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DAILY EDITION.



WEDNESDAY, Nov. 1

THE CITY ENGINEER AND THE RAW DEAL

The News has always been careful in criticising public men and public affairs to avoid any attack on public servants. There are two reasons for this. A public servant has little opportunity to reply to attacks, and his actions are invariably the result of obeying the orders of his official head.

But there are times, when a public servant should not be screened; when he should prove his integrity by handing in his resignation rather than consent to obey orders that constitute a breach of good faith to the general public.

An occasion such as this has arisen in regard to the City Engineer's action over the Woodworth Lake clearing contracts. No one knows better than the City Engineer the impropriety of opening the contractors' and station-gangs' tenders before putting in his own price. That he should have been a party to Alderman Hilditch's scheme is more than a matter of departmental discipline. It is a public issue.

The News is not at all concerned with any disciplinary relations that Colonel Davis may have with the Chairman of the Public Works Committee. Colonel Davis is free to eat out of Alderman Hilditch's hand if he so please. But his duty is not personal to Alderman Hilditch. His duty is to the city at large. His fidelity is due to every citizen, including the contractors and citizens who composed the station gangs.

Colonel Davis would have enhanced his professional standing, by refusing to be a party to such a contemptible trick as that which Alderman Hilditch and his colleagues played on the contractors and the men of the station gangs.

LONG LAUNCH TRIP

UGLY CHARGE ENDS

Cap. Robinson off to Vancouver in Cap. Jardine's Launch

Masset Case Against Prince John Waiter is Dropped

In Captain Jardine's big white gasoline launch, Captain H. Robinson of the Rupert Marine Iron-works, left on Sunday afternoon for Vancouver. The trip was taken as an experience and for business purposes. Captain Robinson will do some hunting on the way south.

Chief Owen, of the Provincial Police, on his return from an official visit to Masset and the Islands, states that the charge of assault against a waiter on the Prince John in which a little Masset girl was concerned has been dropped owing to insufficient evidence.

TO-NIGHT

THE - EMPRESS - THEATRE

MAY ROBERTS

and her company

IN THE GERMAN COMEDY

"Fritz the Chauffeur"

Don't Fail to See L. Victor Gillard
The Heidelberg Student

PRICES—50c., 75c. and \$1.00. Seat sale at Empress Theatre office

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FIRST—"CATCH YOUR HARE"

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As this office produces good printing you may infer the presence of a good printer—who is "catchable."

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Daily News Building

PHONE 98

Third Avenue

THE Pillar of Light

By Louis Tracy

"This is a nice thing," he cried, when he came within speaking distance of the girl in the boat. "I manage to bamboozle the admiral out of three days' leave and I rush to Penzance to be told that Constance and you are off to the Gulf of Rock for the day. It is too bad of you, Enid."

"Why not come with us?" The audacity of her.

"By Jove," he agreed. "That would be jolly. Look here. Wait two minutes until I scribble a line to the master."

"Nothing of the sort, Jack," interposed the other girl quietly, taking from his arm the waterproof cloak he was carrying for her. "You know Lady Margaret would be very angry, and with very good reason. Moreover, dad would be annoyed, too."

"The old girl is going out this afternoon," he protested.

"And she expects you to go with her. Now, Jack, don't let us quarrel before we have met for five minutes. We will see you to-morrow."

He helped her down the stone steps.

"Enid," he murmured, "Connie and you must promise to drive with me to Morvah in the morning. I will call for you at seven sharp."

"What a pity you can't sail out to the rock with us to-day. Tomorrow is so distant."

The mix lifted her blue eyes to his with such ingenuous regret in them that Stanhope laughed and pipes were shifted to permit the listeners above their heads to snigger approval of her quip.

"Will you wig us enough at it, Enid," said the other girl. "We are bringing him a peace-offering of fruits of the earth, Jack."

"One can never tell. It all depends on the state of the sea near the rock. Anyhow, we can have a chat, and send up the vegetables by the derrick."

"We'll never get there thickly tide if we're not here much longer," interrupted Ben.

"Hello, old grumpus! How are you? Mind you keep these young ladies off the stones."

