

The Great Mid-Summer Bicycle Drive

BUY YOUR BICYCLE TODAY

PROMINENT BUSINESS MEN GAIN TAKING TO CYCLING.

The other day a bicycle dealer in a certain Canadian city was much surprised by a call from a very prominent business man whose name would be familiar to many people throughout Canada. This man has plenty of money and owns several motors, but had decided he needed something which gave him a little more exercise.

The bicycle man fitted him carefully with a machine of the right height and style for this particular customer, with comfortable saddle, regular handle bars instead of extension and reasonably low gears.

The result is that this man rarely uses his car when going for short distances by himself, but cycles even usually. His health has improved to a remarkable extent. He feels years younger and states that he has no intention of giving up cycling now that he has found what it can do for him.

At first some of his friends were inclined to laugh at him, but more than one of them have since followed his example.

The above is no reflection on the motor car, but there is no doubt

that many men and ladies too would be much better to use a good bicycle occasionally instead of constantly riding in motor car or street car, and missing the gentle exercise which they obtained when they used a bicycle instead of motor.

A very interesting personal experience is given in the August number of the American Magazine by a prominent lawyer who is one of the many to come back to the bicycle.

After explaining how years ago he and two brothers used to take their rods and bikes on Saturday afternoons or Sundays and make for a trout stream, he says:

"Then came motoring, golf, country clubs, and cards, changing our habits entirely. We got heavy and bore little resemblance to the slim-waisted athletic fellows who thought nothing of riding sixty or seventy miles to get back from a fishing trip in ample time for Monday morning's business. The week's work was now commenced with fagged brain and tired eyes, and the coming Saturday was looked forward to simply to give the loser a chance to get even for the mistakes and losses of previous Saturday.

"Then, one day, after I had just closed a five-hour argument in an important case that had taxed my powers to the utmost, and was 'all in,' I came to a determination. I was just under forty-five and being of sturdy build, should have been at the maximum of physical strength instead of a nervous wreck. My thoughts reverted to the old 'bike' again, when every muscle was like a steel spring, my digestion perfect, my eyes rested, my heart pumping good blood to the extremities somewhat different from the shape I was now in!

"I got my bicycle down from the garage where it had hung so many years, had a coaster brake put on and got out my fly-hook and rod. With a roll of blankets strapped behind the seat and a day's supply of food in the creel I left the house Saturday noon telephoning the boys I would not be with them. After a delightful ride with many stops to admire the beautiful spots along the way I finally reached one of our favorite camping spots, high up on the foothills of Mount Tacoma.

"By daybreak I was whipping the stream. As the fly went dancing along, and just as it was passing to stop by the roots of a submerged tree, there was a rush and a swirl, and a mighty trout flashed into the sunlight, cutting his rainbow that length in a great arc, with his well hooked, he struck the water.

"The fight was on! And such a fight! My nerves were thrilled for one glorious hour I had no means of weighing him, but he was twenty-four and a half inches long.

"All the enthusiasm of the old days returned. Missing by the camp fire in the still evening I choughed of Bill and Fred absorbing the highballs and straining their eyes playing cards or dominoes, and grimly determined that would be no more relaxation for me that did not really give it.

"At first it came a little hard to pump that wheel and leave a perfectly good run-about in the garage, but in a short time my muscles hardened and it was easier. Little by little my surplus adipose tissue disappeared and now I am again strong and fit.

"Bill has broken down, and has gone on a six months trip to Egypt. Fred is still hanging on, but says he has not the will power to go back to the cycling that day. He is on the cycling that day. He is a fine fellow and I am still hoping to persuade him, but fear he is about all in."

cross in the price of bicycles as in everything else. We may therefore expect to pay more for bicycles next spring and it is just a question if there will be enough to go round, even at the advanced prices.

A hint to the wise is supposed to be sufficient, and Bicycle Dealers are doing everything in their power to protect their customers by urging them to purchase now and thus enjoy the long balance of the riding season this year and at the same time ensure themselves against a probable advance in price next season.

This is the object of the Mid-Summer Bicycle Drive which dealers are advertising at the present time.

attending to the fire was the lady's father a dear little old gentleman, retired from the civil service, and too asthmatical to undertake any laborious work. This old gentleman gets up early in the morning and makes a cup of tea for his daughter and her companion on the "road." While they are working in the fields he gets breakfast ready and does the housework. Imagine the return of these two girls in trenches and gas-goggles smooch to a bright kitchen prepared for them by a dear old gentleman in a tall coat!

"They told me many things which made me realize the hardships of their life, but always the narrative was accompanied by laughter.

"These girls plough and dig. Except for the lifting of great weights, there is nothing a man does on a farm which they cannot do. The most tremendous thing of all they do, in my humble opinion, is to keep on hoeing for a whole day under a broiling sun.

