

LATE BRITISH NEWS.

We learn now that the famous jubilee shot fired from a 22-ton gun in Queen Victoria's jubilee year, to ascertain how far a shot could be carried, remained in the air 69½ seconds, and the highest point reached in its flight of twelve miles was 17,000 feet.

A Baptist church in England, in order to induce cyclists to visit it, has provided a safe shelter for bicycles. Others have set apart a "cyclists' pew."

Sir Arthur Sullivan says that a railway carriage is the best place to compose in, the shaking one gets there being a great mental stimulant.

Statistics recently compiled in London show that the number of cabs, both four-wheeled and hansom cabs, is diminishing. This is probably due to the extension of street car routes and democratic ideas. During the last twelve months there were 3,089 four-wheeled cabs licensed, as against 3,921 the year previous. There are over 7,000 hansoms in the city, but their number is also diminishing, though not so rapidly.

It was lately quoted in British shipping circles as a proof of the depression affecting the shipping trade that a splendid four-masted iron bark of 2,000 tons register, owned on the Clyde, came into port from Australia in ballast, was unable to get a cargo, and sailed back for the antipodes again with the same ballast she brought with her.

The departure of the troopship Malabar from Portsmouth, which sailed from Bombay on Wednesday afternoon, was delayed an hour and a half by a singular mishap. The vessel was about to leave the dockyard when the engineers in starting the machinery discovered that the valve below the water-line was choked. A diver who was sent down to investigate the matter found that the obstruction consisted of seaweed, which he succeeded in removing.

A man, 40 years of age, named Burton Coleridge, died in the Manchester Infirmary on Sunday morning from terrible injuries sustained at the Old America Exhibition on Saturday by falling from the platform of an elevated tight-rope on which two artistes were about to perform. Coleridge acted as assistant. In addition to a compound fracture of the leg he was severely hurt about the head.

Lieutenant-General Muller who died a few days ago at Hanover, was one of the few survivors of the Waterloo campaign. He was in his 95th year. When the news of Napoleon's retreat from Moscow reached Hanover, young Muller, then in his 16th year, left his home, and escaping through the French outposts on the Danish-Mecklenburg frontier, reached Gustrup, where he joined the artillery under Captain Wiering. In October, 1813, he took part, on the Leipsic plains, in the famous "Battle of the Nations." The slaughter on either side was terrible, and during the fighting, which continued during four days, 78,000 Frenchmen were either killed, wounded, or taken prisoners. He fought at Quatre Bras and at Waterloo, his battery being attached to Picton's division, and was unharmed.

On Tuesday confirmation reached Belfast from the War Office of the sentence of three years' penal servitude in the military prison and dismissal with ignominy from Her Majesty's service, recently passed by a court-martial at Belfast upon Private Thomas Kelly, Royal Dublin Fusiliers, for an attack upon a sergeant of the same regiment, whom he chased round Newry Barrack Square at the point of the bayonet.

Two deaths following excessive drinking have occurred in Sheffield within five days. The second man, a shoemaker, named Burley, died at the police station on Tuesday morning, having remained unconscious since his arrest in a drunken condition on Saturday night. The other, a bricklayers' labourer, named Roddis, died in the hospital, where the police took him when found drunk. He revived from the effects of the drink, but died a day later from disease accelerated by excessive drinking.

A letter from Bombay states that a deplorable accident, by which Lieutenant C. E. Green, 1st Battalion Rifle Brigade, lost his life, happened at Rankinet on 2nd ult. While his company was firing volleys on the range on that station, at a distance of 800 yards, Lieutenant Green was sitting under a tent at breakfast. During an interval between the practice of the two sections of the company, one of the men fired his rifle from about ten yards off, and shot him through the body. Death was instantaneous. Lieutenant Green was a hard-working popular young officer.

The Welsh newspapers reported a brutal prize fight between two well-known pugilists, which took place on Friday last in a secluded spot on the moors, five or six miles from Swansea. The fight was for £20, each combatant being backed by fourteen sportsmen for £10. The struggle, it is stated, was fairly even during the first six rounds, after which both men grew desperate and fought severely. Both combatants were shockingly bruised about the face and limbs. Twenty-seven rounds were fought when the younger man fell to the ground and gave up the contest. The men were in training for a week, and the brutal affair is being investigated by the police.

