

and wished that the club was there to ride on it. Thanking them again for the kind manner in which their health had been proposed and honored, he took his seat amid applause.

"The Ladies," "The Press," and "The Racing Men of the Club" having been toasted and acknowledgments made, a vote of thanks was passed to the retiring secretary, Mr. Hawley, for his untiring labors on behalf of the club.

Messrs. Westbrook and Hacker, the professional bicyclists, now under engagement at the skating rink, were then duly honored and neat responses made.

"The New Secretary" was replied to by Mr. Hurdman

Songs having been rendered by Messrs. Westbrook, Hacker and Mathewson. Sergt. Rogers sang his obituary song, "The Spanish Cavalier," which the *Mail* stated had been the last sung by him before being killed!

The proceedings were brought to a close by the company singing "Auld Lang Syne" and "God Save the Queen."

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OVER MANITOBA ON A WHEEL.

(Concluded.)

On emerging from the valley, however, we found the same smooth prairie, but, as we were both tired, we determined to spend the night at the next house we came to; and, upon rounding a little clump of dry poplar trees, we were delighted to find the desired haven of rest. Our arrival created the usual amusement and surprise; but we were nevertheless hospitably entertained, and enjoyed the visit, notwithstanding the fact that we had to sleep in the hayloft over the barn, where we were closely inspected by swarms of rats and other animals.

The next morning we reached Pilot Mound, so called from a peculiar-shaped hill which can be seen at a considerable distance over the prairie, and which was used as a landmark by the early settlers going west. The town consisted of an inn, a saw-mill, a post-office, and a well of delicious drinking water. Passing Marringhurst and Glenore, where the post-offices of the district are situated, we came to the "Little Farm," owned by three brothers of that name. We were invited to spend the remainder of the evening with them, which we did, and obtained some interesting information about the country. They were living in the hope that the railroad would pass near their farm, and so enable them to sell out at a profit, and leave. They spoke of the winters as terrible in their severity, and cruelly hard upon people who had no money to buy clothing warm enough to withstand the arctic cold. Their opinion was that if there were sufficient railroads, and the mosquitoes and cold weather were driven away, Manitoba would be rather a decent place to settle in, but under the conditions then existing, life was not worth living.

Early the following morning we continued our tour, and an hour's ride brought us to a store kept by a man named Smith. It was the roughest place I ever saw, and everything sold was of the poorest quality. Smith was such a dirty-looking ruffian that we declined his offer to cook some pork for us, and he therefore directed us to take a side trail at the bottom of a valley,

which, he said, led to the house of an English man. This we willingly did, and we came to a snug-looking log-house, almost surrounded by hazel-bushes. The house was built at the foot of a hill, which effectually shielded it from the heavy winds and blizzards. We noticed a tall, well-built and handsome man feeding a calf fastened to a fallen log. No sooner, however, did we get within sight, before my companion let his machine fall to the ground with a crash, and, rushing towards the astonished farmer, yelled in an excited manner, "Why, Williams, how in Heaven's name did you come here?" Explanations followed, and I learned that my friend and the farmer had been acquaintances in "days gone by," and had lost sight of each other until the meeting in Manitoba under such curious circumstances. I am afraid that the calf had to be content with half rations that day. Williams introduced us to his wife, a beautiful English girl, and to his little daughter May, one of the prettiest of children, with whom we both immediately fell in love. I regret to say, however, that my advances were repulsed, and that she gave all her kisses and embraces to her British friend. It was a delightful treat to meet the Williams family in that out-of-the-way quarter of the globe, and we stayed there three days.

