

# THE ACADIAN.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

Vol. III.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, MAY 16, 1884.

No. 7.

## BY THE SEA.

Slowly, steadily, under the moon,  
Swings the tide, in its old-time way;  
Never too late, and never too soon—  
And the evening and morning make  
the day.

Slowly, steadily, over the sands,  
And over the rocks, to fall and flow,  
And this wave has touched a dead man's  
hands,  
And that one has seen a face we know

They have borne the good ship on her  
way,  
Or buried her deep from love and light;  
And yet, as they sink at our feet to-day,  
Ah, who shall interpret their message  
aright?

For their separate voices of grief and  
dear  
Are blending at last in one solemn tone;  
And only this song of the waves I hear.  
"Forever and ever His will be done!"

Slowly, steadily, to and fro,  
Swings our life in its weary way;  
Now at its ebb, and now at its flow—  
And the evening and morning make  
the day.

Sorrow and happiness, peace and strife,  
Fear and rejoicing, its moments know—  
How, from the discords of such a life,  
Can the clear music of heaven flow?

Yet to the ear of God it swells,  
And to the blessed round the throne,  
Sweeter than chimes of Sabbath bells—  
"Forever and ever His will be done!"

## The Mine by the Sea.

A strange sight is a coal mine. Wonderfully picturesque with its streets and lanes and alleys, its unending corridors and countless chambers of the dead. The men there, with blackened faces and scanty attire, seem of another race from those above ground, and the feeble lights gleaming in the midst of the darkness give a weird, unreal aspect to the scene.

The only sounds heard are those of the coal waggon slowly pushed along by boys towards the mouth of the pit, and in the narrow passages, where the men are at work, the clang of their pickaxes as they cleave their way through the great rocks of coal. Men are not the only beings here. There are horses that have not seen the daylight for many a year, to draw the waggons in the broader passages, and sometimes if the light of the lamp is turned towards the ground, the bright little eyes of rats

(how they came to that under-world I don't know) may be seen peering out of nooks among the walls. There is an almost fearful sombreness about the place. Thoughts that the daylight would at once dispel seem to haunt the air, and the voices of the men as they wander about, each one, Gideon-like, with his lamp and pickaxe, have a deeper, hollower tone than above ground.

For two days a storm, long remembered on the coast, had been raging; but the men in the mine, accustomed as they were to hearing the roar of the waves above their heads, paid little heed to the increased noise. George Heimers alone had noticed it, and each day had spent more time than usual in examining the supports of the roof.

It was now night time, and he had been superintending some rather dangerous work in the lower level, of blasting with gunpowder, which, much against his advice, the owner had ordered. This being done, leaving further orders for work for the men, George turned away and walked along in the direction of the pit's mouth, carrying in one hand a large canister containing the gunpowder; in the other his lamp and the heavy stick that on account of his lameness, was his constant companion. Even in the imperfect light it might have been seen that a great change had passed over his face; it was haggard and pinched-looking; there was a strange restless glitter in his eyes and now and then his lips parted with involuntary, quivering movements, quickly pressed together again with that stern, set expression that was now habitual to them.

Instead of leaving the mine, a sudden thought seemed to strike him half-way and he turned aside and entered a part of the mine long deserted on account of working too near the bottom of the sea, but which recently had been opened again; and though George had many times warned the owner of the danger of weakening the supports of the roof, large quantities of coal had been taken from it.

All was still as he advanced through the narrow passages, but soon these widened into a more open space, and as he entered the noise of the tumultuous waters overhead was fearfully loud. A cold draught of air smote him and made him shiver. The place was known to the colliers as the "Boggart's Hole,"

or "Ghosts Hole." It is an immense low roofed hall, one of those natural caverns that exist beneath the sea and land; and in the centre was an abyss, into whose depths no human being had ever penetrated. The workings had been carried on along the sides and a rude pathway led half-way round, abruptly stopping above the great chasm.

