

The Century Run.

The Torontos held their first Century Run of the season on Saturday, the 13th inst., when the following members met at the Don Bridge, at 5 a.m., viz.: Messrs. W. Robins, A. F. Webster, G. M. Begg, W. H. Lee, W. H. Miln, C. J. W. Lowes, R. S. Williams, E. Y. Parker, E. W. Trent, and Jas. Stanbury. Previous to starting all agreed to an easy pace of eight miles per hour, but when Norway hill was reached, the roads found to be in beautiful condition, and no wind blowing at all, good resolutions were forgotten, and the crowd scorched along in some places at a speed of twelve miles an hour, reaching Whitby without a dismount in 2 hrs. 40 min. After breakfast and a short rest, a fresh start was made, but out of consideration for the Treasurer the pace to Oshawa was comparatively easy. A rivalry however sprang up between Begg and Webster as to who should be pacemaker, and as a consequence the pace to Newcastle was pretty lively, and many of us began to show signs of distress. A halt was called, and we all went to view the old home of our friend Howard Chandler, with its lovely garden. After stealing some of the flowers and dropping a tear over the fence because he did not take part in the road race against the Juniors, we mounted and set out for Port Hope. With the exception of a few spots where the road-mender (?) had been at work the track was good, and another "scorch" was the result, led by Capt. Robins, who was just beginning to wake up. Away we went with a wild yell scaring all the farmers for a mile round and rousing their dogs, who came chasing after us through the fields and barking as hard as they could. One cur chased Ed. Parker for a long distance and finally grabbed the rear wheel of his safety and pulled the tire off leaving him in a state which can better be imagined than described. Fortunately a toll-gate was near, and there Ernie Trent borrowed some twine and bound it on sufficiently strong to allow of Parker's making Port Hope, where we stopped for dinner, and a couple of hours much-needed rest. Here we were overtaken by W. Covert, who had left Toronto at 6.30, and the party divided, Lowes, Begg and Williams returning to Oshawa, while the rest of us pushed on to the pretty village of Colborne for tea. After supper Covert and Stanbury rode back into Peterboro' county, and the rest of us returned to Cobourg to spend the night, making the century in 13 hrs. 50 min. from the start, with a net riding

time of 9 hrs. 45 min. On Sunday all but Miln and Trent wheeled back to Toronto, these two preferring to wait until midnight and take the Richelieu boat. Thus ended the Torontos' first century run this year, and I think all who went will be glad of the opportunity of joining the next when it is called.

On arriving home we learned that Lieut. J. Miln and J. Sinclair left Toronto at 1.30 the same afternoon, making Port Hope by 10.30; which is remarkably good riding.

Yours, "CHIPS."

Our Slow Racer.

DEAR EDITOR.—As my first attempts at journalistic work did not seem to be appreciated by the subject of my last letter, whose rights I was trying to maintain, and whose in-bred modesty (and we all know that he is possessed with more than his share of that commodity) caused him to stop me on the street to say that he did not thank me for the trouble I had taken to try and make him out a racer, for he was not, nor never would be, for he considered racing too much like work. Well, boys, all I can say is that if by any chance you should find him about to start in any kind of a race don't bet on him a cent's worth, for from what I know of him I don't think he will ever win any money at anything he considers "too much like work." I promised him I would apologize openly in this issue of CYCLING for my interference, so I will say right here that if I said anything I am sorry for I am glad of it, and from what I saw last night I am inclined to think he will never ride even a slow race, for on this occasion he in company with a number of others was riding along one of our best paved streets, when a passing team caused the pace to be slackened until it developed into a slow race, with the result that our modest young man took a strait header and spilled himself most ungracefully on top of the only lady in the party. What a tremendous shock his modesty must have experienced on that occasion. I fancy I can yet see those blushes. Now, Mr. Comet Co., I apologize for saying you are a racer, and in future I shall be more careful and try and confine my articles more closely to the truth.

ERBSEN.

It has been suggested that in future the start of all runs be photographed, in order to secure a large attendance. Messrs. Langley and English informed us that they were successful in securing three good negatives of Saturday's start.