THE WEEK'S NEWS

CANADA.

Hog cholera has been discovered in the piggery at Kingston Penitentiary.

It is proposed to found an Anglican school of theology for the Diocese of Ontario.

Sir Richard Cartwright is reported to have secured control of the Montreal *Herald*.

North Dakota and Minnesota farmers continue to take up land in the North-west.

Sir George Baden-Powell left for England on Tuesday to spend Christmas at home.

Nearly 3,000,000 bushels of wheat have been shipped from Fort William this season.

Cattle from the United States continue to be admitted to British Columbia free of all quarantine.

Rev. Mr. Jacques was fined $1 and costs at Calgary recently for calling Mrs. Fulham a blackguard.

Mr. William Stephen, father of Lord Mount Stephen, died in Montreal in his 91st year on Sunday.

The Grand Trunk railway will do its own express business after the first of January next.

Archdeacon Reeve was consecrated bishop of the Mackenzie River District at Winnipeg on the 26th ult.

The Dominion Government has again called for tenders for a fast line of steamers between England and Canada.

A proposal is being considered in Hamilton to build an electric railway from that city to Beamsville.

Mr. William Notman, the well-known photographer of Montreal, died on Monday, aged 55 years.

The Executive Committee of the Macdonald memorial fund met at Montreal on Tuesday. Thus far $20,000 has been subscribed.

The shipment of lumber for the Miramichi district, N. B., this year was 72,000,000 feet, against 87,000,000 in 1890.

A question as to the validity of the Ontario Insolvency Act has arisen in the Supreme Court at Ottawa.

A deputation visited Ottawa the other day with a request that a bounty be allowed on beet sugar for 20 days.

Natives are returning from the United States to the maritime provinces at the rate of 20 to 50 a day.

A binding twine factory will shortly be established in Winnipeg. Local capitalists are interested. A gentleman is now there from the east superintending details.

A warrant has been granted for the extradition of Wong Yuen, a Chinaman at present in Victoria, B. C., who is wanted at San Francisco for the embezzlement of $20,000.

A story comes from St. Marie Beauce, Que., that the four boys and four girls of one family married the four boys and four girls of another family in the same parish 15 years ago and that the offspring now number 74.

James Forrest, a carpenter living on Bellwoods avenue, Toronto, was instantly killed at the G. T. R. freight sheds the other day, a huge box of plate glass falling on him. Forrest's body was nearly severed at the waist.

Henry Hanbury, a young Englishman who was arrested the other day for embezzling a small sum from Charles Brown, a Toronto livery stable man, committed suicide rather than be disgraced.

A story comes from Port Arthur of the alleged murder in the Rainy River region of two members of a hunting party. The names of the victims are said to be Redding and Bruce.

The school Act matter is again before the court at Winnipeg, this time on an application that the city be compelled to show cause why a by-law levying taxes for school purposes should not be quashed.

Daniel Whale, formerly of Toronto, who is in the penitentiary for killing his wife, is said to have left a confession at Mitchell to the effect that he deliberately, and with intention, struck his wife the blow with a beer bottle that caused her death.

The Imperial Government has notified the Newfoundland Government that there is a question as to the constitutionality of its bait Act, and proposing that Canada and Newfoundland submit a test case to the Imperial Privy Council.

Capt. Gunn, late of her majesty's navy, representing a wealthy English syndicate, is said to have signed a contract with a New York firm for the construction of a line of railway to the port of Whitehaven, N. S., with a view of the said port being used as the landing point of Atlantic steamships. The scheme, if it is carried into effect, means the shortening of the mail route by something like 24 hours.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Prince George of Wales sleeps well and is rapidly regaining strength.

Mr. A. J. Balfour was last week installed rector of the University of Glascow.

Lord Rosebery is engaged to marry a daughter of Sir Charles Tennant, Bart.

Countess Russell, wife of a grandson of the famous Lord John Russell, is suing for a divorce on account of cruelty.

Mrs. Duncan, whose American husband tried to murder her in Wales last May, has become a mother.

The London Gazette announces that the Imperial Parliament will reassemble on February 9, 1892.

The Imperial Government has resolved to introduce a bill to allow persons on trial to give evidence in certain cases.

