

# THE ACADIAN

## AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XIX.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1899.

No. 2.

### 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 ar-  
rangement for standing notices.

Advertisements for standing notices will  
be made known on application to the  
editor, and payment for transient advertising  
will be guaranteed by some responsible  
party prior to its insertion.

The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is con-  
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and will continue to guarantee satisfaction  
in all work turned out.

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## Far Seeing People

ARE THE MOST SUCCESSFUL

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

## Fall Stock has just arrived,

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

WE Have all the latest patterns in ENGLISH, SCOTCH and CANADIAN

Suitings, Overcoatings & Pantings.

You could pick one with your eyes shut and have an article fit for a king.

Call early to avoid the rush.

## The Wolfville Clothing Co.,

NOBLE CRANDALL, MANAGER,

Telephone No. 35. WOLFVILLE, N. S.

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Locks  
Paints  
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Knobs  
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Lime  
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INDIAN BASKETS & AXE HANDLES,  
WILKINSON STEEL PLOWS,  
CUTLERY & KITCHEN WARE.

OUR SPECIALTIES.

## STARR, SON & FRANKLIN.

### The Master of the Mine.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

Having made a rapid survey of the little garden, I turned my eyes on the prospect before and beside me. The cottage, which stood alone on a slight eminence, was faced immediately by the high road which swept past and curved on to the village, which lay some quarter of a mile to the left. Immediately before me was what seemed to me a dark expanse of marsh, bleak and barren enough, and dotted here and there with clumps of stunted trees. Beyond was the sea, calm, cold, and glistening like steel.

I strolled carefully along the road, amusing myself from time to time by throwing a stick and trying to teach the puppy to retrieve. A couple of hundred yards from the cottage I came to an iron gate, and with a long avenue leading I knew not whither. Here I paused, and, without thinking, threw the stick as far as I could up-

the avenue. But the puppy crouched at my feet, and declined to stir. So I opened the gate and went in.

I had not gone many yards when a sharp voice arrested me.

"Here, I say, you!" it cried.

"What are you doing here?"

I looked up, and saw a boy of about my own age, dressed like a young gentleman. He had black hair, black eyebrows that came close together, and a hanging lip. I saw at once, by his dress and manner, that he was no miner's son.

"Look here, you're trespassing, you know," he continued; then suddenly, "Why, you don't belong to St. Gurlitt's, do you?"

I told my name, and added that I was a stranger, having come to the village only last night to live with my Uncle and Aunt Pennington. In a moment his face changed; a contemptuous sneer curled his lip as he said:

"Old Pennington's boy, eh? What do you mean by wearing those clothes?"

"I thought you were a gentleman!"

His tone, more than his words,

roused all the latent pride of my nature. Flushing to the temples, I turned on him.

"I am as much a gentleman as you," I said.

"What!"

"Oh, I'm not afraid of you! Do you know what they'd do with you where I come from? They'd thrash you, and send you to bed, to learn better manners."

He clenched his fist, and advanced threateningly toward me. Then, looking at me from head to foot, and finding that at all events I was his superior in point of physical strength, he changed his mind. I whistled up the puppy, and walked away.

When I reached the cottage again, I came face to face with Annie.

"Where have you been?" she asked. I told her I had been rambling idly about. She added brightly:

"I've got no work to do to-day," she said; "leastways not much. If you like, I'll ask mother to let me come out and go for a walk."

"Do," I said; and off she flew.

She was a long time gone—so long that I began to fear the permission had been denied. She came at length, however, when I saw the cause of her delay. Her print frock had been exchanged for a stout gown, and she wore a pair of silk gloves, and a hat which was evidently intended for Sundays only. As my eye wandered over these things, she blushed and tried to appear unconscious.

"Which way shall we go?" she said. I was so perfectly unacquainted with the district that the question seemed to me absurd. I left the choice to her.

"Which way do you like best?" I said.

She pointed with her hand.

"I like to go there," she said, "to walk on the shore."

"On the shore?"

"Yes; don't you see that glittering over there? That's the sea, though it looks like a bit of the common now it's so still. I like to go there and walk on the shore, and see the ships pass along, and listen to the washing of the waves on the stones."