"And mind you keep your tin-pot off the stones," growled Pollard. "They was a-sayin' last night her were aground at Portsea."

"They said right, Father Ben. That is why I am here."

"I was glad at him with ready anxiety. There was nothing of the flirt in her manner now."

"I hope you had no mishap," she said, and Constance mutely echoed the inquiry. Both girls knew well that a serious thing it was for a youngster to run his first boat ashore.

"Don't look so glum," he chuckled. "I am all right. Got a bit of kudos out of it really. We fouled the Volze and strained our steering gear. That is all."

It was not all. He did not mention that, during a torpedo attack on a foggy night, he ran up to three battleships undefended by nets and stenciled his initials within a white square on five divergent parts of their sleek hulls, thus signifying to an indignant admiral and three confounded captains (dictionary meaning of "confounded") that these leviathans had been ingloriously sunk at their moorings by torpedoes.

"It sounds unconvincing," said Constance. "You must supply details to-morrow. Enid, that horrid pun of yours ruins the word."

"Are we also to supply luncheon?" chimed in Enid.

"Perish the thought. I have lived on sandwiches and bottled beer for weeks. There! Off you go."

He gave the boat a vigorous push and stood for a little while at the foot of the steps, ostensibly to light a cigar. He watched Constance shipping the rudder whilst Enid hoisted the sail and old Ben piled a pair of oars to carry the boat into the fair way of the channel.

"They neared the harbor lighthouse. The way was filled and the Daisy got way on when she sighted the round end of the solid pier and vanished, whereupon Lieutenant Stanhope walked slowly to the Promenade, whence he could see the diminishing speck of canvas on the shining sea until it was hidden by Clement's Island."

At last, the devotees of twist and shag resting their tired arms on the railing, were able to exchange comments.

"Brace 'o' fine galls, them," observed the acknowledged leader, a broken-down "captain" of a mine abandoned soon after his birth.

"Fine," agreed his nearest henchman. Then catching the gleam of the treating figure, he added:

"But what does that young spark want, turning their pretty heads for them, I should like to know?"

"They didn't seem particular stuck on 'im," ventured another.

"The ways of women's curious," pronounced the oracle. "I once knew a gill—"

But his personal reminiscences were not of value. More to the point was the gabbled, but, in the main, accurate account he gave of the rescue of an unknown child by one of the keepers of the Gulf Rock lighthouse on a June morning eighteen years earlier.

Stephen Brand was the name of the man, and there was a bit of a mystery about him, too. They all knew that a light-keeper earned a matter of £70 to £80 a year—not enough to maintain a daughter and an adopted child in slap-up style, was it? A small villa they lived in, and a governess they had, and ponies to ride when they were big enough. The thing was ridiculous, wasn't it?

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, unsociable chap, though Jones, a Trinity pensioner, who kept the "Pillbox and Seine" now, wouldn't hear a word wrong about him. A pretty sort of a captain! But then, they all knew what an old slow-coach Jones was. They did; Pones's pints were retailed on the premises for money down.

Then there was Spence, lame Jim, who lived at Marazion; he told a fine tale about a fight with a hawk before Bran drenched the boat in which was the blessed baby—that very girl, Enid, they had just seen. Was it true? How could he say? 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 met at all the time in Penzance. The light-keeper was a man of 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. All 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 it was necessary to turn the boat's head seawards. Even then, by steering close to the Runnelstone, they 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 seek 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 Scilly 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.

There was an ominous drop in the temperature. 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 conquest over the land.

"She do look like snow," he admitted.

"Well, what does that matter?" Without waiting for orders, Constance had cast 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 is 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 argue w' she, but I just couldn't. An' how often do us see snow in Cornwall? Once in a blue moon." And who would dispute him? No West-country man, certainly.

At a distance of five miles one 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 the course 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 despair, that the Land's End was already blotting out in a swirling snow-storm, and the great plash 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 ashore for Mount's Bay.

"'Ee doan' 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' 'tes easy to drive to the wrong side of the light. We'm try again to-morrow. On'y the flowers 'll spile. 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 shiver. 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 he hesitated. Even he, versed in the ways of the sea, was startled. Both girls positively jumped, the sudden bang of the rocket was so unexpected.

