

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM
Ottawa Winter Fair
 Jan. 19th to 23rd, 1914
 ONE WAY FIRST CLASS FARE FOR ROUND TRIP
 \$3.70
 Tickets good going Jan. 19th to Jan. 22nd, inclusive.
 Good to return on or before Jan. 24th.
 We can make all arrangements to bring your family and friends from the Old Country. Special attention will be given them.
 For full particulars apply to
J. P. HANLEY,
 Railroad and Steamship Agent,
 Cor. Johnston and Ontario Sts.

CANADIAN PACIFIC
OTTAWA
 Winter Fair, Jan. 20 to 23
 ONE WAY FIRST CLASS FARE FOR ROUND TRIP
 \$3.70
 Tickets good going Jan. 19 to Jan. 22 inclusive. Good to return on or before Jan. 24th.
 Particulars from P. Conway, C. P. A., City Ticket Office, 141 Front Street and Wellington Sts., Phone 1197.

OCEAN STEAMSHIP AGENCY
C. S. KIRKPATRICK
 42 Clarence St. Phone 565
CANADIAN SERVICE.
 From Southampton From Portland, Me.
 Jan. 23 ASCANIA Feb. 7
 Feb. 26 ASCANIA Mar. 14
 Mar. 5 ALAUNIA Mar. 21
 Steamers will call Plymouth east-bound. Rates—Cabin class \$14.50 up. 2nd class British east-bound. \$10.25 up. Westbound \$10 up.
THE ROBERT REPOD CO., Limited.
 General Agent, 50 King St. E., Toronto.

GO TO BERMUDA
 N.S. "BERMUDIAN," twin screw, 10,518 tons displacement, sails from New York 10 a.m. 23 January, 11, 15, 25 February. Submarine signals; wireless; orchestra. Record trip 20 hours, 20 minutes. Fastest, newest, and only steamer landing passengers at the dock in Bermuda without transfer.
 West Indies—New S.S. "GULIANA," and other steamers from New York at 2 p.m. 24 January, 21 February for St. Thomas, St. Croix, St. Kitts, Antigua, Guadalupe, Dominica, Martinique, St. Lucia, Barbadoes and Demerara.
 For full information apply to J. P. HANLEY, or C. S. KIRKPATRICK, Ticket Agents, Kingston, QUEBEC STEAMSHIP CO., LTD., Quebec.

New York Fruit Store
 Sweet Oranges, 15c, 20c and 30c a dozen.
 Malaga Grapes, 20c a lb.
 Bananas, 15c and 20c a dozen.
 Figs, 15c a lb.
 Dates, 10c a lb.
 314 Princess St. Phone 1405

NOLAN'S
 For Choice Groceries, Fancy Pickles, Fancy Olives, Cured Meats.
 238 Princess St. Phone 720
 Prompt Delivery.

Phone 76
 For Your Christmas Groceries.
 Our stock is complete in all lines.
 341-3 Princess Street.
 Prompt Delivery.
 (Coast Sealed Oysters.)
D. COUPER

THE Pillar of Light

By Louis Tracy

Copyright by Mabel & Allen.

