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# CYCLING

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

Vol. 1.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 10, 1890.

No. 2.

## 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."

### Burden—Eaton.

ON Tuesday evening, December 2nd, at Trinity Methodist Church, Mr. Charles E. Burden, of the E. Harris Co., was married to Miss Maggie B. Eaton, the youngest daughter of Mr. Timothy Eaton, of T. Eaton and Co. Aside from the interest naturally evinced in the marriage of two such popular members of society, this wedding was particularly so to cyclists, for the reason that Mr. Burden was, and is now, a member of the T. B. C., and Miss Eaton was one of the first ladies in Toronto to recognize the advantages and benefits to be derived from a ladies Safety, and is also a member of the Torontos. The Club was honored by additional representation in the presence of Mr. E. Y. Eaton as groomsman, and Captain W. H. Chandler, who officiated as one of the ushers. CYCLING wishes Mr. and Mrs. Burden a life of unalloyed happiness, with, perhaps, just sufficient clouds in their sky to afford a glorious sunset.

### A Moment With the Boys.

WE are glad to welcome Mr. R. S. Neville, the well-known barrister of this city, as the latest acquisition to the ranks of the Toronto Bicycle Club.

OUR next issue appears on the last day of this month, a fitting conclusion to an eventful year, and we take this opportunity of wishing our readers a very enjoyable and Merry Christmas.

WE are all glad to learn that our old friend and comrade, Eddie Scott, is in good shape again. He will be with us on our runs next season, mounted on a brand new 52-inch Rational.

WE are told that Ed. Parker, the hope of the Safeties, is going to invest in a Rational, solely for the purpose of distancing his friend Macdonald on the road, but we don't think Teddy would look well on a big wheel, and should be able to "get there" all right on his little Rover.

THE result of the three handicap road races, held by the T. B. C. during the past season, distances ten, twenty and thirty miles, and for which medals were offered, is as follows:—

1. D. Nasmith, 30 points.
2. W. Robins, 25 "
3. Jas. Miln, 23 "

REPORT had it that the Wanderers were to join with the Athæneum Club when the

latter's club house was completed. Secretary A. P. Taylor, of the Wanderers, in a letter to the press, gives this rumor an emphatic denial. The Wanderers and Torontos are wise to remain as they are—Bicycle Clubs.

AN energetic committee appointed by the T. B. Club, at the monthly meeting on 1st inst., is actively engaged in preparations for an "At Home," to be given at the Club House, on the evening of the 16th inst. Every member of the Club is expected to be present, and a cordial invitation is extended to all the Club's friends to visit them on that occasion.

THE T. B. C. Snow Shoe Club is now in complete organization with the Strasbourg Explorer, Charlie Langley, as Captain. We are sure, if the snow flurry of the past few days can be taken as a criterion, our friends Nasmith, Langley, West, Will Robins, Scott, Whatmough, *et al*, will have many a pleasant tramp together before the annual Oshawa concert announces itself as the forerunner of spring.

THE T. B. C. Glee Club is to favour the citizens of Toronto with a concert, to be given under the auspices of the Toronto Bicycle Club, early next year. The members directly interested in this undertaking promise us a musical treat of unusual excellence, and we believe them; but organization should commence at once, the several committees formed, so that each one will feel and be responsible for a certain amount of work.

### The Ladies' Corner.

ONE of the fair riders of the Toronto Club was pedalling her bicycle along the sidewalk at a pretty rapid pace one afternoon quite recently, when she overtook one of Colonel Denison's regulars. She did not dismount, as her poor brother cyclist would have done, prepared to surrender his address as a prelude to a summons, or possibly a peremptory ride in the patrol chariot, but illumining her face with a smile, as only a Toronto maiden can, she said: "Please look the other way, Mr. Policeman." The obliging and gallant bobby acted on the suggestion, and the lady continued on her enjoyable ride uninterrupted.

THE ladies of Detroit have decided that single blessedness is preferable to union—in club matters, at all events—and consequently have organized a club of their own, under the name of "Detroit Lady Cyclers."

