

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.—DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1899.

No. 6.

Vol. XIX.

THE ACADIAN.

Published on FRIDAY at the office
WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

TERMS:
\$1.00 Per Annum.

(IN ADVANCE.)

CLUBS of five in advance \$4 00.

Local advertising at ten cents per line
for every insertion, unless by special
arrangement for standing notices.

Advertisements will
be made known and insertion advertising
will be guaranteed by some responsible
party prior to its insertion.

The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly
receiving new type and material,
and will continue to guarantee satisfaction
at all work turned out.

Neat communications from all parts
of the county, or articles upon the topics
of the day are cordially solicited. The
same will be published in the ACADIAN
and invariably accompany the same
unless otherwise stated. Although the same
may be written to a different address,
a business signature.

Address all communications to
DAVIDSON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE
Office Hours, 8:00 A. M. to 5:30 P. M.
Mails are made up at 10:00 P. M.
For Halifax and Windsor close at 10
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Express east close at 9:50 P. M.
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Geo. V. Ryan, Post Master.

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BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. Hugh B.
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preaching at 11 A. M. and 7:00 P. M.; Sun-
day School at 2:30 P. M. B. Y. E. U.
prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening at
7:45, and Church prayer-meeting on
Thursday evening at 7:30. Women's Mis-
sionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday
following the first Sunday in the month
and the Women's prayer-meeting on the
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School at 10:30 A. M. Prayer Meeting on Wed-
nesday at 7:30 P. M. Chalmers Church,
Lower Horton: Public Worship on Sunday
at 11 A. M. Sunday School at 10 A. M.
Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. J. E.
Doak, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath
at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sabbath School
at 10 o'clock, A. M. Prayer Meeting
on Thursday evening at 7:30. All the
seats are free and strangers welcomed at
all the services.—At Greenwood, preaching
at 3 P. M. on the Sabbath and prayer
meeting at 7:30 P. M. on Wednesdays.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH.—Sunday services
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at 11 A. M. on the second Friday
of each month at 10 o'clock P. M.
Rev. F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

Masonic.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & A. M.,
meets at their Hall on the second Friday
of each month at 10 o'clock P. M.
F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION No. 8, of T. meets
every Monday evening in their Hall
at 8:00 o'clock.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the
Lodge Hall every Friday after-
noon at 3:30 o'clock.

Foresters.

Court Blomidon, I. O. F., meets in
Temperance Hall on the first and third
Tuesdays of each month at 7:30 P. M.

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ARE THE MOST SUCCESSFUL!

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of their success. KEEN OBSERVERS will
see that NOW is the time to order their
FALL and WINTER SUITS, as our

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and the first buyers will have a larger stock
to pick from than those who wait until later.

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Stoves,
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STARR, SON
& FRANKLIN'S.

The Master of the Mine.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

I felt he was right; it was better to
wait. Even if we had been rich folk,
which we were not, it would have been
difficult to find her; as it was, the
matter was hopeless. So we went on
as usual with the old life. And yet
it was not the old life, for the house
was changed indeed—and there was
ever one vacant chair.

Several days after that sad night, a
letter came from Annie; it bore the
London postmark, and ran as follows:

"MY DEAR PARENTS:

"Do not grieve about me, for I am
quite well and in want of nothing.
Do not attempt to find me, it would be
useless; but I shall soon come back,
with God's blessing, and then you will
learn why I left without a word. I
am sorry, so sorry, for any trouble I
have given you, and hope you will
forgive me, for the sake of the happy
days that are gone away.

"Your loving daughter,
"ANNIE."

My aunt read the letter aloud; then

my uncle took it from her, looked at it
for a long time, and finally, without a
word, placed it on the fire—watching
it till it was consumed. After that,
for a long time to come, he never
spoke of Annie again; but he drooped
daily, like a man under the weight of
some mortal pain.

CHAPTER XI.

It was now late in the year, and the
winter storms were beginning. There
were intervals of calm cool weather,
when the wind came from the east or
south-east, and still frosty days, when
a breath as cold as steel swept from the
north, but ever and anon the trumpet
of the tempest sounded westward and
southward, and the ocean rose up before
it in mountainous waves.

To stand on the seashore, or on the
weather-worn cliffs, at such moments,
was an experience not to be forgotten.
With a sound of crashing thunder,
with sheet-like flakes of flying foam,
with the mighty billows come rolling in,
while far away, in the eye of the wind,
the clouds gathered and baleful rays

came and went, as if from the under
world. Again and again, during these
storms, the men forsook their work in
the mines and clustered in the wind-
swept crags; for the sound beneath
was so terrible, and at each crash of
the waters overhead the solid roofs of
rock seemed about to topple in.

