

THE RUDGE.

Was there ever wheelman
With a heart so cold,
But he loved the cycle
Upon which he bowled?

Was there ever cyclist,
Callous to all worth,
But he thought his own wheel
Best of all the earth?

I have rarely met one,
So devoid of zeal,
But he sang the praises
Of some maker's wheel.

Nor am I exception
To the mighty throng,
Neither, when I praise one,
Do I others wrong.

All makes have their lovers,
Each as best they claim,
But the wheel most perfect
Is the one I name.

Of all, 'tis most graceful;
Yields in speed to none;
Faster than its compeers,
Records best has won.

Lighter than all others,
As "light roadster" claimed;
Stronger than the strongest
Which "light" wheels are named.

Firm, and very rigid;
True beyond compare;
On the coast the fastest,
Like a bird of air.

Smoothest in its motion,
Fastest up the hill;
Like a sentient being
Yielding to the will.

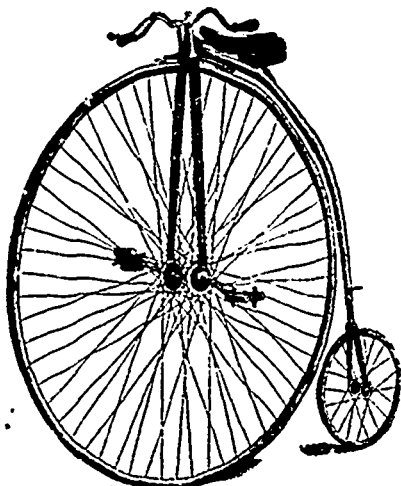
More than any other,
Life-endowed it moves;
Its surpassing virtues
Always fresh it proves.

Ask you what the wheel is,
Chiefest known to fame?
Need I but pronounce it—
LIGHT RUDGE is its name!

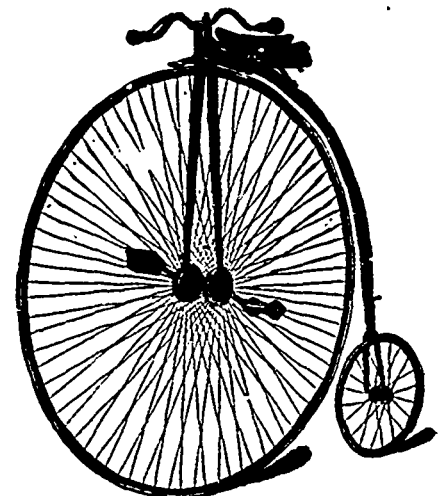
N.B.—We fully indorse the above. They represent our sentiments.

(Signed)

250 CANADIAN RIDERS OF THE RUDGE,



THE RUDGE LIGHT ROADSTER
\$115.00.



THE CANADIAN RUDGE
\$85.00.

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22 Church St., Toronto.

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