

Second Time West

by
T. C. BRIDGES

CHAPTER XXIII BULL BASTIN

The man's voice and his face made Jim realize that the threat was perfectly genuine. He stood still as a rock. He was furious for allowing himself to be trapped in this fashion and every sense was alert for a chance to even up. He knew that, if word reached Farnie of this attempted attack on the part of Dave and Ward Haskell, it was fatal. Farnie would have time to collect all his forces, and the invaders of the Kettle Drum would be ambushed and wiped out. At that moment Jim would willingly have given his own life in exchange for that of his dark-faced adversary. Yet if he went for his own gun the other's bullet would smash through his body before he had time to draw.

Help came from the last quarter from which he had expected it. Joan's arm moved swiftly and the dark-faced man screamed as the almost boiling contents of the saucepan swept his face. He dropped his pistol and clapped both hands to his burning eyes. It was no time for mercy. Jim swiftly pulled his own gun and the heavy barrel thudded on the other's head and dropped him in a limp heap on the muddy ground.

"Thanks Joan," Jim said. "You've saved everything. Now come at once. Someone may have heard him yell and there isn't a moment to waste."

"But like this?" exclaimed Joan. "Can't I get a hat and a coat?"

"Not a thing. You can have my slicker."

Joan did not remonstrate. She sprang on the sill and Jim lifted her down. For an instant she was in his arms, and he thrilled as he held her. Then he ripped off his slicker and wrapped her in it. She was quite calm and pointed to the man on the ground.

"What will you do with him. He is Oram—Black Oram, one of Farnie's men. He may come round."

"Not for a while," Jim said. "Come, Joan. I can't do anything until you are safe out of the way."

The rain was slackening but still thick enough to hide them as Jim led the way to the clump of mesquite. His horse stood with drooped head, streaming with water. Jim lifted Joan on to the wet saddle and led the horse to the bottom of the pass. There he stopped.

"Keep straight up, Joan. The brown horse knows the way. When you reach the rocks get off and lead him. From the top you'll see the lights of The Cross but you can let the horse find his own way."

"But you, Jim. What about you? I can't leave you here, afoot."

"I must go back and attend to Black Oram. I have to put him in some place where he can't talk. When I've done that I shall walk out to the S. Bar S. It's not so far by half as the Painted Cross and Ward will look after me."

"Let me wait for you here," Joan begged.

"No, it's not safe. Go ahead. I shall be all right." Joan put out a hand.

"You're a pal, Jim," she said softly. "Prosperity hasn't spoiled you as it does most folk. Take care of yourself. I should never be happy if anything happened to you."

"I shall be all right," Jim repeated firmly. He gave her hand one squeeze and turned quickly away. His head was in a whirl and he dared not stay with Joan a moment longer.

It was still raining when he arrived back at Bignal's house, and he was relieved to see that Oram lay where he had fallen. The big question was what to do with the man. It was no use trying and gagging him for someone was sure to find him. Somehow he had to hide him where Farnie would not find him, and how he was to do that he did not know. Oram lay very

still and Jim stooped quickly and laid his hand over the man's heart.

There was a lane between Bignal's yard fence and a warehouse. It led into the main street. Keeping close under the wall of Bignal's house Jim hurried onwards. In the lane it was dark enough but the lights from the hide him where Farnie would not find him, and how he was to do that he did not know. Oram lay very still and Jim stooped quickly and laid his hand over the man's heart.

"He's dead!" he muttered. For an instant he felt sick. He had never before killed a man in this way. He felt Oram's head where the blow had fallen, but the bone was not damaged.

"Heart failure," he whispered. He knelt there in the rain, and as the shock passed his brain began to work again. After all this was the best thing that could have happened, for Oram's mouth was now sealed for ever.

The next thing was to get rid of the body. Where it lay it could be plainly seen by anyone who happened to look out of the window. With an effort he hoisted the dead man on to his back and carried him back through the gate. He reached the nearest patch of mesquite and dropped his gruesome burden among them. It was the best he could do.

