

With this issue we make our last appearance before the public for the present year. And in taking a retrospective glance at the year just closing we find that although not characterized by any very startling events, it will probably occupy its full space in the pages of history.

In England, the political situation has been peculiarly interesting and suggestive. The Irish question still seems as far from a satisfactory solution as ever, while the affairs in the Sudan have become, if anything, more complicated. Early in the year, and following closely on the massacre of the Egyptian forces under Hicks Pasha, came the defeat and almost annihilation of Baker Pasha's army of 3,500 men. A British force under General Graham defeated Osman Digma and captured his camp on March 12th, and seemed in a fair way of bringing the rebels to order, when it was suddenly ordered home and Gen. Gordon apparently left to his fate. Since then the reports from the Sudan have been very contradictory and unsatisfactory. At present an expedition under Gen. Wolsley is on the way there.

In July the House of Lords voted to postpone the consideration of Mr. Gladstone's franchise bill, which led to considerable agitation for the abolition of that body.

Across the channel, the French have had both war and plague. A continuation of the war in Tonquin and the commencement of another in China. While the cholera has been busy in the southern provinces, the victims being counted by thousands.

On this side of the Atlantic the great topic of interest has been the Presidential Election in the United States, which has been one of the most bitter political fights ever known, and resulted in the choice of a Democratic President and Vice President, being the first in twenty-four years. In Cincinnati a riot lasting three days, occasioned by dissatisfaction about a verdict in a murder case, was attended with large loss of life and property, forty-five persons being killed and one hundred and thirty-eight wounded.

The floods in February on the Ohio River were the worst ever known, causing much loss of property and considerable loss of life.

In July the steamers, *Thetis* and *Bear* returned with the remains of the Greely Expedition, six in all. Of the remainder of the party, seventeen died of starvation, one was drowned, and one died three days after being rescued. This expedition reached a point farther north than ever before achieved by any exploring party, and a few days after their return the world was shocked by the report that the survivors sustained life by the last desperate resource of starving men; cannibalism.

Although the closing year has not been the chapter of horrors, as regards disasters, that 1883 was, it has probably furnished its average quota, Canada leading with the first railway accident on Jan. 21 when two trains collided on the Grand Trunk with a loss of twenty-five men. On April 31 the Steamer "Daniel Steinman" was wrecked off Sambre, with a loss of 123 persons. July 30th Sable Island, the grave-yard of the Atlantic, added another to its victims, the Steamer "Amsterdam" being wrecked with loss of three passengers. We haven't space to give an extended list of the usual railway, colliery, steamer, and dynamite accidents, of which there was the usual number—the excursion steamer alone has not furnished any considerable disaster this year.

Among the prominent men who have passed away may be noted the Duke of Albany; Charles Reade, the novelist; Wendell Phillips; Sir Edward Bartle Frere; Henry Fawcett, Post-Master General of England; and many others we have not space for.

In our own Province we have little change to chronicle. The history of Nova Scotia will have to be written by centuries as the ripple marks one year

leaves on the sands of time being scarcely discernible. The resignation of the Local Government and the formation of a new one being the most startling political event. The Halifax Dry Dock scheme has been talked about, so it was forty years ago, so it probably will be forty years hence. City Councils have talked it over, engineers have given estimates, meetings have been held, committees appointed and delegates sent out, newspaper men have written it up with wild enthusiasm, and have grown gray and died leaving the subject as a legacy to their successors who continue to write it up with a cheerful hope undaunted by the disappointments of forty years.

In our own county the past year has not been one of unalloyed prosperity. The season was the wettest ever known and many people had to take the advice of a county contemporary and not hoe their potatoes—with the result of an almost entire failure of the crop. Turnips and all other roots from the same cause were also a short crop. The fruit crop on the contrary was one of the best ever known, and considering the quantity fair prices were realized.

The depression in business that extends all over the world, affects us here in a modified form and probably caused the recent failure of a well known ship-building and lumbering firm of this county—which failure can almost be looked on as a public misfortune. The firm had succeeded in building up a large business and employed a large number of men who but for them would have had to seek homes in the Land of the free. If this firm had had the enterprise and forethought of the usual Nova Scotia capitalist and invested their money in mortgages or Bank stock, they would probably have been solvent to-day.

While we readily admit there has been good excuse for the cry of hard times, we must recollect that if crops have been small and prices low, that the prices of all we consume are correspondingly low. Flour, sugar, tea, wools, cottons, and all sorts of hardware are as low if not lower than they have been for years; and the opinion among business men seems to be that the lowest point has been reached and that 1885 will see a revival of trade all over the world.

Of the success of our own little paper we cannot complain. We have had to struggle with want of funds and inexperience, we have had some kicks and few coppers; but we have had much to encourage us and many kind words. It has cheered us to know that our small effort in the cause of decent live journalism has been appreciated, and, notwithstanding another paper has been started in the Village within the last few months under more favorable auspices and with great flourish of trumpets, our subscription list and patronage in our job office has steadily increased.