The poor light which George had illumined only a narrow circle round him; but he knew the place well, and cautiously stepping along, reached the part where the last workings had been made and which was so low that he could touch with his hand the black slimy roof, to which gigantic loathsome fungi clung.

As he stood there wild fancies stole over him. Loud above sounded the thunderous boom of the surf, and beneath him lay, wrapped in eternal darkness, the great mine, stretching for miles into the depths of the earth. He seated himself on a projecting rock, the canister of powder on the ground at his side, and the lamp held between his knees.

What were his thoughts just then? I know not at all—but there was one, fiercer than the clamor of the waves above, more terrible than the abyss beneath him—he had lost all, all, all! He looked back upon his life—all had gone wrong from the beginning, and now, when at last the cup of sweetness had seemed to be so near his lips he had seen it dashed away. He ground his teeth with rage, and then his passion took another form—his breast heaved, and a great sobbing cry rose to his lips.

"If she only knew how I love her! He love! A moment of the love I could give her would be more than a lifetime of his. But I know that never, never—let me make an end of it.

"Ah, and Jim Massey, too; a light to this powder, and there'd be no victory to any one—the sea would cover us too close for that! But the others?

"Pooh! it's only dying a little sooner; and what is life to stupid, toiling drudges like them?

A terrible smile passed over his face; he placed the lamp by his side and bent over the canister. Only a light to the powder, and the rocks above would be riven, and with a mighty burst the sea would rush in and overwhelm them all. He

took out his knife and proceeded to open the lid of the canister, which, by some means had been fastened down too tightly.

But, hark! Close beside him just beyond the ending of the path, he heard a rustling, cracking sound, then a crash and a huge fragment of rock rolled down and he was only just in time to leap aside before the place where he stood was covered with shivered portions of it as it descended, and, leaping from ledge to ledge, at last with sullen roar, was lost in the depths below. Still he listened, for another and more dreadful sound caught his ear—the low, swishing sound of falling water. He crept as near as he could along the narrow pathway, and as he did so his face was sprinkled with the cold spray of the torrent. He held out his hand, and then touching his lips, tasted the water. It was salt!

Still and breathless as a statue he stood for a moment; the next hold in his lamp before him, he was rushing with wild speed down the broken pathway from the place. As he approached the entrance he stopped, and for a moment looked around in bewilderment—he had mistaken the road, and instead of taking that by which he had come, had followed another, which abruptly stopped—a mass of coal had fallen and broken it off. He had no time to turn back. He threw his lamp down, and as fortune would have it, it was not broken but only fallen on one side about ten feet below; then, drawing in his breath, he prepared for the leap. He did not know the ground—the lamp had gone out. If he leaped he might fall into some deep fissure; but there was no time to hesitate. He took the leap and fell; the firm ground was beneath him.

His arm was bruised and his ankle sprained, but he hardly felt it. Relighting his lamp, he dashed along through the narrow passages towards the main where the men were at work.

At last he met a boy slowly dragging along a small coal waggon. He caught the lad by the shoulder and shouted to him:

"Can you run Will?"  
'Ay, oi can,' answered the boy.  
'Then run your hardest, Will. Tell them in the lower main the water's  
(Concluded on Fourth page.)

THE ACADIAN

-PUBLISHED AT-  
WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.  
DAVISON BROS., Publishers and Proprietors.  
A. M. HOARE, Editor.

Terms:—The ACADIAN is published every Friday at FIFTY CENTS per annum in advance.

Any person sending the names of FIVE subscribers, accompanied with the CASH, will receive a copy of the ACADIAN for one year free.

All communications should be addressed to the ACADIAN, Wolfville N. S.

We cannot engage to preserve or return communications that are not used.

We notice that the very dangerous and obnoxious as also criminal practice of tying horses across the side-walks is being indulged in again. Not quite so much as before but still enough to be annoying. For the benefit of those who are ignorant of the fact we might quote the following from the revised statutes, Chap. 49, Sec. 14:

Every person who shall drive any carriage or ride over a side path, or roll or place heavy articles over or on the same to the injury or obstruction of the side path, shall for every offence forfeit not less than one nor more than eight dollars.

