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CANADIAN PACIFIC

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Train No. 7, formerly leaving Toronto 2.30 p.m., arriving Winnipeg 8 a.m., has been temporarily withdrawn.

Train No. 8, formerly leaving Winnipeg 1.30 p.m., arriving Toronto 8 a.m., has been temporarily withdrawn.

Train No. 27 has been resumed between Toronto and Sudbury, leaving Toronto 8.45 p.m., daily, arriving Sudbury 5.55 a.m.

Train No. 38 has been resumed between Sudbury and Toronto, leaving Sudbury 10.45 p.m., daily, arriving Toronto 8.45 p.m., daily.

Standard Sleeping Cars Toronto to Sudbury and Toronto to Sault Ste. Marie are carried on train No. 27, these cars returning on train No. 28.

FOR WINNIPEG AND VANCOUVER Leave Toronto 10.20 p.m. Daily. Compartment Library, Observation Car, Standard Sleeping Cars Toronto to Winnipeg and Toronto to Vancouver, Tourist Sleeping Cars, Dining Car, First Class Coaches, Colonist Cars.

Particulars from F. Conway, C. F. A., City Ticket Office, Cor. Princess and Wellington Sts., Phone 1197.

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In the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., are files containing hundreds of thousands of letters from women seeking health, in which many openly state their own signatures that they have regained their health by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, many of whom state that it has saved them from surgical operations.

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THE Pillar of Light

By Louis Tracy

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They scarce understood what was toward.

As the boat, a strong craft, yet such a mere speck of staunch life in the tumbling seas, was steadily impelled nearer, they saw the tug lurch ahead of the other vessels until a line was thrown and caught by Stanhope, who instantly fastened it round his waist.

The rowers wore cork jackets, but he was quite unprotected. Bare-headed, with his well-knit limbs shielded only by a jersey, loose-fitting trousers and canvas shoes, he had declined to hamper his freedom of movement with the cumbersome equipment so essential for anyone who might be cast adrift in that dreadful sea.

The girls even in their dumb agony, were fully conscious of a scurry of feet up and down the stairs. What did it matter? They paid heed to naught save the advancing boat, now deep in the trough of a wave, now perched precariously on a lofty crest.

Whoever the rowers were, they trusted wholly to the instructions given by the gallant youth who steered away so steadily into the wilderness ahead. The flying foam and high-tossed spray gave to the lighthouse the semblance of alternately lifting and lowering its huge frame amidst the furious torrents that encircled it. Nerves of steel, strong hearts and true, were needed by those who would voluntarily enter that watery inferno.

Yet the men at the oars did not falter nor turn their heads. They pulled evenly and well, with the short, deep-stroke of the fisherman, and Stanhope, now that the way lay almost in the vortex where the waves lost their regularity, produced a paddle wherewith to twist the boat's head to meet each turn and swirl.

Stealthily the powerful tug-boat crept in the wake of the smaller craft, until it became clear to the girls' strained vision that watchful helpers, lashed in the vessel's bows, were manipulating another rope as a drag, thus helping the sailors' efforts to prevent his frail argeoy from being swamped by a breaking sea.

Then a miracle did happen, a miracle of science. When the boat was yet two hundred yards away, Stanhope, looking out from the gallery in stony despair, suddenly behaved as one possessed of a fiend.

"Follow me!" he roared. "Come, every man!"

He rushed into the lantern. As if he wanted wings rather than limbs, he swung himself by his hands to the floor of the service-room.

Galvanized into activity, those who were with him on the ledge raced after him. The knees and feet had happened. Their leader had spoken, and they obeyed.

Down, down, they pelleted, taking the steep stairs with break-neck speed, until they reached the oil-room, with its thousands of gallons stored in great tanks.

Big empty tins stood there, awaiting the next visit of the tender, and Stanhope wrenched the cover off the nearest cistern. He scooped up a tinful of the oil.

"Bring all you can carry," he shouted, and was off again with an energy that was wonderful in a man who had endured the privations and hardships of so many hours.

They understood. Why had none of them thought of it earlier? The cold granite depths the lighthouse carried that which had the power to subdue the roaring fury of the reef.

The first man to reach the gallery after Stanhope was Pype, who chanced to be nearest to him when the hub-bub arose. He found the other man flinging handfuls of the oil as far to windward as the thick fluid would travel.

"Quick!" gasped Brand. "Don't pour it out! It must be scattered."

So the oil was scattered in little patches of smooth tranquillity into the void beneath, and before Stanhope had piloted his boat half the remaining distance, the wave-currents surging about the rock ceased to toss their yellow mazes so high, and the high-pitched masses of foam vanished completely.

