THE ACADIAN
AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XII. WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JUNE 2, 1893. No. 41.

THE ACADIAN.

Published on FRIDAY at the office WOLFVILLE, KINGS CO., N. S.

TERMS:

$1.00 Per Annum.

(IN ADVANCE.)

CLUBS of five in advance $4 00.

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The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

Newsy communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The name of the party writing for the ACADIAN must invariably accompany the communication, although the same may be written over a fictitious signature.

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DAVISON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S

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WHEN PHYSICIANS FAIL.

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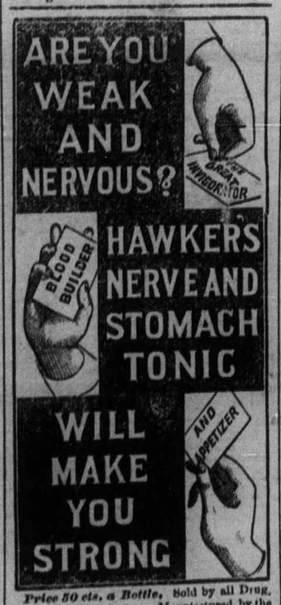

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POETRY.

There Is Always Room.

A grandmother came to a little house,
And she was poor and old;
And already the little house was full
As ever it could hold,
With father and mother and children nine,
In spite of toil and care,
There was sometimes lack in the little house,
And always scanty fare.

"And how can you keep a grandmother?
I should think she would crowd you so."
"Oh, no!" cried sturdy Will, with a smile;
"My grandma crowd? Oh, no!"

"I should think she would," persisted Dick;
"For your house was full before.
When anything is full, you know,
How can you put in one more?"

Dicky was young and questionful,
But Will was patient and kind;
"The room in our hearts help us" he said,
"Room in the house to find."

Ah! poor little house, dear little old house
Where the happy faces swarm!
And Will was right. There is always room
Where the heart beats true and warm.

And one might have no room to spare,
Though one had boundless space.
'Tis a crowded heart, a selfish heart,
That makes a crowded place.

SELECT STORY.

BESSIE.

Concluded.

Bessie drew a small, strangled sigh. If their places had been reversed she thought she would have rebelled a little; but before she spoke she had accepted the woman's part of acquiescence. "Well, we can always be good friends," she said with an attempt at cheerfulness.

He put out his hand and wrung hers so that it hurt her, and then he turned away without a word.

It is dangerous to interfere with these slow and silent natures. Daniel obeyed his mother, but it was with that obedience that is a growing revolt. What harm did his visits to Bessie Dennet do anyone? His heart hardened against his mother. She was a cold woman, caring for no one's happiness, not even her own, valuing a man, even if he were her own son, no more than an ox, thinking nothing mattered but labor. Well, he would labor, but after that he would please himself. If he could not go to the weaver's he would go to a worse place. Who could spend all his leisure in a dull, over crowded kitchen, with men too tired and a woman too illtempered to speak?

Daniel sulked. He obeyed because he was too proud to do furtively anything so blameless as visiting Bessie Dennet, but he was not the less resentful and wrathful. Instead of going to the weaver's, Daniel went to the public house, and when his mother forbade this indignantly and shrilly, he only scowled at her.

* * * * *

Daniel Pryce was tipsy. To be the worse for liquor on a fair day or a market day or on the occasion of a merrymaking was in the course of nature, but to be tipsy early in the afternoon and with your work all undone, was so disgraceful that none of the Pryces could stand it. The mother had her say; then Reuben spoke about drunken wastrels; and Caleb, the youngest, wondered where folks found the money to get drunk on, since, for his part, he could never feel the price of a smoke in his pocket. The three brothers were working together unstacking corn to remove it to the barn for threshing. Without answering, Daniel threw down the long fork with which he had been working and left the field.

Things were too bad to tolerate, and his shame of himself was a large factor in them. He felt in a bad way toward the whole world, as he moved aimlessly along the road, his hands in his pockets, his chin fallen on his breast. It was a remote country road, disused, except by the local farmers, since the making of the highway. Tufts of grass grew here and there amid the paving stones, and briars flung their long arms across the gaping ditches. Daniel threw himself down on one of these tufts and soon fell asleep. It was late October weather, and though there was a little tardy sunshine in the air, the earth was damp and cold. Daniel sighed in a strangled way now and then, as the chill struck to his bones, but he did not awake.

