

# BICYCLISTS !

Do you want to make

# 70%

Interest on your money? If so,  
telegraph at once to

## Chas. Robinson & Co.,

22 CHURCH ST., TORONTO,

For one or more of the following  
brand new machines :

- (a) 1 50-inch new Rudge Light Roadster, with spade handles, ball-bearing head, detachable handle bar, tangent spokes and ball pedals, reduced from \$120 to \$90 cash.
- (b) 1 52-inch ditto, at same price.
- (c) 2 54-inch ditto, at same price each.
- (d) 1 52-inch Rudge No. 2, reduced from \$85 to \$65.
- (e) 2 54-inch ditto, at same price each.
- (f) 1 54-inch ditto, with spade handles, reduced from \$90 to \$70.
- (g) 1 50-inch Rudge No. 3, Rudge ball-bearings to both wheels, reduced from \$65 to \$50.
- (h) 2 52-inch ditto, at same price each.
- (i) 2 Rudge Bicyclettes, reduced to \$100 each.
- (j) 1 Humber Tandem Tricycle, reduced from \$200 to \$150; nearly new.
- (k) 1 Rudge Rotary Tandem Tricycle, nearly new; reduced from \$180 to \$100.
- (l) 1 Rudge Single Tricycle, reduced from \$140 to \$75; new.
- (m) Lamplugh & Brown new Buffer Saddles, with removable tops, reduced from \$5 to \$4 each.
- (n) 20 Second-hand machines away **BELOW COST.**

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

We are closing out our stock regardless of their real value. Telegraph for what you want before it is gone. It will pay you to buy at the above prices to sell again in the Spring. Machines sent C.O.D., with privilege of examination on condition that consignee pay all express charges.

Chas. Robinson & Co.

## THE EVE OF THE BATTLE OF DORKING. 1890

[The following verses appeared in the Christmas number of the *Bicycling Times* of 1880, from the pen of W. McCandlish, and are reproduced as being apropos of the recent experiment with cycles in the manoeuvres of the English Volunteer Corps:]

The wires are cut, the railway lines  
Are taken by the foe,  
On Dorking heights, our volunteers  
Will death or vict'ry know.  
We ride this night to Farnham town,  
Sir Garnet to implore  
On Dorking fair with speed to march  
His vet'ran army corps.

Charley Dashwood (the 10th Hussars)  
'Cross country rides for life,  
We of the wheel, on steeds of steel,  
By road, with peril rise.  
Farewell, old friends, for glory we  
Ride on a high emprise,  
For England, home, all those we love,  
And fame that never dies.

The night was dark as Erebus,  
Through clouds athwart the sky  
Beamed pale in fitful gleams of light  
The crescent moon on high.  
With every screw and every joint,  
And bearing running true,  
Like spirits of the storm and mist,  
From Kingston forth we flew.

Esher we pass at racing pace,  
Giving the countersigns,  
"Waterloo" and "Trafalgar Bay,"  
Quitting the British lines.  
Well know we that Uhlan bands  
Are scouting far and wide,  
And should we meet a prowling troop  
There ends our daring ride.

As ghosts in old-world tales of yore  
Glide through deserted fanes,  
We pass the quiet village street,  
Sacred to cycling swains;  
Two miles away, the cruel moon  
Shines brilliant o'er the lea,  
From shadows dark, a Lancer tall  
Rides forth, armed *cap-a-pic*.

"Halt! Wer geht da?" the trooper cries,  
And two revolvers speak;  
Wild rears the horse as back he falls  
From his high demi-pique.  
No more in Pomerania  
That peasant's Frau shall see  
The comely face she loves so well,  
For stiff and stark is he.

But hark! the sound of galloping  
Is carried on the blast,  
The pistol shots have raised alarm,  
The foe is coming fast.  
"By Heav'n, a dozen spears at least  
Are spurring on our track.  
Ride! ride like h—ll, or all is lost—  
We'll never more go back!"

Another mile, a vengeful shout,  
Bespeaks the coming band;  
In front of all, two Reiters swart,  
Wielding the ready brand;

A pistol shot whirrs past my ear,  
As down a lane we turn;  
A winding lane that Guildford skirts,  
Through bracken, bush and fern.

A shot from Frank its billet finds,  
Down goes a horseman bold;  
Fearful screams from a wounded steed  
Warn me that mine has told.  
A bullet stray cuts off my step,  
Another breaks a spoke;  
Frank's cap is gone, and from his thigh  
The blood begins to soak.

Two Uhlans more have bit the dust,  
But six are close behind;  
"Let's off, and fight them on the hill,"  
Cries Frank with passion blind.  
Hogsback is reached, one frantic spurt  
Carries us up half way,  
And then we stand and wait the band,  
Like hunted boars at bay.

Bright gleams the moon, as boot to boot  
The troopers mount the hill,  
A deadly fire from ambush we  
Pour in with vengeful will.  
Confusion dire pervades their ranks  
As horse and man go down;  
The sole survivor turns and flies  
Back into Guildford town.

But Frank is shot; my boyhood's friend,  
Dearest and best of chums,  
Lies breathing out his spirit young,  
As death his soul benumbs.  
Oh! curses on the Teuton dog  
Who shed his life's pure blood;  
And curses on the nerveless aim  
That spared me where I stood.

The Lancers chased me all the way  
Into Sir Garnet's line,  
And bleeding, faint, with sorrow worn,  
The phantom fame was mine.  
What boots the General's words to tell?  
They fell on listless ear;  
My heart was on the bleak hillside,  
Beside my friend so dear.

Poor Dashwood never reached the camp;  
Near Ockham he was shot;  
Sir Garnet could not come,  
And cruel was the lot  
Of those who fought at Dorking field  
When England's sun had set,  
When German strategy and might  
Our untrained valor met.

You know now London, too, was sacked,  
How much they made us pay,  
How every British ironclad  
Rides in a German bay.  
But, brothers, think of Wellington!  
Of Nelson, Marlbro', Clive!  
And brothers, think of vengeance,  
For Britain shall survive!

—*Wheeling.*

Europe ought to be happy. They now have every trick-rider in the world. Maltby is the latest addition. He (together with Aginton) has gone all round the world giving exhibitions.