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CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER

| | |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------|
| EDITORIAL NOTES | 1, 2 |
| CONTRIBUTED. | |
| An others see us | G. W. Archibald, 6 |
| Letters to a Country Friend | "S.C." 14, 15 |
| MISCELLANEOUS. | |
| Chit-Chat and Chuckles | 3 |
| News of the Week | 4, 5 |
| Drafts—Checkers | 5 |
| Poetry—The Deal | 6 |
| Book Review | 6 |
| Is Education opposed to Motherhood? | 7 |
| Industrial Notes | 7 |
| City Chimes | 8 |
| Commercial | 8, 9 |
| Market Quotations | 9 |
| Serial—Wanted—A Companion | 10, 11 |
| Mining | 12, 13 |
| Chess | 15 |

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Articles for publication should be sent to the Editor, 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 discerning the merits of any part of an article or contents of the paper; and after a candid and careful consideration of what is to appear in our columns, we shall leave the rest to their intelligent judgment.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The *Eastern Chronicle* in a recent issue says some very unkind things about THE CRITIC and its managers, but keep cool, dear boy, and do not get cross over a little lesson in geography. We appreciate your stupidity and your want of success, and sympathize with you in your remarkable obtuseness, but hammer away, and some day you may do something. Meantime learn to distinguish between abuse and argument.

A correspondent of the *Toronto Globe* strikes the right nail on the head in suggesting that ladies should boycott shops where the saleswomen are not provided with seats or are otherwise ill-treated. Resolute action on the part of customers would soon effect a change in the treatment of female employees, who, no matter how weary they may be, are in some shops never allowed to sit down, whether customers are present or not.

A few days since the *Morning Herald* contained some very sensible remarks as to the customary way of disposing of ashes and refuse matter in Halifax. A resident of the south end said recently that the noxious fumes from these deposits were enough to breed a plague, but the City Fathers do not live about there, otherwise a proper receptacle for such rubbish would soon be provided. Another nuisance which appears to be growing is the fouling of the air by escaping gas. It is small wonder that gas lights are an expensive luxury if the consumers have to pay for gasifying the air for half mile in every direction from the gasometer.

A lady and gentleman, who are engaged to be married, recently took an evening walk in the Mountain Park, Montreal, and while there, thinking themselves unobserved, they permitted themselves a momentary expression of their regard, in other words he kissed her. For this offence they were pounced upon by a guardian of the public morals, by whom they were taken to the police station, and in the morning were hauled before the magistrate. The opportunity for inculcating a proper sense of the eternal fitness of things was not to be lost, and a fine of \$25 was inflicted on the man, while the girl, in virtue of the weakness of her sex, was let off on the payment of \$10. This should insure their future good behaviour in public places. But to bring the lesson nearer home. Would such an act in Point Pleasant Park be considered sufficient cause for arrest? In view of this contingency, spoony couples had better beware.

Organized labor has done much to improve the working men, and who will deny that the condition of these men is not far better than the state of things that existed a quarter of a century since. The daily toiler needs rest, needs recreation, needs opportunities for self improvement, which long hours and poor wages can never place within his reach, but with shortened hours of labors and fair wages he is enabled to live like a man, and enjoy a share of the blessings which heretofore have been the monopoly of the rich. Some day the people will awaken to the fact that even the present distribution of wealth is not based on the idea of even-handed justice, but let the march of reform move forward on its present lines. We are too civilized for revolutionary methods.

At the postal jubilee celebration the staff on duty at the Central Telegraph Office, London, England, numbering upwards of four hundred, were assembled in the central gallery awaiting the signal for cheering the Queen, which was to be received from their postal jubilee celebration at South Kensington. The signal was duly received, but when the superintendent called for three cheers for the Queen, after a few moments silence, the whole staff burst into groans. Again, when cheers were called for by the Postmaster-General, groaning and booing only were heard. It was afterwards explained that the men had no feeling of disloyalty to the Queen, but that they refused to cheer on account of the treatment they are receiving from the head of the department. Cheering to order, however, is never very effective.

Who, when gazing on the Venus of Milo, has not wished to see the lost arms restored, and wondered how they were placed. The question has been an absorbing one to all who take an interest in art. It is stated that M. Ravasson, an ex conservator of the Louvre, has solved the problem. In a plaster group which he has done, and which is now on view in the corridor of the fine arts section of the institute, the Venus stands with her left hand lying lightly on the shoulder of Mars, and the right almost touching his breast. The attitude is almost that of a young lady about to dance a polka before the arm of her partner encircles her waist and he clasps her right hand in his. Mars, however, is evidently not in a dancing mood. He is wearing a helmet, and grasps a short sword in one hand, while his shield is hung on his left arm. The attitude of the goddess is so graceful as to soften her whole aspect, and to divest her face of that severity which made the late M. Eugene Pellatan speak of her as "a lovely virago."

If people go on making discoveries and inventions at the present rate, doubtless the philosopher's stone will come to light before the century is out. The name of the latest reported invention is the electro-phonoscope, which, it is claimed, will solve the question of "visual telegraphy." The sender of a message from a distant station appears in person before his correspondent, and with a telephone it is possible not only to speak to him but also to see him and watch the expression of his features. This would prove pleasant in some cases, and perhaps convenient too, but sometimes it would be otherwise. Imagine the family doctor, aroused from his peaceful slumbers, going to the telephone or the "electro phonoscope" in his night-shirt, and finding one of his most charming young lady patients reflected there. The family doctor would certainly prefer the old kind. The expression of the faces of two people talking through the telephone when neither can hear the other, and "central" keeps threatening to cut off the connection, would also be better unseen. But perhaps the electro phonoscope has a mission to fulfil that will outweigh all minor objections.

The "eight hour system" is making its way in many lines of labor, and cannot be regarded otherwise than as a blessing. It is, however, impossible for all men to knock off work when they have finished their eight hours of labor. Postmaster-General Wanamaker has been inquiring into the state of affairs in the post offices of the United States, with the result that an effort is to be made to adjust the salaries with greater fairness, increase the staff, and fix the hours of work for each employee at eight hours. This is going to be a good thing for postal clerks and officials, and it would be well if the movement could prevail in many other employments where a day's work often means from ten to fifteen hours. An amusing letter from a visitor in Washington, recently read in Boston, stated that the writer had met a senator from the south who was anxious to introduce the eight hour system into the navy. One of his ideas was, that punctually at six o'clock every evening all work should be stopped and the ship hitched up somewhere, as he elegantly expressed it. Whether he was a humorist or not, deponent sayeth no, but the idea would not be likely to gain many adherents in the halls of Congress. Sailors, like editors, are among those whose day's work must be regulated by circumstances.