

THE NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

THE VERY LATEST FROM ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Interesting Items About Our Own Country, Great Britain, the United States, and All Parts of the Globe, Condensed and Assorted for Easy Reading.

CANADA.

Parliament will meet on February 2nd.

The trolley system has been inaugurated on the Hamilton & Dundas Railway.

W. H. H. Graham of Irvington, Ind., has been appointed United States Consul to Winnipeg.

It is expected that the Molsons Bank of Montreal, will extend its business by opening a branch at Vancouver, B. C.

Rev. Wm. MacGuig is suing the City of Montreal for \$6,500 damages for delay in removing a smallpox patient from his hospital.

Policeman McLaughlin, of Ottawa, who shot and wounded an escaping thief, and who was charged with shooting with intent, has been acquitted.

The Dominion Government has decided to adopt the postal note system as it prevails in Great Britain for the transmission of currency through the mails.

Mr. W. W. Ogilvie has sent a cheque for five hundred dollars to St. Boniface hospital, in addition to giving one thousand dollars to the Winnipeg General Hospital.

Owing to the demands of the Yukon district on the Mounted Police, it is likely that the Dominion Government will abandon its declared intention to reduce the force, and, instead, augment it considerably.

There is likely to be trouble between the Dominion Government and Newfoundland over the ownership of Labrador. Its shores have been annexed to Newfoundland for judicial reasons, and now the island would like to claim all.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Lady Millais, widow of Sir John Millais, the late president of the Royal Academy, is dead.

Owing to the objection of Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, the reduction in postage on letters from Canada to other parts of the British Empire has been postponed.

UNITED STATES.

The New York Sun says the United States pension rolls are "padded" beyond belief.

Charles A. Bolmay will be hanged at Bridgeport, Conn., April 14th, for the murder of Geo. M. Nichols.

The manufacturers of Fall River, Mass., have decided upon a reduction of wages, and the operatives appear to be in favor of opposition.

Evidence has been adduced to show that the gag, the whip, the dark cell and bread and water diet are in use in the Protestant Episcopal House of Mercy, for Girls, at Inwood, N. Y.

Representative Johnson, of North Dakota, says it cost the United States Government \$224,514 to make an unsuccessful claim for damages before the Paris tribunal on the seal fisheries.

A despatch from Washington intimates that President McKinley will urge on Congress the early payment of the claims of the Canadian sealers awarded by the joint commission.

Miss Leila Horlert, daughter of the ex-Secretary of the United States Navy, committed suicide at Washington by jumping head-first from the third storey window of her father's residence.

The jury in the trial of George A. C. Orme, of Elmira, N. Y., rendered a verdict of not guilty of murder, the defence being that the man died from the effects of the "x" rays used in searching for the bullet.

Twenty persons were injured at a crossing of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad between Passaic and Delaware, N. J. They were in a stage, which was struck by a train. Those fatally injured are Wm. Crane, Wm. Moran and Charles Swenke, all of Passaic.

GENERAL.

Banks in Bombay, and Bengal, India, have increased the rate of discount from 6 to 7 per cent.

There has been a renewal of conflicts between Mussulmans and Christians on the Island of Crete.

Princess Hohenlohe, wife of the German Imperial Chamberlain, is dead. She was sixty-eight years of age.

Racial animosities in Austria have extended to the army, and there have been many serious fights in the barracks.

Sixteen persons were killed as a result of the fire-tam explosion in the Kaiserstuhl II, pit at Dortmund, Prussia.

Count Esterhazy, who is said to be the "real traitor" and not Dreyfus, has been committed for trial by court martial.

The Bengal Chamber of Commerce has sent an address to the Government urging that the time has arrived to adopt the gold standard.

Serious strike disorders have occurred at Barro, Spain, where a band of strikers attacked the non-strikers and many were wounded.

General Pando reports that the offer of autonomy to Cuba is rejected by the insurgents, and that the only way to finish the war is by war.

At Regla, a suburb of Havana, there was a sensational bull fight, in which four bull fighters from Spain entered the ring and killed the bulls like regular professionals.

France claims that her African expedition has been an entire success, that she has captured Domziber and Mes-

merak without firing a shot, and that she is now mistress of the Nile.

