

THE LONDONDERRY ARC-LIGHT

AND IRON ENTERPRISE.

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LONDONDERRY ARC-LIGHT,

ACADIA MINES, N. S.

POETRY OF THE DAY.

Pegging and Pegging Away.

There was an old shoemaker, sturdy as steel,

Of great wealth and repute in his day,

Who'd questioned his secret of lock to reveal,

Would chirp like a bird on a spray:

"It isn't so much the vocation you're in,

Or your living for it," he would say,

"As it is that forever, through thick and thin,

Through this through that,

You shouldn't keep up a pegging away."

I have found it a maxim of value whose truth

Observation has proved in the main,

And which well might be vantage a watch-word by youth

In the labor of hands and of brain,

For even if genius and talent are cast

Into work with the strongest discipline,

You can never be sure of achievement at last.

Unless you keep pegging away!

There are shopmen who might into state-

men have grown,

Politicians for handiwork made.

Some poets who in shops would have

stone,

And mechanics best suited for trade;

But when once in the harness however it

fit,

Back to down to your work night and day,

Secure in the triumph of hand and of wit,

If you only keep pegging away!

There are times in all tasks when the

fiend discounts,

Advise a pass or a change,

And on fields far away and irrelevant

beat

The purpose is tempted to range;

Never best, but in sound recreation

rest.

And of fame and of honor, is plain:

It lies not in change, nor in sentiment

alone,

Nor in wayward exploit and display,

But just in the shoemaker's honest ad-

vice

To keep pegging and pegging away.

SELECTED.

NELS THURLOW'S TRIALS.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

"Now come back," said the old man, "and go to work, and see if you can be a little mite less clumsy."

"I never will," Nels replied, in a white heat of passion. "I never will do another stroke for you as long as I live. I said I wouldn't if I had been Dick Stark, and now you've treated me worse than you did him." And he sobbed with a sense of the wrong and ignominy that had been heaped upon him.

"Very well, do as you like," cried Podlong. "Dick didn't make much by puttin' out, and I guess you won't. The farm has got along without him, and it can get along without you."

"I'm not a slave, to be abused and knocked about by any man," Nels muttered, wishing himself a little stronger or the rock not quite so big, there would have been such satisfaction in hurling it at the old man's head.

Thus the evil which he yielded to in ourselves has the power of raising a kindred demon in others, and the thoughtless blow or word may leave a lasting scar upon an innocent soul.

"I'm at work for wages, or I have been," he went on. "You owe me for over five months. But as you won't pay Dick Stark—"

"I don't pay nobody that breaks his agreement with me," interrupted the old man.

"You won't give me any money?" Nels demanded.

"Nary a cent," exclaimed Podlong grimly.

"You'd better," said Nels, with a lurid fire in his eyes, as he stood bareheaded by the wall, with his disordered hair over his pale brows. "I won't stand it, and go off without my pay as Dick did. I give you warning."

"Warning of what?" said the old man, advancing, as if to renew the flogging. "Be careful what you say."

"I know what I'm saying," returned the boy, "and I mean it."

Desperation burned in his eyes and tearstained cheeks. There was nothing which he would not have done at that moment to avenge his wrongs, as the old man might have seen had he not been blinded by his own passion.

Nels did not even return to pick up his tattered straw hat, which had been swept away by the old man's switch, but hurried along beside the wall, crossed the barnyard, and entered the house, where, reaching his garret, he began, amid sobs of rage and grief, to pack his clothes into a bundle.

CHAPTER IV.

Nels had left his hat in the orchard where it had fallen in his struggle with old Podlong, but he had another hat in his room. That was soon on his head, and with his small bundle of clothes under his arm he hurried down stairs and through the front entry, his heart too full of passion for even a word of farewell to old Aunt Podlong.

She waylaid him, however, and asked under her amazed speculates what it all meant.

"It means," said Nels, with explosive grief, "that the old man, he no longer called him uncle, 'has whaled me—a convulsive sob—and I'm going."

"Oh, Nels, I'm so sorry!" said the old lady soothingly. "You know he does give way to his temper unaccountably sometimes. I wouldn't mind it."

"Not mind it?" echoed the boy, all a fire with indignation. "You don't know what it is to be licked with the limb of an apple tree—when I wasn't to blame either! I wouldn't stay and do another hour's work for him if it was to keep me from starving."

"You'll feel different after you've been away a little while," she said. "You'll come back, I guess. I'll make it all right between him and you."