"Well," agreed Pyne, slowly, "that is the view of mine took of the remark. So he asked the professor if he had a nice agreeable sort of definition, all ready for use, of the way Englishmen clipped their syllables. The other fellow allowed that he hadn't pondered on it. 'I guess,' said my friend, 'it represents the effort of an educated man to talk English.'"
 Though the laugh was against them they were forced to snigger approval. "I think," said Constance, "that our chief national failing is pomposity, and your story hits it off exactly. In one of our small Cornish towns we have a stout little Mayor who made money in cheese and bacon. He went to see the Paris Exhibition, and an Exeter man, meeting him unexpectedly at the foot of the Eiffel Tower, hailed him with delight. 'Hello,' Mr. Mayor," he began. "Hush," said the mayor, glancing around mysteriously, "I'm ere incoog."
 None who heard these light-hearted young people yelling with merriment would imagine that they had just slipped off a piece of hard-baked bread made without yeast and washed down with water tasting of tar and turpentine.
 "Now, Miss Enid, your turn," cried Pyne.
 Her eyes danced mischievously. "Unfortunately," by the accident of birth, I am deprived of the sense of humor," she said.
 "It seems to be in the family all right," he hazarded, looking at Constance.
 "Alas!" said Enid, "I am an American."
 "I'll smile now, if that is all," said Pyne.
 "But, please, I am not joking a little bit. When you go ashore you will probably hear all about me, as I may as well take the wind out of the sails of gossip. I am a mere waif, who came sailing in out of the West one day in a little boat which must have come from the New World as no one appears to have lost either me or it in the Old. Dad picked us both up and adopted me."
 Pyne did not know whether to take her seriously or not, until he sought confirmation in a pair of tranquil eyes which he gazed into at every opportunity.
 "It is quite true," said Constance gravely. "I suppose that the mysterious affinity between parents and long-lost children which exists in story-books is all romances in reality. No family could be more united and devoted to each other than we are, yet Enid is not my sister, and my father is hers only by adoption. He found her half-dying, drifting past this very rock, and before he could reach her she fought and killed a dreadful shark. We are very proud of dad, Mr. Pyne. You see, he is our only relation. Enid knows neither her father nor mother, and my mother died when I was a baby."
 "Great Scott!" cried Pyne.
 He turned quickly towards the door. Mrs. Vansittart, very pale, with eyes that looked unnaturally large in the faint light, stood there. For an instant he was startled. He had not seen Mrs. Vansittart since they came last to the school. He was shocked by the change in her appearance. He did not like her. His alert intelligence distrusted her. But it was not his business in life to select a wife for his uncle, as he put it, and he had allowed her with respectful politeness. Now, owing to some fleeting aspect which he could not account for, some vague resemblance to another which he did not remember having noticed before, he viewed her with a certain expectant curiosity that was equally unintelligible to him.
 "She held out a scrap of paper."
 "Mr. Trill is here," she said quietly.
 "Here!" he repeated, wondering what she meant, and perplexed by her icy, self-contained tone, whilst he thought it passing strange that she had no other greeting for him.
 "Well," she said, "that is the best word I can find. He is near to us, as near as a steamer can bring him. Mr. Brand has received a signalled message; he wrote it out and sent it to me by a man. I inquired where you were, and was told you were engaged in the kitchen."
 For some reason Mrs. Vansittart seemed to be greatly perturbed. Her presence put an end to the gaiety of the place quite effectively.
 The young man took the paper in silence.
 He read: "Dear Madam—a signal just received from the Falcon runs as follows:—Mr. Cyrus J. Trill is on board and sends his love to Etta and Charlie. He will make every preparation for their comfort ashore and trusts they are bearing up well under inevitable hardships. Yours faithfully, Stephen Brand."
 Pyne strode to the door.
 "I must see if I can't get Mr. Brand to answer the old boy," he cried.
 "Perhaps you have attended to that already."
 She did not make way for him to pass.
 "No," she said. "I came to seek you on that account. If not too late, will you tell your uncle that I do not wish to delay a moment in Penance. He will please me most by arranging for a special train to await our arrival at the station."
 "What's the hurry?" he demanded. "A woman's whim, if you like, but a fixed resolve, nevertheless."
 "Will you travel in that rig-out?" he asked quizzically.
 "It is an easy matter to call at a shop if we reach shore by daylight. Then I can purchase a cloak and hat to serve my needs. Otherwise, it is no less than I am attired. Will you do this?"
 "Why, certainly."
 She gave a little gasp of relief. In another instant Pyne would have