In the same connection we have been requested to say that as there is a good large yard in the rear of the Baptist church for the purpose, those living on the opposite side of the street will be very grateful if church goers who drive will kindly refrain from hitching their horses under the front windows of those houses during the summer.

Now please don't get cross at this but "put yourselves in their place" and imagine it is your own front windows.

We wonder why Lubin or some of those noted perfume manufactures does not open a branch factory on or near Mud Bridge. Just think of the saving in transportation of materials, and the extra strong quality of the crude article so near at hand, not to speak of its unlimited quantity and variety.

Does anyone know if we have a board of health in this town and if so what is it good for?

The Three Elms Cricket Club of Windsor have accepted a challenge from the Wolfville Cricket Club to a friendly match game. The match will be played here to-morrow, the visitors coming on the express. As this is the first match of the season, and a close contest may be expected, none should miss the opportunity of being present. Play will commence as soon as possible after the arrival of the train.

We would call the attention of the street commissioners to some immediately needed repairs on the road to the station. There are one or two very dangerous holes and the whole street is in a fearful state generally.

MISSIONS.

Rev. H. H. Johnson, late pastor of the African Baptist Church, Halifax, preached in the Baptist pulpit here on Sunday evening last. The sermon was a practical one of great interest and well delivered. All present appeared to be delighted with the preacher's style and with the sermon. Mr. Johnson is the travelling agent of the African Baptist Foreign Mission Convention of the United States, with head quarters at Richmond, Virginia. The Convention now has six missionaries, four men and two females, wives of two of the missionaries, in the field. They are located at Grand Cape Mount, 'Vey' County, Central W. Africa. They are doing a good work among the African heathen, being instrumental in making many converts. Though laboring under great difficulties, as all new missions have to do, yet they are not discouraged and have great hope for the future. Several of these missionaries are from the Richmond Institute, of which Rev. Dr. Corey is president. The mission is one that should have the support of the whole Christian world. Mr. Johnson is soliciting subscriptions for the support of the work, or, as he said Sunday evening, "to help the colored people help themselves." As a man and a Christian Mr. Johnson is endorsed by the highest authorities in Nova Scotia, as the endorsement from Prof. Kierstead below shows. As a preacher he gave ample evidence of his worth on Sunday night showing that he was a man of no mean ability and of good education and theological training. We wish him god speed in his work and hope to see his efforts crowned with great success.

The following is what Rev. Prof. Kierstead says:—

Rev. H. H. Johnson and his work are very heartily commended in the certificate produced. Testimonials and Subscriptions of value are given by prominent men in various denominations. Among Baptists are the following names, all well known and honored—Rev. President Sawyer D. D., *The Christian Messenger*, *The Christian Visitor*, Hon. Dr. Parker, Judge Johnston, Prof. Rand D. C. L., Rev. Dr. Saunders, Rev. A. McArthur, Rev. J. W. Manning, Rev. J. F. Avery, Rev. Dr. Pryor, Mark Curry, A. P. Shand, Rev. Dr. Crawley, Prof. R. V. Jones, and Dr. Welton. Among Presbyterians are—*The Witness*, Rev. Dr. Mc Gregor, Rev. Dr. Burns, Rev. Prof. Forest, Rev. Mr. Jordan, J. S. McLean Pres. Y. M. C. A., Sir Wm. Young. Members of Church of England—Bishop Binney, Rev. Dr. Hill, Rev. Mr. Sampson, and Judge Wilkins. Among Methodists are—His Honor Governor Richey, Rev. B. C. Borden, Reuben Hartt Esq., and others. Among Secular papers endorsing this work are the *Herald*, *Chronicle*, and *Recorder*. The endorsement thus given is sufficient to commend Mr. Johnson and his missionary work to the confidence and support of good men throughout the Provinces.

JOB PRINTING of all kinds at this office.