Mascagni's opera "Cavalleria Rusticana," was played before the Queen at Windsor Castle one day last week.

Members of the 2nd battalion, Prince of Wales Leinster regiment, tried to hang an unpopular corporal the other day.

Three customs officers were killed off Gravesend on Saturday by their boat colliding with the propeller of a steamer.

Edmund Yates, editor and proprietor of the London *World* is seriously ill, but his friends expect him to recover.

Richard Power, M. P. for Waterford, the Parnelite whip, died on Monday at the age of 40. He was married a week ago.

His royal highness the Prince of Wales was, for the eighteenth successive year, nominated for the Masonic grand mastership at the English Grand Lodge meeting on Wednesday.

Five boys playing on the beach at Southampton, found a bomb, played with it till it exploded and were all killed or fatally wounded.

An explosion of gas occurred at Blackburn, Lancashire, on Monday wrecking two or three buildings and killing several people, besides injuring others.

At a speech in Edinburgh on Saturday Right Hon. A. J. Balfour said he did not think Great Britain would ever again see a monster agrarian conspiracy in Ireland fed by American funds.

Captains Boileau and Butcher have been dismissed from the British army in consequence of their conduct in connection with the Manipur massacre, but the official decline to explain why.

Lord Randolph Churchill, who is in excellent health, will, according to present arrangements, leave Moshanaland on his homeward journey within the next few days. His Lordship is expected to reach London the third week in December.

UNITED STATES.

Two earthquake shocks were felt at Seattle, Wash., on Saturday.

The 108th anniversary of the evacuation by the British of New York was celebrated in that city on Nov. 26th.

A public school teacher in Kansas claims to have discovered chemicals that will produce rain every time.

George Youngclaus, who had extensive dealings with the cheap restaurants, has been arrested at Chicago for selling horseflesh labelled beef.

Twelve men were killed outright and others injured by a landslide near Tacoma, Wash., yesterday, on the Northern Pacific the other day.

There was a blizzard, accompanied by a heavy fall of snow, at Norfolk, Va., on Sunday. Sleighs were seen on the streets for the first time in many years.

A lunatic fired three shots at Dr. John Hall, pastor of the Fifth avenue Presbyterian church, New York, as he was entering his house after morning service on Sunday.

A collision occurred on the Lake Shore at Toledo, O., Saturday night. Half a dozen people were killed and a great many injured.

The scheme for forming a cigar trust in New York with a capital of $25,000,000 has collapsed.

U. S. Republicans generally understand that if Blaine will accept the nomination for president at Minneapolis he is to get it. Failing him, Harrison will be put up for a second term.

The steamer Majestic, which arrived at New York on Thursday, made a trip for Queenstown in 5 days 20 hours and 20 minutes.

Wilkes James was shot and killed at Gantville, Ga., the other day by Edward Jenkins. The young men were rivals for a girl's hand.

The United States Government's experiments have proved that nickel-steel armor is decidedly superior to steel without the alloy.

The United States life-saving service saved 941 lives during the past fiscal year.

There were 209,060 miles of railway tracks and 1,797 railway corporations in the United States on June 30 last according to statistics just completed.

The *North-western Miller* says there was a heavy decrease of the make of flour last week, the output being only 161,200 barrels, against 205,585 barrels the previous week

The surviving surgeon-general of the United States Marine Hospital service has directed attention to the presence of leprosy in several cities of the United States.

In the case of John Hellinger, the prize-fighter who died in the ring at New York, the jury have decided that death was the result of the bursting of a small blood vessel. Altman, his opponent, has been held in $5,000 bail.

Mrs. E. S. West, who for six years was the lady principal of Rutgers' Female College in New York, and who for a much longer period has been regarded as the personification of goodness, stands convicted by her own confession of converting the funds of the college to her personal uses.

The Van Blatz Brewing Company's business and seven Chicago breweries were formally handed over to an Anglo-American syndicate on Tuesday. An English syndicate has also bought all the leading milk condensing factories in the United States.

IN GENERAL.

Famine and typhus continue to spread in Russia.

Ex-President Balmaceda of Chili spent $73,000,000 in the recent civil war.

Prince Bismark says he has no ambition to again enter the German Ministry.

Riots in different parts of Mexico have arisen from the scarcity of food.

