

THE LONDONDERRY AND IRON ENTERPRISE.

ACADIA MINES, N. S. SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1880.

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THE LONDONDERRY ARC-LIGHT.

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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,
You should 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 written a watch-word by youth
In the labor of hands and brain,
For even if genius and talent are cast
Into work with the strongest of steel,
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
And mechanics best suited for trade;
But when once in the harness however it be,
Back to duty to your work night and day,
Secure in the triumph of hand and wit,
If you only keep pegging away.
There are times in all tasks when the
Spendthrift existence is vain,
For the secret of wealth in the present
And past,
And of fame and of honor, is plain:
It lies not in change, nor in sentiment
Nay, nor in wayward exploit and display,
But just in the shoemaker's homely 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 we yield 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 wrathful 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-fed 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 Nelson'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 wrought 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 whip-lash 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 whip-lash 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 entailed 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 annexation sheet. The New Year number was a creditable one. 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 offering 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 in your presence 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 annual 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 at 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 do 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.

VICTORIA HOTEL, TRURO, N. S. CASSON & LEARMONT, PROP'S. (Successors to R. H. Edwards.)

C. C. D. DONKIN'S, HAIR-DRESSING and Shaving Rooms. NEXT Door to G. R. Smith's Store.

THE GLASGOW & LONDON FIRE INSURANCE COY., J. J. FALCONER, AGENT.

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

INSURANCE AND RAILWAY TICKET OFFICE. E. WALSH, AGENT. Merchants' Bank of Halifax. Acadia Mines, Dec. 20, 88.

ACADIA MINES STORE. GENERAL & COMMISSION WAREHOUSE.

G. W. Cox & Co., have the various departments of their GENERAL STORE stocked with a complete line of 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.

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 each.

HARNESS, 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.

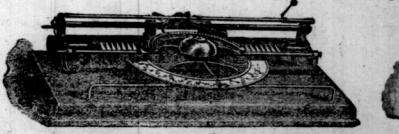
J. B. GILLIS & CO. Watches and Clocks at Cost. 2 CASES American Clocks. 2 PACKAGES WALTHAM WATCHES Fancy Jewelry, Silverware, CONSISTING OF

Cake Baskets, Butter Dishes, Pickled Dishes, Rogers' Bros., best quality American Knives, Forks, Spoons, Napkin Rings, Etc.

N. T. MILLS, FURNACE STREET, ACADIA MINES.

THE WORLD TYPE WRITER. Every way as good as the \$100 Machine. Price \$10.00, Ready for Work. Address, Enclosing Stamp for reply, Lock Drawer, 171, TRURO, N. S.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, WITH THE LONDONDERRY ARCLIGHT, FOR \$4.50 PER YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE AT THIS OFFICE. JOB WORK, In all its branches. Bill heads, Note heads, Posters, Hazards, Duplicates, Blank books, Receipt books, Paragraphs, Business cards, etc., etc., at the office of THE LONDONDERRY ARCLIGHT.



Local News.

The agency of the Merchants Bank of Halifax, moved into their new office on Wednesday last.

\$114.00 were realized at the Tea meeting and Xmas Tree at Bass River on the 24th.

The Mission Band at Great Village held a concert about a week ago capturing \$40.00.

The Baptists of Great Village had a Baked Bean Social on Christmas evening.

Dr. J. R. Smith, of Great Village, is progressing rapidly toward recovery.

Messrs. Forman Brothers, will open a bakery here about the 15th inst.

The Post-office at Great Village has changed hands. Mr. David Blackie is now postmaster.

We are sorry to inform our readers that Mr. Moreash, tailor of Great Village is confined to the house through illness.

The petition for the repeal of the Scott Act in Colchester County was forwarded to Ottawa on Tuesday of last week.

The superstructure of the new bridge is nearly ready for shipment from the shop of Stewart, New Glasgow, who has the contract.

On Christmas afternoon the band paraded the streets and played a choice selection of music, the day was fine and more like an April than a December day.

SOCIAL AT THE PARSONAGE.—Rev. J. E. Donkin, Tuesday Evening 15th under the auspices of the Womans' Missionary Society. Entables, Music and Money wanted.

Iron Age Division, S. of T, intend celebrating its 35th anniversary at Great Village on Thursday next. They intend inviting a number of other Divisions so assist of that occasion.

