

# 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.—III.

After getting placed in our first-class carriage, which admitted of six passengers, the others being three decidedly pretty young ladies who had come down to Greenock to meet us—or rather I should say to welcome some of the other passengers—we were informed that another half hour would have to be endured before our train departed. This was unpleasant news to tired travellers, but the inevitable was accepted; and at the invitation of an American gentleman, who, I believe was in the theatrical profession, as his valise showed to an astonished public the remarkable endorsement, in large, black letters, "E. L., The Boston Wonder" (we could never discover exactly where the "wonder" came in, but he was a thorough down-east Yankee). Peard repaired to the refreshment room with him, where they stayed the pangs of hunger with a couple of sandwiches that were old enough to have originally come from Chicago. The blushing maiden who poured their coffee, by way of a pleasantry, and seeing that they were from America, intimated that she had a cousin in the United States, and, no doubt wishing to make them feel at home, asked if they knew her relation. She seemed surprised when they enquired if she could tell them the name of the town, and disappointment was plainly written upon her frank and open countenance when, in reply to her answer that she thought the place was either New York or Boston, they had to say, in accordance with Peard's early moulded principles, that they had not the pleasure of the gentleman's acquaintance. We then happened upon that delusion connected with every railway station in Great Britain—the penny-in-the-slot weighing machine. Langley ventured his penny, and was amazed to see the jigger register about ten pounds below his normal weight. This had the effect of dampening

the ardour of the other members of the party, so the chocolate tablet machine received the benefit of their patronage. By the time our resources had become exhausted in this way the train was ready to move, so we resumed our seats and were soon being whirled towards Paisley. We improved the passing moments by cultivating the acquaintance of our fellow passengers, who turned out to be most charming young ladies. With their interesting chat, and Langley's merry flow of soul, we found ourselves in St. Enoch's Station at Glasgow almost before we were aware of the fact. Peard, with his usual good luck, had a package of letters handed him as he stepped from the train, but the rest of us had to be satisfied with the anticipation of what the post-office might have in store for us on the morrow. We had consulted our Cyclist's Touring Club guide book for our hotel accommodation, and took the first one on the list—the Bridge Street Hotel. My other friends have forgiven the proprietor of this house for his many shortcomings, so I will let that pass; but assuredly silence is golden in this instance, at all events. We unfortunately happened upon the wrong hostelry as the first experiment, suffered in silence for a time, then arose in our wrath, and spent the last day of our first visit in Glasgow at the Grand—a splendid house.

The day following our arrival it rained, and, so that we would not feel the absence of the sea too keenly, kind and generous nature gave way to her weeping propensities and favored us with copious showers every day during our visit in Glasgow. Before devoting any time to the many points of interest which may be advantageously seen in this fine old city, all went to inspect the mounts that were to carry us throughout the tour. Polite language fails to describe the epithets used by us (not excepting even brother McBride) upon discovering from the representatives of the several companies that there were no bicycles awaiting us.

*(To be Continued.)*

One Australian rider is such an enthusiast that he has called his house "Cycleville."