

*Concluded.*

## Felloes I've Wheeled With.

BY BRUCE.

"Veni, Vidi, Vici."

Seasons ago, when riders were fewer and visits to neighboring towns and cities on wheels of one's own pushing were much rarer than now, it was decided that one holiday morning in the spring time would find a goodly number of blue-coats mustered in an eastern town bent on pleasure and on sport. The morning came, and, marshalled under an old-time officer, the company made a gallant showing with some forty wheels in line. Drawing near to their destination, in the distance they beheld a little band of wheelmen riding rapidly to meet them, the leader of whom made a striking figure, riding as he did a 56-inch silver-plated Columbia—proud of his wheel and it of him—the boy, for he was only a boy then, looked a man. Catching sight of the glittering lines of the visitors as they wheeled four deep along the highway, the spirit of an Alexander rose within him, and he said: "Could I see myself leading a club like that 'twould be the height of my ambition." Years have gone by since then, and whether the boyish dreams of fame now fill the manhood's cup of happiness or no I trow not, yet proud has been that club since then to do the dreamer honor, and still follows his command when duty calls.

"The sun is setting and the hour is late."

'Tis nearly sundown on a bright Saturday afternoon in August, and, standing in the outskirts of an eastern town looking westward along the Kingston Road, we discern a solitary wheelman, wearing a well-known uniform and coming rapidly toward us, his back and shoulders curved forward almost upon the handle bar of his wheel so anxious is he to reach the goal of his hopes where waits a maid with sunny eyes and golden hair to bid him welcome back again to her he loves. Sweet is that hour in memory's store 'mid daily toil in busy mart and crowded city street; and even when competing 'gainst contending odds upon the cinder path, it lingers near, nerving to greater things the racer's stalwart form.

'Twas one of the racing days when blue 'gainst blue for honors strode right manfully and well. Athwart the heights of Norway have the racers met, and 'pon the word have sprung upon their steeds of glittering steel and sped away. Riding some miles beyond their starting point we spy a Safety-rider, who, by his gait, doth show no novice turns

those pedal cranks, and, coming nearer to our vantage ground, we see that he as usual when upon the road smoketh the briar-root, and from it seems to get new strength as each mile's past, till distance seems no barrier as he plods along the dusty road, thus, he informs us, he insures himself against fatigue as is his wont to do for others day by day against fire's flames.

The Saturday prior to the big meet at St. Kits, in '89, saw more than a score of wheelmen gathered within the dining-room of the Wesley Park hotel, among them being a reciter whose merry flow of joke and tale made him ever a welcome guest. Never shall we forget the effect of his recitals upon the genial landlady, whose ample proportions and merry he-he-he to his sallies reminded one of the line in "The Visit of St. Nicholas"—you all know it—finishes like this: "Which shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly." Wonder if our friend of the comic side is as much appreciated abroad as he was among us here.

In the gray dusk of early morning in summer-time a cyclist turns the corner of Church and — Streets, to arouse a companion who had faithfully promised the night before—as he would promise anything, 'tis said, for peace's sake—to arise bright and early and go out for a run amid the glories of a morning in the country. Clang goes the door-bell, pipe goes the whistle, minute after minute roll by and long after the sun has cleared away the mists from North Mutual Street, a head is shot out from an upstairs window and a sleepy voice says: "Whaz the matter, is the house afire?" Oh, yes, s'mother time he may go riding in the morning early, but not now.

What can I say more? for time will not permit me to speak of all the merry men, good and true, among which it has been my pleasure to mingle in club, on street or road, in busy life or daily toil, wheelmen everywhere I've found as jolly good felloes as any this old earth contains.

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