From the house came a man's voice. "Joan, Joan, where are you?" So Bignal was back. Another minute and Bignal would make certain that Joan was not in the house. Then the hunt would be up and dozens of men searching in every direction. It was no use dreaming of getting away afoot. Jim knew that he must have a horse and have one quickly. Wet as the night was, there would be horses tied to the hitch rail outside the saloon. He must take the first one handy and risk getting away on it.

There was a lane between Bignal's yard fence and a warehouse. It led into the main street. Keeping close under the wall of Bignal's house Jim hurried onwards. In the lane it was dark enough but the lights from the store window and from the saloon made the main street bright. Too bright, Jim thought for his purpose. He reached the corner and, standing in the deep shadow, peered round.

To his dismay not a single saddle horse was tied to the rack. Being Thursday night, it was not likely that many hands would visit the town from the neighbouring ranches, and those who had come in must have put their horses in the livery stable out of the rain. The only thing in sight was a light four-wheel wagon with two horses which stood against the veranda of Bignal's store and which two men were loading with cases of groceries. Jim recognized one of them as Ross Carson, Ward Haskell's foreman. It was late for the store to be open, but Jim realized that it was likely Ward had sent in late in the evening on purpose that they might avoid interference from Kettle Drum men. As for Bignal, anyone's money was good enough for him.

Jim stood where he was. When the wagon moved he would get aboard it. He only hoped it wouldn't be long before it started. Once Bignal made certain that Joan was gone trouble was going to start.

It started sooner than he expected. Three men came out of the saloon. Jim didn't recognize any of them, but one glance was enough to make certain that they were gunmen. They were all at least half-drunk, swaggering, talking loudly. Their leader, a squat man built like a bull and with a great, square, ill-shaven face, spotted the wagon, swung round and started at it.

"If it ain't Ross Carson! Of all the gall I ever heard—him coming into town!" He strode across and his two

precious companions followed. Jim bit his lip. Here was trouble, bad trouble. And what could he do about it!

Carson went on with his loading. Jim knew him for a man with a fine record, but he was older than this gunman and no match for him physically. His companion was a mere boy though a sturdy one.

"What you doing here?" demanded the squat man insultingly of Carson. "You got eyes, Bastin," replied Carson quietly. "You can see what I'm doing."

Now Jim knew whom Carson was up against. This was Bull Bastin, a bully of an ugly and dangerous type.

"None o' your lip!" snarled Bastin. "Don't you know as Haskell's men ain't allowed in here town?"

"Whose orders are they—Grant Garnet's or Murray Farnie's?" Carson asked.

"Mine's enough for you. Drop that case and drive right out of town and tell your boss if he or any o' your crowd show up here again there'll be real trouble." Jim saw Carson's face harden. Yet he kept his temper.

"If you're pulling a joke on me, Bastin, you best lay off, I'm busy."

"You're busy," sneered Bastin. "Now I'm going to learn you this ain't no joke. I'll give you while I count three and if you ain't in the wagon by then why it'll be just too bad for you." Jim saw the man's hand drop to his holster and swiftly drew his own gun. But Carson acted first. Without an instant's hesitation he flung the case of canned goods he was holding straight at Bastin. It hit him in the chest and he and it together crashed to the wooden sidewalk. His gun went off as he fell but the bullet ploughed the sky. Bastin lay helpless but Jim saw both his companions pull their guns.

Like a flash Jim leaped forward. Whatever happened he had to save Carson from cold-blooded murder.

(To be Continued)

Man Near Cochrane Cannot be Located

Settler Left All his Clothing Piled in his Cabin.

Cochrane, Ont., Jan. 15.—Mystery continues to surround the strange disappearance of John Mathot, 48-year-old bachelor settler, who vanished from his cabin in Blount Township three or four days before Christmas and left his belongings behind him, including his entire wardrobe.

Blount Township is north of Cochrane.

