

# CYCLING

*A Mirror of Toronto Bicycle Club Events and Devoted to the Interests of Cyclists in General.*

Vol. 1.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 25, 1891.

No. 7.

## *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.—II.

We stood on the deck of our steamer and watched, with a great deal of interest, the good-byes that were being said at the last moment before the final cry "All ashore" rang out. It seemed to us that something was lacking when we looked upon the sea of faces, none of which had made the pilgrimage to the boat with the object of wishing us a safe and enjoyable voyage across the Atlantic, but our attention was well employed in the study of the various phases of human nature presented to our notice at this leave-taking. Here were people of all ages, representing every walk of life; some on pleasure bent; others crossing the mighty deep with business enterprises as their object; some few in search of the greatest of earthly blessings—health. It was soon over, the crowd on the pier had faded from our vision, we realized that for the next few days we were to be a distinct and separate community, and before we had lost sight of the light-ship our steamer chairs had been elevated to the hurricane deck and we—considerably on through the first chapter of one of our stock of novels. This did not last long, however, a restless feeling came over us and the books were cast aside. This was the experience day after day. The morning would commence with good resolves for a day of reading, but before the early part of the afternoon was reached we would vacillate from literature to shuffle board, or some equally interesting but harmless amusement. Then we would discover Langley explaining to a couple of vivacious New York Casino Opera Company young ladies the probable species of whale we would see that day, or drop upon the ship's surgeon and McBride discussing the question as to whether the consumption of canned lobster was conducive to a regular attendance at the table. Possibly our wanderings would next bring Peard before our

eyes, meditatively engaged in conjecturing whether or not the Kodak was "doing the rest" after the necessary pressure had been applied to the button, and also why the engineers in constructing the boat had not had an eye to the eternal fitness of things by adding a foot or so to the length of the berths. And so the days passed pleasantly by with little to break the daily monotony of eating and sleeping, aside from one day of a "blow" and the interest created by the game of shuffle-board, which became such a craze that it was played from morning till night, we had a tournament the day before our arrival; of course Canada came out on top, much to the visible chagrin of a reverend Scotchman who looked after the interests of the Scotch team. We realized that there is an end to everything, and that our voyage was drawing to a close when, on the evening of the last day out we were told that Ireland could be sighted from the bow. Nobody who has not been eleven days on the ocean without seeing land can appreciate how good this information was to us, or how crest-fallen we felt after getting to the front of the boat to behold "Ireland" in the shape of the word, drawn in chalk, on the side of the boat. Only a few hours elapsed before the lights along the shore greeted our eyes, and we retired with the comfortable feeling that our next resting place would be on terra firma. Bright and early next morning the passengers for Ireland took leave of us at Moville, and in a very few hours we were in the Clyde. From Ailsa Craig to Greenock the sail up this river is a grand one, the scenery is magnificent, with the heather-clad hills on either side and the quiet snug looking little towns welcoming you at every bend of the river.

It was a refreshing sight to see the people on shore, and how eagerly we looked at the wide, smooth roads winding up the hillsides, which, from our position on the steamer, looked like beds of newly-laid asphalt. While these thoughts were running through our minds the tender was quickly approaching, and we soon found ourselves with our luggage on the pier at Greenock, awaiting an interview with that autocrat of modern civilization, the Custom House officer. After two