

Second Time West

by
T. C. BRIDGES

CHAPTER XXIX

Joan Chandler sat in the great living room at the Painted Cross. She wore the same plain blue cotton frock in which she had ridden away from Loomis, and there was not a touch of powder or lip-stick on her face, yet old Dave seated opposite, thought her the most beautiful woman he had ever seen.

"I can't understand it," she was saying anxiously. "Jim told me definitely that Ward's men would join you tonight." Dave shrugged.

"You've seen Ward's note. He's putting it off till to-morrow so as to bring a bigger force. Don't worry, my dear. They'll be along, and Jim with them."

"I-I hope you are right, but I'm uneasy," she paused then went on with a rush. "Mr. Condon, I can't stay here." Dave looked at her. He was a wise old man.

"On account of Jim?" he asked. She nodded.

"I can tell you because I know you would never tell anyone else. That is it. I must not meet him again." Dave looked troubled.

"I'm right sorry, Joan for, if I'm not mistaken, he's as fond of you as any man can be of a girl. And you two—what a match you'd make!" Joan bit her lip.

"He is engaged. You know that. And Nita Vaughan is a lovely girl." Dave sighed.

"It's a hell of a mix-up, but I see your trouble, Joan. You can go to my nephew, Mark Logan, at Piedra. He'll find you a job in his store. Anyways you'll be safe from Farne." He rose. "Now I got to get busy. You don't need to leave till to-morrow."

Joan went out and strolled by the river. Her thoughts were all of Jim and they were not happy thoughts. She was desperately anxious for his safety and would have given much to know that he had got away from Loomis. She thrilled at the thought he might be back at the Painted Cross next day, then her spirits sank to the depths as she realized that she would have left.

"It isn't fair," she said aloud. "Dave is right and Jim loves me as I love him. Oh, why could we not have met again a little sooner?"

"Miss Joan—Miss Joan?" The shout roused her from her troubles and she saw Rash Weedon, one of the Painted Cross men, hurrying towards her. "Luiz he's been bit by a ground rattler." Rash told her. "Reckon you can do anything?" He's had."

Joan ran like a hare to find Luiz lying in the bunk-house with a couple of men by him. They were dazing him with whisky. She sent one flying to the house for permanganate. Luiz had trodden on the snake in the thick grass and it had struck him in the calf of his left leg. Luckily he had been close to the ranch and hardly five minutes had elapsed since he had been struck, otherwise nothing could have saved him.

Joan ligatured the leg, then opened the wound with a clean razor blade and injected permanganate. Within half an hour the boy was out of danger. Joan told him so, but brown-faced Luiz lay silent, looking so wretched Joan was puzzled.

"What is it, Luiz?" she asked. "You need not be afraid. You are going to get well."

"I ought to die. I deserve to die." was the despairing answer. Joan was puzzled.

"Why do you say that, Luiz? You have done well. We are all grateful to you for carrying that message. It was fine work." Luiz only groaned and Joan bent over him.

"Something is troubling you," she said very gently and saw the boy's face twist with agony.

"I don't know what to do. If I tell Farne will kill my mother and Inez."

Joan's lips tightened. She began to suspect the truth. She looked round but there was no one about. Then she began to talk and presently she had the truth out of Luiz. He told her that two of Farne's men had caught him and dragged him to the Kettle Drum. There Farne had read Ward's note and had forged another asking Dave Condon to get off coming until the following night.

"You'll take that to Condon," he had ordered, "and you won't say a word. If you do, if Condon comes to-night, you'll never see your mother or your sister again. I've sent two men to bring them in." The boy paused then went on with a jerk. "So I did it and now I reckon Ward and all of 'em is killed."

All the strength went out of Joan so that she could hardly stand. So Ward and his men—and Jim, too—had been surrounded and shot down.

"You'd ought to have let me die," said Luiz miserably but Joan refused to blame him.

"It wasn't your fault," she said softly. "Lie still and get well." Then she hurried away to Dave.

He was terribly upset. The thought that Ward Haskell would believe he had let him down hurt desperately.

