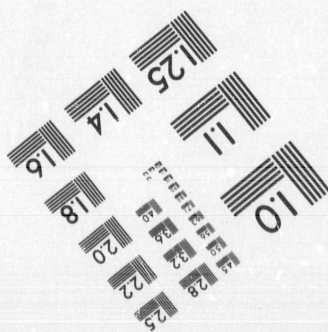
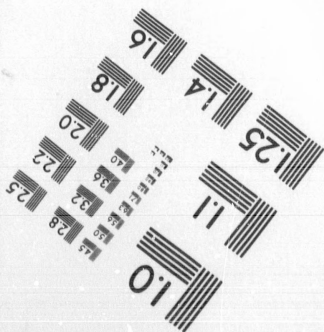
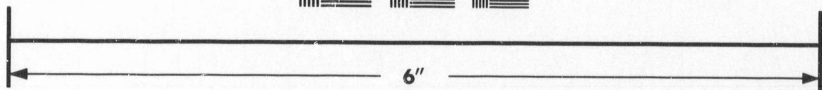
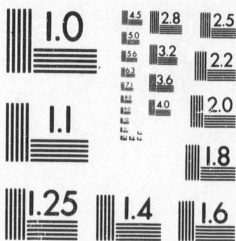


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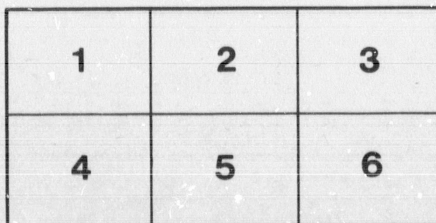
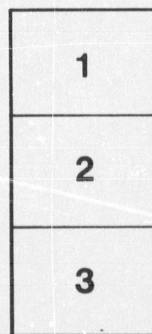
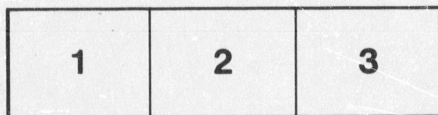
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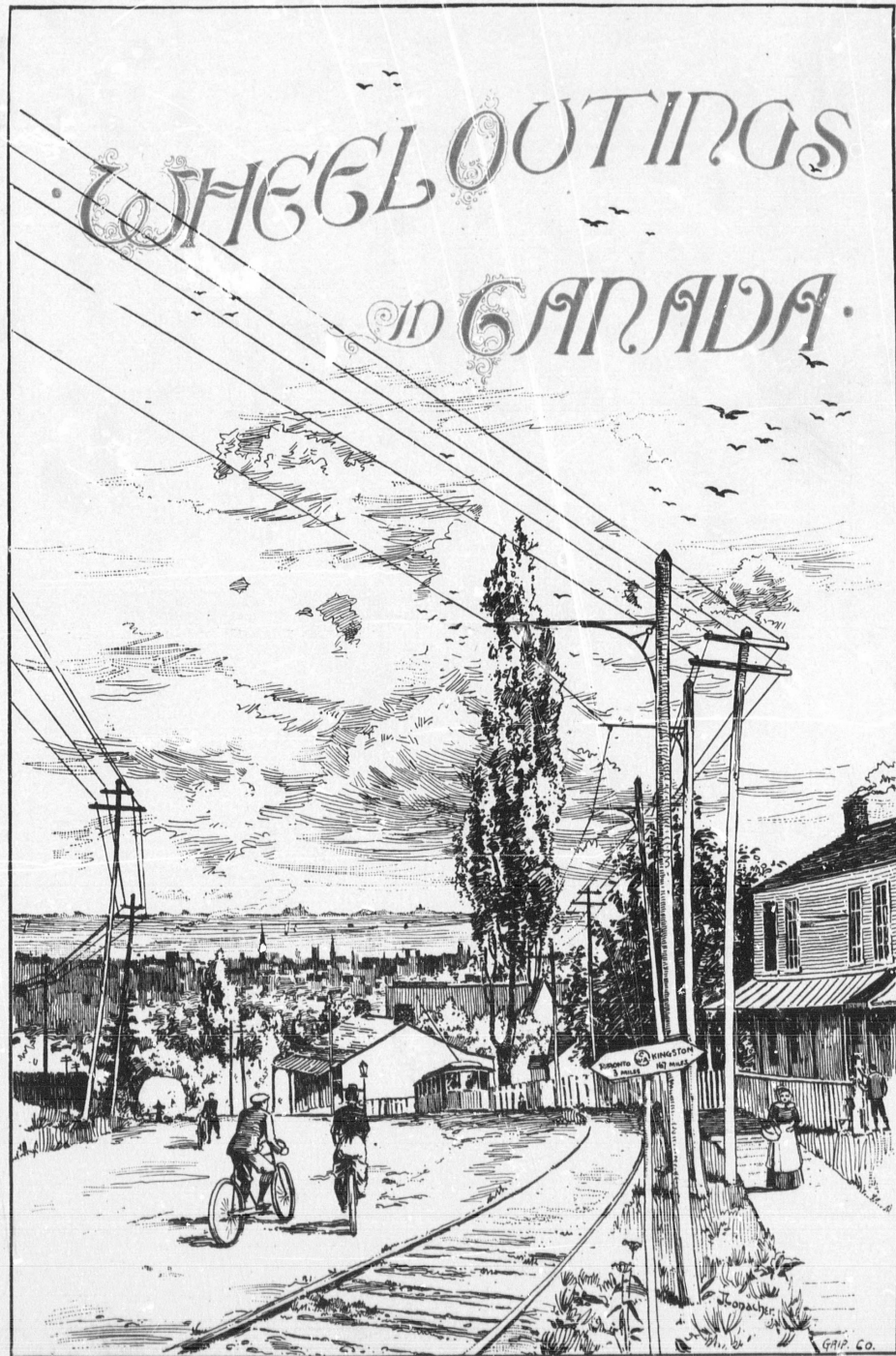
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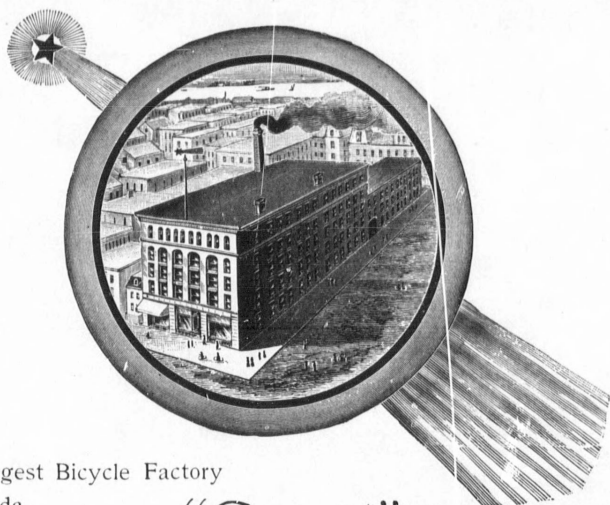
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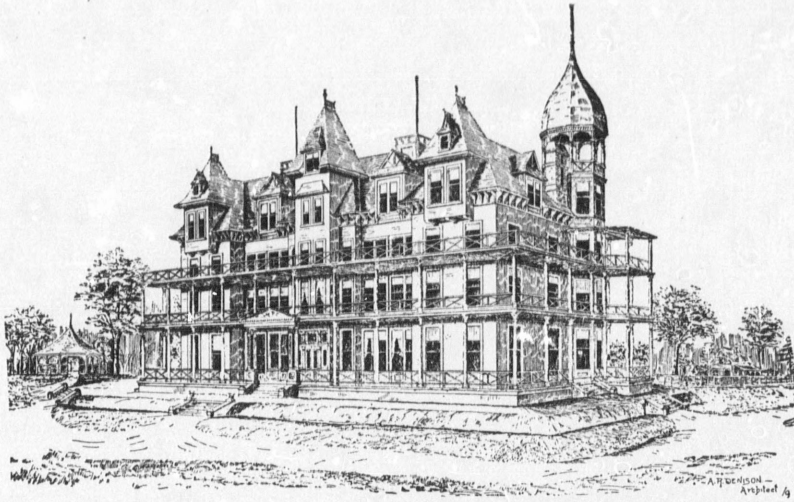
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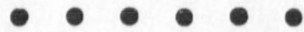