# Cycling

A MIRROR OF TORONTO BICYCLE CLUB EVENTS  
AND DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF  
CYCLISTS IN GENERAL

F. F. PEARD, - - - EDITOR

Publishers:

WM. H. MILN                      CHRIS B. ROBINSON

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## Our Thanks, Gentlemen.

WE feel somewhat elated, in a sense flattered, and certainly very much pleased over the expressions of praise and goodwill we have received from the daily press of this city, in response to the appearance of our first number. It is unnecessary to particularize, as all our friends—confreres may we say—have intimated their approval of our initial effort, and beyond expressing our appreciation, we would not have taken up the space for this purpose, were it not for the fact that our good friend, the Sporting Editor of the *Empire*, seems to think that by the insertion of the notice at the head of the advertising column of the T. B. C., we repudiate the reason given for the inception of the paper. We may not make ourselves clear, but the idea was simply to prevent any official utterances of the Toronto Bicycle Club from conflicting with reportorial or editorial matter. Looking at the question in this light, does not the *Empire* agree with us that we are right in providing for contingencies of various complexities which might arise at any time? We are, as set forth in our heading, "A mirror of Toronto Bicycle Club events"; and, moreover, with the Club every time, as long as it keeps to the right course; but we are not its "Official Organ," ready to uphold the Club's officers in whatever project at any future time might be undertaken by them. This is merely reiteration of the statement made in our first number, that whatever matter presents itself we shall endeavor to deal with it from an unprejudiced standpoint.

## A Race Meet Absurdity.

EVER since we can remember attending a Bicycle Race Meeting, and, in fact, we

believe, such has been the custom from the earliest days of bicycle racing, there has been an entrance fee, a nominal sum, advertised as necessary to be paid by each contestant to the Treasurer of the Tournament, before taking his place on the track. This rule, for the reason that it has seldom been enforced, and also because human nature does not, in the majority of cases, voluntarily part with the current coin of the realm without solicitation or pressure, has been looked upon by racers as a dead letter and generally disregarded. Recently, however, a Canadian bicycle club was dunned for the entrance fees of some of its racers, evidencing that one particular organization, at all events, intended to assert its rights. Now, we certainly believe that this club had perfect justification in collecting the entrance dues, although some of their own members had themselves erred in the same respect; but we are of the opinion that this subject should be dealt with by the Canadian Wheelman's Association, either to enforce the rule in every case of an entrance fee being paid, returning the amount to the *bona fide* contestants, or do away with the trivial tax altogether.

## The Topic of the Hour.

THE Racing Board of the L. A. W. has taken time by the forelock and created consternation in the ranks of the Racing fraternity by their action in suspending nearly all of the prominent American flyers. Such well-known men as Gassler, Campbell, Rich, the Murphy Brothers, Van Wagoner, etc., have been suspended, and later advices inform us that Willie Windle and his conqueror, Zimmerman, have been compelled to join their unfortunate brethren. This leaves to one or two of the present prominent riders alone the title of District Amateur Champion. The main reason presented for this wholesale decapitation is that these gentlemen, they allege, had their expenses paid, while in training, by the various Athletic Clubs represented. The matter has, no doubt, been brought to a focus now with the idea of thoroughly sifting the whole affair before the riding season of '91 commences. The majority of the accused are preparing a strong defence, and, without a shadow of doubt, the greater number, if not the whole, will be re-instated. But we are of the opinion that this action will, whether well-founded or not, have a wholesome effect upon the proclivities of the Racing men on both sides of the line, and prevent the growth of that professional tendency which is always the death-knell, sooner or later, to amateur athletics of any kind.

### A Few Things the Editor Would Like to Know.

WHERE the C. W. A. meet of '91 will take place.

What subjects Jimmy Miln's new topical song will embrace.

If the long-looked-for Club House will contain a bill—smoking-room.

How much the publishers of this paper will be worth at the end of '91.

