

mountain side at Montreal, where a reckless Irishman threatens "to dhop over into the reservoir," if the heat continues; that run of miles on brick pavement from Buffalo to Tonawanda, and that dear, wee ride on a tiny lover's pathway along the mighty river's bank from old Niagara to Queenston, or, if one happens to be on the American side, from Youngstown to Lewiston—these and such as these, are the harvest of the cyclist, garnered for eternal feasting.

The yearly meets of the Canadian Wheelmen's Association have proved a splendid means of bringing wheelmen of the big and far stretching Dominion into touch with one another. Stately Montreal, jolly little Berlin and Waterloo, and picturesque Quebec, have seen the enthusiastic wheelmen gathered in good fellowship. Probably there were equally successful meets anterior to these, but I am only a woman, who learned to ride (a wheel weighing fifty pounds, with a rubber cushion tire!) in time to wobble with the procession and upset those Hamilton twins, and I write only of meets at which I have been in attendance. It was long our glory, we five Toronto women who went to Hamilton five years ago or more, that when the various clubs filed past in competition for the largest attendance, the Torontos won by a shave, and we were the shave! Proudly did we make braiding patterns with our cushion tires, gamely did we stick on, with dripping brows and vice-like grasp, until safely past the judge's stand, when we steered wildly out of the procession, fell on the grass and closed our eyes, at peace with earth and heaven!

In those days, when *esprit de corps* was young and strong, every man and woman had sets of bicycle colors, (Sunday ones with embroidered initials). Where are they now, those fluttering ribbons? One sometimes regrets that first enthusiastic year, when the safety bicycle landed in America! By the way, how properly has woman racing been sat upon! A woman's bicycle race is exceedingly funny, and the finish wildly ridiculous. At one (the only one for me!) of such undesirable exhibitions, the winner, a fat lady, with a moustache and snappy

black eyes, passed the tape a couple of seconds ahead, promptly fell off in a faint, was immediately sat upon, by a scraggy lady whose hair had gotten loose, and was furthermore used as a cushion by the rest of the racers, who steered straight for her as they dashed in. Strange to say, when the judge and the starter hauled them off, in various stages of rage, hysterics and collapse, the stout lady was found still unconscious but absolutely uninjured, and being revived, snapped her eyes at the dishevelled one and said acidly, "I beat you, anyway, Smartie!" It was the most ludicrously, feminine way of expressing sport, taking as woman contests nearly always do, such a pointedly personal turn.

The adoption of the wheel as a fad by that portion of humanity known as "society" was in direct inversion of the usual order, when Madeline Montresor sets the style, and Mary Jane Milliner copies it at a respectful distance. This time it was the sisters, sweethearts and wives of the young chaps about town, the clerks, the mechanics, and such-like, who broke the virgin country roads and made things easy for Madeline and her dainty sisters. Now queens "scoot" through old world cities and countrysides, Princesses are belted and upheld in cycle academies, and every grade of society in Canada, from the Countess who sits beside the Earl and represents royalty, to the small typewriter who plays the little piano for three dollars a week, and whose "society" consists of a rare spree to the theatre on gala nights, a sleighing party or a club dance, Canadian women are devoted to the sport of the end of of the century. There is a varied assortment of women's clubs, but in spite of impressions of added independence, misconceived by the uninitiated, women don't invariably prefer to belong to a strictly feminine organization of this description. To tell the truth, men are handy to have around when tires blow up, or nuts loosen, or hills are steep, and then there might be cows! I've known men who were afraid, but I never met one afraid of a cow. Now, I confess to a dreadful fear of those awkward horny-looking creatures, and that I am not alone in my terror proved itself in