Find All Clothing

When provincial police forced their way into the cabin they found all Mathot's known belongings, piled in a huge bundle against the door which was jammed by a hand-sleigh with the runners acting as a wedge.

Appearance indicate that the man must have stripped himself, because all his clothes, including his underwear, were among the pile of articles, which also included his spruce bed and poles, furniture, and his gun, broken in two parts.

Police have scoured the bush in the vicinity of the cabin, but as yet no trace of the man has been found. The officers, however, have not abandoned the search.

Sault Police Chief to Object to Resignation

Word from Sault Ste. Marie suggests that Chief of Police George Harbottle does not intend to meekly accept the request of the police commission for the resignation of the entire police force. It is understood that other members of the force are also strongly opposed to such resignation, feeling that such resignation is a tacit admission that something is wrong. The police commission asked that all the force resign, with the idea that any known to be satisfactory would be re-engaged. The resignations were asked for Feb. 15th. A similar idea was put into effect in Timmins some time ago. Also a similar scheme was worked several years in Tisdale township, where a change in the council might mean a complete change in the personnel of the police force. It is understood that the Sault police chief and some of his men do not intend to lend themselves to the scheme, taking the stand that if any number of the members of the police force are unsatisfactory, they should be dispensed with, but that reflection should not be cast on the whole force. "Before I resign I want to know the reason why," the chief is quoted as saying. Other members of the force expressed the same thought. The wholesale resignation plan may make things simpler for the police commission, but certainly appears decidedly unfair to any faithful officers of the force.

Huntingdon Gleaner—In Duxbury, Mass., a mailman stopped at a home to leave a letter on which one cent postage was due. The man of the house decided it was "just an advertisement" and refused to pay the penny postage. Back to the post office went the letter, where it was opened. It contained a cheque for \$450 for the man who had refused it.

If You Like Books

(By A. H.)

Among the best-known poems in English literature is "The Solitary Reaper" by William Wordsworth. It paints a true word-picture, and brings real music to one's hearing. The opening line "Behold her, single in the field," is frequently quoted by people who do not even know what poem it is derived, but the whole poem is a delight to lovers of poetic music.

The Solitary Reaper
(By William Wordsworth)
Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the Vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chant
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands!
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?
—Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whatever the theme, the Maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending:
—I listened, motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

Government's Reply to North Resolutions

Ontario Associated Boards Not Given Much Encouragement.

Last week, as noted by The Advance, a delegation from the North went to Toronto to assist in the presentation to the Government of a number of resolutions sponsored by the Ontario Associated Boards of Trade. Five of these resolutions originated with the Northern Ontario Associated Boards of Trade and dealt with Northern matters. In introducing the delegation from the Ontario Associated Boards, J. J. Gibbons, of Toronto, specially preferred the Northern resolutions to the kind attention of the Government, pointing out that the Northern Ontario Associated Boards never asked anything that was unreasonable or impractical. W. O. Langdon, president of the Northern Ontario Associated Boards of Trade, was one of the delegation presenting the resolutions to the Government. He spoke particularly on behalf of the proposal for a royal commission to enquire into Northern matters and to formulate a definite and orderly plan for the more effective development of the North. Mr. Langdon also took the place of a delegate from Cochrane, who also was expected to advocate more speedy development of the lignite fields north of Cochrane. As the Cochrane delegate was unable to be present, Mr. Langdon took his place in presenting this particular resolution. A delegate from North Bay presented the resolution asking for the establishment of a national park in the Temagami forest reserve north of North Bay. The delegation were told that a plan somewhat similar to the North Bay idea was already under way, and that in addition there would likely be a game preserve established for the Moosonee district. This was the only proposition to receive the whole-hearted approval of the Government. President Langdon was specially disappointed that the proposal for the inauguration of a land-bonus plan, similar to the one working so successfully for years in the province of Quebec, was turned down flat. The premier claimed that the plan had been tried here but so far as it had been used, it did not work successfully. He also denied that it was a success in Quebec. Another disappointment to Mr. Langdon was the disfavour shown to his suggestion for a royal commission to investigate the resources and the needs of the North. The premier's answer was along the line that the proposed commission is not needed, as the North has two representatives in the Cabinet, and these two gentlemen should be able to keep the Government fully posted on affairs. Another source of disappointment to Mr. Langdon was the lack of enthusiastic interest the premier and his colleagues seemed to display even in the matter of good roads for the North.

