

Poetry.

FOR THE CANADIAN WHEELMAN.

FOR GOODNESS' SAKE.

I purchased a bicycle early last Spring,
But, for goodness' sake, don't say I told you;
It looked such a harmless, enticing young thing,
But, or goodness' sake, don't say I told you.
Its wheels were so spidery, cunning and fleet,
Its fixings so really too wholly complete,
That I couldn't keep still till I'd jumped on the seat;
But, for goodness' sake, don't say I told you.

I'm not sure what happened immediately then,
But, for goodness' sake, don't say I told you;
I didn't know what struck me, nor how, where,
nor when,
But, for goodness' sake, don't say I told you.
I ploughed up my nose, and I damaged my shin;
I lit on my back, and I lit on my chin,
I came out a wreck and I turned outside in,
But, for heaven's sake, don't say I told you.

I did this, I did this, again and again,
But, for goodness' sake, don't say I told you.
I really became the most battered of men,
But, for goodness' sake, don't say I told you.
But now I'm a dandy, and skim through the air;
I'm as gay as a lark, and as empty of care;
There's no sport like wheeling, no pleasure so rare,
And you needn't deny that I told you.

Toronto.

W. G. E.

THE SMALL BOY.

When into the saddle
We cautiously crawl,
Complacently observed
By the boy who is small,
We're oft assailed
With a shout and a call,
"Say! Mister!
Lem me up behind?"

When through the park
We gracefully glide,
The ubiquitous boy
Is still by our side,
And calls, with a shout
That touches our pride,
"Say! Mister!
Ring your bell!"

When over the handles
We go with a sprawl,
The confounded boy,
With infinite gall,
Again assails,
With shout and call,
"Say! Mister!
You've dropped something!"

Bruised and indignant,
We rise to our feet,
And go for that boy.
Who, wise and discreet,
Scurries away
To a safe retreat,
And gives us
Pantomime!!!

—*Rugby Monthly.*

George Webber, of Smithville, N.J., the Star rider, won the 100-mile road championship of the Boston Bicycle Club, Oct. 4, in 9 hours and 20 minutes, beating the record made Oct. 6, 1883, by Thomas Midgely, of Worcester, which was 9 hours and 45 minutes. The winner received a gold medal, and J. E. Wood, of Beverly, second, in 9 hours and 41½ minutes, a silver medal. Webber, Wood, Roche and Falls, the first four men, received silver time medals for making the distance inside of ten hours on the bicycle; and W. R. Pitman, of New York, received a silver time medal for doing the distance inside of 11½ hours on the tricycle. The weather was excellent and the roads good.

WHEELING'S PRIZE ESSAY.

BICYCLING ON SUNDAY.

There never has been invented a pastime more innocent or more virtuous, or better capable of developing the noblest instincts of a man than wheeling; yet the Pharisee is not wanting, in many centres of wheel activity, to denounce Sunday riding as immoral, and as a breach of a well-known command regarding the observance of the Sabbath day. To the modern Pharisee it is not unlawful to ride in carriages and omnibuses, or by trains and steamboats; but the man who mounts his bicycle or tricycle, which has not required the attention of servant-man or servant-maid, which can neither feel pain nor weariness, and requires no rest, is denounced as a Sabbath-breaker. The only argument for such a man is laughter and ridicule, and the subject is hardly worth while dealing with so far as the Pharisee is concerned; but for the sake of those thousands who find they can serve God and obey the injunctions of conscience as well on a bicycle as in an omnibus, and as well on a tricycle as in a railway train, the subject is worth discussing. The present age is notoriously one in which the prejudices of more illiterate ages are being cast aside. It is an age when the Pharisaic observance of law is not suffered to displace the rule of conscience; when spiritual life is cultivated in place of physical genellctions. Pharisees say, "You can only worship in brick and stone buildings called churches and chapels." The Nazarene replies, "My heart is in sympathy with my Creator, upon my wheel." The Pharisee opens public-houses to the poor upon the Sabbath, and keeps closed museums and picture-galleries; and he would make solitary places of our parks if he had the power. This Sabbatarianism infects even now some of our churches. At the present moment a devout Scotchman is kept out of the ministry because he habitually "took a walk for health's sake upon the Sabbath." To thousands the wheel has furnished a luxury which no other vehicle could bring, that of running off into the bright, clear air of the country, to recruit muscles and mind after the worries of a week of toil; to feast the eye upon rolling hills and tender valleys, and gladden the ear with the songs of birds, in place of the continuous roar inseparable from town or city life. Can a man who has been poring over a desk all week, wrestling with vexatious figures, sitting on his saddle on a Sunday curse God? In the presence of His great works—in hedge-side, thicket, river, brink, or cowslip covered field, would the wheelman be more likely to bless or to blaspheme? Summon the Pharisee, question him as to the work he has wrought. In the time of the Puritans, he drew a line before the door of the theater, and around the May-pole; there was to be neither dancing nor drama then. He would have no house open on the Sabbath now except the house of Goy and the public house. He would stake every man to a plot, as a goat is staked on the mountain-sides in Wales; or he would change men into pendulums, and make their lives a perpetual swing from home to work, from work to home again; beyond that destined swing all should be pro'ation. To these crabbed intolerances we oppose our wheels. We claim for them soberness and virtue, for no wheelman can be drunken or vicious and follow wheeling. Nay, we say further than this; we say our wheels not only renovate our physical frames, and maintain a healthy mind in a vigorous body, but they are adjuncts to worship. When a man is in such a place that everywhere his eye rests upon nothing but that which is beautiful; when his ears are filled with the music of heaven's own choristers; and his sense of smell is gratified with odors that nature in her prodigality offers from hedge-side and field, it is impossible for his heart to do otherwise than worship. There is no measure in that ceaseless flowing river; no constraint in that peaceful valley; the surrounding hills exalt the land; they do not confine it. No one can nurse despair who is able to look into the blue sky. By many sweet and tender methods, hills and dales, flowers and trees, birds and beasts, blue sky and running streams beguile the wheelman into better harmony with all that is bright and good than the Pharisee is capable of entering upon

