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DAILY EDITION.

FRIDAY, NOV. 17

IS IT AN AWAKENING?

The news announced exclusively in the Daily News that the Provincial Government intends to open offices at Charlotte City for the transaction of business relating to the Queen Charlotte Islands, will be welcome news to the residents of the Islands. The developments of the Islands has been too long delayed by medieval office systems already. It has been monstrous that intending settlers should have been subjected to a battle-dore and shuttle cock treatment, driven hither and thither between the Government offices at Prince Rupert and the lands upon Graham Island upon which they desired to settle. Again and again settlers have been instructed to go over to the Islands to find out facts unobtainable at the Prince Rupert office, only to find that the farther away they went the less hope was there of getting satisfaction. Being invariably poor men seeking a home, they were driven away from the district by the difficulties thus imposed. An office at a central point on the Queen Charlottes, with a resident agent, will go a great deal to abolish this unsatisfactory state of affairs, even though it means the cutting off of one of the sources of revenue for Prince Rupert.

Now that the Government has shown signs of awakening, perhaps it will go further. Perhaps it will vote appropriations for the development of the Islands commensurate, at least, with the revenues it is reaping therefrom. That would be sound economy, as well as common justice. An inquiry into the conditions under which the coal, timber and land staking companies—particularly aliens—are holding the lands from cultivation should be instituted.

The Queen Charlotte Islands under sympathetic development have it in them to become sources of great wealth. Prince Rupert is deeply interested in their development, for, in a double sense, the Islands are destined to become "feeders" for Prince Rupert.

ROGUES AND HEROES.

The slight push of Fate that stamps one man a rogue and makes of another the hero of a Sunday School story, is shown in the brief announcement in a Toronto paper that "Joe Phillips" dream has come true. There are now 11,056 people living in the York Loan District.

Joe Phillips, five years ago, was president of the York Loan Co. He took the company's funds and bought a huge tract of land on the west borders of Toronto. He had visions of seeing it become a fashionable residential district, and of reaping millions for himself.

But the property was slow in rising. Before he could realize enough to repay the company the police nabbed him. Today Joe Phillips is in Kingston Penitentiary, serving the fifth of his seven year term.

And today there are 11,056 living on the York Loan property, which has since become the fashionable residential district of Toronto.

What a narrow escape Joe Phillips has had of becoming a hero of a Sunday School prize book instead of a convict.

THE Pillar of Light

By Louis Tracy

"The purse, and I examined all that was left this morning, and we both agreed that some of the things had disappeared. It is very strange."

Pyne was not wholly prepared for this mine being sprung on him. So he essayed to gain time.

"It doesn't appeal to me in that light. There was a miscalculation about the water. Why not about the food?"

"Because my father went through all the stores personally and portioned them out. Some flour and tinned meat have gone; I am quite sure of it. The question is—who can have taken them. The flour, at least, must have attracted attention if anybody tried to eat it."

"Did you say all that to the purser?" he asked, suspending his labors and looking at her steadily.

"No. We could not remember exactly what proportion of the various articles there ought to be left."

"Then, take my advice, Miss Constance, and keep on forgetting," he said.

A quick flush came into her pale cheeks.

"You are not saying that without good cause?" she murmured.

"I have the best of reasons. If the least hint of such a thing goes round among the men there will be ructions."

Constance went to the door and closed it.

"Enid," she said, "I believe father and Mr. Pyne have got some dreadful plan in their minds which they dare not tell us about."

But the American was not to be cornered in such fashion. He opened the door again and went out, pausing on the threshold to say:

"I wouldn't venture to guess what might be troubling Mr. Brand, but you can take it from me that what he says, goes. Talk about grasping a nettle firmly, I believe your father would grab a scorpion by the tail if he felt that way."

And with this cryptic utterance he quitted them, leaving to warn Brand at the first opportunity that the time was at hand when he must harden his heart and take the decisive step of cutting off communication between the service-room and the remainder of the building.

This could be done easily. The flanges of the uppermost iron staircase were screwed to the floor above and below. A few minutes' labor would remove the screws; the steps could be lifted bodily into the service-room and there utilized to seal the well.

