

Second Time West

by
T. C. BRIDGES

CHAPTER XIV UPS AND DOWNS

Ross Carson saw what was coming. There was no time to draw his own gun. He doubled up, plunged forward and butted his nearest assailant in the stomach. The other would have had him but for Jim.

Jim reached the scene just in time to knock the man's arm up. He was not in time to stop the fellow from pulling trigger, but the bullet crashed into the front of Bignal's store.

The man swung furiously upon Jim. He was big and thick set and too slow to be dangerous to a bear like the Englishman. A smashing fight to the jaw crumpled him and he fell in the street almost under the wagon. Carson's younger companion has having all he could do to hold the terrified horses.

"Thanks, partner," said Carson, briefly. "Guess we better get out of this. Them shots will have roused the town."

"I'll come with you," Jim said, then the door of the saloon burst open, and poured half a dozen of the Kettle Drum toughs and swept down Carson and himself. Jim sprang aside and the first of their assailants fell flat under the ear with a force that knocked him kicking. Before Jim could do anything else thick fingers clamped his left arm from behind and a same moment something hard and red was jammed between his ribs.

"Grab the sky, stranger!" came the voice of Grant Garnett in his ear.

Jim froze. He did not know whether Garnett had recognized him, or the Sheriff's voice told him that man was excited—and scared. That is nothing more dangerous than a frightened man with a gun, and Jim was taking no risks.

"What's the charge?" he asked in a voice which he strove to make different from his own.

"Brawling in the streets. Didn't I see you hit that fellow?" Jim was now that Garnett had not recognized him. After all the Sheriff had seen him once since his return and would never dream that a Painted Cross man had ventured into town alone. He felt better.

"He was coming for me, mister," he remarked mildly. "I were self-defence."

"Self-defence be damned! You come along with me. This here means ninety days—that's the penalty."

"Can't I pay a fine instead?" Jim asked. He was so meek that Garnett believed him to be frightened. The grip on Jim's wrist relaxed, the gun ceased prodding. Like a flash Jim stiffened, he wrenched his wrist free with a sudden force that staggered the sheriff. Then before Garnett well knew what was happening Jim drove a blow at his jam putting all the weight of his body behind it. Garnett's eyes glazed, his knees sagged, he collapsed on the wet plank.

The delay had been fatal to Carson. He and his companion had been dragged away by the Kettle Drum mob who were taking them to the gaol. A man was tying the heads of the wagon horses to the hitch rail. Jim glanced at the horses. He wondered whether it would be possible to unfasten them and drive off with the wagon but a second's reflection showed that this was impossible. The shooting had brought all sorts of people out into the street, and there were also shouts from Bignal's house. Bignal himself was roaring for Oram. If he, Jim, was found standing over the insensible body of the Sheriff there wasn't much doubt as to the result, and from Jim's point of view it would be anything but a pleasant result. No, it behoved him to get away—and quickly—if he was to save his skin. He turned and ducked back into the dark lane.

BLACKHEADS

Don't squeeze blackheads—dissolve them. Get two ounces of peroxide powder from any drug store and rub gently with wet, hot cloth over the blackheads. They simply dissolve and disappear by this safe and sure method. Have a Hollywood complexion.

A man bumped into him. A large, stout man.

"Who are you?" demanded the latter, and Jim instantly realized that this was Bignal. He couldn't hit a man so much older than himself, he simply kicked one leg from under him and sent him sprawling in the mud. It was a mistake. The moment he had done it he knew it was a mistake, for Bignal started yelling blue murder, and instantly there was a rush of feet along the side wall. Jim took to his heels and went straight down the alley. There was nowhere else to go.

He was too late. He heard a roar behind him and knew that men had seen him. Bignal's shouts for help had brought a whole pack of his jackals, and they were already on the trail. It was no use making straight out into the country. The rain had almost ceased and stars were showing. Some of the men were bound to see him and ride him down. If he only had a horse, but he hadn't a notion where to find one. He whirled to the right, round the back of the warehouse, but one of his pursuers spotted him.

"There he goes! Up the cross alley. Some of you go round the other way. Then we got him. He's the chap as has killed the Sheriff." They were all shouting at once, and at any rate Jim was warned. Not that this did him much good. It seemed to him that he was properly trapped.

