

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

THE LATEST FAD.

There are very many manias in a
well developed state,
To be found at Rockwood Hospital,
but there is one of late,
Whose spread is quite alarming,
may some expert soon invent
Some panacea powerful, and thus
its spread prevent.

Of epidemic character, it seizes
young and old,
(To me the great preventive is, a
woeful lack of gold),
The aged and the youthful, all alike
its power feel,
The prepossessing thought is to be
owner of a wheel.

If you want to be in fashion and
considered quite au fait,
If you want to be right in it, buy a
"bike" without delay.
Don't consider the expenses, do not
hesitate at cost,
Or your glorious opportunity may
be forever lost.

You then may talk of bicycles from
early morn to night,
At tea or dinner table, for you have
a perfect right,
Introduce it in the parlor, in the
office or the hall,
'Tis the only leading subject and of
course it has the call.

No matter if 'tis Sunday and relig-
iously at church,
Don't forget your darling bicycle,
don't leave it in the lurch,
But 'tween the solemn chanting and
the pastor's strong appeal,
Be sure to think of sprockets, and
the beauties of your wheel.

If your friend has bought a "Victor,"
say Columbia's the best,
Or the Fleetwing, or the Kenwood,
put his feelings to the test,

Don't forget to ask the price he paid,
and when you find it out,
Assert him "sharped" for twenty-
five—you haven't any doubt.

E'en if you cannot ride at all, a
bicycle is fine,
The fun's not all in riding, it's in
talking, I opine,
The highest and the lowest have a
mutual subject rare,
To display their wondrous knowl-
edge with a confidential air.

You can talk about ball-bearings,
talk of sprockets and of gear,
Talk of different makes of handles,
talk of rubber tubing dear,
You can talk "machine" eternal,—
but don't forget to TALK,
And tell your wheelless neighbor
what a fool he is to walk.

So prevalent this mania, of a form
that's so acute,
So marked the various symptoms are
in those it once takes root,
I'd recommend a special ward at
once be set apart,
And each one with a "wheel" be
promptly treated from the start.

No longer do they go aboard, afloat
they never reel,
Afield they're never roaming now,
but all are gone a-wheel,
It's "wheel" at noon, it's "wheel" at
night, it's "wheel" at dawning too,
You can't escape this wheeling craze
no matter what you do.

No wonder Burns did crave a friend
to give that gift divine,
'To see ourselves as others see'—for
cyclists 'twould be fine,
If they'd adopt this motto, give us
sufferers peace desired,
For their ceaseless cackinnation
makes us really very "tired."

W. C.