

LATE FOREIGN NEWS.

The Czar of Russia personally spends about \$10,000,000 annually.

Emperor William toasts the Czar in public, but in private they say he roasts him.

New South Wales will impose a five per cent. tax on the income derived from property in the colony by absentee owners.

The Czar's present to the Emperor of Germany was a Russian diadem in pearls and diamonds and worth \$50,000.

The landau used by Marshall Bazaine during the siege of Metz is now used as a postal wagon between two villages in Lorraine.

Nikita, ruler of the Montenegrins, is said to drive a thrifty bargain with such of his people as need loans, the interest being here from 18 to 30 per cent.

A new party is being formed in Germany whose object is to dump Caprivi. The intention is to attack him on his commercial, his colonial, and his military policy.

Sir Archibald Alison, son of the famous author, is about to retire from the Queen's service, in which he has had a half-century's experience as a soldier, winning distinction in all the campaigns of that period.

A woman at Redruth died recently from food-poisoning caused by rubbing a small sore on her face with her black kid glove. Inflammation set in, her head swelled enormously, and she died after a very brief illness.

Tobacco and snuff has long been supplied to the paupers in the Lambeth workhouse, and now the Board of Guardians has passed a resolution: "That the old women in the workhouse who do not take snuff be supplied with sweets."

The British Isles, as has been fully told in the cable despatches, have also experienced unusually severe weather this winter. Altogether, as reports from all quarters agree, the present winter has been a remarkable one for woe-wearers in Europe.

Packs of wolves have appeared at Belgrade and other towns in Servia. At Pozarevatz a girl was devoured by the famished brutes, and stories of similar tragedies have come from various parts of Europe. The cold in Bohemia and Servia has been extreme.

The King of the Belgians, accompanied by several of his staff, will visit the Congo country in April. The old man will thus rid himself for a time from the attentions of the Belgian anarchists.

War and glory have been costly things to France. Between 1792 and 1815 she sacrificed one-half of the 4,500,000 soldiers whom she sent to fight her battles. War has cost her in this century not far from 6,000,000 lives.

A truly Arcadian community was discovered recently, quite by accident, in Sardinia. A petition was received by the Government from "the inhabitants of Saliti," asking permission to form a separate community instead of their remaining an integral part of Budosio, a town forty miles away. No one knew where Saliti was, and a reconnaissance was sent to discover it and report on it.

There has been a great yearly diminution during the last ten years in the number of soldiers in military or civil prisons in England and Wales. In 1884 there were 1,117 soldiers in English prisons; in 1891 there were 433, and on the 31st of last December there were but 44. Last year not one soldier was sentenced to penal servitude. The expulsons for misconduct have decreased since 1888 from 2,020 to 1,690.

French War Office experts are divided in opinion concerning the value or danger of Eiffel's Tower in case of a siege of Paris. German staff officers have written quite freely about the matter, principally holding the view that the tower would afford a fine target. Some French officers agree with this view; others say the forts around the city would afford an excellent post for observation. From it the operations of an enemy could be observed for a radius of forty-four miles.

The cold has been excessive in St. Petersburg, and for weeks wood fires have been burned in the squares and streets of the city in an effort to make necessary outdoor business endurable. The streets have, however, been practically deserted. The double windows in the stores and houses are mostly iced over and frozen up. From north and central Russia a temperature of thirty to thirty-nine degrees below zero is reported, which is twenty-seven degrees below the average. In Siberia it has fallen to forty-five degrees below zero.

The bitter cold that has prevailed and was still prevailing two weeks ago throughout Germany has far exceeded in intensity anything experienced there for many years.

The snowfall, too, especially in Berlin, has been the heaviest in years. Traffic in the streets of the capital has been completely interrupted several times this winter. Two weeks ago the temperature in the city was 9° below zero. Railway traffic has been interrupted all over the empire, and the cold has been most severe. Many people have perished from cold, and three such deaths occurred in Berlin on Jan. 18. The port of Hamburg has been completely closed by ice, and some twelve days ago all the shipping in the harbor, including 126 large steamers and over 100 large sailing ships, were ice-bound. Navigation in the Baltic has almost entirely ceased.