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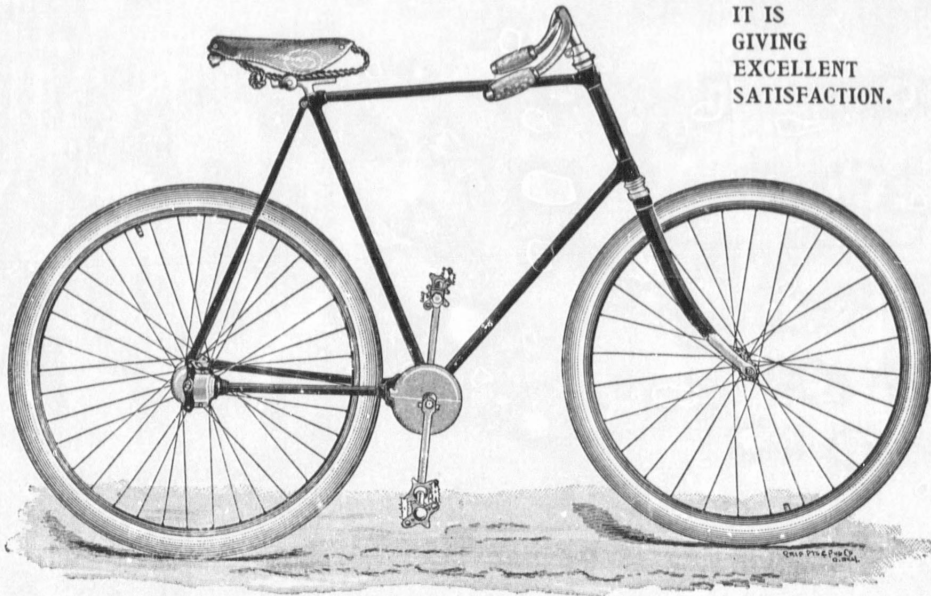
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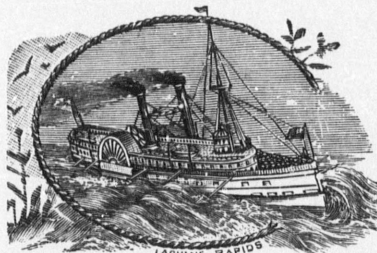
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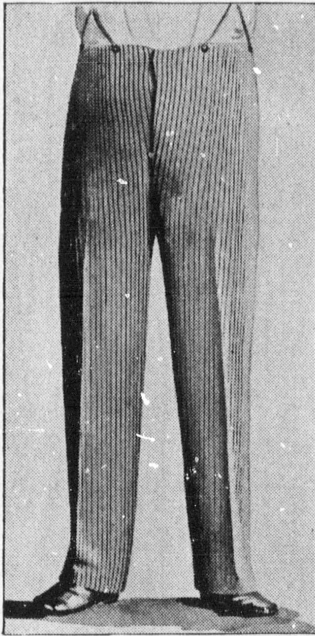
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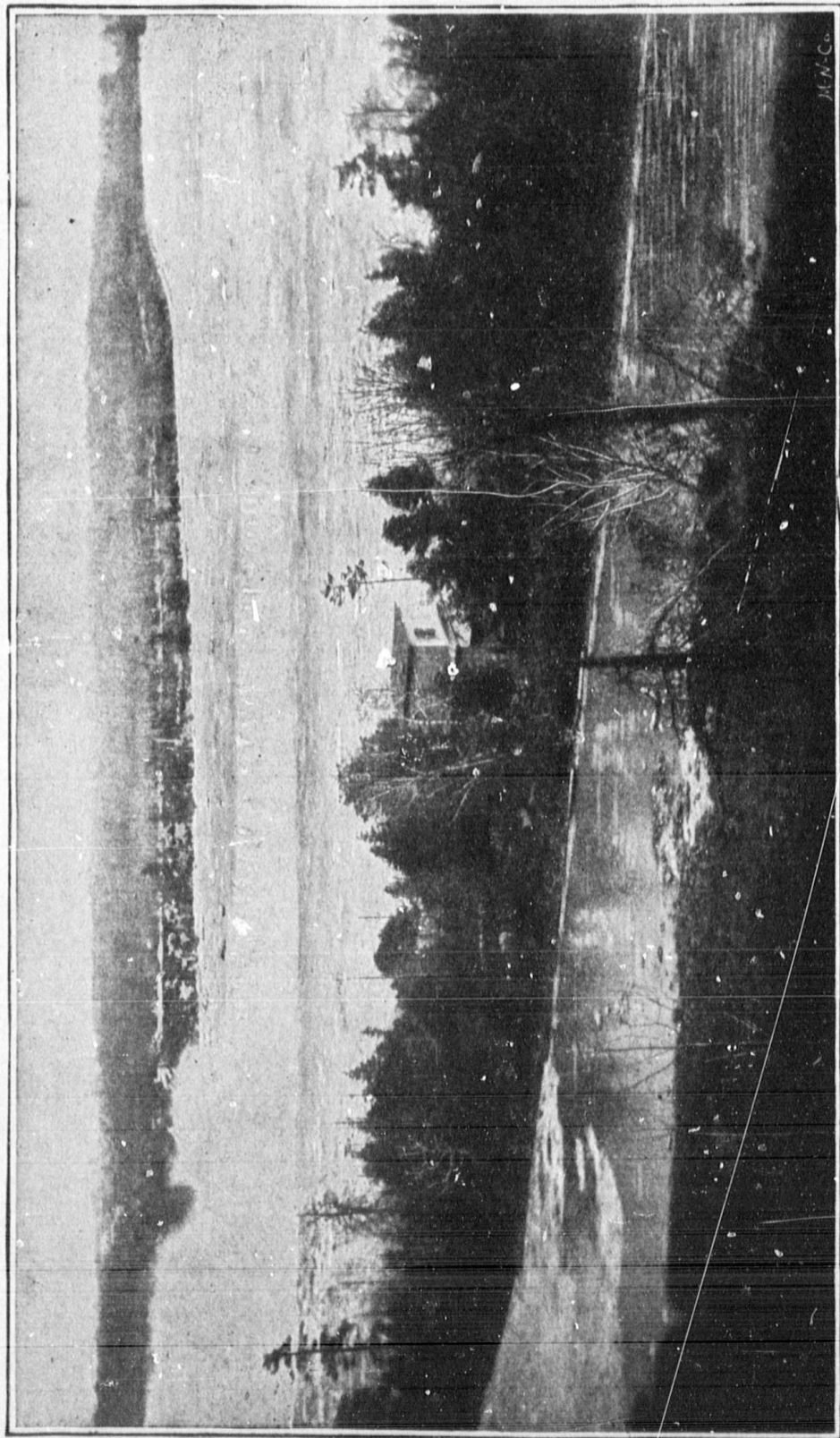
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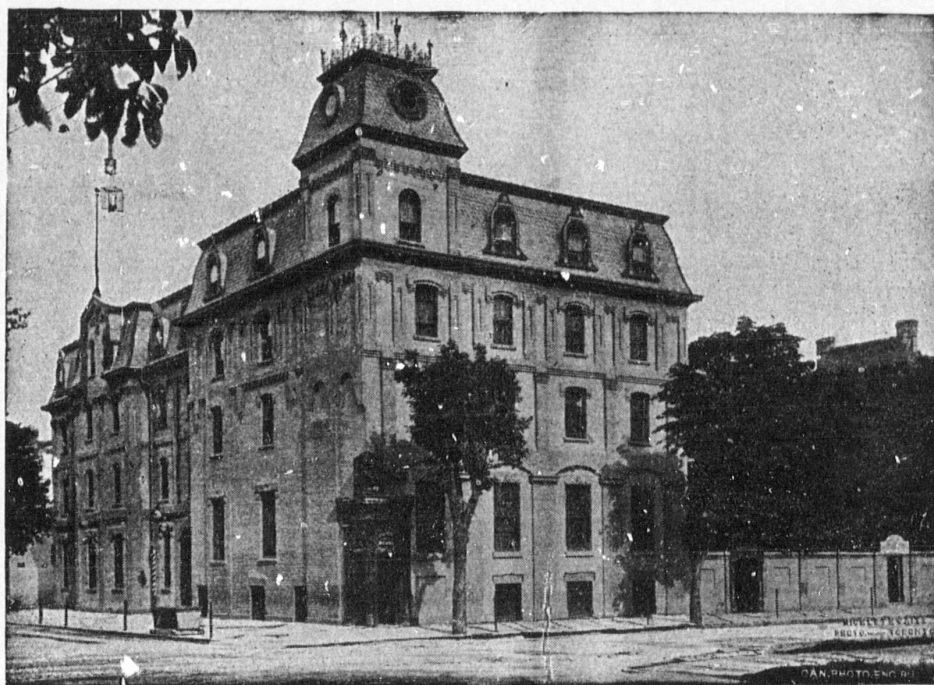
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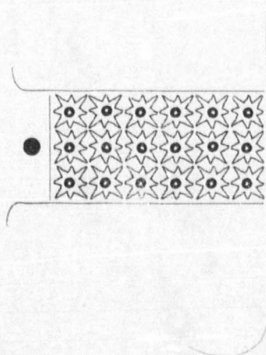
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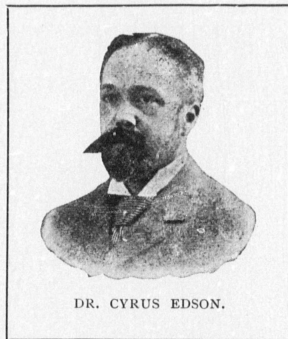
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Edmonton, J. E. Graham; MacLeod, C. E. D. Wood; Banff, W. H. Scarth; Lethbridge, G. A. Galliher; Medicine Hat, T. E. Perrell; Calgary, W. Douche; Dewdney, A. Truanweiser.

