

empt bicycles in the hands of everyone, whether used for pleasure merely or not, we think the movement in the wrong direction. But the exemption where the wheel is used, say, by a doctor instead of a horse, or by a bank messenger in the course of his employment, is very different.

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Our English Exchanges.

It looks as if our professional friends in England were suffering a great deal from unlicensed practitioners, curbstoner lawyers and magisterial incompetence and arrogance. We sometimes have thought the lot of members of the Law Society in Ontario was hard enough, and certainly we always entertained a vague idea that in England (like the green pastures far away) everything was smooth and beautiful, and every lawyer swelled it in a wig and had any number of briefs marked with a retainer of an average 50 guineas. But it would seem this is all the veriest moonshine. We find our contemporary, *Law Notes*, each month driving a terrible pen against a perfect swarm of cheap debt collectors, who boldly address one's clients, and not only attempt to seduce the said clients from their old and proper loyalty, but who even carry the war into Africa, by making odious comparisons and vulgar allusions to the gentlemen of the Bar. One vile curbstoner states

in his circular, with great gusto, that his "reputation for the last fifteen years in Meath County Court weighs with his Honour, who has expressed his opinion of my straightforwardness," and goes on, with much flippancy, to say, "In administration orders you will invariably notice that I generally floor them." This is too much for the editor of *Law Notes*, and he turns with more satisfaction to refer to the way the Wolverton police magistrates called down a presumptuous builder who made an application under the license laws on behalf of a tavern-keeper. In another column it is seen that the Chairman of the Stroud Police Court is far from orthodox properness, and he, too, seems insensible to the respect due the Bar. The superintendent of police over there is something like our staff-inspector—quite incapable of being anything but a petty Czar. This dreadful person is practically the prosecutor, and during a recent trial quite naturally gives *Law Notes* a legal shock by persistently climbing up to the magistrate and whispering. But that is not all. When the solicitor for the defence complains, the magistrate fumes, and tells him he is to apologize, and that "in some Courts he would be committed for contempt." These are only a few examples given; and, as if they were not enough to make strong men weep, *The Law Journal* has noticed that, while the