

# THE CRITIC.

The Welfare of the People is the Highest Law.

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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.

We have received, as usual, with pleasure, the October number of *Harper's*. The Editor's "Easy Chair" is of especial interest, taking down, as it does, various aspects of snobbery and absurdity.

THE "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."—We are in receipt of the American edition of this old established pictorial paper, copy righted and published at 237 Potter Building, New York. The price per number is only ten cents (\$4.00 a year in advance), but seems to be in many respects equal to the English edition. This enterprise may be quite worth knowing to many.

A clam mine is the latest find announced by the Boston papers. We presume anything that produces wealth may be classed as a mine, and, indeed, this recent discovery is not inappropriately styled, seeing that the deposit of rich, juicy clams is estimated to be worth \$50,000. The people of Ipswich, near to which town the clams have been found, should advertize innumerable clam-bakes, which New Englanders know well how to enjoy.

Tortugas Island, over which the Governments of Great Britain and Hayti recently had a little misunderstanding, has just been purchased by Commander Ullmann, who is anxious to have the United States buy out his rights. In the event of the completion of the Panama canal, the Island will become an important strategical point, and brother Jonathan would find a few hundred thousands of dollars invested in its purchase a paying speculation.

The French Chamber of Deputies recently enacted a law making clergymen liable to service in the French army, and, at the same time, refused to listen to a deputation which urged the advisability of the clergy being engaged in the ambulance corps. The nation that undertook to abolish Sunday will probably not look with disfavor upon the Chamber's action, but it does appear paradoxical for ministers of the gospel of peace to be enrolled as men of war.

"The Canadians have, within the last few years, organized and equipped a large military force. The particulars are presented by J. MacDonald Oxley in the September number of the *American Magazine*. To most readers this account of the strength and efficiency of the military system of Canada will be a surprise." So says the *New England Farmer*. Our American friends are so possessed with the idea that they know everything, that, in fact, everything is a surprise to them when they come to know it. It would take a good deal of study for them to know the capabilities of the military forces of Canada, which are the slow but steady growth of years scarcely to be called "a few."

It is estimated that the cotton crop in the Southern States will be the largest ever produced, amounting to 7,500,000 bales. Last year, the quantity was nearly 7,000,000 bales, and in 1865, it was 6,500,000 bales.

The colors of the 100th or Royal Canadian regiment, which, through the influence of Lord Dufferin, have just been returned to Canada by the government of India, will be an object of curiosity to all interested in the formation and subsequent career of this gallant corp. The *Quebec Chronicle* claims that the colors should find a last resting place in the cathedral of the ancient capital, as the regiment were first mustered and trained in the historical citadel of Quebec.

The Grant family have been fortunate in turning many an honest penny by the publication of the General's auto-biography, Mrs. Grant having three hundred and fifty thousand dollars as her share of the profits from the publication of the work, and now Mr. Fred. Grant has made a contract to publish one thousand copies of his father's memoirs at the modest price of one hundred dollars per copy, which it is estimated will, after paying for the cost of publication, bring him in at least seventy five thousand dollars. Some men are born rich, others are born to become rich.

Glass bottle-makers, who have hitherto been dependent upon the blow-pipe and lungs, will be grateful to Mr. Francis Hazlett, the ingenious Irishman, who has lately patented an apparatus which will do away with the necessity of using the human bellows. The new invention injects the air into the molten glass by an air-pump which resembles an ordinary syringe, thus leaving the operator free to direct the current, and enabling him to turn out double the work that he formerly did. Glass-blowers are short-lived, their average age being but forty two years. They may now live to blow that they are four score and ten, or even five score years of age.

All the British vessels seized by the Americans in Alaskan waters have been confiscated by the United States authorities at Sitka. Of course an appeal will be made to the Supreme Court of the United States, but in the meantime seal hunting by the British in the Behring Sea will have to be discontinued. We admire American enterprise, but our admiration ceases when enterprise steps beyond the limit of prudence and calmly monopolizes all the fisheries in the northern portion of our largest ocean. But, after all, brother Jonathan is a chip of the old block. John Bull has, on more than one occasion, by cool presumption outwitted his European rivals, and no doubt his American offspring has taken the lesson to heart.

Professor Seely, in advocating Imperial Federation, claimed that steam and electricity had annihilated space, but how strange would it be for one to bury himself for a decade in the wilds of Africa, and, returning at the exploration of ten years, devote himself to the investigation of the discoveries that had been made during his absence. By the use of the telephone we can now seat ourselves at an instrument in Halifax, and converse with perfect ease with friends in Truro; and probably before the century dies, we will as easily communicate with persons in Montreal and Toronto. One of the latest inventions or discoveries is that of Harvey B. Cox, of Cincinnati, who has manufactured a speaking trumpet, which carries the voice readily for a distance of four or five miles. The trumpet and receiver are made to give the same fundamental note, that is, they have the same pitch in tone, and thus persons several miles apart are, without the aid of a connecting wire, enabled to carry on a conversation.

SUSPECTED MILK.—Your correspondent, Dr. Huxley, tells us that he has for years boiled his milk, not merely as a precautionary measure against microbes, but also "because it is neither safe nor nice to eat any animal food raw." To contemplate milk *au naturel* as a "raw" animal product, which is not "nice" to swallow, is a step in advance of the refinement of the most ethereal heroines of poetry and romance on which I cannot but congratulate the medical profession. Strange to say, however, the delicate sentiment of the doctor's has been forestalled by some London street boys, of whom one of our best bishops recently told the following story:—He had gone down into the country to visit a charitable institution into which these lads had been drafted from the east end of London, and, in addressing them, he congratulated them on the delights of their new residence. The boys looked unaccountably gloomy and downcast, and the bishop kindly asked, "Were they not comfortable? Had they any complaints to make?" At last the leader raised his hand, "The milk, my lord!" "Why, what on earth do you mean? The milk here is tenfold better than ever you had in London." "No, indeed, it ain't," cried the boy, "In London they always buys our milk out of a nice, clean shop!" "And here?" "Why here they *squeeges it out of a beastly cow!*"

The above, from the *London Spectator*, is a good specimen of the squeamishness with which the doctors, excited with a smattering of crude science, and blind to common sense, are inoculating the nervous and timid. But the delicate nerves of the dainty gentleman who shudders at milk "from a beastly cow," are, likely enough, as hard as iron and tough as a bull's hide, to the agonies of a vivisected animal.