

Stephen Bourne, F.S.S., before the British Association, we are rather humiliated to see that in a new country like ours, which, however, should have had ample time to develop the products of the mine, the balance of trade in products of the mine is immensely against us, instead of being a source of revenue as we should expect. We find:

For Canada in 1883.

Average Product of the Mine Imported.....	\$7,850,000
“ “ “ “ Exported.....	3,100,000
Excess of Import over Export	\$4,750,000

In the discussion which followed a paper read by Mr. Merritt before the Geological Section of the British Association, after some strong remarks by Mr. Blandford, F.R.S., the President of the Section, advocating some action in the matter, Mr. LeNeve Foster, F.G.S., stated:

“That the system in vogue in England for the collection of mineral statistics was the result of a meeting of this Association, and he considered that the visit of the British Association to Canada would not be thrown away if the only outcome of it was the establishment of a system for the collection of statistics of the mining interests in Canada. He would suggest that a similar system to that in England might be adopted by the Canadian Government. He stated that, at the last meeting of inspectors of mines in England, a table of the mineral statistics of the British Colonies was compiled for the Home Office, and great difficulty was experienced in collecting any statistics of the Canadian minerals; they had to resort to all kinds of resources, and the result was very unsatisfactory.”

If our minerals so far discovered were inferior it would be a different matter, but at the last two Great World's Fairs the economic minerals exhibited by Canada, both in variety and quality, held their own against those exhibited by any other country, and obtained as high awards.

It is, therefore, of urgent necessity to the prosperity of the country that the Dominion Government should collect, *publish promptly*, and preserve reliable statistics, reports, maps, and information bearing on mining, as a first step to paying the needed attention to one of the most important of our undeveloped resources. N.

“FIDELIS” ON THE SALVATION ARMY.

To the Editor of the Week:

SIR,—I am sure you will give place to a brief correction of a misleading reference to “Red Cross Knights of the Salvation Army” which appeared in your journal. That reference is as follows: “In which the means and work of that organization are defended with more zeal than discretion, and its continuance prayed for.” The first part of this statement is a matter of individual opinion; as regards my own estimate of the Army's work, which was not meant as a “defence,” I shall only say that it was formed honestly and conscientiously, after long-continued personal observation of its methods and results, in a place where these seemed to have full and fair development, and where many a once miserable home, now happy—many a changed and purified life—testify to its power for good. And, further, I may say that the “abuses which have brought contempt upon Christianity among the thoughtless” were fully admitted and strongly deprecated. But the “continuance” of the Army is neither predicted nor “prayed for” in a sketch which is limited entirely to its past and present work. I would rather pray that, through a fuller life and stronger love in the Christian Church, as a whole, there might soon cease to be any need for its continuance.—Yours, etc.,
Kingston, November 17, 1884. FIDELIS.

“THE END OF THE TRACK.”

Settlers and those who go farther west than the end of the Pacific Railway simply tell their friends to address them at “The End of the Track.”

SLOWLY she writes the unsteady lines,
Pauses, then stops to wonder if Jack
Lies by the camp-fire beneath the pines
Miles beyond “The End of the Track.”

Too sad a face for the bright, warm room,
Too faint a heart—“he'll never come back”—
Someone's thoughts slip out through the gloom
Further west than “The End of the Track.”

* * * * *
“The wolves have us, pard; on if you can;
We've struck our bad luck—here come the pack—
Quick!” “No, I'll stay here. Good-bye, old man;
Wait, post this at ‘The End of the Track.’”

* * * * *
A cold, bright morning, two letters at last;
But what is this with an edge of black?
Killed—wolves! Everyone taken aghast—
Poor Jack has reached “The End of the Track.”

NATHANIEL NIX.

THE “Lounger” of the *Critic* has caught Mr. Froude in a careless misquotation of Shakespeare in his life of Carlyle.

HENRY JAMES, the novelist, is reported to greatly resemble the Prince of Wales, and a London letter says he tells this story of himself: He was passing St. James' Palace one day when he noticed that the sentry saluted him; it struck him as rather curious, and so he stopped and entered into conversation with the man, who replied, very much to Mr. James' amazement: “Yes, Your Royal Highness.” “No, Your Royal Highness.” This amused the author of “Confidence” so much that he continued to converse with the soldier for some moments.

THE SCRAP BOOK.

YATESIANA.

