

# THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. V. WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, AUGUST 6, 1886. No. 51

**THE ACADIAN.**  
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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.  
News 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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Wolfville, N. S.

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**BAPTIST CHURCH**—Rev. T. A. Higgins, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 11:00 A. M. and 7:00 P. M. Sabbath School at 2:30 P. M. Prayer Meetings on Tuesday at 7:30 P. M. and Thursday at 7:30 P. M.  
**METHODIST CHURCH**—Rev. T. A. Wilson, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 11:00 A. M. and 7:00 P. M. Sabbath School at 9:30 A. M. Prayer Meeting on Thursday at 7:30 P. M.  
**S. JOHN'S CHURCH, Wolfville.**  
Divine Worship is held in the above Church as follows:  
Sundays, Matins and Sermon at 11 A. M. Evening and Sermon at 7 P. M. Sunday-school commences every 8th day morning at 9:30. Choir practice on Saturday evening at 7:30.  
J. O. Ruggles, M. A., Rector.  
Robert W. Hingell,  
(Divinity Student of King's College).  
FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev. T. M. Daly, P. P.—Mass 11:00 A. M. last Sunday of each month.

**Masonic.**  
St. GEORGE'S LODGE, F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7:45 o'clock p. m.  
J. B. Davison, Secretary.

**Oddfellows.**  
"OPHELIA" LODGE, I. O. O. F., meets in O'Connell's Hall, on Tuesday of each week, at 8 o'clock p. m.

**Temperance.**  
WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8 or T meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 8:00 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7:00 o'clock.

**OUR JOB ROOM**  
IS SUPPLIED WITH  
THE LATEST STYLES OF TYPE  
**JOB PRINTING**  
—OF—  
Every Description  
DONE WITH  
**NEATNESS, CHEAPNESS, AND PUNCTUALITY.**

The ACADIAN will be sent to any part of Canada or the United States for \$1.00 in advance. We make no extra charge for United States subscriptions when paid in advance.

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—OF THE—  
**Business Firms of WOLFVILLE**  
The undermentioned firms will use your right, and we can safely recommend them as our most enterprising business men.  
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**WILSON, JAS.**—Harness Maker, is still in Wolfville where he is prepared to fill all orders in his line of business.

**Selected Poetry.**  
*SING, O HEART, AND BE HAPPY.*  
Sing, O heart, and be happy!  
Sing, O heart, and be glad!  
For the world has enough of sorrow  
And hearts enough that are sad.  
There is always a ready welcome  
For the singer and his song,  
And the sweet refrain of his singing  
Will echo the whole day long.  
But the heart that mopes in sadness  
Must sit in the dark alone,  
For each life however so happy  
Has a burden of its own.  
Peter Pratt.

**Interesting Story.**  
**Our Last May Queen.**  
I think there never was such a beautiful spot as East Valley, as we used to call it. It was surrounded by softly swelling green hills, and its name ought to have been Flower Valley, for I don't think I have ever seen such a variety of wild flowers in such a small space.  
Ferns fringed the banks of the clear creek which ran through the valley; there were tufts of hawthorn bushes, covered in the spring with blossoms like pink snowdrifts, azaleas, and Carolina jasmynes twining up the trees, and hanging their yellow, fragrant lamps through the branches.  
Well, I am almost twenty-two years old now, and living in far-off California, but my thoughts this May-day go back to the valley, and what happened there five years ago to-day. We Moorfield children used to call the valley our Public Garden, and as it was not much over a mile from town, we used to have our picnics there, and crowned our May Queens, or took our evening walks with some bonfire friend.  
Moorfield was not then a large town, but it was a busy, bustling place, with a railroad and schools and churches, and now I am told it has grown, and has become a city.  
There had been hot discussions in Moorfield for a week before May-day, as to who should be chosen May Queen. There were but two competitors: Sydney Ellis and Marian Howell. Sydney was without question the most beautiful girl in Moorfield, and her father the wealthiest man in the place, but Marian was certainly the sweetest and the best.  
The two girls had been bosom-friends, and Marian was always finding some excuse for Sydney's ill-temper and haughty, disagreeable ways. She refused for a long time to allow her name to be used in opposition to that of her friend, who had now become her bitter enemy; but I had taken the matter in hand, and I determined she should not withdraw as a candidate. In fact, she was the universal favorite at Moorfield Seminary, and most of the girls in school thought it was time to show Miss Sydney that we were not exactly her slaves.  
For what seems now so small an honor, it does not seem possible it could have caused so much controversy and excitement in town as it did during that week. The families of the girls took part in the squabble; the town was split into factions, and the election of President or Governor would not have caused as much ill-feeling or heart-burning as did this choice of a May Queen. As for bribery, I am positively ashamed to say that was used also.  
One day, when I was returning from the seminary, Mrs. Ellis (Sydney's mother) called to me. She was a short-sighted, impulsive, weak woman, vain as a peacock of Sydney's beauty. In fact, that seemed to be the only quality she prized in her daughter, for she never attempted to restrain her, or to rebuke her ill-temper or her selfish ways.  
Sydney would have been a different girl under different management, for she was generous and warm-hearted in spite of her great faults. Mrs. Ellis had hardly deigned to notice me before, so I was quite surprised at her cordiality that day.  
She said she would like to have me ask my mother for the pattern of the apron I had on, which she declared was "perfectly lovely," though I knew it was nothing uncommon. This was followed by an allusion to the "coming