Bessie Dennet was on her way to a neighboring farm for her daily milk supply when she found the man she loved asleep like a tramp by the wayside. She did not cry; the pain she felt was too acute for that; she only said to herself half aloud: "They have done him more harm than I should."

When she spoke to Daniel he sat up. "It's you, Bessie," he said dully.

"Yes, you must not sleep here Daniel; you might take your death from it, or the fever, like your father. Get up and come home."

He rose obediently and went with her. "We never see each other now," he said fretfully.

"I don't think that's my fault, Daniel." Bessie's smile was like tears.

"Has anybody told you that I'm—goin' to the bad?"

"You mustn't go, Daniel." Bessie said, firmly. "You are too good and fine a man"—here her voice went low—"to let any trouble turn you into a sot for the children to point at."

He started as though a whip had struck him, and opened his lips as if to speak, but no sound came.

"We don't make our troubles less by beginning to live wrong," she went on. "We must try and be brave, no matter what happens."

"It's about you," he said, huskily.

"Do you think that makes a difference? I don't just see what harm we did you, my father and I, but if your mother thinks we did, maybe she knows best; anyway, you must be a man, Daniel."

A month later a nine days' wonder had begun in the parish, for Daniel Pryce had sailed for America. He took the price of his passage and a small outfit as his inheritance, and the farm would be Reuben's. It was chiefly Bessie's doing, her conception of what would be best for the man for whom her love had that protective element without which love is not wholly love. To have new surroundings, new interests, to escape keen eyes and harsh judgments, that would be best for Daniel. But oh, the difference to her when he was gone! He came to say good-bye to Bessie, but he said nothing but good-bye, with lips that twitched a little, and "Thank you" for her keepsake.

He wrote two or three letters after he landed, the painful, dumb letters of the illiterate, saying he was well, hoping she was the same, adding that he had got work and that the country was very large and fine, and then silence dropped like a pall between him and home.

Bessie wrote several times after he had ceased to answer—letters but little more eloquent than his own, and then she ceased to write also.

The dull days succeeded each other at Grimpat, and the seasons came and went, the flowers in the garden budded and bloomed and died, and the simple routine of life went on at the cottage below the hill, but no young step stopped at the gate, no brown face smiled over the half door. Daniel had been disinherited and transported just for loving her.

Thoughts like this are fatal when one is not very strong. Bessie came of a weakly race; vitality does not grow robust at the loom. In the second summer she went about her work less vigorously, lost flesh a little, and had now and then long spells of idleness, her hands lying limp in her lap. For a time she put a good face on things, never complained, pretended not to feel; but by and by there was no good in pretending when her whole aspect cried out.

Geordie grew anxious; he had lost two other children just like this, failing, never complaining, dying at the last. If Bessie went, too, he did not know what he should do. The neighbors began to condole with him, telling him how good Bessie was, just as if he of all the world had not the best right to know that. When it became almost beyond question that Bessie would die, then everyone became very kind, called often to cheer her up, sent little presents and said only what was best of her. Even Mrs Pryce bestirred herself; she had no grudge against Geordie Dennet or his daughter; on the whole they had behaved very well, and had said no evil of her, or dropped an unkind word when Daniel went away.

Regarding Daniel Mrs Pryce was not wholly satisfied. He had been a good son, had never thwarted her except in that one matter of going away. Reuben was different, was more masterful, had a will of his own, was not disposed to ask advice, nor always to take it when given. There were times when the mother recalled Daniel's ways with a new tenderness and missed him strangely.

Meantime, while the longing for him grew and grew at home, Daniel was forgetting. It is inevitable; change is such an enlargement, and the new life was pleasant. He was only a farm hand where he had gone—but the work was far lighter than he had often done at home; the splendid machines, which he soon learned to manage skillfully, were a constant delight to him, and the weekly wages a great gratification, he having had so little money of his own in his life. Then there was a pretty and buxom girl in the farm kitchen, who saw no reason why she should not make frank overtures to Daniel; farm hands did just as well married as single when one could manage the dairy and the other the harvest; a house was easily run up in a week or two, and people were happier married; it gave a permanency to things. And Daniel heard and pondered—and forgot. But that was before he saw in New England a Star of Bethlehem, the flower he remembered growing abundantly 'round the old sun dial in Bessie's garden at home. What memories came back to him in a rush as he saw it—the gray blue sky; the long grass swaying with a liquid motion and a sheen of silk as the breeze rustled it; the scented breath of the clover meadows; the tweet of the sparrows on the eaves; but above all a plain good face full of unutterable affection for him! He gave a husky cry and covered his face with his hands.