A new life-boat had come round
from Falmouth during the summer; it
was manned chiefly by workers in the
mine, and I was their captain. We
had tried the boat again and again in
light weather, and were proud of her as
life-boatsmen could be; so that, when
need came, we were ready to do all
that human hands could do for the
savior of shipwrecked souls. Fortu-
nately, few vessels came that way, for
the great ships gave that lonely shore a
wide berth, knowing its many perils.
Sometimes, however, a coasting vessel,
heavily laden, came ashore on the east-
ing reef, but thanks to our sturdy
boat, without much loss of life.

On the afternoon of the 22nd day of
November, 18—, there occurred such a
phenomenon as I have seen only once
in my life, and scarcely expect to see
again. The ocean was dead calm
and black as ink; the sooty clouds
with sheets of windless vapor trailing
right down to the earth and water,
kept stationary in a sort of sinister
twilight; and the air was full of an
extraordinary stillness, in which the
occasional of the slightest sound—a
cock crowing, a goat bleating, a human
voice crying—was heard for miles
away.

I had just been down the mine,
where I found the men had ceased
working and had gathered in knots,
whispering together. For all through
the dark galleries and passages there
came, from time to time, a curious
tremor, like the shock of earthquake—
sudden, sinister, terrible, making the
heart, for some unknown reason, stand
still with fear. Nor was this sound to
be accounted for by the dashing of
waves above that subaqueous darkness,
since there was not a breath of wind,
and the sea lay in smokes, motionless
folds, scarcely vibrating.

"What is it, my lads?" I had
asked, accusing the first group of men,
who were clustering on the central
platform.

As I spoke the tremor came again,
so that the walls seemed to send a
nameless terror into my very blood.

My uncle, who was there with the
others, shook his head ominously.

"We don't rightly know," he said;
"but we ha' had us again and again,
sounding like that. Seems threaten-
ing like, and I ha' bidden the gang
knock a work for to-day."

I knew that it was useless to remon-
strate, for the men were evidently full
of superstitious dread, which, if the
truth must be told, I could not help
sharing. They threw down their
pickaxes and shovels, and followed me
up the shaft.

We found Johnson there, who seemed
astonished at our appearance, and
when I told him what had taken place
looked savage.

"You're spoiling the mes, Trelaw-
ney," he said. "Guess such nervous
fancies are only fit for an old woman.
Why, the mes's like a mill-pond, and
there ain't a breath of wind."

"If you think it's only fancy," I re-
plied, "come down with me and try.
I'll give you a five-pound note if you
stop down there half an hour."

He shrank back and shook his head
sagittly, while the men, clustering
round us, greeted my speech with a
laugh.

"I shall report this," he cried
violently. "A pack of cowards!"

And he walked off, amid an angry
murmur from the men, who detested
him cordially.

As the afternoon passed, and the
dull leaden twilight increased, we saw,
looking seaward, the phenomenon to
which I have alluded: two suns, one
round and purple, the other pink and
ghostly, floating in the vapors to the
west. Both were quite rayless, and
they hung as it were some fifty yards
from each other. Both seemed so near
to us that one would have thought it
possible to reach them with a ballist
from a gun.

I cannot express in words the
strangely depressing and vaguely
alarming effect of this phenomenon on

myself and all who witnessed it. Nor
was the effect lessened when the dim-
mer of the two suns suddenly disap-
peared, and the other changed in a
moment from purple to jet black. A
jet black ball in the midst of a waste
of leaden grey.

"Laws, save us!" cried Martin
Trewducock, an old fisherman, and one
of our life-boat's crew. Laws save
us! It looks like judgement, mates—
like the Last Day!"

This, indeed, was the thought which
was passing through all our minds.
We stood looking in suspense till the
black sun disappeared, and total dark-
ness came; and then with so little
foreboding, we scattered to our homes.

But in the night, as we lay sleeping
in our beds, we learned that what we
had witnessed betokened, not any
supernatural disturbance, but the
gathering of such a tempest as has
seldom been seen, before or since, on
those shores. It came with fearful
lightning and close-following thunder,
followed by drops of black and hideous
hail; and then, with a crash and a
scream and cry, the wind rushed from
the sea. I lay in my bed in the out-
stage, thinking every moment that the
house would come down, shaking as it
did to its foundations, or the roof be-
lowe away; and every minute the
blasts grew more terrific, not coming in
broken gusts as during ordinary storms,
but in concussions of solid air, which
struck the walls with blows as of a
battering ram, and made every stone
in the structure clatter like a loose
teeth.

