

contested throughout, the winner showing up in G. W. Ross, of Montreal, in the fast time of 17m. 14½sec. The number of clubs which sent representatives to the Association shows how popular "wheeling" is in the Dominion. On Thursday a lacrosse match took place between the Torontos and the Caughnawaga Indians. An immense concourse of spectators was present, every available space being occupied. The game was a most even and interesting one, finally resulting in a draw, each side obtaining a goal. Between the games a mixed programme of bicycle and foot races was carried out.

THOSE of our visitors who called at the Toronto new Roller Skating Rink enjoyed a great treat in the marvellous performances of D. J. Canary, who, not inappropriately, is called the champion bi- and uni-cycle performer. This exhibitionist, in the expressive, if not elegant, language of a sight-seer, "could do more on a bicycle than any one else could on a coal waggon." Certainly, the tricks performed with the wheeled steed were wonderful. Of the many examples of the poetry of motion, roller-skating, by one familiar with the art, is amongst the most attractive, and the gyrations of the ladies and gentlemen patrons of the rink elicited considerable admiration from visiting spectators who were not accustomed to the sight. The enterprising proprietors have put in an excellent floor, and added decorations which give the well-known rink a most attractive appearance. During the week, a squad of the 10th Grenadier band were in attendance. On Wednesday night, the I.O.O.F. had a drill in the rink, which was witnessed with interest by a large number of spectators.

THE Toronto cricketing world is contemplating with considerable interest two "tours" which have been arranged for the Trinity College School and the Toronto Eleven, respectively. The former club plays the latter to-morrow (Friday), and then proceeds to Hamilton, Galt, and Guelph. They expect to play a rather stronger Eleven than last year. The Toronto club contemplate playing matches in Guelph, Galt, Detroit, and Chicago.

DR. G. M. DAWSON collects and publishes, chiefly from the reports of the Geological Survey of Canada, some useful notes on the coals and lignites of the Canadian Northwest. These mineral fuels are all of cretaceous and tertiary age. They are extensively developed near the Bow and Belly Rivers and their tributaries, extending eastward from the base of the mountains to about the 111th meridian; but as this is the only region yet examined in detail by the Survey, there may yet prove to be other districts of equal value. Where the cretaceous rocks have been much disturbed and folded, the coal passes into the condition of anthracite, of which a seam occurs on the Cascade River near its confluence with the Bow River and close to the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Out on the plains, however, the strata are nearly flat, and as they recede from the mountains the coals show a larger percentage of water, and assume more or less completely the character of lignites.

THERE were nineteen failures in Canada reported to Bradstreet's during the past week, as compared with thirty-two in the preceding week, and with sixteen, seven and four respectively, in the corresponding weeks of 1883, 1882, and 1881. The same authority reports one hundred and forty-six failures the past week, in the United States, as compared with one hundred and fifty-three in the preceding week, and with one hundred and thirty-nine, ninety-nine, and forty-five, respectively, in the corresponding weeks of 1883, 1882, and 1881. About seventy-seven per cent were those of small traders whose capital was less than \$5,000.

SUPERINTENDENT JACKSON, of Castle Garden, says that the Polish Jews are the worst class of immigrants that come to these shores; that they are good for nothing but peddling; are filthy in their personal habits, and altogether just the sort of immigrants we do not want.

COMMENTING upon the rigour of democratic etiquette, a writer in *All the Year Round* points out that "In a Viennese, as in a Parisian, drawing room, a formal introduction to the persons met there is not a matter of strict necessity. Everyone assembled there ought mutually to feel assured of the general respectability. To doubt it is an insult to the host who receives them. Nobody hesitates to open a conversation with anyone who happens to be sitting next to him on a sofa or at table. The case is different in the United States. Such freedom is not permitted by the North Americans, who keep at a distance, and put, as it were, in quarantine every individual who has not been regularly introduced to them. Not until the quarantine is raised do American gentlemen become conversational and American ladies affable. These latter are the most charming

women in the world, for they are graced both by cleverness and beauty, but so long as the presentation has not taken place they are only statues. One day, says our contemporary, when it was raining hard in New York, a freshly-arrived Frenchman, ignorant of New World usages, a good fellow if not an exquisite, saw a lady making vain attempts to cross a swollen gutter in one of the principal streets. So he unceremoniously lifted her in his arms and deposited her safely on the other side of the gutter. Instead of vouchsafing to thank him even with a smile, as he naturally expected, the lady stared at him from top to toe, and asked what right he had to dare to touch her. "I will remedy my mistake," the Frenchman answered, and taking the lady up again, he set her down where he had found her.