In the fruit picking season they are up at 3.45 in the morning and work till 6 in the evening. Their reward for hours of hard work, back-breaking work, is four shillings. They don't complain. It takes the highest courage to stick to this kind of work. Most of the Land Lasses crave for a mixed farm, where there is stock to take care of, and their success in this particular has been very marked. Young animals do far better under the gentle care of women than under the rough riding attention of men. Many of the Land Lasses will stick to this kind of work after the war.

Long for that Feminine Feeling

"The editor of this magazine, the "Land Lassie," published under the auspices of the Board of Agriculture, tells me that she receives the most pathetic letters from lonely girls working on distant farms, where they never encounter any one of their own kind. Some of these girls send money orders and ask the editor to buy them silk undergarments with pink ribbons, because when they get out of bed and others they want to have the feeling that they are still feminine. Others send poems of considerable merit. Others ask for books, for saying how lonely they are, how they crave for sympathy, and how they long for something to happen. But she tells me she has never received one single letter (and she has received many hundreds) which grumbles at the work or which expresses the writer's desire to get out of the land army.

When you look at a photograph of these happy girls, or when you read their letters and jokes, I beg you to consider the life behind the outward show of high spirits and business there is in sober truth a most noble and most admirable heroism, full of the cause for which so many of these girls' brothers have as cheerfully laid down their lives.

Indeed, it seems to me that these Land Lasses stand at the sacred cause of the Allies in a peculiarly significant fashion. They are, to begin with the emancipated women of a true democracy—not the household chattels which once encountered all over Germany. Then they are women who enable the idea of work who have broken with all the old snobberies, who would set their hands to any mortal thing so long as they could help their country. And as they are brave with a bravery which is new-born with this war of nations. They represent that which alone can give us victory—endurance. It is a light between the soul of autonomy and the soul of democracy. It is the one massed soul of the drilled Prussian serfs against the individual soul of the least and humblest person in democratic countries. These English girls, so pretty and so gay, so sportive and so gallant, realize their duty, and there is not one of them who would not far rather drop dead in the furrows than to live to be the vassal of the German Kaiser.

They are as truly helping the Allied democracies to conquer the tremendous menace of Prussian tyranny as any soldier who faces the German hordes. Autocracy is up against these girls. The submarine may sink our food ships day after day, but this little island of the northern seas Shakespeare's other Eden, dem-paradise, this little body with a mighty heart, will never strike its flag to the German pirate so long as the girls of England can drive a plough across its ancient fields.

HOT?---YES And Then Some

But You'll Forget the Heat, and all your other worries, on a long cool spin through shady country lanes on that Brantford Redbird Bicycle you've been promising yourself for so long. The Redbird is the ideal machine for all purposes — light, yet strong, serviceable, yet handsome in appearance. All the requisites for a good bicycle are combined in this make, and the price is within the means of all. Better buy yours today.

F. H. GOTT

100 Dalhousie St.

Bicycles.

Buy a MASSEY



AUGUST — SEPTEMBER — OCTOBER

Three months yet of good cycling weather—perhaps four or five.

Then ready for the first good roads next Spring—no worry about slow delivery or advancing prices. NOW is the time to get that Bicycle.

E. T. McCUBBIN

Bicycles and Repairing.
332 COLBORNE STREET.

PLENTY OF GOOD CYCLING WEATHER STILL LEFT.

One of the most delightful cycling months of the whole year as a rule is September. The weather is usually just right, neither too hot nor too cool, and the roads in fine shape after the summer traffic. In many years this applies also to October, and even November will usually be found to have a good deal of days which can hardly be improved upon for taking a spin.

For a person who rides to work as most of us do nowadays, the cycling season extends well on towards Christmas. In fact a surprising number of riders never lay aside their wheels all winter, with the exception of an odd day which is extra cold or stormy, but even if we are not prepared to follow such strenuous examples, we would still find pretty fair riding during a good part of the winter. This is especially true in cities, where the snow is no longer allowed to lie on the streets and form banks or slush but is promptly carted away. Leaving the streets clear for foot traffic it is surprising how easy it is to fall in a rut in our buying habits as well as in anything else and stick there regardless of the facts or sense of the case. A striking example of this is in the way in which many riders used to think it was wise to buy a bicycle after about May 24th. A few years later the date was believed to be July 1st, but during the past few years a number of bicycles have been sold right up to November and December.

This change may have been hastened by the difficulty in obtaining bicycles when they are wanted in the early spring. The wise buyer avoids the chance of delay or disappointment by making his bicycle purchase the previous Fall and having it right on hand where he can take it out for a spin the first fine day in the spring.

This two-handed argument applies with special force right now. While no definite announcement has been made by the manufacturers, there is every reason to suppose the steadily increasing prices of raw material and the higher cost of labor will force a corresponding in-

crease in the price of bicycles as in everything else. We may therefore expect to pay more for bicycles next spring and it is just a question if there will be enough to go round, even at the advanced prices.