"Ward would never believe that," Joan told him, "but what can we do?" Dave pulled himself together.

"Question is what Farne will do," he said grimly. "If he's finished Ward he'll think we're easy prey. He stood frowning, thinking hard then spoke again.

"Wards no fool. Odds are, when he found we weren't there, he cleared out." "But Farne was expecting him. He would be laying for him," Joan answered.

"That's true, but even so I'm not giving up hope. Ward would try and hole up somewhere—maybe in those caves in the gorge."

"Then we must go to his help." Dave glanced at the sun which was still three hours high. He shook his grizzled head.

"No use Joan. We got to wait till dark. See here, Farne's expecting us at midnight. He reckons to ambush us. We'll get there an hour early and it'll be Farne who'll run into the trap." Joan gazed at him.

"But Jim—Jim," she cried in a voice of agony and covered her face with her hands.

"Don't cry, my dear." Dave's voice was very tender. "I'm sending Mart Dowling out to scout around. 'You'll have news before dark.' Five minutes later the foreman mounted on the best horse in the string, rode away.

The sun had just set when he came back, Joan, running to meet him, saw that his horse was black with sweat. He pulled up.

"Some of 'em's safe," he told her. "It's what Dave said. They've holed up in Painted Butte."

"Painted Butte—in the cave?" Joan asked quickly.

"That's it, Miss Joan. I didn't see none of them, but some of Farne's men are up on the ledge opposite the cave mouth. I saw three and I reckon there are more. That's all to the good far as we're concerned for it means Farne won't have so many out against us."

"But Wards men—are they safe?" Joan questioned.

"Safe as long as they stay inside. I reckon they'll hold out until we can help 'em." Joan sighed with relief.

"That's splendid. Ride on, Mart, and tell Mr. Condon. He will be as glad as I am." Joan followed Mart back to the ranch. His news had given her fresh hope. There was a fair chance that Jim was safe.

Supper was a quiet meal. Dave's men knew the task before them, but they knew, too, that there was no peace until Farne and his gunmen had been wiped out. At ten they rode away, taking extra horses for Ward's men. Trant and Sam Loy were left with Joan at the ranch. But Condon, of course, was still laid up, and Nat's leg was not yet well enough to allow him to ride.

"You go to bed and get a good sleep, Joan," were Dave's last words as he rode away, but Joan was far too anxious to sleep. The hours dragged by. When the old clock in the living room struck midnight Joan could stand the house no longer. She went out, climb the hill, and sat with her back against a rock. The night was clear and cool, and not a breadth of wind stirred. Joan strained her ears for sounds of horses' hoofs, but all she heard was the murmur of the creek or below her lofty perch.

Time passed, Joan grew so cold that she got up and had just reached the house when suddenly came the sound she had longed for. Horses thundering across the high pasture above the valley.

Dave rode up to the door and beside him was Ward Haskell. With a glad cry she ran forward.

"We got Ward and eight of his men," Dave answered slowly.

"Jim! Don't say you have not got Jim?" The pain in Joan's voice hurt Dave Condon like a stab. He slipped off his horse and put an arm round her.

"We haven't got Jim, my dear," he said gently. "But don't be too scared. For as Ward knows he ain't dead. Come in Ward will tell you about it."

In a sort of daze Joan listened to Ward's story—the surprise, the sudden storm, Jim's suggestion that they should attack the Kettle Drum, their struggle down the gorge.

"We were half way down when we missed Jim," he went on. "We stopped and looked but couldn't find him. The rain was clearing and we'd lost our chance to go down to the Kettle Drum. Ben Cottle pulled us out. He knew a way up over the cliff. Farne's chaps spotted us, but they had to ride a long way round and we holed up in the cave at Painted Butte, and there we lay till Dave here came."

Joan said nothing. Her face was like carved stone. For a time there was silence, then Trant asked a question.

"Looks like you kicked Farne, Mr. Condon?" Dave nodded.

"We licked him all right. Caught him just like he caught Ward last night, and knocked out four of his killers with the first volley. Rest turned and rode for their lives."

