

Wanderers' Blow Out.

Our great annual dinner is over, and, after a most severe struggle with my digestive organs, I have recovered and am returned to my normal condition of health.

It would doubtless be considered by some as presuming were I to say very much in praise of our own banquet, so, confining myself to facts, I will leave the readers to draw their own inference in the matter, merely mentioning that, from my position at the head of the table, everyone seemed to be enjoying himself to the uttermost, and revelry ran high.

Our guests included Sec'y Hal. B. Donly, of the C. W. A.; Vice-Pres. W. H. Chandler, of Toronto B. C.; Messrs. Laidlaw, Pres., and Lloyd, Vice-Pres., of Hamilton Club; Messrs. Cane and Atkinson, of Newmarket; Messrs. Edwards, Pres., and Eddis, Sec'y, of Athenæum Club, in addition to others.

The toast list was not a lengthy one, and, after that of "The Queen"—to which some disloyal subject tried to introduce "She's My Annie," but was immediately ejected—"The C. W. A." followed, being responded to by Mr. Donly, in a very eloquent address. "The Officers" received fitting replies from Vice-Pres. Darby and Capt. Hunter, and "Veterans," from Geo. Orr, Fred. Morphy and Bob McKee, the old-timer from Chicago. "Racing Men" gave Perfect-Form Ross an opportunity to favor us with one of his eloquent after-dinner extravaganzas: this toast being also replied to by Marshall Wells.

The many virtues and excellent qualities of "The Ladies" were presented in their most brilliant coloring by Mr. Lloyd, of Hamilton. "Our Guests" were responded to by Messrs. Chandler, of Torontos, and Edwards and Eddis, of Athenæum, and "Sister Clubs" by Pres. Laidlaw, of Hamilton, and Bert Cane, of Newmarket.

Mr. Chandler, in the course of his remarks, referred to the position of affairs regarding the Toronto Lacrosse Club Track, and Pres. Taylor, in reply, stated that we would be pleased to meet representatives of the city clubs to consider what course would be advisable under the circumstances. It would certainly seem as though something were necessary, for Toronto cannot afford, with the congregation of speeding ability now in our midst, to be so severely handicapped on this vital point.

The question has possibly resolved itself into one of sustaining an independent track, and surely the four city clubs are able to do so, for, with the probable cost for rental of the Toronto Grounds in view, and the lack

of advantages or even requirements in the track itself, we certainly cannot look forward with any degree of satisfaction to our prospects in this direction, and as it is only a matter of time until it shall be found an absolute necessity, why not grasp the opportunity now, and if the Toronto Lacrosse Club cannot be induced to arrange matters satisfactorily (which seems very doubtful), strike out for ourselves, and the energy and ability which has always been associated with the doings of Toronto Clubs will certainly be productive of the required result, and we shall have a track worthy of our men and attractive to the flyers of the continent.

The Baseball Grounds, while perhaps not so suitably located as the present ones, seem to be the most likely in view, and, as Pres. McConnell has expressed his willingness to prepare terms, why not have a meeting to consider the matter, for we can, in any event, be no worse off than now. Immediate action, however, is essential.

I have almost now lost the thread of my discourse as it were on the dinner, but must mention the enjoyable programme rendered by our friends, Messrs. Fairweather, Shaver and Eddis, in vocal selections, and Mr. Ebbells in two of his inimitable recitations and selections by Glionna's Orchestra. Mr. Carlisle played the accompaniments in his usual brilliant style, and Auld Lang Syne brought to a close one of the most enjoyable evenings in our club history.

PUSH-ON.

All the city clubs are receiving numerous applications for membership, and it looks as if they would all enjoy a boom this summer.

Does it ever strike old stagers how much greater individuality the young bloods exhibit than formerly. Not so long ago, in the choice of a machine, the advice of the agent or experienced rider was always resorted to; but so well-informed is the young generation that they can generally think out a better mount than you can yourself. It is difficult to disengage our mind from the archaic impression that weight indicates strength, and that length of days will give staying power and a modicum of speed. Come upon, nowadays, a budding scorcher, fresh from his novitiate, does the youngster look awestruck and seem to be conciliatory? No; down goes his head, and you think afterwards that if he had kept the pace for another twenty yards something would have gone wrong with your machine. Marvel at their precocity, and think sadly of the long apprenticeship to the G.O.O., which has not now to be undergone.—*Scottish Cyclist*.