

when they go out for fun they have it, and when they make a noise, there is never any doubt as to who is doing it; but when they attend a business meeting, they are there to do business, every fellow taking an interest in it. As soon as the President strikes the table with his gavel, silence pervades the room, and "remains so" during the rest of the evening. When a motion is before the house, you will not find two or three in one corner, and as many in another, discussing the question, while, perhaps, a little group in another part of the room are conversing upon some subject entirely foreign to that before the meeting; but if any one has an opinion to express he gives the boys the benefit of it by addressing the President, while the others give him that attention which is his due.

Wheeling is not entirely over for the season in this city; in fact, I fancy, some, who are particularly enthusiastic will probably be found wheeling all winter. One day last week, when there was about three inches of snow on the ground and a drifting snow-storm blowing, a young fellow on a wheel went plowing his way up the street, trying to put a look on his face which would indicate that he was enjoying it. I hope he was. More anon,

CLUBUS LIARUS.

Ottawa Letter.

DEAR EDITOR,—Winter is upon us, clad in all his white, cold, stern majesty—aye, even Christmas is almost here, for to-night is Christmas eve. Scattered abroad throughout our fine Dominion will be found joyous gatherings around bright, crackling fires, merry parties tripping lightly to the gay music of the dance, fathers wondering in happy quandary what to give to their children, and children peeping slyly around chimney corners and from beneath blankets in their vain endeavor to catch a glimpse of the real old Santa Claus. This and much more; nor can we forget that there are others whose store of enjoyment is less than it should be, and that we should not overlook an opportunity of making a fellow-being happy.

To wheelmen the festive season brings remembrances of friends, merry re-unions, remembrances of long runs, high hills and low headers; remembrances, comic and pathetic—comic, like the milk-shake adventure that befel the O.B.C.—pathetic, like the header that befel one of its members, whose endeavors to utilize his coat-tails as a pair of trousers reminded one of the drapery of the antique. This reminds me, as we say at Sandy Beach, that I have not told you of the greatest milk-shake on record. It came about in this wise:—

The O.B.C. boys were to have a photograph taken, and were drawn up in parade in front of the Cartier monument on Parliament Hill. Each face had that usual strained expression of cheerful gravity, and the camera was ready. Suddenly a milk-waggon, drawn by an ancient equine, rumbled around the library building and came towards us. The camera, a large one, was in the centre of the drive opposite the monument. The horse came within twenty feet of it, stopped and stood transfixed with terror. He was one of those racked, raw-boned, ancient and emaciated animals, probably one of the first pair, or the hero of the original Mazeppa. He evidently took the camera for an infernal machine, a feminine opera hat or a box of oats or something else that he had never before seen. He seemed in a state of collapse but his looks belied his condition. He eyed the thing a minute, then, like a flash of the artificial lightning in "Faust," wheeled around, upsetting the waggon, and, at the same time, bringing it into collision with a stone hitching-post. The awning was ripped off the waggon, the boy was coiled about the post like a piece of rope, but, owing

to the milk-cans, he was unharmed. Oh, those cans! They were twisted, bent, bulged, "busted," punched, some were torn in two, some into half a dozen pieces. Milk flowed like water. The milk boy arose in an instant, the O.B.C. collapsed, the boy was white-washed with milk, and had a chocolate icing of sand. In spite of his appearance he was no milksop, proving himself equal to the occasion by springing after the horse and stopping it just as it was about to plunge over the cliff into the Ottawa River below. This might have been serious as the fall is about one or two hundred feet. It was some time before the O.B.C. regained its photographic expression, at least not before the attempt had been frustrated several times by a spontaneous outburst on the part of excitable individuals. The captain would say, "For goodness sake (or some other like expression) will you fellows never shut up"; then the "fellows" would simulate the gravity of a judge. Then the image of that cow-juice covered boy would rise before the captain's imagination, and despite his late indignation at similar actions the result was inevitable. By this time the boys would be quiet, and resent the interruption, only to transgress again themselves in a few minutes. However, the photographer, being a wily fiend, eventually succeeded.

To this day, if anyone mention milk-shake to an O.B.C. member, he will immediately be seized with a cramp, which yields only to an invitation to "have something."

It must not be imagined that the O.B.C. took pleasure in the mishap, but only in the manner of it, anyway there is no use in crying over spilt milk.

The O.B.C. held a meeting last week, and decided to have a drive and two skating parties this winter. All should have heard the speeches at that meeting. There was a little difference of opinion—as there should be in a wide-awake organization—yet all was decorous and in order with the exceptions hereafter mentioned. There is not one member who would not rather relinquish a point than create dissension. Oratory flowed from silvery-tongued speakers; two prominent law students poured forth volumes of logic; a merchant's clerk rivalled Demosthenes, while another gentleman of undoubted Irish extraction kept the record for his nation by speaking out of order and as often as possible, eventually succeeding in getting in the last word. In all this there were none but the kindest feelings. The Irish member set up the cigars when he found that the vote was against him. Demosthenes shook hands all around, and the embryo lawyers bought the ginger ale. Two others, whose wrangling had rendered necessary a call to order, went out arm in arm to "see a man." We saw the man; he was in excellent health when we last saw him. Time's up. I see a patient afar off. Wishing all the boys a rousing holiday season without any of its complaints, I remain yours as ever,

ARTO.

Ottawa, Dec. 24, 1890.

WE notice in *The Wheel* that one "Noswith" took thirty points at our summer handicap races. We presume this is a new way of spelling our friend Dave's name.

FOR SALE, WANTS, EXCHANGE.

Two insertions 25 cents.
Four " 40 "

FOR SALE—No. 1 Rudge Safety, diamond frame, ball bearings 32in. tangent wheels, Apply 53½ Mutual St.

FOR SALE—52in. Rudge Ordinary, cheap. Apply J. Sinclair, 215 Sherbourne St.

52 INCH No. 1 Rudge Ordinary, in good condition, for sale, cheap. Chris. B. Robinson, 70 St. Alban St.