election, and then she said, frankly,—  
"Now, Clara, do you think it possible to find a prettier May Queen than my Sydney?"  
"No," I answered. "She is beautiful."  
"Then why did you put up as a candidate that plain Marian Howell? When I heard it, I was perfectly astonished. The fact is, Sydney thought more highly of you than of any girl at the seminary, and was sure you were her friend, and your favoring her opponent has hurt her terribly, though I'm sure Sydney will be elected in spite of everything. Do you know, I've made her the loveliest dress, tulle over white silk, and I heard her say if you do what you can to secure her election,—and you have great influence with the girls,—if she was Queen, you shall be her first maid of honor. And that's not all. She's going to present you with the sweetest dress—white embroidered India lawn—if she is elected."  
"Now the woman will know that my parents were not able to give me hand-some dresses, and I'm afraid she knew, too, I was foolishly fond of fine clothes, too fond for my own content. But I saw very clearly the bribe wrapped up in that "sweet embroidered muslin," and was not mean and craven enough to take it.  
"I am pledged to Marian, Mrs. Ellis," I said. "It is not at all a question of beauty with us girls, for we all think Sydney is far prettier than Marian; but Marian is the dearest and the sweetest girl at school, and we believe that love should elect a May Queen, and not admiration."  
"You ought to have seen Mrs. Ellis' face when I said that. She didn't order me out of the house, for I got out too quickly for that; but when I looked at her angry eyes, I thought of the "snaky horrors of Medusa's brow." I had been translating that day. I'm sure she would have turned me into stone if she had had the power.  
Well, from this little incident the reader can judge of the intense and determined character of the canvass that was going on in our little town. As for Marian, she begged and pleaded with the girls to let her retire from the contest.  
"What does it matter whether I am Queen or not?" she said with tears in her brown eyes. "I know, girls, you all love me. That is all I want. Please do not let me be an apple of discord."  
"I'm sorry to say I had a bad temper, and I'm afraid I had it still, though I've learned to control it somewhat; added to this, I was obstinate, and was determined to have my own way.  
"Whether you want to be Queen or not," I cried, "it's too late now to draw back! We are all of us astonished at your want of firmness, Marian! It's become a case of principle with us, for it would not be right to allow trickery and bribery to succeed. I for one won't allow it, if I can help it. Why, don't you see it's a choice between insolent, unprincipled vanity and you, my dear,—and everybody knows what you are."  
I thought I had placed the matter on high grounds, and tried to make myself believe that I was moved by some arbitrary principle of right, and not a personal feeling of dislike to both Sydney and her mother. People are very much given to slipping these masks of virtue over prejudices.  
We departed from the usual custom, and decided that the votes should be polled, and counted early on May Day in the valley, where the throng had already been created and all preparations made. When the result was known, the Queen was to be escorted to her throne, and the coronation ceremony were then begun. We did this because we had heard Sydney's faction had despaired if their candidate was not elected, none of them would be present. So we determined to ensure their presence at our triumph by keeping up the suspense to the last moment.  
I can see East Valley as it looked that morning, with the dew on the grass, the lights and shadows quivering on the green hill-sides, the cloudless sky, and flowers nodding from every vine, and peeping from grass tufts. Yes, I remember now, but I hardly

