

The Free Press' Short Story

DANGEROUS ROCKS

GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH

Lyle Whitman reflected with relief that the old feud between the two families had passed with the death of Captain Nehemiah and the Cape Light would again be simply a beacon guiding vessels safely up and down the coast instead of a symbol of man's spite and malice.

Captain Nehemiah Halstead was the last of the old line keepers. Richard Halstead, his nephew, who had acted as assistant, would of course succeed him. That was a foregone conclusion, for Lyle had refused to carry on the feud. He had withdrawn voluntarily from the running.

Richard and his sister Audrey had not exactly accepted the olive branch of peace that he had offered them but at least they had been on speaking terms. Lyle decided to stop at the Cape Light on his way from Portland to offer Richard his condolence.

The Cape Light was on a spit of sand that had originally been a part of the mainland. The erosion of the sea and the shifting powers of the tides had eventually made it an island. Lyle now sailed to the bay side of the island and anchored his sloop at the dock. Walking up the short path to the lighthouse, he

He received no response, but a few minutes later the door of the tiny house at the foot of the tower opened and Audrey Halstead stood framed in the opening. She was a comely girl of twenty, with blue eyes and red hair. All the Halsteads had been redheads, even Richard, her brother, and Lyle reflected that red hair was very becoming to Audrey.

"Is Dick in the lighthouse, Audrey?" he asked, nodding and smiling.

Instead of giving him a friendly greeting, Audrey was stiff and formal. Her eyes were openly hostile if her tongue was not. "Why do you want to know?" she asked suspiciously.

"Why—for no particular reason," stammered Lyle in confusion, upset by her manner. "I just stopped off to tell him I was sorry about Captain Nehemiah's death."

Audrey frowned as though she did not believe him, and the young man reddened. Hatred and suspicion were in her eyes. When she saw he was alone, her fortitude broke. "You didn't find Dick?" she faltered with quivering lips.

"Not this trip, Audrey, but I will on the next," he promised. "Now you can trust me. I know all about it. I'll look after the light and you go below and take a sleep."

"Yes, I can trust you," she murmured weakly. "Of course you know all about it. Some day—some day—soon—you'll be keeper." The old hostility flared up in Audrey's head. "No, I'll never be keeper. I don't want the job. Dick's going to succeed his uncle. It's up to us to put him on his feet. No one need know he's been absent for nearly a week."

Lyle was amply rewarded for all he had done by the expression in her eyes. He knew that at that moment the old feud had been buried so deeply that nothing could revive it. Up there at the top of the huge tower, looking across at the angry seas, he prayed as he never had before for help and guidance. He would find Richard and bring him home. Two days later Lyle was in Portland again, and he renewed his search; but

Lyle made another trip to Portland and return with a cargo of lumber. Richard was a good keeper, he reflected, for the light burned with unflinching regularity. Lyle wondered if Audrey would continue to "live on the island" with her brother. Many keepers along the coast had women assistants, and perhaps Audrey would aspire to that position.

When his cargo of lumber was discharged, Lyle loaded up with a miscellaneous assortment of merchandise, and early the following afternoon started for his return trip to Portland. When almost abreast of the island, Sidney Norton, who acted as mate, cook, and cargo shifter, suddenly remarked, "Hey, Lyle, somebody's waving to us. Reckon something's wrong there on the island."

It took but a glance for Lyle to see that it was Audrey signalling to him. He ordered the sloop to be put about. When they reached the small dock he jumped ashore. "Anything the matter, Audrey?" he asked.

"Are you going to Portland, Lyle?" she demanded. When the young man nodded, she added quickly, "Dick's there, and hasn't come back yet. I'm worried about him. I wish—"

"I'll look him up. When did he go?" "The day after Uncle's funeral." Lyle whistled softly. "That's five days ago. Has Dick been gone all that time?" He glanced up at the light in amazement and then back at her. "You've been keeping the light all alone?"

"It's nothing," murmured Audrey, trying to make light of her task; but the shadows under her eyes did not support her words.