* * * * *

Mrs Pryce had called to see Bessie. She had come once or twice before; this time she brought a few flowers, a bachelor's button or two, a cluster of dwarf roses, a bunch of the crucifer, called rockets in country places, a blade or two of ribbon grass. Mrs Pryce was growing kind and pitiful because she thought the end was very near. To Bessie her little manifestations were doubly touching because they were so awkward.

"I just said I'd come to-day whatever happened," the visitor said, seating herself on the edge of the chair and looking at the girl's thin face sharply. "The busy season is comin' on now, and I might have difficulty in gettin' away again till 'twas too late, maybe."

"I'm better," Bessie said deprecatingly. She was used to these frank references to her own end, and was not conscious that they pained her.

"Yes, that's always the way with decline," Mrs Price answered with the kindest intentions; "one day better, another day worse, another day better, and then, poof! out you go."

Bessie quivered a little and the hand that held Mrs Pryce's posy shook.

"It'll be dreadful lonely for your father at his age, you know," Mrs Pryce went on mournfully. Me and Mrs Bridges was just talkin' it all over last night and we did say that somethin' ought to be done to put him in a right way when he's left. He's up in years, to be sure; but there's many a girl in the country that's that, too, an' yet would make him comfortable when you're gone, an' be a good wife to him. He's a bit easy goin', you know, and not likely to think of what's best for himself, but if you would speak to him for his good—"

"I'm not so sure that I won't get better, Mrs Pryce," poor Bessie said.

"My dear, I'm sure we all hope you will," Mrs Pryce said, with a hearty intonation of doubt, "but don't set your mind on it. Life is not a thing to be set on when the Lord has decreed to take it from us. I'm sure if I had died when I was young I would have been saved many a sad day and many a sore heart, what with my man ill an' the farm and beasts to see after an' the children to bring up. The Lord knows what a time I've had. And what does it come to in the end? Look at my sons after all I've slaved for them! Daniel at the world's end and Reuben minded to think he knows everything better'n I do."

"Has there been no new letter from Daniel?" Bessie asked, the little tremor in her voice perceptible to herself, in spite of her efforts.

"No. Maybe I'll never see or hear of him again. Why, Bessie, if he'd married you and stayed at home, 'twouldn't have been half as bad."

She had no intention of being either coarse or cruel; she simply spoke out of her own full heart, as is the rural way, without thought of her companion's point of view.

"But he did not marry me, you see, and he'll never want to now. You've had your troubles, Mrs Price, but I can't say I'm sorry for you," Bessie said. She had been stung intolerably and she revolted more suddenly on account of her weakness. "You had a good son who never gave you a sore heart or shamed face till you took shame out of what was no shame. He worked like a horse, that's what he did, from the time he was able to stand, and all the diversion ever he asked was to look in for an hour at our house when his work was over. An' our company was safe company, Mrs Pryce, whether it was grand or not. He never learned to think worse of goodness from us; he would have been no worse son to you in your old age from anything we ever said to him. But you did not care for that; to your mind it was better to drive him to drink and out of the country than that we should be friends. Well, you've had your will; we're not friends any longer; but don't ask me to feel for you, for I don't and can't."

Mrs Pryce was not angered, scarcely surprised. She listened to Bessie as to a fractious child, said: "There, there!" at intervals in a soothing way, sighed heavily when Bessie ended, and said then, in a complaining tone, and more to herself than the girl: "It's hard to know what to do for the best many a time. One speaks a word in haste and things follow it that one never thought of."

Bessie did not answer; she was weak and trembling, but the tears only glittered on her lashes and did not fall. Whatever came of it, she was glad she had spoken her mind once to this hard old woman.

After a time Mrs Pryce rose, and with a commonplace or two took her leave; then Bessie gave way to her emotions and cried as if her heart would break. What a world it was! It was no great grief to leave it, with all its mistakes and cruelties and pain. It was these that mattered, not the living or the dying, which happened to all alike. Bessie was very simple, very inexperienced and very illiterate, but she had grasped a truth that often eludes the wise and learned—that life is meant to be very satisfactory and serene if only we would not complicate it needlessly for ourselves and others. In the calm that followed that burst of storm Bessie saw things clearly, saw that she stood at the grave's edge, and did not care very much whether she went down or backward—saw the ugly things that spoil life—the tyranny, the pride, the spite; and the fair things, love, loyalty, generosity, truth, that make it worth living—saw that it is not always the bad people that crush others, but just as often the good, in a bad mood. Her heart went out suddenly in a rush of tenderness toward that bygone might-have-been. Now that she understood his mother better she understood all that she, Bessie, must have been to Daniel, in the harsh, hard-working household into which he had been born. What chance had he of loving anything?

