

NEWCASTLE'S BIG PATRIOTIC AUCTION

IN THE NEWCASTLE RINK

October 20th

MISTER FARMER AND MISTER MERCHANT!

WE WANT YOUR HELP

The Funds of the Patriotic Association (Newcastle Branch) are getting low and the committee in charge in the endeavor to provide further for the Mothers, Wives and Children of the brave boys who are on the firing line fighting for the Empire and the just cause it expresses, again appeal to you for assistance and feel sure you will grant it.

LET US TELL YOU HOW

It is proposed to hold a

Mammoth Auction Sale on Wednesday, October 20 Next

at the Newcastle Rink, Newcastle the proceeds of which will be devoted to the Patriotic Fund and we are appealing to the Farmers of the Western Section of the County to assist in this great work by contributing toward the Sale any Merchandise Article they care to send, such as Vegetables of all kinds, Hay, Oats, Buckwheat, Dairy Products, Eggs, Honey, Maple Sugar, Maple Honey, Cattle, Calves, Swine, Sheep, Poultry, Hams, Fresh Meat of all kinds, Loads of Wood, Yarn, Mitts, Socks, etc., in fact anything that can be converted into cash

EXCEPT SECOND HAND CLOTHING

Please send Bulk Goods in Bags, Parcels or Boxes, put up separately, so the auctioneer can handle the different articles with as little delay as possible. Write your name and P. O. address plainly on each package so the committee may acknowledge receipt of same through the press.

The Town of Newcastle will be canvassed thoroughly and a great quantity of articles collected. Already the committee has been promised Furniture, Bicycles, Silverware, Dry Goods, Ready-made Clothing, Hats, Caps, Groceries, etc., in fact, everything sold in Wholesale and Retail Stores in Newcastle will be offered to the highest bidder.

Donations should be sent to reach Newcastle not later than Friday, Oct. 15th so as to save storage. The Committee requests that shipments be not made before Oct. 13th. Address all contributions to Charles J. Morrissey, Chairman Patriotic Committee, Newcastle.

Endeavor is being made by the Committee to have the different Transportation Companies carry all Goods intended for this Auction free of charge, and also to sell Return Tickets on Wednesday, Oct. 20th, at one fare for the round trip.

In addition to sending as much as you can for the cause, come yourself and bring your family. It will be the biggest day Newcastle has seen for a long time. And an eventful time guaranteed. Newcastle Band in attendance.

The following Form will be used:—

Mr. _____

Donations _____

Chairman _____

October 20th will be a Public Holiday in Newcastle

All Shipments Should be Addressed to Charles J. Morrissey, and Marked for Patriotic Fund.

THE Pillar of Light

By Louis Tracy

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"I entered on an active and useful career with no such halo of glory," broke in Constance. "I am just plain English, born in England, parents not poor but respectable. Mother died a year after my birth, I didn't see her."

"You were thirteen months old when we lost her," he answered, bending over the clock-work attachment of the fog bell and the other things of dust. "Since his first term of service on the rock the light had changed from an oceanic to a fixed one."

"She is horridly nice," said the girl went on. "How strange that, amidst our many journeyings, we have never visited Brighton."

"If it were able to take you to her grave-side, I would not do it," said Brand. "I do not encourage morbid sentiments, even of that perfectly natural kind. You mother's death, for instance, is like Enid's to her, a fear but visionary legend. In a degree, it is always so between loved ones. Truth, honor, work, these are the highest ideals for the individual. They satisfy increasingly. Happy as I am in my companionship, you must not be vexed when I tell you that the most truly joyful moment of my life was conferred when my little friend here first responded accurately to external influences."

He laid his hand on an object resting on a table by itself. It looked like an aneroid barometer, but the others knew it was the marine anemometer which he had devoted so many patient hours.

"Is it in working order now?" asked Constance instantly, and Enid came nearer. Together they examined the small dial. It was equipped with an arrow-headed pointer, and Enid will be divided into the past but without the distinguishing letters.