In this year, too, I met Lord Cardigan at dinner, and had much talk with him. The dinner at which we met was given only a few days after an action had been tried, upon the decision of which Lord Cardigan vindicated his character against some slur cast upon his bravery at Balaclava, in a book called “Letters by a Staff Officer.” The subject was, of course, carefully avoided at the dinner; but I had a talk subsequently about the famous Balaclava charge with Sir George Wombwell, who, as a cornet in the 17th Lancers, took part therein. Though it was so many years ago, he, of course, remembered every detail of it. He had two horses killed under him, was very nearly taken prisoner by the Russians. He was close by Lord Cardigan when Captain Nolan, the aide-de-camp, came with instructions to Lord Lucan to charge upon the guns. Sir George Wombwell was of opinion that there was a doubt as to which guns were mentioned—those on the heights or those in the valley about a mile and a half away. The latter was supposed to be those indicated, and the brilliant charge commenced. Sir George spoke of Lord Cardigan as the incarnation of bravery. He cantered along at first about forty yards in front of his regiment, as though he were riding in the Row; he did not draw his sword until he had made some progress, and then principally with the idea of waving the men back, who were pressing upon him. It is always difficult, even in Yeomanry field-days, to prevent a cavalry charge becoming a race, and, of course, when the men saw the guns in front of them and firing at them, their anxiety to get forward and cut down the gunners was too great, so that the charge finally became a pell-mell race. Sir George Wombwell saw Captain Nolan hit by the shot which killed him. Though killed, the body for some little time maintained its balance on the horse, and was carried past my informant with its arm extended, the horse going at full gallop. A minute after it fell to the ground.

Life at Gadshill for visitors—I speak from experience—was delightful. You breakfasted at nine, smoked your cigar, read the papers, and pottered about the garden until luncheon at one. All the morning Dickens was at work, either in the study—a room on the left hand of the porch as you entered: a large room, entirely lined with books, and with a fine bay-window, in which the desk was placed—or in the Châlet, a Swiss house of four rooms, presented to him by Fechter, which took to pieces, and was erected in a shrubbery on the side of the road opposite to the house, where he had a fine view extending to the river. In the Châlet he did his last work, on the fatal 8th June, using a writing-slope which, by the kindness of Miss Hogarth, is now mine, and on which I write these words. After luncheon (a substantial meal, though Dickens generally took little but bread and cheese and a glass of ale) the party would assemble in the hall, which was hung round with a capital set of Hogarth prints, now in my possession, and settle on their plans. Some walked, some drove, some pottered; there was Rochester Cathedral to be visited, the ruins of the Castle to be explored, Cobham Park (keys for which had been granted by Lord Darnley) in all its sylvan beauty within easy distance. I, of course, elected to walk with Dickens.

The first number of *The World* appeared on the 8th July, 1874, and was not received with any strongly emphasized welcome. Its sale, indeed, was very limited, and its advertisements were practically nil. At the same time all judges of journalism allowed the new aspirant to be bright, clever, and entirely original. Mr. Grenville Murray's large knowledge of men and cities found scope in his “Portraits in Oil,” and in his articles commenting on current events abroad and at home; Mr. Escott's political articles were acknowledged to be pointed and incisive; while Mr. Labouchere was dealing with city matters in a way in which they had never been dealt before, and ruthlessly attacking and denouncing Mr. Sampson, the city editor of the *Times*, whose position and virtue had hitherto been considered impregnable. All these features, with the excellence of the paper and printing and general appearance of the journal, received due appreciation from our provincial *confrères* and the “trade”; but as yet they seemed to have made no impression on the public. We were in the desperate position of having a good article to sell without the power of making that fact known; nine-tenths of the newspaper-buying public had absolutely no knowledge of our existence; and although my partner and I had each subscribed another hundred pounds to the capital fund, a couple of thousand pounds would not have been too much to have expended in judicious advertising. At last, and just in the nick of time, we obtained the requisite public notice, and without paying anything for it. A stock-broker, and a member of the Stock Exchange, who conceived himself likely to be attacked for certain practices by Mr. Labouchere in the city article, threatened to horsewhip that gentleman should such observations appear, and Mr. Labouchere had the would-be assailant brought before the Lord Mayor for threatening to commit a breach of the peace. The case was really a trivial one, and it was settled by the defendant being bound over in sureties for his good behaviour. But it had been argued at full length, each side being represented by eminent lawyers. Mr. Thesiger, Q.C., afterwards a Lord Justice of Appeal, appeared for the defendant, and Mr. George Lewis for Mr. Labouchere. A great deal was said about *The World*, and its determination to purge Capel Court of all engaged in iniquitous dealings, and all that was said was reported at length in the daily papers, and *verbatim* in our next issue. The effect was instantaneous; the circulation rose at once, and the next week showed a very large increase of advertisements.—*Memoirs of a Man of the World*, by Edmund Yates.