The Sport of Ski-Running.

Of all the sports which your typical Norseman enjoys there is none he loves more than that of ski-running. Upon the long slender wooden runners, which are less than six inches in width and from eight to ten feet in length, he can travel over mountain and plain, up the precipitous hills, and down long, steep declivities; while the swiftest steed would be left far behind. The skier is bound about the feet by strong straps or writhes, and they remain fast when it would seem they would be lost at every step. One of the most interesting things about the sport of ski-running is the act of speed-contesting—the racing down long, snow-clad hills, sometimes several miles in length, at the bottom of which there is a steep break in the course called a "precipice."

From this precipitous point the runner jumps high in the air, while going at a terrific rate of speed, and, after describing an arc in the sky, he alights on the snow below.

This feat, which at first sight seems so dangerously near the suicidal line, is, as a matter of fact, no more dangerous than many another sport, and the accidents are few, for those who make the jumper have been trained in the skiman's arts. In the Fotherland the annual tournaments held in the leading cities are the great sporting events of the year, and the King grants the attraction of his presence when the great jumpers are to enter the lists.

In America this wonderful interesting sport is just beginning to be appreciated.

It is one of our foreign importations which is absolutely unobjectionable. Minnesota is the home of the sport in this country, and the National Association has its headquarters in that State. The champion skier of the world, Thorger Hemmestvedt, who has won the greatest honors in Norway and America, lives in the little city of Red Wing, in that State. He has a wonderful record, having jumped, by official measurement, the great distance of one hundred and three feet. When the runner reaches the precipice he gives a spring, and then, holding his body firm and yet not in an awkward pose, he sails like a bird through the wintry air.

The skier is used for commercial purposes, too, and in Scandinavia they are indispensable adjuncts to the comfort of travellers in the wild, mountainous regions. Men, women and children make use of them for all the purposes of locomotion.

As the sport becomes better known in this country, through the efforts of its adherents to promote it, the natives Americans take more interest, and it possesses so many advantages that there is no reason why it should not become a very popular and permanent sport wherever there are the requisites now and the hill and dale so necessary for its utmost development.

ADREIT ON AN ICEBERG.

A Remarkable Experience of Five Sailors.

The north observation had placed us eighty miles south of Cape Farewell, and from the crew's best observations we calculated the last of these were five large icebergs in sight. The wind had been dying away for the most part of an hour, and at length we rounded the west side of a great berg it fell a dead calm, and two miles away we beheld another whaler. It was early spring at the cape, but a finer day in that latitude no sailor ever saw. The sun shone bright and warm, the air was balmy, and except for the icebergs there was no reminder of the season and its dangers.

Our bark was the John Stafford of New Bedford, and the other craft proved to be the Mermaid of Liverpool. When the whaling ships can make it convenient to do so, they always board each other and compare notes, exchange books and papers, and if one ship is lacking in medicines or supplies, the other always sells her what is needed. It had been seven months since any of us had seen a strange face, and all were highly delighted at the idea of a "gam," or visit. No matter if only five or six out of our crew of fifty could go, they would exchange our books and bring back all the news. Ten minutes after we caught sight of the brig Captain called. Our chief officer, Mr. Davis, then obtained permission to pull off to the stranger. Indeed, it was etiquette that we should make the exchange. While the four of us who were to go with the mate were cleaning up and rigging out in our best he was getting the boat ready. When we came on deck we found the men slyly poking fun at Old Careful, as Mr. Davis had been nicknamed, who had blocked the boat as if intending to make a voyage of a thousand miles. He had done once been cast away and undergone great sufferings, and after that he would not even lower for a whale without having his boat provisioned. While he was a splendid sailor and a fine officer, and while every one gave him credit for bravery, this notion of his was considered "womanish" and held in contempt.

