

# Second Time West

by  
**T. C. BRIDGES**

### CHAPTER XXV Jim's Luck Fails

Lopez was out of it. He would not be able to organize pursuit for some hours to come. Farne, so far as Jim knew, was not in town, and as for Bignal, he hardly counted as a fighting man. Jim was tired of ducking and dodging. Reckoning on the fact that he now had some sort of a disguise and that no one but Farne was likely to recognize him, he decided to look for Shadley's horse—or somebody else's—and go straight out to the S. Bar S.

When he came into the main street he found it almost deserted. The Kettle Drum punchers were scattered in all directions no doubt still searching for him. Jim smiled grimly at the thought of their dismay when they discovered Lopez—then he saw something which abruptly switched his thoughts in another direction—Carson's wagon was still tied outside Bignal's store. No one stood near it and Jim felt sure that he could drive it off without interference. But that meant abandoning Ross Carson and his companion and Jim did not relish the idea of having to tell Ward that his foreman was in prison and that he had left him there. He began to wonder if a rescue was possible.

The idea was not as crazy as it might seem. The goal was simply four cells at the back of the Sheriff's office. The building stood at the far end of the street, well away from the lights of the saloon and the stores, and the odds were long that Garnett was not in the office. More likely to be in bed. There would be a guard of some sort but not more than one man and the last thing he would expect would be any attempt at rescue.

"Darned if I don't try it!" said Jim to himself and set off up the street, keeping as much as possible out of the light. A man came out of a side alley, a hard-faced person who looked like one of Farne's gunmen. Jim stumbled artistically and came staggering onwards, giving a realistic imitation of a tipsy man. The other pulled up.

"Where you going, fellow?" "That's Bignal's business, not yours," Jim retorted with drunken dignity. The man laughed harshly.

"Bignal's whisky more like," he said and went on his way. Jim reached the prison without further adventure. The office door was closed but through the open window he saw a stout man reclining in the Sheriff's chair with his feet on the desk and a corn-cob pipe between his blubbery lips. Jim recognized him as Patty Skaggs, a supporter of the Sheriff, who had been rewarded with the job of gaoler.

No trouble with him. The only difficulty was that the man knew and might possibly recognize him so, before going in, Jim quickly took the silk handkerchief from round his throat and tied it over the lower part of his face. Then, pistol in hand, he kicked the door open and walked in.

"Put up your hands!" he ordered, "and don't say a word if you want to live." Skaggs fat face went the colour of sour paste. His hands shot up in such a hurry that he lost his balance and his chair went over backwards. Jim caught it and eased it down. He didn't want any noise. Kneeling on Skaggs, he took a couple of buckskin thongs from his pocket and tied him. Then he gagged him with his own neck-cloth. He helped himself to the keys of the cells, went through and called softly to Carson.

"Here. We're in here," Carson answered. Then as Jim unlocked the door Carson's eyes popped.

"Doggone if you ain't the chap that knocked out Garnett. Say, son, I never reckoned to see you alive again."

"I'm Grant Andrews—working for Dave Condon. Come on out. Skaggs is tied and most of Farne's men out in the country looking for me. Where are your guns?"

"In the office, I reckon," Carson answered. "Come, Ab." He hurried out, followed by the younger man. They found their pistols in a corner of the office and both strapped them on.

"That feels better," Carson went on as he settled his cartridge belt round his waist. "What do we do now, Andrews?" "Get along back to the wagon and drive out," Jim told him.

"Reckon they'll let us go?" "Not if they see us, and not if we go all together. I'd better go first, you two come on quietly after me and keep on the dark side of the street. I'm wearing Shadley's slicker and hat so if they do see me loosing the horses, they'll probably think I'm acting on orders from Lopez."

"But Lopez—where's he?" "Asleep, down an alley," said Jim. "Asleep?"

"Yes, and not likely to wake up for a while. I rocked him with a gun barrel." "Dog-gone! You got him as well as Garnett?"

"I got him, but if we stop chinning any longer, it's likely he'll get us." "You're right, Andrews. Push on. We'll follow."

The sky had clouded again and outside the lamplight patches it was very dark. Jim met no one on his way down the street, he unhitched the horses and as he climbed into the wagon Ross Carson and Ab caught up and got in.

"Too darned easy," growled Carson. "Not kidding, are you?" Jim said.

"I ain't anyhow," agreed Ab speaking for the first time since Jim had met him.

Carson took the reins and the horses anxious to get home, settled into their collars and went off at a trot. Jim sat quiet still, but his eyes roved anxiously from side to side. This was, as Carson had said, too easy.

They were almost outside the town before the shout came.

"Seems like they'd missed us," said Carson drily.