These three understood each other easily. By inadvertence, the conversation had touched on a topic concerning which Brand was always either vague or silent. Both girls were quick-witted companions, and Brand's tongue's motor was never willingly allowed to either by the light-house keeper or by the elderly Mrs. Sheppard, and was now the housekeeper of Laburnum Cottage.

Constance was annoyed. How could she have been so thoughtless as to cause her father a moment's suffering by bringing up painful reminiscences. But he helped her, being master of himself.

He adjusted a switch in the instrument.

"I had no difficulty in constructing a diaphragm which would record all sounds," he said. "The struggle came when I wanted an agent which would distinguish and register a particular set of sounds, no matter what additional din might be prevalent at the same time. My hopes were wrecked so often that I began to despair, until I chanced one day to read in a technical light-house induction coil could be tuned to disregard electrical influences other than those issued at the same pitch. My anxiety, until I had procured and experimented with a properly constructed coil, was very trying. I assure you."

"I am wondering what you mean by a mathematical snake," said Enid. "And I am sorry to say that even yet I am profoundly ignorant as to true invariance," smiled Constance.

"Yet you girls delight in poets who bid you barken to the music of the spheres. I suppose you will admit that the car of, say Ben Pollard, is not tuned to such a celestial harmony. However, I will explain my anemometer in a sentence. It only listens to and indicates the direction of foghorns, sirens, and ship's bells. A shrill steam whistle excites it, but the breaking of seas aboard ship, the loud flapping of a propeller, the noise of the engines, of a gale, or all these in combination, leave it unmoved."

"I remember once, when we were going from Falmouth to Porthalla in a fog, how dreadfully difficult it was to discover the whereabouts of another steamer we passed en route," said his daughter.

"Well, with this little chap on the bridge, the pointer would have told the captain unerringly. I don't suppose it will be thick what you are here, or you would see it pick up the distant blast of a steamer long before you can hear them, and follow her course right round the arc of her passage. It is most interesting to watch its activity when there are several ships using their sirens. I have never had an opportunity of testing it on more than three vessels at once, but as soon as I could deduce a regular sequence in the seemingly erratic movements of the indicator, I marked the approach and passing of each with the utmost ease."

"Would that stop collisions at sea?" "Nothing will do that, because some ship's officers refuse at times to exercise due care. But with my instrument on board two ships and a time chart attached to the drums, there would be no need for a Board of Trade inquiry to determine whether or not the proper warning was given. To the vast majority of navigators it will prove an absolute blessing."

"You clever old thing!" cried Enid. "I suppose you will make heaps of money out of it."

"The inventor is the last man to make money out of his inventions, as a rule," said Brand. "I suppose I differ from the ordinary poor fellow inasmuch as I am not dependent for a livelihood on the success of my discovery."

"There's not the least little bit of chance of there being a fog to-night?" queried Enid, so earnestly that a wave of merriment rippled through the room.

"Not the least. In any event, you two girls will be in bed and sound asleep at ten o'clock."

"Perish the thought!" cried Constance. "Bed at ten, during our first and only night on a lighthouse?"

"You will see your father."

"You cannot imagine how the clock dawdles in this circumscribed area."

work none conquers it. Otherwise, men would quit the service after a month's experience."

"Ship ahoy!" screamed Enid. "Here comes the Lapwing round Carn du. Mr. Lawton must have lost her to bring the relief. How kind of him."

"The Lapwing cannot approach the rock," said Brand. "I will signal 'Landing impossible to-day.' It will save them a useless journey."

He selected the requisite flags from a locker, the phrase he needed being coded. Soon the strong breeze was trying to tear the bunting from the cordage, and though they could not hear the three whistles with which the little yacht acknowledged the signal, they could easily see the jets of steam through their glasses.

Constance happened to overlook the table on which stood the anemometer. "This thing has actually recorded those whistles," she cried in wonder. "What sort of whistle has the Lapwing?" asked Brand.

"A loud and deep one, worthy of a Leviathan. It was a fad of Mr. Lawton's. They say his siren consumes more steam than his engines."