A despatch from Rome says it has just come to light that the Princess de Carini, who is separated from her husband, has been treated with great cruelty. She has been shut up by her trustee for the last five years and has only just succeeded in sending a letter to the police revealing her imprisonment.

RUSSIAN MARKET CUSTOMS.

Some of Them Might Be Adopted in this Country.

The Russian markets have many features which are worthy of our attention and some of their customs might be adopted here with profit.

Fish are sold alive, and the only dead ones are the dried ones. They are kept in stone vats of running water, and the fishwife will stand with a dozen of these marble vats about her, each filled with different kinds of fish.

Russia has some of the greatest fisheries of the world. Millions of dollars' worth of fish are taken every year from the Volga, the Caspian, and the Black Sea, and all the caviare of the world comes from here.

You see this caviare sold in cans and tubs in the markets. It looks like bird-shot sprinkled with salt water, and it is made up of the eggs of the sturgeon, which are killed for this purpose. It brings high prices, even in Russia, and is best when it is fresh.

In fact, Russians say that caviare should not be more than a month old to be good, and that you cannot get good caviare further away from the Volga than Moscow.

The meat of the sturgeon, after the caviare has been made from the eggs, is salted and sold; you can buy it for about ten cents a pound. All sorts of dried fish are eaten by the people. They are sent in great crates all over the country, and they form a large part of the diet of the peasant.

The consumption of fish is increased by the numerous Russian fasts, during which the people may not eat meat, and must confine themselves to fish.

The queerest markets of Russia are those of the winter, when all sorts of fish and meats are sold in a frozen state.

The Russian winter is so cold that these fish are caught at the beginning of it, are placed in vats, and then sold in blocks to suit the customers. The dealers buy them by the ton, and store them away for their retail customers of the winter.

Beef, mutton and poultry are frozen in the same way, and a butcher can lay in during October his full supply of meats for the next six months. The meats are frozen so hard that a knife cannot cut them, and it is necessary to saw them up or chop them with an axe. Splinters of frozen meat fly about over the market, and children and beggars collect these and take them home to their families.

There are many curious things sold in the Russian markets, and one can buy eels and snakes and chicken legs. Lamb's feet are sold as a great dainty, and calves' feet are bought for soup. Among the oils which are used by the peasants for salads and cooking is sunflower oil, and one of the great industries of this country is sunflower raising.

The peasants eat sunflower seeds in large quantities. You can hardly find a man who has not some sunflower seeds in his pocket, and everywhere you go you see women with baskets of these black and gray seeds for sale. They taste very much like pumpkin seeds, and the peasants eat them at their gatherings just as the Chinese do watermelon seeds at the theatres.

SHREDS AND PATCHES.

The greatest remedy for anger is delay.—Seneca.

There is no education like adversity.—Disraeli.

A lawyer is the only one who is glad there are so many trials in life.

She—"What do you consider his greatest fault, then?" He—"His claim that he hasn't any."

When you think you oughtn't, then you want to; when you know you can't, then you've got to.

"God bless you," is the old-fashioned summing up of sincere affection without the least smirk of stupid civility.—George Eliot.

No matter what his rank or position may be, the lover of books is the richest and happiest of the children of men.—Langford.

It's pretty hard for some people to distinguish between what they think they know and what they know they think.

The world is full of men with no other possession than experience, who would be glad to sell it for less than they paid for it.

Minds of great men may run in the same channel, but somehow the channel seems never to become overcrowded.

PRACTICAL PHILANTHROPIST.

Say, mister, won't you please give me a few cents to buy something to eat?

My friend, I will give you what you need a great deal worse. I will give you some good advice. You animated rag bag, you walking garbage box, you concrete suburban dump, in whose visible image everything that offends the senses and robs the mind of its normal and necessary optimism looms up in huge and disenchanted ugliness, disturbing that cheerful faith in the truth of Pope's dictum. Whatever is right, so indispensable to the equipage of the human soul, go and wash your dirty face.

Yes, sir. Will you please give me a few cents to buy a cake o' soap?

NEW USE FOR THE CAMERA

WE ARE MAKING PRACTICAL USE OF A FRENCHMAN'S IDEA.