WOLFVILLE PUBLIC SCHOOL.

The following list shows the scholarship of each pupil in attendance at the Advanced Department during the term ending April 30th., being the averages of markings for daily recitations and the several examinations held throughout the term and at its close. The standard is 100.

- Lillie Burgess 85
- Rebecca McDonald 84
- Douglass Hemmeon 74
- Moran Hemmeon 77
- Charles Paine 58
- Edward Blackadder 56
- Howard Bishop 51
- Reuben Wallace 52
- Milford Vaughan 50
- Charley Bishop 55
- Susie Prat 76
- Minnie Prat 69
- Joseph Jones 60
- Aubrey Jones 42
- Edna Gilmore 76
- Kate Hardwick 49
- Annie Voy 69
- Theresa Farrell 79
- Lizzie McDonald 59
- Emily Hardwick 55
- Mary Prat 80
- Francis Burgess 68
- Lizzie Sleep 81
- Ernie Bishop 75
- Ernest Abbot 46
- Walter Jones 65
- Harry McDonald 50
- Edgar Chipman 54
- Louis Brown 65
- Robert Gimore 38
- George Hamilton 45
- Leslie Davison 47
- Frank Webster 50
- Frank Angus 48
- Harding B. shop 58
- Warren Moore 68
- George Higgins 39
- Edward Hennesy 48
- Kate Weston 44
- Minnie Woodworth 49
- Willie Reid 71
- Walter Wallace 78
- Annie Coldwell 54
- Gertie Coffill 58
- Minnie Hardwick 74
- Alina McLane 75
- Mary Murphy 76
- Jennie McDonald 79
- Jessie Brown 71
- Bessie McLane 66
- Fay Coldwell 70
- Florence Seabourne 64
- Bliss Franklyn 70
- Flora Payzant 62
- John Jones 73
- Norma Gilmore

CORRESPONDENCE.

[We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.]

SAW-DUST IN THE GASPEREAU RIVER.

Mr. Editor.—I was glad to notice in your last issue a reference to the constant violation of the law in regard to caring for saw-dust. There are four mills now running that discharge all their dust into the stream and anyone may see, who inspects the river, that fish cannot possibly thrive in it. The fisheries in this river used to be worth thousands of dollars a year to the owners

of privileges. Now they are worth next to nothing. Have we a law and commissioners or not? What is the duty of Mr. Reuben F. Reid in the matter.  
FISHERMAN.

To the Editor of the Acadian.

Dear Sir:—I noticed in the last issue of your paper a letter from a correspondent describing something he had seen in the Gaspareau river near an old mill site, and asking information as to what it was. You, Mr. Editor, hinted that were it not unlawful to place fykes in the river you should pronounce it one. It was quite reasonable for you to presume that the Gaspareau people would not place, or allow to remain, any unlawful trap or device in their river for the purpose of illegal fishing, so soon after the great awakening of last winter when so many professed to renounce wicked ways. Such an opinion however is falacious, for it is an indisputable fact that a number of fykes and other unlawful contrivances for catching Salmon can be found in the Gaspareau river and if your correspondent had looked carefully in the vicinity of another old mill still standing he probably would have discovered more than one veritable fyke placed for the purpose of illegal fishing, and should he have been in the neighborhood of said mill almost any morning between the dawn of day and sunrise he would not only have seen numbers of people engaged in illegally fishing for, and taking salmon out of the stream, but would have heard language not becoming to good law-abiding citizens.

One interested but not  
A FISHERMAN.

Gaspareau, May 14th, 1884.

Wall Paper!  
SPRING STOCK,  
1884.

The Suscribers call particular attention to their stock of

SPRING  
PAPER HANGINGS,

Which for style and finish are superior to any ever imported into King's Co., and were personally selected for this market from the best English manufacturers.

Our prices are as low as the same quality of goods can be purchased in Halifax. Our patrons should not confound these Paper Hangings with an inferior quality of narrow width American make, sometimes to be found in the markets.