If Charley Lowes is undertaking to finance the next pilgrimage to Oshawa.

If "Jim" Stanbury is to take the bass solo at the talked-of Oshawa concert.

When the T. B. C. Club House Committee intends to get down to work.

What contract Will West entered into while away on his holidays this year.

What interest the City Bicycle Clubs are going to have in the projected Athletic Club House.

If handsome Ed. Parker is fonder of anything in this world than a good game of euchre.

When Canadian Cycling Journalism will give our own McClelland a rest from unappreciated notoriety.

If there are three unoccupied evenings on Freddy Whatmough's engagement list for the winter season.

What is the cause of the trouble which has apparently arisen between "Jimmy" Sinclair and the tonsorial artists of the city.

If F. Burton Robins will smash the Safety records on a cushion tyre next year, during the continuation of the protracted lull in real estate.

What other extravagances the T. B. Club would have had besides a museum, and menagerie, had it not been for C. A. Tubby's attendance at monthly meetings.

### Ottawa Letter.

DEAR EDITOR, — The first number of CYCLING came duly to hand, and it must be admitted by all that it is a very happily arranged, well conducted, and, withal, clean little sheet.

CYCLING has the world before it as its field, and can make its choice of position either toward the higher level or toward the lower.

There are many ways in which a wheelman's paper may tend toward the education and elevation of its readers, the uprooting of

prejudices and the good of society in general.

It should admit to its columns articles of real literary merit only, eschewing all of a vulgar or debasing character, and, above all, avoiding personalities of any description as being below its standard. Not a few of our journals are tarnished by evidences of personal enmity, of unkind rivalry, and of faction jealousy, which tend more to show the moral delinquency of their management than the faults of their victims. These personalities have crept into the columns of the highest and best of our English, American and Canadian journals, thereby deforming that which would otherwise have overflowed with charity and good fellowship.

The wheeling journal, by means of judicious articles on road improvement, could make itself felt in the community, and lend its influence for good to every one using our roadways. While a journal is known only within the circle of its own department, it has not the influence that it should have; hence it should endeavor to widen that circle by making its pages acceptable, and its assistance desirable, to the literature of the day. Such articles as "A Just Decision," in the last number, are of interest, not only to wheelmen, but to the public at large. The review of the case is fair, hence its greater excellence. The question of right of way, bells, lamps and whistles, highway service, etc., always ensure interest, and serve to remove the prejudice that exists in some localities.

Attention might also be given to the subject of cycling for ladies; and I am confident that a number of well-written contributions on the subject would not be without results among the lady friends of the readers of CYCLING. There are many other matters that attract attention, from time to time, that would also constitute very interesting reading, and that I have no doubt will receive attention.

It is not from the standpoint of a fault-finder that I make these suggestions, but purely for the good of the cause. The Editor is undoubtedly already fully aware of the value of all these considerations. My object is to bring these matters more prominently before the readers than the Editor, burdened with the thousand and one cares of his undertaking, can find time to do. I am not a partizan, nor the peculiar adherent of any one journal, so much as a well-wisher of all, and any seemingly sharp criticisms are strictly impersonal and intended only to clear the way for continued good fellowship and the unity of all wheelmen in a real and sincere brotherhood, Yours, etc.,

Ottawa, Dec., 1890.

ARTO.

## Toronto Bicycle Club.

## Buffalo Letter.

ORGANIZED



1881.

Club House—Cor. Church and Alexander Sts.

## OFFICERS:

President .....	A. F. WEBSTER.
Vice-President .....	W. H. COX.
Secretary .....	C. J. W. LOWES.
Treasurer .....	ALF. BRYANT.

## ROAD OFFICERS:

Captain .....	W. H. CHANDLER.
1st Lieutenant .....	W. ROBINS.
1st " Safeties .....	F. B. ROBINS.
2nd " Ordinaries .....	JAS. MILN.
2nd " Safeties .....	F. J. BRYERS.
F. BRYERS .....	Club Reporter.