A man reached the entrance to the alley, unlimbered his gun and began blazing away. A foolish move on his part, for he could not see Jim while he, the shooter, was plainly outlined against the light that leaked from Bignal's house opposite. Jim, close against the wall of the warehouse, rapped an answering shot. With a yell of pain his rash antagonist dropped his revolver and staggered back.

"Look out!" he yelled. "He'll shoot me. Keep back there he'll fill you all with lead."

"Cut round behind," came another voice. "You, Saul and you Hayman." Jim decided to take a chance and started back the way he had come. They couldn't see him, for there was no light in the alley. It turned out as he had hoped. No one was guarding the entrance to the alley. He darted across and ran along behind the fence of Bignal's yard. For a moment he thought he had tricked them, but two flashes of flame and heavy reports undeceived him.

"There he is! He's back-tracked. Gone round behind Bignal's. Let him have it. Gun him down!"

Bullets sang a spiteful song as Jim, keeping close under the fence, gave a poor imitation of a hare with a pack of harriers at his heels. He had not the faintest idea where he was going. His only hope now seemed to be to gain the open country and hide as best he could in the mesquite. He was going so fast that he soon outran his pursuers who had hardly yet got into their stride, but he heard their yells behind him and knew what a mob like this would do to a fugitive.

He saw another opening to his left but it was no use turning up it. That would take him back into the main street. Beyond was a low, flat-roofed shed and Jim saw a possible refuge. He jumped for it, caught the gutter, dragged himself up by sheer muscle power, flung himself flat and lay, panting, as the hunt steamed by below.

It was only a respite. He knew that. He felt, too, he ought to be doing something but just what he could not decide. If he only knew where to find a horse! In the whole situation there was only one grain of comfort. Joan was safe. Two men came back close beneath the shed. They were talking angrily.

"Damn the feller! He's gone!" growled one. "Bignal will raise hades when he hears we missed him."

"I ain't Bignal I'm worrying about," returned the other. "It's Lopez."

"Where did the sucker come from?" asked the first. "Reckon he's one of the Painted Cross boys."

"I wouldn't wonder. Likely the same chap as nigh broke Farne's jaw last night."

"And knocked out Lopez," added the other in an awed tone. "Gee, I wouldn't be in his shoes if Lopez ever gets hands on him. He'll burn him alive."

"I'd burn him myself," was the vicious reply, "giving us all this trouble."

"Sweet creatures," muttered Jim as he watched them pass. They had not gone twenty paces when two other men met them.

"Where do you think you're going?" came a clear-cut voice which Jim instantly recognized as that of Lopez. Peering over he could see the man vaguely and a second with him.

"We're hunting the chap as tackled Bignal a while back," was the answer. "You're working right hard," said Lopez with grating sarcasm.

"We been running all round the town," remonstrated the other.

"Running the wrong way," sneered Lopez. "If some of you don't find him pretty soon it's likely you'll be sorry, and what's the good of working in the dark? Get some lanterns." His voice snapped with such ferocity that those two had men fairly ran. Lopez came on.

"It's Andrews," he said to his companion, "the same who stopped Bud Condon's horse. I haven't a doubt of it. We must get him, Shadley. We must get him before he does more mischief."

"He couldn't have got far," said Shadley. "He's got no horse."

"Unless he had one tied out. But my own impression is that he gave the Chandler girl his horse." He chuckled harshly. "Farne will be pleased when he hears Joan has gone."

"But what would Andrews come back for?" questioned the man called Shadley. "You'd think he'd have gone with the girl."

"I don't know," said Lopez shortly. "He had some object. Make no mistake about that. This fellow has more brains than most. I'd say he was an educated man."

Educated! So, too, was Lopez, Jim thought, and that was what made him so dangerous. He fingered his pistol and knew that the best thing he could possibly do was to put a bullet through Lopez's head. Were their positions reversed Lopez would have had no hesitation whatever in shooting down Jim, but Jim unfortunately could not bring himself to that sort of cold-decking.

Lopez and his companion had stopped in the mouth of the alley way and Lopez spoke again.

"I have a hunch the fellow isn't far from her. He has too much sense to go running around and exhausting himself. The odds are he's hiding somewhere. He might even be in Bignal's house."

"Gosh, he wouldn't go there," returned Shadley. "But I tell you where he might be. That's up on a roof somewhere."

