

# 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 Merchantable Article they care to send, such as Vegetables of all kinds, Hay, Oats, Buckwheat, Dairy Products, Eggs, Honey, Maple Sugar, Maple Honey, Attle, 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. Morrissy, 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. Morrissy, and Marked for Patriotic Fund.

## THE Pillar of Light

By Louis Tracy

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Not once in twenty years has it happened that two out of the three keepers maintained on a rock station within signaling distance of the shore have become incapacitated for duty on the same day. The thing was so bewilderingly sudden, the arrival of Constance and Enid on the scene so timely and unexpected, that Brand, a philosopher of real distinction in most affairs of life, was at a loss what to do for the best now that help, of a sort undreamed of, was at hand.

The case of Jackson, who was scalded, was simple enough. The Board of Trade medicine chest supplied to each lighthouse is a fact of life, and the doctor, going to the ordinary remedies for such an injury, and there would be little difficulty or danger in lowering the sufferer to the boat.

But Bates's affair was different. He lay almost where he had fallen. Brand had ordered him into the store-room from the foot of the stairs, placing a pillow beneath his head, and appealing both to him and to Jackson to endure their torture unmoved whilst he went to signal for assistance.

The problem that confronted him now was one of judgment. Was it better to await the coming of the doctor or endeavor to transfer Bates to the boat?

He consulted Ben Pollard again; the girls were already climbing the steep stairs to sympathize with and tend to the injured man.

"Do you think it will blow harder, Ben, when the tide turns?" he asked. The old man, who had been asked the question as most interesting and novel. Indeed, to him, some such query and its consideration provided the chief problem of each day. Therefore he surveyed land, sea and sky most carefully before he replied:

"It may be almost anything afore night, Mister Brand. At another time Brand would have smiled. Today he was nervous, distraught, wrenched out of the worn rut of his daily life.

"I fancy there is some chance of the doctor being unable to land when he reaches the rock. Do you agree with me?" His voice rang sharply. Ben caught his note and dropped his weather-wise ambiguity.

"I'll blow harder, an' mebbe snaw agin," he said. "I shall need some help here in that case, so I will retain the young ladies. Of course you can manage the boat as long as you like."

Pollard grinned reassuringly. "We'll run straight in wif thiccy wind," he said. So they settled it that way, all so simply.

A man sets up two slim masts a thousand miles apart and flashes comprehensible messages across the void. The multitude gazes at first, but soon accepts the thing as reasonable. "Wireless telegraphy" is the term, as one says "by mail."

A whole drama was flowing over a curve of the earth at that moment, but the Marconi station was invisible. There was no expert in telegraphic sensation present to tell Brand and the fisherman that their commonplace words covered a magic code.

Jackson, white and mute, was lowered in a quarter of the time that the painter of the cushions aft. When Bates, given some slight strength by a stiff dose of brandy, was lowered with infinite care, down three flights of steep and narrow stairs, and slung to the crut in an iron cot to be lowered in the next hour, Jackson's needless remonstrances, he helped to steady the cot and adjust it amidst his clear of the sail.

"Well done, Artie," said Brand's clear voice. "Oh, brave!" murmured Enid. "We will visit you every day at the hospital," sang out Constance. Jackson smiled, yes, smiled, though his bandaged arms quivered, and the seared nerves of his hands throbbled exultingly. Speak aloud he could not. Yet he bent over his more helpless mate and whispered hoarsely:

"Cheer up, old man. Your case is worse'n mine. An' ye did it for me." Pollard, with a soul grieved as his body, yet had a glimpse of higher things when he murmured to him:

"Dye think ye can hold her, mate, whilst I hoist the cloth?" Jackson nodded. The request was a compliment, recognition. He sat down and looked the tiller between his arm and ribs. Ben hauled with a will; the Daisy, as if she were glad to escape the cascades of green water swirling over the rock, sprang into instant animation. The watchers from the lighthouse saw Ben relieve the steersman and tenderly arrange the cushions behind his back. Then Brand closed the iron doors and the three were left in dim obscurity.