An Explanation of the New Science, or Iconometry—Mountains in the Western Part of the Dominion Surveyed by the Camera—The Surveyor General of the Dominion Has Issued a Book Describing the Method.

Something like 50,000 square miles of Canada has been surveyed with the camera. Nothing comparable to this in the way of photographic surveying has been accomplished on any such scale anywhere else in the world. How the work has been accomplished and how other surveyors may learn to follow the same method has been pointed out very fully in a little book just issued from the press of the Canadian government printing bureau, written by Mr. E. Deville, surveyor general of the Dominion lands, who is probably the most experienced and accomplished photo-surveyor in the world.

This word photo-surveyor, by the way, is only a makeshift. The method of surveying with the camera being as yet comparatively little used except in restricted territories, no name for the method has come into general acceptance among surveyors. Among the names that have been suggested are photogrammetry, metropography, topography and iconometry, of which the last, which means literally a means of measuring by perspectives, is held by Mr. Deville to be perhaps the most desirable.

Names aside, the method is a most important one, enabling the surveyor to chart mountainous lands that are practically inaccessible to the carrier of chain and trident, and altogether so to the user of the plane table, and to do the work not only well but cheaply. This being the case, it seems strange that the method has not come into universal use, for it appears that though still in a sense a novel method, it is

BY NO MEANS NEW.

It originated as long ago as 1849 with the distinguished Frenchman Laussedat, who at first practiced surveying with the use of the camera lucida for making drawings, and who soon afterward substituted the camera. He published full accounts of what he had done, and, indeed, brought the photographic method to full perfection notwithstanding the relative crudeness of the implements then at command and the great difficulties of the old wet method of photography.

It is not strange, perhaps, that Laussedat found few followers in the day of the old wet plate photography; but why there have not been more of them since the dry plate came to simplify photography is not at first so clear. Mr. Deville, himself almost the first and by far the most advanced of Laussedat's disciples, explains it, however, as due to the real difficulties of the photographic method, even when practiced with all modern aids. Theoretically, it might seem the easiest thing in the world, in this day of universal push-the-button photography, to instruct the trained surveyor so that he could substitute a camera for his plane table, and at once secure excellent results. A drawing which would require hours to secure, even in outline, may be transferred to the gelatine plate, as everybody knows, in a fraction of a second. Having secured a series of such sun-records, from fixed and recorded points of observation, the photographer has but to take his negatives home, print enlarged pictures from them, and proceed to his real surveying in his office.

But in practice, Mr. Deville assures us, the case is quite different, and his warning is the more to be heeded because it comes from an ardent advocate of the method.

THE CAUSES OF FAILURE

On the part of many who have tried the method and discarded it, are chiefly two. One of these is a defective knowledge of descriptive geometry and perspective, which are essentials of the plotting of photographic surveying, but which have, of course, little interest for the general reader. This, we are assured, is by no means the easy thing it seems, since photographs that would be highly acceptable to the average photographer, professional or amateur, might be quite useless for the purpose of the surveyor.

For example, the surveyor's picture, in order to be of use, must be taken with the camera in precisely the horizontal position, filling never a hair's breadth in one direction or another; the lens he uses must be an anastigmat, and absolutely rectilinear, that the image may not be in the least distorted; and the plate must be of a special kind, and adjusted in the camera with a degree of nicety of which the ordinary photographer has no conception. The details, as to all these things that Mr. Deville gives, are highly interesting, when divested of their technical nomenclature, and must tend to make any ordinary photographer feel that the part of taking pictures as he follows it is crude and unscientific to the last degree, compared with what it might be. In Mr. Deville's hands, it has become in the most technical sense, a science.

We read, for example, of the exact determination of the right time for exposure for a given negative, in which algebraical formulae and mathematical charts figure in a way that would be quite bewildering to the average

lover of the camera; but in the midst of these technical details, are many points of practical value to every photographer. Thus, the simple device of having a net suspended between the legs of one tripod, in which stones are placed to

STEADY THE CAMERA.

would save many a negative in windy weather that now is lost through the vibration of the instrument. And the care which is counseled is determining the exact period of proper exposure for a given plate, lens, and light, even if carried out with far less scientific precision than is here suggested, would enable many an amateur who now wastes several plates for every good negative, to reverse the proportions of failures and successes.