Lyle said nothing more for he saw mingled pride and humiliation in her face. Her brother's long absence had so worried Audrey that she had called upon him for help. This, after their last interview, must have been doubly hard. Lyle did not ask for any reason of her brother's absence, for back in his mind he was vaguely disturbed by rumors which, if true, might explain the situation.

Richard had been keeping bad company lately, and there had been talk of quarrels with Captain Nehemiah. He was a weak rather than a vicious youth, easily influenced and led by his companions. As Lyle returned to the sloop and continued his voyage, he shared some of Audrey's worry. The lighthouse service demanded of its employees something more than loyalty; they had to have character as well. What did it avail if a keeper was brave and courageous if his mind was befogged by liquor?

On his way to Portland Lyle decided he would not only hunt up Richard and bring him back, but try to act the part of a big brother. Perhaps he could gain some influence over him and impress him with the need of going straight. Now that he was acting keeper of the light, the responsibility might also be his.

Up and down the water front, Lyle searched for Richard, as soon as he had landed. He made inquiries about him from all their mutual acquaintances. Yes, one or two recalled seeing him several days ago, but they did not know where he was hanging out now.

His careful search was without avail. Lyle delayed his return trip by twenty-four hours, and then sorrowfully started back to Bayswater without the other.

His delay caused him to run into a storm. Head winds and heavy seas further delayed him, and when the Cape Light finally came into view, the night was well advanced. Without the guidance of the light he never could have reached port.

The sloop was docked at Bayswater about midnight, but Lyle instead of seeking rest hurried to the lighthouse. On such a dark stormy night an assistant was needed. As soon as he landed at the dock, he hurried up to the tower.

Tired and sleepy from her long vigil, Audrey met him with eager expectancy in her eyes. When she saw he was alone, her fortitude broke. "You didn't find Dick?" she faltered with quivering lips.

"Not this trip, Audrey, but I will on the next," he promised. "Now you can trust me. I know all about it. I'll look after the light and you go below and take a sleep."

"Yes, I can trust you," she murmured weakly. "Of course you know all about it. Some day—some day—soon—you'll be keeper." The old hostility flared up in Audrey's head. "No, I'll never be keeper. I don't want the job. Dick's going to succeed his uncle. It's up to us to put him on his feet. No one need know he's been absent for nearly a week."

Lyle was amply rewarded for all he had done by the expression in her eyes. He knew that at that moment the old feud had been buried so deeply that nothing could revive it. Up there at the top of the huge tower, looking across at the angry seas, he prayed as he never had before for help and guidance. He would find Richard and bring him home. Two days later Lyle was in Portland again, and he renewed his search; but

Lyle made another trip to Portland and return with a cargo of lumber. Richard was a good keeper, he reflected, for the light burned with unflinching regularity. Lyle wondered if Audrey would continue to "live on the island" with her brother. Many keepers along the coast had women assistants, and perhaps Audrey would aspire to that position.

When his cargo of lumber was discharged, Lyle loaded up with a miscellaneous assortment of merchandise, and early the following afternoon started for his return trip to Portland. When almost abreast of the island, Sidney Norton, who acted as mate, cook, and cargo shifter, suddenly remarked, "Hey, Lyle, somebody's waving to us. Reckon something's wrong there on the island."

It took but a glance for Lyle to see that it was Audrey signalling to him. He ordered the sloop to be put about. When they reached the small dock he jumped ashore. "Anything the matter, Audrey?" he asked.

"Are you going to Portland, Lyle?" she demanded. When the young man nodded, she added quickly, "Dick's there, and hasn't come back yet. I'm worried about him. I wish—"

"I'll look him up. When did he go?" "The day after Uncle's funeral." Lyle whistled softly. "That's five days ago. Has Dick been gone all that time?" He glanced up at the light in amazement and then back at her. "You've been keeping the light all alone?"

he was forced finally to call without having accomplished his purpose. The reaction had shaken and discouraged him. "Say, Lyle," remarked Norton, as they sailed out of the harbor, "this is the biggest tide we've had in years. How about taking the inside route? Plenty of water over the rocks, and we'll save ten hours."