"Did you get Farne?" Trant asked eagerly. Dave shook his head.

"The devil looks after his own," he said bitterly. "He got clear away. We'd have followed only we had to go and find Ward's chaps." He turned to Joan. "Go to bed, girl. You're all in. Well find Jim for you to-morrow."

"She's hit bad," said Dave to Ward, after Joan had gone. "Do you reckon there's any chance he's alive?"

"Mighty little," said Ward, sadly. "It's my notion Jim fell over the creek bank in the dark of that storm. It he did there ain't a hope."

All the triumph at the victory over Farne was quenched by sorrow for Jim's fate for already everyone had come to like him, and next morning the whole place was curiously quiet. Joan stayed in her room. Dave's promise had failed to cheer her. She felt there was no hope and her heart was dead within her.

Dave and Ward talked long over breakfast. They were anxious to follow up their victory, but wanted more men so as to make certain of finishing the job.

About eleven a rider was seen approaching the house. Someone recognized him as Jake Starr, one of Farne's hands. He was alone and unarmed, and as he came near, showed a white handkerchief on the end of a stick. Dave went out to meet him.

"White flag, eh?" he said drily. "Come to ask for terms?"

"Come to bring a letter," Starr reported.

"Maybe there's terms in it," Dave took the letter, which was addressed in Farne's hand, to Joan. He called to her, and she came down. It wrung Dave's heart to see how white and worn she looked.

"Better go inside to read it," he advised. She went in, and he followed. She tore open the envelope, and as she read, her face changed and lighted with a sort of inner ranciance.

"He's alive!" she cried. Jim's alive! "Alive!" Dave repeated. "That's the best news ever. But where is he?"

"In' gaol at Loomis. And—and Farne has recognized him. But says that no one knows who he is, and that he will not tell if I promise to marry him." Dave's blue eyes flamed.

"The dog?" he said. "Ward and I will go right in and take that girl to pieces. And Farne, too!"

"No—not yet!" Joan begged. "He's given me a week."

"Moren we'll give him," Dave answered. "You stay right here. I'm going to talk to Ward."

He went, and for the next hour he, Ward and Mart Dowling discussed the situation. Then he went back to tell Joan what they had decided.

Joan was not there. He told Sam Loy to find her.

"She gone!" Sam answered. "She ride away on horseback long time ago." Dave's face went gaunt, and his shout brought Ward running.

"She's gone, Ward! She's gone to give herself up to Farne so as to save Jim!"

(To be Concluded)

Junior C. W. L. Planning Several New Activities

The Junior C.W.L. held their regular monthly meeting in the basement of the Church of Nativity on Thursday evening. A large number of members were present at the meeting, plans being made for a draw on a hope chest which is to take place at Easter time. Arrangements were also discussed for an Irish play which is to be put on by the Junior League about the middle of March.

The next meeting of the Junior League will take place on Thursday, March 3rd, and will be held in the basement of the Church of the Nativity.

Joint Meeting C.W.L. at South Porcupine

Pioneer of South Porcupine Very Ill. Other South Porcupine News

South Porcupine, Feb. 5th.—(Special to The Advance)—We are sorry to learn that one of the old pioneers of the Porcupine camp, Mrs. John Gibbons, aged 73, is very ill in Toronto. Her son, Mr. T. Gibbons, was in Toronto to see her a week ago but since returning home has been called back urgently again. He left to-day (Saturday) and his son, John, of Noranda, and daughter Gladys (Mrs. Don Millar) of Golden City are leaving to-morrow to once more see the old lady who is approaching her end. Mr. and Mrs. John Gibbons were two of the earliest settlers in South Porcupine, living here for many years before going to Toronto. Mr. Gibbons died some years ago.

Mrs. J. Singleton, of Commercial avenue, is leaving on Monday for Toronto for a few days.

Mrs. Walter Honer, of the Dome Mines, spent the week-end visiting in Felshtown.

Mr. R. McWilliams, Jr., spent the week-end in Gravenhurst.

