

The East-End Club.

F. J. O.

The boys of the East are a go-ahead lot,
With vigor of youth and swiftness of thought
And the gift of good foresight such as seldom is found.
They resolved to have a club that would beat all around.

In the spring of this year, March or April, I believe,
The idea of a Bicycle Club was conceived;
A meeting was held and a chairman elected,
The doors were then locked to avoid being detected.

Brother Smith took the chair; some suggestions were made;

An excellent idea emanated from Cread.
Being called to the floor he addressed Mr. Smith,
Who smiled rather blandly and drew a long breath.

My idea is this, Mr. Cread then went on,
After flourishing his arm and making a pun,
That we boys join hands in brotherly love,
And stick together like wax as a bicycle club.

Mr. Cread, getting winded, essayed to pause
After saying some words in support of his clause;
Several murmured "hear, hear," others cried for
"encore,"

But Mr. Cread just declined to again take the floor.

Mr. Smith then followed with a nice little speech,
Which was well calculated his hearers to reach;
He expressed himself as favorable to Freddie's idea,
And concluded by asking the views of McTear.

Mac then took the floor with elegant grace,
Having first called on a whisperer to please close his face;

He concurred with the subject in every portion,
And, in conclusion, begged honor to second the motion.

Mr. Cread having moved, the motion was put
And carried unanimously—without a dispute;
Sam Gibbons remarking, as he put up his hand,
That our little club was the best in the land.

The hour growing late, the next meeting decided,
The boys all agreeing on the very next Friday;
The chairman requesting, ere leaving the chair,
That not one of the members fail to be there.

When Friday night had come round all the boys were there;

Mr. Smith then being called, opened up with a prayer;
He prayed for himself, then he prayed for his love and
The Royal Canadian Bicycle Club.

Mr. Murray then arose, with a little suggestion,
The pith of which was "That we have an election";
The officers elected and installed in good form,
The secretary's report read, representing them strong.

Then here's to the Queen, and to Canada fair,
The country becoming so famed everywhere,
And here's to Toronto, the city we love,
And the Royal Canadian Bicycle Club.

The club is now one of the best that's afloat,
And has a good wish for success, and the respect of
the poet.

August 17, 1891.

"CLEM."

Chawley—"I fell from my wheel this morning,
Miss Jones—took a wegular header."
Miss J.—"Is that so? I always heard that
you never tumbled."—*New York Herald*.

At the present moment the one name engaging the attention of the vast majority of cyclers who follow the movements and watch the deeds of derring-do performed by path-racing wheelmen is—Frederick J. Osmond. There is no need to recapitulate the doings of the finest exponent of racing upon the high bicycle. He has achieved a record unparalleled in the history of the sport upon the old-fashioned wheel, and having only recently adapted himself to the bicycle of to-day, he has proved that he is beyond doubt the Prince of Racers. We saw him for the first time on his "Whitworth" at Paddington on the occasion of the fifty miles bicycle championship, and we consider his style absolutely faultless. Graceful and easy, he seems perfectly suited to his machine, and his steering is as straight as a die, with never the slightest inclination to swerve, roll, or wobble. No racer of the day has done more to upset "theory" than Osmond. At one blow, in the fifty miles bicycle championship, he shattered all the physiological theories ever expounded about pacemaking by out-running the best men of the day, big and small alike, champions as well as record-holders. For some time the race path has been in a bewildering state of ferment. Men on long marks have come back to scratch after a few performances, and there have been quite a number of racers of equal calibre who have perplexed the souls of handicappers beyond bearing; but now we think the one scratch man is found, and the ninety and nine will have their starts. Despite all puny efforts to discount them by stating that others can do better, F. J. Osmond's recent performances are simply marvellous, and we congratulate him on them. Time alone will prove what further wonders he will do. No greater instance of his sportsmanlike nature could we cite than his secession from the old-time bicycle to the ranks of present-day fliers, where the fight wages fiercest, and where he can pit his strength and prowess against a far greater number of good men than heretofore; and since he has espoused the modern racing mount it is safe to assert that his popularity has increased by leaps and bounds.—*Cycling (Eng.)*

On Hampden Park track, Springfield, Mass., on the 19th instant, Zimmerman, mounted on a Star, covered the half mile in 1.10½, slightly lowering Windle's 1.10½ made at Peoria last year. His pace-makers were C. M. Murphy and A. B. Rich.