"More likely they've found Lopez and Sharley," Jim answered. "It'll be five minutes—ten perhaps—before anyone notices the wagon's gone."

"Then they'll be after us," said Carson and his black snake whip cracked above the two sturdy beasts. They broke into a canter and the light wagon rocked and rattled along the stony track.

"And what chance will we stand then?" he added. Jim did not answer. Men on horseback would travel twice the pace of harnessed horses and there were still six long miles between them and S. Bar S. ranch house. The taciturn Ab spoke.

"We'd ought to fetch Crazy Woman Pass afore they overtake us."

In Jim's mind rose a picture of a narrow trail cut in the face of an almost sheer mountain side. Cliff to the right, to the left a terrific drop into the dark canyon where Crazy Woman Creek balled and roared.

"You're right, Ab," he said quickly. "And if we had a stick of dynamite we could say good-bye to an army."

"We ain't got dynamite, but there's rocks." "Ab answered briefly.

"You mean we could block the pass?" "Better than that. One could take the wagon on, other two lay up on a ledge and start a slide."

"Sounds good to me," said Carson. "Right!" Jim said. "Carson you'll take the wagon, Ab and I will go up the hill."

"Ain't you a bit peevish, Andrews?" Carson asked. "Likely we'll get through afore they catches up with us."

"If we do get over the pass ahead of them they'll catch us before we reach the ranch," Jim answered. "Or even if we did get to the house they'd be on top of us before we could get organized. It's up to us to stop them."

"Maybe you're right," Carson agreed slowly and as he spoke the horses slowed to a walk as a steep ascent rose in front of them. None of the three spoke. They were all straining their ears for sound of pursuit.

Minutes passed as the horses toiled upwards and Jim was beginning to wonder whether Farne's men were ever coming when Ab Granard stiffened.

"I hear 'em," he said. "Pull up, Carson. The place is right here where we can climb."

"Don't wait for us, Carson," Jim said. "Get right on to the ranch and tell Ward what's doing. And if that Mex boy, Luiz, hasn't come along by the time you get there let Ward know that Dave Condon means to tackle the Kettle Drum to-morrow night."

"What about you and Ab?" Carson asked. "How you going to get home?" "If Ward likes to picket a couple of saddle horses in the mouth of the blind canyon under Blue Butte we'll find 'em."

"I'll do that," Carson promised, then drove on and Jim found himself crawling like a fly up the rock face at the heels of Ab Granard. Alone, Jim could never have got feet above the trail but Ab knew the rocks as a cat knows her own garden wall. Zigzagging from cleft to cranny, he went steadily up and Jim had only to follow. At the end of five minutes of very stiff scrambling the two arrived on a broad ledge which was peppered all over with boulders, great and small, weathered from the cliffs above.

By this time pursuit was much nearer. The pounding of horses' hoofs along the trail came clearly through the quiet night.

"We ain't got much time," said Ab. "Help me roll some of them big stones to the edge. They got two great lumps of stone each weighing four or five hundred pounds to the edge and were toiling to shift a third when they heard the first of their pursuers galloping up the pass. Jim left the stone to peer over the edge, but it was too dark to see anything below."

"Watch out!" came a sharp warning from Ab. "She's rolling. I can't hold her. Jim sprang to his help but it was too late. The ledge sloped slightly outwards and the boulder breaking away from them, rolled towards the rim. There was no stopping it and over it went. A moment of utter silence was followed by a crash like a shell exploding as the mass of rock struck the road a hundred feet below. Sparks flew in the darkness as the great stone hopped like a marble from the hard surface of the road and shot over into the chasm beyond."

"That's torn it," Jim muttered. "Maybe they'll think it's a slide," Ab suggested, but any hope Jim might have had on that score was scattered by a great voice from below.

"Watch out! That rock didn't fall by itself. Keep back you fools. There's men up the mountains."

"It's Farne," whispered Jim and seizing Ab's arm, dragged him back.

Just in time for the next moment fire flashed from the muzzles of a dozen pistols and bullets splattered the rock face all around the ledge. Jim's spirits sank.

"Carson said the luck was too good to last," he muttered. "Now we're properly treed."

"They can't do anything," growled Ab. "They can't even see us."

"It's only about four hours to sunrise," Jim said grimly. "What's going to happen then?"

To be Continued.

## THREE PRINCES THEIR BEST MEN



Crown Prince Paul of Greece and Princess Frederika of Hanover were married in Athens, Greece recently. The three best men were: Crown Prince Michael, 18-year-old heir to the Rumanian throne; Prince Peter, son of Prince George of Greece, and Prince Phillip, son of Prince Andrew of Greece. Other royal guests at the wedding included the Duke and Duchess of Kent, and Prince and Princess Nicholas of Greece.