Her father laughed.

Anyhow he is sticking to his course," he announced. "I may as well take in the decorations."

Undaunted, but much flurried by a sea ever increasing in strength as the force of the ebb tide encountered the resistance of the wind, the Lapwing held on. With wind and sea against her she would have made slow work of it. As it was, there was help forthcoming for both journeys unless the wind went back to the north again as rapidly as it had veered to the south.

She would not be abreast the rock for nearly an hour, so Brand left the girls in charge of the lookout whilst he visited the oil-room. A wick might, such as he anticipated, demanded full pressure at the lamp. If the air became super-saturated, breakage of the glass chimney might take place, and he must have a good stock on hand. Water and coal, too, were needed; the double accident to Bates and Jackson had thrown into arrears all the ordinary duties of the afternoon watch.

Naturally, the pair in the lantern found the progress of the yacht exasperatingly slow.

"A nice Lapwing," said Enid, scornfully. "I will tell Mr. Lawton he ought to rechristen her the Bananam. All her power is in her crew."

When Brand joined them matters became livelier. More accustomed than they to the use of a telescope, he made discoveries.

"The two supernumeraries are there," he announced, "but I cannot see Lawton. Indeed, so far as I can make out, she is commanded by Stanhope, dressed in Ben Pollard's oilskins."

"He has left Lady Margaret?" cried Constance.

"He never went home!" essayed Enid.

"Poor chap! He was going to take us for a drive tomorrow," said Constance.

"To Morvah," explained Enid, with a syllabic emphasis meant for one pair of ears.

"It is very nice of him to struggle on and after a look at us," said Brand. "He can come close enough to us, but that is all. Our small megaphone will be useless."

Indeed, the Lapwing dared not approach nearer than the Trinity no. 7 ring buoy. By that time the three, protected from the biting wind by oilskin coats, were standing on the saltery. The reef was blowing up at them with a continuous roar. A couple of acres of its surface consisted of nothing more tangible than white foam and driving spray.

Stanhope, resigning the wheel to a sailor, braced himself firmly against the little vessel's breast and began to strike a series of extraordinary attitudes with his arms and head.

"Why is he behaving in that idiotic manner?" screamed Enid.

"Capital idea—somebody—clever fellow, Jack," shouted Brand.

Abashed, Enid laid her hands on the light-house-keeper, signaling in turn that he was receiving the message, spelled out the following:

"All well."

"Yes," he answered.

"Bates and Jackson reached hospital," Bates complained. "I think, if weather moderates, will be with you next tide."

"All right," waved Brand.

The distant figure started again:

"Leave us Enid's."

Enid indulged in an extraordinary arm flourish.

"And Constance—"

"That spoils it," she screamed. "It ought to be only kind regards to you, Connie. I believe you are a serpent."

"Do stop your chatter," shouted Brand, and he continued the message.

"Weather looks very bad. Little hope for to-night. Language at six. Will see personally that no chance is lost. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," was the response.

The Lapwing fell away astern from the vicinity of the buoy.

"Why is he doing that?" asked Constance, close to her father's ear.

"He is too good a sailor to risk turning her in that brook water. A little farther out there is greater depth and more regular seas."

They watched the yacht in silence. At last her head swung round toward the east. When brandied in, she hit her, and the spray leaped over her masts.

"That gave them a wetting," cried Brand, and his calm tone stifled their ready fear. Indeed, there was greater danger than he wanted them to know. But the Lapwing reappeared, sinking herself, and still turning.

"Good little boat!" said Brand. The crisis had passed. She was loaded, at full speed, for the Bay. And not too soon. Ere she reached the comparative shelter of Clement's Island she was swept three times by green water.

Inside the lantern, their faces ruddy with the exposure, their eyes dancing with excitement, the girls were voluble with delight. Could anything be more thrilling than their experiences that day?