PACIFIC DISTRICT—No. 11.

The Province of British Columbia.

CHIEF CONSUL.—W. S. Keah, New Westminster.

QUEBEC DISTRICT—No. 12.

That part of Province of Quebec not included in District No. 7.

CHIEF CONSUL.—Geo. Van Felson, Quebec.

NEW BRUNSWICK DISTRICT—No. 13.

The Province of New Brunswick.

CHIEF CONSUL.—J. M. Barnes, Box 19 St. John.

INTRODUCTION.



"SAVE us from our friends," was never truer than in the case of Canada, and "Save us from our countrymen," applies with strong force to those enthusiastic but misguided citizens who have erected huge ice palaces in two or three of the more northerly parts of our Dominion, where such a thing is rendered possible by continual cold in winter.

That Canada has cold weather in winter is conceded by all, especially when you realize that we extend up in the neighborhood of, if not entirely round the North

Pole; but the same remark applies with equal force to Europe or to Asia, and the Canada which we herewith illustrate and describe is not the Canada of the North Pole or the Canada of Labrador, but the Canada of the Great Lakes, the Canada of the St. Lawrence, the Canada of the Land of Evangeline, the Canada of our boundless, rolling prairies, and the Canada of the gentle breezes of the balmy Pacific. The Canada that for nearly eight months of the year is devoid of a snowflake, that is supplied during that time with ice by the huge companies who reap a rich harvest by storing and retailing out the frigid commodity at so much per pound.

The purpose of this volume is to let our country be better known and better understood by our friends, and if we can convince you that after all we are not a land of perpetual ice and snow, but that summer outings can nowhere else be found so enjoyable, we will have accomplished the task we have set ourselves. From a cyclist's standpoint we have one of the finest climates to be found in the world. In Ontario especially, the months from May to November are delightful for all forms of out-door recreation. The rainfall is comparatively light, and the summer twilights are long. We have many good macadamized and gravelled roads, and the Good Roads Association, of Ontario, is making itself a power for still greater improvements along that line. Our Association has taken up the matter of placing reliable guide-boards at all doubtful points on our highways, so that tourists will find no difficulty in following out the main roads of travel.

