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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.

A German professor claims to have discovered the bacteria which causes baldness by destroying the roots of the hair. It must be some relation to that tormenter of bald-headed men—the musca domestica.

Our enterprising St. John contemporary, *Progress*, ought to be more careful about the spelling of the names of people whom it mentions. Blunders of this kind are not relished by those concerned, and the general reader is misled to a certain extent by such originalities.

It is said that a genuine "Rembrandt" has been discovered at Greenock, Scotland, the subject being "The Woman Washing Christ's Feet." The painting was purchased not long ago at an auction room for almost nothing. The purchaser was offered \$250 when still in ignorance of the picture's value. If he had been offered \$50 he would have accepted it, but the bigger figure set him thinking, and now \$5,000 will not buy it.

A good idea is credited to a Milan lunatic asylum. The director of the institution had it in some way suggested to him to try the effect of various colors on his patients. He accordingly put a melancholy patient in a room of a rosy hue, with the result that he cheered up amazingly and soon inquired, of his own accord, for food. Finding this work so well, several rooms were furnished in assorted colors to suit the moods of the lunatics. Violent patients were left to meditate in rooms of blue or green shades, which were found to be the most soothing. Red, the color of blood, was proved to be exciting. A hint for people outside of lunatic asylums may be found in this. If afflicted with the blues people should try the effect of rose color, or if of wild and excitable dispositions blue or green might be effective in changing the spirit of their dreams. The lunatic story may not be true, but there is undoubtedly a good deal in the theory, otherwise how did those familiar expressions "*couleur de rose*," "the blues," etc., denoting a cheerful or dismal aspect, respectively, originate. Our surroundings have much to do with our state of mind, and if everyone could find out what was best for his case, and govern himself accordingly, it would be well for many of us. The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, and the sea of troubles that surround so many of us, might not look so overwhelming if a rosy hue were thrown over them.

Our daily contemporary, the *Halifax Morning Herald*, does not often copy THE CRITIC's articles, but it unwittingly did us that honor last Friday when it published our article on the oyster culture and credited it to the *Miramichi Advance*. The fact is the latter paper makes extensive use of THE CRITIC's editorials without credit—which is decidedly unfair—and the consequence is that in some cases when they are re-copied by other papers the *Advance* receives the credit that is due to THE CRITIC. We have not the slightest objection to the *Advance*, or any other paper, using our articles, but we think the observance of the golden rule would be in the interests of fair play. Give credit, gentlemen, where credit is due.

A project is on foot in Russia for promoting the growth of tea in Trans-Caucasia. The climate of this district is said to compare favorably with that of South-east China, not only as regards mean annual temperature, but also in the extent of rainfall. As a matter of practical experience the tea plant is found to thrive in many parts of the country, notably at Sukhum. It is proposed that specialists shall be sent to Assam to study the most improved methods of cultivation in vogue there. What with existing and proposed competition the Chinese tea trade is having a bad time. At present it has the Russian trade almost exclusively, so that it will be the only sufferer from a development of a supply within the Muscovite dominions.

One by one we are requested to give up as fables the beliefs of our earlier years. We are told that William Tell never existed; that Nero never set fire to Rome, that he was absent from the city at the time, and that he really was by no means such a bad fellow (it is certain that he was much regretted); and that Lucretia Borgia was a much abused young lady. Now we are informed that the upastree, whom we all believed to be a grim poisoner, belongs to a most respectable family—being a very near relative of the cow tree, which yields milk as good and as wholesome as that of any Alderney, and a first cousin to the bread-fruit tree. In short the upas has been much maligned; it is not the cause of the malaria around it but the cure, the seeds being found very beneficial in both fever and dysentery. Commercially, however, the tough bark is the most valuable product. This is made into strong ropes, while in Western India the inner bark is extensively used as natural sacks for rice. This vegetable also works night and day in producing ready made clothes. The felt-like bark, removed entire, forms splendid seamless suits—the trunk furnishing bodies, the branches, sleeves or legs, as the case may be. If really fine raiment is desired, the material is rolled and dyed. Costumes of this natural cloth have attracted much attention at recent exhibitions. There seems also a likelihood of the fibre being found admirably adapted for paper-making.

On Sunday Her Majesty completed the seventy second year of her age, during nearly fifty four of which she has occupied the throne of what is acknowledged to be the greatest nation on the earth. Her past life has been a long and useful one, one which all might imitate with advantage. By means of her gracious, true and noble character she has gained a place in the hearts of all whose love is most valuable. Perhaps her mild womanly nature and consequent influence among her advisers has tended slightly to an over-lenience in the treatment of crime, which a more stern bearing would have awed by the surety of punishment without the probability of reprieve; yet who would love a woman who had not the gentleness of her sex? Disloyalty to a just sovereign, or even the slightest semblance of it, is like unkindness to a tender parent. It is a disgraceful thing from which every true man should shrink, especially when that sovereign is a woman. Yet in these days we occasionally hear a little free talk which is anything but creditable to those who so indulge, for it must be plain that Great Britain has never before been better or more impartially governed. Let us still unite in wishing the first lady in the land a long life together with the blessing of that God whose commands she diligently upholds. During our Queen's life the world has seen many and rapid changes, and there has been a host of brilliant advances made in nearly every branch of science, literature and art. Steam has almost reached its highest point, and will probably soon be replaced by the energy of the mysterious electric fluid, which has come so notably to the fore, and whose greatest triumphs are in the near future. Natural science, like the economic branches, has also moved swiftly onward, lighting every path trodden by intelligence. In literature and art, while we do not produce Shakespeares and Miltons and Reynolds, yet knowledge has been more widely disseminated among the masses, and a consequent elevation of tone is the pleasing result. When we look backward to the reign of the last George and then turn to the present age, we are surprised at the rapidity and importance of the changes, all of which show that our people are still pushing forward eager for every improvement.