

CYCLING

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

Vol. 1.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 31, 1890.

No. 3.

Continued from last issue.

Felloes I've Wheeled With.

BY BRUCE.

"Methinks a form more wondrous sweet and fair
Was never seen on earth, in sea or air."—*J. M.*

THE melancholy days of late autumn had been a recognized element in the cyclists' program. With the paves and by-ways continuously moving his active soul to desperation as he footed it to business or gazed upon the wretchedness from out his chamber window, such had been the prospect for days and days, when a change came, and mud gave way to dust, and wheels which had lain away in garret or in closet, gathering mould and cobweb, see the light again, and joy is king. Lo, 'tis Saturday aft.; ledgers and yardsticks rest quietly in their respective niches, and at the corner of Church and Alexander Streets a little group of wheelmen are fixing girth and saddle preparatory to a ride toward the pole star. An hour later they are coursing swiftly along the sidewalks of a northern village, and encounter a bobby glittering in brass buttons, while a tin plate covering his massive bosom gave dignity to his office. "Get off that sidewalk" is his command, uttered in no small tones. Drilled to obey orders the riders do so, but follow the leader on again a few feet past the danger. This direct breach of law and order was soon to bring a just punishment. After reaching destination of run the turn was made citywards, and shortly after they were met by an ancient rustic, who warned the boys with tears in his voice not to return that way, as six stalwarts lay in waiting to avenge the insult to the force. Here was a nice kettle of fish, truly. What was to be done? already the grey dusk of the night is coming up from Hog's Hollow, and too soon 'twould be darker than dark. There was nothing to do but go west, and home another way. We shall follow the adventures of a trio, and relate a little experience which befell them in the way. Night had spread her mantle o'er the scene; the road it worse and worse grew, until at length one poor unfortunate, mistaking a beautiful hollow on the roadside for splendid paving, goes, with a somersault that

would have made Dan Rice envious, verplump into the mud and water, which seemed to him bottomless. How long he lay there I know not, but sounds like to beautiful music break upon his ear, and, turning in the direction thereof, he sees a lantern borne by a lady fair, who, in accents of sweet compassion, is saying to another maiden, "Oh, here is one of them down. Oh, mister, are you hurt; let me help you." Placing a wounded (?) arm on her plump shoulder he says not very much. "Lean on me, I'm strong. Jennie, get on other side." And one arm upheld by each he limps along, but is it by accident that his arms fall around their waists for better support? and thus upborne by two fair crutches he is found by his two chums, who, missing him, return in quest. Our hero soon grows well enough to venture with one supporter, to whose gentle caresses he yields a willing captive. One other cyclist goes in search of the damaged wheel, which, found, is soon made rideable. The lovely maidens are seen home by moonlight, fond farewells given and taken, and near midnight a love-sick trio put in an appearance at the club. The story was too good to keep, and though not woven into poet's song as yet 'tis sung of poet and fair maiden's charms.

An Opportunity.

IF there is one thing more than another which is an absolute want of the T.B.C., it is a good club house, with gymnasium attached, and now when we most need it comes the offer of the Athenæum Club to give us accommodation in their new home. The Athenæum have purchased a site on Church Street, opposite the Metropolitan Church, 50 ft. by 110 ft. extending through to Dalhousie Street, where they propose erecting, as soon as the spring opens, a first-class modern club house to contain billiard rooms, chess, draught and reading rooms, bowling alleys, gymnasium, boxing and fencing rooms, with all necessary bath and dressing rooms; and last, but not least to our mind, large and complete bicycle stables.

An informal meeting between some of our prominent members and the directors of the Athenæum was held last week, and the pro-