"Come back? What should I ever come back for? But—Nels faltered—you've been good to me. I haven't anything against you."

His voice choked again, and he hurried away. Whether he went he himself hardly knew. He avoided houses and people. Proud and sensitive, he was ashamed to let anyone see his face, the wretched gloom of which he could not hide, and he could not have trusted himself to speak of his wrongs.

He might do as Dick Stark did, and have the old man arrested for assault. But Podlong didn't mind walking into court and paying a little fine—at least he pretended he didn't—and the boy must think of some more terrible retribution. Even the wages due him, which he despised of getting by any lawful means seemed to him a trifle compared with the awful debt Podlong had incurred by the blows he had struck—a debt the boy vowed should be paid, at whatever cost to himself.

He sat down on the edge of a woodland, and broke spears of grass with his agitated fingers, and plotted vengeance. The sun was setting on a September landscape so fair and tranquil that it seemed a mockery to the turbulence of his heart. A laborer with field a few rods below, sat down on a stone and lighted his pipe. After smoking a few puffs he walked on and disappeared over the hill.

If there is such a thing as an

evil genius, it must have been that which prompted Nels to rise shortly after and saunter down to the rock where the man had sat. He thought he had seen something drop from his lap as he got up, and he was not mistaken. A fragment of a card of matches, white and clean, lay on the grass. He looked eagerly to see if anybody was near to observe him; then stooping quickly he picked up the match, which he carried in his hand with an innocent air as he sauntered back to the woods.

There, hidden in a hollow, he tried one of them, on the sole of his shoe, and found that it burned with a lively sputter. He had three left, these he gloated over with vindictive satisfaction, and finally put them away carefully in his pocket. He had been wishing only a short time before, that he had taken a few matches from Podlong's house, and wondering where he could get some.

How he passed the time until eleven o'clock that night I hardly know. At that gloomy hour a slight dark figure, visible only to the eye of the calm stars, crept stealthily under the shadow of a great strawstack standing within a few rods of Podlong's great barn. It was the figure of a boy. The boy was Nels Thurlow.

Having reached a sheltered spot under the brow of the stack, he concealed himself and listened. All was still in the house; Uncle and Aunt Podlong and their hired girl were no doubt sleeping soundly. All had been quiet, too, in the house of Gideon Shaw, their nearest neighbor, when Nels passed it a few minutes before. Only the rhythmic chorus of the tree cricket broke the silence of the autumn night.

After waiting and listening a while, he pulled out armfuls of straw from the stack until he had a pile breast-high beside him. This he heaped against the corner of the barn. Some got scattered by the way, and he now scattered more over the same ground, until there was a continuous trail of straw between the barn and the stack.

Everything, from the finding of the matches, seemed to favor the boy's scheme of vengeance. He remembered hearing Podlong say, only two days before, that the insurance on his buildings had run out, and that he must get it renewed the first time he went to the village. He had not gone to the village yet, unless he went that afternoon. And the barn was filled with hay to the top of the mows, and with grain to the edge of the great bins—wheat and oats and rye—while the floor was heaped with still unhusked corn. There were, also, adjoining sheds with lofts crammed with fodder, wagons and sleighs in the wagon house, and ploughs and harrows and machines and tools wherever they could be best stowed away.

CHAPTER V.

Under the open sheds and in the yard were sleeping cattle. Nels had no grudge against them; he went softly and let down the bars leading into the lane, so that they could escape at the first alarm. There was a stable near the house, but that he would spare for the sake of the horses it sheltered. The house too should be exempt, because of the old lady's kind words to him, although she had not always been so kind.

When all was ready he sat down again under the stack to fortify his resolution with the recollections of the wrongs he had endured, and to enjoy, in anticipation, the old man's impotent fury at the sight of his blazing property. He did not much care what might happen to himself. He believed he could escape; but even at the risk of being caught and punished, he was determined to have his revenge.

While he was waiting, and hardening his heart as often as it whispered to him that what he was

doing was desperately dangerous and wicked, a noise in the direction of the orchard drew his attention. Was the old man out there picking his precious pippins at that time of night?

He had certainly heard a bough clash, and a thud on the ground as one of the great apples in its fall. Silence followed for a few minutes, only the crickets kept up their pulsing song, and now and then a full-fled cow in the yard heaved a far-heard sigh of content. Then came an unmistakable noise at the orchard wall.

