

### The Toronto's Trip.

Last Saturday afternoon saw thirty members of the Toronto Bicycle Club sitting on the deck of the Chicora waiting for the arrival of the Queen's Own, who were to accompany them to Niagara. At 4.15 the soldiers were all-aboard, the whistle sounded, and we soon found ourselves under a full head of steam. The weather being rather cool on deck, most of the boys went into the cabin, and some paid their soldier friends a visit, coming away satisfied that "a soldier's life is not an easy one," as a great many of them were very weak in the knees and had difficulty in keeping their hats on their heads. After having steamed across the lake we arrived at Niagara about 7 o'clock, and were at once seized by a camera fiend, who would have a picture of the party.

The picture being taken we mounted our wheels and made for Niagara Falls, arriving there with a little trouble about 9.30—the roads being very rough in places—where a good supper awaited us, and to which ample justice was done. We put up at the Park-side Inn, on the Canadian Side, one of the finest hotels we have had the privilege of patronizing for some time; it is situated close to the Falls, and one can view them from the windows. After supper the boys went out to view the Falls by moonlight, some paying a visit to the American side. About 12 p.m. we retired, agreeing to postpone the usual pillow fight as the majority felt very tired, and wished to have a good sleep.

Sunday was spent in going to Church in the morning, and viewing the places of interest in the afternoon. In the evening a few of the boys went to Church, and, judging from the hour they arrived back to the hotel, must have been seeing some young ladies home.

We awoke Monday morning with the sun streaming in through the window, immediately arose and donned our uniforms, had breakfast, prepared for our ride to St. Catharines, and after settling our "little bill" we bid our host good-bye about 9.30. The ride was much enjoyed by everyone, as the pace was easy, all keeping in a bunch. Frequent stoppages were made on the road as many of the riders took "a peculiar dryness," which had to be quenched by something. We arrived in St. Catharines at 11.30, having dinner at the Grand Central Hotel, and at 2 o'clock again mounted our wheels and proceeded on to Niagara-on-the-Lake, spending some time there, and at 5 o'clock boarded the Cibola for home. The trip over the lake

was one of pleasure, as we had singing and dancing all the way home. The Cibola arrived in the city at 7.30, and bidding one another good-bye we made for our respective homes, thoroughly satisfied with our trip.

### Wanderers at Woodstock.

We are home again after one of those trips to which all of us look forward with pleasure, and the reality is seldom very far short of the anticipation. Woodstock certainly had on its holiday attire, and that ever lively place looked particularly gay on Monday morning, the streets being crowded with people from the surrounding districts, to say nothing of the Grenadiers, who—next, of course, to Charlie Walker—seemed to run the town.

Our quiet little party of seven went up on Saturday as a sort of advance guard, and all would have gone well had it not been that Taylor's cash would not balance by 50 cents. on the train, and having sworn that he was robbed, accusing everyone in the car—never realizing that there are more ways of losing money than by having your pockets picked.

The balance of our members arrived next evening about 6 o'clock, having ridden all the way from the station with only one dismount. The Captain claims to be able to go the whole distance without one.

The races were very successful, and we have no cause for complaint, winning five places out of a possible five, Wells taking three firsts and Nash and Wilson each a second.

The western clubs were well represented, London having the greatest number of riders, with Hamilton next, the latter, however, winning the largest representative prize, owing to twelve of the London Club being ruled out through not having uniforms. We had thirty two in line, which, considering that there was no intention to compete, was a fair showing.

PUSH ON.

Dr. Doolittle, the T. B. C. surgeon informs us that, finding that so many of the bicycle accidents happen on the asphalted streets, he has, in order to be convenient, removed to the corner of Sherbourne and Shuter Streets, where he has laid in a special supply of lint, vaseline, and arnica, and will be pleased to administer them when required.