Presently, I saw my uncle, partially
dressed and holding a light, enter my
chamber.

"Hush, my lad, be you asleep?"

"As if anyone could sleep on such a
night! I thought yesterday's portent
meant something. The storm has
come!"

"Mother be frightened badly," he
returned. "She be praying, lad,
down in the kitchen. Laws save us;
hark to that!" he added, as a flash of
fiery lightning filled the room, and
wind and thunder mingled together in
a awful reverberation.

There was no resting in bed, so I
slipped on my clothes and went down
with my uncle to the kitchen, where I
found my aunt full of superstitious
terror. She had got out the old Bible,
and, having opened at random, was
reading in a low voice from one of the
psalms. I did my best to slay her
fears, but succeeded very badly.

For the greater part of the night we
remained sitting up. The thunder
and lightning lasted well till morn-
ing, and when they ceased, it became
possible for the first time to realize the
frightful violence of the gale. It was,
as I afterward learned, a well-defined
cyclone.

With the first peep of daylight, I
saw my hat and moved to the door.

"What be't gawing, lad?" cried
my aunt.

"Down to the shore. It's a high
spring-tide, and I want to see if the
life-boat's sound."

"Na, na," she cried, stamp her foot.
But I only smiled at her fears, and
hastened away. No sooner had I left
the cottage than the wind caught me,
and almost dashed me from my feet,
but I stooped my head, and plunged
right on in the teeth of the gale. The
day was now breaking, with lurid sul-
len rays, behind my back. Short as
the distance was to the seashore, I
thought I should never reach it, so
terrible was the fury of the blast!

More than once I had actually to lie
down on the ground and let it trample
over me! And with the blast came
hail and heavy rain, blinding me, smit-
ing my cheek like whipload, and draw-
ing blood, so that I could scarcely see
a yard before my face.

At last I gained the cliff, and here I
had much ado to prevent myself from
being lifted up bodily and blown away.
But I threw myself on my face, and
looked seaward. Nothing was visible,
only driving mists and vapors; but
right below there was a blinding white-
ness of the line of breakers, and thence
there rose up to me, together with the
wild wips of solid wind-swept water,
the deafening thunder roar of the
tremendously surging sea.

Gaining courage presently, as the light
in the east grew clearer, I crawled
down the path leading to the shore,

As I went I was sometimes flattened
like a rag against the rocks, by the
sheer force of the wind; but I per-
sisted, and at last, with God's help,
reached the bottom.

It was high tide; the roaring billows
were thundering up close to the cliff,
and the shallow beach surrounding the
boat-house was as white as milk with
the churning of the waters. I then
perceived, to my consternation, that
the gale had struck the boat-house
with such force as to sweep the wooden
roof away and dash it into fragments
against the cliffs. I crept on to the
door which was on the lee and sheltered
side, drew forth from my pocket the
key of the padlock, opened it, and went
in. The great boat lay there unharmed,
but was half full of water, fresh
from the dark rain-clouds, salt from
the angry sea. One of the oars had
been lifted out and snapped like a
rotten twig, but that was all.

Suddenly, as I stood here sheltered
from the gale, I heard a sound from
seaward, like the sound of a gun. I
started, listening. In a minute the
sound was repeated. Yes; it was a
gun at sea, and the sound could have
only one signification—a vessel in dis-
tress!

Quitting the boat-house, I stood on
the shore, and strained my eyes
against the drifting vapors and blind-
ing wind; but I could distinguish
nothing—indeed, so great was the
rainy darkness, that my vision could
not penetrate beyond twenty or thirty
yards from the stern-swept shore.
But if I noticed any fresh assurance
that a ship of some sort was struggling
with the elements not far away, it
came to me in another faint report of
a gun, and finally, in the red light of a
rocket, which shot up through the
black vapors like a shooting star, and
disappeared!

CHAPTER XII.

Quitting the storm-swept shore, I
climbed halfway up the crags, and en-
deavored, with straining eyes, to pen-
etrate the darkness seaward; but al-
though it was now broad day, the
clouds of wind-blown vapor still covered
the troubled sea.

Greatly agitated, I made my way
up the cliff, and reached the summit,
where I found that an excited group,
composed of fishermen and miners, had
already gathered. Among them was
my uncle, who addressed me eagerly
the moment I appeared.

"Did you see the lights, lad? The rocks
as death, there be a ship on the rocks
out there!"

"On the South Stack," said an old
fisherman, naming an ugly reef which
lay right across the mouth of the bay,
three quarters of a mile from shore.