George Moran, aged about 15 was seriously hurt in the Rolling Mill on Tuesday afternoon by one of the biggies splitting which caused a large piece of iron to fall on his foot striking him just below the ankle maiming the foot badly.

The week of prayer is now in progress, meetings have been held in the Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian churches. The Meeting was held Friday evening in the Baptist church. This evening a meeting will be in the Presbyterian church.

The Arc Light has come to stay. Special arrangements have been completed to ensure its regular issue every Friday hereafter. Look out for it. Two cents per copy. For sale at bookstores, at office and at Jewelry shop opposite the Blast Furnace.

Miss McGarry, of Halifax, gave a number of Readings and Recitations in St. Bridge's Hall, on Thursday evening Dec. 27 in the presence of a large and appreciative audience. The readings and recitations were very instructive and amusing and were beautifully rendered. Miss McGarry may be sure of a crowded house if she ever visits Acadia Mines again. The music between the readings was well rendered and speaks well for the local talent of this town.

Detective Power passed through Truro on Thursday last with Brown, the Prince Edward Island bigamist. Brown recently married Miss Mary Ann Sharp at Summerside and after two weeks deserted her. He has a wife and family living at Lunenburg and claims to have been drunk while on the Island, and although he acknowledges meeting Miss Sharp, he does not recollect of any marriage ceremony being performed.

George Butler, a young man working in the Ore Room at the Blast Furnace was seriously if not fatally hurt Friday morning. It seems that the cage used for hoisting ore and coke to the top of the furnace caught on its way down and he took a crowbar and went under the cage to free it, not noticing that the rope was slack that held it. He pried it loose while in a stooping position, when the cage dropped a foot or so striking him on the back, knocking him insensible. He was carried home and the doctor sent for. It is feared he is seriously hurt, but no bones were broken. He was as well as could be expected this morning.

ROAD BLOCKED UP.

A large building is being moved from this side of the Quebec House on the road to Londonderry station. It has been on the road for over a week, it takes up the whole road and teams going to and from the station have to go into the woods to get by it. At night strangers are liable to run into the windlass as there is no light on it. If it keeps on moving at the rate it now is it will be a week or so more before it is out of the road and by that time nobody knows what damage may be caused by it.

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SUICIDE AT EAST MINES.

David Totten of East Mines committed suicide in a barn at that place by hanging. He had been living with his brother and yesterday afternoon went to the barn. His brother followed him about 20 minutes after and found him lying on his stomach on the barn floor dead. He had fastened a rope to a beam about 5 feet from the floor and made a noose in the other end of the rope, placed it around his neck, laid down and died from strangulation. When found his face was not more than six inches from the floor. He was about 60 years of age and a bachelor. The verdict of suicide while temporarily insane, was rendered.

PROVINCIAL.

Pictou harbor was free of ice Dec. 31st, the latest known for many years.

Incorporation was carried at Springhill Dec. 31st, by a majority of 15. The vote stood 114 for, 99 against.

The city marshal of Charlottetown has been suspended, pending an investigation into a charge of drunkenness against him.

A beacon light has been placed on the pier at Belliveau's Cove, N.S., by the Dominion government. Capt. Prannigan will have charge of it.

Public meetings are being held in Blainville to discuss the repeal of the Scott Act and the substitution of Provincial License Act.

Mr. Dickie, M. P., was again elected for Cumberland by a majority of 1657. Capt. Eldekin narrowly escaped losing his deposit.

Work on the wharf line is being closed down for the winter. The caissons along the eastern division have all been completed.

Iron mines near Middleton, N. S., are to be developed. There will be shipped by way of Port George by line of steamers to Great Village, thence by rail to Londonderry Iron works.

The election at Antigonish, Dec. 31st to decide whether or not the town shall be incorporated resulted in a majority of three for incorporation, the vote standing 88 for, 85 against.

The Stanley arrived at Pictou from Georgetown, Dec. 31st, making the trip in a little over two hours. She is giving even better satisfaction than was anticipated.

Work on the breakwater and at Cape Tormentine, N. B., is suspended, owing to ice, to the stone quarry at Colbert having given out. A new quarry is being located on Clarendon's property.

Capt. Smith, chairman of the board of examiners of masters and mates, at St. John's on Monday awarded a captain's certificate to John James Wareck, of New South Wales, and mate's certificate to Charles Lockhart, of Rockport, N. B., and Elias Howlings, of Nova Scotia.

