

Bakery
for all Bakery Goods

Sanitary Soda Fountain

Ice Cream, Lemonade, Orangeade, Lemonade

CONFECTIONER AND GROCER... Durham

Latimer

Nuts, Vinegars, Pure Manitoba Flours, Farmers Produce Wanted

am Grocery

Flour, Oatmeal, Butter, Eggs

LACHLAN

HOME INDUSTRY

& COOPER

for All Kinds of Confectionery

& COOPER

Be Good To Your Feet

FAITH

Custom Work and Repairing as usual at The Down Town Shoe Store

THE PILLAR OF LIGHT

Continued from page 10.

CHAPTER III.
THE SIGNAL.

At the foot of a long flight of steps leading from the boat quay to the platform of Penzance harbor a small, two-story building was moored. It was the headquarters of the local squad of that famous army of tobacco-blessed contentment which men go down to the sea in ships.

The pair consisted of a weather-beaten fisherman and a girl. The man was scarred and blistered, his face and hands were so much weathered that they seemed to have been scorched by the sun and wind. Nevertheless, man and boat were reliable. They were sturdy, strong; antiquated, perhaps, and in want of a new coat; but they were sufficient to resist the elements and to bring the elements to heel.

Ben Pollard and his pilot-driver, Daisy, were familiar to the local squad. Not many times had they been seen in the streets of Penzance, but they were familiar to the local squad of that famous army of tobacco-blessed contentment which men go down to the sea in ships.

The girl, an animated cameo, with a delicate, flower-like beauty which shone from her skin brightened and glowed in tone by an abiding love of the open air, she suggested, by her artistic study of the color facts derivable from the daintily little plant which gave the name to its name. She wore a coat of green cloth, lightly hemmed and edged with dark red braid. Her hair was trimmed with velvet of a tone to match the braid, and her neatly fitting brown boots and gloves were of the right shade. Beneath her coat there was a glimpse of a knitted jersey of soft white wool, being a tribute to the season, though a winter in Lyonesse can usually shrug its comfortable shoulders at the deceitful vagaries of the Riviera.

That she was a young person of some maritime experience was visible to the onlookers above at a glance. She was busily engaged in packing the spacious lockers of the Daisy with certain stores of apples, oranges and vegetables—ranging from a single new potato (an aristocrat at that time of the year) to the plobetan cabbage—and her lithe, active figure moved with an ease born of confidence in the simple principles of gravitation as modified and arranged by a rocking boat.

Pollard, too, was overhauling his gear, seeing that the mast was securely stepped and the tackle ran free. Whilst they worked they talked, and, of course, the critics listened.

"Do you think the weather will hold, Ben?" asked the girl over her shoulder, stooping to arrange some clusters of daffodils and narcissus so that they should not suffer by the lurch of some heavy package when the boat heeled over.

"The glass be a-fallin', sure, missy," said the old fellow cheerily, "but wiv the wind beakin' round to the norrdard don't mean a drop o' wet."

"You think we will make the rock a good time?"

"We'm do our best, Miss Enid."

She sat up suddenly.

"Don't you dare tell me, Ben Pollard, that after all our preparations we may have to turn back or run for a hazy shelter into Lamorna."

Her mock indignation induced a massive grin. "A mahogany table breaking into mirth," was Enid's private description of Ben's face when he smiled.

"Ee know the coast as well as most," he said. "Further go, stronger blow, 'ee know."

"And not so slow, eh, Ben? Really, you and the Daisy look more tubby every time I see you."

Thus disparaged, Pollard defended himself and his craft.

"No an' Daisy'll sail to Gulf Light quicker'n any two other tugs in Penzance, missy. Her be a long run at this time o' year, but you'll get there all right, I expect. Wiv a norrdard breeze we'm be safe enough. If the wind makes 'ee 'ee see at comin', 'ee know."

She laughed quietly. Any reflection on the spanking powers of his pilot-driver would rouse Ben instantly.

"As if I didn't know all you could teach me," she cried, "and as if anyone in all Cornwall could teach me better."

The old fisherman was mollified. He looked along the quay.

"Time we'm cast off," he suggested in a playful long time fetchin' them wraps."

"Oh, Ben, how can you say that? She had to go all the way to the Cottage. Why, if she ran—"

"Here she be," he broke in, "an' she ain't runnin' neither. Her's got a young man in tow."

What announcement would straighten the back of any girl of nineteen like that? Enid Trevillion turned and stood upright.

"Why, it's Jack!" she cried, waving a delighted little hand.

"So it be," admitted Pollard, "a surprised stare. When I look landward my eyes ain't so good as they was."