Nels lay perfectly still, thrilled with a strange fear, and all his senses strained by intense excitement. Presently a man got over the wall, not more than five or six rods away—so far, indeed, that Nels would not have seen him but for the sound that attracted and quickened his sight in the obscurity.

After another pause the man drew over the fence something which by his movements and the slight rubbing sound it made, Nels guessed to be a ladder—probably the same from which he had picked the fatal pippins that afternoon.

He crept out of his hiding place and following at a safe distance, saw the man approach the house, raise the ladder, and place it noiselessly against one of the upper windows. There the robber—for such he undoubtedly was—waited for a long time, as it seemed to Nels, and finally, moving softly, tried the sash. It seemed to offer no difficulties, and soon his head and shoulders, which showed black against the white-painted side of the house, disappeared into the room.

All this Nels served to divert the boy's attention from his own private scheme of vengeance. And now came other reflections. What if the man would be to him? The man should suffer from a robbery at the hands of one whom he had probably never wronged.

Far from being a bad boy at heart, Nels Thurlow had an unusually strong sense of justice. It was that which had been so deeply outraged by Podlong's ill-treatment of him, and driven him wild with the desire of vengeance. But the same feeling which in its lower manifestations may prompt revenge, in its nobler aspect is conscience. And how could Nels's conscience let him lurk there while old man Podlong was being robbed?

He remembered when he used to sleep in the next room to the one the burglar was entering (that had been Dick Stark's) how eager he would have been then to defend the house against any depredation. The old feeling came back upon him, and he had forgot his own injuries in a sudden impulse to baffle the burglar.

But what should he do? Try to alarm the family, and by the cry give him warning and a chance to escape? Better run back to Gideon Shaw's house, get assistance, and help to capture the rogue. Although he had himself been brought up to the commission of a dreadful deed, Nels had no sympathy with robbers or with rogues of any sort.

Gideon Shaw lived hardly forty rods away, and in less than three minutes Nels was knocking at his door. Podlong had not slept well for an hour or two after going to bed. Stoutly as he was accustomed to bear himself after his fits of passion, he often felt more remorse for them than he was willing anybody should suspect, and he was particularly disturbed by the recollection of his mad abuse to Nels. He had sharply cut short his wife's remonstrance, but he could not quiet his own thoughts so easily.

"I hadn't ought to have flogged him," he said to himself, as he turned on his pillow, trying in vain to sleep. "Why can't I learn to keep a curb on my pesky temper? He's really the best-intentioned boy I ever had on the farm, and I might

have had a little patience 'stead of wallopin' him."

He groaned and turned again, wondering if he was keeping Mrs. Podlong awake.

"Now I've lost him, I s'pose! for 'tain't likely a boy o' his spirit 'll come back. And he's lost a good place; for I'd 'ave done well by him if he'd staid. He's jest the boy I want. What possessed me to be so harsh with him I can't understand!"

The remorseful Podlong tried to comfort himself with the reflection that he would try to find Nelson the next day and bring him back; inwardly vowing, for I suppose the thousandth time in his life, that he would never let his temper get away with him again. In the midst of these thoughts he fell asleep, to be awakened not long after by a violent knock at the door.

"Who's there?" he shouted, starting up in bed. At the same moment he was aware of a man leaping up from the floor and darting out of the room.

"Robbers!—there's robbers in your house!" the knocker stopped knocking to shout.

The old man, calling to his wife not to be frightened, sprang in his night-clothes to a tall bureau, behind which stood an old musket. It wasn't loaded; and even if it had been, it would have proved a dangerous weapon to the man trying to fire it. But the butt-end might be useful to strike with; and thus armed, Podlong rushed out in pursuit of the intruder.

VI.

After getting in at the chamber window, the robber had cautiously made his way down stairs and entered the old folk's sleeping-room, which was on the lower floor.

The old man commonly carried a thick roll of bank-bills in his pocket-book; and it was this the fellow was after. He had barely got his hand upon it when the alarm came at the front door, and the farmer sprang out of bed.

At the back door Nels was standing guard with an eye turned up at the window where he had seen the man's legs following his head and shoulders, disappear in the house. Precisely at that moment when the alarm was raised in front he pulled down the ladder, and made a highly strategic use of it at the back-door. He turned it up on its edge against the steps, which he had hardly done, when the house breaker having unbolted the door on the inside, opened it, dashed out, and plunged headlong over the ladder, which tripped his feet in a most unexpected fashion. The old man rushed out after him, full of fight, with his clubbed musket ready to do execution upon a whole band of robbers.

