

Now, no doubt by this time, the readers of the WHEELMAN are beginning to wonder when I am going to "dry up" about the Club and give them a little information as to the roads down this way. Well, although not at present a rider I can give them the information I have received from the active portion of our Club, and from several tourists who have passed through last summer, that the road from Bowmanville, a town five miles west, for about twenty miles east, is one of the best roads in the Dominion, and that the scenery is very hard to beat. I will leave it to some of the wheelmen to describe some of the rides of the Club, and in conclusion I will say on behalf of the N. B. C., that any bicyclists passing through our town will be most heartily welcomed at our Club Rooms, and that they can rely on being well attended to by the Consul of our town, Mr. W. H. Chandler, to whose untiring energy we owe the present prosperous condition of the Newcastle Bicycle Club.

"Nick."

OBITUARY.

It is our painful duty to have to record the death of one of Ottawa's most popular bicyclists, Mr. Sidney Woodburn, who died at his home in Ottawa, November 22nd, 1883. We extend to the bereaved parents and members of the Ottawa Bicycle Club, our heartiest sympathy in the great loss they have sustained.

We clip the following from the *Citizen*:

The funeral of the late Sidney Woodburn, which took place from the residence of his father, on Saturday, was a strong evidence of the affectionate respect in which he was held by all who knew him.

The burial service at the house was read by Rev. Mr. Longley, and prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Scott. Many floral tributes were sent to the house of mourning from private friends, besides those which were offered by the bodies of which the deceased was a member. From the Ottawa Bicycle Club came a handsome shield bearing a facsimile of their badges, with "Ottawa" in dark red and the letters "B. C." in opposite corners in light blue. The pall-bearers—Messrs. Jenkins, Hawley, Wilkins, Roy, Blyth and Young are all members of the Ottawa Bicycle Club, and wore their badges draped in crape. The members of other bodies, including Mr. Woodburn's employes, wore mourning badges consisting of a white silk circular centre, on which were in black letters the words: "In memoriam, Sidney A. Woodburn, died Nov. 22nd, 1883, Ottawa."

It is with the deepest regret that we chronicle the death of Mr. John Gunn, of the Molsons' Bank in this city. Though not a bicyclist, he took a great deal of interest in the sport. During his connection with the Molson's Bank, he had been stationed at Toronto, St. Thomas and elsewhere, and had won many friends who will regret to hear of his sudden demise.

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Marion blushed but said nothing, and the conversation drifted away to other subjects. Doctor Spankins was of opinion that Arthur, though showing every sign of doing well, had sustained a shock to his nervous system through his fall that the quiet and fresh air of the country would do more to enable him to overcome, than gallons of medicine in the city. Arthur seemed perfectly willing to try the doctor's treatment, and as it was quite feasible for him to pursue his legal studies at Farmer Hawthorne's homestead, it was finally settled that he should remain there till Christmas, at least, an arrangement that seemed to afford great satisfaction to Miss Marion. Accordingly, old Hawthorne was interviewed, and the matter ended in Arthur's being installed a member of the Hawthorne household.

CHAPTER III.

"Hast seen my lady?"

"Nay, my lord."

—(Troilus and Cressida)

It was the old, old tale with Arthur and Marion. Two young people constantly thrown into one another's society, if they are of the genuine brand of youthful flesh and blood, are certain, sooner or later, to feel sentiments stronger than those of mere friendship. Cupid was ever hovering round the young couple, and Arthur felt, at last, that he knew what real love was. When Marion was absent, he was wretched, and when she was present he, of course, was in the seventh heaven of happiness. And so time flew on, and the color returned to Arthur's cheeks once more, but though he actually felt as well as ever he had done in his life, the thought of leaving the peaceful farm house was certain to bring on symptoms of a relapse.

As regarded his legal studies, it may be stated that he obeyed Doctor Spankins' instructions to the letter, and refrained from overworking himself, finding far more pleasure in the society of Marion (with whom he wandered about through the shady woods and glens, saying the softest things, no doubt, and behaving in the most idiotically lover-like way) than in that of Littleton and Cake. Ah! those rambles! how many tender things were said during a single autumn afternoon; but, though the words might vary slightly each day, the theme of Arthur and Marion's low-voiced conversations was ever the same—love; love, that passion at once so tender yet so powerful.

Old Hawthorne had quite overcome his antipathy to "that city chap," and having discovered that Arthur, in addition to possessing excellent abilities and a good character, had also very fair expectations from his old uncle, seemed perfectly contented to let things go on as they were, even though these forest rambles and murmured conversations in the evening twilight should end in Arthur's becoming his son-in-law and in losing his pet, Marion.

And Arthur, as every other lover fancies, imagined that he was all in all to Marion as she was to him.

Space will not permit a full and detailed account of all the actions of this sentimental pair. They differed in no respect from the millions of other lovers who have been since the beginning of the world, and the reader may rest assured that they were very silly indeed.

Mike, the hired man, had, for some reason, conceived a huge dislike for Arthur, and muttered and growled like a bear with a sore head every time he saw the lovers together; he had even, on more than one occasion, offered threats of personal violence to the young law student, who, however, had treated him with all the contempt due to a mere hired menial. True, poor Mike may be said to have had some cause for his hatred, for before Arthur's advent to the farm-house he had been a declared admirer of Marion, and she had always been gracious and condescending to him, and he felt that, to use a slang expression, his nose had been put out of joint. So he brooded and growled, and muttered, and regarded Arthur with an evil eye.

Christmas was to be a day of high festivities at Hawthorne farm, and now it was but the day before that glad anniversary,—for the reader must be contented to be informed that summer and autumn had fled away and winter had usurped the place of the latter, and Arthur and Marion were to be introduced to the neighboring rustics, at a grand Christmas dinner, as a betrothed couple.

The day arrived, fresh, crisp, bracing; the snow, hard packed and in prime condition for sleighing, sparkled and glittered in the morning sunshine, as Arthur descended from his bed-room and sought the pleasant little front parlor where Marion and he and the old farmer generally breakfasted, and where the former usually awaited him, to receive her morning kiss from her lover's lips. On this Christmas morning she was not there, and upon old Mr. Hawthorne's coming in soon after Arthur had entered the room, and being asked how it was that Marion was so late, he confessed he could give no reason, and set off to call her, imagining that she might have overslept herself, she, like Martha, having been busy about many things on the previous evening, or that she might be bestowing her Yule-tide benedictions on the cattle and poultry, of which she was so fond, in the yard.

She was not in the bed-room, and old Hawthorne stood aghast as he discovered the dainty bed had not been slept on. In vain he shouted and shouted; no answer was vouchsafed to his call of "Marion," in which Arthur, now fully alarmed, joined.

"Perhaps Mike knows where she be," suggested the old man. "Mike! Mike!" he roared, but no Mike responded.

"See if he's out in the stable, do see, please Muster Gresham," he asked of Arthur, who accordingly went out to see; but hunt as he might, no Mike was to be found.