They climbed nearly a hundred feet of stairways and emerged on to the cornice balcony after Brand had stopped the clockwork which controlled the hammer of the bell. "What a difference up here!" The sea, widened immeasurably, had changed its color. Now it was a sullen blue gray. The land was nearer and higher. The Daisy had shrunk to a splash of dull brown on the tremendous ocean prairie. How fierce and keen the wind! How disconsolate the murmur of the reef.

Brand, adjusting his binoculars, scrutinized the boat. "All right aboard," he said. "I think we have adopted the water course. They will reach Penance by half-past two." His next glance was towards the Land's End signal station. A line of flags fluttered out to their right of the staff.

"Signal noted and forwarded," he read aloud. "That is all right; but the night has changed." Enid popped inside the lantern for shelter. It was bitterly cold. "Better follow her example, Connie," said Brand to his daughter. "I will draw the curtains. We can see just as well and be comfortable." Indeed, the protection of the stout

plate glass, so thick and tough that sea-birds on a stormy night dashed themselves to painless death against it, was very welcome. Moreover, though neither of the girls would admit it, there was a sense of security here which was strangely absent when they looked into the abyss beneath the stone gallery. Constance balancing a telescope, Enid peering through the focusses, followed the progress of the Daisy in silence. Brand's eyes wandered uneasily from the barometer, which had fallen rapidly during the past hour, to the cyclonic nimbus spreading its dark mass beyond the Seven Stones Lightship. The sun had vanished, seemingly for no reason, the indicator attached to the base of the wind vane overclouded now sou'west by west. It would not require much further variation to bring about a strong blow from the true south-west, a quarter responsible for most of the fierce gales that sweep the English Channel.

Nevertheless, this quick darting about of the fickle breeze, so usually betoken lasting bad weather. At the worst the girls might be compelled to pass the night on the rock. He knew that Constance's two relief men would make a valiant effort to reach the lighthouse at the earliest possible moment. When the men joined him, the girls might have had As it was, the affair was spiced with adventure. Were it not for the mishap to the assistant-keepers the young people would have enjoyed themselves thoroughly. The new air of the wind, too, would send the Daisy veering back to port. On the whole, a doubtful situation, but really relieved. His face brightened. With a grave humor not altogether artificial, he cried:

"Now, Constance, I did not take you aboard as a visitor. Between us we ought to muster a good appetite. Come with me to the store-room. I will get you anything you want and leave you in charge of the kitchen."

"And poor me!" chimed in Enid. "Oh, you, miss, are appointed upper housemaid. And mind you, no followers."

"Mercy! I nearly lost my situation before I got it." "How?" "We met Jack Stanhope and asked him to come with us."

"You asked him, you mean," said Constance, who had been climbing the stairs. "And you met him, I meant," said Enid.

"I don't care a pin how you treated Stanhope, so long as you didn't bring him," said Brand, though, really, he would have been useful as it turned out.

When lunch was ready they summoned him by the electric bell. He had put up throughout the building. It gave them great joy to discover if the living room a code of signals which covered a variety of messages. They rang him downstairs by the correct call for "Meal served."

It was a hasty repast, as Brand could not remain long away from the glass-covered observatory, which he enjoyed it immensely. He left them, as he said, "to gobble up the remains," but soon he shouted down the stairs to tell them to change the small steam yacht he had commandeered as soon as the murrum ran through the door, that the Gulf Rock was flying the "Help wanted" signal.

The officials did not know that Brand was compelled by the snow-storm to leave the rock. All the information they possessed was the message from Land's End and its time of despatch.

Jack Stanhope's easy-going face became very strenuous, indeed, when he heard the news. The hour stated was precisely the time the Daisy was due at the rock if she made a good trip. Without allowing for any possible contingency save disaster to the two girls and their escort, the 10-ton steam-yacht had rounded the impounded a code of lancing sails, fired up, stoked, and steered the craft himself, and was off across the bay in a quarter of the time that the owner of the Lapping could have achieved the same result.

