

When The Light Shone

By Lawrence Alfred Clay.

The fishing schooner Laura B., had come into port with her catch, and she had hardly been made fast to the wharf before the cottages a mile away were talking in whispers about an incident that had happened while she was still far at sea. The feeling of loyalty among the men that face the tempests and hardships of the fishing grounds is very strong. They have their differences and quarrels while at sea, but all is forgotten when land is sighted again. No landsman knows that all is not harmony.

A fisherman will forgive a fault, a curse, a blow—more than that—but there is one thing he cannot forgive, and that is cowardice in the face of danger. No schooner captain asks a man if he is brave, when selecting a crew. The inference is that every man who would go down to the tempest-tossed sea is ready to imperil his life at demand and think little of it. Cowardice can be overlooked in a landsman, but not in a fisherman. The landsman cowardly may have no results. That of a fisherman may make a dozen widows and three-score orphans.

The Laura B. came home in a fierce gale and a terrible sea. The fishermen do not select their own weather. While taking the risk at the wheel, young George Shaw looked behind him and saw a mountainous wave racing down on the vessel.



A SCENE FROM "THE ROSARY," AT THE GRAND ON FRIDAY, MARCH 31ST.

That sight has frightened many a helmsman. There is peril, but the howling gale and raving sea magnifies it ten times over. The man had seen the same thing often enough and held fast, but this time he flinched. Fisherman do not want explanations the eye cannot see. With a shout of terror Shaw left the wheel. In sixty seconds the schooner would have been a wreck had not the mate been at hand to jump to the abandoned wheel and hold on for the life of his crew. When the waters closed over his head and his son's wester floated away amid the foam. It was touch and go, but the staunch craft won the fight.

Was there a storm of curses for Shaw? Not a curse. Reproofs from captain and shipmates? Not a word. Did the man seek to explain what he realized would be looked upon as a cowardly act? He did not utter a syllable. He knew that any word he could utter would be thrown away. He had been marked down for a coward. That settled it. In ten minutes he felt an outfall. His shipmates spoke to him, but there was a drawing away. They did not look into his face when they spoke. Among themselves they said they would keep the secret, and—was it the gulls that carried it from house to house when port was reached?

High up on the hill was the cottage of the Widow Larkins. Her husband and his schooner had been lost in just such a gale when homecoming, perhaps from some act of cowardice. Jennie Larkins, her handsome daughter, could row or sail a boat, and as a fisherman's daughter, she had a contempt for a man who flinched when gale and sea demanded wrecks and lives. It was known that George Shaw was her accepted lover. Would she excuse and forgive, asked those who whispered. Would the lover call at the house and explain? No!

She didn't look for him, and had he come she would have been greatly surprised. He didn't think of calling. On landing he took the trolley car for his home, six miles away. The incident was related to his parents in a plain, straight way. They had the sympathy of the bond, but they shook their heads and sighed.

A month passed, and then there came the great gale that will be remembered by children when they have grown to be men and women. It came out of the east like howling fiends. It uprooted great trees and great patches of founn from the racing sea and carried them inland for a mile. Oh, the greed of that gale! Thirty-five schooners and their crews were a part of the sacrifice.

After the gale had raged for forty-eight hours and was still howling, George Shaw went down to the port. Almost the first thing he heard was that one of the lightkeepers on Tompkins' Point was in the town, unable to return, and that the other was ill and telephoning for help. The man was known to Shaw, and over the line of wire which might be broken any

minute a voice in the lighthouse said to the man safe on land:

"George, I may have been poisoned by the canned tomatoes. I'm in terrible pain and have a raging fever. I don't believe I shall live two hours longer. Get help to me!"

Shaw went down to the shore among the fishermen:

"Only a dory can land there, and what dory ever built can face that sea! There's an hundred of us would go if there was any chance."

Shaw walked back to the telephone and said to the man in the lighthouse:

"Jim, I'm going to make a try for it. There's one chance in a thousand, and I'm going to take it."

"Don't go," was the reply.

"There's nothing can live in such a gale and sea. Only—only—George, there'll be no light tonight, and God help the vessels driving in!"

"But I tell you I'm going to try it, and I'll have medicines for you if I can get there. Brace up and try to weather it out."

Back to the shore and among the crew of the Laura B.

Some of them nodded in a distant way, but none had a word.

"I'm going to try it in a dory—will you go along?" asked the man under the lantern.

"No! No! No! Why, man, you are stark crazy! That sea and this wind would beat the biggest man-of-war in the navy!"