noticed it then. It was more interesting to watch the many anxious, excited, angry faces collected in the peaceful spot. Sydney looked beautiful and smiling, as if she was quite sure that she would soon mount the throne. As for Marian, she looked sad and unhappy.  
"Do let me give it up," she said to me in a voice broken by suppressed sobs. "I don't want to be Queen. It's the first time any one ever hated me, and Sydney and her friends look as if they'd like to kill me. I can't bear it! Indeed, indeed, I can't!"  
"Maybe you'll not be Queen," I said, roughly. "Mrs. Ellis has mustered every girl that she could coax or bribe to vote for Sydney, and they may outnumber our side. So don't cry out against the crown until you get it. It will probably be a drawn battle."  
"Oh, how glad I'll be!" she murmured. "If I had the casting vote, I'd give it to Sydney."  
"You haven't the spirit of a mouse!" I said, contemptuously. "After the gross insults you and all of us have received from those girls, and from Sydney's mother, to want to knuckle to them! And we girls have taken so much trouble in the matter, too. It's cowardly, yes, and it's ungrateful for you to talk in this manner!" I flung away, angrily, and though she called me back, I would not listen.  
I turned once to see the sorrowful little figure, her face as white as a snow-drift and her eyes swollen by tears. For a moment it struck me that she looked ill, but I was so angry at her weakness, as I called it, that I stifled all sympathy and muttered,—  
"A beautiful-looking Queen we'll have!"  
When the votes were counted, Marian was elected by a majority of four. But that small number was enough for our triumph. We went to her as she sat at the foot of a tree, her head resting against its trunk and her eyes closed.  
"Hail, Queen!" I cried, triumphantly. "We have come to escort you to your throne."  
She opened her eyes and looked at me with a kind of dazed expression, as if she had been asleep, and then she rose to her feet, trying to smile.  
"I'm not very well," she said. "My head feels so heavy I'm quite stupid."  
"That's because you've been worrying yourself so," I said. "Come, your friends are all waiting for you." As I took her hand, it felt as cold as ice, but I was too much flushed with victory to give it more than a passing thought. A group of girls surrounded Sydney, who stood near the path down which we walked. As we passed, she gave an insolent laugh and said aloud,—  
"What a lovely Queen! Don't you think her royal robe would be improved by a little water? Look at the grass-stains on it!"  
To my consternation, Marian drew her hand from me, and walked straight up to Sydney.  
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Sydney pushed her extended hand angrily aside. "I don't want your crown, and I don't want your friendship," she cried. "I've no doubt you'll soon learn that some triumphs are more disgraceful than defeats."  
Marian grow, if possible paler than before, but she made no answer and walked away. The speeches were made, the Queen crowned, and the programme carried out with great success. The Queen was very pale, and her eyes had a strange look in them, but she exerted herself to do her part gracefully. When all was over, she whispered to me,—  
"Clara, let us slip down to the brook alone. I am parched with thirst, and feel as if I could drink the stream dry. Bring a cup with you."  
When we reached the brook she drank greedily, and then all at once strong shiverings shook her whole frame.  
"I believe I have a chill," she said, sitting on the bank. "Go and tell mamma, so she can get me home; but don't frighten her."  
When Mrs. Howell and I returned, we found Marian lying on the ground her head burning, her hands like ice, and muttering incoherent words to herself. No time was lost in getting her home, but the verdict of the physician—"congestive chill"—left us little hope. Everyone who has ever lived at the South knows what a congestive chill is, and how quickly it runs its course.  
I don't think Marian ever knew any of us again. When Sydney heard that Marian could not live she hurried to her bedside, convulsed with remorseful weeping. About midnight, Marian said, possibly recognizing her voice,—  
"Isn't it beautiful in the valley this morning, Syd? I've had such a bad dream, and I'm so tired! Hold my hand, dear, while I sleep."  
They buried her in a little graveyard on one of the green hills that overlook the valley. It was the last May Queen crowned there. I hardly know whose memories of that day are more remorseful, Sydney's or mine. For a year after, at eve, on pleasant days, we often met at her grave, and read the inscription on her tombstone.—"Of such are the kingdom of Heaven,"—and I think we both grew better, for those solemn hours of communion with each other, and recalling the memory of one of the purest and sweetest spirits that ever wore mortal form.—*Youth's Companion.*

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**The Child's Dream.**  
There was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister who was a child too, and his constant companion. They wondered at the beauty of flowers, they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the goodness and power of God, who made them love.  
They used to say to one another sometimes: "Supposing all the children upon earth were to die, would the flowers, and the water, and the sky be sorry. For, said they, the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams that gambol down the hill-sides are the children of the water, and the smallest bright specks playing at hide and seek in the sky all night must surely be the children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their play-mates, the children of men, no more."  
There was one clear shining star that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire, above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand-in-hand at a window. Whoever saw it first, cried out, "I see the star." And after that they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise, and where. So they grew to be such friends with it that, before lying down in their bed, they always looked out once again to bid it good-night, and when they were turning around to sleep, they used to say, "God bless the star!"  
But while she was still very young, oh, very young, the sister drooped, and came to be so weak that she could no longer stand in the window at night, and then the child looked sadly out by himself, and when he saw the star, turned round and said to the patient pale face on the bed, "I see the star!" and then a smile would come upon the face, and a little weak voice used to say, "God bless my brother, and the star!"  
And so the time came, all too soon, when the child looked out all alone, and when there was no face on the bed, and when there was a grave among the graves, not there before, and when the star made long rays down toward him as he saw it through his tears.  
Now these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed, he dreamed about the star; and dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw a train of people taken up that sparkling road by angels; and the star, opening, showed him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.  
All these angels, who were waiting, turned their beaming eyes upon the

