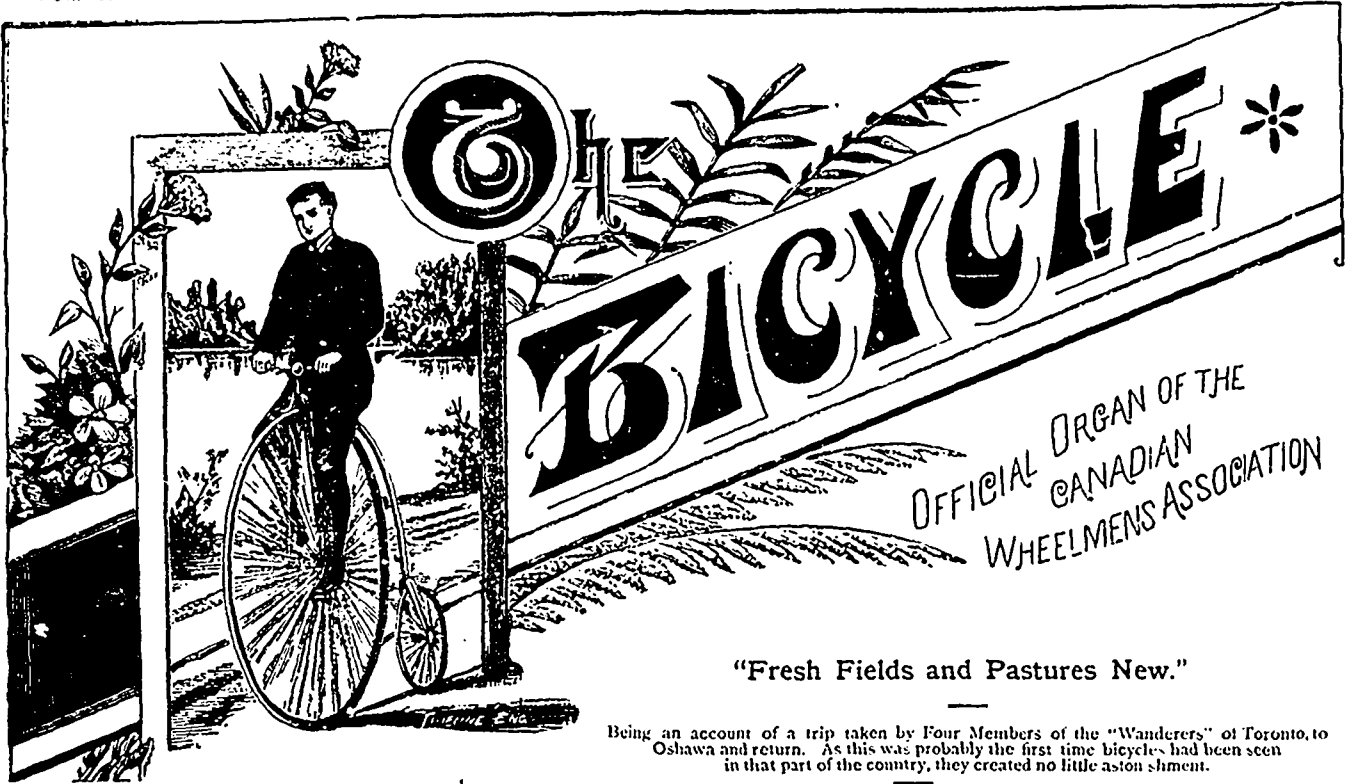


(15)



"Fresh Fields and Pastures New."

Being an account of a trip taken by Four Members of the "Wanderers" of Toronto, to Oshawa and return. As this was probably the first time bicycles had been seen in that part of the country, they created no little astonishment.

My Love! My Wheel!

My love! my wheel! when you and I,
In other days, rode free together,
Beneath the cloud-flecked azure sky,
In languid dreamy summer weather.
The while our course, like errant feather,
Erratic was, and made us feel,
That nothing could our rambles tether,
My love! my wheel!