We accordingly started off across the meadow toward the sea, and after a mile's walk reached the cliffs.

Wild and desolate, they overhung the ocean, which was at high tide. A narrow path through the rocks led down to the water's edge. Descending it, with the sea-gulls hovering over us, we reached the shore, and found there a sandy creek and a solitary wooden house. We looked up; the crags rose above our heads right up into the blue heaven. Then we turned our faces toward the sea.

"It isn't like the sea, is it?" I asked, as we stood side by side; "it looks like a big broad river."

"Now," she assented; "but it isn't always like this. The waves are sometimes as high as houses, and they roar like wild beasts. Then there's been ships, big ships that go to India, broken up here on the rocks, and drowned men and women have been cast ashore."

"Have you seen them?"

"No; I've only heard tell of them. When the winds are blowing like that, and the wrecks come, mother and me stop in the house to pray for father!"

"My uncle? Why he's a miner."

"Yes; but he's one of the life-boat men, too, 'cause he's so strong. Look at that wooden house; that's where they keep the life-boat."

In following the direction indicated by her pointing finger, my eye fell upon something else besides the house which contained the life-boat: a rude cobbly lay floating in the water a few yards from where we stood. It was attached to an iron ring driven into the rocks.

"What's that?" I asked.

"Oh, that belongs to John Radd, the carrier; him that brought you to our house."

"Why, what does he do with a boat?"

"Nothing; only he found it drifting in from the sea. Then the master took it away from him, saying it was his, and offered it for sale; as nobody wanted it, he got it back by paying a little to the master."

"And what does he do with it now?"

"He goes out fishing sometimes, when he's got the time. Sometimes

he gives us a treat. He took me out in it once."

"Did you like it?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Would you like to go again?"

"What—now?"

"Yes, now. Suppose we take the boat and pull out for a bit; it would be good fun—better than staying here."

She hesitated. There was evidently such a difference in the size of John Radd and me.

"Do come," I urged; "the oars are here ready, and I can pull as well as John Radd."

Still she hesitated, but yielded finally. We pushed out the boat together, and I pulled away on to the dead calm sea. How pleasant it was there, with the sun pouring its golden beams upon us, and the water smiling around us! Annie took off her gloves, and trailed her fingers in the water; then she leaned over and looked down into the emerald depths below, while my eyes again swept the prepost island.

Everything was distinguishable from the sea, the low lying flats stretching black and desolate beneath the warm summer sky—the village, which, from my present point of vantage, seemed but a handful of houses thrown in a hollow, just beyond the cottage where destiny had placed me. I also perceived how that there were numerous other cottages scattered about the meadow, and finally, that there was one large turretted mansion rising up from a belt of greenwood.

"What house is that?" I asked.

"That? Oh, that is the master's house."

"The master?"

"Yes; Mr Redruth, the master of the mine. Besides that," she added, "he's the master of the whole place."

"Does he live there?"

"Yes; a good part of the year."

"Anybody else?"

"The mistress."

"That's all?"

"Yes; except at holiday time, when the young master comes home from school. He's home now."

Having a suspicion in my mind, I asked her what the young master was like, and she gave me an accurate description of the boy I had encountered a few hours before. I said nothing just then of my adventure; and after this, we fell to dreaming again. Annie looked down into the sea, while I watched the shore, past which we were gliding. Suddenly my eye was attracted to a high black mass, which rose like an ominous shadow between me and the horizon. I asked Annie what it was; and she replied,

"The mine!"

To her the word had a world of meaning; to me it had none. It simply awakened in me a keen desire for knowledge, which I immediately wanted to gratify.

"The mine?" I said. "I never thought about the mine before, or you might have gone to see it. We'll pull in and go now; shall we?"

To my amazement, she half rose from her seat, and put out her hands as if to stop me.

"No, no!" she cried, "we won't go there—not to the mine!"

Her face was white and she was trembling, though she was wrapt in the sun's rays as in a warm mantle of gold.

"What's the matter, Annie?" I asked.

"Are you afraid?"