His amazement was complete when he encountered the redoubtable Daisy bowing home before a sea-breeze. He instantly came round and ranged up to speaking distance. When he learnt what had occurred he readily agreed to return to Penance in order to pick up the relief lighthouse-keepers, and thus save time in transferring them to the rock.

In a word, as Enid Trevillion was to be, he was delighted at the prospect of bringing her back that evening, when the real shipper of the Lapping would have charge of his own boat. There was no hurry at all now.

If they left the harbor at three o'clock, there would still be plenty of light to reach the Gulf Rock. Ben Pollard, glancing over his shoulder as the Daisy raced towards Penance side by side with the Lapping, was not so sure of this. But the arrangement he had suggested was the best possible one, and he was only an old fisherman who knew the coast, whereas Master Stanhope pinned his faith to the Nautical Almanac and the Rules.

The people most concerned knew nothing of these proceedings. When Constance and Enid had solemnly decided on the menu for dinner, when they had inspected the kitchen and commended the cleanliness of the cook, Jackson, when they had washed the dishes and discovered the whereabouts of the "tea-tray," they suddenly determined that it was much nicer aloft in the sky parlor than in these dim little rooms.

"I don't see why they don't have decent windows," said Enid. "Of course it blows hard here in a cabin, but just look at that tiny ventilator, no bigger than a ship's porthole, with a double storm-shutter to secure it if you please, for all the world as if the sea rose so high!"

Constance thought for a while. "I suppose the sea never does reach this height," she said. Enid, in order to look out, had to thrust her head and shoulders through an aperture two feet square and three feet in depth. They were in the living-room at that moment—full seventy feet above the spring tide high-water mark. Sixty feet higher, the cornice of the gallery was given its graceful curve to shoot the climbing wave-crests of an Atlantic gale away from the rock. The girls could not realize this stupendous fact. Brand had never told them. He wished them to sleep peacefully on stormy nights, and he was away from home.

They laughed now at the fanciful notion that the sea could ever so much as toss its spray at the window of the living-room. The girls could not realize this stupendous fact. Brand had never told them. He wished them to sleep peacefully on stormy nights, and he was away from home.

They passed into the narrow stairway. Their voices and footsteps sounded hollow. It was to the floor beneath that Bates had fallen.

## Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA

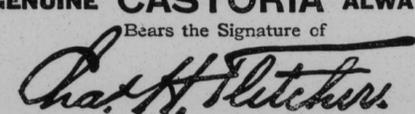
The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

### What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

### GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of



In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

"I don't think I like living in a lighthouse," cried Enid. "It gives one the creeps."

"Surely, there are neither ghosts nor shadows here," said Constance. "It is modern, scientific, utilitarian in every atom of its solid granite."

But Enid was silent as they climbed the steep stairs. Once she stopped and peeped into her father's bedroom.

"That is where they brought me when I first came to the rock," she whispered. "It used to be Mr. Jones's room. I remember dad saying so."

Constance, on whose shoulders the reassuring cloak of science hung somewhat loosely, placed her arm around her sister's waist in a sudden access of tenderness.

"You have improved in appearance since then, Enid," she said. "What a wretched little child I must have looked. I wonder who I am."

"I know who you soon will be if you don't care."

Enid blushed prettily. She glanced at her-hat in a small mirror on the wall. Trust a woman to find a mirror in any apartment.

"I suppose Jack will ask me to marry him," she mused. "And what will you reply?"

The girl's lips parted. Her eyes shone for an instant. Then she buried her face against her sister's bosom.

"O, Connie," she wailed, "I shall hate to leave you and dad. Why hasn't Jack got a brother as nice as himself?"

Whereupon Constance laughed loud and long. The relief was grateful to both. Enid's idea of a happy solution of the domestic difficulty appealed to their casily stirred sense of humor.