A call is requested before sending to Halifax or St. John.

Western Book &  
News Co.,

WOLFVILLE, - - N. S.

RATE  
Half Square  
Square  
Half Column  
Column

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BORDEN'S, W

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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Half Square one ins.	\$0.50
Square "	1.00
Half Column "	2.00
Column "	3.00

All advertisements not having the number of insertions specified in the manuscript will be continued and charged for accordingly.

In order to insure insertion, advertisements should be in the office not later than Monday morning.

Local and other Matters.

What kind of a bonnet are you going to have for Anniversary?

Rev. Dr. Welton arrived here this week to spend his summer vacation.

L. A. Vaughan caught the biggest trout we ever saw on Tuesday, in the Forks River, it weighed 31-2 lbs.

Genuine Mexican Hammocks at BORDEN'S, Wolfville. 2 ins

We regret to have to record the death this week of Mr. J. Edward Harris of Lower Horton, aged 87, after a long illness.

Don't forget when fixing up for Anniversary that the Western Book & News Co's is the best place to buy your Room Paper, Paper Blinds, etc., etc.

PERSONAL.—Rev. Prof. Kierstead preached at Hantsport last Sunday.

Mr. W. T. Steritt, representing the Yarmouth Woolen Mills Co., was in town this week.

We forgot to mention last week that our genial friend Mr. John Eldridge who broke his leg in the winter, is out again. We congratulate him in his recovery and hope he will soon be as strong as ever.

Commissioners of Streets and Surveyors of Highways, in Ward 8 will be supplied with Statue labor blanks on application to J. B. Davison, who is authorized to assist Surveyors in preparing lists of persons liable to perform statue labor.

YOUTHFUL PRECOCITY.—John—We are going to have our fence whitewashed for Anniversary. Sally—Don't care, we are going to have our parlor papered with some of that splendid gilt paper from the Western Book and News Co's. So there now.

The W. & A. R. Express Trains are now fully equipped with the new air-brakes. The train seems to save a good deal of time coming into stations.

We regret to learn that Mr. Wall, the popular proprietor of the Hantsport Hotel at Hantsport, was accidentally thrown from his wagon in turning a corner too sharply, breaking his leg at the hip. We sympathise with him and hope to see him soon recover from his injuries.

Local and other Matters.

Latest Styles American Felt and Straw Hats at C. H. BORDEN'S, Wolfville. 2 ins

CROWDED OUT.—The list of Officers of the Public School Cricket Club, and also the Minutes of the Meeting of the Trustees of Willow Bank Cemetery are unavoidably crowded out this issue. They will appear next week.

Rev. H. H. Johnson wishes to present through our columns his heartfelt thanks to the people of Windsor and Wolfville for their generous response to his appeal. Language will not express his thanks to the Rev. Messrs. Foshey and Higgins of these places for their kindness.

Mr. C. A. Patriquin whose adv. appears in another column, has shown us a fine stock of Harnesses and Horse clothing etc. which he constantly keeps in stock and is selling at lowest prices. Mr. Patriquin's work is to well know throughout the county to need any recommendation; it speaks for itself.

From January until May, The rain it raineth every day; And just to keep the rest in tune 'Twill likely rain right on through June. Then as the days so swiftly fly, We fear 'twill rain most of July; And that we may this year remember, Rain till the end of next December. Hoopla!

D. A. Munro, Manufacturer of Doors Sashes and Mouldings of every description for house finishing. Having fitted up my shop with new machinery for the above business and using kiln-dried stock I am able to give satisfaction to persons favoring me with their orders. Wolfville, April 17th '84 6 mos.

MAGIC LANTERN.—Prof. Oakley, an old teacher of twenty years standing from New York, gave a magic lantern exhibition at the school house last Saturday. The show was highly interesting and instructive, among the pictures being views of Yosemite Valley, Rocky Mountains, Colorado, English and Canadian Public Buildings, etc., with the usual comics. The admission was ten cents and about five dollars was taken.