One curious feature of the photographic surveying, which the amateur would not care to follow ordinarily, but a knowledge of which might prove of service on occasion, is that the aerial perspective, making the distance hazy, is practically eliminated by the use of orthochromatic plates, which are little affected by the blue rays, combined with the use of an orange-colored screen in front of the lens. The result, of course, is a picture devoid of atmosphere, and hence defective from the artistic standpoint, but palpably of more value for the purpose of the surveyor, who very likely has taken the picture solely to show the exact location, altitude, and contour of a distant mountain.

The use of these methods for restricting the light necessitates very long exposures, and this in turn makes requisite the use of plates coated on the so-called non-halation plates, else the light reflected from the back surface of the plate would fog the film. Mr. Deville is careful to point out that this coating must be in optical contact with the surface of the glass, in other words actually painted upon it, the mere placing of a black cloth or paper against the back of the plate, for instance, being of no service whatever.

When all these technical difficulties of photographic surveying are made clear, it no longer seems so strange that the method has been

BUT SLOWLY ADOPTED

by surveyors, even in those districts where its advantages would be most marked. The surveyors who tried it usually failed to get any available results, and they did not realize that the fault lay with themselves, and not with the method. The Canadian surveys, however, have now proven beyond cavil that the method is capable of, and quite recently other countries are falling into line. In Germany and in Italy, indeed, much valuable work in this direction had been done, even earlier than the Canadian surveys, though nowhere on any such scale as here. But it is a curious fact that in France, the home of Laussedat, the originator and perfecter of the method, no official support or recognition was accorded it until, almost half a century after its introduction, it comes back to its original seat, bearing the approval of half a dozen outside governments, in particular of Canada. But now at last the value of Laussedat's invention is coming to be recognized even by his own countrymen.

To any one who reads of the Canadian surveys it will be clear that the surveying with a camera on a tripod is an accomplished result. There is yet another application of the photographic method to surveying, however, which is still in the experimental stage. This is the use of cameras not mounted on tripods, but suspended from kites and balloons. There are enthusiasts who believe that all the surveying of the future, no matter what the character of the topography will be done exclusively in this way. Mr. Deville, it should be noted, does not share this view; yet his results with the tripod method would seem to give certain warrant for the great expectations had for this method. So soon as the dirigible flying machine is an accomplished mechanism, there would seem to be no further reason for the surveyor to clamber laboriously over mountains to take his photographs, when he can so much more comfortably soar over them and take his snap-shots from the cloud line. But with the non-dirigible balloons of the present, it does not seem feasible to supplant the work of the tripod camera.

HOME HELP.

Small Daughter—It's most school time and I've mislaid my geography. Cultured Mother—Well, tell me what the lesson is about, and I'll write out the answer for you to learn.

Small Daughter—Um—er—if you've mislaid your geography, you careless child, you can just hunt till you find it.

ANOTHER CONVERT.

Small Boy—Papa, this book says that when an office-holder in China gets rich the people cut his head off and confiscate his property, 'cause they know he stole it.

Great Statesman—Jee Whittaker! We don't want any Chinese notions over here. The Chinese must go.

NOT THE WAY TO CORK.

Charles Kenny, dining once at the house of a friend, chanced to swallow a piece of cork with his wine, the result being a severe fit of coughing. Take care, my friend, said his next neighbor, with a rather feeble attempt at humor, that's not the way for Cork! No, gasped the irrepressible sufferer, it's the way to kill Kenny!

ARCTIC REGIONS.

In the Arctic regions there are 762 kinds of flowers, 50 of which are peculiar to the Arctic regions. They are all white or yellow.

THE BOGS OF IRELAND.

About one seventh of the total area of Ireland is bog land. The Bog of Allen alone covers nearly 250,000 acres.