with his straight-facings and desponding steps, and disheartening conception of life and life's duties.

[First prize, value £1, awarded to Alan Hiley.]

UNCLE ZEKE AND A BICYCLE MAN.

Old Zeke came along where a party of bicyclists, "nickel-platers," stood about their machines. One of them winked for some fun, and said: "What have you got there, old man?"

"Sassfruss, boss."

"What's it good for?"

"It's good for medicine in de spring, boss. Take all dem pimples off'n your face, sho'. Kin I sell you a bunch? Jes er nickel."

He didn't sell any, and after hesitating a moment spoke up:

"Kin I ax yer some'n, boss?"

"Go ahead."

"What dat ar thing yer straddle uv jes' now?"

"Oh, that's a bicycle."

"Sah?"

"A bicycle—bicycle."

"Yes, sah, boss; thankee, sah." Then a silence, followed by: "Boss, what do you do fur livin'?" This in evident trepidation.

No answer.

Then actually retreating: "'Case ef yer wuks es hard at yer bizness es yer doos to run dat 'ar thing, yer mighty quick ha'—nuff to get a sho' nuff house."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Some fast bicycling has just been done over England and Scotland, from Land's End to John o' Groat's. Alfred Nixon, captain of the London Tricycle Club, on an Imperial Club tricycle, carrying all luggage with him, left Land's End, Cornwall, at 4.15 a.m., Saturday, August 16, and reached John o' Groat's house, Caithnessshire, at 4 p.m., Sunday, August 24, occupying 8 days 11½ hours for the journey—distance, 856 miles. H. J. Webb started from Land's End on one of the Humber tricycles the day after Nixon started on his long journey, and arrived at John o' Groat's at eight o'clock on Sunday night, beating Nixon by seventeen hours. He passed Nixon at Inverness on the 23rd, having ridden the last 100 miles, road measurement, in nineteen consecutive hours.

Howell and Sellers, the record-breakers, were present during the first day of the Boston races, the latter taking part in the amateur races. In the evening, however, they became intoxicated, and a disgraceful scene ensued at the United States Hotel, where they were stopping. They got to fighting each other, and the row reached such dimensions that the police were called.—Rather than go to jail, the Englishmen paid \$100 as the bill for damages, and were compelled to leave the hotel. They then went to Early's Hotel, on Lagrange street, and had a fight with the gloves, Howell getting the better of Sellers in three rounds. Their managers and backers were so disgusted that they concluded to leave the city as soon as possible, and passage was accordingly engaged on the Germanic for Saturday, Sept. 27.—*N. Y. Clipper.*

Invention keeps pace with the demands of the times, and where only a trifling variation on a contrivance already extant can fill a suddenly-felt want, *Puck* is ready to do his share. The bicycle and tricycle already exist. By a simple spread of fancy and the wheels of a tricycle, behold the family cycle, an invention designed to counteract the sudden development of fashionable affection for coachmen. In this vehicle the entire family, even to the baby, the nurse and the pet pup, can be accommodated. There are also places for the attachment of picnic baskets and umbrellas. No horses are needed, as the nurse and the "governor" can do the propelling. Daughters are thus prevented from riding on box-seats along with coachmen, stable insanity becomes eradicated, and the fashionable world may settle down to its normal condition of marrying and selling in marriage.—*Puck.*