"That semaphore dodge is too precious to be lost," cried Enid. "Constance, you and I must learn the alphabet. You shall teach us this very evening, dad. Fancy me signaling you the whole length of the Promenade! Just look at Mrs. Wilson's bonnet, or 'Here come the Taylor-Smiths. Scott! Oh, it's fine!'"

She whirled her arms in stiff-jointed rigidity and mimicked Stanhope's fantastic posing.

"Why should you scot when you meet the Taylor-Smiths?" asked Brand.

"Because Mrs. T.-S. hauls us off to tea and gives us a gallon of gossip with every cup."

"I thought your sex regarded gossip as the cream?"

"Sex, indeed! Old Smith is worse than his wife. He doesn't say much,

out no tricks. One of his winks, at the end of a story, turns an episode into a three-volume novel."

"It seems to me I must teach you the code in my own self-defence," he replied. "And you for tea. Let us have it served here."

They voted this an admirable notion. The girls entwined the meal by relating to him the doings and sayings of current interest ashore during the past two months. By a queer coincidence, which he did not mention, his relief was again due within a week, just as on the occasion of Gold's first appearance on the rock. The fact struck him as singular. In all probability he would not return to duty. He had completed twenty-one years of active service. Now he would retire, and when the commercial arrangements for the anemometers were completed, he would take his daughters on a long-promised Continental tour, unless, indeed, matters progressed between Stanhope and Enid to the point of an early marriage.

He had foreseen that Stanhope would probably ask Enid to be his wife. He knew the youngster well and liked him. For the opposition that Lady Margaret might offer he cared not a jot. He still inwardly aspired to the position of a father-in-law. Brand, the light-house-keeper, and Brand using the claims of his adopted daughter, would be two very different persons.

Of course, all Penzance knew that he was a gentleman, a scientist in a small way, and a man of means; otherwise Constance and Enid would not have occupied the position they had in local society. Those unacquainted with English ways often make the mistake of rating a man's social status by the means he possesses or the manner of his life in London. No greater error could be committed.

The small, exclusive county town, the community which registers the family connections of many generations, is the only reliable index. Here, to be of gentle birth and breeding—not had credentials even in the court of King Demos—confers a Brahminical rank, no matter what the personal fortunes of the individual.

Brand it is true, did not belong to a Cornish county family, but those were those who counted him shrewdly. They regarded him as a well-meaning crank, yet the edict went forth that his daughters were to be "recolled," and received they were, with pleasure and admiration by all save such startled elderly mamma as Lady Margaret Stanhope, who expected her good-looking son to contract a marriage which would restore the falling fortunes of the house.

All unconscious of the thoughts flitting through his brain, for Brand was busy trimming a spare lamp, the two girls amused themselves by learning the semaphore alphabet from a little hand-book which he found for them.

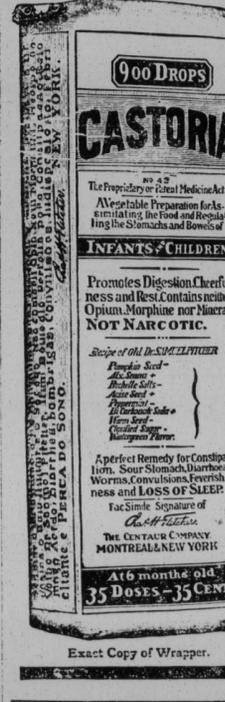
When the night fell, dark and lowering, the lamp was lighted. They had never before seen an eight-wickled concrete burner in use. The three light-houses with which they were better acquainted were illuminated by electricity or on the catoptric principle. A wreath a large number of small Argand lamps, with reflectors, are grouped together.

To interest them, to keep their eyes and ears away from the low-water orgy of the reef, he explained to them the capillary action of the oil. Although they had learnt these things in school they had not realized the exactness of the statement that oil does not burn, but must first be converted into gas by the application of heat. On the Gulf Rock there were nearly 3,000 gallons of colza oil stored in the tanks beneath, colza being used in preference to paraffin because it was safer, and there was no storage accommodation apart from the light-house.