We shall strive in the future to still further merit the confidence of the public. We have increased facilities for collecting local news and are continually gaining experience, and although we may not in the next year do much towards regulating the affairs of the Royal Family or change the fiscal policy of the Dominion, there will be subjects on which we can and will speak.

**EDITORIAL NOTES.**

The Weather—Oh, yes, the weather. Sometimes it is and sometimes it isn't, and then again it is. Snow or rain, one never knows which when retiring at night and is hardly certain the next morning on arising. Truly Nova Scotia is ahead of every place except Maine in weather, and we sometimes think Mark Twain was, to put it mildly, a little mistaken even about Maine.

The Gasperau Bridge is finished at last, and like the human frame is just begun when it commences to crumble away.

We sometimes wonder where the contractors go to when they die. And the only conclusion we can arrive at is that they build a few bridges and railroads and then go to Parliament at Ottawa or Halifax.

That sort of thing must come to a stop some day. A bridge that costs so

much money to our county should be made to last a year or two anyway. But that one is finished, and now we can only be more careful and see that government jobbers do not make a farce of the work at Port Williams.

Mr. Government Engineer, keep your eyes open or you may wish you had before King's gets done with you. We are a long suffering people, but we sometimes "rise to the emergency and mash the emergency's head," as A. Ward once remarked.

We do hope our friend of the *Nepawa Canadian* wasn't drunk when he wrote the item quoted in this issue, but he has got things sadly mixed as to names and places. We thank him all the same for his good intentions and well wishes and can assure him we value such from our older contemporaries very highly.

We find that our little paper is meeting approval far above our most sanguine expectations, and we feel encouraged to go on trying to steadily improve.

King's is our native county and we are bound to look out for it even if we let the United States and the Egyptian war go to the dogs.

Our Neepawa friend's motto is—"Canada first, last and all the time," and we feel like hanging out a similar shingle with our motto—"King's first, last and all the time."

We want to have a talk with our readers on Assessment as soon as we can get materials together, so look out for us when we do come out. Civil reform is much needed in this county and we do not care how soon it is commenced.

**Vacation Notes:**  
BY HARL HARLEE.  
(Continued.)

Milton is one of the prettiest villages of Nova Scotia. It has many handsome residences and beautiful gardens. Its streets are wide and clean, and shaded by large trees which are the pride of the inhabitants and the admiration of strangers. The river running through the centre of the village and parallel with the streets on either side adds much to the beauty of the place, and gives it an Eden appearance. For natural scenery it can be placed, beside Wolfville. But it is not so "aesthetic" a village as Wolfville. Its people encourage industries; and the noise and racket of its eight mills do not disturb or annoy any of them. Its four schools have a large population; the head department is a real school-teacher manufactory. The inhabitants are social and particularly courteous to strangers. When you meet them they do not look afraid you were going to their house to dinner; and at church you are welcomed and not stared at as if you were the street parade of a circus. As a fashionable watering-place Milton is becoming noted. Visitors from the United States and different parts of Canada are there every summer; and each year the number increases. To spend one vacation there and not want to spend another is impossible. This my first visit I enjoyed very much. Through the kindness of my host and J. H. Cook, M. P. P., and W. Ford Esq., I was taken to the principal places of attraction in the surrounding country; and was well introduced to Liverpool, the county's capital. To wake some morning again and find myself in Milton would make me feel happy—would bring back some of the old feeling I used to have when a boy, when mother would pronounce me sick enough to stay home from school. But vacations do not last long, from childhood we have noticed that, and soon good-bye has been said to Milton, and in company with four others I am wheeling towards Annapolis. The first stop we made was at the Grimes' estate. Of "old" Mr. Grimes, and his "gray coat" that buttoned down before, "we have all heard. Poets have sung of him as "being dead and buried in the ground," but it is a mistake. The old gentleman is still alive and quite smart for a man of his years. He was putting up the clothes-line when we drove up and his wife was superintending. I told Mrs. Grimes I did not expect to find her husband enjoying such good health, as I had often read of his death and burial. She seemed to feel deeply what I said and cautioned me against depending too much on poetry. Poets, she reminded me, saw things as they should be, not as they are. Mrs. Grimes is a jovial woman and real yellow. She wears a white cloth around her cheeks which I imagine is Grimes' invention to check the fluency of her talk. She did not recognize me at first but after a while she comprehended me well. We reached North Brookfield about dark and drove to the only house that would sell food and lodging, and ordered accommodations for the night. The woman of the house was a Baptist and the man was a Granger. Their only son inclined to the father's belief. He talked of Granges and played buying flour cheap, living without merchants, and going to Grange picnics. The two girls did not believe in anything but playing snap. After tea they invited me to, and I played as hard as I could until bed-time. I never think it is wicked to play snap. There don't appear to be any more harm in it than in Whist Nations, Lotum, or Button; but any one who exchanges a good precious hour of day-light or candle-light for an hour's play in it, gets badly cheated. Some say you can gamble with it but I can't. When I settled with the landlord next morning he wouldn't allow me a cent for my night's play.

**Going West!**  
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**DENTIST.**  
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Sept. 8th, 1884

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