Four thousand imperial troops have been deserted by the rebels in Manchuria, China.

Ex-King Milan of Servia has accepted the command of the Persian cavalry.

It is stated that no less than 30,000,000 of people are starving to death in Russia.

It is stated that Russia is about to issue a decree prohibiting the exportation of horses.

The visit of King Christian of Denmark to Emperor William in Berlin on Sunday only lasted a few hours.

It is said that the revolutionists in China number 4,000,000 men and that the Imperial troops are thoroughly inadequate to cope with them.

As a result of M. de Giers visit to Paris it is semi-officially announced that Russia and France have formed an exclusively defensive alliance.

The Brazilian Government has dismissed the papal nuncio and given the Vatican notice that it will tolerate no ecclesiastical interference in politics.

Archduke Henry of Austria, who was born in 1826, died in Vienna on Monday. He held the rank of field marshal in the Austrian army.

A man in Vienna 70 years of age, believing he was called upon to sacrifice himself, hammered seven nails three inches long into his skull.

The troubles in China are due to a plot to overthrow the Manchus and re-establish the native dynasty which was overthrown in 1644.

An influental committee has been formed at Rome for the erection of a monument to the poet Shelley at Virreggio, Italy, where the body was cast ashore in 1823.

A THOUSAND MILES IN A ROWBOAT.

A Latter-Day Viking and His Ambitious Trips on the Sea in a Chicago Rowboat

A young Swedish journalist, whose name is M. C. G. Uddgren, has rowed in a small boat all the way from Gothenburgh to Calais, and hopes to complete his journey to London when the weather moderates. He is a finely built, fair-haired, brawny man on the sunny side of 30, and hails from Viken, or Bohuslan, the centre of the old vikings' country. With some of the vikings' blood in his veins, the adventurous Swede determind to row from Gothenburg to London a distance of over a thousand miles. The following account, which M. Uddgren gave of his trip to one of our representatives, will be of interest to others outside the confined circle of "boating men:"

"Ever since I was a boy of 6," said the young man. "I have been accustomed to rowing in small boats in rough seas, and while I was still a lad I rowed some 200 miles along the Swedish coast. When I suggested the trip I have now almost accomplished the idea was eagerly taken up by some sportsmen in Gothenburg, who offered to find money for my expenses, but when the project had been published in the papers and the date determined for my departure, they withdrew, saying the responsibility was too great. But I had been training ever since April 1, rowing daily more and more hours, and I had set my heart on the voyage. So I started all the same on July 4 from Gothenburg.

"My boat is 18 feet long and 3 feet 9 inches wide. It is an ordinary rowing boat, but covered with canvas, like a canoe. The sculls are fastened to the rollocks so that they can't slip. She was made by a Chicago firm who sent her to the Stockholm Exhibition.

"When I started I had neither sufficient clothing nor food. I had left my watch at home, and had no compass: and I had only fifteen shillings in my pocket. All the coast from four miles south of Gothenburg was quite new to me, and I had a terrible time. Night after night I had to sleep in my boat, very cold and wet and hungry. One night I was the guest of a fisherman, another of a farmer, a third of a Count in his castle. Everybody offered me shelter and gave me the run of the larder. Why my voyage from Copenhagen to Kiel, which nearly took a month, only cost me twelve shillings! I stayed five days at Kiel, and then, accompanied for some distance by members of the Kiel Rowing Club, which had housed and entertained me, made my way through the Eider Canal to Tonning. Now I had had tremendous waves in the Cattegat, but had not had hitherto to reckon with heavy tides and strong currents. To avoid coming to grief on the banks at the mouth of the river Elbe, I had to go right out to sea, and had a very dangerous trip to Cuxhaven. Thence to Amsterdam, along the coast, I had the hardest work in all my journey, the sea was so rough, and the winds so strong. Besides, the Schleswig-Holstein people were not so hospitable as the Danish, and I had often great difficulty in getting a bed. After my illness I was afraid to risk sleeping out in wet things. And my clothes were always wet with rain, or with the waves constantly breaking over the Guy, often threatening to swamp her. In the Zuyder Zee I had once to row for thirty-three hours at a stretch. I nearly went out of my mind several times, and the great exertion, continued day after day, now and again thoroughly prostrated me and made me faint.

