

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 22, 1899.

No. 3.

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.

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

The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is con-
stantly receiving new type and material,
and will continue to guarantee satisfaction
as all work turned out.

Newspapers from all parts
of the country, or articles upon the topics
of the day are cordially solicited. The
views of the party writing for the ACADIAN
must invariably accompany the com-
munications, although the same may be written
in a fictitious signature.

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

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE.
Money orders, \$5.00 and up to \$25.00.
Half are made up as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor close at 6:10
a. m.
Express west close at 9:40 a. m.
Express east close at 3:50 p. m.
Kentville close at 6:40 p. m.
Geo. V. HARD, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.
Open from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Closed
on Saturday at 4 p. m.
G. W. Muzzo, Agent.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. Hugh R.
Hutch, M. A., Pastor. Services: Sunday,
morning at 11 a. m. and 7:00 p. m.; Sun-
day School at 2:30 p. m. B. Y. P. U.
prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening at
7:30, and Church prayer-meeting on
Thursday evening at 7:30. Woman's Mis-
sionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday
evening at 7:30. In the month of
September the first Sunday in the month
will be the Women's prayer-meeting on the
third Wednesday of each month at 7:30
a. m. All seats free. Visitors at the
doors to welcome strangers.

MISSION HALL SERVICES.—Sunday
at 11 a. m. and Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.
Sunday School at 2:30 p. m.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. P.
L. Macdonald, M. A., Pastor. St. Andrew's
Church, Wolfville: Public Worship every
Sunday at 11 a. m. and at 7 p. m. Sun-
day School at 2:30 p. m. Prayer Meeting on Wed-
nesday at 7:30 p. m. in the Church.
Ladies' Home: 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.
Dunn, 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
ages are free and strangers welcomed at
all 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
at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Holy Communion
at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; 2d, 4th and 5th
at 7 p. m. Service every Wednesday at 7:30
p. m.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.
Robert W. Stone, }
Geo. A. Pratt, } Wardens.

St. FRANCIS (R.C.).—Rev. Mr. Kennedy,
7:30—Mass 11:00 a. m. the fourth Sunday of
each month.

Masonic.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & A. M.,
meets at their Hall on the second Friday
of each month at 7 o'clock p. m.
F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. of T. meets
every Monday evening in their Hall
at 8:00 o'clock.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the
Temperance Hall every Friday after-
noon at 2:30 o'clock.

Foresters.

Count Blomdon, I. O. F., meets in
Temperance Hall on the first and third
Thursdays of each month at 7:30 p. m.

HEADQUARTERS
For Rubber Stamps,
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Steam Laundry
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"THE BEST."
Wolfville Agents, Rockwell & Co.

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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

Suits, Overcoatings & Pantings.

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

Call early to avoid the rush.

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NOBLE CRANDALL, MANAGER.

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INDIAN BASKETS & AXE HANDLES, WILKINSON STEEL PLOWS, CUTLERY & KITCHEN WARE.

OUR SPECIALTIES.

STARR, SON & FRANKLIN.

The Master of the Mind.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

It was no easy matter to get to the entrance of the mine, not being able to go straight to the shafts as in the case of mines on level ground. First of all we had to make our way to the counting-house, in which I sat at my daily toil. The way was long and difficult to travel, on account of the accumulation of mining gear we had to pass; long chains stretched out over bell cranks, wooden platforms looking like buttered remnants of wrecks, yet supporting large beams of timber and heavy coils of rope. Here there was a little creaking shed, there a broken-down post or two, and there again we had to wind round by the rocky path amidst chains and cables and ascending leads.

I, having to travel this road every day of my life, was well accustomed to it, and accordingly followed on my uncle's footsteps without much feeling of curiosity or joy; but when we had

passed the counting-house, ascended the cliff, and gained the trap door entrance to the mine, my heart began to beat with anticipation. Here we both paused. "You'll keep a straw head," said my uncle, looking at me. "I'll be a bad business if you begin to trample like our Annie. Are you sure you ain't afraid, lad?" "Not a bit," I returned; then, looking at the ladder which was set at the entrance of the mine, I asked, "Shall I go first?" "Side a bit, bide a bit, lad!" he retorted. "G'd's one of these candles." I did so, whereupon he lit it and stuck it into my hat, then he lit another for himself; after this he began to descend the first ladder, and I followed him.