"Yes," she said, "I'm afraid of it, because I know it is cruel. It is like a great black mouth; it seems to ask you to come down, and then it crushes you and you die. I have seen strong men like my father go down into it happy and laughing, and then afterward I have seen them brought up dead, all so black and changed and dreadful. Oh, don't talk about it; I can't bear it!"

She shivered again, and covered her eyes with her trembling hands, as if to shut out the sight.

During this conversation, I had been pulling steadily onward, so that the boat was now opposite the cliff surmounted by the mine. I turned the boat's bow shoreward; then, after a stroke or two, I rested on my oars and looked up.

We were now right below the cliff, and the view from our point of vantage was strange indeed.

On the very summit of the crags I saw the mining apparatus overhanging the sea. First, a chimney, smoking

loftily at the top; then another, smoking less loftily half-way down; then, lower down, almost close to the sea in fact, a third smoking chimney, connected with what appeared to me to be a small mining office. On one side of the cliff, tall ladders were placed, to enable the miners to ascend from, and descend to, the shore; and he must have a sure foot and a strong head who could comfortably tread those ladders, round by round, the sea searing under him and almost stinging its spray after him as he went higher and higher. Taking in the whole external apparatus in one view, chains and pulleys, chimneys and outcrops, posts and winding machines, seemed to be scattered over the whole face of the cliff, like the spreading lines of an immense spider's web, while in some parts mules and their riders were trotting up and down a rocky track where the pedestrian visitor would scarcely have dared to tread.

I turned giddy, even at sight of it. I rubbed my eyes and looked again at my cousin.

Her trembling agitation had passed off, and she was looking at me.

"It was silly of me to talk like that," she said; "but I can't help it. Sometimes, when I think of them poor men that have been brought up, and remember that father is there, it almost makes me scream!"

"But there's no danger, now," I said.

"There's always danger!" she returned. "Tom Pennington said so, and I told father, but he only laughed. Ah, but I've seen others laugh too—them as is lying now in the churchyard!"

This conversation, sad as it was, had its fascination for me. It made me want to know more about the mystery of the mine. What I saw, indeed, was not the mine itself, but only its outer machinery. The main shaft, Annie told me, opened down into the solid earth, from the body of the cliff, and was covered by a trap-door, from which dizzy ladders led down into the subterranean darkness.

CHAPTER VI.

It must not be supposed that my uncle and aunt, although they had adopted me, could afford to allow me to eat for very long the bread of idleness. Had it been necessary, they would willingly have shared with me their slender means; but it was not necessary. I was fourteen years of age, I had received a good education, and I was in every way fitted to earn my bread. But what could I do? My inclination was for the sea. I longed to become a sailor; not because I had any particular love of ships, but because I had some wild idea that it might ultimately be the means of bringing me to Madeline. Besides, I must own that I was not exactly proud of my newly found relations and a home which was so different to Munster's. Sometimes at night, when I sat furiously watching my uncle smoking his pipe in the ingle, and my aunt darning the stockings, I fell to wondering what the boys would say if they saw them, and my cheeks burned with shame. It was on one of these evenings that I ventured to express my wish to go to sea. My aunt threw up her hands in horror.

"Lard love the lad!" she cried; "if he be 'aunt like his father already! You'd like to gaw to say, would ye? To wander over the face of the earth and die, like your father did, without a roof to cawer your head? A sailor! Lard love 'ee, and why would you be a sailor?"

"I stammered something about wishing to work for my living, when my uncle cut my explanation short by patting me on the head and saying,

"You're a good lad, I'm glad to hear 'ee talk so; but there's no cause for 'ee to gaw to say. You're a comin' to work wi' me, Hugh!"

"In the mine?" I exclaimed in delight, for my strong desire to go down the shaft was growing; but my uncle shook his head.

"Naw, naw, lad; the mine be only for big coarse men like me; a slip of a lad like you will be better whar you're gawing—into the awice."

"The office!" I repeated, my ardor being considerably damped.

"Have 'ee fixed it all, Tawn T' awice?"

## 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.

ed my aunt.

"Yes, mother, I fixed it wi' the master this forenoon. Hugh can gaw on Monday and begin."