

Forest City Bicycle Club.

Second Annual Dinner.

This is how the interesting part of it read:

SECOND Annual Dinner,

—TO BE HELD AT THE—
GRIGG HOUSE,

—ON—

Thursday, January 17, 1884,
At 8:30 p.m.

*The pleasure of your company
is earnestly requested.*

And if there ever is an occasion for bicyclists to feel happy, it is when such an invitation is received as the one above, where you know that you will meet a set of young men, all of the same stamp, jolly, gentlemanly, and as jovial a set as could be wished. Well, this is just the feeling which came over THE CANADIAN WHEELMAN upon hearing of the F.C.B.C. Supper.

At the time announced, the guests, numbering about thirty, sat down to a sumptuous repast gotten up in the very best of style, the dinner being a complimentary one from the Club to all of its members of good standing.

Tasteful decorations were hung around the dining room, presenting a very cheerful appearance. We cannot begin to give anything like a truthful description of the necessary things of life which were spread before the wheelmen.

The invitations, a number of which had been sent to the Secretaries of the various clubs, contained the menu and programme, also a list of officers of the Club for 1884, the whole forming a very fitting memento of the occasion. To the Committee of Management: viz, H. O. Brunton, J. B. Dignam, and R. M. Burns, too much praise cannot be given for the excellent manner in which arrangements were carried out.

Around the table were noticed, Messrs Dawson, Meyers, A. W. Reid, Stevely, Millar, Evans, Wolf's, R. Burns, Brunton, Leonard, Patton, Lind, Griffith, Dignam, and many others.

Everybody was in the best of humor, joke butted against joke, and puns ran riot, all seeming to lend help in demolishing the good things prepared.

Dinner being over the Secretary read letters of regret from Messrs Hal. B. Donly, Secretary of C.W.A., Simcoe; R. Holmes, Clinton; Captain W. Cox, Goderich; J. F. Wills, Belleville; Geo. D. Cameron, Ariel Touring Club, London; A. G. Chisholm, London, and others.

The Chairman, Mr. George C. Davis, arose and said "Gentlemen, allow me to say that I thank you most heartily, most sincerely, for the honor you have done me in asking me to preside this evening. I must say I feel somewhat confused amidst such a band of warriors as I see assembled around this table this evening; but, gentlemen, I can

claim to be one of you; I can appeal for your sympathy; I can sympathize with you when you speak so eloquently regarding "headers," sprained ankles, fractured wrists, etc., as I bear with me the scars obtained in battle with that villainous, depraved, ungodly thing, called a bicycle. Humorists have stated time and time again, that a small banana peel judiciously placed on the sidewalk or an insignificant looking wheel-barrow in the back yard, are the articles to throw a man successfully, but I can most truthfully affirm, that a nice, persuasive, innocent bicycle, beats all creation in this regard.

I know of no better cure for conceit, or arrogant pride than a bicycle, taken in moderate doses. You often heard the remark, "they are very easy to ride," whenever I hear this expression, I recall the incident relating to the Irishman and the manufacture of cannon. A son of the Emerald Island, and his friend were gazing on one of "these huge implements of war," when the latter remarked "how difficult it must be to make a cannon," the Irishman promptly replied, "difficult ye say, devil a bit of it, all yees have to do is to make a hole in the ground, and pour iron around it." Thus it is respecting bicycle-riding, it looks exceedingly simple, but pride, conceit, and god clothes have to suffer considerably before you attain proficiency in this noble, healthy, and practical exercise. But to come to consider what has brought us together to-night. In view of the position I hold here this evening, you have a right to expect that I should say a few words regarding the "Forest City Bicycle Club." Many of you are more conversant with its history than I, but that does not relieve me from my duty of speaking briefly regarding this noble Club, which has accomplished so much, and has elevated "bicycling," and brought it into popular favor. This pastime of "bicycling" has made great strides into popular favor during the past year, I believe truly that this result is largely attributable to the exertions both individually, and collectively of the "Forest City Bicycle Club." The Tournament held in the summer did not a little to promote the cause of "bicycling." You successfully managed this affair, and all honor should be paid to those who worked so earnestly, and systematically to make their first tournament a grand success. You have in every way endeavored to support the pastime, which you have taken under your especial care. Again the paper which so ably represents the cause of "bicycling," is conducted by two most worthy members of the F.C.B.C. Your financial standing is A 1; this is a subject for great congratulation. Remembering these things I have just stated, I think they will act as incentives to you to go forward and achieve still greater success in the future than you have accomplished in the past. But it is a cause for the deepest regret, that you have lost some of your most prominent and active members during the past year. You mourn the loss of some—your late esteemed Secretary for example—by reason of removal from the city, whilst

other causes have alienated many more from your ranks. I may here say that the rotations existing between the F.C.B.C., and the Ariel Touring Club, are of the most pleasant character. We sincerely trust that this cordiality of sentiment, and unanimity of purpose will continue to animate the members of these noble Clubs. I do not see how any other than this spirit can exist between you, as you are most intimately related to each other. The Ariel Touring Club is your child, they came from the F.C.B.C. I am far from believing that the members of the Ariels could speak disrespectfully of their mother Club, and I am certain you would not be guilty of infanticide, in that you would destroy your own child. Although this spirit of friendship exists between you at present, I think it is a cause of deep regret that you are separated. I trust that this prodigal child of yours will come back, and be welcomed as we are told was the returning prodigal in the parable. I trust you will soon amalgamate. Allow me to say to the members of the F.C.B.C., that though your members are diminished, if you have quality left you are all right. If each member is loyally devoted to the Club, is willing to work earnestly to advance its interests, and cheerfully supports the efficient officers who have been elected to serve you, though you have paucity of members, you will have a live, healthy, and powerful Club, and you will accomplish more than double the success which will be achieved by a club whose members are indifferent to its interests, and whose numbers are largely in excess of your own. I will not say anything further, but ask you to drink the health of

THE QUEEN.

This was responded to by all rising and joining in the National Anthem.

The Chairman next proposed the toast of THE GOVERNOR GENERAL AND LADY, which was received in the customary manner.

The next on the list was

THE ARMY AND NAVY

coupled with the names of A. W. Reid, A. E. Griffith, and R. Patton.

Mr. A. W. Reid thought that it was a bit of spite on the part of the Chairman to call on him to respond to this toast as he had never been connected with either the army or navy in any way, nor had ever read any of the blood-curdling literature with which the chairman seemed to be very familiar. (Laughter.)

Mr. A. E. Griffith was in the same fix as Mr. Reid, as he had never donned the military uniform, but his opinion was that "the army wasn't bad, and the navy wasn't much better."

Mr. R. Patton gave, in his old familiar style, "Jack's yarn," and was loudly applauded.

The Chairman, in proposing the toast to the

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said that as every large institution required a governing body, the popular pastime of bicycling required one. He called upon Mr. Geo. Burns to respond to the toast.

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