The first object I was conscious of was the high beam of a steam-engine, which worked on my right, alternately bowing and rising, and heavily straining at the deluge of water which it lifted. On the other side, through boards the chinks of which admitted just light enough at the foot of one of the ladders to show the passage, I saw

the loaded tubble or bucket rushing past its descending companion.

We were now between two shafts, descending from stage to stage; the daylight was completely gone, and we depended solely on our candles, which threw but a faint light into the gloomy abyss below.

After descending two or three ladders, which were almost perpendicular, we came to a platform, and made a halt.

"Was, lad?" said my uncle, holding his flickering candle above his head, and looking into my face.

I laughed, and hastened to assure him it was all right, though, in reality, I began to feel some of my cousin's misgivings. We rested a second or two, the halt indeed being made more for me than for my guide; then my uncle took another lighted candle, and stuck it into my hat.

"Now, lad," said he, "come on wi' a will; lay hawl'd o' the sides o' the ladder, and ha' a care."

I promised to obey him, and we recommenced our descent, he going first and I following. We went down first one ladder and then another, till again we came to a platform and rested.

"What's below?" I asked of my uncle, who was again regarding me curiously, trying to detect if possible any sign of fear or shrinking in my face.

"What's below, lad?" he said. "Wha, the water drained from all the mine, the pumps at work pumping it awt, and p'raps a cart-load o' rattling human bones."

We descended a couple more ladders and landed again, this time to traverse one of those side galleries in which the pit abounded. It was about seven feet high, but so narrow that two persons, if thin, could just squeeze past one another. The only light now was that of a candle, which flickered in the hot, sickly, damp vapor which floated about us.

The fetid air of the place was beginning to tell upon me, my breath became labored, the perspiration streamed down my face, while mud and tallow and iron drippings were visible on my clothes. My uncle, who was similarly bespattered to myself, but who was breathing more freely, recommended a rest. I sat down on the floor while he set himself to replenish the candles, which had nearly flickered out.

Sitting there in the stillness, I became conscious of a strange meaning and something seemed to be saying to me, "After listening intently, I asked my uncle what it was."

"It's the sea," he retorted; it be telling up thar above our heads."

CHAPTER VII.

Thus began my knowledge of the mine; from that day forth my interest in it deepened, and it haunted me like a passion. Its darkness and perils had a fascination for me, and I was not content till I had explored every crevice and familiarized myself with the mining art or science. Eager for information, I read every book on the subject that I could buy or borrow; and in a short time I could have passed a pretty stiff examination as an engineer.

I must now pass over, at one swift bound, a lapse of eight years. During that time I had exchanged the duties of clerk for that of assistant overseer, and then, on the death of Mr. Redruth, for those of overseer-in-chief.

Behold me, then, at twenty-two years of age, the assistant of the Pen-drage household; changed somewhat, for—

Nature doth subdue itself To what it works on, like the dyer's hand; rough, robust, full of strength, and its rude pride. In my twenty-second year occurred an event which was destined to exercise no little influence over my whole future life. As I approach the chronicle of this event, my heart beats and my hand trembles, and the fatal passion of those far-off days awakens troublously again.

I was standing one day on the cliffs, close to the mouth of the mine, when I saw two figures coming from the direction of the village. One was my cousin Annie, now a comely young woman; the other was young George Redruth, whom I had scarcely set eyes upon since the time of his father's

death.

They were talking earnestly, and did not seem at first to notice me; but presently I saw Annie give a startled look in my direction, and afterward they approached together. Now, I don't know how it happened—it was instinct, I suppose, or something of that sort—but never, from the moment of our first meeting as boys, had I been able to regard George Redruth with any feelings but one of excessive irritation and dislike. His flippant, patrolling manner had something to do with it; so, perhaps, had his good looks, for his worst enemy could not have denied that he was superbly handsome. As I glanced at his pale, beautifully formed face, at his slight graceful figure, at his elegant dress, I was painfully conscious of my own physical inferiority. Though I was strongly built and not ill-favored, wind and weather had worked their will on me, and I was rough, I knew, as my daily occupation.

