

# Second Time West

by  
**T. C. BRIDGES**

CHAPTER XXVIII  
**WOLF'S EYES**

It was no use waiting where he was, for in moving the top sack the man was bound to see him. Jim came out of his hiding place like a bullet from a gun and flung himself at the Kettle Drum puncher. Before the astonished Kinney could raise his hands Jim had him by the throat. The two fell heavily together on the clay floor of the shed.

Kinney, half stunned as he was, still struggled and tried hard to shout but Jim choked him till his face was blue and his body went limp.

"Hey, Kinney, going to be all right? What are you doing?" someone shouted angrily and, as Jim struggled to his feet he was faced by Buck Coulton. Buck's eyes widened. For a moment sheer surprise held him speechless and Jim seized the chance to charge him and drive a blow at his jaw.

If Jim had been himself that blow would have knocked out the burly foreman. As it was, it staggered him but, as he stumbled back, he gave a yell. Jim dodged past, made for the door and ran slap into Murray Farnie himself. Farnie's great arms closed around him and Jim was helpless as a fish in a net. Exhausted his head spinning, his lungs crushed by Farnie's mighty grip, he soon ceased to struggle.

"What the—?" began Farnie, then—"By thunder, it's Andrews. If this ain't luck. Pretty high makes up for Haskell getting away." Buck Coulton came out.

"Andrews! I might have known it. The swine nigh broke my jaw. Let him loose, Farnie, and I'll learn him what it means to run his damned nose into our business."

"Not to-night, Buck," Farnie told him. "He's meat for your masters." Jim struggled again.

"Let me loose, Farnie. I've still got enough to knock out your paid bully," Farnie laughed.

"You've guts, Andrews. I'll say that for you. And if it wasn't that I need you up at the house I'd let Buck settle you. But I reckon you're worth more to me alive than dead, so walk along."

There was no help for it and, with Farnie's great fingers holding his arm in a vice-like grip, Jim went with him across the bridge to the house. Jim's spirits were in the depths. So far Farnie had not recognized him. He thought he was merely Grant Andrews, Dave Condon's most troublesome follower. But at the house, in strong light, Jim could not hope for such luck to continue.

By the time they reached the house Jim was so done that he was reeling. Farnie saw it, shoved him into a chair, then gave him a stiff drink.

"Here's bad luck," said Jim recklessly as he poured it down his throat. He saw Farnie stiffen. The big man came a step nearer and stared at him. Into his eyes came a look of incredulous amazement. Then his great hand smacked upon his thigh.

"Chernocke!" he cried and for an instant his eyes went red like those of a wolf so that Jim believed his last moment had come. But Farnie was not the sort to allow empty vengeance to interfere with his plans. The glare died.

"You fooled me," he said. "I own you fooled me. I didn't believe that even you would be crazy enough to come back to Loomis with that charge hanging over you." He laughed. "British Barnet Hanged For Murder." Say, that'll make headlines for your London newspapers." He paused then spoke in a lower tone. "On second thoughts you'll hang as Jim Preston. We don't want to focus too much attention on this neck of woods."

"You've done that already," Jim told him. "Ward Haskell and Dave Con-

don aren't dumb." Farnie's lip curled. "Them! They don't count. I've strength to wipe them off the face of this State and that's what I'm going to do before I'm a week older." Jim laughed.

"You talk big, Farnie. Dave's crowd licked you so badly night before last you lost nearly half your men and I heard you confess just now that Ward got away after you thought you had him trapped." The red glare showed afresh in Murray Farnie's eyes, but again he controlled his fury.

"The best generals blunder once, Chernocke. But not twice. At the Fainted Cross it was you who foiled my plans but that won't happen again; to-night it was the luck of the weather saved Ward Haskell. If it hadn't been for that storm not one of you would have been alive this minute." Jim said nothing. He knew it was true Farnie went on boastfully. "You were expecting Condon's crowd. You never knew I'd caught your Mex boy and read the note Haskell gave him. The note Luis actually took to the Painted Cross told Condon that Haskell could not collect his men in time, and put the attack off until to-morrow night. To-morrow the Painted Cross will start and, while they're away, my men will burn the ranch and bring Joan back to me."

Jim sprang furiously from his chair only to be met by the threatening muzzle of Farnie's revolver.

"If you want to live to be hanged I reckon you'd better sit still," sneered the big man.

Jim dropped back. He was furious with himself for losing his temper. Farnie grinned sardonically.

"Seems to me I heard you were already engaged to some British girl. Don't want two wives, do you? Even the Mormons ain't allowed more than one these days."