"That's a notion," said Lopez. "Quite a notion." He lowered his voice. "He might even be on this roof. There's a stable behind. He could have gone over the roof into that. Give a leg up, Shadley."

"You be careful," said Shadley. "He's a shooting son-of-a-gun."

Jim flattened himself against the roof and lay listening. All he hoped was that Lopez's head would appear within arm's length of him. The men moved a few steps and Jim, though he could not see, could hear. He crawled in the same direction and lay crouched and waiting.

"This'll do," came Shadley's voice. "Step on my shoulders. Up you go!"

There was just light enough for Jim to see a pair of hands hooked over the gutter, then the head of Lopez rose into view. For an instant Lopez's eyes stared into those of Jim, and Jim saw the look of amazement in them. At the same moment Lopez's lips parted, but whatever sound he was going to make was never uttered, for down swept Jim's right hand grasping his heavy pistol.

Lopez crumpled like a wet rag, his limp hands relaxed their grip and he dropped on top of Shadley.

"What's the matter?" came Shadley's half smothered voice. "Did you slip?" Then he seemed to realize that this was no accident and scrambled up, pulling his gun as he came. Before he reached his feet Jim jumped. He landed right on top of Shadley, smashing him down into the mud with pile-driving force. Jim caught the man by the throat and lifted his fist to silence him. There was no need. Shadley was as completely out as Lopez.

Jim got to his feet and stood a moment, glancing warily round. There was no one near. He did not waste a moment but, rolling Shadley over, disarmed him, flinging his pistols to a distance. Lopez's guns, too, he took and threw away. Shadley was wearing a yellow slicker. Jim peeled this off him and put it on. He took Shadley's hat and flung his own up on to the roof. Then he turned swiftly down the alley. So far his luck had held. He was going to strain it a bit further.

(To be Continued)

New York Sun: Tagalog, which has been proclaimed the official language of the Philippine nation, is not an upstart. The Tagalogs had an alphabet when Magellan found them out, and it has not been allowed to die out. It is said to be forceful but lacking in abstractions, two qualities that might hamper more politicians but should be welcome to statesmen.

BOUND FOR CANADIAN WILDERNESS



Into voluntary exile at Belcher Island, remote section of Northern Canada, will go J. Kenneth Dault, left, 32-year-old ornithologist, and Dr. Arthur C. Twomey, 29-year-old mammalist of the Carnegie Museum in Pittsburgh. They are shown here as they packed equipment to spend eight months studying plants and animal life in the Northland.

BOY SCOUTS IN TIMMINS



Scouts or Cubs as guards will add to its impressiveness. Your Troop or Pack Flag has a place in it too. If anything is worth while doing it is worth doing well. So best of luck and Good Scouting.

Ebr., District Leader.

Rhymster Tells What he Would Do if He Were King

(Chicago Daily News)

If I were King and thou my Queen, there'd be some drastic changes seen. None would escape, though fat or lean; in sky, on land or in between.

We'd rid the earth of plutocrats and autocrats and bureaucrats; and echnocrats and mice and rats; Republicans and Democrats; of ice and snow and swamps and bogs and clergymen and pedagogues, and cats and dogs and polliwogs and churches, schools and synagogues; of deadly drought and overflow and men in places high and low; and folks who ask "What do you know?" or smirk and say "I told you so!"

Now that would leave but thee and me—but wait, my sweet! That could not be—for me and thee might disagree! So—fond as I might be of thee, I'd hang thee to the nearest tree. Then I could rule on land and sea with iron fist and stern decree; unhampered by Democracy, just like that guy in Germany! W.B.E. Chicago.

Schoolboy Howlers All The Way From Blackpool

"It is some time since you had any of these schoolboy howlers in the paper! What about?" It was a reader of the Advance speaking.

The answer is given below. The Advance had to go to the West Lan-

cashire Evening Gazette, of Blackpool, England, to get these. They are alleged to be replies to examination questions at an English university.

There are four political parties in Great Britain and they are called the Grand Nationals, the Liberals, the Labour, and the Commercial.

A fort is a place where men prisoners are kept in war time, and a fortress is where women prisoners are kept.

Sporran—a coarse kind of oatmeal which only a Scotsman could eat and would eat.