The seamen stationed in the entrance were astonished by the rapidity of the change. In less than a minute they found they were no longer blinded by the splintered crest by which upward rush right into the interior of the lighthouse. The two nearest to the door looked out in wonderment. What devilment was the reef hatching now, that its claws should relax their clutch on the pillar and its icy spray be withheld?

Each wave, as it struck to westward of the column, divided itself into two roaring streams which met exactly where the iron rungs ran down the wall. There was a mighty clash of the opposite forces, and a further upward relief of shattered torrents before the reunited mass fell away to give place to its successor.

Full twenty feet of the granite lay were thus submerged and exposed whenever a big combat traveled shore over the reef.

But these straight-forward attacks were spasmodic. Often the eddies created by the rocks came tumbling pellmell from the north. Sometimes they would combine with the incoming tide, and then the water seemed to cling tenaciously to the side of the lighthouse until it rose to a great height, swamping the entrance, and dropping back with a tremendous northerly ally disintegrated to merge with its rival. Then it leaped into the hotly created by the receding wave, and all about the lighthouse warred a level whirlpool.

Stanhope's plan was to rush the boat in when one of these comparatively less dangerous opportunities offered. He would spring for the lead-

der, run up if possible, but, if caught by a vaulting breaker, lock himself with hands and feet on the iron rungs and endeavor to withstand the stifling embrace of the sea. He was an expert swimmer and diver, and he believed that by clinging limpet-like to the face of the rock, he had the requisite strength of lungs and sinews to resist one if not more of these wtery avalanches.

The rope around his waist was held from the tug. The instant he made his leap, the men with him were to back water, the crew at the drag to haul for all they were worth, and consequently pull the boat clear of the next wave ere it broke. That is why he selected a handy craft in place of the life-boat offered to him as soon as his resolve was whispered ashore. It was to run rapidly, quick judgment, the utilization of seconds, that he depended. The unwieldy bulk of the life-boat not only detracted from these all-important considerations, but made more than probable that she would be capsized or touch the reef.

For the same reason he timed his approach on the rising tide. He could venture nearer to the lighthouse itself, and the boat could be rowed and dragged more speedily into safety.

With him, too, were men who knew every inch of the Gulf Rock. He knew he could trust them to the end.

Although he had mapped out his programme to the last detail, Brand's inspiration in using the oil created a fresh and utterly unforeseen set of conditions.

Mountainous ridges still danced fantastically up and down the smooth granite slopes, but they no longer broke, and it is broken water, not tumultuously heaving seas, that an open boat must fear.

With the intuition of a born sailor, ready to seize any advantage given by human enemy or angry ocean, Stanhope decided, in the very jaws of opportunity, to abandon his original design totally, and about to the men he saw standing in the entrance to leave to him a rope. He would have preferred the danger of the jump. He almost longed to endure the fierce struggle which must ensue before he reached those waiting hands. He thought he would have his reward in the tense joy of the fight, in bringing salvation to Edie and those with her, in seeing her sweet face again after these days and nights of vigil.

But the paramount need was to succeed. The extraordinary and, to him, quite inexplicable, change in conditions which he had studied during tortured hours passed on the bridge of the Falcon or the Trinity tender, made it possible to remain longer in the vicinity of the rock than he had dared to hope. Therefore he knew it was advisable to adopt the certain means of communication of the thrown rope in preference to the uncertainty of his own power to reach and climb the ladder.

"Flung out his right arm, he motioned to the men in the lighthouse to be ready to heave a coil. The wind was the chief trouble now, but he must chance that.

"Vast pulling," he yelled over his shoulder as a monstrous wave pranced the reef and enveloped the column.

"Ay, ay," sang out his crew.

Up went the boat on the crest and a fearsome cavern spread before his eyes, revealing the seaweed that clung to the lowest tier of a masonry. In the same instant he caught a fleeting glimpse of a lolly billow rearing back from the rocks on the north.

Down sank the boat until the door of the lighthouse seemed to be an awful distance away. Stanhope and the crew wedged against the wooden ribs. One piercing glance in front and another to the right showed that the antagonism of the two volumes of water gave the expected lull.

"Pull!"

The boat shot onward. Once, twice, three times, the oars dipped with precision. Those rowers, who went with their backs turned to what might be instant death, were brave and staunch he who looked it unflinchingly in the face.

"Heave!" roared Stanhope to the white-visaged second officer standing in the doorway far above him.

The rope whirred through the air, the boat rose and he to meet it, and the coil struck Stanhope in the face, lashing him savagely in the final spite of the baffled gale which puny man had conquered.

