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### An Afternoon at the Lighthouse

(By W. A. Craik)

To most people there is something very fascinating about a lighthouse. Perhaps it attracts attention because it suggests adventures by sea, thrilling stories of wreck and rescue all the while that attaches to tales and ships and sailors. Or it may be that it is the element of romance in the lives of the men who tend the light that appeals to the fancy. Whatever it is, there seems always to exist a bond of interest between the traveler on shipboard and the lonely lighthouse on the rocky coast.

Almost everybody must know in a general way something about lighthouses. That they are usually tall buildings of wood, stone or iron erected on some dangerous rock, bearing aloft a light to serve as a guide to mariners during the darkness of night, is matter of common knowledge. Beyond this, however, the acquaintance of most people with the interior, the mechanism and the operation of a lighthouse, is presumably but slight, so that the story of a visit to one of the most important light on the east coast of Canada should not come amiss.

Travellers who cross that tempestuous corner of the Atlantic which lies between Nova Scotia and the New England coast from Yarmouth to Boston, or who passed around the shore of Nova Scotia from Halifax to St. John, may have observed on a rocky promontory near the mouth of Yarmouth harbor a lofty lighthouse. It is known to sailors as Cape Forchu light, and, apart from certain powerful beacons on the Straits of Belle Isle, it is one of the most modern and powerful lights maintained by the Canadian Government.

Leaving Yarmouth on a small steamer which piles between the town and a summer resort lying near the mouth of the harbor, I was presently landed within a mile or two of the lighthouse, whence I was compelled to complete the journey on foot. Passing around the shore of False Harbor, a treacherous indentation of the sea lying between Cape Forchu and West Cape, the road runs along the base of the great hummock of land that forms the westerly side of the entrance into Yarmouth Harbor. At its extremity this hummock is pared down into a long, narrow finger of rock that runs down under the sea, while just before it equally sheers off, the lighthouse has been erected on the higher ground.

The tower is octagonal in shape, with its sides painted alternately red and white. It stands eighty-one feet high from the base to the tip of the vane above the lantern, while its height from high water mark is 138 feet. In spite of this elevation, Atlantic storms have driven waves right up to the lantern, while it has been no uncommon occurrence in bad weather for the tower to be time and again deluged in spray. Even a temporary examination of the rocks around the lighthouse discloses the effects of the action of the waves upon the granite. The surface of the rock is scored and broken, great pieces are gouged out, and some of it is honey-combed just like a sponge.

The lighthouse-keeper's house stands quite near the tower on the landward side, a neat wooden building, protected at the back by a ridge

of rock and in front looking right down into a sheltered corner, where great heaps of stones have been swept by the sea. It was curious to find a plot of grass lying between the lighthouse and the keeper's cottage in it to notice some glorious sweet peas in bloom. This was the only bit of vegetation until one reached the higher ground beyond the cottage.

The keeper was standing at the door of his dwelling when I finally reached the top of the ridge, and when I had explained that I would like to look over the lighthouse, he gladly consented to accompany me. Crossing the open space that intervened between the house and the tower, he opened the door of the latter and led me into the lowest apartment of the lighthouse.

Great wooden beams rose on the sides and in the centre, supporting the upper works. Dozens of large cans of oil in wooden cases stood piled on the far side. The place smelt strongly of oil and paint, but was scrupulously clean. On the left a stairway ascended to the next floor. We climbed up the steps, passed chamber after chamber, each narrower than the one below it, and at last stepped out through an iron trap-door into the base of the lantern. The tower had now narrowed in to perhaps a width of twelve feet. We were still shut in, but just above us the windows of the lantern let in a flood of the afternoon sunlight.

Occupying the centre of the lantern and leaving only a small space between it and the wall was the huge mechanism of the light. One's old notion that the light consisted of a number of oil lamps placed in front of polished reflectors was now entirely shattered. Here was something much more complicated and ingenious than an old-fashioned oil lamp. Inside the enclosed space there was concealed powerful clockworks operated by a heavy weight, the winding up of which formed one of the light keeper's daily tasks. These works turned the entire body of the light, causing those flashes that make the illumination so much more brilliant and effective.

