



YE BICYCLIST DISCOURSETH TO HIS CHUMS.

Behold this calf? Nay, do not gaze at me
 But at my legs, 'tis that I'd have ye see.
 Look well, ye knaves, I give ye all a chance,
 See how these muscles neatly bind my pants.
 Observe, I hope that everyone observes
 The gastrocnemius how it proudly curves
 And bulges out; its strength personified,
 How many for such a leg as that have sighed!
 Not long ago I was a puny youth,
 A very walking skeleton in truth,
 My cheeks were pallid and my eyes were dim
 And these stout legs—nay, I will not say limb—
 Were most particularly, mark the contrast, slim.
 This eye, observe this eye, may be not ocular
 But take a lingering look at either ocular.
 Take note how bright it scintillates beneath
 The drooping lash like falchion in its sheath.
 I don't know what a falchion is, but I
 Presume it glitters like this sparkling eye.
 I do not see, moreover, how it could
 Flash in its sheath, but poets say it should.
 Once on a time these lustrous orbs were dull
 Like those of men who joy in being full.
 They looked like those of fishes who have come
 Some weeks ago from out their aqueous home.
 And oh! what daring pains would thro' me quiver,
 All the effects of an inactive liver.
 A greenery yallery hue suffused these cheeks
 I suffered cephalalgia for weeks.
 What cured me of these multifarious ills?
 Was it St. Jacob's Oil or Ayer's Pills?
 Nay, 'twas none of these, my aim was higher
 Than Vegentine the great blood purifier.
 I'll tell ye how I put my woes to flight,
 I bought a bicycle whose metal bright
 Flashed like a falch—
 Said that, it will not do to say it more,
 Gleamed in the sunshine and I learned to ride
 Eftsoon I defty could my steed bestride.
 Away flew hypochondria, and the blues
 Soon yielded place to health's more roseate hues.
 My appetite grows great, my waist expands,
 I have to lengthen all my trowser bands,
 My coats all are too tight across the breast
 And will not meet though I may tug my best.
 My chest, which once was pitiful to see
 Now measures by the tape-line fortythree.
 No longer shall my legs in baggy stockings shrink,
 I'm off; there goes my bell—a tinkle tink.
 Behold me as I'm vanishing afar
 And learn to ride the bicycle. Tra-la!

Swiz.

TORONTO'S TRIP.

Thursday, November 9th, being Thanksgiving Day, was chosen by the members of the Toronto Bicycle Club for the run of the season, the route being to Whitby and Oshawa via the Kingston road. At the fire hall near Riverside, ten members turned up at the appointed time, six o'clock, and divided into two parties. The

first, including W. F. Carswell, Guy Warwick and P. K. Stern, in charge of First Lieut. R. H. McBride, were going to Oshawa and return, the second, including G. S. Morphy, Blachford, H. Byril, Blogg and Eaton, were going only as far as Whitby. Starting at 6.45 a. m., a capital run was made as far as the Woodbine track, at which place the roads were a little uneven and stony. Careful riding now became necessary, and we had to keep watchful as far as Ben Landon, but from there a most delightful spin was indulged in, the roads being all that could be desired. The first party reached the half-way house, eight miles out on the Kingston road, at 7.35 a. m., where a halt of ten minutes was made. The scenery along the route was of a very picturesque character. Beyond the ravines, in which some of the trees were still clothed in their autumnal raiment, were the cold blue waters of Lake Ontario, and everywhere the pretty farm houses could be seen looking neat and clean surrounded by the acres of well cultivated soil. As the Lieutenant's party were remounting Mr. Morphy caught up (the others remaining behind to allow Mr. Daniels who started later to join them) and then pushed on for Highland Creek through a very hilly part of the country, but our hilly troubles were forgotten on account of the beautifully hard packed foot path which runs alongside the road, making riding thoroughly enjoyable, and some fast time was made. Several dismounts were necessary where farmers' teams were frightened at our spirit-like forms gliding so quickly and noiselessly along the roads. In one case a rather high-spirited horse drawing a green-grocer's wagon became unmanageable and sent the contents of the wagon-box bouncing out into the road. In the wagon were seated two old-fashioned and nervous women shouting at the top of their voices to "git away and doe'n't be a scaring of our 'orse." Of course one of the riders had to dismount and laying his wheel against an old snake fence, ran back several hundred yards, picking up the carrots and turnips that lay strewn over the road. When all the vegetables had been collected the old women got quite cheery and conversational asking several questions about "them new kind of buggies." A few miles further we got our first view of the steep hills of Highland Creek where the first party arrived at eight o'clock a. m., and ten minutes later were enjoying a good substantial breakfast at the Commercial Hotel. At nine o'clock the whistle, blown by the Lieutenant, was the signal for us to remount and proceed *en route* for Pickering. Just as the start was made, Mr.

Morphy again caught up but he remained behind to wait for the others who were expected at any moment. The second party reached Highland Creek at 9.45 a. m. and at 10.30 a. m. as they were finishing breakfast, Perry Doolittle of Aylmer and Campbell of the T. B. C. who had been unable to start from the city until 9 o'clock, caught up. The roads from Highland Creek were in excellent condition, being of fine gravel and well packed by the recent rains; the scenery was very fine, particularly at the Rushe, where a very pretty iron bridge spanned the waters flowing underneath. Passing up a long, winding hill on the other side a good level road was again reached where the boys had some trials at speed. A little village called "Dunbarton" was next passed, the usual salute being given and about five miles further on the live y village of "Pickering" was reached at 10.10 a. m. A dismount was here made and a card left at a hotel giving time of arrival and departure of the Lieutenant's party to be handed to the second party. Mr. Morphy arrived at 10.45 a. m., Doolittle and Campbell at 11.40 a. m. and the second party at 12 o'clock noon. A few miles further on the spires of Whitby were sighted. The first party arrived at 11 a. m. and immediately left for Oshawa, (where Mr. Carswell remained,) and returning reached Whitby at 12.30. Mr. Morphy arrived at 11.30 a. m. and Doolittle and Campbell at 12.30. At 1 o'clock the Lieutenant's party (which had returned from Oshawa,) and Doolittle, Campbell and Morphy dined at the "Royal Hotel" where ample justice was done to the excellent dinner provided by the host, the second party not arriving until the others had dined. The start for the homeward journey was made at 2.15 p. m. by McBride, Stern, Warwick and Campbell, the other members coming home by the evening train with the exception of Mr. Doolittle, who went on to Columbus. Highland Creek was made after some good steady riding at 4 p. m. and the Half way house at 5.30 p. m. It now being quite dark no time was lost in oiling, lighting lamps, etc., and pushing ahead with all speed, we reached Toronto at 6.45 p. m., just twelve hours after leaving it. This is the most successful ride the Torontos have ever had, the distance travelled being a little better than 68 miles. Party No. 1 made some good time going to Whitby a distance of 30 miles in four hours and a quarter including a stop for breakfast; the actual riding time was three hours and twenty-one minutes. Doolittle and Campbell made the same distance in three hours and a half, actual time, three hours and ten minutes. The fact of the roads being in such good order accounts for the absence of "croppers" and "headers," only one rider having received a fall, which, however,