or "pin machines," and these are not supposed to come under the heading of gambling devices.

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Nothing More to Pay Until April
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WHIST DRIVE JANUARY 13 BY
THE CORNISH SOCIAL CLUB

There will be ten good prizes awarded the winners at the whist drive in the Hollinger Recreation hall on Thursday, evening, Jan. 13th, at 8.30 p.m., under the auspices of the Cornish Social Club. Refreshments will be served after the cards.

Sudbury Boy Learned the Meaning of "Being Sorry"

(From Sudbury Star)

The story is told of a little Sudbury girl who had been naughty, and mother had to punish her. Afterward, talking it over with the child, her mother said: "Dorothy, are you sorry for acting naughty?"

"Yes, mother, I am," answered the child.

"Well," asked the mother, "do you know what being sorry means? It means you won't do it any more."

A short time later, Dorothy was naughty again, and there followed the inevitable punishment. Later the child asked her mother: "Mother, are you sorry you had to punish me?"

Her mother answered, "Yes, I am very sorry."

"Well, mother," said the youngster, "do you know what being sorry means?"

License Necessary for Those Selling Insurance

Halleybury, Jan. 10.—(Special to The Advance)—Appearing before Magistrate Atkinson here on Friday afternoon on charges of selling insurance without a license, Michael Thomas, of Cobalt, and Joseph McPherson, of North Cobalt, were convicted and sentenced to pay fines of \$100 and costs apiece, or serve 60 days in jail. Thomas paid, but the other defendant went down. It had been alleged by the Crown that accused had been selling insurance in American companies contrary to Ontario laws, and three witnesses against McPherson and two against Thomas were produced in court. The companies were Lincoln National Aid Association, of Illinois, in the case of McPherson, and the Cosmopolitan Benefit Association with regard to Thomas. The latter company has head office in Indiana, and it is alleged both firms have been barred from the mails. For the defence, it was argued that the companies were mutual benefit associations and that accused were not agents, but were selling memberships and did not need licenses, while McPherson termed himself a crusader. W. C. Inch represented Thomas, but McPherson conducted his own defence.

PRESIDENT OF COCHRANE BOARD OF TRADE FOR 1938

At the annual meeting of Cochrane Board of Trade last week Allan D. W. Cuthbert was unanimously elected president of the board for 1938. He is division engineer of the C.N.R. He has served both on the town council and the hospital board at Cochrane. L. R. Anderson was elected vice-president, with an executive committee of ten, E. L. Gagnon, F. Graff, D. J. Wallace, C. S. Giles, C. Thorming, M. E. David, M. D'Spin, R. R. Mitchell, J. J. Murphy, H. E. McGill. Expression was given at the meeting in regard to the deep loss sustained by the board, the town and the North in the recent death of Arthur S. Stevens.

Canadian Pacific BARGAIN FARES

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OTTAWA MONTREAL
Pembroke, Renfrew, Arnprior, Quebec and Ste. Anne de Beaupre and return
GOING
Thursday, Jan. 13th

For information as to rates, train services, limits, etc., apply to Ticket Agents T. & N. O. Ry. and Nipissing Central Ry.

Canadian Pacific

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via North Bay and Canadian Pacific Railway
THURSDAY, JANUARY 13th, 1938

Bargain excursion tickets will be valid on Trains 2 or 46 and their connections, Thursday, January 13th. Passengers who use our Train 2 will connect at North Bay with CP Train 2, Leaving 8.20 p.m., same date. Passengers who use Train 46 will arrange their own transfer to North Bay CP Depot and take CP Train 46, leaving at 1:00 a.m., Friday, Jan. 14th.

Tickets are valid to return, leaving destination point not later than CP Train 1, from Windsor St. Station, Montreal, 10:15 p.m., Sunday, Jan. 16th and connecting at North Bay with our Train 1, at 12:45 p.m. Monday, Jan. 17th. EXCEPT passengers from Iroquois Falls and points south of Porcupine MUST leave not later than CP Train 7 from Montreal, 7:50 p.m., Sunday, January 16th to connect at North Bay with our Train 47, Monday, January 17th.

Tickets will not be honored on Trains 49 and 50 "The Northland."

Tickets destined Quebec and Ste. Anne de Beaupre not good on Semi-Streamlined Trains 350 and 352 to Quebec and 349 and 351 from Quebec, but good on all other trains between Montreal and Quebec.

Tickets Good in Coaches Only. No Baggage Checked
Children 5 years of age and under 12, when accompanied by Guardian Half Fare.

For Fares, Departure Time and Further Information Apply to Local Agent.

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