

A Summer's Cycling Reminiscence.

THE STORY OF A THREE MONTHS' BICYCLING
TOUR THROUGH EUROPE, AND AN ACCOUNT
OF SOME OF THE IMPRESSIONS
RECEIVED.

BY ONE OF THE PARTY.—XVII.

Once more we are spinning along the high cliffs that tower above the sea-shore, and upon which is built the excellent road bed of the highway between Newhaven and Brighton. Arriving at the latter place, we found that the tide was in the right direction for bathing, so securing possession of a box called a bathing house, we enjoyed a half hour in the Atlantic Ocean. With the expectation of meeting Mr. Smith, of the Anerley B.C., at our hotel, we cut short our dip in Brighton's waters, and proceeded on our way mightily refreshed. Friend Smith did not arrive from London in time to breakfast with us, but soon after getting under way again, his familiar and very welcome form loomed up in the distance, and we once again were greeted in that taking Smithsonian manner. What a ride the energetic secretary of the Anerley Club did lead us that day! It seemed to us that we saw every suburb of London, including the whole stretch of the world-famous Ripley Road. During our day's travels we made the acquaintance of a very clever fellow, who used a Star as his mount. It was evident from the remarks made by the English small boy that Zimmerman's favourite wheel was unappreciated by them. Towards evening we left our friend of the Star, and soon afterwards took up our quarters for the night at Croydon, a short distance from London. Soon after our arrival in London we received a very kind invitation from Mr. G. Lacy Hillier, of the *Bicycling News*, to join his party in the annual camp, which is held for several days following the first Monday in August, at Harrowgate. We had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Hillier soon after, and found him to be, as he is known the world over, one of the brightest cycling lights of the old land. The arrangement of our plans unfortunately precluded the possibility of our joining the Hillier camp at Harrowgate, a circumstance we have always regretted. A few more days were spent in London, sight-seeing and in purchasing sufficient material to fill Peard's capacious trunk, then we came to the sad time when we were compelled to say goodbye to our friends and commence our journey to Ireland. We left London one evening; after a few hours' of riding we

arrived at the coast, where our steamer lay, and enveloped in a dense fog, and a sea running mountains high, started for Erin's Isle. One day spent in Dublin during which time the rain came down in torrents, was sufficient for us, and late the same afternoon we left for Belfast. Here a pleasant surprise awaited us. A gentlemen and lady, whom we had met in Paris, looked us up the very morning of our arrival, and with a bright day as a contrast to the previous one, and the kind attention of our Parisian friends, we spent several very pleasant hours in Belfast. Only three days more before the "State of Nebraska" sets sail from Glasgow for New York, and we have long since secured our staterooms for this trip. So we ruminate as we glide swiftly along over a sea as smooth as glass, on the afternoon run of the "Arrow" between Belfast and Glasgow. How many happy hours have we enjoyed during our trip, and how few sad ones! We are sorry at the thought of bidding farewell to the shores of Great Britain, yet how our pulse quickens at the thought of the first sight of busy New York, and later on our own Canadian homes.

(To be concluded in our next issue.)

W. M. Carman, of Woodstock, champion ordinary rider of Canada, is putting himself into first class condition for record breaking this season. He has abandoned the ordinary and goes to a safety pneumatic. No doubt he will make most American and Canadian riders hustle to reach him, and he has bought a Raglan Pneumatic safety from the Canadian representative, George F. Bostwick.

We are pleased to see Mr. Brooks looking so well after his trip to Britain, where he has been for the last three months in the interest of Messrs. Hyslop, Caulfeild & Co. of this city, visiting the Stanley show and building pattern machines for Canadian roads in one of the largest factories in Britain. He reports the Whitworth, of which Hyslop, Caulfeild & Co. have secured the sole control for this province, as a perfect beauty, and for racing men *par excellence* of all machines, being finished with mathematical correctness. The samples will be out shortly, and negotiations are now pending for Mr. Brooks to take the agency for H., C. & Co. in Toronto. Mr. Brooks' brother, George, also a practical bicycle machinist, who has been away with his brother and also expects to go into the employ of H., C. & Co., is looking the picture of health, although it is mooted in some circles that he lost his heart to at least three young ladies during his absence.