He strolled up carelessly, swinging his cane and smoking a cigar.

"Ah, Trelawney," he said, with a nod; "your cousin Annie has been telling me that there are complaints again, about the outlying shafts of the mine. So I'm going down to have a look round."

"Very well, sir," I replied, wondering in my own mind why Annie had chosen to make herself the mouth-piece of the men.

"I suppose it's safe enough," he said, after a moment. "You know, though I am a mine owner, I don't know much about the business; I need to leave all that to the governor."

"It is only right," was my reply, "that you should judge its safety for yourself. If anything happened, you would be responsible."

"I don't know about that," he said, "but I'll be damned if I'll be taking the work, and if there's danger—"

"There is!" I interposed.

"Well, then, I pay you for facing it and reporting upon it. One can't be both employer and servant, too!"

I was about to retort somewhat angrily, for the manner of his speech was even more insufferable than its matter, when I met Annie's entreating eyes, and refrained.

"Mr. George," she said quickly, "is anxious that nothing should go wrong."

"Of course I am," I cried, frowning, with a curious laugh. "I know what flooding the mine means—any amount of expense, perhaps ruin; for if the sea once got fairly in—when it would be a bad job for me."

"And for the men," I said, frowning.

"And for the men, of course; but it's their living, and no doubt they know how to look after themselves. Be good enough to make all ready, Trelawney, for I'm going down at once. I suppose there is a dress handy?"

I answered in the affirmative, and walked off toward the office. Looking back over my shoulder, I saw him glance after me, and then, with a contemptuous laugh, say something to Annie. My blood boiled angrily, and my cheeks grew crimson. I could have turned back and struck him in the face. Close to the office I found my uncle, who had just come up from underground, and who was covered with the rust of the copper earth. I told him the young master was going down, and he was delighted.

"He's a brave lad, Master Jarge," he cried, "a fine brave lad! I'll gaw wi' 'un, and shaw 'un where the wall be breaking down."

Presently Redruth came along, and followed me into the office, where several woollen costumes were hanging. He laughed gaily, as he transformed himself into a miner. When the transformation was complete, he still looked the gentleman; and, in spite of myself, I still felt the irritating sense of my own inferiority.

My uncle led the way down the trap, showing infinite care and tenderness for the young master, who followed him, while I came last. The earth soon swallowed us, and the only light we had was the light of the candles stuck upon our persons and in our hats.

From ladder to ladder we went, till we reached the central platform, where we paused to take breath. Then down we crept again, till we reached the

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lowest galleries, and became conscious of the gnome-like figures at work in the submarine darkness. My uncle still led the way, stepping from time to time to pilot Redruth over awkward stones and dangerous trap-holes. Our progress was now very slow. Walking, stooping, crawling, climbing, descending, we proceeded; now crossing black abysses, thinly covered with quaking planks; past wild figures kneeling or lying, and laboring with short pick-axes at the ore; and as we went, the roar which had been in our ears from the beginning deepened, while the solid rocks above us seemed quaking in the act to fall.

At last my uncle paused and wiped his brow. We were all three now completely disfigured—with earth, mud, tallow, rust, and iron drippings.

"Where the deuce are we now?" asked the young master.

"Whar, Master Jarge?" repeated my uncle, with a friendly grin, "Right down under the sea."

Redruth glanced at me.

"How far down, Trelawney?"

"Twenty fathoms under the sea level, sir, and three hundred feet, or more, out beyond low water mark."

"Well, where's the danger? It all seems snug enough."

He was certainly very cool, though he had not been underground more than once or twice in his life; and I wondered to myself whether his sheer stupidity.

"Come this way, Master Jarge!" said my uncle, crawling forward, until we reached a narrow space with just room for two of us to stand abreast. Suddenly, we found ourselves ankle-deep in water, and at the same time thick drops like heavy rain fell from the rocks above us.

My uncle reached up with his hands, and touched the roof, which was partially fortified with wood and cement.

"I plug'd this yar last night, Master Jarge," he explained; "the salt water were streaming in like a fall."

As he spoke, the roar deepened to a crash, and we could distinctly hear the sea grinding on the pebbles, right above our heads. It seemed momentarily as if the whole fabric of the rock would break in, under the flux and reflux of the rolling waves.

