

THE CRITIC.

The Welfare of the People is the Highest Law.

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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 his 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.

It is competition in business that cuts down the profits, but the consumer is generally the gainer thereby. It is competition that has had such a wonderful effect on the price of gas in the city of Chicago. Not long since it was \$2 a thousand feet. Competition suddenly brought it down to \$1 per thousand, and increased competition promises in the very near future to reduce the price to fifty cents a thousand.

Great dissatisfaction has been expressed by manufacturers and others with the system at present in vogue by which our penitentiaries are turned into workshops, and the product of prison-fed labor brought into competition with that of the honest working man. It has been suggested that prison labor be employed in keeping up our public roads, as it would have the effect of reducing the taxation for this purpose and prevent unfair competition.

How many of us look back to our early school days and recall with satisfaction the friendships formed in our youth. Seldom if ever do we in after life find a friend in whom we can discover that fullness of sympathy which made the friendship of our boyhood days so delightful. Sympathy between man and man under other circumstances is seldom known, but woman with her finer nature and quick intuitiveness often realizes the sympathy of friendship even in old age.

The development of art has produced some curious results, notably that of composite photography, which is just now attracting much attention. In a late number of *Harper's Bazar*, F. W. Higginson writes as follows on the subject: "Before me stands a cabinet photograph of a young girl, with clear and thoughtful eyes, dark hair and eyebrows, oval face, straight nose and well rounded chin. All who see it are attracted by it, yet the universe would be vainly searched for the original in a woman's form. It is one of those wonders of recent art known as 'composite portraits;' it does not represent one person, but twenty; it is the collective likeness of twenty young girls—one whole section of the senior class of a woman's college in Massachusetts. * * * There is something very fascinating to the imagination about a composite portrait. It is a link between the real and the ideal."

There is a large Indian reserve in Montana, through which one of the recently surveyed railway lines of the territory has been located. The Indians positively refuse to allow the work of construction to go on, while the white people insist upon the line being built. As matters now stand 22,000 Indians have reserved for them 45,000 square miles of land, equal to about one-third of the area of the territory. The greater part of this land is not cultivated, and the building of twenty railways would still leave land enough for five times the Indian population.

Are the antipathies, instances of which we see and read about, the result of previous circumstances, or are they innate? Amatus Lusitanus knew a monk who fainted when a rose was shown to him, and while that flower was in bloom was afraid to quit his cell. Henry III. of France swooned at the sight of a cat. Timmerman mentions a lady who would shudder at the touch of silk, satin, or the velvety skin of a peach. We have known men turn sick at the sight of linen bandages, and ladies grow faint at the prospect of bathing in sea water. Antipathies are evidently nervous disorders, but their existence is none the less unpleasant.

A would-be author recently sent the manuscript of his work to a publisher with the request that he criticize it honestly. The composition was flowery in style, but was remarkable for the number of French, German, and Latin quotations which it embodied. The referee to whom the publisher passed the manuscript wrote upon it in large letters: "Use English." The admonition contained in this critique was just. Nine persons out of ten find it difficult to understand the English language with its innumerable polysyllables and borrowed words, and those who wish to have their effusions read by the public in general, should steer clear of these rocks and quicksands of literature.

Ever since the days of the building of the town of Babel ambitious men have endeavored to formulate a language that would be universally adopted by mankind. "Volapuck" has already been set aside as unsuited, but the new "Pasingua," invented by a German, is said to be perfection. It is based upon the English language, but the use of French, Latin, and other words, is sufficiently frequent to make it quite cosmopolitan. We give the 13th verse of the ii. chapter of St. Matthew as it appears in this new universal language: "Et quando ils pattitefer sehire to angelo deode apparifer Josephobi in una trauma sagano, Arisire, takare tou jungon-chillon et tom matren et slichire in Egypta et ere ibis, quoad mi-bringa tubi wordas, car Herodes seekarar ton childillon pro 'lon detruar."

Sluggards will find solace in the growing belief in the restorative power of sleep, but they must remember that too much sleep is quite as injurious as too little. Dr. Malins, in a recent lecture at Birmingham, said that the brain required twelve hours of sleep at four years old, gradually diminishing by hours and half hours to ten hours at fourteen, and thence to eight hours when the body is full grown and formed. Goethe, in his most active productive period, needed nine hours, and took them, Kant—the most laborious of students—was strict in never taking less than seven. Nor does it appear that those who have systematically tried to cheat nature of this chief right have been in any sense gainers of time for their work. It may be a paradox, but is not the less a truth that what is given to sleep is gained to labor.

The Empruss Eugenic, who for so many years was the acknowledged leader in the fashionable world, now occupies a very secondary place upon the stage of royalty. The following incident proves the preacher to have been correct when he said, "Vanity, vanity, all is vanity." A few days ago, says the chronicler, a visitor to the Marcus Church, at Venice, where the ex-Empruss is now staying, observed a lady, dressed in the deepest mourning, kneeling in long silent prayer before one of the side altars. When at last she rose, she looked about her in search of something which she missed, and then walked slowly away, supporting herself by the wall, towards the entrance. The stranger politely offered his arm, which was gracefully accepted, the lady meanwhile explaining that one of the beggars must have taken her silver walking stick away, without which she was "very helpless." Outside the church two liveried footmen were waiting. The stranger, on retiring, offered his address card (alas, for cruel Nemesis, he was a German from Berlin), glancing at which the lady was seen to shudder slightly and then return the civility by whispering: "Empruss Eugenic, and —homeless."

"SAM SLICK."

The published works of Judge Haliburton, better known as "Sam Slick," are probably less familiar to the people of his native Province, Nova Scotia, than they are to many persons in Britain and the United States; and yet Judge Haliburton may be regarded as the best author that Nova Scotia has yet produced. The "Haliburton Club," of King's College, Windsor, which has for the past few years been endeavoring to re-awaken an interest