immensely. Their grotesque garb, corkburned faces, tattered clothes and umbrellas attracted much attention. Their catchy songs, as in step, two abreest, they narched down Yonge Street and along King to the Rossin House also tended to discontinue many a peregrination, and make pedestrians gape in amazement. On arriving at this hotel they entered by the King Street doors and passed through the billiard room and cigar store. Thence they retraced their triumphant steps to their Alexander Street



McBride
The Belle of the Smoker.

quarters. Before entering they had an Indian war-dance, and showed their appreciation of "the belle of the ball" and the master of the ceremonies by gently tossing them. The elevation appeared to be heartily relished by those thus honored. Then came some popular gags, and a great shout of "yes" in reply to the question, "Do we want Sunday cars?" The exuberant ones finally filed into the hall and kept up the good time till the early hours.

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