Prevailing winds are winds that always blow when other winds have stopped blowing.

The split infinitive means the crack of Doom.

A Tantrum is a cycle made so that two people can ride or it.

Sudbury Man Admits that Story of Hold-up was Fake

Truly, a policeman's lot is not a happy one—what with people who want confess and those who are too ready to "confess" things. Some days ago a Minnow Lake man named Jimmy Pritchard told police that he had been assaulted and robbed on the Copper Cliff road last week. He was found lying in the snow by the side of the road, having apparently been struck in the head. A passerby took the man to the hospital where it was found that he had suffered from frostbites on the hands and face. It looked a clear enough case that the man had been slugged and robbed, and that is the story he told the police. He was employed as truck driver on a route by a Sudbury firm, and was likely to have had over \$200.00 in collections with him at the time the robbery was supposed to be staged. Although the story seemed all right, the police for some reason or another were in doubt, and continued questioning resulted in the man admitting that he faked the story to cover up a shortage of \$297 in his cartage collections. The man's final story to the police is to the effect that he threw himself on the slag roadbed to make his story appear authentic. He was prepared to take a few bruises and bumps, but he did not intend to knock himself unconscious. This, however, is just what he did when he threw himself on the hard road. As a result, he lay alongside the road for about an hour before the gentleman came along and took him to the hospital. As a result of his admissions to the police the Minnow Lake man is held in custody on two charges—one of giving false information to the police and the other of illegally converting the money of his employer to his own use. When found by a passing motorist, the man was suffering from frost-bites on the hands and feet and also from an abrasion on the side of his face.

London Observer:—The latest example is that of a cat of Gunnislake, on the Cornish side of the Tamar, who has just walked home from Exmouth, 70 miles away by rail. He was sent there by train in a basket.

YOU NEED 3 TIMES MORE LIGHT FOR SEWING



Sewing, one of the hardest visual tasks in the home, requires at least 100 watts, with the bulbs not more than 30 inches from your work. Eyes are priceless. Get a carton of Edison Mazda Lamps today.



MADE IN CANADA

EDISON MAZDA Lamps

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC CO., Limited

To our Policyholders

Paid-for new business in 1937 amounted to \$25,685,413. Exclusive of deferred annuities new business was increased by the substantial sum of \$1,847,300.

Total business in force amounted to \$220,724,045 including deferred annuities, an increase of \$9,530,041.

Total assets amounted to \$58,586,179 having increased by \$3,740,272.

The Company has a margin over all liabilities of approximately \$4,700,000, embracing free surplus of \$2,082,611, investment reserve of \$1,500,000, together with the excess of market value over book value of securities. When considered with the stringent valuation of policy liabilities this margin assures continued satisfactory returns to policyholders.

As a mutual Company North American Life has but one objective and responsibility—to render the highest type of Life Assurance Service to its policyholders who are the sole owners of the Company and who alone receive all benefits.

Your co-operation and interest in the affairs of the Company have contributed greatly to the progress of the year.

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE

A MUTUAL COMPANY... ALL PROFITS FOR POLICYHOLDERS

Representatives
F. N. WHALEY
8 Reed Block
A. NICOLSON
10 Marshall Bldg.
M. W. ADAM

The 57th Annual Report is being sent to each policyholder. Any person desiring a copy may secure it upon request.



Enjoy Summer Activities
ALL WINTER
Canada's Evergreen Playground

Attractive Fares And Train Services TO PACIFIC COAST!

RETURN FARES
TIMMINS
ONTARIO
TO
VANCOUVER
VICTORIA
SEATTLE

*Standard \$129.45

*Tourist .. \$113.15

*Coach \$ 87.70

*Sleeping car fares extra
Low meal rates on trains

Indulge in your favourite Summer sport—all winter—in the balmy, invigorating climate of Canada's Evergreen Playground. Golf, hiking, green riding, motoring, yachting, tennis, enjoy majestic mountain scenery—see snowclad Canadian Rockies en route.

Special winter rates at hotels. Attractive rail fares now in effect and until May 14. Return limit: Standard, 3 months; Tourist and Coach, 6 months. Stopovers allowed at intermediate points.

WINTER GOLF TOURNAMENT
Victoria—March 7-12, 1938

Full information from any ticket agent

Canadian Pacific