

It Was A Dream.

BRUCE.

'Twas night, and, tired from the daily toil, I laid me
down and slept,
And sleeping thus, a dream athwart the pathway of
my vision swept.
I looked, and lo! the sun shone bright upon a city
fair,
Whose name and fame had crept to distant lands far
o'er the mighty sea.
And while I gazed methought toward where I stood
drew near a wheelman,
'Bout whose stalwart form fitted like glove a tunic
blue,
And 'pon his manly brow a cap this legend bore: the
word "Torontos."
"Good sir," quoth he, "methinks thou art a stranger
in these parts,
And knowest not the sights within our town;
And e'en, perchance, thou hast not learned the way
which leadeth to the cyclists' home.
Hath not? then let me lead thee thither, for truly 'tis
a goodly sight to manly hearts!"
And dreaming still methought that, nothing loth, I
followed
Where he led, 'mid streets of goodly buildings, rank
on rank,
Within whose walls the hum of trade soundeth from
morn till dewy eve,
And farther long, 'mid pleasant avenues, a goodly
shade;
On either side which rose palatial dwellings—homes
of luxury and pomp.
Not far from these abodes of princely men, my guide
full stopped
Before a brown stone front of Queen Anne architec-
ture.
And of quaint design and such as to attract and please
the eye.
Entering within, we stand in a reception hall, massive
and broad,
With floor of polished wood above which rose a stair-
way grand;
While *suite en suite*, more richly garnitured than is its
fellow,
Greeteth the wondering gaze in storied pile.
Wandering enraptured, I am shown where billiard,
cue and ball enliven leisure hours,
And smokers' paradise beguile to ease and chat the
lovers of the weed;
While rich with Persian rugs and hangings rare, a
fairy bower
Invitingly entreats to rest the lovely maiden, weary
with the wheel.
And lest that too much leisure tend to rust the
athlete's form,
A gymnasts' hall is here, fitted with everything art
can devise
To strengthen muscle and make firm the man;
While in a cosy nook near by, there is a spot wherein
The camera-lover may indulge his hobbies to the full.
And lovers of aquatics in the swimming bath may
sport and play,
And music's votaries, in the concert-room, enchanted
raise
To Orpheus strains of melody.
Gazing at all this wealth of luxury, I hear a bugle
blare—
I wake, and lo! my dream is but a castle in the air.

Another electric lamp for cyclists is to be put on the market.

The 48-hour Record Broken.

The six days' bicycle race, Detroit, closed Saturday last. The finish between Ashinger and Reading was very exciting, the former winning by a lap. The world's record for a 48 hour race has been knocked sky high. Before this race the record was 717 miles. Now it is 733 5-16 miles. Ashinger's time is all the more remarkable because instead of riding a special racer he used a new Columbia light roadster and knocked out several with wheels built for racing. Reading used the special wheel recently presented by Col. Pope to Prince the last part of the week.

The attendance was of the best order during the week and the number of ladies was large. No smoking was allowed and the air was always in a good condition.

It is rumored Prince will challenge Ashinger and Reading for a sweepstakes race to come off in Detroit, and if he does it will be a great contest.

The score at the close was as follows:—

Ashinger.....	733 miles, 5 laps.
Reading.....	733 " 4 "
Martin.....	659 " .. "
Schock.....	605 " .. "

The average miles per hour exceeded 15 $\frac{1}{4}$ on the week.

It has been estimated that there are 25,000 cycle riders in New York city and only six clubs.—*Referee*.

In Australia they have a novices' record, held by the man making fastest time for a mile on the path in a novices' race.

Bicycling News, though lauding the general accuracy of the Records Committee of the National Cyclists Union, complains of the evident inaccuracies of the records from 11 to 22 miles and 26 to 32 miles, all inclusive, made by Billson at Leicester in July, 1889. Nineteen separate records, every one of which is timed on the even second, no account of the fractions having been taken. *Bi. News* points out that practical racing men will not accept the records passed by the N. C. U. if such an absurdity be allowed to stand.

Lord Wolseley is quoted as saying that he thought Cyclists might be employed not only in war in civilized countries, but in many wars in barbarous countries. They might have been used a great deal in South Africa—in the Transvaal certainly. He did not think, however, that the employment of cyclists would reduce the necessity for keeping the cavalry up to its present strength.