On Sunday morning, while waiting for Mass in Bray Roman Catholic Chapel, near Dublin, a tailor, about 65 years of age, named Michael Kennan, was seized with a fit, and died in a few minutes in the chapel yard. The police caused the body to be conveyed to the old man's residence. The house was in a frightful condition of filth, and gave evidence of the greatest penury and wretchedness, and a search revealed deposit receipts, shares, and other certificates to the value of £7,000. There are many distant relations, and the board, for the accumulation of which he denied himself the necessities of life, bids fair to be dispersed with much greater facility than it was gathered together.

A singular scene was witnessed at Wolverhampton on Saturday. While a funeral party were walking from the chapel at the cemetery to the grave, two police officers arrived and stopped the procession, much to the astonishment of the mourners. It transpired that the deceased, a railway porter, had met with an accident, and that death resulted from blood poisoning. These facts had not been communicated to the coroner until the funeral procession had proceeded to the cemetery. An inquest will consequently have to be held.

AN OLD CRIMEAN HERO.

Color-Sergeant Ludwig Hoffman, of the 42nd Highlanders, Tells His Story.

Mr. Ludwig Hoffman, who resides with his family at 285 St. Martin street, Montreal, is a quiet, unassuming, industrious man, well known among the architects and builders of the city, as a contractor who has performed a number of difficult and important works for public institutions and private companies and persons in Montreal and other parts of Canada. No one meeting this burly, practical, matter-of-fact German would imagine that he had been a color-sergeant in the 42nd Highlanders, or Black Watch, had fought in one of the most desperate battles the world has ever known—Inkerman, was severely wounded, and altogether had led a career as romantic as ever was pictured in the pages of a novel.

Probably Mr. Hoffman would have gone his usual way for years to come, as he has for many years past, unnoticed and unknown to the world, were it not that, having been awarded the contract for the stone and masonry construction of the new buildings of the Protestant Hospital for the Insane, at Verdun, jointly with Mr. Fraser, inquiry was made as to who he was. Many people knew him as a capable and correct man in his line of business, and as one who had done good work for the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. Accident revealed to a reporter that he had

SEEN SERVICE IN THE CRIMEA.

and he was induced to relate his story, which he did somewhat reluctantly. As he said himself, "I'd rather not get my name in the papers. It has all passed over long ago, and I don't want to be bothered with people talking and asking questions." On being assured, however, that the story of his adventures was of historical interest, that he ought to tell it, as those who had fought in the Crimea forty years ago were getting few, and people were always glad to hear, and never tired of listening to the stories they had to tell, he said:

"Well, if it is so important, and will please anybody, and they will not bother me, I can tell you how it was. I was a young man in London, England, clerk to a ship-broker, named Allison, who did a large business with Germany and Holland. I had a good situation and was doing well. One evening with two friends I went to the Strand theatre. On our way home we went into a public house to have some beer. While we were there a fine gentleman came in. He got into conversation with us, was very friendly and called for some more beer. We told him our names, what our business was and where we were living. He said:

"You are fine, strapping young fellows. I have lots of money. Here's a shilling each for you."

THE QUEEN'S SHILLING.

"We took his money, though we told him we didn't want it, but he pressed it on us, saying he would see us again and it was all right. I thought no more of the affair, went to my lodging and was at work in my office as usual next day, when I walked my friend of the night before along with a policeman. I was translating a bill of lading into Dutch, when the gentleman said:

"Your name is Ludwig Hoffman. You have enlisted as a soldier, and you must come along with me."

"What is that enlistment?" I asked another clerk, for I was a stranger in England and did not know the ways of the country.

"Poor fellow! they've got you," he said. "When in walks Mr. Allison. He was very angry when I told him the story of how the gentleman had given me the shilling."

"You call yourself an Englishman," he said, "and play that dirty trick on a stranger. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"But it was all no use. They told me I had to go. Then I got mad and went for that fine gentleman and would have given him a good licking if they had let me alone. But they interfered, and Mr. Allison went with me to the magistrate. That official said he was very sorry for the trick that had been played on me, but he could do nothing. I had taken the Queen's shilling, had become a soldier and the military authorities only could deal with my case. I had sixty pounds sterling that I had saved, in my trunk at my lodging. I offered to give it all to them, if they would only let me go, but they refused. That night I was in Dover Castle. Next morning they made us take a bath, get our hair cut and put on the soldier's uniform. Then we were stood in a line on the parade ground, when a sergeant in kilts, of the 42nd Highlanders, came along. He was the first man I ever saw dressed in kilts, and I thought him an extraordinary person.