The "Good Times" Club of Golden City is holding a Valentine party and dance on Thursday next (10th) in the Porcupine township hall.

A team of curlers including Mr. Wm. Fairhurst, Mr. F. C. Evans and Mr. C. Arnold, of Schumacher, leaves on Sunday to represent the South Porcupine Curling Club in the bonspiel next week in Kirkland Lake.

After the regular Rebekah meeting on Friday in the parish hall the members were invited to the home of Mrs. W. W. Wilson where they were entertained at bridge and a delightful lunch was served by the hostess.

Mrs. C. Munn, president of the Diocesan C.W.L., was entertained while in South Porcupine on Friday by Miss Anna Sullivan.

The Past Grand's Club of the Rebekah's were entertained on Wednesday last at the home of Mrs. Wm. Thomas, Dome Extension. After a business meeting bridge occupied the evening and Mrs. J. Wilson gained first honours. Mrs. Raynor coming second. The hostess served a dainty lunch to her guests. The Past Grand's Club is planning a Valentine whist drive to take place in the parish hall next Friday (11th). Good prizes will be featured at this event and a good turnout would be appreciated.

Don't forget that the United Church ladies will be serving tea and holding a sale of work and baking in the church on Friday afternoon (11th). This is also to be a Valentine affair.

Born—On Friday, Feb. 4th, to Mr. and Mrs. Lennox Childs, of Commercial avenue—a daughter.

We are very sorry indeed to learn that Miss Winifred Naish left on Friday for Toronto to take up residence there. Miss Naish has been such a splendid help in Church and girl welfare work that she will be very much missed. For some years now she has been our Girl Guide Captain and has done splendid work with them, being always ready and willing to give her very best for the good of the girls. While Miss Naish was one of our town's most willing voluntary workers in any good cause, it is the Guide movement that will miss her most. We wish her good luck and every success in Toronto.

Mrs. Rene Quessel left on Friday to spend the week-end in Gravenhurst where she will visit her husband in the sanitarium.

We regret that our M.P.P., Mr. C. V. Gallagher, who has been suffering from bronchial and asthmatic trouble for some weeks, has found it necessary

If You Like Books

(By A. H.)

"Gettin' On" the poem without a known author is the one that has been requested because "Then I can cut it out of The Advance and paste it in my scrapbook," which is, after all, a good reason! But would this collector perhaps oblige by sending some the favourite poems from the scrapbook to the writer? And any other readers who have favourite poems, and would like to see them in this column, might also send copies of the poems to this column, in care of The Advance.

To-day's poem has a quaint little manner which is the probable reason why it is a favourite with all who read it. It is human and real, and has an appeal for all ages of readers.

Gettin' On

When I wuz somewhat younger,
I wuz reckened purty gay—
I had my fling at everything
In a rollickin', collish way.
But times have strangely altered
Since sixty years ago—
This age of steam an' things don't seem
Like the age I used to know.
Your modern innovations
Don't suit me, I confess,
As did the ways of the good ol' days—
But I'm gettin' on, I guess.

I set on the piazza
An' hitch round with the sun—
Sometimes, mayhap, I take a nap,
Waitin' till school is done.
An' then I tell the children
The things I done in youth,
An' near as I can (as a venerable man)
I stick to the honest truth!
But the looks of them 'at listen
Seem sometimes to express
The remote idea that I'm gone—you
see?
An' I am gettin' on, I guess.

I get up in the mornin',
An' nothin' else to do,
Before the rest are up an' dressed
I read the papers through;
I hang round with the women
All day n' hear 'em talk,
An' while they sew or knit I show
The baby how to walk;
An' somehow, I feel sorry
When they put away his dress
An' cut his curls ('cause they're like a
girl's)—
I'm gettin' on, I guess.

Sometimes, with twilight round me,
I see (or seem to see)
A distant shore where friends of yore
Linger an' watch for me;
Sometimes I've heered 'em callin'
So tenderlike an' low
That it almost seemed a dream I
dreamed,
Or an echo of long ago;
An' sometimes on my forehead
There falls a soft caress,
Of the touch of a hand—you under-
stand—
I'm gettin' on, I guess.