gone, but Enid, who happened to glance through the window which opens towards the northwest, detained him.
 "There's no hurry now for sure," she said. "The Falcon is half way to Carn du by this time. I do not suppose she will return until it is too dark to do more than signal important news very briefly."
 "But this is important," cried Mrs. Vansittart shrilly. "It is of the utmost importance to me."
 "Fraid it can't be helped ma'am," said Pyne civilly. "Anyhow we're not ashore yet, and I can't see that any time will be wasted."
 The electric bell jangled in the room, causing Mrs. Vansittart to jump visibly.
 "Oh, what is it?" she screamed.
 "My father is calling one of us up," explained Constance. "It may be a message from Jack. You go, Enid."
 Enid hurried away. She had scarcely reached the next floor before Mrs. Vansittart, who seemed to have moods in full compass, said sweetly: "Convey my deep obligations to Mr. Brand, won't you, Charlie. Indeed, you might go now and write out the text of my message to your uncle. Some early opportunity of despatching it may offer."
 "All right," he said in the calm way which so effectively concealed his feelings. "Shall I escort you to your room."
 "By no means. I came here quite unassisted. Miss Brand and I can chat for a little while. It is most wearying to be pent all day and all night in one little room. Even the change to another little room is grateful."
 Pyne bowed, and they heard his steady tread as he ascended the stairs.
 "Quite a nice boy, Charlie," said Mrs. Vansittart, coming forward into the kitchen with its medley of queer-looking, hissing, steaming contrivances.
 "Yes. We think he is exceedingly nice," said Constance. She wondered why the other woman seemed always to stand in the shadow, by choice. The strongest light in the darkened chamber came from the grate, and Mrs. Vansittart deliberately turned away from it.
 "If all goes well he will soon be my nephew by marriage," went on the other. "I quit New York yesterday week in order to marry his uncle in Paris. Rather a disastrous beginning to a new career, is it not?"
 "I hope not, indeed. Perhaps you are surrounding difficulties at the commencement rather than at the end."
 "It may be. I am so much older than you that I am less optimistic. But you did not grasp the significance of my words. I said I was to be married in Paris."
 "Yes," said Constance, still at a loss to catch the drift of an announcement which Mrs. Vansittart seemed so anxious to thrust upon her.
 "Well, the Chinook was wrecked last night, or rather early this morning. The name of the ship was not made known throughout the world until long after daybreak. It is quite impossible that Mr. Trill should have reached this remote corner of England from Paris in the interval."
 For one moment the girl was puzzled. Then a ready solution occurred to her.
 "Oh, of course, that is very simple. Mr. Trill was awaiting your arrival in Southampton, thinking to take you by surprise no doubt. That is quite the explanation. What a shock the first telegram must have given him!"
 "How did he ascertain that his nephew and I were alive?"
 "The very first thing father did was to telegraph the names of all the survivors. I know that is so because I saw the message."
 "Ah. He is a man of method, I suppose. You are proud of him, I heard you say."
 "I think there is no one like him in all the world. We are so happy at home that sometimes I fear it cannot last. Yet, thank God, there is no excuse for such nightmarish horrors."
 Mrs. Vansittart cooed in her gentle way.
 "Indeed you have my earnest good wishes in that respect," she said.
 "Do we not owe our lives to you? That is an excellent reason for gratitude, if a selfish one. But, some day soon, you will be getting married and leaving the parental roof."
 "I do not wish to die an old maid," laughed Constance, "yet I have not discovered a better name than my own up to the present."
 She fancied that Mrs. Vansittart winced a little at this remark. Deeming her visitor to be a bundle of nerves she jumped to the conclusion that the other woman read into the words some far-fetched disparagement of her own approaching marriage.
 "Of course," she continued, affably tactful, "I will hold another view when the right man asks me."
 "Were you in my place," murmured her visitor, apparently thinking aloud rather than addressing Constance, "you would not be fearful of misfortune? You would not read an omen of ill luck into this dramatic interruption of all your plans? After many years of widowhood I am about to be married again to a man who is admirable in every way. He is rich, distinguishable in manner and appearance."
 "10 CENT 'CASCARET'S' STRAIGHTEN YOU UP
 No Sick Headache, Bilious Stomach, Coated Tongue or Constipated Bowels by morning. Get a 10-cent box now.
 Turn the rascals out—the head-ache, biliousness, indigestion, the sick, sour stomach and foul gases—turn them out to-night and keep them out with Cascaret's.
 Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never know the misery caused by a lazy liver, clogged bowels or an upset stomach.
 Don't put in another day of distress. Let Cascaret's cleanse your stomach; remove the sour, fermenting food; take the excess bile from your liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poison in the bowels. Then you will feel great.
 A Cascaret to-night straightens you out by morning. They work while you sleep. A 10-cent box from any drug store means a clear head, sweet stomach and clean, healthy liver and bowel action for months. Children love Cascaret's because they never grip or sick."