## If You Like Books

(By A. E.)

It seems ages and ages ago, now, but at one time the English teacher at school used to impress upon the students the fact that suspense greatly aids in making a story a good one, if used correctly. A fitting example of this is the book of "Craig Kennedy Stories" by Arthur B. Reeve. The author has used suspense in a form that immediately grips the thought of the reader. At times he feels fingers clutching at his throat, finds poison in the chocolates so temptingly set on the table at his side, glances at his ring to see if it might contain that deadly South American poison, Woorali, and grips the arms of his chair at times when the excitement and suspense reach a climax. That is the effect of suspense when used correctly.

"Craig Kennedy Stories" is a book of scientific detection. It tells of the adventures of a modern professor of science who turns detective, when he finds that his knowledge of science enables him to solve mysteries that seem to be beyond natural comprehension. Each story deals with a separate mystery, and each story gives details that would help a normal human to solve its mystery. But Craig Kennedy applies science in a highly advanced form, and there is the very unexpected solution. One of the fascinating points, a point that seems to say to the reader, "There you are put into your place!" is the fact that there are some scientific terms used in the stories which are strangers even to the modern dictionary. Naturally a good writer will never leave a point to puzzle the mind of the reader, and that is why Mr. Reeve always first explains the meaning of these strange words.

Asain the members of the Canadian Legion Library are exceptionally lucky, for "Craig Kennedy Stories" is one of the many books from that library. If you are a member, and you like mystery, even if it is done up in exceptional form, read "Craig Kennedy Stories."

Waterloo Chronicle: It is said that the new United States ambassador to England started his career as a peanut vendor on an excursion steamer. He has not, however, gone in for peanut politics like some diplomats.

## Not to Increase the Taxes on Real Estate

Premier Hepburn Gives Assurance to Deputation.

(From Thursday's Telegram) "We have no thought of adding to the burden of those who have to pay taxes on real estate," Premier Hepburn told a deputation from the Ontario Mayors' Association which interviewed him and members of the Cabinet to day.

The Prime Minister said that the government has not yet decided whether the relief contributions were to be based on the existing 75 to 25 per cent. basis or on the basis of one-third each from the governments and the municipalities, as representatives last week. The deputation consisted of Mayor Day of Toronto, Serviss of Galt, Lewis of Ottawa, Morrison of Hamilton, Bartleman of Timmins and Controller Nora Henderson, of Hamilton.

Paying "Lion's Share" The Prime Minister objected to so much criticism about relief being directed at the Provincial Government.

"We are paying the lion's share and yet get all the abuse," he said, waving a newspaper containing the association's request for "home rule for municipalities."

Mr. Hepburn said that if the Federal Government assumed the entire cost of relief it would be more costly than at present. Likewise, it would be more costly if the province were to assume the entire burden, he said. "The farther away you get, the more expensive it becomes," he said, explaining that those who were nearest to the problem were in the best position to administer unemployment relief.

Same Experience "Why don't you go after the Dominion Government?" the Premier asked. "They won't hear us," replied Mayor Day.

The Prime Minister said that Ontario Government officials had had the same experience. They had gone to Ottawa at the request of the Ottawa Government

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## C.Y.O. Organized at Iroquois Falls

Iroquois Falls, Ont., Jan. 21, 1938.—(Special to The Advance)—The Iroquois Falls Catholic Youth Organization was started last December, having been promoted through the efforts of several local prominent citizens, and Father Raymond Lafleur, of the St. Anne's Parish.

It was felt by these men who instigated the movement here, that the boys should have some programme for their spare time activities, and in diverting their attention to some club, the results should prove interesting, educational and beneficial for each individual.

It was decided to start a branch of the C.Y.O. here, and in time, affiliate themselves with the headquarters in Toronto. The C.Y.O. is becoming a universal organization, and its increasing activities and desirable results are commendable.

The purpose of this organization as outlined by their headquarters is:— (a) To gather into its membership the Catholic youth, both French and English, of the parish.

(b) To promote the spiritual and temporal welfare of Catholic youth, through medium of a balanced programme of spiritual, cultural, physical and social activities.

Upon starting in this club, each new member takes a pledge of allegiance to which he abides, as is drawn up by the leaders of this organization.

The Knights of Columbus in Iroquois Falls gave these boys the privilege of using a room in the Knights of Columbus hall. They now have it equipped with the necessary furniture and fixtures to carry out successful meetings.

The organization is open to all unmarried Catholic boys of 16 years of age, and up.