To the mate whose quick action had saved the schooner Shaw said:

"I flinched at sea when that big wave came roaring down astern. Are those waves larger?"

"By a third, man!"

"But I'm going to try them, and in a dory at that. Will you go along and pull an oar?"

"I will not."

Shaw went to the doctor and the drug store for a remedy for the man at the lighthouse, and then to the telephone to say:

"Jim, old man, I'm coming!"

"You'll never make it! I'm growing worse all the time, and the light—the light—to-night! It won't—won't—"

And then the line went dead, and it seemed as if there was a note of satisfaction in the gale. When the crowd on the shore saw a dory made ready and understood that Shaw was to venture where no other man dared to, a shout of protest went up and men laid detaining hands on him.

"I left the wheel on the Laura B, you know!" he said in taunting voice. "I want company on this trip. Who will go?"

"I will!" answered a voice after a moment's silence. Jennie Larkins came pushing her way through the press. Then men swore and shouted and women wept and exclaimed. The girl walked straight up to Shaw and laid a hand on his arm and said:

"If we can't make it we'll go down together!"

The November afternoon was waning. In an hour the great lantern must be lit or there would be wrecks on the shore. Twice—three—the dory was beaten back. Then she got away to be lost almost at once in the driving spray. When a sea lifted her up she seemed to be forty feet in the air—it was of no use to go to the telephone for news. The crowds must wait. They waited with the dusk coming on—with the gale tearing a way at roofs and trees—with the crews of ships at sea daring and praying, and men and women stood elbow to elbow and did not speak. Thus it was until the lamps began to shine in the cottages on the hillside, and then a mighty shout went up. The lantern in the tower of the lighthouse was shining over twenty miles of troubled sea.

The landing had been made—a man's life had been saved, and the man who had once lost his nerve had redeemed himself in the eyes of all men, and of the girl who was to be his bride.

The Caddie's Advice.

Liverpool Post.

The caddie followed him around the course silently, solemnly, but not unobservant. Their walk behind was marked by scars and gashes in the turf. At length he ventured on a tentative remark: "Ye'll be a stranger to those parts maybe?"

"Well, not exactly a stranger," whirr-whirr-swish! And one morgan gash appeared as a lump of turf soared aloft, and came down fifty yards away. "You see," the golfer concluded, "I was born here, but I have been away many years now. All my folks are buried hereabouts."

"I doot ye'll no' go deep ene' with your driver," remarked the caddie, "ye'd better tak' your iron."

Nerves Are Exhausted

And Nervous Prostration or Paralysis Are Creeping Steadily Upon You.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

You hear of people suddenly falling victims of nervous prostration or some form of paralysis. But when you get all the facts of the case you find that they have had mouths or years of warning.

They haven't slept well. There has been frequent attacks of nervous headache. Digestion has failed. They have been irritable, easily worried and excited and have found memory and concentration failing.

Had they not known that these symptoms tell of exhausted nerves or had they realized their danger they would have restored the feeble, wasted nerves by use of such treatment as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

This great restorative treatment cures by forming new, rich blood and by rebuilding the wasted nerve cells. No medicine is more certain to prove beneficial, for each dose adds to the system a certain amount of rich, red blood.

Nervous diseases come on slowly and can only be overcome by patient and persistent treatment. Prevention is always better than cure, and for this reason you should endeavor to keep the system at high water mark by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food at the first sign of trouble. 50c. a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50; at all dealers or Ed. Mansson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

The Quickest, Simplest Cough Cure

Easily and Cheaply Made at Home. Saves You \$2.

This recipe makes 16 ounces of cough syrup—enough to last a family a long time. You couldn't buy as much or as good cough syrup for \$2.50.

Simple as it is, it gives almost instant relief and usually stops the most obstinate cough in 24 hours. This is partly due to the fact that it is slightly laxative, stimulates the appetite and has an excellent tonic effect. It is pleasant to take—children like it. An excellent remedy, too, for whooping cough, sore lungs, asthma, throat troubles, etc.

Mix 2 cups of granulated sugar with one cup of warm water and stir for 2 minutes. Put 2½ ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth) in a 16 oz. bottle and add the Sugar Syrup. It keeps perfectly. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours.

Pinex is one of the oldest and best known remedial agents for the throat membranes. Pinex is the most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, and is rich in galic acid and all the other natural sealing elements. Other preparations will not work in this formula.