As the man stumbled over the ladder, Nels flung himself on his back to prevent him from rising and screamed for help. The old man saw the two struggling figures and not knowing which head to hit threw away his musket. At the same time Gideon Shaw came hurrying around the house, with an iron rake in his hands and a whiplash in his pocket.

Between the three the burglar was captured and bound, and by the time the feat was accomplished, Aunt Podlong came to the door with a lighted lamp.

"Is it you, Nelson?" said the old man, in an agitated voice, as the gleam fell upon the boy's face.

Out of breath with his recent struggle, Nels did not speak. But the helpful neighbor had a voice, and used it.

"He saw the robber getting into a window, and came to my house and gave the alarm. He had the hardest part of the tussle, but my whiplash has come handy."

"Nelson," said the old man, trembling in his night-clothes, "you've done me a turn I'd no right to expect. I believe the rascal has my pocket-book; leastwise he had pulled my trousers off 'n foot-board, where I always hang 'em when I

go to bed. Must be somebody who knows the house. Turn round here, you scamp, and let's look at your face? Dick Stark!"

"Yes, sir; Dick Stark," said the man, boldly confronting him. "You think I came to rob you. No, sir; I came to help myself to the money you owe me, since I could not come to it by any other way. And I might have got off with some of it, at least, if it hadn't been for Nels."

"Dick!" exclaimed the old man, such a thing.

"I wouldn't if your beating and cheating me hadn't driven me to it," replied Dick.

"That's no excuse," said Podlong. "Look at Nels here. I used him this very day wuss'n ever I did you. But 'stead o' comin' back to rob me, he comes to save me from robbers."

"Uncle," spoke up Nels in a choking voice, "I didn't come back to do you a good turn. And I'll tell you the truth. If I had known it was Dick after his pay I wouldn't have interfered."

"You think he was doing right?"

The old man was a strange looking object, standing in the lamplight, with his white hair and excited features, and a many-colored bed-quilt, which his wife brought him, wrapped about his shivering limbs.

"No, not right," said Nels, "but you know, uncle, how you treated him."

He spoke earnestly, and not without fear of what his words might provoke. But Podlong was not angry. They were in the kitchen by this time; and Aunt Podlong, dreading the effect of the cold air on the old man's naked shanks, closed the door.

"Untie his hands, Gideon," said Podlong, in a shaking voice. "Now give me my pocket book, Dick. If there's money in it, and I guess there is—for I've been savin' some to pay my insurance—you shall have your dues this very night. I hain't done right myself, I know it, and I don't mind sayin' it here in the presence of you all. Count out his money, Gideon—I can't— with something whatever he thinks is right, for the trouble and expense I've put him to."

It was pitiful to see him so humiliated and broken; and when he turned and said, "Now, Nelson, my boy, what can I do for you?" the lad's heart went out to him with a throb of sympathy and pity.

"Nothing, uncle; I am all right," he said, in a suffocated voice, and with tear-blinded eyes.

"Well, then, go to bed. You'd better turn in too, Dick. And, Gideon, you've had to suffer sometimes from my temper, as well as the rest of 'em, but I vow you never shall again."

So Nels returned to the little room which he had not expected ever to see again. In his gratitude as he crept into his bed and felt that he was once more at home, he could not but wonder if he was the same boy who an hour ago had skulked behind the stack in pursuit of a horrible revenge. What satisfaction could there have been in that? How hideous the very thought of it, compared with the bliss of forgiving and being forgiven!

He slept little that night, so anxious was he to get out at daybreak and clear up the litter around the stack before the old man or even Dick Stark should see it.

This he did, and had got the straw mostly back in a heap under the brow of the stack, when the old man appeared.

"So this is the bed you made for yourself last night," was Podlong's innocent comment. "I'm glad enough Dick came along to disturb you."

"So am I," said the contrite boy.

"What is this, my son?" asked a fond parent. "Your school report of last month said, 'Conduct exemplary'; while for this month it reads, 'Conduct execrable.' What did you do? Just what I did the month before, only the master noticed

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

The Persecuted Husband Who Is No Afraid to Speak Out.

Detroit Free Press: Thank goodness that Christmas is over, and that Mr. Bowser can no longer hold it over me as a weapon to humiliate and terrify!

It was away back in June that he first began to refer to it. He lost his keys one day through a hole in his coat pocket, and as soon as he entered the house he turned that pocket wrong side out and exclaimed:

"Look at that, Mrs. Bowser—look at that! I believe you claim to be a wife and mother and house-keeper!"

