

Poetry.

"SHE."

She comes her tricycle upon,
And glides as lightly as the swan,
Or as the swallow flies;
And moves with such an airy grace,
The ardent blood with glowing trace
Her cheek with crimson dyes.

The breeze doth linger by her charms,
And seeks with cool encircling arms
To help with loving care;
The sun that o'er the branches creeps
Through ev'ry leafy crevice peeps,
To view a form so fair.

Beneath her gown her little feet,
Now up, now down, with rhythmic beat,
Do press with dainty tread;
Like moths that circle round and round,
And chase each other o'er the ground,
Through mazy whirlings led.

Her little hands direct her way,
And make her steed her will obey,
As fancy doth incline.
Ah me! if those dear hands would guide
My wayward steps, and by my side
Those feet would tread with mine!

—Anas Cyclist.

PROPOSED TOUR OF GREAT BRITAIN BY
TORONTO WHEELMEN.

The success of the Toronto Bicycle Club's tour through Eastern Ontario last year has encouraged the members to arrange a much more extended trip for the coming season. On account of the expense necessarily attached, it was thought impossible to fulfil the ideal of every bicyclist, viz., a tour of Great Britain; but Messrs. Webster and Ryrie, after taking the matter in hand, have planned a trip lasting altogether about seven weeks, and costing only \$200. Arrangements are not fully completed, but it is expected that the party will leave Toronto on July 15, sailing from New York the following day for Glasgow. The route will probably be through Scotland first, taking in, among other places, the Trossachs, the Caledonian canal, Inverness, Aberdeen, Dundee, Perth, Stirling, Edinburgh, and Melrose. Entering England, the route will be continued down through York, Sheffield, Birmingham, Coventry, Kenilworth, Stratford-on-Avon, and Oxford to London. From London west to Bristol, thence north through Hereford, Shrewsbury, and Chester to Liverpool. The approximate distance to be wheeled is 1,400 miles, which, allowing one week in London, will leave an average of fifty miles per day, a distance not too great over fair Canadian roads, and certainly quite practicable on the roads of the Old Country.—*Mail*.

The Pope Manufacturing Company of Boston has just issued its Spring catalogue. The book contains 52 pages, is handsomely printed on fine paper, and illustrated with nearly 70 engravings of the Columbia bicycles and tricycles and sundries, for the season just opening.

Our Racing Men.

GEORGE H. ORR.

Mr. Geo. H. Orr, of Toronto, is one of the oldest riders of that place, and one of the founders of the well-known Toronto Wanderers' Club, of which he has now attained the position of captain. As a racing man, it is to his credit that in the various races in which he has participated he has always managed to obtain either a first or second place, with one exception through accident. The one-mile has been his favorite, and in this class he defeated the well-known Toronto riders, Davies, Doolittle and Campbell.

Socially, Geo. Orr is known to be very genial and is held in high esteem by all his friends. For the second time he has been chosen Canadian convoy to the American tourists who are this year formed under the name of "The Big Four Tour." His first race was in the 1883 Bank Sports, where he won second prize, being beaten by Doolittle in a field of five entries. In July of the same year, at the Law Sports, in a two-mile race with four entries, he won first prize. On Sept. 17th, 1883, at the Exhibition races, in the one-mile open, with 17 competitors, including all of Toronto's fast riders at that distance, he won easily in 3.17, then considered very fast. Also, in Sept., 1883, he won two races in Barrie, in which, out of three entries, two were from Toronto.

On July 12th, same year, after a week's illness, and without practice, he won first prize at the Exhibition Grounds, defeating Campbell, of Toronto, by a length. On May 24th, 1884, he won second prize in fancy riding competition, being beaten by Doolittle with a list of five entries. At the 1884 Toronto Bank Sports, he won second prize, being defeated by Lavender in 3.13. In this race he defeated Doolittle and Davies. Three days after this race, while practising on the cinder-path for the C. W. A. races, he fell and displaced his right knee-cap, which has rendered him incapable for further racing, thus ending a short but successful career.

Besides the medals and cups won for bicycling, Mr. Orr has a large collection of medals and plate won for running, jumping, and other athletic contests.

Racing Notes.

The Big Four Tourists intend giving a century road race during their tour through Canada, starting at Colborne and finishing at Kingston, for which a very handsome medal will be given the winner. It will be open to one each of the Safety and crank wheels on the market, and promises to be very interesting.

John S. Prince is out with a challenge to race any trotter in America, Maud S. and Jay-Eye-See not barred. His distance against horses is from five to twenty miles. He also issues a challenge to any professional in the world, and authorizes W. J. Morgan to arrange matches for him.

Fred. Rollison, the ex-champion of America, has been liberated from jail, and issues a challenge for the championship of the Pacific Coast.

"MOCK MODESTY." OR, LADIES AND TRI-
CYCLING.

We have been very much agitated over several questions relative to ladies and the wheel, and every phase of them has been duly and figuratively kicked, cursed, or kissed, according to the mental acumen of the debaters. We have outlived many objections, and there are few who do not admit that tricycling for ladies is a health-giving and pleasurable pastime, admitting of change of air and scene at so small an outlay and little risk. This alone warrants it being one of the best appreciated recreations possible for them, and this, now we are more enlightened, without running the risk of some dire calamity befalling them. Their hair will not lose its curling qualities nor their faces freckle. They have now the courage of their convictions, and beneath their notice are the pruderies of Mrs. Grundy—

Old and formal, fitted for her pretty part.
With a little board of maxims preaching down a
daughter's heart.

In fact, rather the reverse, for the hair looks curlier than ever in the golden sunshine, and the face has the healthier hue of one who thinks that life is worth living, after all. We ladies in England find that many a pleasurable experience, recorded on the tablets of our memories as things never to be forgotten, occurred on a tricycle. Last summer, when a young lady and I were propelling our social along some of the leafy lanes of "this other Eden—demi-paradise," one of the prettiest sights we saw on the road was a social tricycle, on which were husband and wife working shoulder to shoulder at the front, while two little olive-branches were perched on seats behind, looking the very picture of happiness. Could there be a pleasanter mode of taking the wife and family out for a blow of country air? How is it when a young woman wishes to elevate herself above the humdrum existence of every-day life that she meets with nothing but opposition? If she neglects the lap-dog for the Latin *Principia* she is a "blue," and therefore to be avoided; if, instead of revelling in the vanities of afternoon tea scandal, she has opinions of her own, and cannot be convinced against her will, it provokes the cynic's retaliations, which is an illustration of the truth—"Mockery is the bane of little hearts." Lord Lytton says truly: "You women are at once debarred from public life, and yet influence it. You are the prisoners and yet the despots of society. Have you talents? It is criminal to indulge them in public, and thus, as talent cannot be stifled, it is misdirected in private." "'Tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true." Some few years ago, when one or two young women first paddled a tricycle into the sunny lanes of old England, getting a well-earned glimpse of lovely landscapes, and communing with the "noble senators of mighty woods, tall oaks," and thereby obtained a brighter eye and a rosier cheek—how the impropriety of the thing was discussed! but how it flourished, in spite of the "worm 't' the bud," far abler pens than mine may tell. Innovations are objectionable, and when one leads many follow, without even stopping to think. But in England we have outlived all the objections, and