Former Clerk Gets Bail of \$500 Cash

Saul Miller Will Face Charge of Theft from Bucovetsky's Here Tuesday.

Saul Miller, former employee of Sam Bucovetsky, who was arrested here Wednesday night in his room at No. 1 Bannerman avenue on a charge of theft of approximately \$300 in merchandise from his ex-employer, was released Friday morning on personal bail in the amount of \$500 in cash. He is represented by Herman Moscoe and will appear in police court here to-morrow.

Scout Conference Dinner Gathering

Inspiring Address by J. P. Johnston, of North Bay

One of the outstanding features of the conference at Timmins during the week-end of Scout Leaders in the North was the conference dinner meeting held in the parish hall of the Church of the Nativity on Saturday evening, commencing at 6.30. Present at the meeting were delegates to the conference from Cobalt, Englehart, Kirkland Lake, Iroquois Falls, Kapuskasing, South Porcupine and Timmins, as well as other Scout Leaders and former Scout Leaders, members of the local executive, and other friends of the Boy Scout movement.

At the dinner meeting, J. D. MacLean, president of the Timmins Boy Scout Association, presided in very genial and effective way. There were about 100 present for the occasion, and all enjoyed every minute of the event.

The dinner prepared by members of the Catholic Women's League won high compliments from all the guests present. Menu and service alike were so good that it not just mere form to say that the dinner was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Rev. Fr. McManus gave the blessing, and the toast to the King was duly honoured. The address by the chairman, J. D. MacLean, was brief but effective and set a high standard for the addresses during the evening.

Mayor Bartleman welcomed the visiting Scout Leaders to town and had words of commendation for the excellent work carried on under the Scout banner.

There was a happy sing-song led by Field Secretary A. Paddon, who played the accompaniments on the piano.

Speaking to the toast to "Scouting and the Chief Scout," Scoutmaster George Whiting, of Iroquois Falls, touched briefly on some of the outstanding features of Scout work.

A feature of the evening that was much enjoyed was the Scout Pageant presented by First Troop Timmins Scouts under the direction of Scoutmaster A. Wright. This showed in impressive way some of the Scout work.

Field Secretary Paddon introduced the guest speaker of the evening, J. P. Johnston, general superintendent Canadian National Railways, North Bay, who is also one of the executive council of the Ontario Scout Association.

Mr. Johnston, though a very busy man—how busy may be judged by the fact that last year he travelled over 61,000 miles—came to Timmins to address the conference dinner to show his continued interest in Scout work and Scouters generally. He came here by special car to fulfil his promise to speak at the dinner, travelling 250 miles to give a 25-minute address. His address, in eloquent way, showed what Scouting means not only to the boys but to the community, the nation, the world.

Geo. Lake, past president of the Timmins Boy Scout Association, extended a vote of thanks to the guest speaker for his able and inspiring address.

Before the meeting closed, Miss James, of Kirkland Lake, lady club master who has given outstanding service to the work, had the honour of "Akela" conferred upon her, Field Secretary Paddon and Scoutmasters Rowe, Lemon and Whiting taking part in the presentation.

The last item on the very interesting programme of the evening was a vote of thanks moved by W. F. Lawry to the ladies of the Catholic Women's League for the delightful dinner they had provided for the occasion, the resolution being very enthusiastically endorsed by all present.

Current Digest.—Eugene Kelly, 11, won first place and 3832 lollipops in a contest in which the Sutherland, N.J., Service Clubs offered youngsters a lollipop for every 100 Japanese beetles caught.