"All right, Sid. Lay her course for the inside route." The inside route lay between a series of low-lying rocky islands that were seldom visited. It was dangerous except when the tide was high. Taking advantage of the season, Sidney skillfully navigated the old route until they came to the Men and Chickens, a series of dangerous rocks that seemed set down there to trap vessels.

Lyle walked aft then and stood by the wheel to render any help needed. "This is the worst part of the channel," he remarked. "It's pretty narrow and crooked here." "Yes, sir! And shoal, too! However, we can get through." Lyle glanced around and uttered an exclamation of surprise. Somebody was wrecked on Sow's Island and was frantically trying to attract their attention.

"Anchor here, Sid!" he exclaimed. "I'll take the small boat. It isn't safe to proceed nearer." The anchor chain rattled, and the sloop came to a stop in mid-channel. Lyle jumped into the small boat and rowed in the direction of Sow's Island. Not until he came within hailing distance did he recognize the craftsway. "Dick Halstead!" he exclaimed in awe.

Ten minutes later his boat grated against the rocky spit of land, and a gaunt, emaciated youth staggered toward him. "Lyle," he cried, "God must have sent you! I was on my last legs. He then dropped down on the jagged rocks in a swoon. Lyle placed him in the small boat and rowed back to the sloop, asking questions until food and water had put new strength in his body. He then volunteered the information. "I started home a week ago," he explained. "I was a deserter, Lyle. I left Sid alone to look after the light. Uncle's death had upset me, and I just sneaked away in my dory to Portland. I wasn't there long before I realized what a weak coward I was."

He paused and looked gloomily across the water. "I couldn't get back quickly enough," he added. "To save time I took this inside route. The tide wasn't so high as I thought and a equal drove me on a rock. My dory was smashed to pieces, but I managed to save a little food and water before she went down. The rest you know. I've been a castaway here for nearly a week, hoping and praying some one would find me."

"Somebody did," remarked Lyle, smiling down at him. "I think it was God who directed me through this route. He's answered both of our prayers." "Yes," nodded Richard gloomily, "but he can't answer my other. I've lost the chance of succeeding Uncle as keeper. Everybody will know I've been away from my duty for a week. That's enough to kill my chances of promotion, and Sid—"

"Nobody knows it except Audrey," interrupted Lyle, "and she's kept the light burning as if you had been there. Dick God has even answered that prayer." It was a remarkable home-coming for both, but Audrey's joy added a thousand-fold to it. When the girl and her brother had finished their greeting, she turned shyly to Lyle. "That old feud," she said, "is dead, and I'm glad of it."

To-day Richard Halstead keeps the Cape Light, with Audrey as his assistant. Everybody will know I've been away from my duty for a week. That's enough to kill my chances of promotion, and Sid—"

"Nobody knows it except Audrey," interrupted Lyle, "and she's kept the light burning as if you had been there. Dick God has even answered that prayer." It was a remarkable home-coming for both, but Audrey's joy added a thousand-fold to it. When the girl and her brother had finished their greeting, she turned shyly to Lyle. "That old feud," she said, "is dead, and I'm glad of it."

To-day Richard Halstead keeps the Cape Light, with Audrey as his assistant. Everybody will know I've been away from my duty for a week. That's enough to kill my chances of promotion, and Sid—"

"Nobody knows it except Audrey," interrupted Lyle, "and she's kept the light burning as if you had been there. Dick God has even answered that prayer." It was a remarkable home-coming for both, but Audrey's joy added a thousand-fold to it. When the girl and her brother had finished their greeting, she turned shyly to Lyle. "That old feud," she said, "is dead, and I'm glad of it."

To-day Richard Halstead keeps the Cape Light, with Audrey as his assistant. Everybody will know I've been away from my duty for a week. That's enough to kill my chances of promotion, and Sid—"

"Nobody knows it except Audrey," interrupted Lyle, "and she's kept the light burning as if you had been there. Dick God has even answered that prayer." It was a remarkable home-coming for both, but Audrey's joy added a thousand-fold to it. When the girl and her brother had finished their greeting, she turned shyly to Lyle. "That old feud," she said, "is dead, and I'm glad of it."