Jim clamped back the fierce retort that rose to his lips. He wasn't going to betray himself a second time. Farnie, feeling master of the situation and of the man whom he hated so savagely, went on.

"Yes, Joan will be here to-morrow and that's the chief reason I'm keeping you alive. You're the hostage, Chernocke. You may remember you smacked Lopez in the jaw and knocked him out. You'd have done better to shoot him. Lopez is half Mex and a Dago never forgives a blow. If Joan don't show herself willing to marry me I shall tell her that I'm handing you over to Lopez and what he will do to you I don't need to describe." He laughed again and Jim had never heard an uglier sound. He had to bite his lips to keep down the rage that consumed him. Farnie grew angry at Jim's silence.

"Lose your tongue," he sneered. "You had plenty to say when you thought you were top dog. But to-morrow I'll hear you howl for mercy." Jim had got hold of himself.

"Aren't you a little previous?" he asked. "You have a lot to do before you're top dog, even here. You may murder me as you murdered Joan's brother, but you might remember I have friends who will make sure that you don't profit by it."

For a third time that night Farnie's eyes shone red. His forefinger twitched on the trigger of his pistol and Jim stiffened, believing that a bullet was about to crash through his body. It did not come. Farnie's lips stretched in a mirthless grin.

"Trying to bait me into finishing you, eh?" he said. "Afraid of what Lopez will do to you. But you don't get off so cheaply as that."

"March!" he ordered, prodding Jim with the barrel of his gun. "Up the stairs. That's where your prison is. And I'll lay you won't be so chippy this time to-morrow."

The room into which he forced him was small and bare, and the one window was guarded by stout iron bars. "Sweet dreams!" Farnie sneered as he went out, locking the door behind him.

Done to the world, Jim dropped on the straw mattress against the wall. There he lay while his tired brain

grappled with one problem after another. What could have happened to Ward and his men? Where were they? How had they escaped? Surely, if they had escaped, the first thing Ward would do was to warn Dave Condon, yet Farnie seemed sure of trapping Dave next night. Such thoughts drummed through his aching head until at last he dropped off into a stupor of sleep, nor did he move until he was roused by the door opening. The surly-faced fellow who entered carried a tray in one hand and a gun in the other.

"Grub," he said, "and make the most of it. It's all you'll get to-day." The food was a pile of tortillas, flat maize-meal pancakes, and a jug of water, but Jim was too hungry to be critical. He ate half the soggy cakes and left the rest till later. Then he set himself to examine his prison. Window and door were hopeless, and he turned to the floor. He found a board that had warped so that the nails were loose and managed to raise one end a little. If he had had a tool of any sort he might have levered it up, but it was lignum vitae, almost as hard as iron, and though he toiled till his fingers tingled and the sweat ran down him he could do nothing.

He went to the window to get what air there was and saw a man fitting down the gulch. The fellow flung himself off at the door and ran in. He must have news of some sort, and Jim longed to hear it. He remembered his floor board, and put his ear to the crack, but to his disgust could hear only a murmur of voices. All he could tell was that one voice was Farnie's, and that it was raised in anger. Presently the man rode off again, carrying a sack which looked as if it held food.

The day dragged terribly for Jim, and his prison under the roof was suffocatingly hot. Men came and went, but what was happening Jim could only guess. At last the sun dropped behind the western mountains, and Jim saw that horses were being saddled and guns cleaned. Farnie was going to attack the Painted Cross, and Jim would have given anything to be able to warn Dave. Tortured by his fears he paced up and down until at last, long after dark, he heard the whole force ride away into the night.

Horses passed, hours of such anxiety as Jim has never known. Once he distinctly heard shots in the distance, and wondered what they could be. Certainly not at the Painted Cross, for a whole range of hills lay between that ranch and the Kettle Drum. Worn out by anxiety Jim lay down and tried to sleep. He had dropped off into a restless doze when he was roused by the pounding of hoofs. Farnie's force had returned, but it was far too dark to see anything outside. Yet he had not long to wait. Heavy steps rattled on the stairs, his door was flung open and by the light of a candle which he carried, Jim saw the heavy, brutal face of Buck Coulton. Ard, behind him a second man, with a pistol in his hand.

"Come on out of that," Coulton ordered harshly. Jim sat on the cot and pulled on his boots. He wondered vaguely what was going to happen. For all he knew they were going to murder him. Or perhaps they had Joan and were going to use him to force her into marriage with Farnie. If he had to die all he hoped was that he would end up decently. Yet the thought of Lopez made him shiver.

