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But now as I have about exhausted my vocabulary,
I am forced to make an end of this simple tin-
tinabulary,
Or else some irate member of our glorious
constabulary
Will arrest me and the model of a mode
bicycle.

"HUNGRY TOMMY'S" ADVICE TO WOULD BE BICYCLERS.

If you really think you'd like for to learn to
ride a bike, then borrow a machine,
It really doesn't matter, if you come down
with a clatter, such sights are often seen,
Then if you should break it, then surely you
can take it down to Lane & Co.,
Who'll fix it in a trivet, with a hammer and
a rivet, and charge a dollar or so.

Then Mr. Lane will say,
As you take your wheel away,
If you should break it again my dear young
man, which I should be sorry to see,
Then bring it back again to me young man,
then bring it back again to me.

If you're eager for to shine in the bicycling
line, as a fancy rider rare,
You must get up all the pranks of these fancy
mountain-banks, and show them everywhere
You must lie upon your handle, and from your
pedal dangle, and if you would but strive
To pedal with your toes while standing on
your nose, at an angle forty-five.

Then everyone would say
As you steer your mystic way,
If this young man ain't satisfied quite with
plain riding good enough for me,
Why what a very singularly fancy kind of man
this fancy kind of man must be.

And if you're fond of pots, or of medals, there
are lots of men to try your speed,
You must get upon the track, and at the pistol
crack be sure and take the lead,
At the finish courage muster and come in with
a huster, and so you'll win your race,
The others they'll look blue and so indeed
would you if you'd been in their place.

Then the fellows that got left would say
As from the track you stray,
If this young man so very, fast is, (a long way
too fast for me.)

Why what a most exceedingly fast young man
this fast young man must be.

"OUR TRIP TO THE ANCIENT CITY."

BY "JINUEL."

Air—"King of the Cannibal Islands."

If you haven't heard the news of late,
About our mighty trip, so great,
Pray listen to me and I will relate,
Our trip to the Ancient City.
With twenty wheels,
All brisk as eels,
So bright and gay each rider feels,
With banner fine
And bugle too
You bet we were a jolly crew.
With our
Uniforms so plain and neat,
Nothing small about us save our feet,
A jollier lot you'll seldom meet,
On a trip to the Ancient City.

Our Capitaine was full of fun,
And perpetrated many a pun,
For which he surely deserved the run,
On our trip to the Ancient City.
Old "Jumbo" with his friendly "Mait"
Both roamed the boat till very late,
To try if they
Could find a bait
But Alas! opposed to them was fate,
With our etc., etc.

And "Hungry Tommy" was there likewise,
"Our Growler" swore he cast sheep's eyes
At sundry piles of tarts and pies,

On our trip to the Ancient City.
He felt so gay
And full of play
That he was eating all the way.
And he felt quite sore,
And loud did roar
When he found that he could not eat some
more.
With our etc., etc.,

Our Bugler he was full of wind,
And out of his bugle contrived to grind
Many doleful tunes of a doleful kind,
On our trip to the Ancient City.
And "Johnnie A,"
Found lots to say
With his "bewitching eyes" of gray,
The rest of the boys played many a lark,
And "oh! me Lawd," cries Georgie Starke,
With our etc., etc.

The "Pelican" that son of Mars,
Couldn't come by boat, so came by cars,
But he sent along some fine cigars
To smoke at the Ancient City.
Poor "Bunthorne" stayed
At home, but he
Was missed as little as could be.
Whenever a rider felt ill at ease,
He'd call in the aid of our two "M. D.'s"
With our etc., etc.

When on the Terrace we went to drill,
Our "Noble Twelve" displayed great skill,
But "Jingling Johnnie" got an awful spill,
On our trip to the Ancient City.
He felt so queer
We all did fear
That he his royal pants might tear;
But he jumped right up
And with a spring
He mounted astride his old pig-skin.
With our etc., etc.

On Saturday night we all were led
To the dining hall, where a gorgeous spread,
With Captain Campbell at the head
Was laid in the Ancient City.
'Twixt toast and song,
It was not long.
In singing, "H. T." came out quite strong,
And all the crew,
Both gray and blue,
Did vow that the dinner was quite "too-too."
With our etc., etc.

On Monday aft, at five o'clock,
Down to the Montreal wharf we walk,
And after considerable fuss and talk,
Bid adieu to the Ancient City.
A rousing cheer
By voices clear
From the Quebecers throats we hear,
With echoing swell
Our answering yell
Did give them a taste of the Boston "Well."
With our etc., etc.