"Are you sure she's there? I asked
eagerly.

"Sure enough," was the reply.

"When the last light went up, I saw
up—leastways, rummat black among
the mist and foam."

There was nothing for it but to wait
and watch; for to go to the rescue in
the teeth of such a storm was out of
the question, even if we had been able
to launch the life-boat through the
billows madly breaking on the shore.
The wind still blew with extraordinary
fury, though signs were not wanting
that its strength was partially broken;
and still, with thunderous roar, the
waves came rolling in, sending up a
cloud of white foam that reached to the
very summit of the cliff where we were
crouching; and still, trailing as it were
on the waves and belching bitter and
thither, like thick smoke from a
furnace, the mist came driving shore-
ward, blotting the sea from sight.

From time to time the gun sounded
again; then it ceased altogether, and
no more rockets rose, to indicate the
whereabouts of the hidden vessel.
Was all over? Had the cruel seas de-
voured her, with the helpless souls on
board? Sick with suspense, we wait-
ed and watched; almost certain that
the last appeal had been made, and
that all was over.

Suddenly, the storm-smoke blow up-
ward here and there, leaving visible
wild patches of tossing water. Simul-
taneously, the wind lessened, coming
not in solid phalanx, but in gusts, fit-
ful though terrible—very cannon blast
of air.

A wild cry rose, and all hands were
suddenly pointed seaward.

ROYAL Baking Powder

Made from pure
cream of tartar.

Safeguards the food
against alum.

Alum baking powders are the greatest
menaces to health of the present day.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Then, straining my eyes through the
blinding rain, I saw something like a
white wall of vapor rising right out to
sea in the direction of the South Stack,
and right in its centre the black out-
line of a large vessel wedged firmly on
the jagged rocks. For a moment she
was visible, then the vapors blotted her
once more from sight. A minute
afterward, she was again visible, this
time more distinctly, so that I could
clearly discern a black funnel and two
masts, a mainmast intact, a foremast
broken off just above the decks. She
was a large screw steamer, with her
back broken right across, and only
saved from sinking by the very rocks
which had destroyed her.

How she had got into that fatal
position, it was difficult to tell. Poss-
ibly her propeller had snapped, as is
not uncommon with such vessels, or the
water had swamped her engines and
put them out; in either of which cases,
seeing how much sail she would be
able to carry at the best, it had been a
vain task to attempt to hoist off a lee
shore in the face of such a gale.

She was so far away, and the mists
were still so troublesome, that it was
difficult to tell if there were any souls
still left on board. More than once I
fancied that I discerned shapes like
human forms clinging to or lashed to
the rigging of the mainmast, but it was
impossible to distinguish them with
any certainty.

However, my mind was now made
up. The life-boat must be launched
and manned without delay. I turned
to the men, and said as much, but
they shrank back in unreasoned terror
at the mere proposition. And, indeed,
it seemed a hopeless affair! Although
the wind had certainly fallen a little,
it's-falling seemed to augment, rather
than to lessen, the fury of the sea.
The waters between us and the vessel
were terrible even to look upon; and it
seemed impossible that even a life-
boat could live among them. Even if
she lived, how could the strength of
man propel her right in the teeth of
the tempest?

While the men stood hesitating, the
mists rose all round the ship; and we
saw, to our amazement, that a stir was
taking place upon her decks. Yes;
there could be no doubt of the fact; a
boat was preparing to leave her sides,
and, freighted with human beings,
push away for the shore.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

A CHILD CAN USE THEM.

Easy to Dye With Diamond Dyes—
No Disappointments or Failures—
Colors are Fast to Sun, Soap and
Washing.

Do not for a moment imagine that it
is a difficult matter to do your own dye-
ing. It is true the work will be hazard-
ous and disappointing if you use the
imitation and crude package dyes sold
by some dealers, but when Diamond
Dyes are used it is but little more
trouble to get fast and lovely colors than
it is to wash and rinse the goods.

Do not allow your dealer to sell you
imitations of the Diamond Dyes, on
which he makes large profits, but insist
every time on having the true, reliable
and genuine Diamond Dyes that have
stood the tests of long years in our
Canadian homes.

Stories are still current about Lord
Kitchener, and a very graceful one has
recently been told. The Queen was
greatly interested in him when he was
in England, and asked him in the
course of a private interview if what
she had heard of him was true—that
he did not care for any woman. He
replied that it was true, with one ex-
ception. The Queen—she evidently in-
tended to ask for the name of the
exception, and was much amused when
the Sir replied; "Your Majesty."