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In no other country that I know of will tourists find the hotel rates so cheap and so satisfactory as in Canada, especially in Ontario, where the usual price for hospitality is one dollar per day, a uniform price of twenty-five cents being charged for meals and sleeping accommodation. In the larger towns and cities the prices, of course, are higher, but in all cases they will be found considerably lower than those of the United States or Great Britain. The vast chain of lakes forming for some thousands of miles the international boundary, affords to Ontario a summer climate that is peculiarly delightful, preventing the intense heat which our latitude would otherwise experience, and at the same time making us remarkably free from the sudden changes which are alike so unpleasant to the tourist and so prejudicial to the invalid.

Although "Wheel Outings" would suggest to the reader the idea of a purely bicycling publication, yet it is the object and intention of our Association in this volume to so present Canada as a summer outing ground that all who enjoy athletics and a cool summer's holiday will be favorably impressed with our country and will feel a desire to visit us. To the tourist we say, "come and see us," and if we do not use you right you have the privilege of letting the world know it, but if we do make you feel at home we know that you will tell your friends, and we as an Association will be able to prove ourselves of some value to our country as a means of making it better known, better understood, and more appreciated by our fellow men.

P. E. DOOLITTLE, M. D.

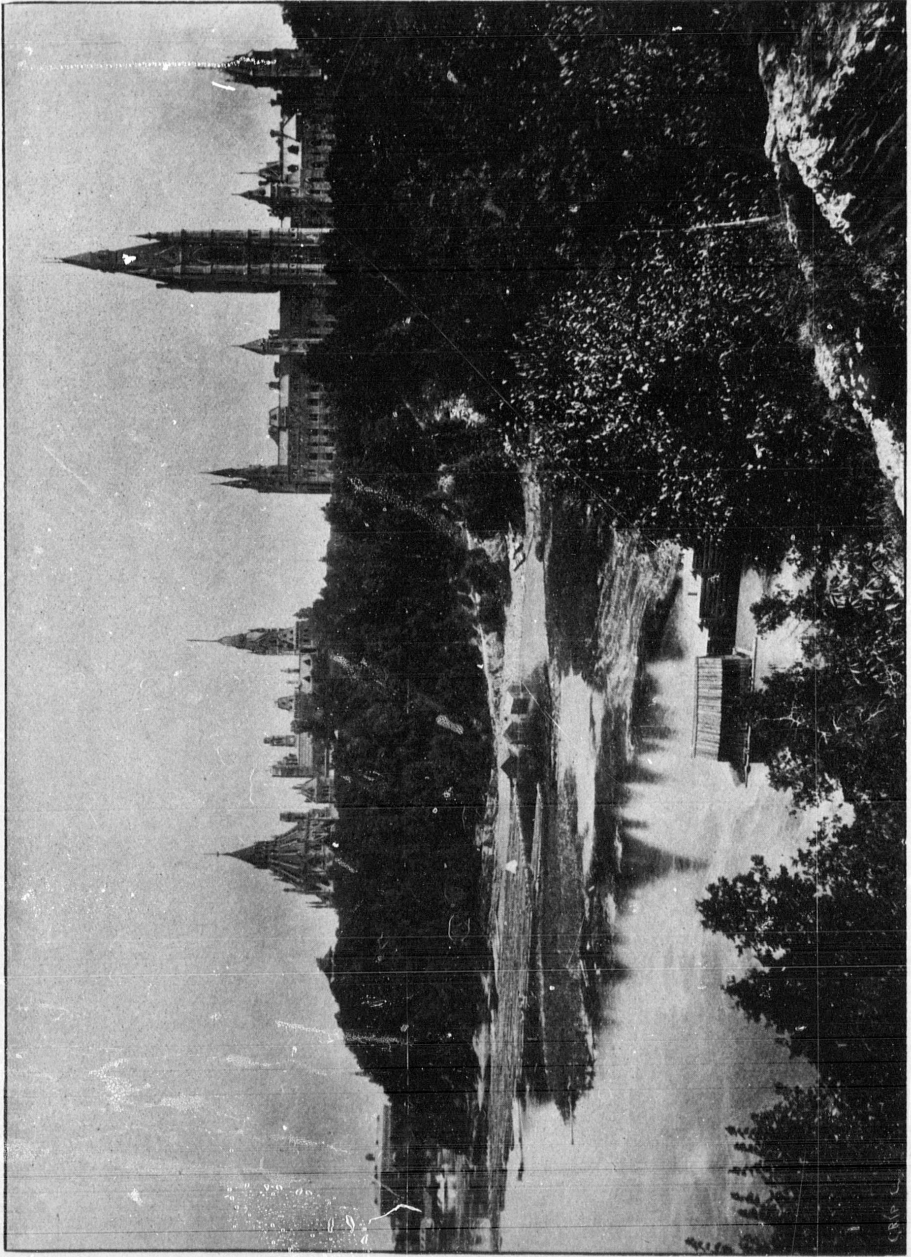
180 SHERBOURNE ST.,

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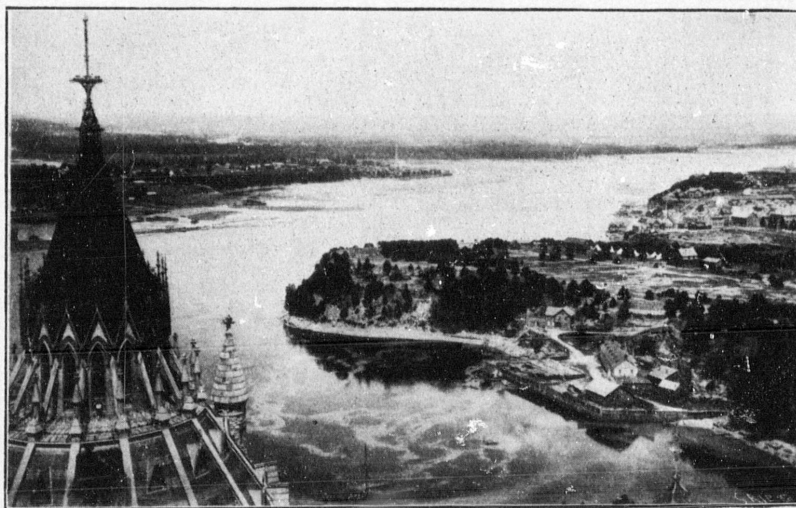
OTTAWA.

THE City of Ottawa is situated on the high bank of one of our noble Canadian waterways. Roughly speaking, it extends from the Chaudiere Falls, where the mighty stream plunges into a boiling chasm, to where the Rideau River tumbles in noisy disorder into the greater stream.

