



Magnalia Cikli.

Mount bicycle fair !  
 Every spoke you twinkle,  
 From the face of Care  
 Charms away a wrinkle.  
 Health's rekindled flame,  
 None so surely feels,  
 As he thro' whose frame,  
 It shoots from saddled wheels.

Franklin did, they say,  
 Tame the lightning's pinions,  
 And drew down one day,  
 Fire from clouds dominions ;  
 So new poets sit,  
 On bicycles bright'ning,  
 From the heaven of wit,  
 Borrowing its lightning.

Riding youth are up,  
 Lyric heights aspirin',  
 And no vinous cup  
 Mix their finer fire in ;  
 While they gods enact,  
 Clad in tight apparel,  
 Jove on his eagle back,  
 Bacchus on his barrel !

You May Name It.

Mr. Doolittle sends us this, and says "You may name it." Thanks, dear boy, for your kindness, but you can do it yourself. And so can every body else "You May Name It" is as good a name for it we think as the mind of the average mortal can conceive, and if any wheelman can think of one that suits him better, why let him score this out and write his own over the top.

To be mounted on a staunch taut wheel, with a smooth hard road stretching far before one, until it gradually loses itself in the dim distance, dotted on either side by village hamlet, rustic cottage and old brown orchard, whose fruit has quenched the thirst of many

a weary traveler, and made merry the hearthstone on wintry evening, and crossed by babbling rills, whose music chimes pleasantly with the cheerful whirs of the polished spokes as swiftly the wheel glides by, is a delight that will bind one more closely to his beloved sport than ever the chains of the Gods did Prometheus to the cold rocks of Caucasus.

But when he finds his "Machine" unworthy of the confidence he has reposed in it, when he finds the "Machin" of misrepresentation, and the "Crank" which had hitherto obeyed his lightest touch on gentle slope or heaviest strain in hard-fought victory, openly rebellug, he suddenly awakes to the sad reality that as the little said, "all the world is a sham and my doll is stuffed with sawdust." And as a machine out of order has to be pampered and patched up and petted, so to you Dear "Machine" I owe a little more patching. I thought when I patched up that Clifton House hill break so nicely and neatly, you would run as easily and smoothly as though you had never known a header; but alas for human expectation; for when the gallant rider suddenly dismounts over the handles of his machine in a horizontal position, in front of the home of his best girl, he sadly finds that the portly wallet which looked so tempting from his lofty perch, turns out to be a stone, only a little stone. But I forgive you both, and I only hope that I may never have a worse "Crank" or a less trusty "Machine" to deal with in the race of life.

D.

"Huronian" knows of what he speaks, when he asserts that Goderich is the wheelmans Paradise, as I have wheeled over a good many miles of Ontario roads and have never found its equal yet. I do not think the road from Clandeboyl to Goderich can be excelled on the American continent. And of the pleasures around Goderich I will only mention one, Fly Paint Farm. With a kindhearted and jovial Major to introduce one to the pretty girls, who are sure to be there, as it is a great summer resort, even the least susceptible of us will be affected by the farm and its attractions, (especially the latter,) and he cannot help being delighted, even when the irrepressible small boy who rides a bicycle, mounts our metallad

wheel and taking a header bends our handlebar; and his big sister with whom we have been having a delightful stroll is so sorry, and expresses so many regrets that we stretch our consciences a little, and inform her that it is not of the slightest consequence, in fact we bend it ourselves a dozen times every day.

As kindly intimated by "Machine," look out for Doolittle's big annual tour, which will probably be around Lake Erie, and of which full particulars will be given later on.

Would it not be a good idea for some of our poets of the wheel to get us up something in the shape of club songs and tourist songs, and have them set to familiar tunes; they would add materially to the pleasures of a dinner, a tour or a meet. Let us have something spiey, and taking without any slang or anything that we would be ashamed to sing before our mothers or sisters.

The Torontos are anxiously awaiting the uncovering of the block pavement, so that club drill can be indulged in, as they have no winter riding quarters. I am much pleased to hear of the Canadian tour of the Chicago wheelmen, let us all turn out and give them a hearty welcome, and show them that Canadians are as warm-hearted as any people on earth. Well I've struck a conundrum. What is this letter about anyhow? What is it written for? And where does the moral come in? But as I never was good at conundrums, I give it up, as I think you will have to.

DO O. LITTLE.

On Tuesday, 13 February, Mr. J. H. Newberry, driving a mule team in the streets of Macon, Ga., was thrown from his wagon and killed through the mules taking fright at a bicycler, Mr. Thaddeus Parker. The sad and unfortunate occurrence is rendered still sadder by the fact that the deceased was a widower, and leaves ten children, all minors. Mr. Parker, although it is conceded by all that he was entirely blameless, so far as exercising proper care is concerned, is in great distress at having caused the accident. Of course the event has raised the usual cry against bicycling and the local press urges the city council to prohibit their being ridden in the streets; but as there are two sides to everything, why not try to prohibit the use of mules? However they are as likely to be prohibited as the bicycle.