A delightful specimen of the genus tramp has turned up in Lower Horton. He went to a house down there in which were six ladies, but no men. First, he demanded cider in threatening and very bad language. Failing to get that, he asked for vinegar and at last water. He gave his name as Vinkins, and said he was an Englishman. It is very lucky for him that he found the men of that house away from home. As it is people had better look out for him. We understand he was at the same tricks in Cornwallis under the name of Mirch.

Buy your Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps and Gents' Furnishings of C. H. BORDEN, Wolfville. He is selling very low for Cash. 2 ins

A. C. REDDEN

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

Pianos & Organs

AMERICAN & CANADIAN

From the Medium Priced To the Highest Grades.

"The best is the cheapest" but the cheapest is seldom best.

A. C. Redden is actually giving much better bargains than you can get direct from the makers themselves.

He is selling the MASON & HAMLIN Organ direct from factory to his customers \$5 to \$50 less than they could do at the factory.

Compare his prices with theirs and you will see that this is true.

Address:—A. C. REDDEN, Wolfville,

General Agent for Nova Scotia for the Beautiful "BOSTON" Sewing Machine.

Be sure and write for prices and terms before buying elsewhere.

Wolfville, Nov. 3rd. 1883.

THE ACADIAN

Has a large local circulation, thus rendering it as an

ADVERTISING MEDIUM

Of rare excellence to all classes of the business public.

OUR JOB ROOM

IS SUPPLIED WITH

THE LATEST STYLES OF TYPE

From the best Foundries

PRINTING

—OF—

Every Description

DONE WITH

NEATNESS, CHEAPNESS, AND PUNCTUALITY.

ADDRESS—

"Acadian" Office, Wolfville, N. S.

ROCKWELL & Co, IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

PIANOS, ORGANS, AND

Musical Merchandise, BOOKS, STATIONERY, And a variety of Fancy Articles.

—COMPRISING—

Photo, Autograph & Scrap Albums Scrap Pictures, Writing Desks, Work Boxes, Jewel Cases, Wallets, Photo. Frames, a choice selection of Xmas Cards, Dolls and children's Toys in variety, a few Vols. Poems, also fine German Accordians, etc.etc. etc.

ALSO

Agents for the Celebrated "BOSTON" Sewing Machine, and findings for all the leading machines in use.

ROOM PAPER!

Just received, a large and well assorted stock of Room Paper, personally selected from a great variety of samples.

As this is our first importation in this line, customers will be sure they are not buying old stock.

Rockwell & Co.

Main St., Wolfville.

N. B.—Butter and Eggs taken in exchange.

We have also a fine assortment of Easter and Birthday Cards.

C. A. PATRIQUIN HARNESS MAKER.

Carriage, Cart, and Team Harnesses Made to order and kept in stock.

ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

None but first-class workmen employed and all work guaranteed.

Opposite People's Bank, Wolfville.

JOHN W. WALLACE, BARRISTER-AT-LAW,

NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, ETC Also General Agent for FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE. WOLFVILLE, N. S.

FOR SALE OR TO LET!

That desirable new two-story cottage in Wolfville, built by James S. McDonald. Will be kept in good order.

Rent—Eighty dollars a year.

Apply to

John W. Wallace.

Wolfville, May 14th, 1884.

1 mo

(Continued from First page.)  
coming in, and in an hour it'll be flooded.

'Fayther's there!' the boy cried, and without another word rushed off.

Other boys were sent to the other parts of the mine, forced by George's stern voice to obey, as he told them he would not let one man leave the pit till they were all there.

Then he waited. And if any one had seen his face as he stood alone, a strange change would have been noticed in it. There was now a look of such triumphant gladness as for many a year had not rested there. He stretched out his arms like one who had just ended some weary labor. Then his head sank on his bosom, and he muttered:

'O God! Saved! saved! Thou hast kept me from it, and I may yet save them all.'