To the general tourist Ottawa presents many and varied attractions; to the wheelman these attractions are

Perhaps no city of its size in America possesses as many fine buildings,—the Parliament and Departmental buildings, “par excellence,” the educational institutions, churches, charitable, public and mercantile buildings are all worthy of attention.

One of the institutions of greatest interest to wheelmen is the home of the Amateur Athletic Club, situated on the corner of Elgin and Maria Streets. It



NEPEAN POINT, FROM PARLIAMENT TOWER, BY TOPLEY.

greatly enhanced by the facilities afforded in seeing the city by the excellently macadamized streets. It is also a certainty that within another year the principal streets will be paved with asphalt.

During the past ten years Ottawa has increased greatly, until at present there is a population of some 70,000 within hearing of the roar of the Chaudiere.

is provided with the latest and most improved apparatus. Its gymnasium is a model of its kind, and its reading and billiard rooms the most pleasant in Ottawa.

The great saw-mills surrounded by their millions of feet of lumber, the machine shops, foundries, paper mills, electrical apparatus and other factories show the source of Ottawa's commercial importance.

The Geological Museum, Fisheries Exhibit, Art Gallery and Patent Model Rooms are all worth a visit.

In the Geological Museum may be seen specimens of minerals, birds, fishes, land animals and plants—products of field, forest and mine in rich profusion indicating the vast resources and illimitable natural wealth of this Canada of ours.

In the Fisheries Exhibit may be seen everything relating to this great Canadian industry—weapons, gear, boats, specimens of fishes and queer models showing manner and method of using the same. During a part of the season there is also in operation a fish hatchery on a small scale where one may see enough to gain an insight into what is becoming a gigantic operation—the replenishing of our rivers and lakes by artificially reared fish.

The Model Rooms in connection with the Patent Office are to some the most interesting of all. Here may be seen thousands of models of inventions wise and otherwise, useful and useless, successful and failures, all apparently jumbled together with the cruel irony of fate. In here lie the products of the brains, the blood and the toil of thousands who sought to benefit themselves and others by the “greatest invention of the age.” Not one out of a thousand has ever amounted to a hill of beans—very poor beans at that. The Model Rooms are a great object lesson to would-be inventors and their teaching must not be disregarded.

Running from the city in various directions are roads that afford excellent wheeling. That to Aylmer, nine miles, is the favorite run of the O.B.C.

The Richmond Road has about twenty miles of straight-away wheeling, passing through Britannia, Bell's Corners and Richmond.

Running nearly parallel to the Richmond Road is that to Merrivale, which passes the Government Experimental Farm.

Down the Montreal road are several places of interest. At the Victoria Sulphur Springs, hot baths and sulphur water can be had in abundance. There is also a pleasant run to Cumberland, eighteen miles, and return by boat to Ottawa.

The road to Chelsea and the Péche, along the bank of the Gatineau River, is very picturesque, and is often ridden by the Ottawa boys.

There is a lonely road to Billing's Bridge, which very short, fast and good, is greatly in vogue as a before-breakfast run.

There are also the lumber slides down which any one who is willing to take the risk may ride on a crib of timber. The trip is very exciting, often very wet and not free from danger.

Ottawa has three bicycle clubs, the Ottawa Bicycle Club, Capital Cyclists Touring Club and Rideau Bicycle Club. With all these attractions within and around, Ottawa is one of the most interesting cities on this continent.

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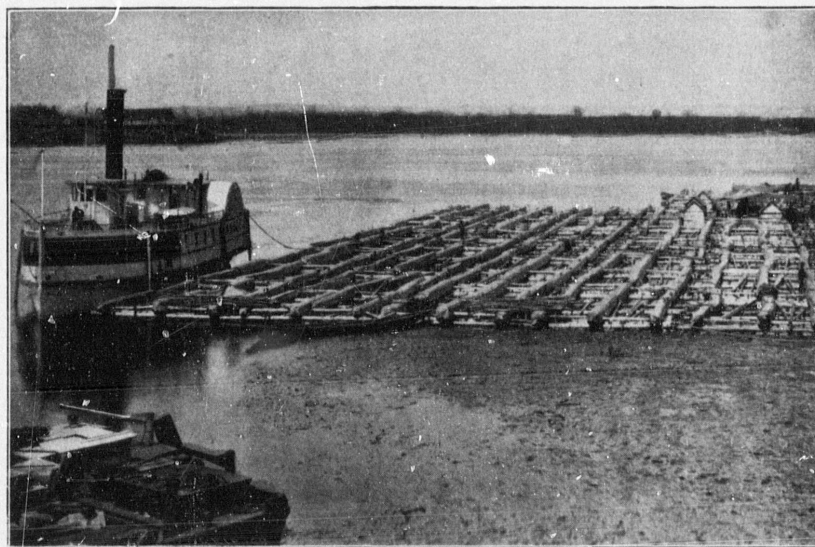
AFLOAT ON THE OTTAWA.

BY MARK G. McELHINNEY.

TOWARD the latter end of July the boys decided to take a trip up Lake Deschene. We generally do take a couple of trips up the afore-said lake each year, for there is no better route for a pleasant outing.

Lake Deschene is an expansion of the River Ottawa and affords good cruising from the Deschene Rapids to the Chats Falls, a distance of about twenty-eight miles. This allows a nice

accommodation for four persons. It is advantageous to have these persons of assorted lengths. There were four of us in the party, the Saint, Shorty, a chap from New York, and the writer. We built the clam ourselves in the spring of '94. She is very solidly put together and does not leak a drop a week. The bottom is laid on cross-wise and consists of narrow strips two inches wide and one and one-half inches thick.



A TIMBER RAFT, BY TOPLEY.

lazy week in a sail-boat, a week of complete rest except for the labor of eating and sleeping.

The craft used on the present occasion is what goes by the name of a "clam," and as it is the largest and best of its type on the lake it is known as "The Clam."

The clam is neither graceful nor speedy, but for comfort, safety, and steadiness, cannot be beaten. It affords

These strips are jointed with red lead and oil and edge-nailed. There are twenty pounds of red lead in the bottom alone. To return to the crew. Shorty is a six footer, the Saint must have a clear conscience for he is a very jolly sort of a saint, the man from New York is a typical Gothamite—clever, reckless and jovial. Shorty usually officiates as skipper, and the writer, owing to an unfortunate aptness, which must have

been inborn for he never sought it, presides over the culinary operations. Shorty plays the banjo, and N. Y. can get some very good results out of the mouth organ. The Saint sings as a saint should, and the Cook possesses a mandolin.

We can all fish, shoot, swim, sail, and say "confound it" when we bump our heads against the top of the cabin door. The Cook thought that he heard the saint say something else one day after a vigorous bump, but, perish the suspicion, it must have been the creaking of the boom.

