

# 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 Marketable 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. 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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(To be continued.)

"This is a nice thing," he cried, when he came within speaking distance of the girl in the boat. "I manage to have the admiral out of three days' leave and I rush to Penzance to be told that Constance and you are off to the Gulf Rock for the day. It is on tomorrow, Enid." Eyebrows were raised and silent winks exchanged among the human sparrows lining the rails.

"So Master Jack came to see Miss Trevillon, eh? What would her ladyship say if she heard that?" "Why not come with us?" The audacity of her. "By Jove," he agreed. "That would be jolly. Look here. Wait two minutes until I scribble a line to the master."

"Nothing of the sort, Jack," interposed the other girl quietly, taking from his arm the waterproof cloak he was carrying for her. "You know Lady Margaret would be very angry, and with very good reason. Moreover, dad would be annoyed, too."

"The old girl is going out this afternoon," he protested. "And she expects you to go with her. Now, Jack, don't let us quarrel before we have met for five minutes. We will see you tomorrow." He helped her down the stone steps.

"Enid," he murmured, "Constance and you must promise to drive with me to Morvah in the morning. I will call for you at eleven sharp."

"What a joy you can't sail out to the rock with us today. Tomorrow is so distant." The mix lifted her blue eyes to his with such luminous regard in them that Stanhope laughed and pines were shifted to permit the ladies above their heads to snigger approval of her quip.

"I will wig us enough at it is, Enid," said the other girl. "We are bringing him a pease-podger of truits of the north, Jack."

"Will you like to land?" "Oh, can't ever tell. It all depends on the state of the sea near the rock. Anyhow, we can have a chat, and send up the vegetables by the drick."

"We'll never get there this tide if we'll stop here much longer," interrupted Ben. "You're old trump! How are you? Mind you keep these young ladies of the stances."

now, wouldn't near a wrong word about him, and always called him "cap'n." A prettier sort of a captain! But then, they all knew what an old slow-coach Jones was. They did; Pones's pints were retailed on the premises for money down.

Then there was Spence, Iamo Jim, who lived at Marazion; he told a fine tale about a fight with a hawk before Bran drenched the boat in which was the blessed baby—that very girl, Enid, they had just seen. Was it true? How could he say? There was a lot about it at the time in the local papers, but just then his own mind was given to the thoughts of enlisting, as a British expedition was marching across the desert to the Charthorn—and cause Gordon's death.

No; Brand and the two girls had not dived all the time in Penzance. The light-keeper was all over the kingdom, you know, but he had hit upon some sort of foxtrotal fad—Brand was always a man of fads; he once told the speaker of the grant of the Polvera Mine wanted work—and the Gulf Rock was the best place for trying it. At his own request the Trinity people sent him back there two years ago. Some folk had queer tastes, hadn't they? And talking so much had made him dry.

Then the conversation languished, and the only obvious remark of any importance was not forthcoming. Meanwhile, the Daisy sped buoyantly towards the southwest. All she was brood in beam and staunch from thwart to keel. It was no light undertaking to run fourteen miles out and home in some such a craft.

But old Ben Pollard knew what he was about. He made Pollard cast the pillar of the distant Gulf Rock opened up beyond Carn du was it necessary to turn the boat's head seawards. Then, when the rain lay the Runnelstone, they need not during two-thirds of the time be more than a mile or so distant from one of the many creeks in which they could secure shelter in case of a sudden change in the weather.

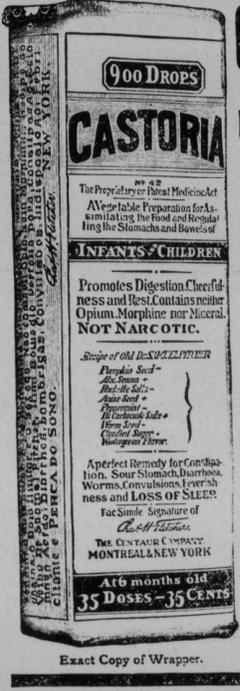
Therefore there was nothing for it but a straight run of six miles to the rock, behind which lay the Selly Isles, forty miles away, and well below the boat's horizon. So when the moment came for the final decision to be made, Pollard cast an anxious eye at a great bank of cloud mounting high in the north.

There was an ominous drop in the temperature, too. The rain he anticipated might turn to snow, and snow is own brother to fog at sea, though both are generally absent from the Cornish littoral in winter.

"Ben," cried Enid, breaking off a vivid if merciless description of a new salspice who had joined the artistic coterie at a swyn, "what are you looking at?" He scratched his head and gazed fixedly at the white battalions sweeping in aerial conquest over the land.

"She do look like snow," he admitted. "Well, what does that matter?" "Without waiting for orders, Constance had ceased to helm a trifle. The Daisy was now fairly headed for the rock. With this breeze she would be there in less than an hour.

"It had to be," he would say. "It was in the mind to carry it, but I just couldn't. All I could do was see snow in the air. Not one in a blue moon." And who would dispute him? No West-country man, certainly. At a distance of five miles or so small fishing craft is as life another as two little lads to the eye of Gulliver. In a word, it was a matter of habit and nearness to distinguish them.



# CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

## Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria

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hat you two girls aboard as any two men in Penzance." At another time the compliment would have earned him a torrent of sarcasm. Now it passed unheeded. The situation was bewildering, alarming. There were three keepers in the lighthouse. The signal foreboded illness, sudden and serious illness. Who would it be?

In such a crisis charity begins at home. Constance, with set face and shining eyes, Enid flushed and on the verge of tears, feared lest their own beloved one should be the sufferer. To each of them Stephen Brand was equally a kind and devoted father. He never allowed Enid to feel that she was dependent on his bounty. Only the other day, when she hinted at the adoption of an art career as a future means of earning a livelihood, he approved of the necessary study but laughed at the reason.

"With your pretty face and saucy ways, Enid," he said, "I shall have trouble enough to keep you in the nest without worrying as to the manner of your leaving it. Work at your drawing, by all means. Avoid color as the base of true art. But where Constance and I live you shall live, until you choose to forsake us."

No wonder these girls thought there was no other man in the world like "dad." Their delightful home was idyllic in its happiness; their only sorrow that Brand should be away two months out of three on account of the pursuit in which he passed his hours of leisure during recent years. Neither dared to look at the other. They could not trust themselves even to speak. There was relief in action, for thought was torture.

The docile Daisy actually forced through the waves. The spasmodic clang of the bell came more clearly each minute. Pollard, kneeling in the bows, perceived that the gloom of the swirling snow. He listened eagerly to the bell. With right hand or left he motioned to Constance to bring the boat's head nearer to the wind or to permit the sail to fill out a little more.

Enid, ready to cast the canvas loose at the first hint of danger, consulted her watch frequently. At last she cried: "Twenty minutes, Ben." "What a relief it was to hear her own voice. The tension was becoming unbearable. "Right y' are, missy. No need to slack off yet. 'Tis clearin' a bit. We'll heave to alongside the rock in less'n no time."

The fisherman was right. His trained senses perceived a distinct diminution in the volume of snow. Soon they could see fifty, a hundred, two hundred yards ahead. On the starboard quarter they caught a confused rushing noise, like the rushing of a millrace. The tide had covered the rock. "Luft et is!" roared Ben, suddenly. "Steady now."

"must na bin a' accuset," said Ben. "That signal means 'Bring a doctor.' An' there ain't a blessed tug in harbor, nor won't be till the tide makes."

"That will mean delay," cried Enid. "Five or six hours at least, missy." The main door at the head of the iron ladder clamped to the stones swung back, and Brand leaned out. He had no greeting for them, nor words of astonishment.

"When will the tug reach here, Ben?" he asked. The fisherman told him the opinion he had formed. "Then you girls must come and help me. Jackson scalded his hands and arms in the kitchen, and Bates was hurrying to the store-room for oil and whitening when he slipped on the stairs and broke his leg. We must get them both ashore. Ben, you can take them?"

"Ay, ay, sir." "Now, Constance, you frist. Hold tight and stand in the skip. Your boat cannot come near the rock." He swung the derrick into place and began to work the windlass. Constance, cool as her father, whispered to the excited Enid: "Let's divide the parcels and take half each."

"Oh, I should have forgotten all about the parcels," said Enid stooping to empty the lockers. Constance, without flickering an eyelid, stepped into the strong basket with its iron hoops, and, having arranged some of the phreoric paper bags at her feet, told her father to "hoist away."

She arrived safely. Enid followed her, with equal sangfroid, though a lift of forty feet, while still standing in a skip and clinging to a rope is not an every-day experience. "Thank me," said Ben, as Enid, too, was swung into the lighthouse, "but they're two packed 'uns."

The great bell tolled away, though the snow had changed to sleet, and the lightning beyond the Land's End were dimly visible, so its warning note was no longer needed. The sky above was clearing. A luminous haze spreading over the waters heralded the return of the sun. But the wind was bitterly cold; the fisherman watching the open door, with one eye on the sea lest an adventurous wave should sweep the Daisy against the rock, murmured to himself: "Tis a good job the wind's f the nor'ard. This sort o' thing's a weather-foree'er, or my name ain't Ben Pollard."

CHAPTER IV. THE VOICE OF THE REEF. There comes a time in the life of every thinking man or woman when the argosy of existence, floating placidly on a smooth and lazy stream, gathers unto itself speed, rushes swiftly onward past familiar landmarks of custom and convention, bolts furiously over resisting rocks, and ultimately, if not submerged in an unknown sea, finds itself again meandering through new plains of wider horizon.

Such a perilous passage can never be foreseen. The rapids may begin where the trees are highest and the meadows most luxuriant. No warning is given. The increased pace of events is pleasant and exhilarating. Even the last wild plunge over the cascade is neither resented nor feared. Some frail craft are shattered in transit, some wholly sunken, some emerge with riven sails and tarnished embellishments. A few not only survive the ordeal, but thereby fit themselves for more daring exploits, more soul-stirring adventures.

When the two girls stood with Stephen Brand in the narrow entrance to the lighthouse, the gravity of their bright young faces was due solely to the fact that their father had announced the serious accidents which had befallen his assistants. No secret monitor whispered that fate, in her bold and merciless dramatic action, had roughly removed two characters from the stage to clear it for more striking events.