As soon as snow comes and the swamps freeze up the lumber camps will be full, and between Stewiacke and Riverside there will be about 400 men, between Musquodavoit and Sheet Harbor about 1000 men and about the same number between St. Bert and Economy.

Win Hickman of Dorchester, managing owner of the Hickman fleet, has received a cablegram stating that the barque W. K. Chapman has been run into Dec. 26th, by the steamer Bodlorn in going up the English channel and sunk. The crew was saved and taken to London. Capt. John Smith was master. The William K. Chapman was built at Dorchester in 1878, and was of 1,077 tons register.

An accident, and one that might have been very disastrous, occurred at River John, N. S., a few days since. The Hamilton Bridge Co., who have the contract for building the bridge over the Oxford and New Glasgow Railway across the river had the false works completed and the steel bridge well under way. An injury occurred last the false work for the largest span, 200 feet was almost carried away. It settled over three feet, but has since been repaired. This bridge will be 350 feet in length.

his clothing, which caused it to go off lodging; the contents in the top of his foot. He hobbled back to the boarding house Dr. Ayer, of River Herbert, was sent for who found it necessary to amputate it at the hip. He is doing as well as can be expected.

A correspondent of the Halifax Herald says: The coal discovery made by Mr. McCarthy (mining engineer) November last is in close proximity to the Oxford shore line and I. C. B. railway junction. For several years back Mr. McCarthy has been favorably impressed with the idea that an abundance of coal existed in the vicinity of his discovery—his first intimation being obtained when exploring with Mr. Scott Barlow, government engineer, in the year 1876, which time a beautiful outcrop of coal was seen. Mr. McCarthy being desirous of obtaining a further knowledge as to what extent of coal might be there, sought the aid of several citizens to assist him in taking out government leases covering a concession of 12,000 acres of the company immediately back operations by boring 300 feet from the place of the outcrop, striking a seam at an angle of about 15 degrees, previously passing through a complete roofing of sand stone and slates to the extent of 9 feet. Beneath this formation lay a seam of coal eight feet ten inches in thickness. Sufficient of the coal has been taken from the outcropping to prove that it is of superior quality.

CANADIAN NEWS.

Elections for the Quebec assembly took place in L'Assomption and Megantic counties on Dec. 27th. In the former, Forest, Liberal, was re-elected by 184 majority. His majority two years ago was 148. Reports from Megantic state that Col. Rhodes, Liberal, is elected by 100 majority. At the general election Johnson, Tory, was returned by 180 majority.

A farmer named A. Hatfield, living near Stornay, Manitoba, was arrested Dec. 26, for the murder of his wife. The day before he came home drunk. His wife and three children ran away. He drove on to the village and next morning returned to find the body of his wife frozen forty feet from the house, with her face fearfully mutilated. He then remembered that he struck her, but only with his hand.

Last week Conspicuous O'Connor was presented by St. Alphonsus' Young Men's Catholic association of Toronto, of which he is a member, with a hand-gold headed cane and an illuminated address. O'Connor was in New York during the week and at his office to get the cane, which he holds, packed up ready to take with him to San Francisco. He will start for that place with George W. Lee in two weeks to row Jake Ganjaur for the cup, \$2,000 and the championship of the world. O'Connor said that he now leaves for Australia on March 1 to row Seabird, the champion of the world, for \$9,000 a side and the cup.

UNITED STATES.

The steamer Belge, at San Francisco, from Hong Kong, Dec. 22nd, reports in Sirion November 20th fire destroyed 700 of 1,000 houses in the town. The flames had been extinguished only half an hour when the river, swelled by the flood, swept away its embankments, broke bridges and did great damage to crops. The double visitation caused great misery.

At Greenville, Miss., Dec. 31, says: "Two weeks ago Col. Paston's residence near Arcala was totally destroyed by fire. Seven colored servants, five men and two women, were arrested. They confessed that the cook dragged the coffee, and but for the fact that two months before the house had perished. The prisoners also confessed that one stood at each door with a gun to kill any member of the family who tried to escape, but the nearness of the fire alarmed them and they fled. The seven prisoners disappeared last night somewhat mysteriously.