"Never mind, dear," rasped Constance at last. "You shall marry you, Jack and invite all the nice men to dinner. Good gracious! I will have the pick of the navy. Perhaps the Admiral may be a widower."

With flushed faces they reached the region of light. Brand was writing at a small desk in the service-room.

"Something seems to have amused you," he said. "I have heard her peals ascending from the depths."

"Connie is going to spicce the admiral," explained Enid. "What admiral?" "Any old admiral."

its invisible letters. Sometimes, after an unusually impetuous surge, a dark shape, trailing witch-tresses of weed, showed for an instant in the pit of the cauldron. Then a mad whirl of water would pounce on it with a fearsome spring and the fang of rock would be smothered ten feet deep.

For some reason they did not talk. They were fascinated by the power, the grandeur, the untamed energy of the spectacle. The voice of the reef held them spellbound. They listened intently.

Beneath, Brand wrote, with scholarly ease. "Therefore I decided that it would best serve the interests of the Board if I sent Bates and Jackson to Penance in the boat in which my daughter—" he paused an instant and added an "to" to the word—"fortunately happened to visit me. As I would be alone on the rock, and the two girls might be helpful until the relief came. I refurnished them."

He glanced at the weather-glass in front of him and made a note: "Barometer falling. Temperature higher."

Another bell had entered the exact records. A column headed "Wind direction and force" caused him to look up at the wind vane. He whistled.

"S. W.," he wrote, and after a second's thought, inserted the figure 6. The sailor's scale, by landman, differed from yours. What you term a gale at sea he joyfully hails as a fresh breeze. No. 6 is a point above this limit, when a well-conditioned clipper ship can carry its sails towards an up-sailant sails, in chase full and by. No. 12 is a hurricane. "Lure poles," says the scale.

Set from mounting the iron ladder, he stood beside the silent watchers. The day was nearly deserted. No sturdy tugboat was pouring smoke from her funnel and staggering towards the rock. North-west and west the darkness was spreading and lowering.

He did not trouble to examine the reef. Its signs and tokens were too familiar to him. Its definite bellow or muttered threat was part of the prevailing influence of the hour or day. He heard its voice too often to find an ocean in it now.

"This time I must congratulate both of you," he said quietly. "On what?" they cried in unison, shrill with unacknowledged excitement.

"Ladies seldom, if ever, pass a night on a rock lighthouse. You will have that rare privilege."

Enid clasped her hands. "I am delighted," she exclaimed. "Will there be a storm, father?" asked Constance.

"I think so. At any rate, only a miracle will enable the tug to reach us before to-morrow, and miracles are not frequent occurrences at sea."

"I know of one," was Enid's comment, with great seriousness for her. He read her thought.

"Now I am fifty, and the world has aged."

CHAPTER V. THE HURRICANE. They descended into the service-room.

"Let me see," said Enid; "it will be nineteen years on the 22nd of next June, since you found me floating serenely towards the Gulf Rock in a deserted boat."

"Yes, if you insist on accuracy as to the date. I might cavil at your serenity."

"And I was 'estimated' as a year old then! Isn't it a weird thing that a year-old baby should be sent adrift on the Atlantic in an open boat and never a word of inquiry made subsequently as to her fate? I fear I could not have been of much account in those days."

"My dear child, I have always told you that the boat had been in collision during the fog which had prevailed for several days previously. Those who were caring for you were probably knocked overboard and drowned."

"But alone! Utterly alone! That is the strangeness of it. I must be an American. Americans start out to hustle for themselves early in life, don't they?"

"Certainly, in that respect you might claim the record."

Brand had not told her all the facts of the memorabilia June morning. Why should he? They were not pleasant memories to him. Why cumber her also with them? For the rest he had drawn up and read to her, long ago, a carefully compiled account of her rescue and the steps taken to discover her identity.

(To be continued)

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.