"MOVERS OF FINE FURNITURE"
VANSICKLE the MOVER
Packing, Crating, Storing, Dustproof Moving Vans, Modern Storage Warehouses, Local & Long Distance Moving, Furniture Demolishing, Demolishing, Deodorizing
Call us for FREE ESTIMATES on your next moving
PHONES: 510, 1733, 435, 240
EVERY LOAD INSURED
COR. KIRBY & SPRUCE TIMMINS, ONTARIO

to seek treatment in a nursing home in Toronto, where he will have specialist advice and treatment. He left on Thursday on the noon train.

Mrs. John Fleming, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Naish, of Lakeview, left on Tuesday for her home in Toronto.

Born—On Jan 29th, in South Porcupine, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Dysart.

Born—to Mr. and Mrs. Noel Breux, of South Porcupine, on Jan. 26th—a son.

Born—in Tisdale hospital, on Jan. 30th, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Vinkka of Timmins.

Married—by Father Gelinus in St. Joachim's Church, South Porcupine, on Jan. 20th, Nick Bren to Miss Annie Sawchuk.

The sleighride planned by the Y.P.S. of the United Church for Wednesday evening did not take place—there being some difficulty in getting horses. However the young people met the situation in fine style, a party taking place in the Scout hall instead, where weiners and marshmallows were toasted by the open fire, and to the strains of a borrowed gramophone dancing was indulged in and all in all as good a party ensued as though they had been able to carry out their first intentions.

A joint meeting of the Senior and Junior branches of the Catholic Women's League was held on Friday at the home of Mr. T. Cahill, twenty-four members being present. Father Gelinus was present and spoke words of encouragement to the ladies in their work. The guest of honour was Mrs. C. Munn, of Timmins, president of the Diocesan C.W.L., who addressed the meeting and outlined the aims and objects of the League. A Study Club was formed among the senior members, Mrs. James Burns being chosen as convener. Mrs. Munn was presented at this meeting with a Missal and Rosary the former being given by Miss Lynch, president of the Junior League, and Mrs. Le Roy, president of the senior branch, presenting the Rosary.

The Ottawa Journal—The Calgary Albertan has dropped from its masthead the legend it has carried for months: "A Publicly-Owned Newspaper Supporting Social Credit Principles."

The Albertan, once foremost in the Alberta ranks, latterly has shown little enthusiasm over him and his policies, opposed as vigorously as any newspaper in Alberta his bill for regulation of the press.

Another Charge in Theft of Hoists Case

Buyer of Old Metal in Court On Receiving Charge

Haileybury, Feb. 7.—(Special, to The Advance)—Sequel to recent charges of theft of mining equipment in Coleman township, Harry Korson of the Northern Metals Company at Cobalt appeared before Magistrate Atkinson here on Friday and was committed for trial on a charge of receiving stolen goods, knowing them to have been stolen. Through his counsel, Fred Gardner of Toronto, Korson pleaded not guilty, elected trial by jury and was remitted to the Temiskaming General Sessions in June. He is out on \$5000 bail, it was stated.

Witnesses called by Crown Attorney J. B. Robinson swore that a hoist allegedly taken from the Cross Lake Silver Mining Company's property near Cobalt, and for the admitted theft of which Raymond McEwen and Charles Johnson are serving short jail terms, was located in the yard of the Northern Metals Company. It was claimed

a cheque for \$100 had been issued in payment for the hoist, and the prosecution also contended the number had agreement between the company of been ground off the equipment by an employee of accused and that, in the one side and Johnson and McEwen on the other, Korson had suggested the name of the mine from which it had been obtained should be given as the Newton Lorrain.

Johnson insisted he had signed the agreement, but had not read it and he swore he would not have signed had he known the Newton Lorrain had been introduced into the paper. McEwen said he owed the company "around thirty dollars," to be paid back in cash, scrap and pipe, and to Mr. Gardner he admitted Korson had known nothing of this debt, allegedly negotiated through Jake Cohen, accused's brother-in-law, for the purchase of a radio, but paid through the company's account. In answer to Mr. Gardner, Johnson declared there had been no prior arrangement between himself and McEwen with Korson, but both Johnson and McEwen told of Korson being present when discussions took place after the hoist had been brought in last December.