A SOLDIER IN PETTICOATS

was a new thing to me. He inspected us in the line, and picked out myself and a half-dozen others, the biggest men in the lot. Sergeants of other regiments took the orders. The Highlander sergeant took us to Hythe that day. There we were armed with the new Enfield rifle, just out. We had to drill in the forenoon, and in the afternoon we went through a course of musketry instruction. After a while I passed the examination and was sent to Portsmouth, where we went aboard ship and sailed for Constantinople. War had been declared with Russia. I knew I was in for it. There was no use kicking, so I determined to do my best. We went into camp on the shores of the Bosphorus, opposite Stambul. The French were at Pera. Some time before the Russians had attacked and sunk the Turkish fleet at Sinope, and the British had sent a governor with fifty soldiers as a body-guard and taken possession of the Greek town at that place. Sinope is an island in the Black Sea, off the Asiatic coast of Turkey, and has two towns—the Turkish town and the Greek town. The Turkish town had a high wall around it with loop-holes, and there was a battery of guns outside on the sea-shore. Back of the town there is a high mountain. At Sinope at that time were gathered about fifteen hundred Arabs with mules and camels employed in the transport service. For some cause or other these Arabs mutinied, and the Governor sent to Constantinople for troops to put down the mutiny. I was one among about three hundred, taken from the regiments in camp, who volunteered for this service. When we got to Sinope the Arabs were entrenched on the mountain. We marched against them in two divisions, one on each flank of the mountain.

THEY OPENED FIRE ON US

from behind the rocks, as soon as we came within range of their old-fashioned carbines. A bullet struck me in the right leg; it was

only a flesh wound, but we dashed in on them with the bayonet. There was a hot, but short, hand-to-hand fight. Besides their carbines, the Arabs were armed with long cavalry swords. One of our men, in letting drive with his bayonet at an Arab, over my shoulder, ran the point into my forehead, just over my right eye, where you see this scar. It closed my eye up, but the Arabs quickly surrendered. We took the ringleaders prisoners, quiet was restored, and I went back. My wounds were very sore, so I had to go to hospital at Gullali. When I was well enough again, we sailed for Varna, where there were several detachments belonging to regiments serving in the Crimea. The battle of the Alma had been fought by this time, and the allies had marched round Sebastopol and commenced the siege from the south of the city. From Varna we sailed to Balaklava. Arrived there, I at once joined my regiment, the 42nd Highlanders, in the trenches.

THE BATTLE OF INKERMAN

took place about ten days, or it may have been a fortnight, after I reached the front. I had risen to the rank of color-sergeant in No. 8, Captain Brown's company. It was getting well advanced in the fall of the year, and the climate of the Crimea being pretty much the same as in Canada, the weather was getting cold and raw. Our tents were pitched in a valley behind the trenches, and the outposts were fifty yards in front, and the cavalry horses were picketed in our rear. The French army was away on our right. On the morning of Nov. 5, there was a thick fog. We could not see more than a few yards before us. The breakfast bugles had just sounded and the orderly men were getting the coffee from the iron kitchens on wheels, when we were served with

ANOTHER KIND OF BREAKFAST.

The Russian guns opened on us with a tremendous storm of shot and shell. The day previous had been a fine clear day, and I learned afterwards that the Russian officers had taken levels from the hills opposite and during the night had placed their guns in position. The general alarm sounded all along our lines. We fell in as fast as we could, and went out at the double to support the outposts, for we soon learned that the Russians were advancing in force on our lines. Soon in the fog we came upon a column of troops. We didn't know whether they were Russians or French, but they let us understand who they were and what they were after, for they opened fire on us. We went at them, but the column was too heavy for us. We were driven back into the trenches, when we rallied and charged them again and again several times. We held our ground in this way, fighting hand to hand till about 11 o'clock, when the Russian columns moving solidly down upon us were slowly driving us back—we were only eight thousand men against their sixty thousand—and some of our people were in full retreat when General Cathcart rode up. He met the men falling back.

"Why are you retreating?" he asked them.

