

Probabilities.

Dave will break the Kingston record on the Queen's Birthday.

The Champions will only run seven men next Saturday.

That the Ladies' Bicycle Club will be a success.

The Torontos will invite the Ladies' Club to occupy their new Club House.

A 25 % call will be made on the stockholders.

Howard Irish will *not* finish first in the Road Race.

Bendi. will not finish last. Mac. will ride even if he has sprained wrists.

Freddy will not take a header at the start.

The "New Cushion Tire" will come well up the line.

None of the Torontos will be in Woodstock; they will all be at Hamilton on Dominion Day.

We would like to hear of someone going in and breaking Jack Laidlaw's walking record of 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours from Cooksville to Toronto, he having the misfortune to break his wheel.

He Monkeyed once too Often.

A somewhat humorous story appeared in the *Tribune* some time ago, of a young man who was so anxious for a race that, in an endeavor to draw out a driver he ran two or three times directly in front of his horse's nose. The driver warned him to "quit monkeying." A third time did the rider dash across the horse's head, but this time the driver said a word or two to the horse, and when the humorous youth looked around that old horse had his ears laid back and was coming after him at a gait that made his hair stand on end. He was coming after him, too, not trying to race with him. Then that funny lad leaned forward and got an action on his long legs that came near overheating the gearings of his knee-joints. And the old horse was right behind him, and seemed to be actually reaching out with his forefeet for the little hind wheel of the bicycle. If he ever struck it—but the rider had no time to figure on anything except how long he could keep up that movement. He couldn't turn; his speed was too great for that; he could only pump those pedals and thank heaven that he was on an asphalt

pavement. Four blocks and the bicycle-horse tandem entered Lincoln Park. One shot down one drive and the other another. The man in the buggy was alert and full of fun, the bicyclist was pale and panting, and the old horse trotted leisurely northward through the park. And one bicyclist has learned not to amuse himself worrying drivers on the boulevards.—*Referee*.

A road race will occur at Cleveland on May 30, starting at the Public Square and finishing at Wade Park. The distance will be about twenty miles. The race is open to all comers and handsome prizes will be given.

Just as we anticipated, the report that the *Bi. World* would try to clear itself of its contract with the League is vigorously denied. It is barely over a year since the proprietors of that paper declined to charge the League for over a thousand dollars' worth of space which it had used, and for which the *Bi. World* was entitled to payment, and it is hardly likely that a new contract, so recently made, should have so soon become irksome. Possibly there is another candidate in the field. We believe no change will be made in the official organ until the expiration of the present contract, and as that runs, we believe, until 1895, it is a little early to speculate. By that time, however, the centre of League membership will be far nearer Chicago than New York or Boston.—*Referee*.

A correspondent of the *Cycle Record* says: The indications of a revival in the demand for ordinaries are by no means so chimerical as some would have us think. For some little time I have been selling—that is wanting to sell—one of my old machines; but hitherto want has been my master. Now a sudden change has come over the face of things. Within a week I have had five offers of purchase, and in every case the offer has come from a previous rider of the safety. One complains that the safety does not suit him; another likes not the intimate acquaintance with dirt and dust that his low position (when safety-mounted) compels; and so the excuses go on. A friend of mine, who had anticipated this state of things, had bought, as a kind of small speculation, two or three good ordinaries at a low figure. He has now sold them all at advanced prices; and these are the kind of straws that show which way the winds of popular fancy blow. There are many fellows who ride the safety because somebody else does it, you know, and they were chaffed or persuaded to go in for a type of machine that they never at heart really liked. Some of these come back to their old love; some do not.