"You have a hole in your pocket."

"Oh, I have! And you can see it! You can actually see it!"

"You should have called my attention to it before, Mr. Bowser. I will mend it in about a minute."

"No you won't. A wife with no more interest in her husband's clothes than this should let them entirely alone! You have been the means of me losing all my keys, and now I will give you fair warning that you don't get no Christmas present out of me—not even a stick of gum!"

He got a damning needle and a piece of string and mended the hole himself, and as his keys were returned to him later in the day he apparently forgave me until the next time. Along in June he had a soft corn between his toes, and one evening he said:

"Seems to me you must have heard of some cure for a soft corn."

"I have. A lady told me that soap and borax cured one for her. Shall I fix up some for you?"

He was delighted at the time, and I shaved up some soap, made the preparation and fussed over his foot for an hour. Next morning that corn was so sore he could not put on his shoes, and he limped around and yelled at me:

"You did it to secure revenge on me—you know you did! You expected blood-poisoning to set in!"

"I simply told you what a lady told me."

"I don't believe anyone ever told you so! Soap and borax! Think of it! The stuff would kill a horse. I had planned, Mrs. Bowser, to make this a memorable Christmas for you, but now I'll be hanged if I do. You don't get as much out of me as you can put in your ear."

The corn got well in three or four days, and it was six weeks before Mr. Bowser had another opportunity to terrify me. One night I had to go down stairs for some medicine for baby, and when I started Mr. Bowser lay on his back, his knees drawn up, and his snore making the earth tremble. When I returned he was behind the door and I had to speak to him twice before he would come out.

"Mr. Bowser, what on earth ails you?" I demanded.

"Where have you been?"

"Down stairs after the paregoric."

"Did you upset a chair?"

"Yes, I do believe you thought burglars were in the house, and you got up and hid behind the door."

"You believe that, do you? He shouted, as he bravely walked around and looked over the banister.

"Well, there is something queer about it."

"Mrs. Bowser," he said, coming back to me, "you have cast reflection on my personal courage! Your object is to humiliate me! You know I was after my revolver, but you chose to cast a slur where another would have praised. I was thinking of diamonds for your Christmas present. I shall think no more. You won't get even a hair-pin from me!"

Three or four weeks passed away, and one evening he came home with a couple of tickets for the theatre and insisted that we go. We went. He did not like the play; somebody stole his gloves, and we missed the last car and had to walk a mile and a half. He restrained himself for

Continued on inside.

THE ARCLIGHT. SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1889. INCORPORATION.

The Act of Incorporation, which was recently passed by the Provincial House of Assembly, provides for the taking of a vote of the rate-payers of all towns which may desire incorporation, and a majority vote shall decide either in the affirmative or the negative. The new assessment law, by means of which property in Acadia Mines is this year, whether justly or unjustly shown to be of greater value than heretofore, places the district in the position of contributing much more to the general benefit of the county than is received by it in return. The expenditures on roads, bridges, forpoor and other public services are declared to be niggardly because of the small allowance made by the Municipal Council. In the matter of schools, also, great reform is needed. Increased accommodation is required, better buildings, and more extensive apparatus. The lighting of streets, provisions for protection against fire, better police service, and the control of licenses for all branches of legitimate business, are all much better served by the means of a board of Councillors, independent of other sections. Power is entrusted to issue debentures and to borrow money for the advancement and increase of public accommodation.

There are a few objections to the idea of incorporation; but the evils are perhaps unnecessarily dwelt upon. Objections can be got rid of by legislative enactment, and the whole machinery no doubt, made to work smoothly and beneficially. A spirit of ambition and rivalry asserts itself as soon as the individuality of a section is assumed; and in like proportion is the section enhanced in value and public estimation. The agitation for the incorporation of Acadia Mines is timely. Let the ball be kept rolling.

There are the brightest prospects for great expansion of the iron business of Canada during the present year. Acadia Iron Works will undoubtedly provide the greater part of the increase, as the superiority of the material supplied is well understood by all consumers of iron and steel.

Truro News Notes.

The Civic Election promises to be lively. Dr. Bent and Dr. D. H. Muir, both ex-Mayors, are candidates for the chief office. S. G. Chambers is candidate for Councillor for Ward I; F. H. Eaton, and D. J. Thomas, candidates for Ward II; A. E. McKay and Alex. Miller, candidates for Ward III.

