

that he, accompanied by the old warrior, Lavender, first accomplished the tremendous feat of riding to Kingston within one day. Many of us have borne him company on a "scorch" and can bear testimony to his remarkable ability in that direction. He has ever been active in encouraging touring, and if we are not mistaken, organized the first touring party in the experience of the club, viz., in September of 1885, when about fifteen members participated in a trip as far as Ottawa to attend their first race meet, where Ryrie and Joe Anderson carried all before them, the whole party returning to Toronto by wheel and enjoying the then novel experience immensely. Two years later, with Chandler and Ryrie of our club and two members of the Montreal club, the subject of our sketch visited England and the Continent, making one of the longest and most interesting tours ever indulged in by a Canadian cyclist. His interest in our welfare remains as great as ever. Long may it. Would that there were many more wheelmen like A. F. Webster, and that they were all members of our T.B.C.

A Buffalo Blizzard.

THE following anecdote reaches us from Buffalo and we can vouch for its authenticity. A few weeks ago, Mr. Pease, who represents Messrs. Fane & Co., was meditating in his handsomely appointed and luxuriously furnished private office, which overlooks the Genesee House, in Buffalo, soliloquizing on the many good points of the Comet cycle, and working on an idea which would give him the "scoop" over all the other bicycle hustlers in the advertising way, at the then approaching meet. Just as the hazy mists of thought were assuming a tangible shape, an electric indicator announced the entrance of a possible customer; leaving a portion of his thoughts to be developed by his amanuensis, Mr. Pease with the remainder repaired to the show-room. There his gaze fell upon a young man, who was critically examining the mechanism of a Comet Safety, and attentively watching the evolutions of the pedal which his right hand caressed with that *blasé* deftness consequent of long acquaintance with the seductive Safety. Giving Mr. Pease sufficient opportunity to mentally figure up the profit on a \$150 wheel, the stranger broke the silence (in the first instance) and the following conversation took place between Mr. Pease and his visitor:—

"This seems a pretty good machine."

"Yes, sir; we contend it is."

"Well, I am very particular, and want, and must have, a first-class wheel."

"Then you have just struck the right establishment."

"This bicycle has ball bearings to all parts, I suppose?" (Again giving the pedal a spin.)

"Yes; ball bearings all over, with the exception of the head, which we consider, for general purposes, better without ball bearings."

"Well, perhaps the head is just as well without; in fact, I think so myself."

Here Manager Pease left his victim for an instant, returning with a part of a wheel exposing to view their patent bearing over which Messrs. Fane & Co. are justly proud. The points of advantage were dwelt upon, and, after apparently taking everything in with manifest interest and a spirit born of familiarity with the subject, he remarked, pointing to the bearing: "*What are all those little balls in there for?*"

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We are glad to be able to state that Mr. Pease is convalescent—in fact, will soon have recovered his accustomed elasticity of step and speech. But while engaged in the pleasant pastime of selling bicycles, the thought no doubt often occurs to him: Will this customer enquire as to the antecedents or nationality of the famous "Mr. Ball," who, you know, invented the celebrated bearings of that name.

[As we are not paid \$2 a line for above article, we have had to omit Mr. Pease's glowing and verbose description of the bicycle he was offering this particular person. This deficiency will be supplied upon application to Mr. Pease. But take our advice and don't ask him why a ball bearing bears that appellation.—Ed.]

WE are indeed pleased to see Mr. Will Shaw, of the Wanderers, once more in our midst. Typhoid fever is a difficult foe to conquer, but Mr. Shaw looks little the worse for his few weeks of enforced idleness.

THE Illinois Cycling Club, of Chicago, held their first At Home and Reception of the season on the 31st ult.; if their invitation card can be taken as an augury of their excellence as hosts, the friends of this, one of the largest clubs in the United States, must have had a right royal time on the occasion.

MR. C. B. GIBSON, of the Illinois Cycling Club, has evidently not forgotten the friends he made while in Toronto at the time of the ever memorable Hamilton Carnival Meet, when it will be remembered he was one of the gentlemen who rode the "Tandem Safety" on that festive occasion.