Quickly he recovered himself and went into a small office where he kept his books and instruments. He took from a box a small revolver and some matches and went out again. He then set light to a heap of shavings and dry wood lying near the door, and this soon blazed up, illuminating the whole place.

And again he waited. Soon troop after troop of the men, flying at their utmost speed, reached the pit's mouth, and a fearful sight it was to see the struggling mass of men, each one with maddened shouts and blows, striving to come nearer to the basket. But George Heimers' voice was heard loud above all:

'The first that touches that basket before I tell him, I'll shoot the man!'

They saw the levelled barrel of the revolver and drew back.

'Those that are married, stand here.'

And in silence the men obeyed him. He then signalled to a certain number of them to enter the basket. Not an instant was lost and they were hoisted out of sight.

The others strained their eyes to watch the ascending mass, calculating how soon it would return for them. Some of the men who had their sons with them clasped them tight in their arms, whispering messages to be given if they were lost, for in nearly every case the fathers chose that the boys should go in their place; some sank to the ground muttering prayers that they had never spoken since childhood, and others listened to George Heimers as he told them there was still hope if they would obey him.

Jim Massey had been in one of the most distant workings, and was one of the last to reach the pit's mouth, and now he stood by the wall apart, with eyes bent down on something he held in his hand—a lock of Agnes's hair that she had given him the night before.

More than half the number of men were now safe; and the basket, whirled up by those who knew just how much depended on their work, had just left when George, in a calm voice with which he had spoken before, said: 'Men, who's to go next?' There were only about twenty left, men and boys, whom George had many a time helped by words and deeds; they remembered this, and all cried out at once: 'Next turn's thine, master—we'll come after!'

'Thank you, my lads,' he answered quietly; 'I'm not going this time, but want to send some one in my place. Will you let me?'

Not so eagerly this time—but still the answer, 'Aye, master!' was given.

'Jim, come here,' George shouted again. Nay, lad, you must! Remember Agnes wants you, Jim you'll be good to her, won't you? And tell her sometimes the last words I tried to say were, 'God bless both of you!'

Once more the basket descended, the few that were chosen leaped into it, the rope was shaken as the signal to hoist up, and with one tight hand grip George sent Jim on his way. And as they parted Jim looked at the other's face, and never to his dying day did he forget what he saw there—the bitterness of death had passed away and a strange peace was shining forth from his eyes.

It was the last freight. George already had heard the distant thunder of the waters bursting in full flood into the mine. He knew that the end was come, and when the basket was ascending he turned away down a side passage that he might not see the agony of the poor men when they found it was too late.

Just as the basket reached the level of the upper ground, where hundreds were waiting anxiously to watch the arrival of each company that was saved, a tremendous black cloud rolled up the pit's mouth, bursting up with a fearful roar high into mid air, and when it had cleared away the men peered down the shaft, far away in the darkness beneath they could hear the dash of the waves and sometimes thought they could discern their white gleam as they leaped up the side of the shaft. Jim Massey and several others volunteered to go down and seek for any who might be still struggling in the water. It was too late when they reached the place, and only a few of the dead bodies were ever recovered.

\* \* \* \* \*

The mine is now deserted, and its buildings are in ruins.

Some time after the disaster a part of the cliff above it probably undermined by the action of the waves, fell down one stormy night, and now there is a great cavern wandering away in dark passages under the cliff where part of the coal mine had been.

It is easy to penetrate beneath these gloomy arches in a boat during the fine weather, and many times in after days, Agnes—then a happy wife and mother—would come there with her children on summer days, and tell them the story of how their father's life had been saved. And when she had ended and leaned back in the boat as they floated on through that silent gloom as of twilight, the large tears would gather in her eyes for him who lay in that unknown tomb of his far below, in some dark cavern of the sea.—*Temple Bar.*

## LIME! LIME!

I have just received  
**150 CASKS & BARRELS**  
CELEBRATED

**ROGER'S LIME.**

This Lime has won  
**Two First Prizes,**  
And is second to none in the Dominion.