"Master 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 plash 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 over-powering 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'll see what's the matter," growled Ben. "Steady if it is, Miss Brand. Ef we'm in trouble I'd as soon ha' you 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 forboded 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 beloved one 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," he said, "I shall have trouble enough to keep you in the nest without worrying as to the manner of your leaving it. Work at your drawing of true art. 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 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 hand, he endeavored 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. 'Tos clearin' a bit. We'm heave 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 board quarter they caught a confused rushing noise, like the subdued murmur of a millrace. The tide had covered the reef.

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

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

"Lower away!" cried Ben, and the vessel with a sharp rattle that howled through the air, lowered and 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 ahoi!" she screamed, in a voice high-pitched with emotion. There was no answering clang of the door opening from the room on a balcony. The door was open, but the girls visited the rock, but they knew that this was the first sign they might expect of their arrival being noted if there were no watchers pacing the "promenade."

"Help us, Ben," cried Constance, and their united shouts might be heard a mile away in the prevailing stillness. A window half way up the tower was open. A man's head and shoulders appeared.

"It was Stephen Brand. Enid, on whose sensitive soul the storm, the signal, the hissing rush of the boat through the waves had cast a spell of indefinite horror, bit her lip to restrain her tears.

Brand gave a glance of amazement at the three pale faces. But this was no time for surprise or question. "I am coming down," he shouted. "Providence must have sent you at this moment."

He vanished.

"What can it be?" said Constance, outwardly calm now in the assurance that her father was safe.

"Must ha' bin a doctor," said Ben. "That signal 'a' blessed tug in harbor, nor won't be till the tide makes."

"That will mean delay," cried Enid. "Five or six hours at least, missy."

The main door at the head of the iron ladder clamped to the stones swang back, and Brand leaned out. He had no greeting for them, nor words of astonishment.

"When will the tug reach here, Ben?" he asked.

The fisherman told him the opinion he had formed.

"Then you girls must come and help me. Jackson scolded his hands and arms in the kitchen, and Bates was hurrying to the store-room for oil and whitening when he slipped on the stairs and broke his leg. We must get them both ashore. Ben, you can take them."

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Now, Constance, you first. Hold tight and stand in the ship. Your boat can't come near the rock."

He swung the derrick into place and began to work the windlass. Constance, cool as her father, whispered to the excited Enid:

"Let us divide the parcels and take half each."

"Oh, I should have forgotten all about them," said Enid stooping to empty the lockers.

Constance, without flickering an eyelid, stepped into the strong basket with its iron hoops, and, having arranged some of the plethoric paper bags at her feet, told her father to "hoist away."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

TRY THE "NEWS" WANT AD.
WAY OF FINDING

LAND PURCHASE NOTICES

Skene Land District—District of Coast Range 5
Take notice that Leroy F. Grant of Prince Rupert, B. C., occupation civil engineer, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:
Commencing at a post planted about 3 1/2 miles in a northerly direction from the northeast corner of Lot 1389, Range 5, Coast District, thence east 80 chains, thence north 20 chains, thence west to bank of river, thence south following bank of river to point of commencement; containing 160 acres more or less.
Dated Sept. 9, 1911.
LEROY F. GRANT
Pub. Oct. 14.
Gordon C. Emmerson, Agent

Skene Land District—District of Coast Range 5
Take notice that I, Christopher James Graham of Prince Rupert, B. C., occupation locomotive engineer, intend to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:
Commencing at a post planted at the south-west corner of Lot No. 1733 vicinity of Lake Lakelse and marked Christopher J. Graham N. E. corner of Lot No. 1116, Harvey's Survey Coast District Range 5, thence east 40 chains, thence north 20 chains, thence south 80 chains to point of commencement; containing 320 acres more or less.
CHRISTOPHER JAS. GRAHAM, Locator
Dated Sept. 22, 1911. 11:55 A.M.—Witnessed T. D. Laird.
Pub. Sept. 23.

