

**THE RUDGE.**

Was there ever wheelman  
With a heart so cold,  
But he loved the cycle  
Upon which he bowled?

Was there ever cyclist,  
Callous to all worth,  
But he thought his own wheel  
Best of all the earth?

I have rarely met one,  
So devoid of zeal,  
But he sang the praises  
Of some maker's wheel.

Nor am I exception  
To the mighty throng,  
Neither, when I praise one,  
Do I others wrong.

All makes have their lovers,  
Each as best they claim,  
But the wheel most perfect  
Is the one I name.

Of all, 'tis most graceful;  
Yields in speed to none;  
Faster than its compeers,  
Records best has won.

Lighter than all others,  
As "light roadster" claimed;  
Stronger than the strongest  
Which "light" wheels are named.

Firm, and very rigid;  
True beyond compare;  
On the coast the fastest,  
Like a bird of air.

Smoothest in its motion,  
Fastest up the hill;  
Like a sentient being  
Yielding to the will.

More than any other,  
Life-endowed it moves;  
Its surpassing virtues  
Always fresh it proves.

Ask you what the wheel is,  
Chiefest known to fame?  
Need I but pronounce it—  
LIGHT RUDGE is its name!

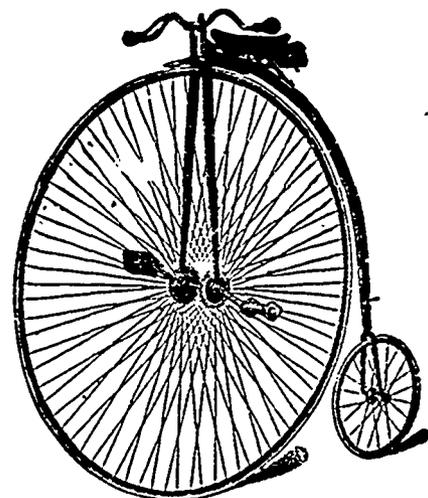
N.B.—We fully indorse the above. They represent our sentiments.

(Signed)

250 CANADIAN RIDERS OF THE RUDGE.



THE RUDGE LIGHT ROADSTER  
\$115.00.



THE CANADIAN RUDGE  
\$85.00.

Send Stamp for Catalogue to  
22 Church St., Toronto.  
**CHAS. ROBINSON & CO.**