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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.

The great orange diamond which was found at the Cape of Good Hope, and which is ten karats heavier than the famous stone known as the Koh-i-noor, now in possession of Queen Victoria, was offered for sale at auction in London lately, but was withdrawn, there being no bidders.

We were favored on Monday morning with a notice in the *Chronicle*, which seems to have fallen into the error that independence is consistent only with colorless opinions. We are sorry if truth stings too sharply, but if it gratifies our contemporary to pitch into us, it is welcome to the satisfaction.

The American Retiring Regulations seem to be even worse than the British, sixty-four being the age, and there is some commotion in military circles over the near retirement of a number of General Officers. Our own Militia Regulations in this respect are, however, a shade worse still, the retiring age being sixty-three. Surely sixty-five is the earliest figure that ought to be set.

We are in receipt of the *Acadia Athenaeum*, (Wolfville,) in which is evident a good deal of power of good writing, sometimes a little marred by indefiniteness, as in an article which begins, "There is a dangerous logic (?) abroad." In one point the writer hits a truth which many speculatists would do well to note, "the frequent mischief of reasoning by analogy." It should have been added "immoderately."

The English illustrated papers contain portraits of the "Prince of Naples," the title by which the Crown Prince of Italy is to be known. The occasion is his coming of age (18). The young prince, who bears the name of his grandfather, (Victor Emmanuel), the "Re Galantuomo," is a Captain in the army, and very popular in that position. He is decidedly good looking, and apparently takes after his mother, the charming Queen Margherita, rather than after his father or his grandfather. He is the only child of King Umberto and his Queen.

A communication to the London Meteorological Society, by Capt. Toynee, states as his conclusion that clouds of not less than 2,000 feet in thickness are seldom accompanied by rain, or, if they are, it is very gentle, consisting of minute drops; with a thickness of between 2,000 and 3,000 feet, the size of the drops is moderate; with increasing thickness of the clouds comes an increasing size of the drops, and at the same time the degree of temperature becomes lowered, until, when the thickness amounts to more than 6,000 feet, hail is produced.

The plan of the German Government to provide for working men in their old age will be applied at first only to industrial workmen, of which it is estimated the number is 7,251,000. The minimum pension to be allowed is 120 marks yearly, the state, employers, and workmen each contributing one-third of the pension fund, which will be a tax on each individual of 3 marks yearly. It is estimated that a State credit of 22,000,000 marks will be required. All workmen over fifty years of age when the bill is passed will be excluded from its benefits.

The *Week's* London letter contains an anecdote told by a very old servant at Kensington Palace, who went there as a gardener's boy when he was ten years old, and has been eighty one years in service, being now ninety-one. On the occasion of the birth of the Princess Victoria, he was sent off post-haste by the Duke of Kent himself, to the Duke of Wellington, with the news. "Tell him," said the Duke of Kent, "it's a little girl; that we'd rather it had been a boy; but, as it ain't, we'll make the best of her." "And those," added the old man, "were His Royal Highness' exact words."

M. Sadi-Carnot the new President of France has the immense advantage to a high functionary of a talented and charming wife. Mme. Sadi-Carnot is evidently one of the best type of French-women, and none in the world is more charming than that type. She is an excellent linguist, and dresses in perfect taste, but is exceedingly quiet and unassuming. The new President himself is a silent man, of grave demeanor, with a rather long face, and pronounced aquiline nose. He is of average height, but well put together. He is an advanced Republican, but of decided peace proclivities, and unspotted character.

The *British American Citizen*, Boston, Mass., to which we briefly referred a fortnight or so ago, promises to be an important sheet. The ground it takes is new, and it has the rare merit of being fearless in its statements of truth. One of its aims is to induce the large British population of the States to naturalize themselves, and concentrate their power so as to make their strong legitimate influence felt. All that it advocates politically is of a pure type, and it essays to stem the tide of corruption by throwing its weight on the side of integrity. It boldly and ably exposes many gross perversions of history which have been persistently dinned into the ears of Americans, and is altogether well worth the notice of others besides citizens of the United States.

A person in Los Angeles, Cal., rejoicing in the very inappropriate names of Kossuth Von Moltke, a grandson of a member of the Old Guard of Napoleon, is reported in the *Alla California* as having written, on behalf of 50,000 Franco-Americans, to General Boulanger, advising him resign his commission, return to the body of the people, and trust his future to them, and in less than a month all France will appeal to him, and he may be President, Emperor, and recoverer of Alsace-Lorraine. Can anything be more recklessly and, at the same time, deliberately wicked than the acts of some denizens of this continent of European descent? It is quite possible that such a document might add fuel to the vanity of a man afire with ambition, and thirsting for notoriety.

No doubt Canada is one of the poorest and most sterile countries on the face of the earth, and we are not in the habit of regarding the Province of Quebec as altogether the best part of it. yet people are to be found who discover ground for contentment, as witness the *Moniteur Acadien*, which has the audacity to write:—"The Province of Ontario produces more wheat to the acre than New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, California, and Kansas; it produces more oats than New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, and Kansas; while of barley it produces more than New York, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, and California. Add to that that the Province of Quebec is the country of the world where real estate is the least taxed, and where the farmer's lands are the least burdened with mortgages. Nine per cent. of our farmers are kings and masters of themselves."