"The voyage to Amsterdam had taken three months. I went to Leyden, and thence by Rotterdam, Antwerp, Ghent, and Bruges to Nieuport by the canals. It took me more than a month to get through Holland, but two and a half days sufficed for Belgium. I rowed from Nieuport to Dunkirk on canals, and then out on the sea again to Calais, which I reached on the 31st of October. For the last few days the weather had been very cold, and my legs got benumbed in a very few hours. I had once to take shelter in a lightship because of this. I had to be lifted out. You know, I have no means of keeping my legs dry, and I only wear short woolen trousers to match my two jerseys and cap. I want to row all the way to London round the Forelands and up the Thames, I made one unsuccessful start from Calais, but I did not get away early enough, and the tides proved too much for me."

Another Escape from Siberia.

The current number of *Free Russia*, the organ of the Friends of Russian Freedom, reports the escape of another political prisoner from Siberia. The Russian's name is Leonidas Shishko, and he gives the following summary of sixteen years of suffering and trials almost unparalleled:—"Leonidas Shishko, born in 1852, arrested in 1874 for propaganda among the workmen of St. Petersburg, and kept for four years in preliminary confinement. Tried in 1878, and condemned to nine years' penal servitude. Sent to Kara convict prison. After four years of confinement there, transferred to Chita, then to Tomsk, then to Irkoutsk. Escaped from the latter in the autumn of 1890, and reached Europe safely, without any adventures." He was educated for the army, but on winning promotion he resigned to join a revolutionary society. Stepniak speaks of Shishko as one of the mildest of men, and Sophia Perovskaia was wont to praise his pure nature. His career prior to imprisonment only lasted eighteen months. His sight gave way as a direct result of imprisonment, and the doctors declared that unless he were set free he would become totally blind. But for him there seemed no chance of release. Shishko's blindness became worse and worse, so that at last he could neither read nor write. Fortunately freedom seems likely to bring him back his sight; at any rate an able Paris oculist gives him every hope. This Russian visited London in the summer, but it was not deemed advisable then to publish the news of his escape.

There is at Baltimore, Ireland, a fishing school where boys receive instruction in all branches of a sea fisherman's work, and in such allied industries as net making, boat-building, cooperage and sail-making.

Two Chicago inventors have patented an artificial ice skating rink. It consists of an iron tank, through which run ammonia pipes with which to melt the ice when it becomes necessary to provide a fresh smooth surface.

A sign of politeness in Thibet on meeting a person is to hold up the clasped hands and stick out the tongue. When a man dies one-half of his property goes to charity and the other half to the lamas. His family gets nothing.

Christmas Shadows.

The needles have dropped from her nerveless hands,
As she watches the dying embers glow,
For out from the broad old chimney-place
Come ghostly shadows of "long ago;"
Shadows that carry her back again
To the time of her childhood's artless joy:
Shadows that show her a tiny row
Of stockings awaiting the Christmas toy;
Shadows that show her the faces loved
Of many a half-forgotten friend:
And the Christmas eve it is passing by
With only the shadows of "Auld Lang Syne,"
The clock is ticking the moments on,
While the tears in her aged eyes still shine,

If only out from the silent world—
The world of shadows which mock her so—
One might return to his vacant chair,
To sit with her in the firelight's glow!
If only—was that a white, white hand
That seemed to beckon her out of the gloom?
Or was it the embers' last bright flash
That startled the shadows around the room?

The Christmas eve has passed at length;
A glorious day from the night is born:
The shadows are gone from earth away,
And bells are ringing for Christmas morn.
But, ah! by the broad old chimney-place
The angel of death keeps watch alone,
For straight to the Christ-child's beckoning arms
A longing spirit hath gladly flown.

Vacant Places.

Draw more closely round the fire,
While the merry blazeleaps higher,
And the crimson shadows fall
Down the floor and on the wall,
Draw the curtains close for fear
Earth's gray surface cold and drear
Coldly draw the glow away
From our hearth this Christmas Day.

Hark—the sound of pealing bells!
With the wind it sinks and swells;
Loud it swells and softly dies,
Like some sweet soul to the skies
Rapt away, that leaves the earth
Sadder for the vanished mirth,
Darker for the vanished ray—
Bells are sad on Christmas Day.