Sherman Rath, the 20 year old son of a Truro man, was killed by the giving way of a hay press, which was being unloaded into the barn of T. B. Chisholm. Lower Onslow, last Tuesday morning, his life was crushed out by the heavy press falling upon him.

The *Guardian* has apparently renounced Liberal politics, and goes in for Independence. It is not an unexceptionable sheet. The *Truro* Foundry and Machine Company have completed a large iron bridge over the North River. So great was the press of work in their establishment that the work of completion was somewhat retarded. Difficulty is experienced all over Nova Scotia and New Brunswick in securing any kind of iron work of large dimensions, on account of the numerous orders all round.

There will shortly be a change in the personnel of the firm of Wm. Cumming, Sons & Co. It is rumored that Mr. G. B. Layton will retire. The proposition will be made by Dr. Muir, if elected, to pave the road bet. of Prince Street with granite, and lay asphalt sidewalks, composed largely of slag from the furnaces at the Mines.

The Municipal Council is in session, Jas. W. Graham was elected Warden. He has already given evidence of creditable efficiency.

The repeal of the Scott Act agitation is in a state of abeyance just now pending the decision of the Department at Ottawa, which has the petition asking for an election now before it. Some discussion in outlying districts has revealed the fact that in the Town of Truro, it will require the petition of two-thirds of the rate-payers of the town, not of an individual ward, to warrant the granting of a license. Such a number can scarcely be obtained, and that licenses are improbable.

PRESENTATION.

Mr. John H. Simmonds was the recipient of an address and hand present on New Year's Eve, from his Sabbath School class. The address is as follows:

DEAR TEACHER.—We, the scholars of your Sabbath school, class appreciating deeply your services of love toward us, and instructing us for our spiritual welfare, thank you for the untiring efforts you have shown toward us during the past year, and we accept this little present as a token of love we have for you as Sabbath school scholars. As we are about to enter upon a new year our earnest prayer is that it will be the brightest of all the years that are passed and that teacher and scholars will be more than ever united in love. May you continue to live under the smile of God and may we have the privilege of being united with you in your own home when the Lord comes to make up his jewels. God forbid that any of us should be weighed in the balance and found wanting, and that we should be forgotten. Rather, hear the welcome voice, "Come ye blessed of my father." God bless you, is the wish of your loving scholars.

- MABEL HURST, CLARA BERT, ANNIE McCURR, ALEX. GREEN, DOLLY BELL, MAGGIE STEEL, MRS. LIZZIE McLEAN, LIZZIE COX, JESSIE MYERS, SOPHIE MYER.

To My Dear Scholars.—

Your words of kind expression for me as your teacher in the Sabbath school, accompanied by your valuable gift is most unexpected but will be none the less prized on that account.

Please accept my warmest thanks for this most kind gift. Your appreciation of my humble efforts in the performance of a very pleasant duty is a source of great encouragement to me, and will I trust, prove a stimulus to greater effort in the future. As a teacher, my work has been greatly lightened by your own diligence in preparing the lessons and by your faithful attendance from Sabbath to Sabbath.

It has been my constant endeavor to point you to the "Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world," and if I have been of the least service to you I have my reward.

I most heartily unite my prayers with yours that the "New Year," upon which we have just entered, may be the brightest in our experience, and that "Teacher and scholars may be more than ever united in love."

That you all may be bright stars in the Kingdom of Heaven, when he cometh to make up his jewels, and that Heaven's choicest blessings may be abundantly bestowed upon you is the sincere prayer of your Sabbath School Teacher.

JOHN H. SIMMONDS. Acadia Mines, Jan. 2nd, 1889.

OUTRAGED THE EAGLE.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Dec. 27.—The brigantine *Josefa* which has arrived at this port from Montego Bay, Jamaica, brings news of an outrage suffered by that vessel at the hands of the Spanish government. While discharging cargo on her onward trip from New York to Arroyo, Puerto Rico, Spanish custom officials discovered that twenty packages of corn starch, which were marked on the vessel's manifest were missing. After an extended search the goods could not be found and the vessel was seized by the Spanish authorities, who held her until a fine of \$4,000 was paid although the value of the goods in question did not exceed \$20. The master and the crew were forced to suffer many indignities at the hands of the government of the island, and officials acting under his authority offered to settle the matter if the captain of the vessel could satisfactorily explain the whereabouts of the missing packages. After the fine had been paid it was ascertained that the missing goods were delivered by mistake to the ship *Josefa*, which lay next to the *Josefa* in New York, but were placed on the *Josefa*'s manifest. An explanation was made to the Spanish authorities and the return of the fine was requested but was refused, and the vessel left Puerto Rico to load a cargo elsewhere for this city. The owner of the *Josefa* filed a complaint against the Spanish government with Secretary Bayard and asked that his immediate attention shall be given to the matter.