We found that Williams' farm was in the Rock Lake district, the lake itself being only two miles away, and we therefore determined to push on to Brandon, instead of going to the lake, which did not present any very attractive features, either in the way of scenery or society. Brandon lies about fifty miles northwest of Rock Lake, and, bidding good-by to the Williams' family, we took the trail again. The riding continued uniformly smooth, and we made good time over the rolling prairie. Passing the Stark farm and other minor points, we reached Milford, a little town on the Souris river, at the bottom of a deep ravine, and the approach is by a narrow wagon road winding round a picturesque cliff. The city would form a good study for an artist. The muddy Souris rolls sullenly through it, and at the ford there stands a quaint old flour mill, from which the place derives its name. We did not stay long at Milford. The place was all aglow with excitement over the problematical discovery of coal in the Souris coal-fields, and the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railroad to Brandon. We crossed the river in a shabby old ferryboat. On reaching the opposite bank we climbed a steep hill, and were delighted to find a perfect prairie-table, stretching away as far as eye could see. The whistle of the locomotives at Brandon boomed on the ear with a pleasantly-familiar sound, and three hours' moderate riding brought us to the outskirts of our destination. The last two hours of our ride were by moonlight, and strangely weird. Wolves flitted across the trail at intervals, and the howl of the foxes and coyotes came over the prairie with a dismal cadence.—

We made a two days' stay at Brandon. The town was wonderfully busy, but the same idea impressed us as in other cities in Manitoba,—that the excitement was sporadic and unhealthy. We decided to retrace our steps in preference to taking the cars to Winnipeg. The return run was without special incident, beyond a second delightful visit to the Williams' farm, and the usual mosquito fights. We were remarkably fortunate with the sloughs, happening to find a

teamster who carried us over at each crossing. On passing through the villages and Mennonite settlements we were warmly greeted by the natives, who remembered our first visit, and turned out in great numbers to witness our phenomenal methods of locomotion. We reached Emerson in three days after leaving Brandon. Our prairie tour thus occupied exactly two weeks, and was remarkably pleasant, owing to the extraordinarily smooth nature of the trails and the absence of hills. Had it not been for the sloughs and mosquitoes, the trip would have been one of unalloyed pleasure. The total distance we travelled on wheels was about four hundred miles. At the same time, I should hardly recommend any one to choose Manitoba as a place to go for a bicycle tour. The absence of interesting scenery, and the general monotony of the country, make it unattractive.—HARRY M. LEE, in *Outing* for July.

With the Clubs.

KINGSTON BICYCLE CLUB.

Kingston, 25th June, 1885.

At the annual meeting of the Kingston Bicycle Club, the following officers were elected for the season of 1885:

- J. Carruthers.....Hon. President.
- Wm. Harty..... " Vice-Pres.
- D. F. Armstrong.....President.
- T. T. Renton... ..Sec.-Treas.
- George Smith.....Captain.
- Stanley Henderson....1st Lieutenant.
- John Hendry..... 2nd do.
- James Minnes.....Standard-Bearer.
- R. J. McKelvey.....Bugler.

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ANNUAL ROAD RACE OF THE MONTREAL BICYCLE CLUB.

The annual road race of the Montreal Bicycle Club to Valois took place on Saturday afternoon, August 1st. The limit man was started from the club-house, Mansfield street, at 3.45, and the competitors arrived at Valois in the following order:

	Handicap.	Nett time.
		H. M. S.
1. Geo. Darling.....	7 min.....	1 9 32
2. J. G. Gnaedinger....	5 min....	1 10 23
3. W. A. Murray.....	4 min.....	1 10 45
4. G. S. Low.. . . . .	Scratch... ..	1 7 23
5. A. J. Darling.....	7 min.....	1 14 27
6. H. M. Ramsay.....	4 min.....	1 12 —
7. A. T. Lane.....	6 min.....	1 18 20
8. L. J. Smith.....	} 18 min.....	1 31 30
9. W. T. Rodden....		
10. F. D. Scott.....	9 min.....	1 39 15
11. W. G. Robertson....	15 min.....	2 03 25

F. D. Scott ran over a dog at Lachine and got a nasty fall. J. R. Scales took a header at the Dominion bridge, and he and J. H. Robertson did not finish. Smith and Rodden rode a Sociable. In the evening the members of the club were entertained by the residents of Valois at a supper and dance, a most enjoyable evening being spent. Most of the members returned to the city late in the evening, a special car being attached to a late freight train.