

expectations of the party in this respect fell far short of the realization—but I am anticipating somewhat.

At two o'clock we were fairly on our way, soon losing sight of Edinburgh by a turn of the road, which also took us out of the route to Roslin Castle. We were sorry for this, and as it subsequently turned out we made a mistake in postponing seeing this old ruin until a later opportunity. The state of the roads at this time was not conducive to pleasant riding and added to the fact that this was the first ride we had been able to take for a month or so, the whole of our first twelve miles was a continual ascent; so when we arrived at Harriott, a village of two or three houses, with the junior member of the party in a badly exhausted condition from the absence of any soda fountains on the way, we were able to appreciate with boyish zest the delightful tea prepared for us by the good woman who kept the post-office general store, and what appeared to be the only place of refreshment for weary travellers. How readily the picture of that first supper "on the road" rises before me; the table was laid for us in the "parlor," every article from the house itself to its smallest furnishing being of the most quaint description, and conveying a feeling of the quiet contentment of mind and simplicity of living indulged in by the good hearted inmates of the home. After an hour's rest at this delightful spot we continued our ride, taking as an objective point Galashiels, a run of sixteen miles, down hill most of the way—serving an agreeable change to the riding of the early part of the afternoon—brought us to the manufacturing town of Galashiels about nine o'clock, although at that hour it was almost as light as noon-day. Here we found the best hotel—the Royal—and the most obliging and courteous proprietor of any house met with during our tour, his untiring efforts to please being specially appreciated by Peard, whose outer garments by this time were almost indistinguishable for mud. After some refreshment and a good rest we saw some of the large linen manufactories for which this town is noted, until eleven o'clock and the sudden approach of twilight reminded us that we were very weary and that recuperation would be necessary for the continuation of our journey on the morrow.

(To be continued.)

VanSicklen, of Chicago, on his pneumatic-tired Rover, rode over the Pullman course (fifteen miles) in fifty-seven minutes one day recently, the roads being in particularly bad condition at the time.

Rochester Notes.

The first of May seems to affect the bicycle clubs here, very much as it does many private families.

The Flower City Wheelmen have moved into their new house on East Avenue, where they recently entertained their friends. Following shortly after them the West End Club rented a house at 249 West Avenue, on a main thoroughfare paved with asphalt, on a line of electric cars, and centrally located for the largest number of its members. They have re-fitted and re-furnished their house, and are ready at all times to welcome their friends.

On last Friday night they opened their house, starting off with a lantern parade, with about 100 wheels in line, many of whom were of the fair sex. They soon returned to the club house where the entertainment committee took them in charge and did the handsome thing by their visitors, by serving a delicious lunch, to over two hundred of their friends, among whom were representatives from every wheeling club in the city. The especial guests of the evening were the Ladies National Club, and the Lake View.

The gathering broke up at a late hour, and everybody was happy, voting it the greatest success of its kind ever held in this city.

The West Ends have a twenty-five mile road race on hand for Decoration day.

CRANKSLINGER.

ROCHESTER, May 4, 1891.

H. C. Pease, the manager of the Comet Cycle Company, will soon leave Buffalo for Toronto. He will be much missed, as in his year's stay there he has made a host of friends. In the Ramblers he was most popular, and, coming in so handy for character sketches, was known as the "club comedian."—*Bi. World*.

"Herein may be observed the mutual relationship of the four elements of nature," observed a philosopher while he struck fire from the flints with the top of his head as he fell to the earth, owing to the slip of his air tyres on the well-watered roads.—*Bi. News*.

W. J. LUGSDIN

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