With gratifying results, the boys responded to this opening, and the membership has now reached a total of 30 boys, though still in its infancy. Preliminary meetings were held in December, to make the necessary appointments of officers, decide upon the location, hour and day of all future meetings.

Last week's meeting resulted in the selection of officers, these being: For the advisory committee for this group—Father Raymond Lafleur, Mr. M. J. Smith, Mr. Joe Johnson, Mr. Roger Gignac and Mr. J. Tremblay.

The officers elected by the boys, to carry on the work for the year 1938, were:

President—Garrett Doyle. Vice-President—Gerald Laroque. Secretary—Henry Mongeon. Treasurer—A. Delapante.

They decided to hold meetings each Sunday evening at their room in the Knights of Columbus hall, where Father Lafleur and some of the advisory committee would be on hand to conduct and act in an advisory capacity at the meetings.

It was further decided that each boy would pay a minimum membership fee of 5c per meeting, to help defray current expenses.

For the spiritual welfare in 1938, a certain amount of time will be set aside at each meeting, to study the life of Christ, and will be conducted by Father Lafleur.

The cultural side will be taken up by interesting debates, and oratory

contests by these boys. The physical programme will include all sports. These boys have formed hockey teams to compete with local organizations in scheduled tournaments. Skating units, boxing matches and other physical development programmes are scheduled for later dates.

Social activities include parties, checker and cribbage tournaments, along with many other planned for get-togethers.

First aid will also be a study made by these boys.

This organization will gain momentum as it progresses, and the boys realize. Their fortune in having such a willing and able active worker as Father Lafleur to lead them. His interest in the boys is clearly demonstrated, as is his readiness to assist all these seeking advice.

The listed programmes for the coming year will undoubtedly prove interesting and educating, and the eagerness of each boy is displayed on all occasions, as they turn out to fulfill all pre-arranged plans.

For the boys to be able to utilize their spare time in such a gainful manner is noteworthy, and thanks will be bestowed to its leaders by these boys during the later years of their life.

P. Boucher Winner of Cubs Hockey Draw

The lucky winner of the Cubs Hockey team draw, was Pat Boucher, he being the holder of the winning ticket, No. 312.

Drawing for the winning ticket was held on Sunday afternoon, at a well represented meeting.

This pool was sponsored in an endeavour to raise funds for the Cubs hockey team, who are at present winning all hockey games. They have played three games in the N.O.H.A. series, and come out victorious on all occasions.

Pleasing Dance in Ansonville

A pleasing dance was held in the Poole Memorial hall on Wednesday evening, under the auspices of the Ansonville branch of the Women's Auxiliary.

Many people turned out to enjoy dancing to the usual excellent music played by Mrs. L. McDonald and George Wilkes.

Mr. Pat Walsh conducted the calling for square dances with very good results.

A lovely lunch was served in conclusion of an excellent evening's entertainment.

Fire Alarm for Chimney Fire

The Ansonville Fire Department answered a general fire alarm on Wednesday evening, at about 10 p.m.

On arrival of the department at the scene of the fire, they found a chimney afire at the home of Mr. J. Robb, which took very little time to extinguish.

## Pretty Wedding Event Here Saturday Evening

A pretty marriage was solemnized on Saturday, at 8 p.m. when Lella Caroline, daughter of the late Mr. Robert Pitt, and Mrs. Pitt, of Fort Coulonge, Que., became the bride of Mr. Henry Alfred Welin, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Welin, of Timmins. Rev. W. M. Mustard officiated at the wedding which took place in the United Church. The witnesses were Miss Hilma Resor and Mr. Arthur C. Welin, brother of the groom.

## Arrange a Sleighing Party



Make the most of these fine winter nights by having a gay sleighing party. What could be more fun than a group of friends jaunting through the snow covered, moonlit countryside. Phone or call at the Star Transfer and arrange everything—including blankets, straw and the jingling bells.

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7 Spruce Street South Phone 427

## Schools "Adopted" From Saskatchewan

Timmins Students Send Clothing and Books to Saskatchewan Drought Area

Three schools have been "adopted" in the drought-ridden area of Saskatchewan by classes in Timmins High School and last week in a CBC broadcast, the thanks of the communities were expressed over the air.

At the request of the students here, after hearing conditions in Saskatchewan explained, three schools were assigned to Timmins by the Saskatchewan Teachers' Federation. To the "adopted" schools, clothing and books were sent and in one case where the school had burned down last summer, school equipment was gathered up and donated. In each school children were being prevented from attending owing to lack of clothing. In two cases one hundred per cent. of the people in the community are on relief and in the other, 90 per cent.

W. W. Tanner, principal of the local High School, is in receipt of several letters of thanks from the people in the area where assistance was sent. Over two hundred schools have been "adopted" in the same way.

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