EARTHQUAKE AT SEA.

Upon first thought it may seem strange that the slight movements of an earthquake should be felt upon the water; but experience shows that the shock is felt on board a ship as well as in a house.

This results from the elasticity of water. Just as fish some feet below the surface, may be killed by a blow from a paddle upon the water

directly above him, so a ship is affected by the force of an earthquake communicated through the water. Favorable opportunities for observing the phenomena attending an earthquake under the sea are not frequent. A traveler in South America some years ago learned from a ship-master how his vessel was affected by one while lying at anchor in the roadside at Valparaiso.

The shock occurred about midnight. It aroused the captain from his sleep, and it seemed to him he said to be such a shock as might have been caused by the ship striking against the rocks. This appeared to be followed by rude scarpings and thumpings, as if she were driven over a bed of rough ground.

The captain thought, therefore at first, that he was aground, or that after dragging her anchors his ship had struck against some rocks or some other vessel in the port.

A NOVEL SCHEME FOR HARBOR DEFENCE.

According to a recent report in some of the Philadelphia newspapers a large company, backed by millions of dollars has proposed to the Secretary of Navy a striking and possibly effective scheme for the defence of that harbor and the harbors of other cities from the attacks of an enemy's fleet by shooting ignited petroleum at the unfriendly ships from the bottom of the river and burning them up. The Rear-Admiral has been directed to study closely the harbor of Philadelphia and its approaches. The petroleum defence scheme, the originator of which have induced the government to make this preliminary examination of the Philadelphia harbor is a brilliant one in more respects than one. A company has been organized at Washington to develop the plan and to show its practicability.

It is proposed to sink perforated iron pipes in the river bed and the approaches to the harbor, through which petroleum can be forced to the surface of the river by machinery and at a high pressure. In this way a fierce stream of blazing oil can be sent down on the enemy's fleet to destroy it or drive it away. It is claimed by the projectors that a flame can be produced in this way as high as a ship's mast, and sent with terrific force on the attacking vessels many miles from the point where the oil is supplied to the system of submerged pipes. Iron vessels could not pass through this lake of fire because it could be made to extend many miles along the river. An experiment in connection with the scheme will be made at Fort Mifflin in a few weeks. The necessary apparatus is almost ready at the present moment, and great things are expected from this test.—*Scientific American*.

SHE ANSWERED THEM.

A certain young man decided to make to a young lady a formal offer of his hand and heart—all he was worth—hoping for a cordial reception. But he was a cautious young man, and felt his way by putting a few questions to her. Did she love him well enough to live in a cottage with him? Was she a good cook? Did she think it a wife's duty to make home happy? Would she consult his tastes and wishes concerning her associates and pursuits in life? Was she economical? Could she make her own clothes? Etc. The young lady said that before she answered his questions she would assure him of some negative virtues she possessed.

She never drank, smoked nor cowered; she never owed a bill to her laundress or tailor; never stayed out all night playing billiards; never lounged on the street corners and ogled giddy girls; never "stood in" with the boys for cigars and wine suppers. "Now," said she, rising indignantly, "I am satisfied, by those who know, that you go all these things, and it is rather absurd for you to expect all virtues in me while you do not possess any yourself. I can never be your wife," and she showed him out, and left him on the cold doorstep.

The independent order of foresters will apply to next session of parliament for incorporation.

Special Locals.

Dress Goods! Dress Goods!! We will sell winter Dress Goods at cost. The finest assortment in town to select from. Falconer & Durning, Furnace St.

A few Overcoats still on hand will be closed out below cost by Falconer & Durning.

S. H. Smith & Son, are selling New Years' goods cheap.

Large Stock of Fancy goods, at low prices at S. H. Smith & Son.

Give S. H. Smith & Son, a call if you want to give your friends a nice present.

Don't forget to remember, that Falconer & Durning are selling Dress Goods at large reductions on marked prices.

F. H. Johnson's cash prices are right. Lamp shades 6 and 7 cents each to clear. No doubt prices for Tinware. Give the cash shop a call and be convinced.

