

Emperor William is nothing if not energetic. In addition to a book of Norwegian travels, he is at present engaged on a life of his grandfather in two volumes. The edition will be limited to 200 copies for distribution among his relations, the sovereigns of Europe. The public will not be given the opportunity of declining to buy the book.

We observe that many of our contemporaries refer very kindly to the increase in the number of our pages, but some of them speak of THE CRITIC, a mining journal. This, while true, is misleading, because it implies that mining is our only field of usefulness, whereas our readers know that commercial, manufacturing and general news is given a great deal of attention in our columns.

The Toronto *Saturday Night* of March 14th contains a trenchant article on the Hon. Edward Blake's letters to his West Durham constituency by one "Don," who makes Mr. Blake's wordy document rather clearer than before to us. On the whole we agree with "Don" that nothing ever became Mr. Blake so well as his silence. It is difficult to see what good the publication of his manifesto has done or will ever do Canada.

An interesting controversy has been going on between the Toronto *Empire* and *Mail* as to circulation. The *Empire* deposited a cheque for \$8,000 with the President of the Toronto Board of Trade in support of its side of the question, and called upon the *Mail* to do likewise and have the question settled. The *Mail*, in short, made the following assertions:—1. That the circulation of the *Empire* is not one-third that of the *Mail*. 2. That the *Mail* has more than double the circulation of the *Empire*. 3. That the *Empire* has not the largest circulation of any morning paper in the Dominion. 4. That the circulation of the *Empire* does not amount to eight thousand. The *Empire* characterized them each and everyone as false, and called upon the *Mail* to appoint an expert to examine the books of both journals in company with one appointed by itself and one chosen by both of these. The *Mail* has not done so, in which case we suppose the *Empire* may be considered to have gained the day.

A sensible suggestion for the attention of the unemployed is made by M. Salter in the *New England Magazine* for March. "Why," he says, "should not unemployed bakers and tailors, and shoe-makers and masons, and carpenters and tillers of the soil be taken out of the profit making system into which they do not fit, and making themselves into a colony, the bakers bake bread for all, the tailors make clothes for all, the carpenters make houses for all, the tillers of the soil raise corn and wheat for all—each class producing, not to sell to the outside world, but for each other's use, and each class receiving in turn of the benefits of the others' labor?" If this plan could be carried out with as much ease as it is proposed one would think that the days of poverty would soon be over. Co operative colonies of this kind, provided that honesty would be the watchword, ought to do something towards solving the problem of the unemployed. The trouble is, in everything alike, that there are sure to be some blacklegs who, by dishonesty or crime, bring trouble into the community in which they dwell.

The world is not yet quite so small as some people would fain have us believe. The civil war in Chili has now been going on for three months or more, and still the world is very far from knowing what it is all about. True, we are told that the navy rebels against autocratic government as carried on by President Balmaceda, but we do not yet understand why the navy—apparently the whole body—should take up arms in this cause and be pitted against the army, or why, if the government is so objectionable the army does not also revolt. The cause of the trouble has evidently not yet come out. Notwithstanding the fact that steam and electricity has done much to bring all the world together, Chili is still very distant, and we find reliable news is often very old by the time we receive it. A letter takes five or six weeks coming from Chili to Canada, so that letters now arriving give accounts only of the beginning of the war. Telegrams of recent date report the shooting of a number of rebels near Valparaiso by government forces. Some of the reports lead us to believe that the government is gaining ground, but these are contradicted by others, so that the actual state of affairs is almost impossible to ascertain.

Our Dumb Animals, the organ of some American humane societies, published in Boston, announces its intention of circulating to the utmost extent of its power a book called "Black Beauty," notwithstanding the fact that the English publishers protest against this piracy of their property. *Our Dumb Animals* has a good purpose, and is working on the principle of "go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," but the doing of evil that good may come is not commended in the source from which its motto is taken. The promoters of this scheme of distributing cheap copies of "Black Beauty" do not make any money out of it, and they consider themselves justified in their action, because the English publishers refuse to sell them the right to give away in Spain and Italy ten thousand copies translated into Spanish and Italian, and to have cheap editions put on sale in Spanish-speaking countries. They are also informed that the English publishers will not put a cheap edition on sale in their own country, so the proprietors of *Our Dumb Animals* solve the question by simply printing the books at the rate of 100,000 copies, with a prospect of printing 400,000 more, and say that they have the satisfaction of knowing they will be widely distributed to move the hearts of human beings to greater kindness to dumb animals. Surely since the passage of the Copyright Bill some equitable arrangement might be arrived at with the English publishers.

