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The editor of THE CRITIC is responsible for the views expressed in Editorial Notes and Articles, and for such only; but 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.

It is time now for spring cleaning—of the streets as well as the houses. Let the City Fathers look sharply about them these fine mornings, so that the outward appearance of our town may be creditable.

No one will feel any sympathy with Mrs. Montague, who has been sentenced at Dublin to one year's imprisonment for the manslaughter of her three-year-old daughter. Such women as she are not wanted very much for any purpose under Heaven, the fact that she comes of gentle (sic) blood is all the more in her disfavor. Her sentence may be considered very light.

Lord Salisbury's proposal that the losing party in the Bering Sea arbitration should properly indemnify the winner for all losses that might be caused by renewing the Modus Vivendi will commend itself to all as a notably fair arrangement, for we do not, while claiming the right, wish to see the seals practically exterminated. Lord Salisbury has exhibited masterly statesmanship in this difficult matter.

It is never very long that South America is left without a revolution. Venezuela appears to be in the full enjoyment of a first class outbreak; bloody battles, such as those Southern people seem to delight in, have taken place; armies are on the war path. The cause of the revolutionists is growing in favor and the country in general is under martial law. It is a revolt against the dictatorial rule of President Palacio.

The statement that the cigarette habit is steadily becoming more general with young girls is hard to believe, and we do not believe it. It may be that in the United States the habit is indulged in to some extent, but in our own country we venture to say that young women with a taste for tobacco are few and far between. Women should be womanly, and we trust the day is long distant when our wives, daughters and sisters will degrade their mouths by smoking.

Lord Tennyson's new play, "The Forresters," which was recently produced at Daly's Theatre, New York, has received high praise from critics. It is the old story of Robin Hood and Maid Marian, enriched and beautified by the magic pen of Alfred Tennyson, which even in his old age shows no

loss of power. The times of Ivanhoe offer abundant material for picturesque effect, and at the production of the play at Daly's the stage mounting was most elaborate. Anything coming from the Laureate's pen at his age—eighty-two years—is not only a literary event of some importance, but shows a remarkable retention of vigor that possesses an interest of its own. The lyrics in the play are full of the Tennysonian ring and are all charming. New York has been enthusiastic in its endorsement of England's Poet Laureate.

The matter of tax exemption is at present exciting a very wide-spread interest throughout the city. We believe that the only way of settling this question once and for all is to place it directly before the people, and as this is to be done we may safely leave the matter to their verdict. Certain it is that Halifax receives a direct benefit from the establishment of certain institutions within its confines, and to tax such institutions would display a mercenary spirit unworthy of the broad-minded representatives of our city. In weighing this question our tax payers should not overlook the fact that our churches are the centres from which emanate those principles which render less necessary the police force and the house of correction or Rock-head; and if the community as a whole is the material gainer from the establishment of these churches it should show its gratitude by every means in its power.

Parisians will now be able to enjoy a little repose, for the leader of anarchist devilry has been arrested. Ravachol, for such is the man's name, has led a criminal career, committing murders, robbing graves, and doing many atrocities. That he is the author of the Boulevard St. Germain explosion there is little doubt, and the police are working hard to convict him. Other Anarchist prisoners concerned with this and other explosions have confessed that Ravachol was interested in a murder and robbery at Mont Brison by which he realized a large amount of money, most of which he gave to his associates for dynamiting purposes. Anarchists are said to be panic-stricken over the raids being made upon them, and the recent action of the Senate in approving the bill imposing the penalty of death upon persons convicted of using dynamite for blowing up buildings and other unlawful purposes should have a deterrent effect. Such violent methods are not to be tolerated any longer.

The man who said, "punctuality is the thief of time," got about as near the mark as the one who made the time-worn remark about procrastination. One is almost sure if one is punctual in these days to have to wait for some one who is not, and precious time is thus lost—not to mention temper. A man or woman who possesses the virtue of punctuality and is made to suffer for it in the way just indicated, usually experiences a revulsion of feeling and thinks that if there is any waiting to be done the other person might as well do it, and on subsequent occasions makes a time allowance in proportion to the first experience. This sort of thing is destructive to "Heaven's first law"—order, and a great many people can be made to suffer inconvenience on account of one who is selfish, lazy and discourteous enough to behind time in keeping appointments. We all know people of this description, and cordially detest their ways, however much we may admire them otherwise. They are inclined to think they are always in the right, and do not seem to understand that the time lost on their account is an injury to those who lose it.

The march of civilization does not appear to be very rapid in the town of Parrsboro. That place obtained an act of incorporation about three years ago, but finding it an expensive luxury has petitioned the Legislature to have the act repealed. This cannot be done without a good deal of circumlocution, and meanwhile the unwilling citizens of Parrsboro are burdened with taxation much greater than they think they can bear. We feel that Parrsboro made a great mistake in choosing its town clerk, for that officer finding the funds of the town very attractive pocketed them and left for the land of the free. Perhaps to this incident may be ascribed a large measure of the disgust felt with the Incorporation Act, but we think the town is foolish to try and get rid of it. Parrsboro does a large business in lumber and shipping coal, but beyond this the place seems very dead and lively. The streets are veritable cow paths, or were not so long ago, and are consequently not as clean as they might be. Under good management the town-work could be done without overtaxing the people, but the trouble is that there are very few men capable of managing it well. It is to be regretted that the Act of Incorporation does not work well, because the vicinity of Parrsboro is delightful as a summer resort, but if the town is not kept in good order tourists will not care to go there. It has splendid natural resources, but the skill to make the best of them appears to be lacking, as it is in so many places in our Province.