To-day Richard Halstead keeps the Cape Light, with Audrey as his assistant. Everybody will know I've been away from my duty for a week. That's enough to kill my chances of promotion, and Sid—"

MAY TRY A CIGAR



For 100 years John McFarlane of Sarnia has withstood the temptation to have a smoke, but now in his 101st year he's just wandering. Having seen the days of oxen give way to high-powered tractors and water in a china pitcher succeeded by an electric heater, he believes that modern life is pretty swell and the first century is the hardest. King Edward called his congratulations.

—Central Press Canadian Photo

BEST WAY TO MOUNT SPECIMEN PLANTS

A perennial question agitating eager students and scholars at Canadian Universities and schools during one phase of their education is the proper procedure in mounting specimen plants, particularly of weeds, grasses and perhaps grains. Year by year, many requests for information on this subject are received all over the Dominion by the Laboratories of the Seed Branch, Department of Agriculture.

The first step, states B. P. Forward, of the Calgary laboratory, is to secure a typical plant, one that is not too small or too large, but one that will mount nicely on the standard mounting paper, 11 1/2 by 16 1/2 inches. It is essential that the plant be dug deep while in flower, so that all parts of the plant including the root will show to advantage. In the case of cereals, the best time would be when the plant has matured.

Pressing the plant is the most important factor. The most satisfactory result is obtained by a press plant, but brics or heavy books may be used to advantage. Newspaper is the most satisfactory medium for absorbing moisture from the plants. At the same time paper towels may be used with good results. Four or five layers of newspapers should be placed under the plant, so arranged that when they appear on the mounting paper the flower structure, the arrangement of the branches, the leaves and the root will be shown. Four or five layers of newspapers should also be placed over the plant. The press should be screwed tightly and allowed to remain for 24 hours, then replaced with fresh newspaper. If the plants are quite green, it will be necessary to repeat the pressing performance with fresh newspaper for six days, so that the plant will be dry when taken from the press to mount.

With regard to mounting paper, heavy white paper, cut 11 1/2 by 16 1/2 inches is most suitable for handling as well as for illustration. Short narrow strips of white adhesive paper should be used for fastening the plants to the paper. No more strips than are necessary should be used, so that the plant when mounted will have a neat appearance. Space should be left in a corner of the sheet for record slips which will contain the following information: botanical family, name of plant (common and scientific), locality, date and collector.

With regard to mounting paper, heavy white paper, cut 11 1/2 by 16 1/2 inches is most suitable for handling as well as for illustration. Short narrow strips of white adhesive paper should be used for fastening the plants to the paper. No more strips than are necessary should be used, so that the plant when mounted will have a neat appearance. Space should be left in a corner of the sheet for record slips which will contain the following information: botanical family, name of plant (common and scientific), locality, date and collector.

With regard to mounting paper, heavy white paper, cut 11 1/2 by 16 1/2 inches is most suitable for handling as well as for illustration. Short narrow strips of white adhesive paper should be used for fastening the plants to the paper. No more strips than are necessary should be used, so that the plant when mounted will have a neat appearance. Space should be left in a corner of the sheet for record slips which will contain the following information: botanical family, name of plant (common and scientific), locality, date and collector.

With regard to mounting paper, heavy white paper, cut 11 1/2 by 16 1/2 inches is most suitable for handling as well as for illustration. Short narrow strips of white adhesive paper should be used for fastening the plants to the paper. No more strips than are necessary should be used, so that the plant when mounted will have a neat appearance. Space should be left in a corner of the sheet for record slips which will contain the following information: botanical family, name of plant (common and scientific), locality, date and collector.

With regard to mounting paper, heavy white paper, cut 11 1/2 by 16 1/2 inches is most suitable for handling as well as for illustration. Short narrow strips of white adhesive paper should be used for fastening the plants to the paper. No more strips than are necessary should be used, so that the plant when mounted will have a neat appearance. Space should be left in a corner of the sheet for record slips which will contain the following information: botanical family, name of plant (common and scientific), locality, date and collector.

