

The Wind is Blowing in the Right Direction.

It is pleasant to know that some of the foremost ladies in Toronto Society are becoming interested in bicycling, and to such an extent that many are learning to ride the drop-frame safety, and not a few already possess their own wheels.

Toronto is destined to be not only pre-eminently the leader in everything pertaining to cycling in Canada, but before many years elapse it will in this respect prove itself to have but few American competitors of its size.

We are glad to hear that the ladies are helping on the good work; their subduing and refining influence is just what is now needed to make the wheelman's life the most enviable of the athletic world. We trust our contemporary, *Saturday Night*, is correct in making the statement that the formation of a Ladies' Cycling Club in Toronto is now on the *tapis*. We anticipate the consummation of such a prospect with delight, and we are sure that if the idea is properly developed by the right parties the Ladies' Cycling Club of Toronto will be a great success.

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.—VI.

The appearance of the clouds overhead did not impress us very favorably, as we made our final preparations for the start on Monday morning; still we were so desirous of getting off that nothing short of a regular deluge would have kept us in Edinburgh another night. While Peard was devoting a little time to the Glasgow cyclists, and having the mud-guards removed from his wheel to somewhat reduce its weight, McBride and Langley took advantage of the opportunity to visit the Castle, and were rewarded for their effort by the sun shining for a sufficient time to enable them to thoroughly enjoy and appreciate the sublime view obtainable from the summit of the tower. On entering the Castle proper we pass over what is known and supposed by many to be the moat, although the excavation was never used for this purpose, it being a creation of recent years; in fact the Castle stands on too high an elevation to afford the possibility of it

ever being supplied with enough water to boast of a moat. The Castle is at the present time garrisoned by about twelve hundred soldiers, principally Highlanders, although these are frequently changed from time to time. Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the memory of the late Mr. Nelson, who was the main instrument in effecting the restoration of Argyle Tower, under which we pass when entering the gateway, and which retains so many memories of the incarceration and suffering of the adherents to the House of Stuart. Passing hurriedly on—for the rain had now commenced to come down in right good earnest—we inspect Mons Meg, the six ton gun, which, as a result of an overdose of loyalty and powder, burst when firing a salute in honour of the Duke of York during a visit of his Highness to Edinburgh in 1682. Memories of good Queen Margaret came before us as we were shown the chapel of St. Margaret; who, although wedded to the semi-barbarous Malcolm Canmore, was a most pious woman, beloved and idolized by her people. But I must not overlook the fact that this is not a resumé of historical events, but an attempt to record the doings of three very ordinary and distressingly modern mortals. Although the relentless rain had been falling with a persistency that perfectly appalled us, we were all ready to set off, and start we would. Probably good fortune admired our spirit of determination; but be that as it may, about noon the clouds broke away and good old Sol shone forth with as much strength and brilliancy as he is noted for doing when that much feared and at the same time revered preceptor of the small boy, James L. Hughes, bestrides his milk white charger and heads the Orangemen's procession on the Twelfth of July.

Although not as a rule given over to regrets, we sincerely believe that McBride did rue to some extent his selection of the ordinary, when in making the first mount, his saddle sought the ground, and in sympathy with the general result his handle bar became bent to such an extent that a visit to a neighboring repair shop was necessary before the journey could be continued, or rather commenced I should say. As I have before remarked, considerable rain had fallen during the morning, and the thought did force itself upon the reserve of common sense monopolized by Peard that notwithstanding the assurance by the natives that the roads dried up in a marvellously short time—he was running too much risk of being overloaded with Scottish real estate, as a consequence of the mud on the highways. The fondest