Matter appearing in this column is furnished and paid for by the Toronto Bicycle Club, consequently the proprietors of this journal do not hold themselves responsible for anything contained therein.

## CLUB NOTICES.

The last monthly meeting of the Club was held Dec. 1st, and was well attended.

Mr. Fred Bryers was elected Club Reporter, to fill the position caused by the retirement of Mr. English.

On the evening of the 16th December the Club will give an At-Home in the Club House; all members and their friends are cordially invited.

The Club Incorporation scheme was fully discussed, the Club deciding to incorporate under the Joint Stock Company's Act, and left the working up of details in the hands of their solicitor, Mr. Neville, and the committee appointed at last meeting.

The raising of the fees, a notice of motion of which was given, was left over till next meeting.

Mr. Hall desires that two concerts be given this season, similar to the one held last February, the first to be early in January.

Messrs. R. S. Neville and F. Turnbull were elected active members.

C. J. W. LOWES,  
*Hon.-Secy.*

At the last monthly meeting of the T. B. C. it was decided that the Club should hold a concert in the month of January next, similar to that given last season in the Academy of Music.

In view of this fact the Director of the Glee Club requests the attendance of every member at all future rehearsals.

W. GEO. McCLELLAND,  
*Secretary Glee Club.*

At a meeting held in the Club House on Saturday, 6th December, it was decided to re-organize the T. B. C. Snow Shoe Club, to meet, during December, every Tuesday evening, at 7.30 p.m., and Saturdays at 3 p.m.

The following officers were elected: Captain, Chas. Langley; Lieutenant, D. Nasmith; Whipper-in, F. J. Whatmough, Secretary, A. M. Huestis.

The next tramp will take place on Saturday, 13th inst. In case there is no snow, members will turn out for a walk.

In purchasing moccasins be sure and have them fit tightly. Costumes are not necessary.

DEAR EDITOR,—The initial number of CYCLING came duly to hand, and I am much pleased with it, and hope it may continue as interesting as now.

Very little has transpired in wheeling circles in this city since my last, which I can use as a foundation for my promised letter.

On Thursday last, which was "Thanksgiving Day" here, the Ramblers had quite a day's sport, in which it was my good (?) fortune to have a hand, the nature of which the following clipping from the Buffalo Courier, will give you some idea:—

"The 'Snow-flake Mystery, or Who's She To,' was held in the afternoon at three o'clock. It consisted of a trip around the Park Meadow, the prize going to the rider coming in nearest an unknown time set by the judges after the contestants had left the starting point. The prize, which had been kept a mystery, was won by H. C. Pease of the Comet Cycle Co., who took it much against his will, the committee having appropriately put up a live and very vigorous goose. Neither Mr. Pease nor the goose enjoyed the wheel ride down town, though the spectators certainly did."

Now, boys! I do not know if any of you ever tried to ride a 50-in. bicycle in the company of a live goose, so a little of my experience may be of use to you. I wish somebody could have given me some pointers.

Of course all the time I was pedalling my way around that park road, I had visions of a beautiful gold medal before me, and thought it might be a nucleus for a collection of medals, for which some one would be watching a chance to steal. Consequently my heart bounded with joy when it was announced that I was the winner, for now the idea of the gold medal seemed an established fact. You may judge of my surprise and disappointment when one of the judges handed to me, by the neck, a large flapping, kicking goose. I, with my usual bashful modesty, accepted it with all the composure I could command. But at once my troubles began, for holding a bicycle in one hand and the live goose in the other is not a very easy thing to do, so I had to get rid of one or the other, and in trying to get rid of the wheel I nearly got rid of the goose; but in a short time I got my goose somewhat pacified, when a new trouble loomed up before me, and that was, How am I going to get him home, a distance of over three miles? As I had no luggage-carrier, I got one of the boys to hold him while I mounted my wheel, and then I started off with Mr. Goose in front of me, in my lap, so to speak. He did not seem to object to this novel way of locomotion and settled down quite contentedly, and as the street was smooth, I only needed one hand to guide my wheel, and with the other