"What a howling menagerie will break loose here when they find out," thought Pyne. "It's a hard thing to say, but we ought to have the door open. Quite a stack of folks will need to be pitched outside."

A comforting reflection truly, yet his face bore no token thereof as he joined the lighthouse-keeper and several of the Chinook's officers and men on the gallery.

The wind had shifted another couple of points to the north, and the sea, apart from the reef, was running in a heavy unbroken swell. That was the tantalizing part of it. Any ordinary ship's boat, properly managed, could live in perfect safety in the open. But the iron-toothed reef, with its tenuous channels and battling currents changing with every stage of the tide, surrounded the pillar with an apparently impassable barrier, whilst the lighthouse itself offered as frowning a front as any of the black rocks which reared their weed-covered crests at low water.

Signals were being exchanged between the gallery and the Trinity tender. Brand seemed to be very emphatic in his answers to the communications made to him by Stanhope.

"No, no," he muttered aloud, whilst the anxious man near him wondered why he was so impatient.

"It is utterly impossible!" he said again. "No boat can do it—some one should stop him. It means certain loss of life!"

At last, becoming aware that his companions could not understand what was going on, he turned to them with the passionate explanation.

"That brave fellow Stanhope says that, with two others at the oars, he intends to row near enough to the rock at half flood to endeavor to spring onto the ladder. I cannot persuade him that no man has ever yet succeeded in such a mad project."

Look below, and see how each wave climbs around the rock, or tapers to the base. The thing is wildly impracticable. He will be swept off and smashed to pieces before our eyes, even if the boat escapes."

"If the boat can come near enough for that purpose, couldn't we heave a line aboard her?" asked one of the ship's officers.

"We can try. I shall signal them to that effect. Anything is better than to sanction an attempt which is foredoomed to failure, and must result in the death of the man who tries it."

Thereupon more energetic flag-waving took place. Finally Brand decided in their favor.

"I cannot convince him," he cried. "He has made up his mind. May the Lord preserve him from a peril which I consider to be a mortal one."

"Has he put forward any theory?" asked Pyne. "He was doing a lot of talking."

"Yes," explained Brand. "He believes that a strong boat, rowed to the verge of the broken water, might watch her opportunity and dart in close to the ladder on the backwash of a big wave, allowing its successor to lift her high enough for an active man to jump onto the rungs. The rowers must pull for their lives the instant the wave breaks and leave him clinging to the ladder as best he can. There is more chance of success in that way, he thinks, than in trying to make fast a line thrown by us, even if it fell over the boat. It is all a question of time, he argues, and I have failed to convince him that not

only he but his companions will be lost."

"Is there no chance?" inquired the second officer.

"Look below," repeated Brand hopelessly, and indeed, when they obeyed him, craning their necks over the rail to examine the seething cauldron from which the granite tower tapered up to them, no man could say that the lighthouse-keeper deplored Stanhope's decision without good reason.

They understood matters a little better, perhaps, when, one by one, they re-entered the lantern, the Falcon having flitted away to make her final preparations. Brand asked them not to make known the nature of the pending undertaking.

"If I thought it would do any good to the suffering people I would gladly see them enveloped by the flames," he said. "I can assure you, however, I expect nothing but disastrous failure—and gentlemen—Lieutenant Stanhope is practically engaged to be married to one of my daughters."

What was to be said? They quitted him in silence that was the dominant note of their lives just then. Pyne alone, however, he murmured why one man should be called on to endure so much.

Though each of those present on the gallery was loyal to Brand's sorrowful request, it was impossible to prevent others from seeing that something of exceptional interest was in progress afloat and on the rock.

Brand did not know that the official of the Trinity House had only agreed to help Stanhope's hazardous project under compulsion. The sailor informed them that he was determined to carry out his scheme, with or without their assistance. So, when the Falcon, the tender, and a strong tug hired by Mr. Traill, rounded the distant Carn du headland at eleven o'clock, the lighthouse-keeper, that further protest was unavailing.

It behooved him to take all possible measures to help the men who were about to dare so much to help him.

