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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.

We are gratified to see that Mr. Walter Scott, the well-known London, England, publisher, is about to issue a volume of Canadian humorous verse, to be edited by Mr. James Barr, of the London edition of the *Detroit Free Press*, whose recent compilation of American humorous verse in the "Canterbury Poets" series has met with a warm welcome in England. The forthcoming volume, on which Mr. Barr is now at work, will give Canadian authors a splendid introduction in England, and will be valuable in many ways. We understand that Mr. Barr will be glad to hear of any work of this kind that ought to be included in the volume. So now is the time for our authors who have written humorous poems to see about having them brought to his notice.

The Tarte-McGreedy scandal is at length being brought to a close. Some sixty witnesses have been examined and eight hundred pages of evidence taken. This evidence, with four hundred and fifty pages of minutes, besides innumerable documents that have been put in testimony, is to be sifted by the Committee, and a verdict given. One thing is very certain. Thomas McGreedy did receive \$55,000 from the firm of Larkin, Connolly & Co. He claims that this sum was paid to him by or through his brother Robert, who was a member of the firm, and who was indebted to Thomas for a sum of money running up into the hundreds of thousands. Of this \$55,000 \$35,000 was expended in the purchase of a newspaper named *Le Monde*, but Uncle Tom positively refuses to state to whom he gave the balance of the money. This fact has been referred to the Commons, to be dealt with as Parliament sees fit. The whole affair is exceedingly repulsive and shows that jobbery and politics are kith and kin. Another serious scandal has been unearthed by the Senate during the past week. It would appear that the Quebec Legislature made extensive land grants to the Bay des Chaleur Railway, and afterwards advanced \$280,000 upon the same. It was understood that the new Company, in taking over this grant, was to pay off all the liabilities that had been incurred by its predecessor. It is now claimed that this was not done, and that \$175,000 of the amount was used for corrupt political purposes by the Liberals of Quebec. If this be true, it but confirms our opinion that jobbery and politics are blood relations.

The New England journalists, who arrived in Halifax last Friday evening, have departed from our shores, well pleased, we fancy, with what they have seen. All along the route of travel from Yarmouth to Halifax the visitors were given every opportunity to see places of interest, and as for lunches and wining and dining generally, they were almost forced to protest against being overfed. The places visited through the valley were Annapo-

lis, Kentville, Canning, Blomidon, Wolfville, and Windsor. In Halifax a Committee of the City Council and the Press of the city did the honors. Unfortunately, the weather on Saturday morning was far from fine, but the guests, with unflinching good humor, accepted it as it came, and despite rain enjoyed the drive through the city. The City Hall, the Public Gardens, the Park and Maplewood were visited, and after having been lunched at the Victoria General Hospital the party proceeded to the steamer *Argus*, which made a trip up the North-West Arm and Bedford Basin. Dinner was taken at Morrison's, and it was eleven o'clock when the tired journalists returned to the city. On Sunday the various churches were attended, and the Academy of Mount St. Vincent was visited in the afternoon. It is universally conceded that Mr. Sanger, New England correspondent of the *New York Sun*, showed the most persistency in investigating everything that came in his way, and that his method of testing the temperature and bathing qualities of our harbor was strikingly original. We trust he will never feel the worse for his involuntary dip, in company with the deck stool, in the exceedingly wet water of Halifax harbor. The gentlemen and ladies forming the party are influential members of the Press of New England, and will do much to spread the fame of Nova Scotia when they return home. The importance of visits such as this is very great. On Monday morning the journalists, accompanied by members of the Local Press, boarded the new steamer *Lunenbury* and proceeded to Bridgewater, thence to Middleton over the Nova Scotia Central Railway and to Annapolis and Yarmouth on their way home.

We may thank Providence that all the Americans who visit us are not so severely critical as Mr. Louis Elson, musical critic of the Boston *Advertiser*, has proved himself. The letter of this gentleman, written from Cape Breton to his paper, is one of the most caustic productions we have ever read, and speaks most unfairly of many things in Halifax and in Cape Breton. The joke "Go to Halifax" is an old favorite, and it is amusing to hear it served again, with facings, by such an accomplished chef as Professor Elson. He says he thinks the proverb which says "See Naples and then die" should be altered to "Go to Halifax and then die," and gives as his reason for this melancholy expression that "with combined *ennui*, fog and cold, one tires of the vanities of life in the capital of Nova Scotia." This from a denizen of that city of east winds, Boston! All places are liable to periods of rain, especially in the early summer, and had Mr. Elson remained longer than two days in our city we feel sure that he would have found it not such a bad place. At any rate it is not fair to give a place a rating like this after such a short trial. Mr. Elson must be dense if he cannot see the joke about Boston. He says:—"I find that the deeper I penetrate into the Maritime Provinces the more Boston is believed to be the whole of the United States; in one hamlet the entire name of our country was altered, and it was alluded to as 'the Boston States!' Think of that, oh Boston aldermen! and make your next junketing tour to Cape Breton; you will be received as a modern council of ten, or a band of noblemen!" We sometimes jokingly refer to the "United States of Boston," well knowing that the dwellers in the "Hub" consider their city no small pumpkins. We may be a gullible people in some respects, but Mr. Elson makes a mistake if he thinks we look for noblemen from the United States, although we have met some pretty good fellows whose home is under the stars and stripes. Mr. Elson's carping at the difference between local and railway time is absurd. Where is it possible to find a more simple difference to adjust than exactly one hour? The man who is not equal to such a mental exercise must be weak minded. It is not usual to find all the names of places in a country as easy to pronounce as *c-a-t*, and we admit that there are some difficult ones scattered about Nova Scotia, but why any sane man should find difficulty in pronouncing Antigonish, Merrigomish, Biddeck, and Whycomagh, we cannot imagine, and yet these are selected by Mr. Elson as bad specimens. Perhaps if Mr. Elson will look nearer home he will find some Massachusetts names that are rather involved. He complains of the short time allowed for refreshments on the railway journey. Possibly his ill-temper may be ascribed to his having been hurried over his meals. He speaks of a few bears, or a pack of wolves, occasionally coming down from the unknown regions of Cape Breton, in a manner that leads one to believe that the "unknown regions" are infested with these animals. We are glad to see Mr. Elson admiring the views in Cape Breton, and that he gives the Queen Hotel in this city a good word. He says it is bright and cheery; and as he took such a gloomy view of everything else his opinion ought to be particularly valuable. The only way in which we can satisfactorily account for this article is that the writer must have been suffering from an aggravated form of dyspepsia, and that the *Harlan's* siren, to which he alludes in his letter, had really effected his brain. If Mr. Elson will come back some day perhaps he may be induced to change his mind regarding Nova Scotia, and Halifax in particular.