And then she sat up suddenly, and the red flushed in her face like flame. She was experienced enough now to be able to minimize the daily shock of Reuben Pryce's footfall passing the gate, but it always thrilled her to the heart, it sounded so like Daniel's. This time it did not pass; it paused, came slowly up the path among the flowers and entered at the door.

Bessie rose and stood, a frail figure, against the high chairback, and Daniel came forward and laid his great hand on her thin shoulder and said, with a terrible cry in his voice, "What have they done to you, oh, my dear, my dear—what have they done to you?"

"Hush! Don't be frightened; I'm better." She sat down and took his hand between hers and held it. "I was very ill, but I'll live now you have come back."

And she did live, grew strong and even pretty, the neighbors said.

Mrs Pryce behaved generously. She wanted Daniel at home now, and she made promises and overtures, would have conceded a great deal, or thought she would have done so; but Daniel had travelled, his horizon had widened. Grimpat was not in his eyes what it had been, nor the farm a great inheritance. He wanted Bessie, but he wanted to go away then, parting peaceably with everyone. Mrs Pryce gave them a grand wedding, and the young couple left for the vessel that was to take them aboard. Geordie sailed with them, and in one of the few letters he wrote home to tell how happy and prosperous they were he said Daniel's garden was half full of the Star of Bethlehem.

The Search for the North Pole.

The determination to make new attempts to reach the north pole, in spite of the failures of many previous expeditions and the dread disasters attending some of them, continues to be unabated. Three expeditions are now being fitted out, each of which will try in a different way to reach the pole.

The brilliant success of his first expedition to Greenland has stimulated Lieutenant Peary to make another venture from Philadelphia in the same direction.

Dr Nansen, well known for his own explorations in Greenland, proposes to sail from Christiana in June along the coast of Siberia until he reaches the point off the Lena so fatal to the Jeanette expedition. From that point he will commit his ship to the ice pack and drift with the current wherever it may lead him. His studies have led him to believe that the current will float him across the pole and ultimately land him in Greenland. Such an undertaking is inconceivably bold and hazardous, but his ship is nearly ready, his stores and provisions are being prepared, and the men he has selected are all of them hearty Norwegians, accustomed to the endurance of arctic weather. Besides the supplies Nansen takes with him, he is preparing an additional depot of supplies far up on the Siberian coast. The further precaution he has taken, assuming the possibility that his ship may be crushed in the ice, is to have on board his dogs and sledges, so that, in the event of having to abandon his ship, he may continue to prosecute his adventure, either on land or on the ice. He is provisioned with concentrated food, which he estimates will last his comparatively small crew for six years, but he hopes to be floated across the pole and into the open waters of Greenland within three years. Thoughtful Arctic explorers fear that Nansen's ship will share the fate of the Jeanette by being crushed between the masses of thick ice.

The third expedition, and the most promising of all, is that of Jackson. It is to sail from Liverpool in June direct for Franz Josef Land, which lies to the north of Nova Zembla and to the east of Spitzbergen. Its southernmost point touches the 80th parallel of north latitude and is dissected by the 60th meridien of east longitude. To the north of it lie Peterman's Land and Oscar Land, reaching to latitude 83 and beyond. Jackson's purpose is to make the journey overland to Peterman's land, which, if it extends as far north as 85, would bring him within 300 miles of the pole. That distance he proposes to cover in boats if he finds open water, or on sledges if he finds land or ice.

"You needn't ask me about it," retorted the young woman. "I don't have anything to do with unloading coal. I'm the kitchen lady." "I can't help that," he rejoined. "I'm the coal gentleman, and the father of three kitchen ladies, one laundry lady, and one cash lady, and if you don't show me where to put this coal I'll call the woman of the house." "I—I'll shew you, sir," she humbly replied, leading the way to the coal house.

It is pleasing to note in the papers that last year's styles in fly-paper will be stuck to this season.

Down With High Prices For Electric Belts.

$1.55, $2.65, $3.70; former prices $5, $7, $10. Quality remains the same—16 different styles; dry battery and acid belts—mild or strong current. Less than half the price of any other company and more home testimonials than all the rest together. Full list free. Mention this paper. W. T. BARR & CO. Windsor, Ont.