

liked. Among his friends and club-mates he is well regarded, and all hope to see him mounted next year on a racing machine, when, with good health and the knowledge gained during the present season, we predict for him the winning of one or more of the championship events on July 1st, 1892.

F.

The subject of our next article on Canadian Flyers, will be Mr. F. H. Skerrett, of the Hamilton Bicycle Club.

A Summer's Cycling Reminiscence.

THE STORY OF A THREE MONTHS' BICYCLING TOUR THROUGH EUROPE, AND AN ACCOUNT OF SOME OF THE IMPRESSIONS RECEIVED.

BY ONE OF THE PARTY.—XIII.

Notwithstanding the fun we had out of McBride's mishap, the injury proved to be a painful, if not serious one; and it seemed so absurd to us that evening in Shaftesbury, when, after repeated efforts, we learned that none of the few drug stores—or apothecary shops as they are called over there—were open after six o'clock. The fourth of July was the day following, but as McBride had already celebrated our American cousins' national holiday the day previous, we did not feel obligated to uphold our reputation for being "Americans" by wearing miniature flags bearing the emblem of liberty. It was a question with McBride whether he would be able to continue the journey a-wheel, in consequence of the soreness and stiffness which now made itself felt as a result of his accident, but as he was early in life presented with a considerable allowance of pluck and perseverance—for which circumstance he cannot of course be censured—he would make the attempt, and with some little occasional assistance he got along famously. We left Shaftesbury late in the morning, arriving at Wilton for dinner, starting from thence immediately for Stonehenge. We only had a ride of seven miles to this place, but it seemed to us when we came within sight of the Druidical remains that we had been transported to another hemisphere. The immense rocks of Stonehenge are situated in what appeared to us to be a huge wilderness, the idea being more forcibly impressed upon us, no doubt, for the reason that the heavens were clouded, giving a grey, weird appearance to the country as well as the immense stones upon which the Druids used to offer their sacrifices. How

incongruous it occurred to us to see our bicycles resting upon these huge boulders, which, if they could speak, would be able to give utterance to such wonderful tales of centuries ago. The threatening rainstorm hastened our movements, and we were soon on our wheels again spinning along over the perfect gravel road towards Amesbury. The rain maintained its record and came down with such vigor that night that we did not leave the little village of Amesbury until well on towards noon the following day. We were a good deal less than one hundred miles from London at this time and getting very anxious to reach the metropolis; so, as the sky again threatened rain, we decided to end the suspense, and train the rest of the distance to the city. By the time we reached Euston station we realized the wisdom of resorting to the railroad to enter London; it is a much different thing riding into a city the size of London on a bicycle, and taking the train in; especially when you know nothing of the various entrances. We had arranged to go to Burr's hotel in Queen Square, but when we arrived there the ubiquitous host informed us that his available accommodation was limited to two rooms, so, Peard having loitered by the way, McBride and Langley ensconced themselves in these quarters. A letter from McLean, awaiting them here, bore the welcome news that he had been in London some days, so might be momentarily expected to drop in; this he did just before the rider of the safety appeared upon the scene. We were more than delighted to see our friend McLean and welcome him to the fellowship of our little band. McLean was established at the Waverley, King St., Cheapside, so temporarily we had to separate again, Peard casting in his lot with "Donald" at the Waverley. Well we remember entering McLean's room and noting with delight the packet of letters that awaited us, but we were little prepared for the news that met our eye on opening the first envelop. It seemed only yesterday—when reading the account of our valued friend Ed. Coates' sudden death—that we had the conversation with him which resulted in his again joining the Toronto Bicycle Club, and to think that now he was gone without a word, it seemed too terrible, too sudden. A quiet unassuming fellow, yet manly and true to a degree was Edward Coates', and it will always be esteemed a privilege by the writer to feel that he was one of those who enjoyed the friendship of such an example of manly uprightness and purity

(To be continued.)