Value of the hoist, allowing for necessary repairs, was placed at present as at least \$1500, Carl Reinhard of Perth, president of the Cross Lake Company, told the court. He said the hoist had been bought about 1907 for \$575 and had been used during two periods of mining work for a year and a half altogether, but he claimed it was "a very popular hoist at the present time," and worth much more than the original price. Johnson said Korson had told him and McEwen not to bring in the second hoist (another case disposed of recently) until after a snowstorm could cover up the tracks of the first trip.

The Ottawa Journal—The Calgary Albertan has dropped from its masthead the legend it has carried for months: "A Publicly-Owned Newspaper Supporting Social Credit Principles."

The Albertan, once foremost in the Alberta ranks, latterly has shown little enthusiasm over him and his policies, opposed as vigorously as any newspaper in Alberta his bill for regulation of the press.

Another Charge in Theft of Hoists Case

Buyer of Old Metal in Court On Receiving Charge

Haileybury, Feb. 7.—(Special, to The Advance)—Sequel to recent charges of theft of mining equipment in Coleman township, Harry Korson of the Northern Metals Company at Cobalt appeared before Magistrate Atkinson here on Friday and was committed for trial on a charge of receiving stolen goods, knowing them to have been stolen. Through his counsel, Fred Gardner of Toronto, Korson pleaded not guilty, elected trial by jury and was remitted to the Temiskaming General Sessions in June. He is out on \$5000 bail, it was stated.

Witnesses called by Crown Attorney J. B. Robinson swore that a hoist allegedly taken from the Cross Lake Silver Mining Company's property near Cobalt, and for the admitted theft of which Raymond McEwen and Charles Johnson are serving short jail terms, was located in the yard of the Northern Metals Company. It was claimed

a cheque for \$100 had been issued in payment for the hoist, and the prosecution also contended the number had agreement between the company of been ground off the equipment by an employee of accused and that, in the one side and Johnson and McEwen on the other, Korson had suggested the name of the mine from which it had been obtained should be given as the Newton Lorrain.

Johnson insisted he had signed the agreement, but had not read it and he swore he would not have signed had he known the Newton Lorrain had been introduced into the paper. McEwen said he owed the company "around thirty dollars," to be paid back in cash, scrap and pipe, and to Mr. Gardner he admitted Korson had known nothing of this debt, allegedly negotiated through Jake Cohen, accused's brother-in-law, for the purchase of a radio, but paid through the company's account. In answer to Mr. Gardner, Johnson declared there had been no prior arrangement between himself and McEwen with Korson, but both Johnson and McEwen told of Korson being present when discussions took place after the hoist had been brought in last December.

Value of the hoist, allowing for necessary repairs, was placed at present as at least \$1500, Carl Reinhard of Perth, president of the Cross Lake Company, told the court. He said the hoist had been bought about 1907 for \$575 and had been used during two periods of mining work for a year and a half altogether, but he claimed it was "a very popular hoist at the present time," and worth much more than the original price. Johnson said Korson had told him and McEwen not to bring in the second hoist (another case disposed of recently) until after a snowstorm could cover up the tracks of the first trip.

The Ottawa Journal—The Calgary Albertan has dropped from its masthead the legend it has carried for months: "A Publicly-Owned Newspaper Supporting Social Credit Principles."

The Albertan, once foremost in the Alberta ranks, latterly has shown little enthusiasm over him and his policies, opposed as vigorously as any newspaper in Alberta his bill for regulation of the press.