neither he, nor any other man in the place save myself, grasp the true meaning of the fact."
 "I've been theorizing," said Pyne here for amusement.
 He looked up at the lamp and smiled. The pillar, in those days must have been a haunt of illusions for Brand, Mke Constance and Pyne himself in the case of Mrs. Vansittart thought he caught an expression familiar to his eyes long before he had seen that clear-cut, splendidly intelligent face.
 But there was no time for idle speculation. He glanced into the well of the stairs to make sure that no one was ascending.
 Then he approached nearer to Pyne and said in an intense whisper: "It is folly to waste words with you. I have reasoned this thing out already. I will tell you what I have decided. I will take the watch from eight until twelve. At twelve you will relieve me, and I will go below to see cure provisions and water sufficient to maintain the lives of my daughters and myself, for a few hours long than the others. By right, if I followed the rules I have promised to obey, I alone should live. That is impossible. A Spartan might do it, but I cannot abandon my girls and yet retain my senses. I trust you because I must have a confederate. If the weather does not break before tomorrow night we must barricade the stairs—and fight—if necessary."
 His face was drawn and haggard his eyes blazing. He shook as one in the first throes of fever. He seemed to await his companion's verdict with an over-powring dread lest any attempt should be made to question the justice of his decree.
 "I figured it out that way, too," said Pyne. "It's queer, isn't it, to be in such a fix when there are all sorts of help within call, so to speak. We might as well be in a mine closed up by an explosion. And, I'll tell you what—I'm real sorry for you."
 Brand, collapsing under the strain, sank into a chair.
 "It is an awful thing," he moaned, "to condemn so many men, women and children, to such a death."
 A spasm of pain made Pyne's lips tremulous for an instant. He had forgotten Elsie and Mamie.
 But his voice was fully under control when he spoke again.
 "You can count on me in the deal in all but one thing," he said.
 The old man looked up fiercely. "What condition could be imposed in the fulfillment of a duty so terrible?"
 "I am here by chance," went on Pyne. "One of your daughters may have told you that Mrs. Vansittart came from New York to marry my uncle. Anyhow you would know she was dead to him by his message today. She is sort of in my charge, and I can't desert her. It's hard luck, as don't care a cent for her. She's the kind of woman old men adore—fascinating, bird-like creatures—when the cage is gilded."
 Brand sprang to his feet and raced up to the trimming-stage. When his hands were on the lamp he felt surer of himself. It gave him strength during the hurricane and it would strengthen him now.
 "There can be no exceptions," he said harshly. Pyne waited until the lighthouse-keeper rejoined him.
 "I ought to have put my proposition before you first and made a speech afterwards," he said. "Constance and Enid will join you here when you say the word, but I will be on the other side of the barricade."
 "Nonsense," cried Brand. "You have no right to thrust away the chance that is given you. You saved all these people once. Why should you die uselessly?"
 "What I suppose it pains out that way. Suppose we give a couple of weeks and escape. Am I to face the old man and tell him—the truth? No, sir. You don't mean it. You wouldn't do it yourself. What about that shark the girls told me of. I can guess just what happened. He wanted the light refreshment in the boat. Did you scoot back when you saw his fin? I'm a heap younger than you, Mr. Brand, but that bluff doesn't go."
 "Think Heaven, we have twenty-four hours yet!" murmured Brand.
 "It will be all the same when we have only twenty-four seconds. Let us fix it that way right now. Don't you see, it will be easier to deceive the girls? And there's another reason. Barbecue and shoot as you like it will be a hard thing to keep three

CHAPTER XII. PREPARATIONS.
 Pyne found Enid rosy-red and inclined to be nervous. The dying light of day was still strong enough in the service-room to permit these things to be seen.
 "No bad news, I hope?" he inquired through the sight of Stephen Brand, seated at his desk and placidly writing in his diary.
 The question steadied her to an extent.
 "It is nothing of any consequence," she said and darted past him.
 Brand looked up from his journal. He smiled, though the American thought there was a hint of pain in his eyes.
 "I am going to lose one of my girls," he said. "Oh, no, this is not a loss by death but by marriage. If I were a Frenchman, I would describe it as gaining a son. Enid has just received what is tantamount to a proposal."
 "By flag-wagging?" Pyne was naturally astounded.
 "Yes. You would not expect one of the people from the Chinook to be so enterprising."
 "I am sure," said Pyne, punctuating each word with a deliberate nod.
 "Well, in any case, I would not have forwarded the application after an acquaintance of eighteen hours," objected Brand, with equal deliberation.
 "They're two powerful fine girls," said Pyne, steering clear of the point. "They have just been telling me how Miss Enid happened along. It reads like fairy tale."
 "She was given to me by the winds and waves, yet she is dear to me as my own child. I shall miss her greatly—it all goes well here."
 "I've cottoned on to both of them something wonderful. But, if I am not intruding into private affairs, how comes it that Miss Enid is being telegraphed for?" Of course I can understand the gentleman being in a hurry. I would feel that way myself if the conditions were favorable."
 Pyne could be as stolid as a red Indian when the necessity demanded it. Brand found no hint in his face of the hidden thought in his words.
 "Have they said anything to you of a man named Stanhope," inquired the lighthouse-keeper, resuming the entry in his diary after a sharp glance upwards.
 "Yes. They pointed him out to me this morning. In the navy, I think. Fellow with a title, and that sort of thing."
 His mother is Lady Margaret Stanhope, being an earl's daughter, but his father was a knight. He has been paying attentions to Enid for a year and more, to my knowledge and to his mother's exceeding indignation. I fancy."
 "That is where we on the other side have the pull of you."
 "Have you? I wonder. However, Lady Margaret's views have not troubled me. I will deal with her when the time comes. At present I look fairly certain that Master Jack has settled matters on his own account. I may be mistaken, of course. How do you interpret this?"
 He closed the journal and handed to Pyne a memorandum taken down letter by letter by a sailor as Brand read the signal.
 "Mother sends her love to Enid."
 "Did mother ever convey her love to Enid before?" asked Pyne.
 "No."
 "Then I call that neat. I take off my hat to Stanhope. He and mamma have done a beautiful job."
 Brand leaned his head on his hands, with clenched fists covering his ears. There was a period of utter silence until the lighthouse-keeper rose to light the lamp.
 Pyne watched him narrowly.
 "I may be trespassing on delicate ground," he said at last. "If I am, you are not the sort of man to stand on ceremony. In the States, you know when the authorities want to preserve a park section, they don't say, 'Please do not walk on the grass.' They put up a board which reads: 'Keep off. We never kick. We're used to it.'"
 "My notes-board, if required, will be less curt, at any rate," replied Brand, and they faced each other. Though their words were light, no pleasant conceit lurked in their minds. There was a question to be asked and answered, and it held the issues of life and death.
 "What did you mean just now by saying, 'if all goes well here'? Is there any special reason why things should not go well?"
 The young Philadelphian might have been hawarding an inquiry about a matter of trivial interest, a question was he, so smooth his utterance. But Brand had made no mistake in estimating this youngster's force of character, nor did he seek to temporize.
 He extended an arm towards the reef.
 "You hear that?" he said.
 "Yes."
 "It may boil that way for weeks."
 "So I have been told."
 "Mr. Emmett told me."
 "Ah! He and I have discussed the matter already. Yet I imagine that


