

OUR VALENTINE!

CHAS. ROBINSON & CO.,

22 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO

THE ONLY EXCLUSIVE DEALERS IN

BICYCLES, TRICYCLES AND SPORTING GOODS, IN CANADA.

IMPORTANT PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

WE will only briefly indicate this month our line of Wheels for the coming season, reserving fuller details for the March issue of THE WHEELMAN.

Rudge No. 1 (Light Roadster).....	\$115.00
Rudge No. 42 (Canadian Rudge).....	85.00
Rudge No. 3, a new wheel. Excellent value at	60.00
Rudge Bicycleette (Rover pattern). Reduced from	
\$120 to.....	115.00
Rudge Safety.....	115.00
Boy's Ideal.....	\$32-46.00
Rudge Royal Crescent Tricycle, the best in the	
market.....	150.00
Rudge Humber Tandem.....	200.00

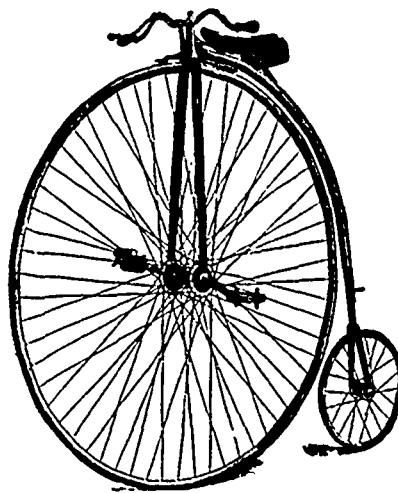
Send 3 cent stamp and have your name entered for them.

→ BICYCLE LITERATURE ←

EVERY Wheelman who desires to keep abreast of the times, and who takes an intelligent interest in bicycling, should employ the long winter evenings in reading some good cycling periodicals. We are sole Canadian agents for Messrs. Hille & Son, of Coventry (Eng.), the leading English cycling publishers, and have just received a shipment of their publications, as follows:

The Xmas No. of the Cyclist and Year Book, illustrated.....	0 50
Complete Guide to Bicycling.....	0 50
Bicycle Tactics (a Manual for Drilling Bicycle Clubs).....	0 25
Health upon Wheels, 125 pp.....	0 75
Training for Amateur Athletes and Bicyclists.....	0 75

Six copies current English and American bicycle papers sent for 27 cents.



THE RUDGE LIGHT ROADSTER.

OLD KING CYCLE

Old King Cycle is a merry old soul,
A merry old soul is he,
Who yearly comes from his winter retreat
In the cold month of Febru-aree.
On St. Valentine's Day is his advent made
With a flourish of trumpets and a great parade,
When to every member of his cycling band
He gives a Valentine and a shake of his hand.

Now, this old King Cycle is a busy old soul,
An extremely busy old soul is he,
And to cover all Canada in one short day
(Being the fourteenth of Febru-aree),
Taxes his powers to the utmost;
So he hereby empowers Chas. Robinson & Co.
To scatter his Valentines to and fro,
Because old King Cycle is wisely aware
They are known from the Sea to far Vancouver.
And what is his Valentine this bright new year?
It is a song that will gladden and cheer—
A song of the famous and wonderful RUDGE,
Whose high reputation no attacks can budge—
The wonderful RUDGE that will open the eyes
Of Canada's wheelmen with glad surprise,
As, untrammelled and free, they glide away,
They'll bless King Cycle and Valentine's Day.

FIRE-BRICK PAVEMENTS.

The Detroit *Tribune* reporter called on Rev. Dr. Ryan to learn from him the relative value of wood and brick pavements, Dr. R. being well qualified to speak on the subject. Dr. Ryan said:

"I have had considerable experience in pavements, having travelled over the worst and best in the world, including the Appian Way."

"What is the best pavement you have found?"

"Brick. There is nothing equal to it, and it will be the pavement of the future. The road it makes is as smooth as a floor, and it holds just enough debris to make it noiseless."

"Is it durable?"

"Yes, indeed. I formerly lived at Charleston, W. Va. Fourteen years ago they laid the first brick pavement, and twelve years after it seemed to me to be in as perfect condition as when first laid. Tires do not break or crack it, as they roll along as if on a floor."

"How does it cost in comparison to wood?"

"I cannot tell, but it is cheaper when wear is taken into consideration. Wooden pavements are only an expedient, having to be constantly repaired. Then cedar blocks will not last forever. There will have to be a change soon."

"What kind of brick is used?"

"Either common red brick or fire-brick. At Wheeling fire-brick is used, and, by the way, the bricks are patented. They are wider at the bottom than at the top, thus permitting sand to work into the interstices."

"How are they laid?"

"With the edges upon a bed of sand, below which is a framework of timbers. There is a fortune for the man who introduces brick pavement into this city. There is no use talking, brick is to be the pavement of the future."

Three gallant cyclists careered boldly along the pavement of a certain street in Glasgow when their course was suddenly arrested by the stern voice of a hobby calling on them to stop. Being law-abiding citizens, the young men obeyed, and stood still while Tonalt took down their names. The names of the first two were inscribed in his note-book by Donald without a word of comment. The third gave his name as "John Smith," whereat the hobby grinned, "Is t'ere nae ither names she'll could get insteed o' John Smith? That name'll hae been used sae often. No; she'll needna try it on; she must give her richt name." "That is my richt name," said the cyclist. "Come, come noo, dinna pe bashfu'. Could ye no gie us some ither name?" insinuated the hobby, mockingly. "Yes," replied the cyclist; put down William Shakespeare." "That's a good boy! Spell her name," said the limb of the law, triumphantly. The name was spelt. "Whour'll she leeve?" was the hobby's next query. "Stratford-on-Avon!" was the response. And the next day the poor dead author of "Venus and Adonis" was called up by warrant out of his icy sepulchre to attend a wretched police-court, to tell why he rode his bicycle on the pavement.—*C. T. C. Gazette.*

There is a principal of a business college in St. Louis who weighs more than two hundred pounds, and he is trying to reduce his weight. He rides a bicycle. It is not one of the ordinary slim bicycles, but a very small machine called a Kangaroo, on which he sits not far removed from the ground, so that he can avoid a heavy fall. Recently, he was riding up Locust street, St. Louis, on his way home. When he came opposite a house near Twenty-second street, he saw a boy sprinkling the asphalt street with water from a hose. It was fearful hot, and he was perspiring and puffing like a steam-engine. The boy saw the fat man on the bicycle, and he thought the sight so funny that he laughed, ha! ha! Then he turned the hose on him. The latter protested, but the boy played on him again. His obvious course was to dismount and chase the boy, but it was so fearful hot to take the chances of catching him, that he put on more steam and pedaled hard under a stream of water from the hose until out of reach. Then he heard that boy laughing again and these words came to him: "Well, jumbo, do you feel any cooler now?"

"Turn, turn, my wheel! turn round and round
Without a pause, without a sound."

—LONGFELLOW.

"The hobby-horse is forgot."

—SHAKESPEARE.

"But there is still a vehicle deserves a little mention."

—HOOD.

"Since we have known each other well, since riding side by side."

—SCOTT.

"We have conversed and spent our hours together."

—SHAKESPEARE.

"All day we drive the wheels of iron."

—ELIZABETH BROWNING.