With regard to mounting paper, heavy white paper, cut 11 1/2 by 16 1/2 inches is most suitable for handling as well as for illustration. Short narrow strips of white adhesive paper should be used for fastening the plants to the paper. No more strips than are necessary should be used, so that the plant when mounted will have a neat appearance. Space should be left in a corner of the sheet for record slips which will contain the following information: botanical family, name of plant (common and scientific), locality, date and collector.

With regard to mounting paper, heavy white paper, cut 11 1/2 by 16 1/2 inches is most suitable for handling as well as for illustration. Short narrow strips of white adhesive paper should be used for fastening the plants to the paper. No more strips than are necessary should be used, so that the plant when mounted will have a neat appearance. Space should be left in a corner of the sheet for record slips which will contain the following information: botanical family, name of plant (common and scientific), locality, date and collector.

With regard to mounting paper, heavy white paper, cut 11 1/2 by 16 1/2 inches is most suitable for handling as well as for illustration. Short narrow strips of white adhesive paper should be used for fastening the plants to the paper. No more strips than are necessary should be used, so that the plant when mounted will have a neat appearance. Space should be left in a corner of the sheet for record slips which will contain the following information: botanical family, name of plant (common and scientific), locality, date and collector.

INDIAN EDUCATION IN CANADA

Marked progress has been made in Canada in recent years in the extension and improvement of facilities for the education and vocational training of the Dominion's Indian population. New school buildings, modern in every respect, are replacing old structures, and better qualified teachers and instructors are being attracted to the Indian schools. The response of the Indians to the efforts to advance them to a position of independence and self-support has been a major factor in the success of the work.

In nearly every year since the inauguration of day and residential schools among the Indians increases have been recorded both in the number of pupils enrolled and in the percentage of attendance. Twelve years ago the total enrollment was 13,872. Enrolments now total 18,000 Indian children, of whom 8,500 are in residential schools. There are 70 residential schools, 270 day schools and 10 combined Indian and white schools in operation throughout the Dominion under the supervision of the Department of Indian Affairs.

In Indian schools the provincial curricula are followed, with special emphasis on language, reading, domestic science, manual training, and agriculture. For the older pupils, half a day is spent in the class room, and the remainder of the time is devoted to vocational training. There are farm lands in connection with each residential school, and a member of the staff is a competent farmer. Under his guidance the older boys carry out the farming operations and by this means acquire a practical knowledge of farming and an Indian husbandry. The girls receive training in sewing, dress-making, cooking, bread-making and other household duties.

MOVING BEARDS WERE MORE PROTECTION than flies and night fires in Morocco for Kenneth Chapman and A. B. Cozens, who have just returned to Cambridge, England, after an adventurous trip in the lonely heights of the Middle Atlas Mountains. They gathered 2,000 strange insects, including many hitherto unknown species. Wild animals prowled near their tent at night; swarms of enormous biting insects invaded them; hostile tribes hovered menacingly around them 7,000 feet up. But their beads saved them. "With the natives of Morocco it pays to grow a beard, which gives you status," said Chapman. "They have no respect for a beardless man. That was one reason. The other was to protect our faces from the giant, wingless grasshoppers. They crawl onto your face and chew it."

Any Time is Tea Time "SALADA" TEA

TOURING... with an Easy Mind. Illustration of a man and woman driving a car.

... they keep in touch with home by TELEPHONE. Advertisement for telephone service.

Autumn FOOD Specials. Advertisement for food products including soups, breads, coffee, and flour.

Potatoes 7 1/2 lbs. Good Cookers 17c. Grapes Imported 23c. Onions 10 Sound and Dry 15c. Sweet Potatoes 3 lbs. Delicious Eating 11c. Cabbage Firm Green Nice Size Heads, each 7c. Bananas Golden Yellow Large Size Hard Ripe 21c. PEACHES—PEARS—PLUMS—SQUASH—CELERY—SALE. CARROLL'S LIMITED

MILL STREET Free Delivery PHONE 158