CANUCKS' A WHEEL.

This is how it happened. A friend and
myself spent part of our holidays last year by
taking a wheel trip to Niagara Falls and we
had such a good time that I determined to do
it over again with a still larger party and to
make Buffalo our objective point. With this
intent I spoke to the members of the neighbor-
ing clubs who all responded so heartily that I
expected a party of fifteen at least but when
the time came we found our numbers reduced
to six. Our London friends were to come
down to Aylmer by train Monday morning;
St. Thomas to wheel down to breakfast, and
the start to be made from Aylmer, picking up
the Brantford boys the second day. So at
6.30 Monday morning a cloud of dust, feet,
etc., was seen sailing into town from the west,
and seated majestically a little ahead of the
dust was our friend Hepinstall, sole representa-
tive of St. Thomas. At the train we met
our friend Keenleyside of the 'Tixer, who rep-
resented London. After breakfast had been

disposed of we drew up in line for the start;
and here perhaps it would be as well to make
our bow and introduce ourselves.

First as originator of the party this is us.
Our name is Doolittle, but as the name is very
suggestive, in all but our eating capacity which
is enormous, any further remarks will be
unnecessary. This man on our left hand is
Jumbo. You will readily recognize him by
his big feet, crooked legs and ankles, huge
capacity for noise and expansive countenance,
which reaches behind his ears since he had
his head shaved. Next in order comes the
man whom the Hamilton *Spectator* calls Mr.
Keenleyside. His chief peculiarity lies in
the fact that he ashamed to be seen walking
on the street in his short "close." And this,
ladies and gentlemen, with the bland and
taking smile and shapely legs—beg pardon,
limbs—that is the masher, otherwise Mr.
Frank Morrisoi. of the Aylmer B. Club,
and although we have not got them with us
yet we will here introduce our Brantford
friends.

This slim little fellow who takes his meals,
and large ones too, six or seven times a day,
is the kid who is taken in charge by this last
but not least man of our party, papa, who has
the peculiar failing of not being able to pass
any place from an ice cream parlor to a cherry
orchard without buying or taking something.
At home they call the kid Harry Fair and
papa goes by the name of Fred. Westbrook.

And now having made our bow we mount
and ride away, some of our boys going as far
as Springfield with us. About four miles out
the first tumble of the trip was taken in some
soft gravel by—well, it was not reported in the
papers—the result being a bent crank; but
Jumbo got a rail between the end of the crank
and the hub, and Presto! it was straight as
ever. Jumbo has had lots of practice in that
kind of work. Again we mount and soon
reach Springfield over a good to fair road part
clay. Here we leave the boys who cannot
take in the trip and away we go again. The
next six miles to Brownsville are rough clay
with a slight rain shower thrown in or rather
poured in by way of variety. From Brownsville
we get a fine gravel road and Jumbo's counten-
ance, which had lengthened several degrees
since leaving Springfield, experienced a com-
plete collapse and looked like a full moon in
June. A line spin of two and a half miles
brings us to Cullodea, where Newsy, who had
nothing to eat since leaving London at five
A. M., began to feel a goneness inwardly and
moved that a short stop be made for refresh-
ments. After biscuits and milk have been
disposed of we again mount, the road continu-
ing favorable as ever, and at the end of two
miles we have a half-mile coast than which
there is none finer on any country road.
Weight being an advantage we were handi-
capped by Jumbo's feet who shot ahead at a
glorious pace. About two miles further on we
turn off this good road which leads to Ingersoll
and get a middling to poor one to Mount
Elgin, three miles. Here we walk up a hill
into the village, and are repaid by a fine coast
going out. About two miles out we see a
swamp ahead and on our left a fine farm-
house and as it is about noon and eight miles
to the next town, Jumbo, as being the most
cheeky is sent in to take stock of the place.
Walking up to the kitchen door where he
finds the family all at dinner he asks in his
blandest manner if he can get a little milk for
himself and friends as the are very thirsty
and hungry and have ridden a long
distance. A girl is dispatched for the milk but
no invitation is thrown out for dinner even
when one of the hungry ones outside shouts
"dinner for four." Still the farmer had the
graciousness to refuse pay for the milk. After
getting through the swamp Jumbo and I were
sent on ahead to order dinner at Norwich
making the town four minutes ahead of the
others. But dinner is soon on the table and we
rather astonished the natives by the way we
cleaned that board. After an hour's rest we
start on again and soon make New Durham