

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.—XV.

When we arrived at a state of consciousness the following morning, our steamer, the "Rouen," was just being made fast to the pier at Dieppe. The tide was out, so to get in close proximity with the persons who looked curiously at us from the landing, we were obliged to ascend a series of ladders, after which we were treated to the consoling sight of seeing our bicycles swung out in mid air, and elevated by means of ropes and pulleys to where we were. The presentation of our C. T. C. badge to the customs officials was sufficient to remove the barriers which oftentimes prove so annoying to the traveller. Being rather too early in the morning for the interesting portion of the town to be visited, we made the common error of postponing seeing Dieppe until the return journey, and, as is very often the case, the return journey was too hurriedly made to stop for the purpose.

McLean naturally enough was anxious to converse with a few of the natives in their own tongue, and essayed to procure directions to Arcques where we were to breakfast. We arrived at Arcques in due course, but it has always been a matter of conjecture to the writer to account for the extraordinary expression of countenance worn by McLean, during the dialogue with our first French friends, and why we did not take a more direct course to Arcques. At this village we stopped for a few minutes to partake of our morning refreshment, and to see the ruins of the ancient castle, which once stood on the hill overlooking Arcques. The "sandpapered" roads of France, we found to be all that was claimed for them, and they are certainly hard to beat. You appreciate them so much the more after emerging from any of the villages in which the much detested *pavé* abounds. Three o'clock in the afternoon found us at Rouen, hot, dusty, and tired. This ancient capital of Normandy has much interest for us, and, after partaking of *table d'hôte* at the Hotel D'Angleterre, we spent an hour in the famous Cathedral of Notre Dame, hearing recited by our guide, the legends of Richard Coeur de Lion, Cardinal d'Amboise, and Diana of Poitiers. The Placade la Pucelle contained more interest for us than even the Cathedral; to this place

we soon found our way, standing at the very fountain which now marks the spot whereon Jeanne d'Arc is said to have been burned. Another half hour spent in walking through the quaint thoroughfares of this French city, and we are once more upon our bicycles, following the road which bridges the Seine at this point, out into the open country beyond. Pont del Arche is a village probably eighteen miles from Rouen. When we reached this place, the amount of fatigue we had accumulated during the day prompted us to make our arrangements for the night, and after some little endeavor on the part of our interpreter, we located the Hotel D'Normandie, and found that the good-natured landlord had sufficient accommodation for ourselves and steeds.

(To be continued.)

"Wanderers' Diary."

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—As I sit down to write these few lines, through the window can be seen a few stray flakes of snow, dropping in a nervous, trembling manner towards the ground, as though somewhat doubtful as to their gracious reception by the citizens of Toronto, and we think they have more particularly in mind the bicyclists who with the commencement of winter are compelled to store away their wheels until the opening of the season in 1892.

But certainly we have had nothing to complain of this year as regards favorable elements, and though loth to lay our wheels aside, feel grateful for a most delightful season.

Our initial "smoker" was held last week, and friends to the number of about 175 gathered at the Club Quarters, where to the best of our ability we presented a programme of varied nature, ranging from a fantasia in E minor on the violin of Barney Ryan to "Drill, Ye Tarriers, Drill," by Will Tinning, the latter selection, by the way, recalling to some of us Capt. Orr's instruction orders to our own Drill Corps.

Talking of Orr, he and Bert Thompson have just returned from a trip down South, having made the complete circuit by way of New York, Florida, New Mexico and New Orleans—but pardon me, "New Orr-lins," they call it. I suppose George imagines there is some connection between himself and the title of that settlement. They propose issuing a volume descriptive of the trip, but I would suggest there be two, as of course literary tastes differ.

Our movements this winter, providing the weather keeps seasonable, shall be by no