

# 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.

Senator Power in his letter in the *Chronicle* of 30th ult., has hit the nail on the head. There is, as Mr. Power says, "no reason to look upon any decided change in our political relations with the other portions of the Empire at an early day as being a necessity." Why, in fact, are we thus disquieted? Why is the public mind rammed into a forcing house to bring it to a premature conception?

"Justice" asks us, relative to a very short note in the CRITIC of the 30th ult., *re* evictions in the United States and in Ireland, whether we "consider two wrongs make a right," and adds, "kindly draw parallels with good rather than evil." The note in question was taken from an American paper. Evictions are as deplorable in the United States as in Ireland, and there is no reason that sympathy should be absolutely and exclusively confined to the latter country.

City Chimes, by "Chips," will be found an interesting feature in this issue of THE CRITIC, and as it is to be followed up in subsequent issues, we hope it may be found an attraction to many of our subscribers. By the way, how many of us are there who do not enjoy a little recreation such as City Chimes refers to, at all events we like to know what is going on in our own neighborhood. Our City Chimes will be found to have the right ring about them, and their tones will be clear, crisp, and cheerful.

Much undue stress has been laid by Imperial Federationists on the indignity to Canada of accepting British protection without defraying a proportion of the cost. This cry is now taken up, with evidently less sincerity, by the other parties—to the veiled annexationists it commends itself as likely to serve them a good turn. But there is no occasion for this sudden susceptibility, which is quite a new departure in Canadian sentiment. Britain is now fully alive to the value of her greatest colony, which she thinks is well worth the maintenance of a sufficient squadron, and of the garrison of Halifax. Canada finds her own land forces, permanent and volunteer, and a force afloat which suffices her present needs. They are both on an essentially peace footing, especially the latter, which makes no pretension to warlike power, but they are enough as things stand, and are likely to stand, for a long time yet. Besides this we have built the Canadian Pacific, which is a guarantee of Canadian expansion, and a military boon to the old country.

The Kentville *Western Chronicle* about a fortnight ago shewed up, with considerable effect, the character of a "high-falutin'" advocate of annexation, whose letter to the *Toronto Globe* (reproduced in the *Halifax Recorder*), is a choice specimen of the rant of an ignorant class of political spouters. We presume the *Western Chronicle* knows its facts, and it would little surprise us if the writers of the greater part of the annexation letters which have recently appeared in the *Globe's* "Future of Canada," could their antecedents be similarly investigated, were of a like irresponsible character.

Public opinion, under ordinary circumstances, may be regarded as the sound common sense of the majority of the people, but public opinion, as expressed in times of violent political or religious agitation, is no index of the true under-current of public thought. This is the reason why demagogues find places in our Legislative halls, and bigots thrive. In political and religious discussion there is little room for calm sober judgment; hence partyism and bigotry flourish among civilized communities, in which good government and the spread of true religion are ardently desired by the vast majority of the people.

The sad accident of last week, by which a bright young officer lost his life, of which an account will be found in our news columns, convinces us of the truth of the saying that "one man cannot profit by the experience of another." Just as certainly as the gaming season comes round, come the reports of fatal accidents from the careless handling of loaded guns. The warning may be of little avail, but we recommend our sporting friends to always handle a gun as if the weapon were loaded, and on no account to sportively point a gun loaded or unloaded at another person. This latter is criminal heedlessness.

"Why," says Mr. Power, "are men's minds unsettled, and their attention called away from subjects of immediate and vital consequence,"—while the country, if the agitators would let her alone, is shewing every sign of quietly but steadily advancing prosperity? We should not answer this question quite as Mr. Power does, believing, as we do, that the turmoil is mainly due to the plunging and floundering, like a cat tied to the end of a string, of a section of party and press which would move heaven and earth for an efficient cry, and findeth none. Yet the words of Mr. Power are the only words of strong, sober, common sense we have as yet heard.

General Lord Wolseley, writing in an autograph album, says: "I never have known in my life but two heroes; these were General Gordon and General Robert E. Lee, and they both despised politics." The foregoing seems to us to be unworthy of Britain's first General. It is true that Lee, as well as Gordon, was a hero of the true type, but Lord Wolseley's knowledge of men must indeed be limited if these are the only heroes he ever knew, while the statement that they were disgusted with politics is really of no importance, and is no more a reflection on an honest politician than it would be a reflection upon Lord Wolseley's generalship for us to say that we despised war. There are soldiers and soldiers, politicians and politicians.

May Ostlere, the well known composer of "Hypatia" and other popular waltzes, is apparently one of those versatile geniuses of whom novelists frequently write. In a spicy article in the London "*Society Herald*" entitled "The Language of the Future," May Ostlere burlesques in an excessively funny manner the tendency of writers in the present day to introduce French and Latin words and phrases on every conceivable occasion, and cleverly illustrates the ridiculous character of such writing. We have frequently referred to this matter in our own columns, and wish to emphasize our expressed opinion, to wit, that the English language is comprehensive enough to meet the wants of all men of good literary taste, and that the introduction of foreign phraseology is pretentious on the part of the writer, and annoying to nine-tenths of his readers.

The *Toronto Globe* has the following—natural enough to any one unacquainted with old English customs. The Sunday evening game of cricket among farm laborers and others, always quietly played, is an old-time institution, rightly looked upon by the Rector and the Curate as being a better recreation than boozing in a public house.—"Canadians—at all events, Ontario people—will open their eyes wide when they read in 'Robert Elsmere' the passage in which the Rector is described as watching with approval the game of 'Sunday cricket' which some of his parishioners are playing. The incident occurs before the change has taken place in Elsmere's views, and is told without comment, as though it were part of the ordinary life of England. It seems to indicate a wide divergence of opinion between the English clergy and ours as to the observance of the Sabbath."