Draw your chairs more closely round;
Let no tiny gap be found—
Let there be no empty space
That might seem a vacant place
Waiting for a disused chair,
With a young face smiling there,
As it smiled so blithe and gay
Just a year ago to-day!

O sad hearts that would forget,
But whom Mem'ry still doth fret,
Cease to see the perished grace,
Slender form and loving face,
Bleeding as the joyous bell
Tolls for joy a funeral knell!
Think instead how far away
They too keep this Christmas Day!

Yea: for sorrow comes to all,
And its shadows blackest fall
Where the fullest sunshine glowed.
Henceforth we must take the road
With slow footsteps—bear alone
Woes our lost ones ne'er have known;
And "Thank God for this!" we'll say
'Midst our tears on Christmas Day.

A vacant place—an empty chair—
Who but doth this sorrow share?
Though grief well-nigh be forgot,
What heart beats where grief is not?
Still, oh, still the chiming bell
Tidings of great joy doth tell,
And we with our lost ones may
Once more keep our Christmas Day!

Brevities.

Hark! the bells of Christmas ringing,
All abroad their echoes flinging,
Wilder still and wider winging
On the waste of wintry air;
On their solemn, swift vibrations,
Rapture, rapture through the nations,—
Rapture, till their glad pulsations
Million blissful bosoms share.

Hark! the Christmas bells resounding,
Earth's old jargon all confounding!
Round the world their tumult, bounding,
Spreads Immanuel's matchless fame!
Million hands their offering bringing,
Million hearts around Him clinging,
Million tongues Hosanna singing,
Swell the honors of His name!

Crown Him, monarchs, seers, and sages,
Crown Him, bards, in deathless pages;
Crown Him King of all the ages!
Let the mighty anthem rise.
Hark! the crash of tuneful noises;
Hark! the children's thrilling voices;
Hark! the world in song rejoices,
Till the chorus shakes the skies.

Christmas Bells.

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Till ringing, singing, on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime,
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

But in despair I bowed my head—
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
"For hate is strong
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men."

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep,
"God is not dead, nor doth he sleep!
The wrong shall fail,
The right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Henry W. Longfellow.

Christmas and New-Year's Day.

There are scarlet gems in Winter's Crown,
And they shine through the showering snow;
There are gleams of light from the berries white
Of the shy-leaved mistletoe:
There is laughter and glee
While the blast blows free,
And the boughs are bare
To the frosty air,
And mirth is merry and mocks despair.

There are glad gay sounds in Winter's voice,
As it rings out the welcome strain;
"Draw near, draw near, for your Christmas cheer,
Now the old King comes again;"
And laughter and glee
Alone greet me,
Though my locks are gray
As the short-lived day,
Yet I love and live for the young and gay.

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There are sadder tones in the frosty air.
And a sadder voice to sigh;
For the dear old King has gone to rest,
And the dear Old Year must die;
So lay it low in a shroud of snow,
Beneath the midnight sky.

Ring out, glad bells, from far and near,
Ring over the tossing sea;
Ring out for the birth of the glad New Year,
So happy a year to be!

O "day, of the Year," with hopes all bright,
Though the earth be dull and gray
We welcome you in the pale sweet light
Of the day that has passed away.

Ring out, ring out, from the world apart,
O bells, so blithe and gay;
Your message and you stand heart to heart,
As you speak to us all to-day.

Ring out o'er lands that are near and dear,
Or, ever so far away,
Till the welcome sound its way has found,
And we echo its joy for aye!

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

A Little Advice Which if Followed Will Make the Day Happy

If the little ones wake you up before daybreak on Christmas morning by the tooting of their horns and the beating of drums, don't feel annoyed, but remember that you were once a little fellow yourself and probably twice as noisy. Grin and bear it between the cat naps that will follow, and when sleep is no longer among the possibilities get up and wish everybody a

"Merry Christmas!"

Say it to every member of the family from the little toddler to the old gray-haired man sitting in the corner. Kiss your sisters, wife and mother as you call the merry greeting to them, and shake hands with your brothers and cousins.

Don't think that because you wear good clothes and a diamond "Merry Christmas" has become a "chestnut." Bring it out with an emphasis that grows stronger as you repeat it, and if you do and think a moment of the "day" you'll find a tear of joy attending the last greeting.