(To Be Continued)

**STARTS RECORD AIR TRIP**



Norman Holland, leading Montreal business man, is here shown prior to leaving the St. Hubert airport, Montreal, on a 30,000 mile aerial trip to 14 countries, which is believed to be the longest aerial jaunt ever undertaken by a Canadian business man. He will be away 11 weeks and in that time will fly by way of New York, Miami, Nassau (Bahamas), Kingston (Jamaica), San Juan (Puerto Rico), Port of Spain (Trinidad), Bridgetown (British Guiana), Belem (Brazil), Recife (Brazil), Rio de Janeiro (Brazil), Buenos Aires (Argentina), Santiago (Chile), Arica (Chile), Guayaquil (Ecuador), Cristobal (Canal Zone), Guatemala City (Guatemala), Mexico City (Mexico), Los Angeles and San Francisco before flying across the United States to New York and thence to Montreal. Mr. Holland is shown holding his ticket in his left hand which is the longest piece of aerial transportation ever issued.

range flying; local night flying; advanced instrument and radio range (cross-country) flying. Seven men are now in the sixth stage.

The nucleus of the communications department and the maintenance and repairs staff numbers 46 men at present. There are seven dispatchers and radio operators at Winnipeg, one at Regina, one at Lethbridge and one at Vancouver, four technicians at Air engineers, mechanics, and others at Winnipeg, Regina, Lethbridge and Seattle make up a maintenance and repairs staff of 31. In addition, there are five men in the stores and property department at Winnipeg and one at Lethbridge.

Some of the air engineers stationed at Winnipeg are attending a special course of instruction in materials and material testing at the University of Manitoba. Other courses provide additional training in other branches of work.

Despite winter conditions, progress in the construction of TCA hangars at Winnipeg and Lethbridge is satisfactory. Mr. Johnson reports. Concrete foundations have been laid and the buildings will be ready for occupancy in April.

**If You Like Books**

(By A. H.)

The French Foreign Legion—hundreds of men, thousands of men, about whom have been woven romantic stories, and whose pasts are buried deep in their own hearts, never to be known by their friends and comrades of the present day! Is it any wonder that so many writers have imagined a background for them, and planned a future? Is it any wonder that books like "Beau Geste" have found undying favour among readers of all nationalities, and that others, not so well-known, but written in equally pleasing style, find permanent places in every library when they are once read? No it is not, for you, the reader, like these tales of adventure that carry you to far-away Africa, to desert plains, and fortresses

**New F. O. Chief**



SIR ALEXANDER CADOGAN

has been appointed permanent head of the British Foreign Office, succeeding Sir Robert Vansittart, who was made chief diplomatic adviser to the Government. Sir Alexander, 53, was promoted from deputy under-secretary. Formerly he was Ambassador at Peking. His new post is one of the most important in the British Civil Service, closely connected with direction of Britain's foreign policy. The permanent head remains in office regardless of Cabinet changes.

of the mighty French army.

"Garde A Vous!" by J. D. Newson, is a more recent addition to this class of books, but is winning the approval of all who read it. This story has just a small touch of love in it, enough to please those who desire this phase in their stories. But behind it all is the life of the Foreign Legion, the fast friendships, and the struggles of those "hard-boiled" legionnaires against the native population.

George Bradley, a man with a past, and Charley Coates, the penniless Englishman, become fast friends in Paris, and decide that the best place for both of them would be the French Foreign Legion. There George Bradley has an argument with Lormier, one of the older members of the Legion, which develops into hatred on the part of his opponent. Later, for a heroic deed on the part of the two friends, Lormier is made sergeant, and this is where the trouble begins for George and Charley. In every way that he can possibly devise, Lormier punishes these two for crimes they have not committed and for others, which, in ordinary circumstances, are too trivial to bring punishment of any mentionable amount.

But this is the revenge taken by the man who is not sport enough to take a beating when he has asked for it. When finally Lormier deserts the Legion and becomes a member of the band of El Yafiz, the Arab agitator, the story reaches its climax. But to enjoy it in full, members of the Canadian Legion library will be glad to know that this is one of the many interesting books there, and other readers will probably find the book is owned by some friend, or is at their favourite library.

The best way to spend an evening, with a book seated in a deep easy chair!

**Massachusetts Method in Dealing with Cancer**

(From Health League of Canada)

Cancer constitutes a problem common to Canada and the United States so that progress in combatting the disease in one country is of interest in the other. Massachusetts has had a programme since 1925 that is attracting particular attention. Its five main features as outlined in the American Journal of Public Health are:—a tumour diagnostic service; a state hospital for the treatment of cancer; diagnostic clinics; education of physicians and the laity regarding cancer and statistical research.