The "clam" uniform consists of sweater and white duck trousers.



THE "CLAM" AT CONSTANCE BAY, BY MARK G. McELHINNEY.

Head-gear and foot-wear are optional.

We left the dock at Britannia Bay at six p. m. It is about six miles to Shirley's Bay, which is the first good stopping place. The wind was light to start with, and dropped altogether when we were abreast of Beatty's Point, which is about two and a-half miles from Shirley's. We were not out for work, but did not wish to anchor out in the open so decided to pole and paddle to Shirley's. In the course of a couple of hours we reached the island, and dropping around into the bay we cast anchor for the night.

It was a beautiful night, bright moon-

light, made on purpose for cruising. We sat on top of the cabin and smoked and breathed great lung-fulls of the balmy air, while all around were the musical noises of the night.

The frogs kept up a chorus in the marsh on the opposite side of the bay, and occasionally a whip-poor-will told his sad tale to the sleeping woods. Now and then one could hear the dabble and low harsh call of the wild duck in the marsh, and now and then the squeal of the muskrat.

There are besides many strange hums and croaks and buzzes, muffled squeals and splashes, that make one think that the whole place is teeming with life,

and yet there is nothing that could be called noisy. Everything is subdued and dreamy, like the faint haze which rises off the water.

About nine o'clock there occurred something not down on the programme.

Across the lake from Shirley's is the Village of Aylmer, P. Q.

We had been noting the effect of the moonlight upon the white cottages when suddenly there arose a faint smoke, then more dense,

then a burst of flame from the roof of one of the buildings, then we heard the noise of loud talking and running about.

Aylmer's fire fighting facilities were very poor, so that the fire raged for several hours. Some eight or ten houses were burned before it was checked.

It was a grand sight from the deck of the clam, a sight not easily forgotten.

When the excitement was over, we sought our bunks, and were lulled to sleep by the burr-r-rmm of the frogs and the lapity-lap-lap of the wavelets under the broad bow of the boat.

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SHORTY GETS ONE AHEAD.

Next morning we were up bright and early, and prepared to do some fishing. N. Y. and the Cook decided to do some still fishing off the boat while Shorty and the Saint took the canoe up the creek to troll for pike.

N. Y. bet Shorty a package of cigarettes—N. Y.'s only fault was cigarette smoking—that we would make the bigger haul.

After a couple of hours we had several dozen perch and shiners, and a few bass of modest dimensions. Then Shorty and the Saint returned. They had sixteen pike and four pickerel, running from one and a half to seven pounds each. We didn't bother exhibiting our catch, and N. Y. handed over the cigarettes.

After a four course breakfast, mostly fish, we hoisted sail and headed for Berry's Wharf, which is about four miles further up the Ontario shore.

The river narrows somewhat here, and is very deep. The banks are high and crowned with trees. We had a very pleasant trip. The day was hot, but tempered by a fine breeze.

It was the height of luxury to lie in the shade of the sail, smoking and doing nothing.

It was the skipper's watch. The Saint and the Cook loafed on deck, and N. Y. took a snooze in the cabin, which was comparatively cool for the cabin of a sailboat.

We snubbed the boat at Berry's wharf and had dinner. Berry's wharf is near Berry's brewery, in fact the brewery is the cause of the wharf's existence. It is an old brewery, built several generations ago, and the vaults are full of great timbers, immense spider webs, gigantic spiders, eyrie shadows, and

great casks. The casks are full of old age, cool and delicious. Think of it, ye parched citizen treading the dusty streets, dodging innumerable pedestrians and numberless horses, deafened by noise, blinded by dust, choking, gasping, sweating, rushing, roaring like a veritable furnace. Think of the cool vaults where nothing is heard but the low murmur of the bottling machine operated by a huge Irishman with a big heart.

When the genial great grandson of the builder of these vaults shakes you by the hand and takes you down in the cool regions, down out of the hot sun, down where all is quiet and sweet,



RAFTING DOWN THE RIVER.

verily it is like heaven to the weary.

Later in the day we proceeded up the river, past the old military settlement of South March, where the rusted guns are still mounted within the mossgrown walls, past several old ruins originally mansions of retired British officers, whose dust reposes in the old graveyard not far away.

An incident took place in the old fort some years ago, that happily was more comical than serious. One of the descendants of one of the original settlers loaded up one of these old guns with a good charge of powder and a stout chunk of wood. On firing it he

was horrified to see that it had been aimed point blank at a steamer out on the lake. Of course no damage was done by so innocent a missile. The gunner, who is now a wealthy business man in Ottawa, sometimes laughingly recalls the incident.

The next wharf is at Baskin's Point, opposite which is Twelve-Mile Island. The point is a great place for raspberries. Beyond this about six miles is Constance Bay, greatly noted for its fishing and shooting.

AT CONSTANCE BAY.

We sailed into the Constance (pronounced constaw) at 9 p.m. and did not lose any time in making snug for the night.

It would be difficult to awake in a more agreeable locality than at the mouth of the Constance Creek.

We were so pleased that after breakfast we got out our camera and the Cook took a picture.

That is N. Y. sitting on the bowsprit. Shorty is leaning against the mast and the Saint is sitting on the after part of the cabin.

After the picture we again set sail and bowled merrily up the lake.

Above Constance is Buckam's Bay, which has a boom stretched across its mouth to avoid pocketing the logs for this river is the great waterway for the lumbermen. Above Buckam we met a raft of timber in tow of the "Monitor," a big side-wheeler.

A raft consists of hundreds of cribs lashed together. The men have little cabins thereon in which they sleep. There is a big cook house in the centre of the raft. The men live chiefly on pork and beans and bread baked in a pot in the ashes. A "snack" of these beans is worth a hundred miles travel to obtain—the bread is the sweetest in the world.

There is no one to beat a French-Canadian cook on a timber-raft. We usually stop for a snack when it is at all convenient, but this time we had to be contented with a loaf of bread.

The owners of the various rafts often come down on them for a trip. If one is acquainted with them it is like falling

into clover—the writer has been there.

Beyond Buckam's Bay is Crown Point, upon which is the ruin of a fine old stone house. Opposite Crown Point, sometimes called Grierson's, is Moore's Sny, where they sort the logs to make up booms. They bring round timber down in booms—that is they stretch a long boom around several acres of logs and tow them down with a steamer. When the steamer gets to Deschene Rapids they swing into the current, let go one end of the boom and the logs go over the rapids. The steamer then tows the boom back to the Sny.

A boom towing behind a steamer reaches about half a mile and looks very innocent, but on no account must it be meddled with as it goes much faster than appearances would show and it is very likely to upset any one who tries to catch on.

Four miles above Grierson's lies the Village of Quio, or Quyon, on the Quebec side, and six miles up, just at the foot of the Chats Falls, is Fitzroy Harbor on the Ontario side.

