

THE CRITIC:

A Maritime Provincial Journal

DEVOTED TO

Commercial, Manufacturing, Mining and General News.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.
SINGLE COPY 5 CTS. }

HALIFAX, N. S., DECEMBER 23, 1892.

{ VOL. 9
No. 52 }

CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

EDITORIAL NOTES	3, 4
CONTRIBUTED.	
Poetry—Ode—Nova Scotia	"Nemo." 8
MISCELLANEOUS.	
Ohit-Chat and Chuckles	5
News of the Week	6, 7
Poetry—Bringing Home the Cows	8
Book Gossip	9
Christmas Comments	9
Commercial	10, 11
Market Quotations	11
Serial—Matt	12, 13
Mining	14, 15, 16
Chess	17
Draughts—Checkers	17
City Chimes	18

THE CRITIC,

Published every Friday at 161 Hollis Street, Halifax, Nova Scotia

BY

CRITIC PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Edited by C. F. FRASER.

Subscription \$1.50 per annum in advance. Single copies 5 cents

SAMPLE COPIES SENT FREE.

Remittances should be made to A. M. FRASER, BUSINESS MANAGER.

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.

A very interesting train of circumstantial evidence was recently brought before a Montreal police court. A box of tea was stolen from a city grocer, but fortunately or unfortunately the chest had a small perforation in its bottom, and the grocer obtained his property by following up a small line of tea which trailed from his store to the home of the unobservant thief. The silent but sure evidence of the green leaf could not be gainsaid.

A princely Christmas present has been made to the city of Chicago by P. D. Armour, of canned meat fame. A magnificent five story building has been lately erected, which the public have supposed was for Mr. Armour's private business, but on December 11th a deed of gift conveyed the building to the hands of the city, along with the sum of \$1,400,000 for its adornment and support. Mr. Armour has followed out the ideas of Drexel of Philadelphia, and Pratt of New York, in erecting a free institute for manual training, and he has brought together for instructors the most competent men that can be found. His magnificent gift cannot fail to be of vast importance to the young people of the city and State.

It is not often that joy crazes a man, yet the case of William Watson who recently wrote a beautiful ode on the death of Lord Tennyson, seems to have been an exception to the rule. After years of comparative neglect Mr. Watson's work was suddenly appreciated. The London News gave him constant and remunerative employment. The severest critics praised his poems, which before had been left severely alone. Mr. Gladstone wrote on behalf of Her Majesty to present a royal bounty of £-00, and suggested that a pension might be procurable. His chances for the laureateship were every day brightening, when suddenly the poet became a maniac. It is claimed that his mind was quite upset by the sudden changes which came to his life.

Now that the blessed Christmas season has come again let all rancor, all strife, all vexatious worries be set aside, and let the full peace of the holy tide rest on each heart. Let those of us who have passed the first joy of Christmas enter into the happiness of the children of to-day, whose hearts are bound up in the secret gifts they have prepared, and who can enter to the full into the Christmas glee, while we who have been saddened by sorrows, which the recurring Christmas seasons bring to mind, should yet put aside care to enter into the joy of those who are still in life's hey-day of spirits. To us can come the sweeter pleasure of making a happier day for those who are less blessed with this world's goods. Although the day of frolic has passed there yet remains that sweetest of all pleasures—doing for

others. God bless us all and incline our hearts to learn the ever new and ever helpful lessons of the Christmas Day so near at hand.

A most extraordinary confession was recently made by one Louis Tellier, of Montreal, who, being at the point of death, was desirous of making restitution to a man whom he had shamefully deprived of both freedom and honor. It appears that one Narcisse Marion, a notary of St. Sophie, was accused by Tellier of having stolen a promissory note of \$300. He was tried, found guilty and sentenced to three years in the penitentiary. Tellier admits that the deposition was false—that value had been received in full for the transferred note, and that the charge was made in order to secure revenge on Marion, who had opposed him in a business scheme. Tellier not only cleared the man of the crime, but he also endeavored to make atonement by willing the sum of \$500 to his victim. A sadder bit of fiction than the above story is seldom found. The tardy reparation may be a comfort to the notary who, since his dismissal from the penitentiary in 1886, has labored under the taint of having been a convict—his family have suffered greatly, and the money willed to him by Tellier, no matter how sorely it may be needed, cannot but burn in his fingers.

Mr. George R. Parkin, who lectured at the Academy of Music on Tuesday evening last, awakened a new and a very deep interest in the question of Imperial Federation. His Grace Archbishop O'Brien, before introducing the lecturer, made a feeling reference to Sir Adams Archibald, the late President of the Halifax branch of the Imperial Federation League. Mr. Parkin, who is a master of his subject, brought forward argument upon argument in favor of preserving and cementing the unity of the Empire. He handled his subject with great ability, dealing with the social, political, commercial, industrial, agricultural and Imperial phases of the question, and supporting his assertions with figures and facts, which he appears to have at his fingers' ends. Without committing ourselves as being in accord with all that the lecturer had to say upon Imperial Federation, we have no hesitation in expressing our opinion that Mr. Parkin's able advocacy of this great question will do much to arouse a wider and a deeper interest in the subject. We are proud that the eloquent orator of the evening is a Maritime Province man, Mr. Parkin having been born in the vicinity of Fredericton, New Brunswick.

In these days of modern accomplishments, when all our maidens sing, play or paint, the maiden who cooks is, alas, rarely found. The most useful, enduring and pleasing of feminine attainments is too often neglected, and beyond knowing how to prepare a few fancy dishes the average girl of the day is utterly ignorant of the very elements of cookery. We hear with much pleasure that there is a probability of a cooking-school being opened in our city, and we trust that many of our young ladies will take advantage of the excellent course of plain and fancy cookery over which an experienced cook will preside. Many busy house-keepers will find a few lessons greatly to their advantage, and an arrangement will be made we trust by which some of our domestic servants may be trained in the much neglected arts of bread-making and the cooking of various meats. The newspaper jokes anent the green maid and the still greener young mistress, have for the most part a foundation in sober facts, as many a young husband will testify, and prospective brides, which term includes the greater number of the marriageable young ladies of our city, should enter with enthusiasm into the course of lessons now proposed.

We are glad to note that the people of our city are mindful of the fishermen's families at Terrance Bay where great distress prevails. The trouble with these people is that for some years past the "fish harvest" has failed them. The land is rocky and arid and is little cultivated—in fact few of the families own more than the plot of ground on which their little shanty stands, and the one chance of livelihood for the fathers and sons is to wring it from an unwilling sea. The little settlement at Lower Prospect has been partially deserted, the fisher-folk having decided that it is useless to starve there longer in the hope that the fish may again return to the coast. Many of us remember the horrible famine which prevailed there in 1889, and do not wonder that the people have learned to dread its repetition. Those who are inclined to refer the unfortunate people of Terrance Bay to the clemency of the fishing bounties, should remember that it is of no assistance to the people now in trouble, as the bounty is only paid to those who have been successful in catching fish, and are therefore not in the abject position of those who, despite all efforts, have been unable to secure a catch of any proportions. Our fishermen have especial claims upon our generosity, and a warm response should be made to their plea for necessities of life at a time when we who have been more highly blessed, are enjoying all the luxuries of the season.