The White Caps have been running rampant at Hopdale, Harrison county. On the night of Dec. 26th, they visited Dr. John Parkhill, the leading physician there, and gave him a terrible thrashing. His chore boy got drunk on cider and the White Caps knocked the doctor of dragging him. They posted a notice on his office window telling him to leave Hopdale inside of fifteen hours. Recently they posted a notice on John W. Fogle's putches shop. He served in the rebellion and said he would kill the first one who touched him. Charles Gambell, a merchant, hearing they contemplated regulating him, met two of them on the street and threatened to shoot them. There is great excitement and the White Caps will probably be regulated.

One of the leading spirits in the recent railroad engineers meeting at Chicago is said to have reported that the organization has undoubtedly information that all the great roads of the country, with the exception of three, which run out of Chicago, have been assisting the C. B. and Q. road financially and boycotting all striking engineers who applied for work. The brotherhood, the speaker said, are greatly incensed at this action and threaten, unless the financial support and boycott by these roads is discontinued soon to inaugurate the greatest strike which has ever taken place. The railway transportation of the country will be paralyzed by it, as it will be a fight to the death between organized labor and organized capital.

FOREIGN.

The report that the body of a murdered boy has also been found at Kighley is untrue. Advice from London, Dec. 26, says: The steamer Storm Queen, has found in the Bay of Biscay. The captain and five persons were drowned. A bomb which had been deposited in the hall of the conservative and republican club, Madrid, by some unknown person exploded Dec. 30th, but did not do serious damage.

A dense fog prevailed in London Dec. 31st. A railway collision, due to the fog, occurred at Longhoro Junction. It is reported that many persons are injured. Every kind of traffic was delayed or suspended.

A Greek arrived at Suakin, Dec. 31st, from Khartoum whence he started two months ago, coming by the way of Kevala. He says nothing has been heard of Khartoum of the government of the Equatorial provinces or of the capture of Emin Bey. On the contrary, he says the forces of the Mahdi have been twice defeated in Bahigah.

One of the special messengers sent into the interior in October in the hope of obtaining news of Emin and Stanley from captives has sent a dispatch announcing that he met Arab traders from Khartoum who positively affirm that Stanley and Emin there about January 20. Stanley, the traders said, had 300 men and plenty of stores. He had endured great privations, but he and all his party were well, although extremely exhausted.

The work on the Panama canal continues, but on some sections labor has been reduced. Some 2,000 men have been discharged the past two months owing to disputes between the canal company and the contractors. It is not expected more workmen will be dispensed with. The highest authorities consider total suspension improbable, and such could only be occasioned by the complete failure of the reorganization scheme now under consideration in Paris. About 9,000 laborers are actually engaged.

One of the reasons why Scott's Emulsion has such a large sale is, because it is the best. Dr. W. H. Cameron, Halifax, N. S., says: "I have prescribed Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, for the past two years, and found it more agreeable to the stomach and have better results from its use than any other preparation of the kind I have ever used." Sold by all Druggists, 50c and \$1.00 and Thos. E. Atkins, Acadia Mines.

CATARH.

CATARH, CATARRH, DEAFNESS, ITZ FEVER, A NEW HOME TREATMENT. Sufferers are not generally aware that Catarrh of the bladder, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and sinuses. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been discovered which cures Catarrh, Catarrh of the bladder, and Catarrh of the nose, and restores the patient to health in two weeks. For catarrh of the bladder, the medicine is sold in a small bottle, containing a sufficient quantity of the medicine to cure the disease. Price, 50c. Sold by all Druggists, 50c and \$1.00 and Thos. E. Atkins, Acadia Mines.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

HAIR-CUTTING, Shaving and Shampooing, Ladies' and children's Hair Dressing a specialty. Particular attention paid to monthly customers. Private razors and razors for parties desiring the same. Shop directly opposite Episcopal Church, Acadia Mines, Dec. 28, 88.

FOR SALE. The VALUABLE property directly opposite the American House and owned by the undersigned will be disposed of at a BARGAIN. The house is well finished, with First Class accommodations and is splendidly adapted for a BOARDING HOUSE, being closely situated to the works. For particulars apply to STEPHEN TURNER, Acadia Mines, Dec. 28, 88.

RESTAURANT. The subscriber begs to announce that he is now prepared to furnish MEALS and LUNCHES at all hours. Oyster Stews, Baked Beans, Chops, Soups. A full line of temperate drinks. JOHN BUTLER, Church St., Acadia Mines, Dec. 28, 88.