The titles Professor Drummond selects for his books do not appear to have the faculty of being easily remembered. In addition to the story of the lady who inquired of the book seller for "The Biggest Thing on Earth," meaning "The Greatest Thing in the World," it is now related how another lady asked for a copy of the now book "Nux Vomica" instead of "Pax Vobiscum," which was also asked for by a New York lady as "Packs for Biscombe." Professor Drummond's Latin title evidently admitted of quite as much variation as the English one.

It is a sad fact that the sessions of our Local Legislature are made periods of intellectual dearth for the readers of our daily papers by the crowding out of important information by the verbatim reports of even the most stupid speeches. The period of dearth promises to be shorter this spring than it has been in late years, as the session begins late and most of the wind bags of the last House have been elected to stay at home. Yet until verbatim reports of the speeches in the newspapers are discontinued our Legislature will probably consume as much time in its average annual sessions as most States in the American Union occupy in their biennial sessions.

We have received a pamphlet written by F. J. Nolkor, Detroit, Mich., on the nickel savings stamp system, a new feature in the banking system of the United States. The system was introduced in Detroit last June by Mr. Edwin F. Mack of the Citizens' Saving Bank. As far as we can make out the business is managed as follows: A stamp of handsome design is issued and stamp books supplied to children and others who may wish to deposit nickels. A nickel buys a stamp, and a page in the stamp book represents a dollar. This page can be torn out when full or sent to the bank, where a regular deposit book is issued to the owner of the stamps and the dollar begins to draw interest at the rate of four per cent. The method is an attractive one, and the stamps are bought by the thousand by thrifty children and by older people also. Grocers and druggists take agencies because they attract custom, and people often invest their change in stamps. The benefits to the banks adopting the system are numerous. The children are educated to become depositors, and the bank which attracts their young fancy will have the best chance of securing their patronage when they come to handle larger sums. A certain percentage of the stamps are never presented for redemption and that is pure gain for the bank. Besides this, the stamps when purchased do not draw interest until 20 are presented duly attached to the leaf, and hence the banker will always have a certain amount on which no interest accrues. It appears to us that the bankers are the greatest gainers by the system, and that on the whole it is better for children to spend a good many of their nickels and keep them in circulation.

Dr. Koch's tuberculosis remedy has not apparently panned out as well as the preliminary outbursts of exultation led one to hope. But still, even now, only a short time has elapsed since it was discovered, and until the thing has had a fair trial it is well to hold back opinions as to its curative or non curative properties. The microbes and bacilli of modern life are depressing when one thinks seriously of them. An amusing story of future times is told in *La Lecture* by Charles Epheue. He tells of a certain Prof. Bakerman who by the skilful use of negative electricity constructed a microbe, which while itself possessed of almost unextinguishable vitality, was so terribly, so rapidly, so irresistibly destructive that in only two hours it would kill three thousand rabbits. He called it the *Kills like lightning Bacillus*. Unfortunately this Professor had an inquisitive wife who neither comprehended nor liked microbes, and who in the absence of Professor Bakerman and in defiance of his warnings entered the infernal chamber and accidentally broke the phial that was the prison of the dreadful bacillus. In a few hours the rash lady breathed her last. Dr. Rothbein, a great physician, who had not yet heard of the new microbe, but was celebrated for his skill in diagnosis, expressed the opinion that the disease of which she died was an African pestilence which, among the natives of Dshomey, was known as the *Koussmi Koussmi*. The physician himself and other inhabitants of Brunnwald died soon after, but the physician's opinion was adopted by the local press, and the *Koussmi Koussmi* became the subject of leading articles. It was Professor Bakerman alone who knew that the ravages of the supposed epidemic were in reality due to the *Kills like lightning* which had escaped from the phial broken by his poor Josepha. He contemplated with scientific pride his conquering microbe which was marching victoriously through peaceful Brunnwald and would soon devastate all the countries of the globe; but he was conscience-stricken, and yet he felt that to divulge his guilty secret would be to become his own executioner. He foresaw, too, that if he confessed, his confession would either not be believed, because it contradicted the diagnosis of the celebrated Dr. Rothbein, or, if believed, would make him an object of execration to future generations. And here he repeated to himself with an ironical smile:—"Future generations! Thanks to my bacillus, there will be no future generations." But he finally confessed to his rival in microbes, and was in consequence deemed insane. All at once an idea struck him, and he set to work by the use of positive electricity to make a cure for *Koussmi-Koussmi*. As his bacillus had spread death and destruction all over the world, his new and certain cure—which he advertised—soon made him famous. He was recognized by sovereigns and by nations as a Genius who had saved the human race from extermination, and had once more proved that rebellious nature is under the control of human science and sagacity. This is a French satire upon German discoveries, but it gives the credit of discovering microbes to Pasteur, who first invented a process by which it was possible to recognize, collect and cultivate them. In the course of years, however, Pasteur's discoveries were left far behind. It is amusing reading but calculated to make us ask whither are we tending?