"Our ammunition is all gone," the men replied.

"But aren't you Englishmen?" he cried, "and haven't you got your bayonets? Come back with me."

"Our soldiers formed up behind him to a man and he was leading them to the charge when

HE FELL, RIDDLED WITH BULLETS.

His horse was killed at the same time. I was near him at the moment. The battle was terrific just then. Still we advanced till we came right up to the Russians and dashed into them at the 'charge bayonets.' We were mixed up pretty thick when I clubbed my musket and struck at the crowd of Russians. I don't know any more of what happened at the battle of Inkerman, only what I was told some time after, when I came to my senses in the hospital. I had been wounded in several places and had my head all smashed, as you can see where the doctors sewed it up. With many other wounded men I was sent back to Gullali, where for a long time I was not expected to live. Brigade Sergeant-Major Mackenzie, who had been wounded at Inkerman in eleven places, was along with me. We were two sick men, I can tell you, but we got the best care in the world. Dr. Phillips, who had charge of the hospital, did all he could for us. We had everything we wished for. They fed us on the best of food and wine, and the doctor and nurses couldn't do too much for us. At the end of nine months we were well enough to return to England. The war was over, and I was invalided and discharged with a pension of half a crown a day.

"So much for my military adventures. I am a stone-mason by trade, and when I was at Portsea, near Portsmouth, after I left the army I met Mr. Denny, an engineer, who had been appointed to construct roads and bridges in South Africa. He offered me good wages to go out there with him, and I agreed to go. I went to Cape Town and from there to Port Natal, Port Elizabeth, King William's Town, East London and other places, where we built many bridges, culverts, etc. Sir Philip Woodhouse was Governor, and Sir Percy Douglas commanded the troops. I stayed eleven years in South Africa. It is a glorious country.

LIFE IS NOT ANYTHING LIKE SO HARD

as it is here. Everybody could have all the land he wanted there. The climate is one of the best in the world. There is abundance of all kinds of fruit, and I could go out with my rifle any time, game was so abundant, and return in an hour with a fine deer on my back. In 1867 I took it into my head to return to England. Because I could earn my living, I suppose, the Government stopped my pension, and I thought it was time for me to settle down. On the voyage back the steamer broke her shaft, and before we could do anything, it punched a hole in her bottom, and she began to sink so fast that we had to take to the boats to save our lives, leaving everything, money, papers and medals. We pulled away till we came to the Island of Madeira, where we landed, and shortly afterwards got passage to England aboard the "Acorn." From London I went to Hull, where for fifteen years I was foreman for John Salmon, Thompson & Co. I also carried on business for myself. I got married in Hull and came to Canada in 1881. I have been here ever since, and though I have had some ups and downs, I have done very well. The 5th of November was an unlucky day for me. That was the day I was nearly killed at Inkerman, and that was the day, too, that our ship broke her shaft and I lost everything I possessed. I was thinking of selling out here and returning to South Africa when I was awarded the contract for the

buildings at the Protestant Hospital for the Insane. A good many people in Montreal know me, but they are not aware that I ever was a Highlander of the 42nd in the Crimea. I was told lately that I could get my pension restored, for I have never recovered rightly from my wounds. I have been too busy to write to the Paymaster of Pensions at Halifax, or communicate with the War Office in London. I may do so yet, as they have my record, and I believe there is a new warrant that covers my case which entitles me to my pension from the time it was stopped as long as I live. It is worth looking after. Now, you have the whole story. I never told it before to anybody, but if you think it interesting you may put in your paper.

"Ba' hi ng' it" in North-Western Canada.