He stated this fact regretfully. No elderly sea-dog will ever acknowledge to falling vision when he gazes at the level horizon he knows so well. This is a pretence of unwilling age; it is a folly true. The settled chaos of the shore bewilders him. The changeful sea cannot.

Meanwhile, the daffodils lining the wharf, following Enid's signals with their eyes, devoted themselves to a covert staring at the young people hurrying along the quay.

Constance Brand, being a young and pretty woman, secured their instant regards. Indeed, she would have won the favorable verdict of a more select audience. Taller than Enid, she had the brown hair and hazel eyes

of her father. To him, too, she owed the frank, self-reliant pose of head and clearly cut, refined features which conveyed to others that all-important first good impression. Blended with Stephen Brand's firm incisiveness, and softening the quiet strength of her marked resemblance to him, was an essential femininity which lifted her wholly apart from the ruck of handsome English girls who find delight in copying the manners an even the dress of their male friends.

Her costume was an exact replica of that of Enid. She walked well and rapidly, yet her alert carriage had a quietness, a subtle elegance, more frequently seen in America than in England. Her lively face, flushed with exercise, and, it may be, with some little excitement, conveyed the same Transatlantic characteristic. One said at seeing her: "Here is a girl who has lived much abroad." It came as a surprise to learn that she had never crossed the Channel.

The man with her, Lieutenant John Percival Stanhope, R.N., was too familiar a figure in Penzance to evoke muttered comment from the gallery.

A masterful young gentleman he looked, and one accustomed to having his own way in the world, whether in love or war. True type of the British sailor, he had the physique of a strong man and the adventurously cheerful expression of a boy.

The skin of his face and hands, olive tinted with exposure, his dark hair and the curved eyelashes, drooped over his blue eyes, no less than the artistic proclivities suggested by his well-chiseled features and long, tapering fingers, proclaimed that Stanhope, notwithstanding his Saxon surname and bluff bearing, was a Celt. His mother, in fact, was a Tregarthen of Cornwall, daughter of Cornwall, daughter of a peer, and a leading figure in local society.

Everybody agreed that it was. People said Brand was a swell. Well, that might or might not be true. The speaker did not think much of him. He was a quiet, unassuming chap, though Jones, a Trinity pensioner, who kept the "Pleasant and Seine" now, wouldn't hear a wrong word about him, and always called him "captain," a pretty sort of a captain! But then, they all knew what an old seaman-coach Jones was. They did; Pones's pints were retailed on the premises for money down.

Then there was Spence, James Jim, who lived at Marazion; he told a fine tale about a fight with a hawk before Bran dreached the boat in which was the blessed baby—that very girl, Enid, they had just seen. 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 relieve Khartoum—and cause Gordon's death.

No; Brand and the two girls had not dwelt all the time in Penzance. The light-keepers went all over the kingdom, you know, but he had hit upon some sort of fog-signal fad.

Brand was always a man of fads; he once told the speaker that, all the Polwena Mine wanted was 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, as the only obvious remark of any importance was not forthcoming.

Meanwhile, the Daisy sped buoyantly towards the southwest. Albeit she was broad in beam and staunch from thwart to keel, it was no light undertaking to run fourteen miles out and home in such a craft.

But old Ben Pollard knew what he was about. Not until the granite pillar of the distant Gulf Rock opened up beyond Carn du was it necessary to turn the boat's head seaward. Even then, by steering close to the Runnelstone, his 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.

Thenceforward there was nothing for it but a straight run of six miles to the rock, behind which lay the Solly 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, 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 disciple who had joined the artistic coterie at Newlyn, "what are you looking at?"

He scratched his head and gazed fixedly at the white battalions sweeping in aerial oquest over the land.

"She do look like snow," he admitted.

"Well, what does that matter?"

"Without waiting for orders, Constance had eased the 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 be a bit risky," grumbled Ben.

"We will be alongside the lighthouse before there can be any serious snowfall," said practical Constance.

"Surely we can make the land again no matter how thick the weather may be."

Ben allowed himself to be persuaded. In after life he would never admit that they were free agents at that moment.

"It had to be," he would say. "It was in my mind to argy w' she, but I just couldn't. An' how often do us see snow in Cornwall? Not once in a blue moon." And who would dispute him? No West-country man, certainly.

At a distance of five miles only small fishing craft is as like another as two Lilliputians to the eye of Gulliver. In a word, it needs acquaintance and nearness to distinguish them.

As it happened, Stephen Brand did happen to note the Daisy and was surprised to see she was shaping. But, during the short interval when his telescope might have revealed to him the identity of her occupants, he was suddenly called by telephone from the oil-room to the kitchen. When next he

ran aloft in a wild hurry to signal for assistance, he found, to his dismay, that the Land's End was already blotted out in a swirling snow-storm, and the great plain of blue sea had shrunk to a leaden patch whose visible limits made the reef look large by comparison.

