

(Continued from First page.)  
coming in, and in an hour it'll be flooded.

'Fayther's there!' the boy cried, and without another word rushed off.

Other boys were sent to the other parts of the mine, forced by George's stern voice to obey, as he told them he would not let one man leave the pit till they were all there.

Then he waited. And if any one had seen his face as he stood alone, a strange change would have been noticed in it. There was now a look of such triumphant gladness as for many a year had not rested there. He stretched out his arms like one who had just ended some weary labor. Then his head sank on his bosom, and he muttered:

'O God! Saved! saved! Thou hast kept me from it, and I may yet save them all.'

Quickly he recovered himself and went into a small office where he kept his books and instruments. He took from a box a small revolver and some matches and went out again. He then set light to a heap of shavings and dry wood lying near the door, and this soon blazed up, illuminating the whole place.

And again he waited. Soon troop after troop of the men, flying at their utmost speed, reached the pit's mouth, and a fearful sight it was to see the struggling mass of men, each one with maddened shouts and blows, striving to come nearer to the basket. But George Heimers' voice was heard loud above all:

'The first that touches that basket before I tell him, I'll shoot the man!'

They saw the levelled barrel of the revolver and drew back.

'Those that are married, stand here.'

And in silence the men obeyed him. He then signalled to a certain number of them to enter the basket. Not an instant was lost and they were hoisted out of sight.

The others strained their eyes to watch the ascending mass, calculating how soon it would return for them. Some of the men who had their sons with them clasped them tight in their arms, whispering messages to be given if they were lost, for in nearly every case the fathers chose that the boys should go in their place; some sank to the ground muttering prayers that they had never spoken since childhood, and others listened to George Heimers as he told them there was still hope if they would obey him.

Jim Massey had been in one of the most distant workings, and was one of the last to reach the pit's mouth, and now he stood by the wall apart, with eyes bent down on something he held in his hand—a lock of Agnes's hair that she had given him the night before.

More than half the number of men were now safe; and the basket, whirled up by those who knew just how much depended on their work, had just left when George, in a calm voice with which he had spoken before, said: 'Men, who's to go next?' There were only about twenty left, men and boys, whom George had many a time helped by words and deeds; they remembered this, and all cried out at once: 'Next turn's thine, master—we'll come after!'

'Thank you, my lads,' he answered quietly; 'I'm not going this time, but want to send some one in my place. Will you let me?'

Not so eagerly this time—but still the answer, 'Aye, master!' was given.

'Jim, come here,' George shouted again. Nay, lad, you must! Remember Agnes wants you, Jim you'll be good to her, won't you? And tell her sometimes the last words I tried to say were, 'God bless both of you!'

Once more the basket descended, the few that were chosen leaped into it, the rope was shaken as the signal to hoist up, and with one tight hand grip George sent Jim on his way. And as they parted Jim looked at the other's face, and never to his dying day did he forget what he saw there—the bitterness of death had passed away and a strange peace was shining forth from his eyes.

It was the last freight. George already had heard the distant thunder of the waters bursting in full flood into the mine. He knew that the end was come, and when the basket was ascending he turned away down a side passage that he might not see the agony of the poor men when they found it was too late.

Just as the basket reached the level of the upper ground, where hundreds were waiting anxiously to watch the arrival of each company that was saved, a tremendous black cloud rolled up the pit's mouth, bursting up with a fearful roar high into mid air, and when it had cleared away the men peered down the shaft, far away in the darkness beneath they could hear the dash of the waves and sometimes thought they could discern their white gleam as they leaped up the side of the shaft. Jim Massey and several others volunteered to go down and seek for any who might be still struggling in the water. It was too late when they reached the place, and only a few of the dead bodies were ever recovered.

\* \* \* \* \*

The mine is now deserted, and its buildings are in ruins.

Some time after the disaster a part of the the cliff above it probably undermined by the action of the waves, fell down one stormy night, and now there is a great cavern wandering away in dark passages under the cliff where part of the coal mine had been.

It is easy to penetrate beneath these gloomy arches in a boat during the fine weather, and many times in after days, Agnes—then a happy wife and mother—would come there with her children on summer days, and tell them the story of how their father's life had been saved. And when she had ended and leaned back in the boat as they floated on through that silent gloom as of twilight, the large tears would gather in her eyes for him who lay in that unknown tomb of his far below, in some dark cavern of the sea.—*Temple Bar.*

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I have just received  
**150 CASKS & BARRELS**  
CELEBRATED

**ROGER'S LIME.**

This Lime has won  
**Two First Prizes,**  
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FOR SALE LOW BY  
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The Subscriber has  
received his Stock of  
**Garden and Flower**  
**Seeds for season of**

**1884.**

**Geo. V. Rand.**

Wolfville, May 1st. 1884.

**W. & A. Railway**

**Time Table**

1883—Winter Arrangement—1884.

Commencing Monday, 10th. Dec.

GOING EAST.	Accm.		Exp.
	Daily	T.F.S.	
	A. M.	A. M.	
Annapolis Le'v	6 15	1 15	
14 Bridgetown "	7 10	2 03	
28 Middleton "	8 10	2 48	
42 Aylesford "	9 15	3 30	
47 Berwick "	9 35	3 48	
50 Waterville "	9 50	3 57	
59 Kentville d'pt	6 00	11 15	4 35
64 Port Williams "	6 20	11 35	4 51
66 Wolfville "	6 30	11 44	5 00
69 Grand Pre "	6 43	11 57	5 11
72 Avonport "	6 55	12 10	5 23
77 Hantsport "	7 12	12 30	5 38
84 Windsor "	8 00	1 20	6 00
116 Windsor Jun "	10 15	4 00	7 20
130 Halifax arrive "	11 00	4 40	8 00

GOING WEST.	Exp.		Accm.
	Daily	M.W.F.	
	A. M.	P. M.	
Halifax—leave	7 15	7 00	2 30
14 Windsor Jun—"	7 55	7 22	3 30
46 Windsor "	9 15	10 15	5 33
53 Hantsport "	9 40	10 44	6 01
58 Avonport "	9 56	11 02	6 19
61 Grand Pre "	10 06	11 15	6 33
64 Wolfville "	10 17	11 30	6 46
66 Port Williams "	10 25	11 40	6 55
71 Kentville "	11 00	12 30	7 10
80 Waterville "	11 27	1 05	
83 Berwick "	11 36	1 20	
88 Aylesford "	11 50	1 40	
102 Middleton "	12 30	2 50	
116 Bridgetown "	1 15	3 50	
130 Annapolis Ar've	2 00	4 45	

N. B. Trains are run on Eastern Standard Time, One hour added will give Halifax time.

Steamer Secret leaves Annapolis for St. John every Mon. Wed. and Sat. p. m.  
Steamer New Brunswick leaves Annapolis for Boston every Sat. p. m.  
Steamer Cleopatra leaves Yarmouth for Boston every Wed. p. m.  
Through tickets may be obtained at the principal Stations.

P. Innes,  
General Manager.  
Kentville, 9th March 1884

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**WATCHMAKER,**  
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I warrant all my work for one year

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