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The editor of THE CRITIC is responsible for the views expressed in Editorial Notes and Articles, and for such only. The editor is not to be understood as endorsing the sentiments expressed in the articles contributed to this journal. Our readers are capable of approving or disapproving of any part of an article or contents of the paper; and after exercising due care as to what is to appear in our columns, we shall leave the rest to their intelligent judgment.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The London (Eng.) *Zoophytist* favors us with the following complimentary notice, apropos of a couple of editorial notes which appeared in our issue of 16th March: "Our clever Halifax contemporary, THE CRITIC, can rarely be opened without finding something worth reading this side of the Atlantic, as well as, of course, much interesting to its Nova Scotian subscribers."

Nova Scotia scarcely knows how much is done for her by her outside friends. Some time ago the *British American Citizen* offered a prize for descriptions of localities in Nova Scotia possessing attractions as summer resorts. The result has been a large number of descriptive articles which, in the last issue alone, occupy three columns and a half, and form a splendid series of advertisements of our province.

It is more than probable that the delay in taking steps with regard to the seal fishery is due to the Fabian tactics of the United States diplomats, dictated by the nearness of the Presidential election, and the terms of the Alaska Fur Company's Charter. It is said that the maritime nations are conferring with a view to the adoption of some uniform policy for preserving the seal from extermination. It is none too soon.

L'Evangelin of Digby is a nice little paper, and we are indebted to it as an exchange for obliging us to read a little French, which, but for it, we should not likely do at all. We have been so enchanted with the *naivete* of the following passage that we cannot resist translating it for the edification and amusement of our readers. "The famous Gabriel Dumont, lieutenant of the unfortunate Louis Riel during the rising in the North West, is at present in Canada. He relates that there were but at the most 150 metis. At the celebrated taking of Batoche, where General Middleton had his legendary *desperate fighting*, (these words in italics in English,) there were *Armed metis*! (These italics are ours.) Dumont affirms that Riel was always opposed to taking up arms, and that he deliberately gave himself up to save his poor (petit) people." It is not perhaps altogether discreditable to Dumont that his fighting is of a better quality than his lying!

The Marquis of Salisbury and Lord Wolseley have crossed swords in the House of Lords about Lord Wolseley's outspokenness on the weakness of the army and navy. Lord Salisbury did not see his way to more than a mild deprecation of an officer attacking the *status in quo* outside parliament, and is evidently a little bit afraid of him of Cairo, while Lord Wolseley must be sensible that his action was not quite consistent with discipline and etiquette. There will probably be no great love lost between them in the future.

Bulgaria, Servia and Roumania are all in a more or less disturbed and excited state, evidently kept so by Russian intrigue. The whole European situation never looked more lowering, and any event, such for instance as the death of the Emperor, may precipitate an explosion at any moment. Rumor whispers of Russian intrigue everywhere, against Italy and against us in India, through Persia. Both France and Russia evidently chafe under the triple alliance, and fume at the probability of England joining it in the event of an outbreak.

The public cannot be too strongly impressed with the falsehood and worthlessness of the sensational "special" cable European news concocted to suit the unhealthy American newspaper appetite. The Irish news in particular is "made to order," and almost all the late German news has been absolute rubbish, flatly contradicted by events and facts. The alleged unpopularity of the Empress and the Queen was the grossest exaggeration, and the New York *Sun* stultified itself by one day asserting that the Crown Prince was the idol of the masses, and another that he is hated by them.

Mr. Gladstone's article in the May number of the *North American* against Col. Ingersoll, is in his best style, and the latter, notwithstanding the brilliancy of his rhetorical fence, is vulnerable to many keen, logical thrusts. But Mr. Gladstone's sustained courtesy should convey a lesson to the vulgar bigots who think they do well in never writing of the sincere and brilliant agnostic except as "Bob Ingersoll." Mr. Gladstone now proposes a criticism of the Papal Decree, which those who admire his polemics will look forward to with curious expectation, for, if he assail it he will be attacking the very foundations of social existence.

It is the fashion of conservatism in England to assume that the primrose was Lord Beaconsfield's favorite flower, and we know the superstructure of Primrose "leagues," "habitations," and heaven knows what, with which conservative leaders of both sexes solace and amuse themselves, built up on this assumption. But there is, in reality, no proof whatever that Lord Beaconsfield cared two-pence about the flower. The fancy is elaborated on the fact that when the Queen sent a wreath of primroses to be laid on Disraeli's coffin, she accompanied it with the words "His favorite flower." The italicised pronoun referring much more probably to Prince Albert, who was known to prefer the primrose to any other spring blossom, than to the deceased Earl.

George Francis Train, crank though he may be, knows how to make himself popular. At Digby while waiting for the Antapolis boat, he gathered around him some 25 little girls, who became his warm friends at once, a liberal supply of figs adding not a little to his popularity. In a body they followed him to the boat, where he showed them around, and when the time for his departure arrived the little ones set up a howl of grief that testified louder than words the hold he had gained on their hearts. Recovering themselves, they stood on the wharf and cheered at the top of their voices until the boat was out of sight. At Yarmouth, the western metropolis, he was the "lion" of the day, and everywhere met with a most cordial reception. Who wouldn't be a crank?

Truro furnishes a conspicuous example of the rapid growth in wealth and population of our provincial towns. We are indebted to the courtesy of its energetic Mayor, D. H. Muir, M. D., for a copy of the annual report for the civic year ending March 31st, 1888. In his address, which is a very concise one, the Mayor says. "In my report of last year I referred to the rapid growth, the sound prosperity, the progressive character of this business centre of the province, and stated that no better evidence could be afforded of these facts than a glance at the valuation of property for assessment purposes. In 1875 (the date of incorporation) the amount assessed was \$885,150.00. In 1877, the amount was a trifle over \$1,200,000.00, an increase of nearly 50 per cent. in twelve years. That year (1877) had an addition of over \$100,000. The present one has well kept up this record, the assessors' books revealing about \$60,000 of an increase for 1888."