The Quio is a pretty little village, having a bakery, a newspaper, several churches and three or four hotels. There is one great feature about these village hotels—the fare may be plain, but it is good and there is any amount of it. The milk and butter are exceptionally good. We took in a fresh supply of bread, milk, butter, eggs, ice and other necessaries, as our stock was showing signs of shrinkage under the careful attention of four able-bodied appetites.

From the Quio one can get a good view of the Chats Falls (pronounced Shaw), which by the way are among the most picturesque in Canada.

There are a great many chutes, curtains, side-streams and little green islets. Some of the streams are only a few inches across, and some several hundred yards.

It was the irregular leaping of the smaller streams that suggested the name to the voyageurs—those untaught poets of the wilds. It was compared to the leaping and frolicing of a lot of wild cats.

All around here is good fishing

ground. The parish priest, who is our particular and much esteemed friend, presented us with a nineteen pound pike on the afternoon of our arrival, he having hooked it a few hours before.

For real good heartedness and good nature commend me to an Irish priest in general, and Father Keirnan of the Quio in particular. Many a good meal and kind word have the poor of his parish to thank him for, for he keeps very little for himself.

There is another one of nature's gentlemen at the Quio, to whom we are indebted for very many favors, and that is Captain Davis, who has run the ferry up there for—well, I don't know how long. He is at present building an excursion boat which is to make regular trips between Britannia and the Quio.

The clam remained a couple of days at Quio, and then was headed down the river again. At Grierson's we stopped for a swim, and then came right on to Baskin's where we stopped for the night. The next day was wet, so we remained at the wharf. About noon there came up a most violent storm, accompanied by thunder and lightning.

Right across the river from Baskin's, and here it is about two miles wide, the Laurentian Mountains seem to rise abruptly from the river's bank—but it is not so—it is a good half-day's walk to the foot.

The storm seemed to focus on the peak opposite, and we had a most brilliant exhibition of nature's fireworks—cosmic pyrotechnics. The lightning poured from out the leaden clouds into the bald peak. The clouds rolled and whirled, and sent the rain down in great drops, that sounded as if some one was sprinkling the deck with peas.

Soon it hailed and the peas changed to buckshot. Some of the stones were very large. The Saint reached out to get one when another struck him on the back of the head. The one that struck him was fully an inch in diameter. The Cook imagined that he heard the boom creak again. Perhaps he did.

A BIT OF A FISH YARN.

After the storm had ceased, Shorty noticed a school of fish near the stern of the clam. He was too lazy to fish, so the Cook took the tackle and started in. For several minutes they bit ravenously, so that the Cook caught fish as fast as N. Y. could take them off and re-bait the hook. He had a dozen in short order, and then had to stop, for here the law steps in to spoil a good fish story. One man is allowed to catch but one dozen per day.

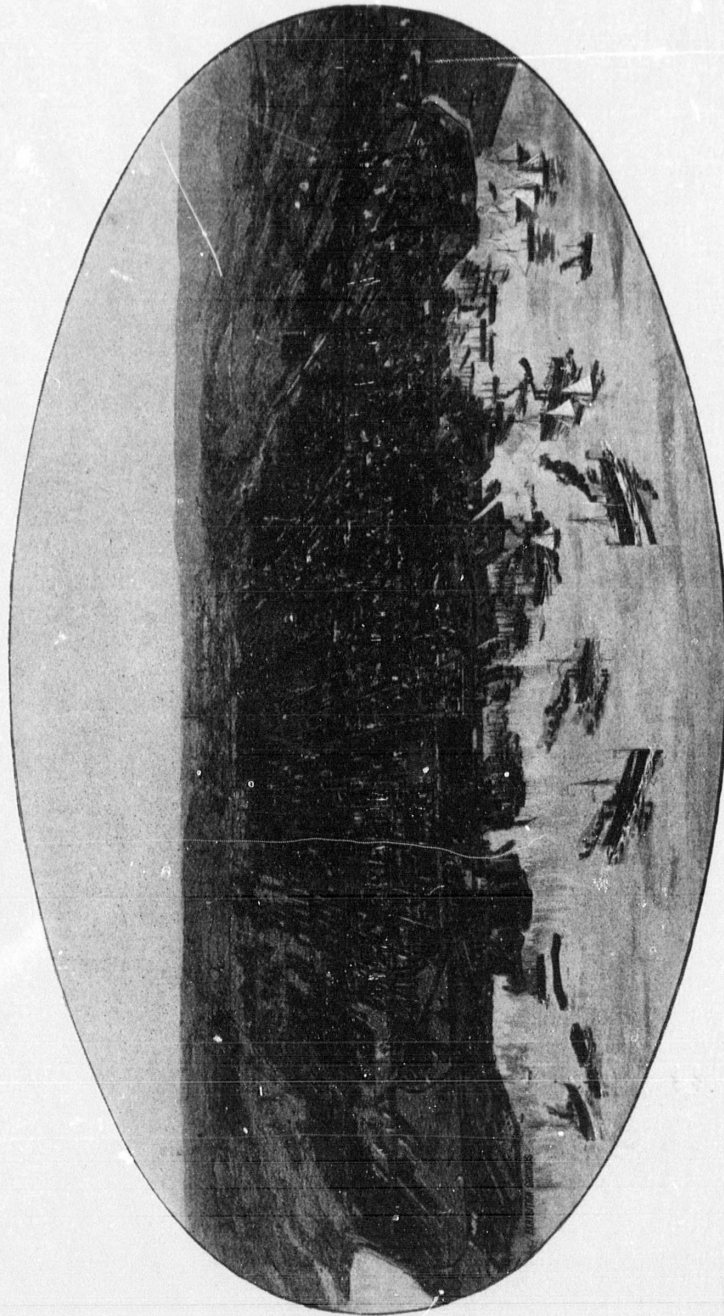
The writer believes that this measure is not intended to protect the fish, but is an indirect method of punishing fish liars. As there were four of us we were enabled legally to catch a nice little kettle of fish. They were small mouthed black bass and of regulation size. There was great sport while it lasted. How they tugged and strained until the rods bent nearly double and the reels clicked merrily—there was great joy that day. We stayed there that night, too. The next day, after a good breakfast of bass, potatoes, bread, coffee and trimmings, we set sail for Britannia, calling at Berry's on the way.

There was a pretty stiff breeze dead astern. On the lower lake there was a pretty lively sea on, which made the clam pound considerably. The water dashed right over the cabin, but none came in as she is a dry boat inside. Sometimes the waves would give a slap that nearly shook us off our feet, but the more it blew, the more fun.

In due time the clam sailed through the gap at Britannia, and dropped anchor at her usual moorings.

