

# THE CRITIC:

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## THE CRITIC,

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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 now stated positively that Mr. Blaine will be nominated for the Presidency at the Republican convention in June, and that he will accept the nomination, and we have never had a doubt but that he will.

We have received the first number of the St. John *Progress*. All we can say is, that if the succeeding numbers keep pace with the first, the *Progress* will be a most desirable addition to Maritime Province journalism. We quite appreciate the nice critical distinction drawn between the “*Ves de Societe*” and “*Societe Verses*,” in an excellent critique on some recent productions of that nature.

The House of Lords has, as was to be expected, thrown out Mr. Curzon's Reform Bill, but the Marquis of Salisbury's utterances were not so satisfactory as had been anticipated. He intimated that he was not disposed to go further in the way of reform than the creation of a certain number of life-peers. Lord Dunraven withdrew his Bill. Next year, however, will probably see the principle strengthened, and other measures proposed.

We have on our books the names of large numbers of subscribers, whose subscriptions have remained unpaid for some years. We have now to notify all those whose subscriptions are two years or more in arrears, that unless their accounts are paid on or before the **1st DAY OF JUNE** next, we shall be compelled to hand the same to our **Solicitor for collection**. Remit by P. O. Order or Registered Letter to **A. MILNE FRASER, Manager**.

A strangely malicious delight seems to animate some of the Maritime Province papers in the wholesale blackening of sister cities whenever a scandal turns up in one of them. At one time St. John is the wickedest of cities, now Moncton is called by the name of that unsavory place of old, the dust of which Lot shook from his feet in haste. This extravagance of low sensationalism is more disgusting than amusing. As if any city could be found where there are not some grossly immoral people.

A paragraph, not, perhaps, very reliable, is going the rounds, to the effect that Mr. Gladstone deplors the weakening of the powers of Liberalism, which has resulted from the schism in the Liberal ranks. It is too much to expect that Mr. Gladstone should perceive that whatever evil has happened to his party is the result of his own precipitate and ill considered action. The depth of feeling on this point is manifested in the determination of so large a section of his former following to prevent his ever again coming into power, if they can possibly prevent him.

Again we urge on the City or the Intercolonial, or both, the construction of a broad and solid flight of steps from the level of the entrance of the North Street Station to the corner of North and Lockman streets above. And again we urge the construction of a shelter at that corner for passengers waiting for the street cars. No people in the world but the citizens of Halifax would put up with the abominable roadway up North street, where foot passengers, cabs, express wagons, and drays, are mixed up higgeldy-piggeldy, muddy or dusty, in a “way we despise.”

While Canadian cheese enjoys a high reputation in the British market and is gradually driving the American product out, our export of butter has fallen away to almost nothing. A few years ago, the Canadian export of butter reached the annual value of nearly 3½ million dollars, Great Britain taking more than four fifths of the total quantity. Last year it did not quite amount to three quarters of a million, while our exports to the United States were nil. New Brunswick does not produce enough butter for her home market, and many tons are imported every year for consumption in the towns. Much that is made is of execrable quality, and the same state of things exists in Halifax, as we have often pointed out. What are we about here “down by the sea?”

The Duke of Cambridge has, as a soldier, a strong interest in rifle-shooting, but his interest in making the most of a valuable estate is, alas! greater. And Wimbledon will see the Volunteers from all parts of the wide Empire striving for victory at the targets no more after the present year. “Thus saith the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferred,” and, no doubt, the Duke has a right to conserve his own interests. But there steals upon the mind, without effort or premeditation, a recent action of a Royal Duke (like him of Cambridge, an efficient general officer) under a despicably spiteful sentence of banishment from the country of which he was a true citizen, who, unmoved by wholly unmerited persecution, presented to his country at the moment of his ostracism, one of the most magnificent estates in France. Of course, we allude to the Duc D'Aumale and his gift of Chantilly.

The London *Spectator* tells this story as an example of the futility of empirical knowledge without science.—“The commission appointed to inquire into the sea fisheries, of which Sir Lyon Playfair was chairman, found that on the west coast of Scotland there was a close-time for herrings, fixed at the instance of the fishermen themselves. As the greed of the fishermen has often interfered with the enactment of a close time, and thereby done great damage to the fishing, this seemed a piece of unusual wisdom. It turned out, however, when the commissioners came to inquire into the effect of this close time, that it also prevented fishing for cod and ling. Now, cod and ling live upon herring, and the result of the protection given them for several months in each year was that they destroyed far more herrings than all the fishermen in the United Kingdom would have taken in the same period. The close time had a directly opposite effect from which it was intended to have.”

The Boston *Globe* has the following choice specimen of brutality.—“The dying Emperor Frederick is about to be afflicted by a severe dose of mother-in-law in addition to the laryngeal trouble which is now wasting his life. Queen Victoria is not a physician or a faith healer, or mind-cure doctor. She was never a specialist at the bedside of the sick or suffering. If she has one fault more phenomenal than another, it is her great powers of consolation on funeral occasions. As a post mortem-comforter, she probably never had an equal. Judging from her past record, it is safe to presume that the end of ‘Unser Fritz’ is near at hand, or she would not have undertaken the journey to Berlin. Like the jackal, she scents the dying lion afar off, and hastens to come in at the mortuary carnival. Seated in a comfortable boudoir at Berlin, she can mingle her saline tears with big bumpers of Guinness' stout and pale ale, and pass a few days in maudlin grief, greatly to the edification of stolid German magnates, and to her own glory. As Her Majesty has a right to enjoy herself according to her own likings, and she seems to take kindly to the mourning business, we wish her a very pleasant journey and a safe return.”