Skene Land District—District of Cassiar
Take notice that R. H. Stewart of Vancouver, B. C., occupation truckman, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:
Commencing at a post planted 40 chains south of the N. E. corner of Lot No. 1116, Harvey's Survey Coast District Range 5, thence east 40 chains, thence north 20 chains, thence south 80 chains to point of commencement; containing 160 acres more or less.
RICHARD HOWARD STEWART
Dated Aug. 19, 1911.
James T. Fullerton, Agent
Pub. Sept. 23.

Skene Land District—District of Coast Range 5
Take notice that Harold Smith of Oroya, Alta., occupation station agent, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:
Commencing at a post planted at the south-west corner 100 chains east and 20 chains north of the N. E. corner of Lot No. 1116, Harvey's Survey Coast District Range 5, thence east 40 chains, thence north 20 chains, thence south 80 chains to point of commencement; containing 160 acres more or less.
Dated Sept. 9, 1911.
HAROLD E. SMITH
Pub. Sept. 23.
Fred W. Bohler, Agent

Skene Land District—District of Coast Range 5
Take notice that I, Gordon C. Emmerson of Prince Rupert, B. C., occupation real estate broker, intend to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:
Commencing at a post planted about 2 1/4 miles in a northerly direction from the northeast corner of Lot 1389, Range 5, Coast District, thence east 80 chains, thence north 20 chains, thence south following river bank to point of commencement; containing 160 acres more or less.
Dated Sept. 9, 1911.
GORDON C. EMMERSON
Pub. Oct. 14.

Skene Land District—District of Coast Range V
Take notice that I, Benjamin A. Fish of Towson, N. D., occupation merchant, intend to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:
Commencing at a post planted on the east boundary of Lot 4484, thence north 60 chains, thence east 30 chains, thence south 60 chains, thence west 30 chains to point of commencement; containing 360 acres more or less.
Dated June 24, 1911.
BENJAMIN A. FISH
Pub. July 25.
Fred E. Cowell, Agent

Skene Land District—District of Coast Range 5
Take notice that Hiram Roy McTavish of Winnipeg, Eng., occupation lawyer, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:
Commencing at a post planted at the southwest corner 40 chains east and 40 chains north from N. E. corner of Lot 1116, Harvey's Survey Coast District Range 5, thence east 40 chains, thence south 20 chains, thence west 40 chains to point of commencement containing 160 acres more or less.
Dated Sept. 18, 1911.
HIRAM ROY MCTAVISH
Pub. Sept. 23.
Fred W. Bohler, Agent

Skene Land District—District of Coast Range V
Take notice that Jesse M. Tallman of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, occupation farmer, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:
Commencing at a post planted on the southerly shore of Kutzumeyen Inlet on the right bank of a small stream flowing into said Inlet just east of Crow Lake, thence south 20 chains, thence west 20 chains more or less to the shore line of Crow Lake, thence northerly and easterly following the shore line of Crow Lake, the Inlet to Crow Lake and Kutzumeyen Inlet to the place of commencement, containing forty acres more or less.
Dated Aug. 9, 1911.
JESSE M. TALLMAN
Pub. Aug. 12.

Skene Land District—District of Coast Range 5
Take notice that E. H. G. Miller of Falmouth, Eng., occupation surveyor, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:
Commencing at a post planted at the N. W. Corner of Lot 4406, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 20 chains to the point of commencement containing 160 acres more or less.
Dated August 15, 1911.
E. H. G. MILLER
Pub. Aug. 26.
P. M. Miller, Agent

Skene Land District—District of Coast Range 5
Take notice that R. F. Miller of Tipton, England, occupation farmer, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:
Commencing at a post planted about 60 chains west from the N. W. Corner of Lot 4406, thence north 40 chains, thence west 20 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence east 20 chains to the point of commencement containing eighty acres more or less.
Dated August 19, 1911.
R. F. MILLER
Pub. Aug. 26.
P. M. Miller, Agent

Skene Land District—District of Coast Range 5
Take notice that Frank S. Miller of London, Eng., occupation civil engineer, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:
Commencing at a post planted at the N. E. Corner of Lot 28, thence north 20 chains, thence west 20 chains, thence south 20 chains, thence east 20 chains to point of commencement, containing 40 acres more or less.
Dated August 15, 1911.
FRANK S. MILLER
Pub. Aug. 26