

# CYCLING

*A Mirror of Toronto Bicycle Club Events and Devoted to the Interests of Cyclists in General.*

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## *A Summer's Cycling Reminiscence.*

THE STORY OF A THREE MONTHS' BICYCLING  
TOUR THROUGH EUROPE, AND AN ACCOUNT  
OF SOME OF THE IMPRESSIONS  
RECEIVED.

BY ONE OF THE PARTY.—V.

The ride in a railway carriage from Glasgow to Edinburgh is not as an enjoyable a method of seeing the picturesqueness of the country as the route which includes the splendid coach drive through the Trossachs, yet we were charmed with the sight which nature afforded us of the undulating fields covered with the first approach of vegetation, enclosed by the well-trimmed hedges, which take the place of the modern board fence, and which are certainly much more sightly, if not so practical. But our train has arrived at the Edinburgh Exhibition Station. After depositing a shilling as a guarantee of good faith, and as evidence of the appreciation we feel at being permitted to mingle with the joyous throng, we are within the grounds of the Exhibition, which is brought home by the wearing sound of the roller coaster and pianoette which the combined efforts of the enterprising aliens, the American and Italian, have introduced into even the land where Rob Roy once disported. We quickly found accommodation for our wheels, and were taken by Mr. Mackenzie to the shed which acted as a dressing-room for the racers, and really it is surprising that more adequate and comfortable quarters are not provided for the track riders who rest here during the interval between the several events; however, we believe these arrangements were merely temporary; for the sake of the racing members, whom we had the pleasure of meeting, we sincerely hope this is the case. The races were advertised to be run off early in the afternoon, but for some incomprehensible reason it was after four o'clock before the first event was commenced. Peard, safe in the guardianship of friend Mackenzie and C. T. C. Chief Consul David Laing, was enabled to fraternize with the nabobs of the day at the chalk line. Up to this time

neither Langley nor McBride had appeared at the rendezvous, which was afterwards accounted for in the explanation that notwithstanding the fact was fully stated of their being cyclists and Canadians, such a recommendation did not prove a sufficiently creditable talisman to gain their admittance to the track, until good fortune brought them in contact with Mr. C. J. Sidey, a Canadian resident of Edinburgh, who formerly resided in Montreal, and whose influence gave them the coveted freedom of the place, and they with their Kodaks—which we have a deep-rooted conviction were at the bottom of the prejudice shown by the people, coupled to some extent with the luxurious growth of side whiskers worn by Langley—joined Peard within the track enclosure. The races of the day were interesting and well contested, although the Pneumatics—a novelty at that time—carried everything before them, and created considerable dissatisfaction among the solid tyre riders, the balloon tyre not being classed or handicapped at that period. It was a pleasant sight for McBride and Langley to see, in the country where the Safety is almost universally ridden, that the G. O. O. was not altogether overlooked, and the race won by Vogt, a Glasgow rider, was a splendid exhibition of pedal work. The only number on the programme that was really a novelty consisted of what they appropriately called a character race. This was not a test of speed, but an exhibition of what should prove the most amusing "get up." Several ambitious wheelmen arrayed in the costume of the Chinaman, Spaniard, English "Bobby," etc., essayed to carry off the prize, but the desideratum was reached by a chap who imitated "Ally Sloper" mounted on an old dilapidated tricycle. This mythical person is dear to the heart of every small boy, and reader of the penny weeklies in Great Britain, and is consequently much appreciated when portrayed in the flesh. During the afternoon we had the pleasure of meeting Mr. E. R. Shipton, the editor of the *C. T. C. Gazette* and General Secretary of the Association. At the conclusion of the races, we found it was nearly seven o'clock (this would seem a strange hour to conclude a meet in