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BRITISH LASSIES

(Continued from Page 4.)

wakes, with a certain stylish recklessness highly suggestive of the theatre.

Show Finest Quality of Girls

But I very much doubt, after having visited nearly every kind of war-work in the United Kingdom, whether there are any women to compare with these jolly Land Lasses for courage and absolute heroism. I doubt whether any work could make greater demands on a woman's body. I doubt whether a finer quality of grit is displayed by any patriotic worker in these islands, be that worker man or woman, than is displayed by these splendid and happy girls, who are worse paid than any other worker, who get little or no praise from the public, and who never grumble, and who certainly never strike.

"I'll say this for the work," a strapping young woman told me the other day in the Vale of Evesham, "it prevents you from thinking, and don't care what your troubles may be—you can't think about them when you're working in the fields. You just go on and on, with every muscle in your body aching, and then you go back to your disorganised supper and go to bed. It's not long before you're asleep, I can tell you."

One of these girls wrote to me the other day asking whether I could not do something to "buck up" the life of the English village. Her complaint is that there is no vital sense of joy and happiness in village life, that the people are all asleep, that nothing happens, and that every effort on her part to wake things up is met with a frown like an iceberg. Her letter is so amusing and so characteristic of the Land Lasses' spirit that I will quote a few passages. She begins by saying how her dream of coming up to see me in London was dispersed by the demands of the spring.

"While wandering through this delightful dream the telephone rang furiously, and I heard something like this in a frenzied voice: 'Get Captain and Boxer out and narrow that piece of ground by the bridge send the dray in for six hundred weight of beams and plant, plant, madam, for all you are worth.' 'I'll find plenty of setting pins and nails, but I sat bolt upright in the receiver ladies-ly my dream of London floating away on a magic carpet. He asked abruptly I there, had I heard? I suppose my eyes were rather feeble, for he asked me kindly was I quite well. I told him madly I was, 'Golly well, too well, and no doubt left him mystified at the other end.'

"I must carry on, and as all our produce is for that most excellent gentleman, Mrs. Atkins. Every day off at sewing time are na-poo!"

She is what is called a grown-lead. She has a propensity to tell me about her "gangs."

"Oh, what an assortment! I had ten living with me in one house last year. There were actresses, girls from convents, maternity nurses, teachers, mistresses, daughters, girls, able to fix and fade, girls of all sorts, sizes and temperaments. I drive them to the various farms (the farmer runs three), and we go equipped with seed, water, rakes, hoes or any odd thing that is needed.

"Oh, those spins through the fens, all laughing, the girls bundled around the rack. If only I could make the old lorry tango or the horse turkey trot, believe me, I would. Why don't the villagers smile, grin or even throw something at us? The most I can ever hope to elicit from them is, 'She be a lively one, she be.' No sense of humor!"

She suggests that a club, where the girls could dance and sing and play the fool, would be a great treat.

Complains of an Adamless Eden. She complains of an Adamless Eden.

"One could have the beauty of Helen and the figure of Venus here and it would never, never be noticed. I'm grieved to tell you, I've never heard of one marriage. No man ever comes here. If one ever does he's bound to be married and the father of 15,000 children. If you can send a stray battalion of soldiers to this quarter of the world, do so, and, saying the table, cutting the bread, and

Why Not Reduce Your Cost of Living

Ride a C.C.M. Bicycle

WE know of a man who was paying \$30 a month rent down town. He was living close in on account of poor transportation facilities.

He bought a bicycle, moved out a distance, rented a better house for \$20 with a large garden, rode the bicycle to and from his work, through clean, fresh air, gained 15 pounds in weight and

Saved \$120 in Yearly Rent
Cheaper Living --- Better Living

A "C.C.M." Bicycle will do the same for you. For daily trips of this kind you must have a reliable bicycle. All "C.C.M." Bicycles are built for service. First cost is the only cost.

Buy YOURS To-day

twice as easy as walking - Three times as fast

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BICYCLE

The Doughty Patent Process is an exclusive Dunlop Bicycle Tire feature. It keeps all wired-on tires absolutely uniform. The Doughty Processes simply cannot go wrong.

Dunlop Bicycle Tires have always led because they are the only original bicycle tires. Try either "Traction" or "Special." You'll find them unequalled for general service.

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CONTINUED ADVANCES. American, British and Italian forces, Secretary of War Baker said. These advances while not extensive in area, are important, he added, and show that the battle continues advanced by the French, favorably.

Our Bicycles Are WINNERS

Whether for Racing, Business or Pleasure

And all our Wheels are GUARANTEED against flaw or defect.

HAWTHORNE'S

Buy NOW and SAVE Money!

It will pay to buy your Bicycle now instead of waiting until next spring. It is almost certain that prices will have to be advanced considerably next season.

Buy a C. C. M. "Perfect" the Best Yet

HAWTHORNE'S

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Use For Over 30 Years

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