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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 approve 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 close of 1890 has brought us to the close of the ninth decade of the nineteenth century, and while this decade has been marked by its distinctive events the pages of history will not, like previous decades, be stained with the blood of some great war. The world has witnessed many changes. Great statesmen have fallen before the march of time, death and disaster have done a full share of their ghastly work, nations as well as individuals have had a time for joy and a time for sadness, but taken all in all the human beings upon this globe are better off to-day than they were a decade since. History will credit this decade with great improvements in the application of electricity, and Stanley will receive due recognition, but the decade will be debited with narrowness upon the part of statesmen, land hunger upon the part of nations and greed for gold upon the part of individuals.

The loss of the *Serpent*, to which we have referred before, was decided by the court of inquiry into the disaster to be due to an error in judgment on the part of the navigating officer, who did not shape the course sufficiently far to the westward. This, while not calculated to adorn a tale, points a moral, and that is, none but men of ability, and possessing a thorough training to fit them for their duties, should be placed in a position of responsibility such as that of navigating officer of a large ship. The trouble is that the education of midshipmen is too general. They are not taught any particular branch as a specialty, but are instructed in practical mechanics, navigation, gunnery, torpedo practice and tactics, and when they are promoted they are placed in charge of some special department for a time. This is manifestly a rather dangerous method, and in spite of the protecting cherub, who sits up aloft to look after the life of poor Jack, an incompetent man in charge will send every one to Davy Jones' Locker with little warning. An engineer, for instance, is educated for his especial department, and a very important one it is. But so is navigation, and it appears to us that some safeguard should be placed upon the lives of our sailors in this matter. An error in judgment! This is what sent the two hundred and seventy-three men of the *Serpent* to a watery grave. It is often what causes disasters, not only at sea, but on land. This finding should be a warning to all who have the working of ships, trains and machinery of all kinds under their charge to make sure they know their business and to be ever on the alert when on duty.

We have now entered upon the first year of the last decade of the nineteenth century. Many people are under the impression that the year just closed was a part of it, but that is a mistake. The first century was not complete until the end of the year one hundred, and consequently the nineteenth century cannot be completed until the end of the year 1900, which makes this year, 1891, the first year of the tenth decade. To those who have been thinking that 1890 began the tenth decade, this way of looking at it may be puzzling at first, but when once thought out it appears very simple.

The German Emperor has not yet ceased to spring surprises upon the world. He is now contemplating a visit to Paris. The Emperor will travel incognito, and will not take up his residence at the German embassy. After leaving Paris he will proceed to Cannes and San Remo. Although a good many years have elapsed since Germany humiliated France, the feeling in the latter country is still a sore one, and if the Emperor William does not hear a few things that will hurt his feelings during his sojourn in the gay capital it will be surprising. The subject of the contemplated visit was discussed between Von Caprivi and M. Herbatt, the French Ambassador at Berlin, and was eventually referred to M. Ribot, French Minister of Foreign Affairs. It was subsequently discussed in the French Cabinet, with M. de Freycinet presiding.

A new delusion has taken hold of the hostile Indians in South Dakota. They say that the ghost of Sitting Bull has appeared to a band of Upper Bad River Indians. The apparition is said to have appeared on the top of a bluff. It waved its arms as if motioning the Indians to follow, and then, with the speed of a bird, glided from hilltop to hilltop, finally disappearing in the B-d Lands. The interpretation given to this is that Sitting Bull is to return as the promised Messiah, and that his spirit is beckoning them to join his followers and avenge his death. As a consequence the ghost dances are being started afresh in that region. It is suggested, and the cold-blooded cruelty of this is astounding, that the proper way to dispose of the bad Indians is to let them all get into the Bad Lands and then surround them with troops and shell them. The shells can be sent fifteen or twenty miles, and when one alights in a hostile camp in some remote neck of the woods, blowing up the whole place, a reign of terror would be instituted, and the hostiles would be glad to flee to the agency for safety. No one but a heartlessly cruel person could have made that suggestion.

In looking back over the events of the past year we can see much that we would have had otherwise if we had possessed the experience necessary to direct us. While we regret our mistakes and short-comings, we feel that there is no use in mourning over them. The man who never makes a mistake is the man who never makes anything, and perhaps if we look at them in the right spirit we may find the experience gained of great use in the future. Great men make great mistakes, and surely those in humbler walks of life cannot expect to be exempt from a very common misfortune. In whatever sphere we move, in our private or personal affairs, or in our business life, look where we will, there we can see on the scroll of the past mistakes all along the way, mistakes that are calculated to keep us humble and make us remember that after all we are but dust. It is our duty to look forward and press forward in the march of life with a cheerful spirit, bearing what troubles may fall to our lot. For the highest of all, ourselves and our broad Dominion, let us press onward, trusting that this decade may not close and launch us into a new century without great progress being made.

In our last issue we mentioned *The Young Canadian*, recommending it as a paper promising to breathe a patriotic spirit which would be beneficial to our young people. We had only seen the sample copy of this paper and read its aims and reasons for being, which are all that can be desired. We should have, however, subjected it to a closer examination. The way in which Nova Scotia is represented upon the title page is, to put it mildly, a great mistake. A toboggan drawn by dogs is an equipage that we are accustomed to connect with an Arctic climate, and it is a libel upon our fair Province with all its varied resources and industries to have such a picture used in this connection. We noticed this thing after our last week's paragraph was in type and intended then to refer to it again. Since then we have received letters from subscribers stating that the title page in question has given such offence that no one will subscribe to the paper. It is unfortunate for the promoters of *The Young Canadian* that they have made such a mistake. The sooner it is remedied the better. And it must be remedied if it is to find favor in Nova Scotia. We say nothing about the other provinces of the Dominion. If they do not like their pictures they must speak for themselves. If *The Young Canadian* will change its outside apparel and give the youth of Canada good, wholesome patriotic reading matter it will doubtless not live in vain.