In the first place, he caused a rope to be swung from the gallery to the doorway. If any doubt were entertained as to the gravity of the situation, Stanhope's enterprise it was promptly met with in accomplishing this comparatively simple task. Even a heavy piece of wood, slung to the end of the ninety odd feet of cord necessary did not prevent the wind from lashing the weighted end in furious plunges seaward.

At last a sailor came forward to attempt the task of attaching Stanhope's enterprise it was promptly met with in accomplishing this comparatively simple task. Even a heavy piece of wood, slung to the end of the ninety odd feet of cord necessary did not prevent the wind from lashing the weighted end in furious plunges seaward.

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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 arse 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, Brand, 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. They knew not what had happened. Their leader had spoken, and they obeyed.

Down, down, they pelted, taking the steep stairs with breakneck 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 Brand 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? In its 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 Brand was Pyne, who chanced to be near the door when the hubbub 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 colza fell in little patches of smooth tranquillity into the void before Stanhope had piloted his boat, and the remaining distance, the wave-currents swirling about the rock ceased to toss the yellow manes 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 spindrift cast by each upward rush right into the interior of the lighthouse. The two nearest to the door looked out in wonderment what devilment was the reef hatchling now, that its claws should relax their clutch on the pillar and its icy spindrift be withheld?

Each wave, that 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 rearing of shattered torrents before the reunited mass fell away to give place to its successor.

Pull twenty feet of the granite ladders were thus submerged and exposed whenever a big comber traveled sheer over the reef.

But these straight-forward attacks were spasmodic. Often the eddies created by the rocks came tumbling pell-mell 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 crash. There were times when the northwardly dislaid to merge with its rival. Then it leaped into the hollow 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 ladder, 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 oncoming 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 watery avalanches.

The rope around his waist was held from the tug. The instant he made his leap, the men with him were 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 on rapidity, 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 it 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 the water. With his too, the men who knew every inch of the Gulf Rocks, 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 days of opportunity, to abandon his original design totally, and shout to the men he saw standing in the entrance to heave 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 could have his hands free. He thought he would have his reward in the tense joy of the fight, in bringing salvation to Enid and those with her, in seeing her sweet face again after these days and nights of vigil.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Advertise in
The Daily News

LAND LEASE NOTICE

Bella Coola Land District—District of Coast Range
Take notice that H. M. Cliff of Dundalk, Ireland, occupation gentleman, intends to apply for permission to lease the following described lands:
Commencing at a post planted at the shore near the N. E. corner of Lot No. 2, thence north 40 chains, thence west 80 chains more or less to east boundary of cannery lease, thence following said shore line, thence following said shore line easterly 80 chains more or less to point of commencement, containing 320 acres, more or less.
Dated August 31, 1911. H. M. CLIFF
Pub. Sept. 30. William McNair, Agent

Bella Coola Land District—District of Coast Range
Take notice that H. M. Cliff of Dundalk, Ireland, occupation gentleman, intends to apply for permission to lease the following described lands:
Commencing at a post planted at the N. E. corner of Lot No. 4, thence north 40 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence south 40 chains more or less to shore line, thence following shore line westerly 40 chains more or less to point of commencement, containing 80 acres, more or less.
Dated August 31, 1911. H. M. CLIFF
Pub. Sept. 30. William McNair, Agent

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Commencing at a post planted at the N. W. corner of Lot No. 4, thence north 40 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence south 40 chains more or less to shore line, thence following shore line westerly 40 chains more or less to point of commencement, containing 80 acres, more or less.
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Commencing at a post planted at the S. E. corner of Lot No. 2, thence north 40 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence south 40 chains more or less to shore line, thence following shore line westerly 40 chains more or less to point of commencement, containing 80 acres, more or less.
Dated August 31, 1911. H. M. CLIFF
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COAL NOTICE

Skeena Land District—District of Queen Charlotte Islands
Take notice that Austin M. Brown of Prince Rupert, occupation gentleman, intends to apply for permission to lease the following described lands:
Commencing at a post planted five miles east of Coal Lease No. 447, marked C. E. B. S. E. corner of Coal Lease No. 3, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to place of commencement.
Dated Sept. 11, 1911. C. E. BAINTER, Locust Pub. Sept. 23.

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