After breakfast, if you get any, jump in and set the little ones a going. As a matter of fact they won't need much urging and a little assistance will go a great way. Don't feel alarmed at the racket. They'll become tired before you ought to.

Above all avoid all unpleasantness, any little difference that is liable to arise in the most harmonious family, any words with any one; don't scold the children, no matter what their faults are.

One despot will shed a gloom over your home so deep that for the time being you'll feel like going out and jumping off a pier.

When the shades of night have fallen and there are little ones about, light the candles on the Christmas tree and draw around with them.

If you haven't got a Christmas tree, because your funds are short, the nearest grocer will trust you for one.

Just take into consideration the possibility of an absence of one of the little shining faces on next Christmas Day, and how you will miss its happy smile and joyful "Ah! Ain't that pretty!" as the candles flare up on the entrancing scene, bringing to view the yellow tin dogs and red birds among the green boughs.

Not leaving the little ones too hurriedly, and hoping that they may remain long with you, be sure and keep your eye on the candles, for its the easiest thing in the world for the tree to catch on fire, and if your house burns down you won't get any insurance—if the papers burn up.

While the candles are burning start up a Christmas song or carol—one of those you used to sing in church at the Christmas festival or at the time you got your book and box of candy with the others. If your voice has you or you don't know one note from another, let somebody else do the starting and then either keep still and listen to the others or try to keep as near the tune as possible. You had better try at any rate. You'll feel better, even if you're not in harmony, and the others will forgive you, for they can easily see that you are doing the best you can.

By the time the candles are out, there will probably be some callers in the room. If not, perhaps you'll make a call yourself. Spend the night pleasantly and don't go to bed early unless you are sick. Stay up as long as you can hold your eyes open and be as gay as you can to the bitter end, never forgetting that.

Christmas comes but once a year,
And when it comes it brings good cheer.

You may be late at the office on Saturday morning, but don't let that bother you; the boss won't be there until noon.

And now, sir, married man or bachelor, rich or poor, I can simply wish you "a merry Christmas."

Christmas Land.

Who has the key of Christmas Land?
Where the bonfire shines,
And the holly twines,
Carollers sing—a merry band—
And stars are bright o'er that fair strand—
Who has the key of Christmas Land?

Light are the hearts in Christmas Land;
In each group you meet
There are faces sweet.
Bosoms young and guileless are there,
And brows not yet wrinkled with care—
Who has the key of Christmas Land?

Dear baby hearts in Christmas Land,
We want to be near,
And join in your cheer
When the tree with its strange fruit bends
And you wait for what Santa sends—
Who has the key of Christmas Land?

Love has the key of Christmas Land.
Oh! come, Cherub Love,
With wings like the dove,
Spread over hearts thy light of peace,
Sow for a harvest full of increase—
Open the gates of Christmas Land!

Open the gates of Christmas Land;
There is much to do
And the days are few.
Bid all men set Charity free;
By thy grace, let us see there be
None of God's poor in Christmas Land.

—William Lyle.

Try hard cider—a wine-glass full three times a day—for ague and rheumatism.

The Emperor of Germany has recently taken a step which, however well-intentioned, will hardly serve to strengthen his authority. He has especially requested the Minister of Justice to submit proposals for taxing the keepers of houses of ill-fame. The social conditions which have prompted this action are indeed very distressing. While on the one hand Berlin has in late years been making giant strides in material progress, the misery of the lowest classes has been no less increased; and along with this increase prostitution goes hand in hand, and has gradually acquired formidable dimensions. The worst offenders in the promotion of this institution are the brothel-keepers, and it is determined to bring the utmost pressure to bear against them, however difficult it may be, by keeping within the limits of the law, to carry out the Emperor's programme in its entirety and banish them from the country. The movement is naturally a welcome one to the Social-Democrats whose chief organ, the Berlin *Vorwarts*, declares that prostitution is a logical and most necessary feature of the existing social organization, and that only a State based on Socialistic institutions could bring about the desired improvement. It is observable that the evil which is assailed by William has reached such dimensions in Paris that Minister of Justice Fallieres has prepared a measure for dealing with it that will be immediately submitted to the Chamber of Deputies.