Another Charge in Theft of Hoists Case

Buyer of Old Metal in Court On Receiving Charge

Haileybury, Feb. 7.—(Special, to The Advance)—Sequel to recent charges of theft of mining equipment in Coleman township, Harry Korson of the Northern Metals Company at Cobalt appeared before Magistrate Atkinson here on Friday and was committed for trial on a charge of receiving stolen goods, knowing them to have been stolen. Through his counsel, Fred Gardner of Toronto, Korson pleaded not guilty, elected trial by jury and was remitted to the Temiskaming General Sessions in June. He is out on \$5000 bail, it was stated.

Witnesses called by Crown Attorney J. B. Robinson swore that a hoist allegedly taken from the Cross Lake Silver Mining Company's property near Cobalt, and for the admitted theft of which Raymond McEwen and Charles Johnson are serving short jail terms, was located in the yard of the Northern Metals Company. It was claimed

a cheque for \$100 had been issued in payment for the hoist, and the prosecution also contended the number had agreement between the company of been ground off the equipment by an employee of accused and that, in the one side and Johnson and McEwen on the other, Korson had suggested the name of the mine from which it had been obtained should be given as the Newton Lorrain.

Johnson insisted he had signed the agreement, but had not read it and he swore he would not have signed had he known the Newton Lorrain had been introduced into the paper. McEwen said he owed the company "around thirty dollars," to be paid back in cash, scrap and pipe, and to Mr. Gardner he admitted Korson had known nothing of this debt, allegedly negotiated through Jake Cohen, accused's brother-in-law, for the purchase of a radio, but paid through the company's account. In answer to Mr. Gardner, Johnson declared there had been no prior arrangement between himself and McEwen with Korson, but both Johnson and McEwen told of Korson being present when discussions took place after the hoist had been brought in last December.

Value of the hoist, allowing for necessary repairs, was placed at present as at least \$1500, Carl Reinhard of Perth, president of the Cross Lake Company, told the court. He said the hoist had been bought about 1907 for \$575 and had been used during two periods of mining work for a year and a half altogether, but he claimed it was "a very popular hoist at the present time," and worth much more than the original price. Johnson said Korson had told him and McEwen not to bring in the second hoist (another case disposed of recently) until after a snowstorm could cover up the tracks of the first trip.

The Ottawa Journal—The Calgary Albertan has dropped from its masthead the legend it has carried for months: "A Publicly-Owned Newspaper Supporting Social Credit Principles."

The Albertan, once foremost in the Alberta ranks, latterly has shown little enthusiasm over him and his policies, opposed as vigorously as any newspaper in Alberta his bill for regulation of the press.

Another Charge in Theft of Hoists Case

Buyer of Old Metal in Court On Receiving Charge

Haileybury, Feb. 7.—(Special, to The Advance)—Sequel to recent charges of theft of mining equipment in Coleman township, Harry Korson of the Northern Metals Company at Cobalt appeared before Magistrate Atkinson here on Friday and was committed for trial on a charge of receiving stolen goods, knowing them to have been stolen. Through his counsel, Fred Gardner of Toronto, Korson pleaded not guilty, elected trial by jury and was remitted to the Temiskaming General Sessions in June. He is out on \$5000 bail, it was stated.

Witnesses called by Crown Attorney J. B. Robinson swore that a hoist allegedly taken from the Cross Lake Silver Mining Company's property near Cobalt, and for the admitted theft of which Raymond McEwen and Charles Johnson are serving short jail terms, was located in the yard of the Northern Metals Company. It was claimed

a cheque for \$100 had been issued in payment for the hoist, and the prosecution also contended the number had agreement between the company of been ground off the equipment by an employee of accused and that, in the one side and Johnson and McEwen on the other, Korson had suggested the name of the mine from which it had been obtained should be given as the Newton Lorrain.

Johnson insisted he had signed the agreement, but had not read it and he swore he would not have signed had he known the Newton Lorrain had been introduced into the paper. McEwen said he owed the company "around thirty dollars," to be paid back in cash, scrap and pipe, and to Mr. Gardner he admitted Korson had known nothing of this debt, allegedly negotiated through Jake Cohen, accused's brother-in-law, for the purchase of a radio, but paid through the company's account. In answer to Mr. Gardner, Johnson declared there had been no prior arrangement between himself and McEwen with Kor