

THE WESTERN SCOUT

CHAPTER I

SIDE-TRACKED

REUBEN SHORE was back again three days after his formal eviction by the police, and patching up the shack, which he had built on squatted ground, opened a store there, lighting it at night with three flaring naphtha torches, that made quite an illumination in that part of the city which was outside the range of the electric lights.

But they had no use for squatters in Prince Rupert Town, and when Simon Bulkley came back from Vancouver City to find that the shack was still standing, he was about the maddest man on the Pacific coast.

"Didn't I say that the fellow was to be kicked out?" he roared, shaking his fist in the direction of the naphtha flares, which made a blur of yellowish red on the black darkness of the night.

"So he was kicked out, pard," replied Jimmy