We went the stranger after a pull of ten or twelve minutes over a sea almost as quiet as a mill pond, and for two hours were royally entertained. We did not put off until the Captain's boat returned. He sent to Capt. Clark a jar of pickles, six cans of preserved peaches, a pound of tobacco, and a smoked ham. What articles were sent him in return he did not say, but it was a "dicker" between the two Captains. When we left the brig the sky was as clear and the sun as bright as you ever saw them. We had not pulled half the distance when

A SQUALL CAME DOWN

on us from the north with the speed of a bullet. There was not the slightest warning of what was coming. In an instant the sky grew dark and the squall struck, and before we had pulled three times our length it was snowing as no man ever saw the flakes come down except off Cape Horn. The squall caught both ships totally unprepared, and both suffered considerable damage.

It wasn't two minutes before the spray was flying over us and to save the boat from foundering she had to be brought head to the north. The fierce gusts seemed to dig great holes in the water, and we dropped from one into another in a way to startle everybody. The bark was due west of us and a mile away when the skull struck. Even if she could have held her position we could not have reached her. Had the light craft been brought broadside to the gusts she would have been upset in a trice. A sailor is always proud of his officers when they prove themselves seafaring men. I have always remembered with pride how quickly Mr. Davis grasped the situation. We were pulling four oars. Under his order they were dashed together and flung overboard for a drag inside of two minutes. Almost any other mate would have made a push for the breeze, but with a sailor's common sense Mr. Davis kept the men to their oars. With her head to the wind the bark rode like a duck, but while the sea was struggling to get up it did seem as if she would be knocked to pieces in the turmoil. If you were to be seated in a box and drawn over the surface of a mountain you would find it a pretty fair comparison. If you were standing on the walk and a man were leaning over the side, you would wonder how he got no more of it than fell upon us. We had to throw the water out with the bailers and the snow with our hands or find the boat sinking under us.

"It's not so bad as it looks," said Mr. Davis to us, as the sea began to get up and the boat rode easier. "The chances are that the squall won't last long, and we shall find the old barkie in sight when the sun comes out again."

We felt that we might almost count on that, and yet we were doomed to disappointment. There wasn't over an hour of daylight left when the squall came down, and when night fell the gusts had settled down into a steady gale. The snow-storm passed over with the puff and gusts, and then, of course, we looked for the light of the ships. No one was more than temporarily disappointed that we could not make them out. We would drive much faster than the bark or brig if they lay to, and if they had to run before they they were miles ahead of us to the south. At about six o'clock each man snuggled down to make himself as comfortable as possible, and it was an hour later when the breakers came to our ears. Every one instantly divined that we were drifting

DOWN UPON AN ICEBERG,

and that we were also perfectly helpless in the matter. To have pulled in that drag would have been fatal. Before the oars could have been detached and flung out the boat would have been in the trough of the sea. Perhaps every man was praying to his God as the roaring grew nearer and the ghostly glare of the berg came to us through the darkness. We missed the northwest corner of the berg by not more than twenty feet, and the spray of a breaking wave half filled our craft.

We drifted along in sight of the great island of ice for ten minutes before reaching its southern face, and then a current drew us into the lee of it, and we knew that we were temporarily saved. Now we got in our drag and put out the oars, and after rowing to the east for about a mile we found an inlet or bay and ran in and made fast. This bay extended back into the berg a quarter of a mile and was about 100 feet in width. It was like a river flowing down to the sea through great cliffs. We were perfectly sheltered here, and by the light of the boat's lantern we made a hearty meal of our provisions and then turned in for an all night's sleep. The weather had become freezing cold but all were warmly clad, and we had the sail of the boat to cover us in.

We could hear the wind howling above us and feel the berg tremble as the great waves flung themselves against the opposite face, but every man slept till daylight without a break. I have called the mass of ice an iceberg. Perhaps "ice island" would be a better term for it, as when we came to inspect it by daylight we found it to be over a mile long on each face. It was as if two bergs had stood

still within a mile of each other until field ice had wedged between and frozen solid. The bergs were two mountains, and the field ice was the plain between, only the plain was great masses of ice heaped up in the grandest confusion.