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Moose Form Teams For Contests Here

Also Expect Senator J. J. Davis, Founder of Mooseheart, to Visit North

At the regular meeting of the Timmins Lodge of the Royal Order of Moose, held on Tuesday, Jan. 11th, plans were made for the coming year. Four teams of members were chosen, and these teams will compete against each other in various games and competitions during the next six months, and the team gaining the highest number of points during that time will be awarded suitable prizes. The captains of these teams are: A. Odgers, H. Roy, F. Hocking and T. Thomas.

The next meeting which will be on Tuesday, Jan. 25th, will be in the form of a social evening, for members and their friends. Any member wishing to invite a friend may obtain an invitation card from the secretary.

The Degree team are getting ready for the contest for the Ramsay Cup. The contest will be held at Noranda on July 1st and 2nd and the Moose lodges are expecting to be honoured with the presence at this contest of J. J. Davis, senator of the United States, and the founder of Mooseheart.

McCarty Tp. Man Dies in Hospital at Falls

Was Resident in Iroquois Falls District for 23 Years.

Iroquois Falls, Ont., January 12th.—(Special to The Advance)—Felix Paul, 23 years resident in this district, was buried in the Iroquois Falls cemetery yesterday, having died in the Anson General hospital from pneumonia.

Mr. Paul was living alone on his farm, not far distant from Wilson Lake, and seemed to be in the best of health a week ago. However, his neighbours not seeing him busy about his chores, as he was accustomed to do, became curious and investigated. They found Mr. Paul in bed, suffering from pneumonia, and immediately brought him to this hospital, where he died shortly after admission.

Mrs. Paul died some years ago, leaving 10 children, who are now all grown up.

Since the children have grown up, they have taken up residence in vari-

Special T. N. O. Train Made Mercy Trip in the North

Cochrane, Ont., Jan. 15th.—A special T. & N. O. train made mercy trips Thursday and to-day to aid a sick man at Moose River Crossing, located on the Cochrane-Moosonee extension.

The man to whom medical attention was brought is J. Gaudernon, who is employed as T. & N. O. section foreman at Moose River Crossing. He sent a rush call for medical aid Thursday night and a special train was ordered from Cochrane to take Dr. Phil Bernstein of Cochrane to his assistance. The same train to-day carried Mr. Gaudernon to Cochrane, where he will receive treatment at Lady Minto hospital.

Six Hundred Working on Road North of North Bay

Work on the Ferguson highway north of North Bay is being carried on in effective way on the stretch north of North Bay. According to official figures given out last week there are over 600 men working on the roadway now. Most of the men employed are from the area adjacent to the roadway, settlers in the district being employed to general advantage.

SNAP Cleans Dirty Hands

SNAP
Cleans Dirty Hands

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MANY OTHER PRIZES

WIN... \$500.00
WIN... 400.00
WIN... 300.00
WIN... 200.00
WIN... 100.00
AND 44—\$25.00 CASH PRIZES

Can You Solve this Puzzle?

YES-IMP-TELL-HER

When the Scrambled Letters above are correctly rearranged they will spell the name of a Famous Movie Star.

Start switching the letters around; see if you can figure it out. If your answer is correct, you will receive at once A LARGE SIZE PICTURE OF THIS FAMOUS MOVIE STAR FREE—beautifully colored and suitable for framing—and the opportunity to win AN AUTOMOBILE OR \$1500.00 ALL IN CASH.

BE THE BIG WINNER! Second Prize Winner gets \$500.00 IN CASH; 3rd Prize Winner, \$400.00 IN CASH; 4th Prize Winner, \$300.00 IN CASH; and many other cash prizes.

CLUES: Probably you know the names of most of the Famous Movie Stars, but just to refresh your memory we mention a few:

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Frederic March Dick Powell
Joan Crawford Warner Baxter
Shirley Temple Ginger Rogers
Wallace Beery Gary Cooper
Clark Gable Kay Francis

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