The prompt results from this recipe have endeared it to thousands of housewives in the United States and Canada, which explains why the plan has been imitated often, but never successfully.

A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, money promptly refunded, goes with this recipe. Your druggist has Pinex or will get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ontario.

BUDGET FROM VERONA.

Several Village Properties Have Changed Hands.

Verona, March 28.—Mr. and Mrs. Hayes, Ardara, were recent visitors with Dr. and Mrs. Geddes. James Graham and wife, Ottawa, here attending the funeral of the former's mother, the late Mrs. A. Graham, have returned home. The Free Methodist pulpit was occupied, Sunday evening, by Rev. Mr. Smith, Vennachar.

The many friends of W. A. Myers were pained at the news of his death at Kingston last Saturday. Deceased, during his short residence here, had made many warm friends.

Wilnot Dixon, Sharbot Lake, is visiting his uncle, Henry Dixon, G. Seales has moved from near the cheese factory to S. Snyder's house on the Snyder Road.

F. G. Jensen, photographer, has moved to Sydenham. His house will be occupied by the purchaser, N. Davey, blacksmith. M. Revell, jr., has purchased, from the Reynolds estate, the building occupied by Dr. George, and has moved his barber shop down in close proximity to his future dwelling.

Ross Bertram has moved from here to his new home at Sharbot Lake. Manson Loyd will move shortly, up in the vicinity of Desert Lake. Fred Snider has purchased a fine draught horse from his brother, Allan Snider, Front Road. Craig Bros. are in this vicinity with their saving machines. William McIlroy, while attending a sewing machine, had his foot badly jammed by a log falling upon it.

Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Campbell and children spent last Sunday at Sherbot Lake. Miss Aggie Dillon, after quite a long visit with her cousin, Mrs. T. H. Craig, has returned home to Beaver's Mills. Miss L. Moreland, Sydenham, has quite a large music class formed here. Ross Burleigh went to Folger today. Arnold Snider and William Griffin, with their families, have moved near Wilnot. John E. Walroth will take over the post office on April 5th. Mr. Walroth has purchased the property, vacated by Frederick Orser, Liverman.

Budget From Stella.

Stella, March 28.—The patrons of Stella cheese factory held their annual dairy meeting, on March 17th. It was decided to open the factory on Wednesday night. Quite a number here are ill. Capt. H. Saunders and William Allen are recovering, after very serious attacks. Mrs. H. S. Patterson, who underwent an operation in the Kingston general hospital, two weeks ago, is recovering rapidly, and will soon be able to return home. William Fleuning, Sr., who has been quite ill for some time past, is recovering rapidly. Good prices were realized at John Reid's auction sale of farm stock and implements, on March 20th. Mr. Reid has let his farm to R. J. Marshall. He

Parham Reports.

Parham, March 28.—Mrs. M. Cronk received a nasty cut on the lip as the result of a fall lately. Miss Lillian Killins has returned from Kingston, where she visited her sister for a few days. G. A. Smith is moving his household effects this week and will occupy Mrs. Hows' house for the present. F. Charlton has purchased Mrs. Smith's property. The illustrated lecture given by Mr. Stubbs, of Peterboro, in the Methodist church, on March 21st, was much enjoyed. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart and Mrs. G. Elkins visited at J. McIlroy's, Cole Lake, last week. Thomas Bertram has returned from New Ontario, where he spent the winter. Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Goodfellow have returned from Westport. Visitors: Mrs. Henry Smith, of Wagarville, at John Wagar's; Mr. and Mrs. Roy Wagar, Wagarville, and Miss Ely, teacher at Echo Lake, at Miss Myrtle Smith's. Rev. Mr. Forster at Mrs. D. Goodfellow's. Rev. A. W. Stewart and Mrs. S. Kennedy spent Friday last at Dexter Cronk's, Long Lake. G. A. Smith and Miss Elton have returned from Westbrooke. Miss Maggie Steele, of Fish Creek, visited at C. Barr's last week. Mrs. Brown, Dresden, is with her sister, Mrs. A. C. Wagar. Dr. Spankie, I.P.S., visited the school last week.

Crow Lake Departures.