A large lot of Alarm clocks, at N. T. Mills', Furnace St.

Falconer and Durning are selling all white goods low.

Underclothing! Underclothing!! Owing to our unprecedentedly large sale of underclothing this season we have had to re-order twice. We opened yesterday, a large case of underclothing (assorted) which we have marked lower than ever.

FALCONER & DURNING. Go to N. T. Mills for Watches and Jewelry, also Rogers' Cutlery.

Business Cards.

Waverly Hotel. MAIN STREET, West side. ACADIA MINES, Nova Scotia. JAMES McLEAN, Proprietor. Terms attend all trains. Good Sample Rooms. Stabling on the premises. Jan 2 89

VICTORIA HOTEL, TRURO, N. S. CASSON & LEARMONT, PROP'S. (Successors to R. H. Edwards.) House remodelled and refitted. Sample Rooms in the House and on Prince St., close to Post Office. Truro, N. S., Dec. 20, 88.

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GEORGE H. LAWRENCE, AGENT. WESTERN FIRE ASSURANCE COY. Office with G. W. Cox & Co. Acadia Mines, Dec. 20, 88.

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ACADIA MINES STORE. GENERAL & COMMISSION WAREHOUSE.

New Advertisements.

G. W. Cox & Co., have the various departments of their GENERAL STORE stocked with a complete line of FIRST-CLASS GOODS, which are offered at the LOWEST PRICES. The public are most respectfully invited to call and examine. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Acadia Mines, Dec. 20, 1888.

PIANOS and ORGANS. The largest and finest stock in the Maritime Provinces. Don't fail to write for prices and you will save money, and get a reliable instrument. Cash or easy terms. W. H. JOHNSON, 121 & 123 Hollis St., Halifax, N. S.

AMHERST BOOT & SHOE MFG. CO. WHOLESALE Boot & Shoe Manufacturers, AMHERST, N. S. Factory near Depot 114 x 40 feet, Four Stories high.

ATKINS' DRUG STORES, Next Door to Post Office, and "BRANCH," Masonic Hall Building, a full line of Pure Drugs and Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Perfumery, large assortment Toilet articles, etc., etc. Physicians Prescriptions carefully Compounded at all hours from pure Drugs.

THOS. E. ATKINS, ACADIA MINES, NOVA SCOTIA. January 11, 89.

Clothing and Gents' Furnishings.

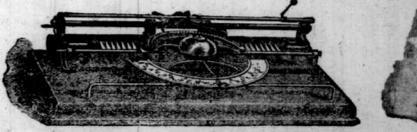
One Case Mens' Overshirts and Overall. One Case Mens' Shirts and Drawers. One Case Men and Boys' Top Great Coats. "Duplicate Orders," "AT REDUCED PRICES," Until after February Next. RED ROOF MAIN STREET. G. R. SMITH.

STEP THIS WAY, Whether in Town or Out. New Cash Hardware Store, CORNER MAIN AND FURNACE STREETS. Just Opened this Week! A VERY GOOD STOCK OF Tinware, at Prices that are Just Right. Dinner Cans, 35 cents and up. Galva Steel Buckets 25, 35 and 45 cents. Lamp Shades, 6 and 7 cents and up. BARNES, from \$10, upwards. Sleigh Bells, Robes and Horse Rugs at Prices that defy competition. Halters, 35 cents and up, Curry Combs, 5 cents and upwards, and many other articles at comparatively low prices.

Frank H. Johnson, GRAND CLEARANCE SALE, FALCONER & DURNING, Furnace Street. wish to inform their many friends and patrons that they are selling their entire stock of Clothing, &c., at reduced prices, to clear. DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE, CROCKERYWARE, TINWARE, ETC., ETC.

Xmas. Goods in Great Variety. See Our Fur Caps and Boas. Special Bargains in Ready-Made Clothing, OVERCOATS SELLING AT COST. 1 CAR LOAD FLOUR IN THIS WEEK, 50 Barrels Apples for Sale Low. FALCONER & DURNING, Furnace Street, Acadia Mines. Dec. 20, 1888. J. B. GILLIS & CO. Headwaters for Stationery &c. The Paradise of shoppers. Pens, Note Paper, Foolscap, Lead Pencils, Nursery Rhymes Games, Puzzles and New Novelties. Pleasant surprises, in large quantities at Lowest prices. Toys, Novelties, Fancy Goods, Etc., and other articles too numerous to mention. Please call and be convinced.

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