Never was blow taken with such Christian charity.

"Back!" he cried, and the seamen, not knowing what had happened, bent against the tough blades. The tug's sailors at the drag, though the engines grinding at half-speed were keeping them grandly against the race not more than a hundred and fifty yards in the rear, failed for an instant to understand what was going on. But their captain had seen the cast and read its significance.

"Haul away!" he belloved in a form.

The boat shot onward. Once, twice, three times, the oars dipped with precision. Those rowers, who went with their backs turned to what might be instant death, were brave and staunch he who looked it unflinchingly in the face.

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voice of thunder, and to cheer them on, added other words which showed that he was no landsman.

Stanhope deftly knotted the lighthouse line to the loop taken off his waist. He cast the joined cords overboard.

"Thank God!" he said, and he looked up at the great pillar already growing less in the distance.

Now, from the kitchen, owing to its height above sea level and the thickness of the wall pierced by the window, as soon as the boat came within fifty yards or so of the lighthouse, the girls could see it no longer.

When it dropped out of sight for the last time Constance could not endure the strain. Though her dry tongue clicked in her mouth she forced a despairing cry.

"Edie," she screamed, "lean out through the window. It is your place."

"I cannot! Indeed I cannot! He will be killed! Oh, save him, kind Providence, and take my life in his stead!"

Constance lifted the frenzied girl in her strong arms. This was no moment for pulling hair.

"If I loved a man," she cried, "and he were about to die for my sake, I should count it a glory to see him die."

The brave words gave Edie some measure of comprehension. Yes, that was it. She would watch her lover whilst he faced death, even though her heart stopped beating when the end came.

Helped by her sister, she opened the window and thrust her head out. To her half-dazed brain came the consciousness that the sea had lost its venom. She saw the boat come on, pause leap forward, the rope thrown and the knot made.

As the boat retreated she caught Stanhope's joyous glance. He saw her, and waved his hand. Something he said caused the two rowers, for the first time to give one quick glance backward, for they were now scudding rapidly away from the danger zone. She knew them; she managed to send a frantic recognition of all three.

Then, in almost overpowering reaction, she drew back from the window and tears of divine relief streamed from her eyes.

"Constance," she sobbed, "he has saved us! Look out. You will see him. I cannot."

Yet, all tremulous and breathless, she brushed away the tears and strove to distinguish the boat once more. It appeared, a vague blot in the mist that enshrouded her.

"Connie," she said again, "tell me that all is well."

"Yes, dear. Indeed, indeed, he is safe."

"And do you know who came with him? I saw their faces—Ben Pollard and Jim Spence—in the Daisy. Yes, it is true. And Jack planned it with them. They have escaped, and we too, will be rescued. It is God's own doing. I could thank him on my knees for the rest of my life."

CHAPTER XV. EDIE'S NEW NAME

The twisted strands of tough hemp might have been an electric cable of almost conductivity if its powers were judged by results. When willing hands had carefully hauled in the rope until the knot could be unfastened, and the end secured to the cord connecting the gallery with the entrance, a man was despatched to warn Brand that all was in readiness for the next step.

The rough sailor was the messenger of the gods to those who waited on each story. As he ran upwards, climbing the steep stairs with the nimbleness of a monkey, he belloved the great news to each crowded doorway, feeling the girls in the kitchen, though already his breath was scant, he slurred out:

"It's all right, ladies! He's done he tried!"

On the best landing pallid women's faces gleamed at him.

"Rope aboard!" he gasped. "They're yin on logs o' mutton now."

Yet again he was waylaid on the floor above. Here a crowd for wind, he wheeled forth consolation.

"Just spin to haul the bottled beer aboard," he grunted.

It would never do to pass the hospital without a word.

"Bee-tee-an port wine swimmin' here," he panted.

Brand was peering through the lantern door, awaiting this unwashed Mercury, who caught sight of the lighthouse-keeper ere his shaggy head had emerged from the well.

The man stopped, almost spent. He gave an off-handed sailor's salute.

"Haul away, sir," he yelled, and his voice cracked with excitement. Indeed they who remained quite coherent on the Gulf Rock, on the ships, and even on the cliffs nine miles away, were few in number and to be pitied exceedingly. There are times when a man must cheer and a woman's eyes glisten with joyous tears else they are flabby creatures, human jellyfish. The steamboats snorted with raucous stent-blasts, and although the hoarse shouting of men and the whistling of steam were swept into space by the north wind in its rage, those on shore could read the riddle through their glasses of the retreating boat and the white vapor-puffs.



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(To be continued.)