My love! my wheel! we rolled along,
Past mossy banks and shady hollows,
We crossed the brook, whose silv'ry song,
Is heard o'er all the course it follows.
We whirled past barns where twittered swallows;
Past orchards where I had to steal;
Past fishing stream where school boy wallows,
My love! my wheel!

My love! my wheel! when moon was up,
We wandered o'er dale and hill,
Past fairy-folk in lily cup,
On, by the dear old water mill.
I ne'er could pass without a thrill
Of joy, for childhood's woe and weal;
How glad it looked—it looks so still,
My love! my wheel!

My love! my wheel! you know the day,
When, at a quaint old rustic gate,
Standing, flower-crowned, like Queen of May,
I first beheld my darling Kate.
Ah! what a charming *tele-a-tele!*
It settled me for after life;
Now I can cry in tones elate,
My love! my wife!

Yet, dear old wheel, I'll ne'er forget,
The happy days we spent together,
When you were all to me, my pet,
In languid, dreamy summer weather.
The while our course, like errant feather,
Erratic was, and made us feel,
No bounds our wanderings could tether,
My love! my wheel!

W. C. NICHOL.

Before the time appointed, the "Big Four" had assembled all prepared for a three days run. The place of meeting was the "Guns" in the Park, the date, Saturday in August, 1880, and the time two p. m. The "Big Four" consisted of "White Eagle," called so because his resemblance to that Big Injun was something remarkable.—Second, the "Don," who is something great when mounted on his tall 56.—Third, "Fitz," so called for shortness, and fourth and last myself. The weather which had been splendid all morning, darkened in the afternoon with prospect of rain. Mounting our machines we rode down Yonge to King, and out that street to the Kingston road, here the rain started in a regular form, and to save our machines, we retired to a shed where we had a fine view of the Don River. We remained here for half an hour, and the rain stopping, we walked up the slight hill, and drove ahead through the mud. At the toll-gate we noticed a "Weather Bulletin," and on dismounting found that the weather for the next 24 hours was "Local Showers." We were evidently in one of those localities with a shower attached to it, for it started to rain while we were halting there. Taking the planks, we had a fine run of 3 miles to the Woodbine. It was here Don had his first fall, he was leading us up to the hotel in grand form, when suddenly an old lady, apparently about eighty years old, turned a corner pretty sharp and got in front of him. Don was running at the rate of about 12 miles an hour, and was going too fast to stop. He had his choice of running over the woman or of taking the ditch; he chose the latter, and running off the sidewalk he lit on his head in the soft mud and water. The old lady heard the noise, and turning round began to rate Don for running his "confounded scissors grinder" on the planks. We picked Don up and carried him, all limp and muddy, into the hotel. When he was fully recovered, we made another start, and walking up a hill about a mile long, and ran along the Scarborough Heights. The scenery at this point is as pretty as can be found around Toronto. While riding along this road, you can look down the slope and see through the trees, the beach and blue waters of Lake Ontario. The weather had brightened up, and by the time we had reached the top of the heights, the sun had made its appearance. Dismounting we could see the whole of the city, and about 10 miles of this road we were to travel; we started again, and throwing our legs over the handles, glided down the Scarborough grade, our strange appearance making people run out to watch us, and farmers working in the field to stop and gaze at us with open mouths; on we went, winding past houses and gliding past horses, drawn up on one side of the road, until we reached the bottom of the grade, where placing our feet on the rubber, we spun along the smooth gravel road, ringing our bells as we passed houses, bringing out the occupants to see us whirry along. The sky by this time was entirely clear, and when we had reached the top of the Highland Creek hill, the sun was just setting. At the bottom of this hill we could see the inhabitants of the neighborhood come and gaze up at us in astonishment. We coasted this hill in great style and wheeled up to the hotel abreast; about 30 persons were there, who had turned out to see 'them things'



Climbing the Hill.