Requiring much greater heat than mineral oil to produce inflammable gas, the colza had to be forced by heavy pressure in the eastern right up to the edge of the wicks, and made to flow evenly over the rims of the burner, else the fierce flame would eat the metal discs as well.

He read them a little lecture on the rival claims of gas and electricity, and demonstrated how dazzlingly brilliant the latter could be on a dark, clear night by showing them the fine light on the Lizard.

"But in hazy weather the oil wins," he said, with the proper pride of every man in his own engine. "Fishermen sailing into Penzance about a course equidistant from the two points tell me that if they can see anything at all on a foggy night they invariably catch a dull yellow radiance from the rock,



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whilst the Lizard is invisible. The oil has more penetrative power. Its chemical combination is nearer the mean of nature's resources."

At the proper time he banished them to the kitchen to prepare dinner, a feast diverted from the hour of noon by the chances of the day. He adopted every expedient to keep them busy, to tire them physically and mentally, to render them so exhausted that they would sleep in blissful calm through the ordeal to come.

As he could not leave the lamp, and they refused to eat apart from him, the dinner, in three courses, was a breathless affair. Going up and down five flights of stairs with soap, joint and pudding, whilst one carried the tray and the other swung a heavy lantern in front, required time and exertion. They were cheerful as grigs over it.

Enid, whose turn it was to bring up the plates of tapioca, pleaded guilty to a slight sensation of nervousness.

"I could not help remembering," she said, "what an awful lot of dark iron steps there were beneath me. I felt as if something were creeping up quickly, behind to grab me by the ankles."

"You should go up and down three times in the dark," was Brand's recipe. "When you quitted the door level for the third ascent you had cause to worry about impossible grats."

Constance looked at her watch.

"Only eight o'clock! What a long day it has been," she commented.

"You must go to bed early. Sleep in my room. You will soon forget where you are asleep," he added quickly. "I must fasten all the storm-shutters and make everything snug. Don't stir until I wake you in the morning."

They laughed. It sounded so homelike.

"Any fear of burglars?" cried Enid. "Yes, most expert cracksmen, wind and rain, but I have no fear of burglars. I must fasten all the storm-shutters and make everything snug. Don't stir until I wake you in the morning."

"Poor old dad!" sighed Constance. "What a villain!"

He was making new entries in the weather report when she remarked, thoughtfully:

"It is high-water about half past one. I think—"

He nodded, pretending to treat the question as of no special import.

"From all appearances there will be a heavy sea, she went on.

"Just an ordinary bad night," he said coolly.

"Do the waves reach far up the lighthouse in a gale?" she persisted.

Then Brand grasped the situation firmly.

"So that your slumbers may be peaceful," he said, "I will call your kind attention to the fact that the Gulf Rock light has appeared every night during the past twenty-five years, or since a date some four years before you were born. Constance, it contains 4,000 tons of granite and is practically monolithic, as if it were carved out of a quarry. Indeed, I think its builder went one better than nature. Here are no cracks or fissures or undetected flaws. The lowest course is bolted to the rock with wrought-iron clamps. Every stone is dove-tailed to its neighbors, and clasped to them with iron, above, below and at the sides. If you understood concrete sections I could make clearer the scientific aspect of the structure, but you can take it from me you are far safer here than on a natural rock many times the dimensions of this column."

"That sounds very satisfactory," murmured Enid, sleepily.

"I am overworked," said Constance, who grasped the essential fact that he had not answered her question.

Soon after nine o'clock he kissed them good-night. They promised not to stir up talking. As a guarantee of their good behavior, Enid said she would ring the electric bell just before she climbed into her bunk.

The signal came soon, and he was glad he had trusted to the fact that the fresh air, the confidence of the knowledge that he was on guard, to lull them into the security of unconsciousness.

(To be continued.)

Borrowed umbrellas cast the shadow of suspicion.

However, the man who tells these stories is usually managed to finish them in spite of interruptions.

Anyway, when a man accuses his wife of having married him for his money he pays a tribute to her good sense.

Mina's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.