The gale was still piping away and a tremendous sea running when we awoke, and of course we had no thought of leaving the shelter we had so luckily discovered. The first move after breakfast was to get to the top of the nearest mountain and have a look for the ships. Mr. Davis took this task upon himself, but he made no discovery to reward his efforts. He, however, got a good idea of the size and lay of our island, and selected a place for landing. When he returned we left the bay and pulled along to the east and landed upon a sort of shelf. We had the material at hand to build a hut, and before noon we had an ice cabin big enough to comfortably hold the five of us and the stores from our boat. While the bergs were being unloaded Mr. Davis and I made our way over the hummocks to the north to a heap of driftwood he had caught sight of when on the mountain. We found three or four dwarf pines, a log, two planks from a ship's bottom, portions of a cook's galley, two wood-bottomed chairs, and a broken cabin table. Those things told of a wreck, but we did not extend our search until three days later. The temperature began to fall, the wind to veer to the northwest, and by the time we had made two trips for fuel we were

CANA JA'S ELDORADO.

Interesting Interview With Mr. Mara, M. P. for Yale and Kootenay.

Mr. J. A. Mara, M. P. for Yale and Kootenay and an old Toronto boy, is at present in Ottawa. Mr. Mara is never tired of singing the praises of his constituency, of its prospects and its mineral wealth. In an interview the other day he gave some valuable information in regard to mining prospects. He said:

Mining in Yale-Kootenay has been prosecuted more vigorously and with greater success than in any previous year. On the North Thompson, 60 miles above Kamloops, several silver leads have been discovered that will be worked this year. The Kamloops Coal Company are working a four foot seam of bituminous coal and expect to ship as soon as navigation opens 1,200 tons a month. The Glen Iron Company at Cherry Creek have shipped last year 2,000 tons of iron to Tacoma for fluxing purposes. At Fairview Camp, Okanagan, English and Montreal capitalists, represented by Messrs. Reynolds and Atwood, have purchased a large stamp mill and intend erecting a large stamp mill either at Fairview or Okanagan Falls. In East Kootenay the Thunder Hill Company are erecting concentrating works, which they expect to have completed in March. They intend shipping the concentrates to Golden, B. C., or Great Falls, Montana.

The North Star, a mine that was discovered last fall and sold to Messrs. Mann and Holt for \$40,000, is being developed this winter. The mine shows an extraordinary body of ore; the vein is over 30 feet wide and the galena assays 60 ounces in silver and 60 per cent. lead. It was at first thought that the ore would have to be shipped to Jennings on the Great Northern, but now there is a probability of it being brought to Golden and treated there.

THE KOOTENAY RIVER

from Fort Steel to Canal Flat, is navigable for light draught steamers if a few obstructions are removed. This the Government contemplate doing, and Capt. Armstrong, of Golden, is building a steamer for that trade. But it is in West Kootenay that the richest discoveries have been made and where the greatest amount of development work has been done. The Slocan mines were only discovered a little over a year ago, and that district is to-day pronounced by experienced mining experts to be the richest silver-mining field in North America. The ores are chiefly silver and lead and are much higher grade than the silver mines in the neighbouring states. Hundreds of tons of ore have been shipped to Tacoma and Great Falls at a cost of from \$75 to \$100 a ton, yielding a handsome profit to the mine owner. A number of the mines which worked all winter and there hailed over the snow on raw hides to Kaslo and Nakusp. Kaslo is an illustration of the rapid growth of a new town in a mining district. A year ago there was a single log cabin on the town site. To-day there is a lively, progressive town, with a population of 800. The buildings are of a substantial character, the streets are graded and the people support an enterprising weekly paper.

North of Slocan are the Lardau mines. These discoveries were made late last fall and bid fair to rival the Slocan in richness. The ore is not as high grade in silver, but carries some gold, and the ore bodies are larger. Several claims are bonded to English capitalists,

who will proceed to develop them upon the opening of navigation. Between the Lardau and the C. P. R. are situated the Fish Creek mines. Mr. Ryckman, M. P., spent last season there, and believes he has several valuable locations that will be worked by an English syndicate. He has a specimen in room 16 that assays 175 ounces in silver and 60 per cent. lead.