In the Massachusetts cancer programme a form of socialized medicine is introduced which benefits both the physician and his patient. The state furnishes a hospital and twenty clinics. Every physician in the state may bring or send his patient to one of these clinics for free consultative service. If the case requires such a diagnostic procedure as extensive x-ray, this will be paid for by the patient if he is able and by funds available for this service if he is not. Each patient is referred to the physician who sent him to the clinic and the physician decides whether or not he desires further assistance in securing treatment for his patient. If he does, the state cancer hospital and the social service staff are at his disposal. These twenty clinics are located strategically so that no person requiring an examination need more than 25 miles from home, at the most, to obtain it. These clinics are solely for diagnosis. The purpose of the clinics is to furnish physicians and the public, group consultation service in cancer as well as to improve the knowledge of cancer among the medical profession and the laity. The group furnishes a diagnosis and outlines a plan of treatment for any person suspected of having cancer, regardless of financial status. Every effort is made to have the family physician either come with his patient to the clinic or send the patient with such information as he cares to furnish. Any individual is admitted to the clinic, although it is preferred to have the patients referred by physicians so that any tendency to use the cancer clinic in order to establish a diagnosis of a condition originally not suspected of being cancer may be eliminated.

As the success of treatment is largely dependent on early diagnosis, that phase of the programme is stressed in all the educational activities directed toward the profession or the public.

Blairmore Enterprise: "Frequent water drinking," says a specialist, "prevents you from getting stiff in the joints." But, some of the joints don't serve water.

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**Some Special Snacks for the Mid-Winter**  
Seasonable Dishes for the Cold Days.

After several hours of out-door winter sport, the first thing most persons think of and want when they return home is food. This is quite natural because the crisp, fresh air is bound to create an appetite and the exercise uses up considerable heat and energy which must be replaced.

Something nourishing, something hot, something quickly prepared are the three requisites of food on such an occasion. Cheese dishes, hot soups, and toasted sandwiches all make satisfying mid-winter "snacks" and when accompanied by a hot milk drink leave nothing to be desired.

The Milk Utilization Service, Dominion Department of Agriculture suggests:

**Welsh Rarebit**  
1 tablespoon butter  
1 tablespoon flour  
1 cup rich milk or thin cream  
2 cups grated cheese  
1/4 teaspoon salt  
1/2 teaspoon mustard  
Few grains cayenne  
1 egg  
Make a sauce of butter, flour and milk. Add grated cheese and seasonings. Pour some of hot sauce over beaten egg. Return to double boiler and cook a minute or two. Serve on toast or crackers.

**Oyster Stew**  
1 pint oysters  
4 cups milk and oyster liquid  
3 tablespoons butter  
1/2 cup cracker crumbs  
Salt and pepper  
Carefully pick over oysters. Heat milk and oyster liquor. Season with salt and pepper. When scalded add butter and oysters. Cook until oysters are plump and edges begin to curl.

**Creamy Eggs on Toast**  
3 eggs  
3 teaspoons butter  
1/4 teaspoon salt  
Few grains pepper  
1/2 cup milk  
Toast.  
Beat eggs slightly. Add butter, seasonings and milk. Cook over hot water. As mixture coagulates around sides and bottom draw it away with a spoon. Continue until all of the mixture is cooked. Serve on toast. Garnish with parsley.

**Toasted Ham and Cheese Sandwich**  
Place thin layer of ham and thin layer of cheese between two slices of butter toast. Serve hot with chili sauces or catsup.

**Creamed Chicken on Toast**  
2 tablespoons butter  
1 cup milk  
2 tablespoons flour  
1 1/2 cups freshly cooked or canned chicken, cut in pieces.  
Salt and pepper.  
Melt butter. Blend in flour and seasonings. Add milk gradually and stir until mixture thickens. Cook for 3 minutes. Add chicken and heat thoroughly. Serve on toast.

**Hot Chocolate**  
1 square unsweetened chocolate or 4 tablespoons cocoa  
3 tablespoons sugar  
1/2 cup boiling water.  
2 cups milk  
Melt chocolate. Add sugar and boiling water and cook 5 minutes. Add hot milk. Beat until foamy. If desired, serve with whipped cream or marshmallows.

**BLACKHEADS**  
Blackheads go quickly by a simple method that just dissolves them. Get two ounces of peroxide powder from your druggist, rub this with a hot, wet cloth gently over the blackheads—and you will wonder where they have gone. Have a Hollywood complexion.

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