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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.

Woman's work and wages is an ever interesting topic, but when we hear of a Halifax firm trying to obtain the services of a young lady to write shorthand, do type-writing, keep books and play the piano for the salary of \$4 a week we think the work part overbalances the wages. We hope there is no young lady in Halifax possessed of the preceding accomplishments, so hard up for work as to accept such a situation. Four dollars a week can scarcely be called remunerative in any case, but when so many requirements are demanded the sum is ridiculous.

The victory obtained by Lieut. Grant with a force of Ghoorkas over 4,000 Manipuri natives, armed with guns, on April 6th is a good beginning. If the British forces follow this up the outbreak will soon be crushed. The Chief of the Manipuri's side of the story is that the British attacked his palace, massacred his soldiers and their women and children. They threw living women and children into the flames of their burning houses, and desecrated temples. Therefore he killed the Chief Commissioner's party, which was composed of Commissioner Quinton, Colonel Skene, Lieut. Simpson and the civilians, Messrs. Cosseus, Grimwood and Melville. It is extremely unlikely that the British acted in this manner. It savors more of the Chief's own mode of procedure.

The public spirit of Mr. John Lovell is much to be commended. He has just compiled an historical report of census of Montreal taken in January of this year. The population of Montreal is placed at 211,302, of which 110,098 are females and 101,204 are males. This gives a preponderance of 8,894 women. The Catholics number 155,511, Protestants 53,835, and the Chinese 28. There are also 923 Jewesses and 1,005 Jews. Six adjacent towns are included in the report, which appears to be very full and explicit. We have seen it stated in a Montreal paper that the work contains some inaccuracies, but this is almost unavoidable, and we have few, if any, similar works free from mistakes. It is an expensive undertaking, and Mr. Lovell deserves the encouragement of the public, not only in this work, but in the bringing out of a gazetteer and history of Canada, which he has hitherto failed to do for want of sufficient means.

The majority of the electors of Halifax seem to regard civic elections as nuisances and would not vote unless, as is actually the case, they were driven to the polls. The good old days when citizens who were elected as aldermen refused to serve and manfully paid the fine imposed, have gone never to return. Now the man seeks the office, and months before there is a vacancy has made his canvass and pledged a large number to his support. When a

contest arises, and the pledged have time to think the matter over, they find that the man they have bound themselves to support is entirely unfit for the position, but they have given their word and generally adopt one of two courses—vote for the man they know is unfit for the office or disappear on election day and shirk voting altogether. It is surprising how many adopt the latter course, and to make matters worse they are generally the most enlightened of our citizens. Look at our streets, our sidewalks, our sewerage system, our public works and our sanitary arrangements and see if they are not a disgrace to us. The street and sidewalks near the residences of our city fathers or where they have prerty to dispose of absorb the greater part of the ward appropriations, and may be pointed out as samples of what should be, but otherwise we know of no worse paved city than Halifax. But what is the use of writing on this subject. We know that civic affairs are mismanaged, that incompetent men and dishonest men sit in the Council, and that we have the power to remedy all this, but with an apathy that is almost hopeless we talk and do not act. Some day a Tweed scandal in a smaller way will arouse us, but meantime let us drift quietly on the rocks.

The management of the Springhill relief fund is not giving satisfaction to those who generously gave of their means to help the bereaved. A special committee, consisting of the Mayor, Town Council and the clergymen of Springhill, and the trustees of the Cumberland Railway and Coal Company relief fund, was immediately formed after the explosion to issue a call for help. A. McLeod was appointed secretary and Mayor Hall treasurer. It was intended that all money paid in should be, under the direction of this committee, used for the relief of sufferers from the explosion, but it appears now that the Secretary of the Cumberland Railway and Coal Company has complete control of the funds, to the exclusion of the members of the committee, and that the money is not being used as the givers expected and wished. This is a pity, but there is still time to have the management of the fund restored to the general committee and regain the confidence of the public. If any trouble, or failure to effect the object desired at Springhill, were to occur there would be serious difficulty in persuading the generous public to contribute again in a like case. The Rev. David Wright, of Springhill, wrote to the Halifax Chronicle of last Saturday denying that there was anything wrong about the management of the fund, but as a large number of people are still dissatisfied we trust immediate action will be taken by the joint committee towards keeping the money recently contributed for the benefit solely of the sufferers by the explosion, and not for future possible accidents.

We understand that a gentleman is at present in Halifax gathering material for an illustrated guide to the city, which is to be printed and bound in the most artistic style. It will resemble a pretty little work devoted to one of the Canadian cities, which has recently appeared and been much admired. Such a book is greatly needed, as previous attempts in this line cannot be called successful, and they have partaken too much of an advertising character. Halifax—no, not Halifax, but the vicinity of Halifax, is most beautiful, far, far more beautiful than our unappreciative population has any idea of. Halifaxians have not the requisite inclination to study fine landscapes or do not know where to look for such features, and likewise—a thing which we sincerely wish could not be said—they sadly lack that love for nature which makes sound any judgment relative to these matters. Our scenery differs from that of Europe, we grant, but this constitutes no defect. For a certain style of beauty the former cannot be surpassed. Probably it is not grand—not brazen-faced, if we may be pardoned the harsh word—but it is so lovely, and the particular places which most deserve such praise are very numerous. We speak from experience. Much of the foreign scenery, so admired by tourists, is more curious than, in a strict sense, beautiful. Its praises are sung by sight-seers who largely follow fashion and the guide-book. The succeeding extract, presented with an apology to those who dislike verse, is from some lines describing a scene not seven miles from this city. We have frequently visited the place and are aware that the author represents it truly, and we presume he knew what he was writing about when he introduced his comparisons:

"I have feasted mine eyes on thy beauties, Avoca,
Have drank of thy witching charms, lovely Lough Gréine;
Have trembled beholding thy fall, Pool na Fooks,
And almost knelt down to adore thee, Lako Léine.
O Nature, of all thy delights I've partaken!
With thy scenes all my dreams of enchantment entwine!
But I never till now saw a scene that could waken
A throb of emotion so purely divine."

Come, fellow citizens, see the good things which are around you and cease thinking that charming landscapes can only be found in distant lands. We suppose our scenery is like the prophet who is not without honor save in his own country.