The richness of West Kootenay is an assurance of the great wealth now being developed, and a great rift appeared right through the centre. We launched the boat and pulled to what I called the east moultain. This was blue-white ice on a glacier. In size at the base it would have covered twenty acres of land, while its highest point from the berg was fully 200 feet. When the ice field connecting it with the other berg should break up this big lump would be in no wise affected. By noon of the seventh day we had transferred ourselves to the berg and erected another shelter, and were not an hour too soon. The rift through the centre continued to widen and deepen, and by and by there was a great crash as the two bergs were separated. The waves then made short work of the driftwood hanging to their bases. Before sundown our majestic berg had no encumbrance, and was drifting along so steadily that it was hard to believe it was afloat. For three days and nights nothing happened worth relating, except that we harpooned and secured two seals as they crawled upon a ledge on the sunny side of the berg. As the winds were light our craft had no motion, except with the current. On the morning of the fourth day, before daylight had yet come, our craft crashed into a berg which had probably grounded, and our escape from

AMATEUR HYPNOTISING.

A Man Throws His Friend Into a State of Unconsciousness, but Fails to Restore Him.

A despatch from New York says:—Thomas Esmonde, who lives at 222 Christie street, New York, was hypnotised by his friend, Robert Kremer, 224 East 85th street, the other night in the latter's room. Kremer has for a long time believed he was a born hypnotist, and he secured a pupil of Prof. E. G. Johnson. Esmonde was a bosom friend of Kremer's, and was the latter's favourite subject. Esmonde called on Kremer last night, bringing a friend with him. Kremer was anxious to exhibit his wonderful power over Esmonde, and after some hesitation the latter consented. The amateur hypnotist placed his subject in a chair and then fastening his eyes on the subject, he passed his hand over Esmonde's face. Gradually Esmonde became passive. He was pinched, pricked with a needle, his hair pulled, and he was otherwise maltreated without giving any indication that he experienced pain. Kremer was delighted. He had never before been so successful. "Now I'll bring him to," he said. He made more passes, but Esmonde continued to stare vacantly before him. Kremer became frightened and redoubled his efforts, but with no result. After half an hour of vain effort Kremer, frightened almost out of his wits, sent for Dr. Loewen-gow. The physician hastened to Kremer's room where he found Esmonde completely prostrated. He was breathing heavily and in an alarming condition, his body being rigid and his hands and feet as cold as ice. While the doctor worked over the young man Kremer summoned his teacher, Johnson. Johnston quickly arrived, but his efforts to restore Esmonde were no more successful than had been those of Kremer and the physician. At one o'clock this morning Esmonde was still partly unconscious though his condition had improved slightly. Esmonde was restored to consciousness early next morning by Prof. Johnson.

North Greenland.

Professor Angelo Heilprin recently gave a very interesting address on "The Scientific Results of the Peary Expedition," illustrated by photographs projected by the lantern, before the Engineers' Club of Philadelphia.

The expedition under Lieutenant Peary did not have for its object, as many erroneously supposed, a nearer approach to the North Pole than had yet been reached, but was planned with a definite object, the determination of the northern boundaries of Greenland, which was carried out with unusual fidelity. The basis of operations was not, as usual, the steamship, but the mainland, and the trip extended from McCormick Bay northeastward across the ice cap. The entire return distance—1,300 miles—was accomplished on foot, sledges being used only to carry supplies, etc.

The country was found to be bounded by a chain of mountains on both the eastern and western shores, and the trip started at the western shore at an elevation of from 2,500 to 3,000 feet, and continued rising to the apex of the Humboldt Glacier. The ice cap terminated about 82° north latitude, and open country followed it northward. The northeastern coast was reached in latitude 81° 37', about 4½° further north than had yet been discovered. This point the directions and general character of the coast in both directions were established for a considerable distance, although it could not be closely explored, on account of the rugged basaltic boulders with which it was everywhere covered. The physical features were found to be quite uniform throughout the country. The mountain ranges averaged about 5,000 feet height, occasionally reaching 10,000 feet or higher. The basaltic bluffs and boulders on the coast, and the numerous firds, made it very similar to that of Norway. Inland, between the mountain ranges, there is an apparently endless sea of ice, entirely covering and hiding the true topography.