With the mechanical precision of habit he set the big bell in motion, its heavy boom came fitfully through the pelting snow-flakes to the ears of the two girls and old Ben. The latter, master of the situation now, announced his intention to "bout ship and make for Mount's Bay."

"Ee don't ketch me tryin' to sail close to Gulf Rock when 'ee can't see a boat's length ahead," he said, emphatically. "I be sorry, ladies both, but 'ee know how the tide runs over the reef, an' 'tee easy to drive to the wrong side of the light. We'm try again to-morrow. Only the flowers'll spite. All the rest—"

Crash! A loud explosion burst forth from the dense heights of the storm. The Daisy, sturdy as she was, seemed to shiver. The very air trembled with the din. Pollard had his hand on the sail to swing it to starboard when Constance put the tiller over to bring the boat's head up against the wind. For an instant she feared, but she was braced in the ways of the sea, was startled. Both girls positively jumped, the sudden bang of the rocket was so unexpected.

"Mister Brand must ha' zeed us," pronounced Ben. "That's a warnin' to we to go back."

The words had scarce left his lips when another report smote the great silence, otherwise unbroken save by the quiet plish of the sea against the bows and the faint reverberations of the distant bell.

"That is too urgent to be intended for us," said Constance. "We were just half way when the snow commenced."

"I did not notice any vessel near the rock," cried Enid, tremulously. "Did you, Ben?"

Pollard's slow utterance was not quick enough. Before he could answer, a third rocket thundered its overpowering summons.

"That is the 'Help wanted' signal," cried Constance. "Ben, there is no question now of going back. We must keep our present course for twenty minutes at least, and then take to the oars. The bell will guide us."

"Oh, yes, Ben," agreed Enid. "Something has gone wrong on the rock itself. I am quite sure there was no ship near enough to be in trouble already."

"By gum we'm zee what's the matter," growled Ben. "Steady it is, Miss Brand. Ee'm in trouble I'd as soon ha' your two galls 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 could 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 behavior 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, I should 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 bane of true art. But where Connie 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 steadily forged through the waves. The spasmodic clang of the bell came more clearly in each minute. Pollard, kneeling in the bows, peered into the gloom of the swirling snow. He listened eagerly to the bell. With right hand or left to the bell, he motioned to Constance to bring the boat's head nearer to the wind or 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. 'Ten clearin' a bit. We'm here 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 subdued murmur of a millrace. The tide had covered the rock.

"Luff it now!" roared Ben, suddenly. "Steady now!"

Out of the blurred vista a ghostly column rose in front. Smooth and with dark were its granite walls, with sheer little caverns showing black in the wet light. The boat rushed in the Trinity mooring-buoy. She held on until they heard the sea breaking.

"Lower away!" cried Ben, and the yard fell with a sharp rattle that showed how thoroughly Enid had laid to heart Pollard's tuition.

Constance brought the Daisy round in a wide curve, and Ben got out the oars to keep her from being dashed against the reef.

Enid's eyes were turned towards the gallery beneath the lantern. "Lighthouse ahoy!" she screamed, in a voice high-pitched with emotion. There was no answering clang of the door leading from the room on a

Hardware and Furniture



The PANDORA RANGE

The stove that gives satisfaction in every respect—good baker, good luster, good heater and good looking. The first cost of a stove does not make it cheap or expensive. It is the fuel it afterwards consumes and the repair bills that really make the difference. This stove is made of the best of material and is heavier than any other high price stove on the market and is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction in every way.

See our Heaters—Tortoise, Belle Oak, and Queen Heater. The "Famous" Base Burner is the most beautiful stove priced. Anyone can cut our prices, but it takes brains to make a better article.

GET BUSY "THE SHOT GUN FEVER IS IN THE AIR"

We have a nice assortment of single and double barrel shot guns. Stevens Rifles, 22 and 32. Ammunition, loaded and unloaded shells, rifle cartridges, etc., at retail prices. Buy your Furniture from us and save money.

F. Lenahan and Company

DURHAM PLANING MILLS

The undersigned begs to announce to residents of Durham and surrounding country, that he has his Planing Mill and Factory completed and is prepared to take orders for

SASH, DOORS
— and all kinds of —
House Fittings

Also a limited amount of iron work and machine repairs. A call solicited. Ask for quotations on your next job.

All persons owing us an account are requested to call and settle by cash or note on or before the 15th of April.

ZENUS CLARK
DURHAM - ONTARIO

FARMERS

Cash or trade and one price for Butter and Eggs.

REMEMBER our Flour and Groceries are sold at close prices.

Mrs. Beggs & Son