FOR SALE LOW BY  
**R. PRAT.**

## GARDEN SEEDS!

The Subscriber has  
received his Stock of  
**Garden and Flower**  
**Seeds for season of**

**1884.**

**Geo. V. Rand.**

Wolfville, May 1st. 1884.

## W. & A. Railway

Time Table

1883—Winter Arrangement—1884.

Commencing Monday, 10th. Dec.

GOING EAST.	Accm.		Exp.
	Daily	T.F.S.	
Annapolis Le'v'e	A. M.	A. M.	
14 Bridgetown "	6 15	7 10	1 15
28 Middleton "	7 10	8 10	2 03
42 Aylesford "	8 10	9 15	2 48
47 Berwick "	9 15	9 35	3 30
50 Waterville "	9 35	9 50	3 48
59 Kentville d'pt	6 00	11 15	3 57
64 Port Williams "	6 20	11 35	4 35
66 Wolfville "	6 30	11 44	4 51
69 Grand Pre "	6 43	11 57	5 00
72 Avonport "	6 55	12 10	5 11
77 Hantsport "	7 12	12 30	5 23
84 Windsor "	8 00	1 20	5 38
116 Windsor Jun' "	10 15	4 00	6 00
130 Halifax arrive "	11 00	4 40	7 20

GOING WEST.	Exp.		Accm.
	Daily	M.W.F.	
Halifax—leave	A. M.	P. M.	
14 Windsor Jun—"	7 15	7 00	2 30
46 Windsor "	7 55	7 22	3 30
53 Hantsport "	9 15	10 15	5 33
58 Avonport "	9 40	10 44	6 01
61 Grand Pre "	9 56	11 02	6 19
64 Wolfville "	10 06	11 15	6 33
66 Port Williams "	10 17	11 30	6 46
71 Kentville "	10 25	11 40	6 55
80 Waterville "	11 00	12 30	7 10
83 Berwick "	11 27	1 05	
88 Aylesford "	11 36	1 20	
102 Middleton "	11 50	1 40	
116 Bridgetown "	12 30	2 50	
130 Annapolis Ar've	1 15	3 50	
	2 00	4 45	

N. B. Trains are run on Eastern Standard Time, One hour added will give Halifax time.

Steamer Secret leaves Annapolis for St. John every Mon. Wed. and Sat. p. m.  
Steamer New Brunswick leaves Annapolis for Boston every Sat. p. m.  
Steamer Cleopatra leaves Yarmouth for Boston every Wed. p. m.  
Through tickets may be obtained at the principal Stations.

P. Innes,  
General Manager.  
Kentville, 9th March 1884

## THOS. BIRD, WATCHMAKER, WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Begs to inform the inhabitants of Wolfville and vicinity that he has leased part of the store occupied by Rockwell & Co., where he is prepared to repair all kinds of Watches, Clocks and Jewellery. And trusts by sound work and moderate charges to merit a share of public patronage.

I warrant all my work for one year

Thos. Bird.

## J. WESTON MERCHANT TAILOR, WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Has a fine stock of Cloths which will be sold Cheap.

## CARRIAGES

—AND—

## SLEIGHS

of all kinds

Made At Shortest Notice

—AT—

## A. B. ROODS.

Repairing in all its branches promptly attended to.

Wolfville, Oct. 12 1883

## "GERES" SUPERPHOSPHATE,

Three sizes

## Ground Bone.

The best Fertilizers in the market.

The above Celebrated Fertilizers, manufactured at the

**CHEMICAL FERTILIZER WORKS**  
**JACK & BELL, Proprietors.**

Office: Pickford & Back's Wharf,  
Halifax, N. S.

**G. H. Wallace, Ag't,**  
**WOLFVILLE.**

## THE ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY

OF

## NORTH AMERICA

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**FIRST AND ONLY ACCIDENT**

**INSURANCE COMPANY**

**IN AMERICA**

Confining itself to the one business.

J. DAVISON, Agt

WOLFVILLE, N. S.