of the second box, I felt myself all right again and the pain had left. I certainly think GIN PILLS are wonders."
 JOHN J. CONKLIN, Day Editor.
 If you are suffering from any form of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Kidney Disease or Bladder Trouble, get a box of GIN PILLS at your dealer's to-day. 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, and every box sold with our positive guarantee of satisfaction or your money promptly refunded. You can try them before you buy them. Sample free will be sent if you write National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto.

"GIN PILLS ARE WONDERS"
 Says Prominent Winnipeg Newspaper Man. "Before I Used The Second Box, The Pain Had Left!"
Manitoba Free Press.
 Winnipeg, Jan. 15th, 1913
 "I think it only right that I should tell you about the benefits I received the last couple of weeks by using GIN PILLS. I was troubled for over three weeks with a pain in my back, and tried a number of remedies without any benefit. One of the reporters had also been troubled the same way and he said to me, 'Why don't you use GIN PILLS?' I used a box and a half and the pain left." He said "You take this other half of the box and get another box, and you will be all right." I am glad to inform you that before I used all



King George's Navy Plug CHEWING TOBACCO
 IS IN A CLASS BY ITSELF!
 It surpasses all others in quality and flavour because the process by which it is made differs from others.—It is deliciously sweet and non-irritating.
 SOLD EVERYWHERE: 10c A PLUG
 ROCK CITY TOBACCO Co., Manufacturers, QUEBEC

Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne
THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE.
 The Most Valuable Medicine ever discovered. The best known Remedy for
COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.
 Acts like a charm in
DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY & CHOLERA.
 Effectually cures short attacks of SPASMS. Checks and arrests those too often fatal diseases—FEVER, GROUP and AGUE.
 The only palliative in NEURALGIA, GOUT, RHEUMATISM.
 Chlorodyne is a liquid taken in drops, graduated according to the method. It is a pleasant and reliable medicine which creates a calm refreshing sleep; allays irritation of the nervous system which all other remedies fail to do; and can be taken when no other medicine can be tolerated.
 INSIST ON HAVING Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.
 The immense success of this Remedy has given rise to many imitations.
 N.B.—Every bottle of Genuine Chlorodyne bears on the stamp the name of the inventor, Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE.
 CONVINCING MEDICAL TESTIMONY WITH EACH BOTTLE.
 Sold by all Chemists. Prices in England: 1/6, 2/6, 4/6.
 Sole Manufacturers: J. T. DAVENPORT Ltd., LONDON, S.E.



KEEP YOUR FEET WARM

☞ We have many cold weather footwear propositions that are sure to keep out the cold and snow.

☞ Such articles as felt boots, overshoes, overgaiters and moccasins will keep your feet warm and comfortable during these cold days.

J. H. SUTHERLAND & BRO.
 THE HOME OF GOOD SHOES