A feature peculiar in a settlement is "baching it," a short phrase for "bacheloring it." The men who live by themselves have to do everything for themselves. When a man "baches it," his shanty consists of but one room, generally built of logs. If he be a tidy and a cleanly man he periodically scrubs his floor; he carefully stows away his bedding during the day; his cooking utensils are neatly arranged on his shelves, perhaps alongside a selection of the best books; his walls are decorated with the portraits of his relatives and friends and by the latest pictures sent out from England; and his rough furniture, most of it made by himself, is, at any rate, clean. In such humble though tidy abode the dashing young fellow who was a favorite in drawing rooms and the "best waltzer known," may be seen, pipe in mouth, mending his stockings (for he is a tidy man), or reading, or writing home, or kneading dough, or up to the arms in suds as he scrubs away at his fortnight's washing. There is, however, the very opposite of the above description—viz., the untidy man, with unkempt hair, unwashed face, like a stranger to the wash tub, the interior of his shanty all higgledy-piggledy. There is however, much to be said to excuse this. The young fellow who has been hard at work all day is too tired to set to household work in the evening—too tired even to cook. Leaving his plough, or his axe, or his spade just where he may happen to be (where it will remain until he next wants it) he is too tired to knead, so makes do with or without baking powder; too tired to trouble about a roast, he will eat or chop off a piece of pork from a joint and cook it anyhow; he cares nothing about "tidying up;" neglects his ablutions; tumbles into his unshaken bed with his clothes on and sleeps the sleep of the fatigued. The habit grows upon him; he becomes dirty both in appearance and, in fact, slovenly in all he does, while his shanty, unswept and neglected, soon bears an abundance of living proof that it is a stranger to the housemaid and the chambermaid. [Casell's Family Magazine.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

The generality of men have, like plants, latent qualities, which change brings to light.

The fortunate circumstances of our life are generally found to be one of our own producing.

Happiness is not a reward—it is a consequence. Suffering is not a punishment—it is a result.

Responsibility is personal. Before God, face to face, each soul must stand to give account.—[Robertson.

Talent is a great thing, and true genius may be greater, but perseverance sometimes beats both of them.

Our incomes are like our shoes; if too small they gall and pinch us; but if too large they cause us to stumble and trip.

Light is above us and color surrounds us; but if we have not light and color in our eyes, we shall not see them outside us.

Everything is right that tends to the true happiness of mankind, and everything is wrong that increases the sum of human misery.

If actions had no consequences there would be neither good nor bad. Consequences are the standard by which actions are judged. They are the children that testify as to the real character of their parents.

The world generally pushes a man the way he makes up his mind to go. If going up, they push him up; if going down, they push him down—gravitation, however, making the speed greater on the decline.

Without self-sacrifice there can be no blessedness, neither on earth nor in heaven. He that loveth his life will lose it. He that hateth his life in this paltry, selfish, luxurious, hypocritical world shall keep it unto life eternal.—[Charles Kingsley.

Shrewd Weighing.

A pedlar in the Highlands of Scotland having run short of butter applied to a farmer for a supply.

"How much do you want?" said the woman.

"A pun will do," said the pedlar.

"I canna weigh you a pun," said the woman.

"Why?"

"I ha' na pun weight."

"Well, what weight ha' ye?" said the pedlar.

"Two puns," said the woman.

"And which is the weight," said the man.

"Oh, it's just the tangs" (tongs).

"Well," said he, "put one leg in the scale and t'other out, and that'll be a pun."

The woman did as requested, but when it was weighed she looked doubtfully at the butter and said, "It looks like a large pun."

"It's a right, woman. How much is it?" said the pedlar.

"A saxpence," was the reply, which the pedlar paid, and hastily departed, lest she should discover how she had been cheated.

A Boy's Idea of Pleasing the Girls.

Itz ritch boiz that ketches the girls. Tha kin by cande and soda watter for the girls an thats what girls wants.

If a boikant be ritch an wants to please the girls the best thing fur him to do is to be a solger or somethin an ware a yuneform. Yuneforms gitz girls.

If a boi kant be ritch or have a yuneform hed better be tuff. That's the cheapest way to ketch girls.—[Detroit Tribune.

Ten million nerve fibres are said to be found in the human body.

MANITOULIN ISLAND.

Its Climate and Resources—Progress—Recent Years—Effect of the Removal of the Export Duty on Logs.

Mr. T. Trotter, of Owen Sound, in a letter to the Empire, says:—Having made two business trips to the Manitoulin island during the past summer, I was forcibly convinced that none but those who have visited the island and the north shore have formed correct ideas of the favors which nature has bestowed on Northern Ontario. The island in area is nearly 100 miles long and averages between 35 and 45 in width. While it is true that a large part of the island is rough and rocky, yet a very large portion of it is as good farm land as can be found on the continent, and the broken land is one great native pasture field. I visited sections adjacent to Manitowaning, Gore Bay and Little Current and found that the entire surface of the country was covered with a thick matting of luxuriant white clover, and the sparsely wooded sections bore large quantities of rich red clover. How this species of clover has become so profusely scattered over the island is a mystery to many.