In order to understand the idea better, the lightkeeper led me up still higher. We are now in the very top of the lighthouse. All around were heavy plate glass windows set in solid metal frames. Though very little wind was blowing, there was a steady roar of sound, a noise which is audible even on the stillest day and which becomes positively deafening in a storm. The view from this height was glorious. One could see far out to sea, across a wide expanse of brilliant blue water. Then to eastward lay the entrance of the harbor and beyond it the hills of Yarmouth County, dotted with whitewashed cottages, green fields and woods. Northward stretched the ribbon of the harbor, with its many indentations, and in the distance the houses and towers of the port. Westward one looked across False Harbor to the wooded height of West Cape and on to the waters of the Bay of Fundy.

This was the prospect looking out from the lantern. Inside one's attention was attracted by an enormous glass contrivance that rose from the level of the floor to a height of ten or twelve feet. In general shape it was almost spherical, but bulging out midway between its base and top there were eight big bullseyes. These were formed of a central con-

cave piece of thick glass about a foot in diameter, with eight concentric rings of glass surrounding it, each lapping over the edge of the other, the last forming a big circle several feet wide. The eight bullseyes were filled in at top and bottom and joined together by other horizontal circles of glass that completed the sphere. The whole contrivance is called a beehive, which is, perhaps, the most expressive name for it that could be devised.

Having seen the beehive, it was easier to grasp the principle of the light. In the centre of this great glass globe a fixed and powerful light is placed. It can be reached from the floor beneath through an opening in the bottom of the hive. When it is lighted and the clockwork set in motion, the bullseyes begin to revolve. If they were stationary, the light would, of course, stream out in eight straight fixed lines, but as they turn, the rays swing round and round in the horizon. The speed of revolution is such, that, to any one standing still within the field of the light, a flash would come every 2½ seconds, or twenty-four flashes to the minute. This involves a complete turn of the beehive every twenty seconds, or three times round in a minute.

The light itself is made from gas generated from oil. It looks precisely like an ordinary mantle burner, though on a much larger scale than those in domestic use. The generator stands in the lower part of the lantern, whence the gas is led up into the light by a pipe. The beehive revolves in mercury, of which a large quantity is required.

It takes three men to watch the light and attend to the other duties connected with the lighthouse. For instance, a most important service is required in keeping the foghorn ready for instant use. Down below the lighthouse stands a group of buildings devoted to this purpose. They contain boilers, in which steam is always up, so that should a fog roll in, as is often the case, the siren may be turned on at once. The horn, like the lantern of the lighthouse, works automatically, and the blare of sound bursts out across the water at regular intervals.

Life at the lighthouse is lonely enough. Though ships pass by at frequent intervals, no vessel stops save the supply boat once a year. In summer visitors often come down from the town; but in winter the keeper and his assistants are practically cut off from the world. They have their exciting times, too, when bad storms rage around the lonely cape and the waves buffet the tower, but the sturdy wooden lighthouse has withstood their attack for seventy-five years and is doubtless good for many more.

The night after my visit to the lighthouse I sailed out of Yarmouth Harbor on a steamer bound for Boston. As darkness crept over the great silent ocean I watched for the first gleam from the tower on Cape Forchu. At last it came a clear, sharp flash, driving straight across the waves. Then out over the heaving waters of the mighty Atlantic flash followed flash with clock-like precision. From the deck of the receding steamship the gradually diminishing sharpness and brilliance of the gleam conveyed a sort of melancholy and protracted farewell. With the passing miles the light became less and less distinct, grew into a wavering effulgence on the horizon and at last died out entirely leaving only stars and sea and the quivering mass of the liner flowing steadily westward.

Such was the light that guards a dangerous corner of Nova Scotia coast. Night after night its rays sweep over the sea as a never-ceasing warning to the mariner. On clear nights it is visible as far away as forty miles, while ordinarily it may be described for forty miles.