I kept gently persuading the goose to continue in this tranquil state. But such a thing as a goose riding a bicycle, even if he was lying quiet, was too much for the Buffalo small boy, and he called out to a companion: "Oh, Jim, look at de goose on de wheel." I expect he alluded to the party who was riding in front, although on that point I am not particularly clear; however, there seemed to be quite a number by the name of Jim, and they all felt personally called upon to "look at de goose," and before I had got half-way home, I concluded that Jim was the name of half of the small boys of the city; and I soon realized the fact that a wheelman riding down the street with half-a-hundred small boys in his wake was a signal that something unusual was coming; and I began to be the centre of attraction for car-drivers, butchers, grocers, little girls and old women, in fact, everybody, for you all know a crowd draws a crowd. My fellow-traveller did not seem to like the part he was taking in the performance, and showed signs of restlessness; but he just began to respond to my persuasive powers to keep quiet, when a large dog (which must have been chased by a goose when he was a pup and had sworn eternal vengeance against all geese for ever after) came bounding out and made straight for my passenger. This, of course, was too much of a surprise for both of us. The goose, with a scream of fright and a great flutter of wings, very unceremoniously left my lap. I, with a groan of horror and dismay, quite as unceremoniously left the wheel, which, being relieved of its extra weight, rolled off into the ditch, while I rolled in the opposite direction in the dust. After a careful survey of my person, of course my next thoughts were of the goose, and I want to say right here that I will never say anything against the small boy again, for had it not been for him I would have lost my prize; but the "small boy" was so numerous, that he would have to be a very smart goose which could have escaped, and the first intelligent sound I recognized was a boy calling out "Mister, her's your goose." I at once rewarded his bravery by engaging him for the princely sum of 25c. to carry the goose to my office, while I gathered up my wheel and followed in the wake, fearing to ride lest I should get so far ahead that I would lose sight of both boy and goose. It will hardly be necessary to state that in this reversed order of things the crowd did not diminish.

I am, as yet, undecided as to what I will do with my prize. I have still got him on my hands (or rather in my cellar); but as Christmas is so near I think I will have no trouble in finding a place for him.

Now there is, or should be, a moral to every tale, and the moral to this one is this, never take part in a "Snowflake Mystery, or Who is She To," without making some provision for bringing home the spoils.

CLUBUS LIARUS.

### Hamilton Letter.

DEAR EDITOR,—I think I will use some of the space set apart for Hamilton to offer some congratulations on the very neat and tasty get up of your paper. It is a credit to the T.B.C., and will prove a welcome addition to all Canadian club rooms. Our boys are, to use a slang expression, "stuck on it."

Since that very exciting road-race chronicled in your first issue, nothing of any very great importance has taken place. We had a run last Saturday, a meeting on Wednesday, at which we pulled in two more members, and several minstrel rehearsals. By the way I have not told you that we have "the greatest show on earth" in rehearsal at present. A minstrel show which will make all previous efforts in this line pale in insignificance, and if you Toronto people are not civil to us, who knows but we may spring it on you some time in the sweet subsequently.

Our Club Rooms, lately, seem to be a dwelling place for drummers; one no sooner gets his head in the door, than the "Jap" is after him to buy a cigar, "just to see if the machine works," or if you escape him the photo. fiend, in an insinuating tone, asks "don't you want one of those photos. of the club?"

### A FEW LOCALS.

The Beech residents made their positive ly last appearance on Saturday last.

About twenty of the club attended the Winona Minstrels one night last week. They supplied the applause and the bouquets.

Business up stairs still continues to engage the attention of — well of the "gang."

We are going to see that A. D. Stewart gets a good start in his race for aldermanic honors. Yours, etc.

RARO.

## DON'T FORGET THE AT-HOME.

### FOR SALE, WANTS, EXCHANGE.

Two insertions ..... 25 cents.  
Four " ..... 40 "

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