people who were carried up into the star; and some came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company, that lying in his bed he wept for joy.  
But there were many angels who did not go with him, and among them one he knew. The patient face that once had laid upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found out his sister among all the host.  
His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people thither:  
"Is my brother come?"  
And she said, "No."  
She was turning hopefully away when the child stretched out his arms, and cried, "Oh, sister, I am here! Take me!" And then she turned her beaming eyes upon him,—and it was night; and the star was shining into the room, making long rays down towards him as he saw it through his tears.  
From that hour forth, the child looked out upon the star as the home he was to go to when his time should come; and he thought that he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star too, because of his sister's angel gone before.  
There was a baby born to be a brother to the child, and while he was so little that he never yet had spoken a word, he stretched out his tiny form on his bed, and died.  
Again the child dreamed of the opened star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and the rows of angels, with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces.  
Said his sister's angel to the leader: "Is my brother come?"  
"And he said, "Not that one, but another!"  
As the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms, he cried, "Oh, my sister, I am here! Take me!" And she turned and smiled upon him,—and the star was shining.  
He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books, when an old-servant came to him and said:  
"Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing on her darling son."  
Again at night he saw the star, and all that former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"  
And he said, "Thy mother!"  
A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the star, because the mother was reunited to her children. And he stretched out his arms and cried, "Oh, mother, sister, and brother, I am here! Take me! And they answered him, "Not yet!"—and the star was shining.  
He grew to be a man, whose hair was turning gray, and he was sitting in his chair by the fire-side, heavy with grief, and with his face bedewed with tears, when the star opened once again.  
Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"  
And he said, "No, but his maiden daughter!"  
And the man who had been the child saw his daughter, newly lost to him, a celestial creature among those, and he said: "My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is around my mother's neck, and at her feet is the baby of old time, and I can hear the parting from her, God be praised!"—And the star was shining.  
Thus the child came to be an old man, and his once smooth face was wrinkled, and his steps were slow and feeble, and his back was bent. And one night as he lay upon his bed, his children standing round, he cried, as he cried so long ago: "I see the star!"  
They whispered one another, "He is dying." And he said, "I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move towards the star as a child. And O, my Father, now I thank Thee that it has so often opened to receive those dear ones who await me!"  
And the star was shining; and it shines upon his grave.—*Charles Dickens.*  
The man who is always watching some one else needs twice the amount of watching that the other fellow does.

When Mrs. Howell and I returned, we found Marian lying on the ground her head burning, her hands like ice, and muttering incoherent words to herself. No time was lost in getting her home, but the verdict of the physician—"congestive chill"—left us little hope. Everyone who has ever lived at the South knows what a congestive chill is, and how quickly it runs its course.  
I don't think Marian ever knew any of us again. When Sydney heard that Marian could not live she hurried to her bedside, convulsed with remorseful weeping. About midnight, Marian said, possibly recognizing her voice,—  
"Isn't it beautiful in the valley this morning, Syd? I've had such a bad dream, and I'm so tired! Hold my hand, dear, while I sleep."  
They buried her in a little graveyard on one of the green hills that overlook the valley. It was the last May Queen crowned there. I hardly know whose memories of that day are more remorseful, Sydney's or mine. For a year after, at eve, on pleasant days, we often met at her grave, and read the inscription on her tombstone.—"Of such are the kingdom of Heaven,"—and I think we both grew better, for those solemn hours of communion with each other, and recalling the memory of one of the purest and sweetest spirits that ever wore mortal form.—*Youth's Companion.*

**The Child's Dream.**  
There was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister who was a child too, and his constant companion. They wondered at the beauty of flowers, they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the goodness and power of God, who made them love.  
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people who were carried up into the star; and some came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company, that lying in his bed he wept for joy.  
But there were many angels who did not go with him, and among them one he knew. The patient face that once had laid upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found out his sister among all the host.  
His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people thither:  
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And she said, "No."  
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