A True Story

"How very hard it is to be a young, fast-growing whale," said the mother

for the hundredth time the day before upon her broad side in order to get a better view of what might be stirring above. For nearly a week she had been fasting; in fact, ever since she came in hurriedly at the close of a great feast upon the stripped carcass of a recent whale. There, by dint of the energy of her massive shoulders her fourteen feet of length and fivefold rows of triangular teeth, she had managed to secure a respectable proportion of the spoil for the replenishing of her own huge maw as well as for the upkeep of the fourteen sharklings that were now restlessly darting in and out of their cooney cove at the far end of her capacious throat.

Within the immediate range of her glance, a vast black shadow obscured a wide irregularly shaped area of the blazing sunshine. It was so calm that the shadow stood stately. In the direction of this cool penumbra her gaze lingered earnestly. For hereditary instinct as well as long experience gave her the knowledge that from the substance of such shadows came food dropping down, varied and toothsome, actually alive on rare occasions. Somewhat impatiently she wondered at the long time that her little blue and gold attendant had been gone. He was so seldom absent from his place between her eyes for a whole minute, that she got quite uneasy. But while she fidgeted fretfully, with many twitches of her flexible "gaff-top-sail," back came the pilot-fish in a tearing hurry. "Now then, partner, move along, do. There's a lump of fat pork almost as big as your head hanging over that ship's stern. I don't quite understand why it doesn't sink, but it is good. I nibbled just a crumb, and you can be sure this time that it is no bagful of cinders like that nasty mouthful that gave you the chest-ache so had this morning." The latter part of this energetic exordium was lost upon mother shark being drowned in the wash set by her great tail-fin, which was going in grand style, starting her off at such a rate that two or three stragglers of the family had to skip like shrimps to get indoors before they were left behind and lost.

Straight as an arrow to the mark went the tiny guide, keeping just in front of his huge friend's snout. Together they swept into the shadow, where, sure enough a mass of meat hung just below the sea surface, though gently lifted almost out of water every now and then. Oh, do look, mamma! there's a big fish. Is he going to eat up that pretty little one, do you think? "Oh, no, my little man," struck in the mate, "but you watch him now." As he spoke the great gray body took a curve laterally a dazzling glare of white appeared and there beneath the speaker was a crescentic gap in the smooth livid underside, fringed with innumerable points like chevaux-de-frise, and as big as the gap of a coal-sack. Around it the small pilot circled excitedly at top speed. Slowly it rose beneath the bait, which the mate as gently slackened away, there was a gulp, and the big joint disappeared. There was a flash, a splash and an eddy. Then the rope attached to the shark-hook concealed in that pork grained over the rail as it felt the strain.

"Lay off the vat," roared the mate, and amid the trampling of many feet, a babel of directions and a tremendous tumult alongside through the writhings of the captive monster she was transferred forward to the lee gangway, where by the aid of a stout watch-tackle, she was hoisted out of water.

"Don't take him aboard," cried the captain; "make such an infernal mess if you do. Just spritzle-yard him 'n' let him go agen." So a piece of conch was got from the carpenter, pointed at both ends, four ft. long. This they drove between her jaws from side to side. Another wedge-shaped piece was planted diagonally down through her broad snout, the upper end pointing forward. Then they cut off the wide pectoral fins, letting the quivering carcass fall into the sea again by the simple expedient of chopping the hook out. "What abominable cruelty!" muttered a gentle-faced man among the crowding passengers as he turned away sick at heart. But the bustling seamen looked pityingly at him, wondering doubtless at his lack of sporting instincts. Thus disabled the miserable monster plunged blindly in uncertain directions, unable to steer herself, unbedded th' frantic carcasses of her faithful little satellites, who had almost exhausted herself by hanging up at her as she hung struggling against the vessel's side. Neither did she notice the puzzled wavering movements of her wondering brood. So she disappeared from the view of the laughing happy crowd on deck. But whichever way she rushed she always fetched up to the surface promptly because of the vane in her head. Thus for a day and a night she fought aimlessly with all the forces of amazing vitality pent up in her huge body against the torturing dismembers, until miserably she fell in with a couple of ravenous congeners. Scenting fresh blood they made for her straightaway. Like mad things they fell upon her. Long and hard they strove tearing their way through the tough framework until assistance came from all quarters and a motley multitude of various hungry ones cleaned up every shred of the welcome banquet, leaving only the deserted pilot to seek another partner.