I saw Redruth start back, and glance toward the gallery down which we had come. But he recovered his sang-froid in a moment.

"The deuce!" he muttered. "How thick is the ceiling here, Trelawney?"

"Six feet at the thickest, sir; at the thinnest, where you see the wooden plug, not more than three."

Young Redruth looked up again, and taking a candle from his pocket, examined the rock. It was actually percolated with sea water oozing through the solid granitic mass, and covered with green and glistening ooze; but through all the dampness and sliminess the stripes of pure copper ran in rich bars, forming part of the finest and most precious lode in the whole mine.

"Why, it's almost solid ore," he said.

"Is, Master Jarge," returned my uncle, "but us can't go no further this way without flooding the shaft. It would be worth thousands o' pounds to gaw on, and 'twill cost a heap to keep tight and safe as it be."

"Is that so, Trelawney?"

"Yes, sir. We must build up this part of the gallery and have it closed. I can't keep the men from using their picks where the ore runs thickest even when every inch of stuff they loosen is bringing them nearer to their death."

ed out the various unsafe portions, and led the way from gallery to gallery, until the tour of inspection was complete.

At last we re-ascended to the surface. How bright and dazzling all seemed after that subaqueous darkness! Redruth seemed in a brown study. Not until he had washed himself and reassumed his ordinary attire, did he find his tongue. By this time my uncle had returned to his labors down below, and we two were left alone.

"Is there anything else you wish to report?" asked Redruth, sharply, as we stood together at the office door.

"Nothing more than I have already reported in writing."

"Well, what was that?"

"The whole mine wants repair; putting aside the outlying galleries, where the sea may enter at any minute, the engines and machinery need replacing, the ladders are rotten; in fact, everything is in the last stage of decay; and no wonder, seeing that scarcely a penny has been spent on it within my memory."

He frowned, and bit his lips; then he looked me contemptuously from head to foot.

"You are a pretty fellow, a very pretty fellow. You want to ruin me, eh?"

"No, sir; but I want to ensure the safety of the men."

"I know little or nothing of the matter," he said, turning on his heel.

"At any rate, sir," I returned, following him, "you will have the outer galleries filled up, at once? If you don't, I'll not answer for the consequences."

"Who the devil asked you?" he cried. "Your place is to report, not to advise. As to ceasing to work the outer galleries, I suppose you know that the richest lode of ore runs there, and that the inner portion of the mine is almost barren?"

"I know that; but—"

"But you prefer mutiny and disobedience to study of your employer's interests? I tell you flatly, I don't intend to listen to such nonsense. Thanks to you, the mine at present yields little or no profit, and I am in a fair way to become a beggar."

He saw me smile incredulously, as I cried: "Then you will do nothing?"

"I will do nothing under your advice, for I don't trust you. A gentleman in whom I have the utmost confidence will be here to-morrow morning. You will accompany him down the mine, and you will show him what you have shown me. I shall then be guided by his advice, not by yours."

With these words he walked away. Some after sunrise the next morning, as I sat in the office at the mine-head, I was visited by the person to whom young Redruth had alluded. He was a thin, spare, sandy-haired young man of about thirty, with a mean type of countenance, and an accent which was a curious compound of Cockneyisms and Americanisms. He had, indeed, been born within the sound of Bow Bells; but having spent a portion of his manhood in the United States, he affected the free and easy manners of a Yankee citizen.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

Black Will be a Fashionable Autumn Color.

Diamond Dye Blacks are the Richest Fastest and Best.

Black dresses, capes and jackets will be much worn this autumn; this will be a blessing to the woman who wishes to look well and who cannot afford to buy much new clothing. Any woman can, by using the Diamond Dye Fast Blacks, color their old clothes a black that will not fade or wash out.

There are three special Diamond Dye Fast Blacks—for wool, for cotton and mixed goods, and for silk and feathers, and if the proper dye is used, any woman can get better results than the majority of experienced professional dyers can produce.

Unlike some of the cheap imitations of Diamond Dye, these dyes come in almost every conceivable color, so that the woman who wishes any special color can get it in the Diamond Dye. Practical tests prove that the Fast Diamond Dye are the only dyes that make colors which soap will not wash out nor sunlight fade.