BLAIKIE BROS., IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, BOOTS AND SHOES, HARDWARE, CROCKERY-WARE, GROCERIES, ETC. Flour and Meal a specialty.

BLAIKIE BROS., Commercial Street, Acadia Iron Mines, Acadia Mines, Dec. 28, 88.

Surgical Operations. By the adding of Feet, making good the Legs, binding the broken, healing the wounds, mending the constitutions, and supporting the Body with a New Sole. My Custom-made Boots and Shoes will be found as Elastic as an Act of Parliament, and admirably suited for those who tread only in the paths of rectitude. Their durability is equal to truth in itself, and they fit the feet as fairly as innocence the face of childhood. Also, supply the Ladies with their Rights as well as life.

REMEMBER ALL ARE WELCOME TO Y. M. C. A. MEETING ON TUESDAY AFTERNOON AT 4 O'CLOCK. Also—Meeting for men only Friday evening at 8 o'clock, over G. R. Smith's shop.

J. P. McDONALD, Secretary. Acadia Mines, Dec. 28, 88.

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New Advertisements.

Continued from First Page. About the 1st of December Mr. Bowser went down cellar one evening after a scuffle of coal. On coming up one ear of the bail gave way and upset the scuttle, and Mr. Bowser was thrown off his balance and wanted to the foot of the stairs, I was in the second story and knew nothing of the mishap until he came limping up stairs and shouted: "Why didn't you tell me that ear was loose?"

"Because I didn't know it." "No, you didn't know it because you haven't the least interest in what goes on about the house! Here I've gone and almost killed myself on account of your carelessness!" "I'm sorry."

"Yes, I presume so, but that won't count. Don't you expect any Christmas gift from me, Mr. Bowser—not a one—for you won't even get a shoestring."

A week before Christmas Mr. Bowser suddenly flung down his paper one evening and ran to the back door to count the strokes of a fire alarm. He was in a rush and there was ice on the steps, and the result was he got a tumble which tore his coat, emptied his pockets, and skinned his shins. He didn't say a word, much to my surprise, until he got back into the house and looked to see if all the doors were closed. Then he stood before me and sternly said: "I believe that was a plot to kill me off!"

"Pshaw, Mr. Bowser!" "Oh, you can say pshaw, and pshaw, until doomsday, but I know what I know. You knew that ice was there and you knew I would meet with a fall!"

"Did I ring the fire bell?" "Did you try to stop me as I went over? I had looked around a little to see about a watch for a Christmas gift, but this settles it. Don't expect anything from me, Mrs. Bowser."

And yet Santa Claus brought me lots of nice gifts, and Mr. Bowser was as happy as any one in the house over the fact. Indeed, he put his arm around me and said: "I'd like to have bought a lot of other things, but money is tight just now, you know."

The dear old soul but I wonder what sort of a club he is going to hold over me from now to the Fourth of July!

James Atkins, Livery and Boarding Stable. FURNACE STREET. First Class Teams at Short notice, Acadia Mines, Dec. 28, 88.

Bargains! Bargains!! Closing Out Sale. HAVING decided to go out of business by January 31st, 1889. I now offer my entire Stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Books, Stationery, Pipes, Cigars, Tobacco, Xmas and New Year's Cards, Toys, Fancy Goods, etc., etc.

Positively at Cost. Do not be foolish and pay the prices for goods because you can get a month or two of time for them. But call with cash or good security and get 50 per cent. Butter and Eggs taken in exchange.

N. T. MILLS, FURNACE STREET, ACADEIA MINES.

M. L. STURKS, COMMERCIAL SQUARE, BOOKS, STATIONERY, MAGAZINES, SCHOOL SUPPLIES, ETC., ETC.

All kinds of Birds, Animals, Fish, Snakes, etc., Stuffed and Mounted at lowest rates. I am giving this part of my business special attention this season, and invite orders from out-lying districts. Acadia Mines, Dec. 28, 88.

LUNCH ROOM. Oysters served in every style. Baked Beans etc.

In fact a regular go-as-you-please in the grub line, TEMPERATE drinks of all kinds at PETER TOBIN'S Opposite American House. Acadia Mines, Dec. 28, 88.

Total Eclipse, And Where Visible! THE leading Fall and Winter stock, including all others in STYLE, QUALITY, and PRICE. Royal bargains in ladies' and children's BONNETS, HATS, CAPS and GLOVES.

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