



A FINE LINE OF BICYCLES

Built especially for Use on Canadian Roads

FULL ASSORTMENT AT

Toronto Warerooms, 24 Front St. W., - GEO. F. BOSTWICK, Representative.

A Jack Tar's Cruise on a Bicycle.

An English paper contains an amusing yarn related by an old sea-dog about a cruise he had ashore on a bicycle. He had just returned from a long voyage, and was, consequently, well supplied with money, so when he spied a wheel in front of a store he immediately purchased one. "As I'd never ridden one afore, I got the man what sold it to help me sail the vessel," he stated, when telling his experience to a crowd of seamates. "All the morning he kept at it, and after ripping my breeches and falling overboard on to the man scores of times I learned how to steer the craft n yself. Well, I takes her home, and after dinner starts on a cruise. Getting a couple of land lubbers to steady the craft on an even keel, I claps my feet on the india rubber handles in the middle of the big wheel and sets sail. It was a prosperous voyage for a couple of mile, when I comes to the top of a long hill. Cocking my legs over the steering bar like two bowsprits, and sitting well aft the mainmast, I lets her drift. With the wind fair astarn she drove on quicker and quicker till I was ripping along at twenty knots an hour. All of a sudden, half way down the hill, a wagon of hay with three hosses all in a string began to cross the

course. The captain of the vessel was walking alongside, so I roars out to him, 'Ahoy, there! breakers ahead! Clap on all sail or I'll be aboard ye in a minute!' He looked round, rushed to the hosses and dragged the wagon across just as I went sailing by close astarn, like a flash of lightning. As I whirled along round a bend in the hill I spied the top sails of a drove of pigs near the bottom, and they were sailing slower than me straight ahead. I hailed the driver: 'Hold on, ye lubber! come to anchor one side of the channel. Furl your sails. Har'r'd a port.' He made desperate efforts to drive the swine to one side, but as fast as he drove one aside two more ran in the road. In a second I was amongst them ripping along at full sail. The enemy heard me coming along and about five of the biggest scampered on ahead in front as hard as they could go. Suddenly I remembered the brake which the man said was to stop headway. Marlin-spikes and jib-booms! shiver my timbers! it was the right name. I pulled hard on the brake handle, and shot up into the air like a rocket, and came down heavy on the back of the biggest pig. He let out a shriek like a steam engine in a fit. I rolled off on to the ground, got up, and went back to the wreck. The brake had done its work well, for there was not a