Crow Lake, March 28.—The school house was well filled on Sunday to hear the very impressive sermons preached by Rev. A. W. Stewart. Quite a number have tapped their maps but the cold weather has stopped the flow of snow. A wide circle of friends regret the departure of Mr. and Mrs. S. Middleton, also Mr. and Mrs. S. Kennedy, who left for Sheppard. John Keadle, of Thessalon, is visiting friends here. Eli Barker and mother, of Fish Creek, and Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Baker, of Sharbot Lake, Mr. and Mrs. D. Stafford, of Bob's Lake, at J. W. Knapp's. Miss Alice Orford, of Sharbot Lake, at James Hawley's. F. Whitmarsh, of Westport, has bought a number of cows in this place. Frederick Hamak, of Bolingbroke, at S. Jones'. E. Reynolds and Perry Knapp, at John Reid's. Mr. and Mrs. William Rey-

C O M E F

Letters to Housewives No. 1

Learn the secret of making the dirtiest dirt get rid of itself. Watch the advertisements on this page this week. Your curiosity will be well rewarded.

The most disagreeable of your household will be done for you. Such as cleansing and disinfecting the kitchen sink and drain-pipes, for instance, and removing one of the most frequent sources of disease.

Look for To-morrow's Ad.



701 A

Letters to Housewives No. 2

Why is it you don't like dish-washing? China and glass-ware are easy enough to wash and dry—

But the dirty, greasy pots and pans—ugh!

If you only had something in the house that would clean them for you—

That would be a great boon, wouldn't it?

Look for To-morrow's Ad.

Look for To-morrow's Ad.



701 B

Letters to Housewives No. 3

You'd welcome anything that would make it easier to get the floors really clean.

Something that would make less rubbing and scrubbing necessary.

Something that, added to the water, made the dirt literally "melt away."

You can get it.

Look for To-morrow's Ad.



701 C

Letters to Housewives No. 4

Are you sometimes bothered with roaches, rats, mice, bugs, beetles and so forth? Hard to get at, and hard to get rid of, aren't they? This dirt-destroyer we are telling you about will kill them—sure, quickly.

It also has many other special uses such as removing stains from the closet and disinfecting it. And for cleansing and purifying milk cans and utensils. Or for entirely removing old paint. Or for use instead of washing soda.

Look for To-morrow's Ad.



701 D

TINSMITH and PLUMBING

W. C. BENNETT,

Foreman for S. J. Horse for 23 years, has opened a Tinsmith and Plumbing Shop at 371 King Street. All work entrusted to my care will receive prompt attention. Phone 1033.

PICTURE FRAMING.

We do high-class Picture framing at reasonable prices. A large variety of mouldings to choose from. Regilding a specialty.

D. A. WEESSE & CO., Photos, Wallpaper.

OUR BEAVER BRAND

OF Flour is unequalled for bread or pastry. Price is moderate.

A. MACLEAN, Ontario Street.

Highest Grades

GASOLINE. COAL OIL. LUBRICATING OIL. FLOOR OIL. GREASE, ETC. PROMPT DELIVERY.

W. F. KELLY, Clarence and Ontario Streets. Tove's Building.

BIBBY'S CAR STAND

DAY OR NIGHT

Phone 201

Wood, Lumber, Shingles. Honest Measurement. Low Prices.

N. JACKSON, PLACE D'ARMES, Residence, 280 Ragot Street. Phone No. 1619.

Do it Now

Tomorrow A.M. too late. Take a CASCARET at bed time; get up in the morning feeling fine and dandy. No need for sickness from over-eating and drinking. They surely work while you sleep and help nature help you. Millions take them and keep well.

CASCARET is a box for a week's treatment, all druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.

LIST YOUR PROPERTIES NOW FOR SALE OR TO RENT

SALES NEGOTIATED. FIRE INSURANCE. RENTS COLLECTED. CONVEYANCING AND REAL ESTATE.

E. Blake Thompson, OVER NORTHERN CROWN BANK. MARKET SQUARE, KINGSTON, ONT. Phone 256.

WHEN ORDERING FLOUR

Ask your grocer or dealer to send you a trial sack of QUALITY Flour. Try it and be convinced of the celebrated quality of the Flour.

Manufactured by the Maple Leaf Milling Co., Branch Office, Ontario Street Kingston. Telephone 586.

Girl's Good School Boots

Just received a shipment of Girls' School Boots, several kinds in the lot. Just what you need for this time of year.

All Good and Strong. We are going to sell them at

\$1.50 Sizes 11 to 2.

H. JENNINGS, KING STREET

holds with his parents, Miss A. A. Gendron, at J. Bain's. Miss Susie Schillington, of Cole Lake, at her sister's, Mrs. William Anderson's. A. Gray, assessor, has made his annual call.