THE following *morceau* is culled from the "Gleanings and Gossip" of the Springfield *Republican*: "The novelist's expedients justify themselves, sooner or later. Edmond About had his 'Notary's Nose' (in the novel so-called) swallowed by a dog. The effect was grotesque; but at a recent duel with swords between an editor and another politician near Rome, a dog sat by much interested, and when the editor sliced off a cutlet from his antagonist's hand, the dog snapped it up and settled back on his haunches calmly waiting for more. Perhaps it was the same dog."

SIR LEPEL HENRY GRIFFIN cannot be said to have erred on the side of moderation in his last contribution to the *Fortnightly Review*, entitled "A Visit to Philistia." The paper has just been reproduced in volume form, with material additions, and will be read with mingled feelings by our American cousins. Sir Lepel, in one word, seems to be of the opinion that America is at once the most uninteresting and the most aggressive country in the world, and the Americans are the most vulgar and aggressive of peoples. When we find him starting out with an inquiry as to whether the discovery of America by Columbus has been of advantage or loss to the "so-called civilized nations of the Old World," we know what to expect. We are prepared to be told that "the America of to-day is the apotheosis of Philistinism, the perplexity and despair of statesmen, the Mecca to which every religious or social charlatan turns first, where the one God worshipped is Mammon, the highest education is the share-list." America is, to Sir Lepel, the country of disillusion and disappointments in politics, literature, and art, in its scenery, its cities, and its people, and with some knowledge of every country of the civilized world, in none other, except Russia, would the author not prefer to live and die. He puts forward his work as a warning to English Liberals against the demoralization which may fall upon a country which is so unwise as to surrender political power into the coarse hands of the uneducated masses. Republican institutions have had one hundred years' trial, and have failed. Class distinctions are more demoralizing in America than in any other quarter of the globe, and the Yankees are the veriest toadies on earth. So low has the imitation of English class distinctions penetrated, that the proprietor of one hotel keeps no waiters who will not consent to shave their moustaches and cut their whiskers *a l'Anglaise*. And as for the harvest of Democracy, we are told that it is a corruption which an honest man shuns like the plague. As our neighbours would say, Sir Lepel has evidently "got it very bad," but we fear they will be more inclined to laugh than to be angered at his "phobia."

MR. GLADSTONE and about one hundred members of the House of Commons were present recently at an exhibition of thought-reading, in the smokeroom of the House, by Mr. Stuart Cumberland. Mr. Coleridge Kennard was the first "subject," and the operator correctly selected a tumbler on a side-table as the object thought of, but instead of conveying it to Mr. Gladstone as intended, he handed it to Mr. Waddy. A similar experiment, in which Mr. Pulestone was the "subject," was more successful, a small tray being duly handed to the person thought of. Mr. Cumberland next inquired whether any gentleman was suffering from pain; and on Lord Lynton stating that he was in that condition, the operator, after various manipulations, fixed upon the small toe of the right foot, where the noble Lord had stated he had a troublesome corn. The operator's next request was for a bank-note, and one offered by Mr. E. Clarke was accepted for the experiment. That gentleman retired to a corner, and committed to memory the number of the note, which Mr. Cumberland at a third guess correctly stated. In a similar trial with the Hon. E. Stanhope he was still more successful. Mr. Gladstone next consented to take part in the experiments, and to think of three figures. Mr. Cumberland (blindfolded) guided Mr. Gladstone's hand across a printed row of figures, and at the first attempt correctly guessed "366" as the number thought of. The experiments were watched with great interest.