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CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

EDITORIAL NOTES	3, 4
CONTRIBUTED.	
Poetry—Alone	8
The Metropolis of Canada	8, 9
MISCELLANEOUS.	
Chit-Chat and Chuckles	5
Parliamentary	18
News of the Week	7
Book Gossip	9
Industrial Notes	9
Commercial	10, 11
Market Quotations	11
Serial—My Friend's Story	12, 13
Mining	14, 15, 16
Draughts—Chockers	16
The Saratoga Miracle	16, 17
City Chimes	15

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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.

Another blow to the cause of the anarchists has been struck in the exposure of the plot to murder the tiny king of Spain. This meditated outrage against a sweet and innocent child has opened the eyes of many former supporters of the cause of the destructionists.

There is no doubt that Mr. Oscar Wilde is a success in whatever mode of life he practices. Sober-minded people may shake their heads at the staring sun-flower popularity which seems to surround him, but the Parisians, with whom he has now a temporary home, believe him to be a "literary lion of England," "the most celebrated of English dramatic authors." The *Gaulois* celebrates his achievement in two columns of print. Shades of Shakespeare and maledictions of Tennyson, can these things be?

There has been one peaceful spot in South America during the past disturbances. Paraguay has had no part in the political quarrels, the revolutions, the over-throwing of dictators. She had enjoyed one period of five years war (1865-1870), and since then the energies of her people have been devoted to developing new lands, promoting agriculture and education. There is no sea-coast, but as there are many navigable rivers an important commerce can be carried on. The exports of coffee, maize, wine and sugar are yearly becoming more valuable. Some of Paraguay's turbulent neighbors should take a lesson from the little Republic.

All of us owe a duty to intending emigrants, and it is with pleasure that we help to circulate information about the Woman's Protective Immigration Society of Montreal, under whose care women and girls of good character may be placed, twenty-four hours of free board and lodging provided, and, if possible, employment found. The existence of such a house cannot be too widely known, and those of us who hear from England of intending emigrants should speak a good word for it. The fact that the young girl is met at the station and well cared for in the most trying experience of her new life, has prevented, and will prevent, many sad after histories.

Eccentricity, thy name is (sometimes) woman! We hear now of an old lady in Connecticut who has bequeathed \$100,000 "to the suppression of the pernicious habit of keeping dogs." Her will provides that all householders in Wilmington, Conn., who have not kept a dog for two years, and who will promise to abstain from that luxury in the future, shall have their houses painted as often as necessary. The interest of the bequest is to be devoted

to this purpose. Her line of argument, as shown in the closing sentence of her will, is rather curious. "No habit has a more deadly hold upon mankind than that of dog-keeping, which is itself a proof that it ought to be crushed out."

The American ladies who go in advance of the corn-laden vessel sent by the women of the United States to Russia, will probably meet with a warm reception. The Captain of the lately returned *Indiana* (sent with a flour freight to the starving peasants) reports that he and his officers were kissed a thousand times at the least. The Mayor of the port led off the osculations, followed by his suite, any interested by-standers, and finally by the members of the brass band. Shakespeare alone has provided for such an emergency, and we quote his lines, hoping that they may allay the ruffled feelings of the absent American husbands. Of the worthy Mayor it is said that "His kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread."

Under the heading of "Stealing a Continent," the *New York World* strongly condemns the action of Great Britain, France, Spain, Germany and Italy with respect to the "colossal land grab in Africa." Italy has now retired from the contest, not on account of our contemporary's disapproval, but because of financial embarrassment, and resigns all claims to African possessions excepting Massowah, where by stationing troops she hopes to be able to prevent the revival of the former slave trade in that vicinity. Thus does Italy's "dream of empire" fade away. Perhaps at some future date Uncle Jonathan may "rise to his feet" to offer the Dark Continent the protection of annexation under the American Spread-Eagle.

The Montreal papers are getting quite a little fun, and the householders not a little annoyance, out of the condition of some of the back streets of that city. The lanes and alleys afford the literal stumbling blocks, for now that the snow has melted, an unsightly accumulation of ashes, tomato cans, etc., rise to the light, flanked by the refuse from the tenements where house-cleaning is being carried on, or where the spring-moving is in progress. But we in Halifax cannot afford to scoff at the troubles of Montreal tenements. Here, in our midst, one may chance to stumble on a discarded joint of rusty stove pipe, while the tatters of old wall paper too frequently ornament our side-walks. We should take pride enough in our city to keep our streets free from such unsightly household fragments.

A clever suggestion has been made by Mr. A. T. Woods of Hamilton, Ontario. It has been proposed that the Dominion Government should provide handsomely for the widow of the late Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, but Mr. Woods' idea is, that the Liberals of Canada should own and control the fund for this purpose of from fifty to one hundred thousand dollars—that the interest be paid to Mrs. Mackenzie during her life time, and then the principal be applied to educational purposes, preferably to teaching political economy or some kindred subject. There seems no fault to find with the plan—the widow of the late ex-Premier would pass her days in affluence—and the wide popularity given to those branches of study especially advocated by the dead leader, would be a national benefit.

From one country to another move the children of Israel in search of a peaceful resting place, carrying with them their race habits and traditions, and mixing little with the Gentiles. Last week one hundred Jews left Montreal, bound for the new Jewish colony near Oxbow in the Souris coal district. They take with them a good supply of horses, waggons and farming implements. On their arrival at the colony four leaders will be appointed to divide the immigrants into four sections, to oversee the planting of crops and the building of houses and barns. The Baron Hirsch Colonization Company, assisted by the Alliance Israelite of Paris, have advanced money to the extent of two million pounds for this work of emigration. We trust the strangers may find a congenial home in our North-West.

The monument of a great though little-known hero has just been unveiled at Vienna. Radetsky is the man whose services are now commemorated. He began his career under Maria Theresa and fought manfully, though on the losing side, against the first Napoleon. Thirty-two years later, in his eighty-second year, his genius and force (though misapplied) prevented the Italian States from throwing off the Austrian yoke. In 1858, at the advanced age of ninety-two, Radetsky died. He was the hero of a thousand tales—his abilities, his scarred face, his numerous military exploits, are well known to Austrians, but perhaps the most remarkable feature of his career was that the soldier, whose first military lessons were received in the time of Maria Theresa, should take an active fighting part in wars that date no further back than the middle of this century.