The expedition solved the problem of the northern termination of Greenland, by showing that it does not extend so near the pole, or northeastward, as has been generally supposed. It was also found that glaciers were projected northward toward the pole, and therefore Greenland could hardly have had any connection with the American ice of the great Ice Age, as has often been supposed by geologists.

A narrow border country, having a good vegetable growth and an animal life identical with that of northern Alaska, was all around Greenland. The summer temperature there is about the same as that of a mild winter here; the winters are much colder than in this locality, but not more so than in some of our Western States.

There is a very perfect, but very diminutive, forest growth of birch and willow. Popples, anemones, buttercups, and other bright colored flowers bloom in favored localities, and butterflies and mosquitoes are abundant.

The country, up to the 73°, belongs to Denmark; north of that is No Man's Land, probably because its resources have not made it worth an official claim and protection.

The true Equinox are found north of Melville Bay, and new number approximately 250°. They seemingly observe no religious forms whatsoever; they live largely upon uncooked food, are quick of perception and in adapting means to ends, and are absolutely honest.

The expedition to be undertaken next season will attempt to completely locate the northern boundary of the country and to study the open sea beyond.

Use of the Steam Engine in Oyster Culture.

Certain varieties of the oyster are very sensitive to extreme cold, and the recent severe frost so seriously threatened the 30,000,000 oysters stored for the winter in the ponds at Haying Island that for several days a steam engine was employed to keep the ponds thawed and supplied with water, and large coal and coke fires were kept burning night and day upon the banks.

The Spanish peasant works every day and dances half the night, and yet eats only his black bread, onion, and water melon. The Smyrna porter eats only a little fruit and some olives, yet he walks off with his load of 200 pounds.

The Roman soldiers who built such wonderful roads and carried a weight of armour and luggage that would crush the average farm hand, lived on coarse brown bread and sour wine. They were temperate in diet and regular and constant in exercise.

In France there is an unwritten but immutable law that a painting shall not be exhibited without the artist's consent, no matter what the wishes of the viewer may be. And now a literary and artistic congress in session at Milan, Italy, has decided that the right of reproduction does not pass to the buyer of the picture.

INSTANT DESTRUCTION

was miraculous. The south side, or a large portion of it, was split off, leaving our hut standing on the very edge of a cliff sixty feet high. We had to cut our way through the back wall to escape. Our boat went with the ice, and within two hours the berg had broken up into pieces. This movement took place very slowly, and brought us on the crest of the lump, instead of being on a shelf near the water. We soon had another hut up and our goods inside of it, and the next day we made another strange find.

Inclosed in that portion of the berg which must have been forty feet under water before the collision was a native Greenland in full dress, with a sealing spear in his hand. We figured that in crossing some glacier he had pitched forward into it, and when we chopped him out we could not find that he had been injured by the fall. His eyes were open, his lips slightly parted, and but for his stiffness one would have been inclined to speak to him as if he had not got the spear without knocking off his head, and in so we did not take it. We got his knife and a sort of game bag, however, and also some hand-made horn buttons from his clothing. He might have been dead one year or 100 years for all we could tell, as the ice would have preserved the body indefinitely. We heaved it into the sea after a while, and it disappeared from sight like a stone. For the next eight days we moved steadily southward with the current, and the weather continued to grow milder. At 9 o'clock on the morning of the ninth day we sighted a sail, made a smoke as a signal, and at noon were taken off safe and sound by the brig Frost King, bound from St. John's, N. F., to the Shelburn Islands. It was the year before we heard from the two whaling ships. Both were sadly knocked about in the furious gale, but both weathered it, and so it came about that the loss of the yawl was the only one sustained throughout the whole adventure.