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## In the Supreme Court

BETWEEN  
MONTREAL TRUST CO. Plaintiff  
AND  
A. D. MILLS & SONS, Limited Defendant

To be sold at the County Court House, Annapolis Royal, in the County of Annapolis, on Thursday, the 16th day of July, A. D., 1914, at the hour of 12 o'clock in the forenoon,

by The Eastern Trust Company, a body corporate, having its head office in the City of Halifax, pursuant to an order of foreclosure and sale made herein the 24th day of March, 1914, unless before the day of sale the amount due to the Plaintiff including the Plaintiff's taxed costs be paid to the Plaintiff or its solicitor.

All the estate, right, title, interest and equity of redemption of the Defendant company, and of all other persons, firms or corporations claiming or entitled by from or under the Defendant company in, to and out of the following

## LANDS

leases of lands, rights to cut timber and all interest in LANDS, buildings, fixtures, and all real and personal property of every kind and description described in a certain Deed of Trust or Mortgage from the said Defendant Company to the said Montreal Trust Company dated the 15th day of July, 1912, and registered in the Registry of Deeds, for the County of Annapolis in Book 155, page 43, and registered in the Registry of Deeds for the County of Kings in Book 109 page 1, and registered in the County of Digby in Book 108, page 476 and the general description of which said lands and premises and personal property is as follows: Approximately 150,000 acres of land, in the said County of Annapolis, and the greater portion of which are situated in the districts of Paradise, Round Hill, Dalhousie, Liverpool Road, West River, Maitland, Perrotte and LeQuille. The said Liverpool Road, Perrotte, Dalhousie and LeQuille lands are situated on or near the Ten Mile and LeQuille Rivers, and the said Maitland, Paradise, Round Hill and West River lands are situated near or adjacent to the Maitland, Paradise, Round Hill and West Rivers respectively. Approximately 5000 acres in the County of Kings, the greater portion of which are situated in the vicinity of or adjacent to Fales River and in or near the district of Kingston. Approximately 2000 acres of lands and leaseholds in the County of Digby the greater portion of which are situated adjacent to or near West River and in or near the district of Popple Lake. Also all other lands, leaseholds, or timber rights, owned by the defendant Company or in which they had any interest or claim at the date of the said mortgage excepting, however, all that lot piece or parcel of land situate lying and being in Granville Ferry, in the said County of Annapolis, bounded and described as follows: On the north by the Main Post Road, on the east by the channel of the Creek, sometimes called the Johnson Creek, on the south by the Annapolis River, and on the west by the property of the female heirs of the late John Mills. Said last described lot of land being a portion of the real estate conveyed to John B. Mills by the last will and testament of the late John Mills, as on reference to a copy of said will in the Record office at Bridgetown, will more fully appear.

Also all lands, leaseholds, or timber rights or any claim or interest therein, purchased or acquired by the Defendant Company, since the date of said Mortgage, including renewals of all leases existing at such date.

Also all the machinery, tools implements, belts, utensils, saws, equipment, engine, boilers and plant contained in the mills owned by said Defendant Company at the date of such mortgage, situated at LeQuille in the County of Annapolis, and at Tremont in the County of Kings, also all tools, implements, utensils, belts, saws, equipment, engines, boilers, plant and mills, purchased or acquired by the defendant Company since the date of such mortgage and brought into or situate in the Province of Nova Scotia.

A complete description of the said lands and premises and real and personal property may be inspected and obtained at the office of Mr. Sheriff Gates, at Annapolis Royal in the County of Annapolis, Mr. Sheriff Rockwell at Kentville, in the County of Kings, and Mr. Sheriff Smith at Digby in the County of Digby, at the office of the said The Eastern Trust Company in the City of Halifax, and at the office of Daniel Owen at Annapolis Royal, aforesaid, Solicitor of Defendant Company, and at the office of W. H. Fulton, the Plaintiff's solicitor in the said City of Halifax, and at the office of the Montreal Trust Company, the said Plaintiff Company, in the City of Montreal.

Terms—ten per cent on deposit at time of sale and remainder on delivery of deed.

Dated at Halifax, N. S., May 11th, 1914.

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