

ation. Here we were shown the cross which Mary Queen of Scots carried to her execution, a brooch of Helen McGregor's and the purse used by Rob Roy. These are but a few of the interesting relics of departed celebrities that were shown us here. It seems strange that the present owners of Abbotsford do not honor the memory of the great literary genius who was once its master, by employing a guide that can speak the Queen's English even to a moderate degree of proficiency, the absence of any familiarity with the rudiments of grammar shown by the man who conducted us through the premises was very marked, and seemed decidedly paradoxical.

The sleepy old river Tweed in its circuitous course touches the grounds of Abbotsford, and keeps close to the road we travelled over all the way to Selkirk. Dinner was indulged in at Selkirk, but as we were anxious to reach Moffat that night we did not make a long stay there. We had only traversed a few miles when a rain storm prevented progress for another hour, and after the rain came the wind, and it did blow directly in our faces with so much force that it was with difficulty we got along at all, and to make our travelling still more difficult the hills seemed to multiply, and to be always in front of us with no reverse side. After about five hours of as heavy pedalling as we ever experienced, St. Mary's Loch was reached; the town does not amount to anything, but the little lake nestling at the foot of the hills, itself several hundred feet above the surrounding country, was a sight we shall never forget. Just on the border of the loch and at the summit of a high hill stands a summer hotel, and it was here in the recess of the large bay window of the house we had our supper. I must say we rather envied the guests, the house being so full we could not obtain the accommodation we desired for the night, so, with the assurance that our road to Moffat lay for the balance of the way down hill, we continued on. Riding swiftly along with the setting sun before us we could fully appreciate the perfect panorama of mountainous scenery through which we were passing. On either side of the road towered the heather-clad hills, possessing not a vestige of life save the sheep which here and there were grazing. A few miles of magnificent riding brought us to the Grey Mare's Tail, a rather precipitous descent of over a mile. Why it is given this peculiar sobriquet I was never able to discover, but at all events the coast to be obtained going *down* was beyond description; we felt pleased, however, that our return journey would not include the

surmounting of this little elevation. Another hour's ride brought us to our destination; with some little effort we succeeded in arousing the inmates of the C. T. C. hotel, and were soon blissfully dreaming of the events of the day.

(To be continued.)

The Kingston Record Goes.

On the 25th inst., at 12.40 a.m., in presence of E. A. Scott and W. G. McClelland, Dave Nasmith of the Torontos started on his wheel for Kingston to try and break the record of 20 hrs. 40 min., made by W. Shaw of the Wanderers three years ago. He was entirely successful in his effort, arriving in Kingston accompanied by Freddy Whatmough, who paced him from Belleville, at 5.53 p.m. of the same day, making the run in 17 hours 13 minutes, or 3 hours 27 minutes less than the previous record. The weather was fine but warm, and the roads were very dusty in many parts and at this end rough from new gravel, so that it was impossible to make as good time as would otherwise have been made had there been a little rain a day or so before. Deducting 35 minutes for breakfast at Cobourg and one hour for dinner at Belleville, leaves the net riding time 15 hrs. 38 min., or 1 hour and 2 minutes better than Shaw's net riding time.

At Woodstock.

The Wanderers are to be congratulated on the success of their flyers at the Woodstock Meet on Monday. Five entries, and each entry securing a prize, is a good indication for the coming season. The other clubs will have to "get a move on" if they expect their members to carry off any of the C.W.A. laurels on Dominion Day. The following is a list of their winnings at Woodstock:—

One mile ordinary, green,—1, G. M. Wells; 2, Wilson; 3, Pearsall. Time 3.05 $\frac{1}{2}$.

One mile safety, green (7 starters),—1, G. M. Wells. Time 3 11.

One mile safety, open handicap (8 starters).—1, G. M. Wells (50 yds.); 2, H. F. Nash. Time 2.45 $\frac{1}{2}$.

The Comet Cycle Company's works seem specially designed for bringing out racers. Messrs. Fane and Lavender are old champions, and now Marshall Wells is making his mark. First thing we know Horace Pease will win a slow race.