

CYCLING

A Mirror of Toronto Bicycle Club Events and Devoted to the Interests of Cyclists in General

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Felloes I've Wheeled With.

BY BRUCE.

The wintry winds hold revelry,
Still lets be merry,
And talk of summer hours awhile.

THE balmy days when nature speaks in many thousand voices of wondrous harmony, and all things in earth, air and sea alike rejoice, bring to the wheelman dreams and visions of pleasant nook and sunny road, which only he can find on waking bright realities.

"Where in all creation can you find a prettier scene than that," spake a brother knight of the Cycle as riding eastward one bright sunny afternoon in the nineties, he looked across the landscape from the heights near Pickering, and saw to the right the blue of Old Ontario checkered o'er with white-winged sail and swift steamer, and to the left valley, hill and dale, adorned in nature's loveliest hues, and sparkling with the joy of summer sunshine over all. The speaker looked every inch a man, and sitting astride his Rational, reminded one of those brave knights of old, whose wondrous deeds of horsemanship fill many a page of history. "Young stalwart rider, you'll win your spurs," we said. He wears them now, and proud he is thereat.

"Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."

Far away where the mighty river rolls onward toward the sea, the gentle slopes of Mount Royal Cemetery hold in their silent embrace, while the falling snow weaves purest garlands o'er his resting place, a cherished memory, and, methinks, e'en now, that we can hear "Big Ben" toll out, upon the winter wind, a requiem soft and low, in sympathizing tones: "Not lost, but gone before." *Au revoir! mon ami.*

At almost any hour in business days, if you call in at an office not far from the corner of King and — Street, in this city, you can find a little knot of brother wheelmen engaged in chit-chat, perchance, it may be discussing a coming road race, the merits

and demerits of the would-be champions, or consulting with the genial proprietor as to whether 'tis better to spend a summer in Europe awheel, or buy a ticket and go round the world. You might fill a book as quaint and racy as ever a Mark Twain scribbled, if, pen in hand, you noted all the anecdote and tale that's handed round within those walls.

As the Whitby farmer takes his first glance adown the roadway, as he emerges from his habitation in the early light of the summer morning, he oft espies a familiar form go flying past, making the dust rise in clouds like to the smoke from some distant steamship, and in a moment it is gone, and again the rustic says, "Gee whisz! away he goes; the champion rides this morn to Kingston."

"Oh, merry goes the time
When the heart is young."

The singer, whose merry voice and familiar form are known wherever wheelmen congregate all up and down our land, is riding with ease rapidly westward, one bright Saturday afternoon, and behind him comes one less familiar to road and wheel, out of whose pores, like rain, the sweat is trickling, in the vain attempt to keep pace with his companion, who, if not champion of the road, yet has earned laurels, and wears them modestly. The wise man has said: "A merry heart doeth good like unto a medicine," and truly such is true of thee, o' singer.

Shakespeare once said: "I'd rather live with cheese and garlic in a windmill far, than feed on cakes and have him talk to me." List, he saith, give me thine ear, oh pretty bird, and I will fill thy soul with music, out of which thou mayest make light of those thou lovest not—I mean no harm, but then "I don't count," and little heed is given either to my talk or thine, then let's sit upon our kindred roosts and cackle to each other till the dawn.

To be continued.

GENERAL WOLSELEY said: "The day will come, and is coming, when large bodies of Cyclists will be recognized and become integral parts of every army in the field."