Many years ago the island was swept over by fire and large sections denuded of timber. These sections are now dotted with a growth of small trees which in many places suggest the idea of parks, and no practical Canadian can drive through the country without being convinced that the "island continent" has been designed for one of the greatest stock growing portions of North America. Tracts of from two to 1,000 acres could be secured at a low price, and these sections contain an average of over one-third of rich, easily tilled soil, which would grow an ample supply of root and other winter food for stock, while the balance of the land would be from early spring to late fall one great native pasture field. The objection to stock growing on the Manitoulin has been raised that the cost of winter feeding would be too great. I met many people on the island who formerly lived in central and northern Ontario and without exception, they stated that their winters were in no respect more severe than in the counties on the northern shore of the Georgian bay. Last winter sheep procured nearly their whole subsistence up to the beginning of January. If the cost of winter-feeding horses a d'horned cattle on the island did amount to a serious objection the same objection is not applicable to sheep raising. Sheep on the island are more prolific than in central Ontario and the loss of lambs in the early spring is less, while these lambs cost nothing but a little care throughout the summer. The Manitoulin sheep raiser would not have to set aside valuable grain growing fields to pasture his stock, as the average Ontario farmer has to do. Moreover I am assured by expert stock buyers, many of whom periodically visit the island, that the average weight of lambs at a given age, on the Manitoulin is much greater than lambs in central Ontario, and from observation I know that the same statement is applicable to horses and horned cattle. Lambs in July were being bought (deliverable in October) at between \$3 and \$4 apiece—lambs which literally cost no money but the winter keeping of the ewes which bore them.

The climate of the Manitoulin in summer is most delightful. No matter how hot the sun may be the cooling breezes from the surrounding waters furnish a treat which, if a sweltering Torontonian once tasted, he would ever afterwards long for again.

Manitowaning, Little Current and Gore Bay are the largest places on the island, but there are several other flourishing villages and all over the country may be found many beautiful farms whose owners a few years ago commenced with very little and are now living in comfort.

The three principal towns have good stores, good schools and excellent hotels, whose proprietors are noted by eastern travellers for their courtesy and good accommodation. I regret that I cannot in a newspaper article do justice to the many noteworthy features of the "Sea Girt Isle." Its history from the time of its occupation by Indian tribes and Jesuit missionaries to the present is very interesting. As a native-born, practical Canadian who has in the past had an opportunity of seeing and appreciating the Manitoulin's natural advantages I earnestly advise capitalists and stock-raisers to visit the island and investigate for themselves.

In a short time the inhabitants will have telegraphic communication, and in the near future a railway will cross the narrow channel at Little Current and connect with the "Soo" branch of the C. P. R., thus giving the inhabitants an easy outlet both summer and winter.

The present good opening on the Manitoulin is for a woollen factory. Thousands of sheep are raised, and all the wool has to be shipped away.

No one who has not visited the Manitoulin and the north shore can form any idea of the magnitude of the lumber industry in those regions; and, inexhaustible as the northern forests may seem to some, no patriotic Canadian could the past summer spend a few weeks on the north shore without having "a sore heart." Since the removal of the export duty on logs Canadian mills have been closed, and the cream products of the northern forests have been floated across to give employment to American labor in producing first-class lumber, which, in the hands of American dealers, becomes a serious, a crushing competitor to the products of north Ontario sawmills. American companies have during the past summer been cutting on the north shore only the cull logs of their winter camp product, while they have floated across to American mills tens upon tens of millions of feet in the very choicest of logs to be manufactured and sent to the West Indies, Europe, etc., and thus realize profits out of our forests which Canadians would realize if the export duty had not been taken off logs. This matter in Northern Ontario is rising high above party politics, and from many sources I know that if the Administration does nothing to relieve Canadian saw-mill men the Government will lose the confidence and support of the large communities who are more or less dependent on the success of Canadian lumbermen. What was recently a most flourishing industry on the Manitoulin and the north shore is now partially crushed, and American mill men are making preparations for huge flotillas of first-class logs next summer.

YONIA, etc.,
Owen Sound, October 7. T. TROTTER.

The national debts of Europe amount to a total which is equivalent to eleven pounds for each inhabitant of the Continent.