The crew of the clam have made many trips together, but for solid comfort never up to date enjoyed themselves more thoroughly than on the July trip of '94.

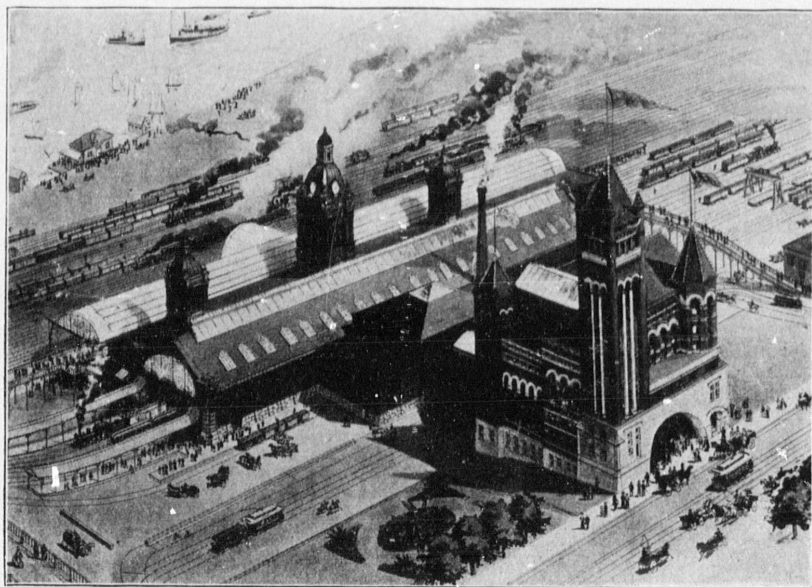
Even as I write, the clam lies lazily swinging at anchor in the bay and in sight of my window. She is being overhauled and painted, and if nothing prevents we intend to repeat the trip this year.



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF TORONTO.

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TORONTO AS A SUMMER RESORT



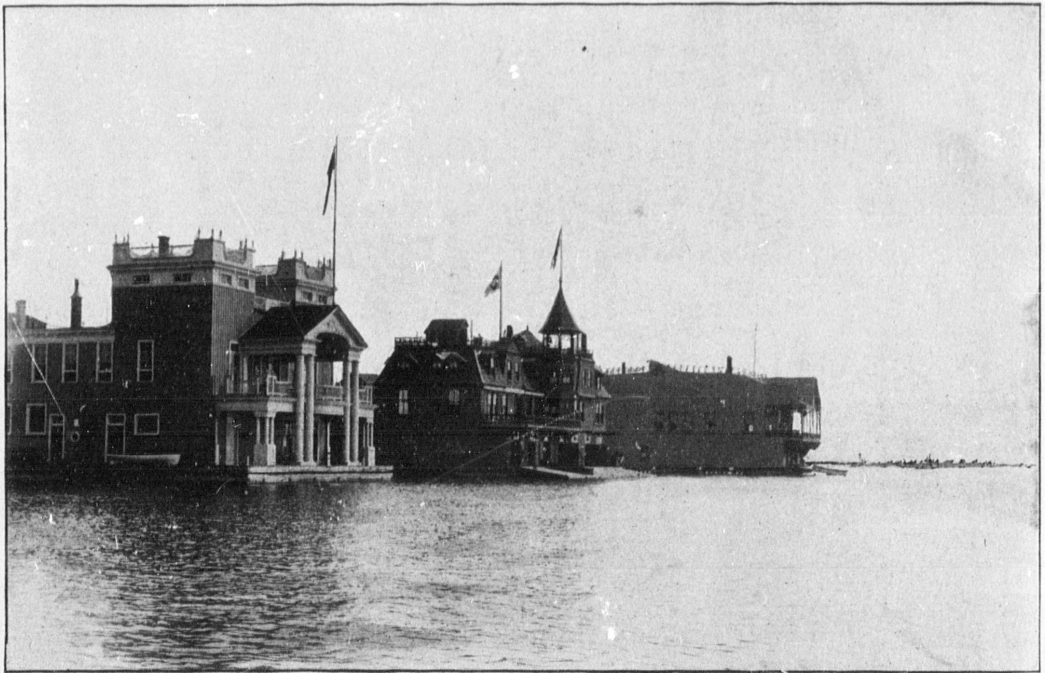
NEW UNION DEPOT, FRONT STREET WEST.

THE QUEEN CITY of Canada lies on a gentle slope on the banks of one of the clearest and deepest of the great chain of lakes, Lake Ontario. It seems to have been the natural stopping place of nations from the earliest times, for we find abundant evidence of the Indian camps and villages whose traces are left in the soil which has ages ago swallowed up their existence. Here was situated Fort Rouille, one of the early points of defence of the great inland country, known to the early inhabitants of Montreal and Quebec as the Far West. But Toronto is essentially a modern city. To the archaeologist and antiquarian it possesses few points of interest, but to the traveller, who likes good scenery and good meals, and bright stores in which to

shop, and who likes, perchance, to drive a good bargain for his or her choice bit of bric-a-brac or souvenir, it offers all the attractions of a modern city, displaying up-to-date goods, whose prices are made in accordance with their values, instead of being inflated to catch the unwary tourist. Of her Banks and Loan Companies and Insurance Companies, and of her Trust Companies we could write you a great deal, but the tourist does not require to establish a huge bank account to enjoy Toronto on his holidays, neither does he want to make investments when on such a trip, hence those interesting financial subjects will be passed over by simply being mentioned. Of her Churches she is justly proud, for Sunday in Toronto is, indeed, a day of rest; no beer, no

street cars, no excursions. The tourist is made to be good one day in seven, whether he likes it or not, and having only "Hobson's choice," he will be glad to know that he can worship in the finest of Anglican or Roman Catholic, Presbyterian or Methodist, Baptist or Unitarian, Congregationalists or Disciples, Swedenborgians or Christian Scientists, Secularists or Agnostics, Salvation Army or Free Thinkers' Churches, or should his religion date back to near the foun-

clamor of the trolley and the tram car; and to every tourist who is a cyclist, the whole city becomes a paradise for wheels where one can roam at his own sweet will without fear of any crowded thoroughfare. Although boasting of our Sunday, we do not boast of our religion, save and except, that we have the tallest spire on the continent of America, and when the chimes of old St. James ring out, the tourist is awakened with the prospect of an enjoyable Sabbath service among his own



ROYAL CANADIAN YACHT CLUB.

TORONTO CANOE CLUB.

ARGONAUT ROWING CLUB.

ON THE WATER FRONT.

dation of the world, he can spend his Saturday in the Synagogue and sleep in over Sunday. It is a dull quiet Sabbath, but we like it, and so will you, too, dear reader, if you come up and sample it once; for your hotel can abundantly supply your every need, both liquid and solid, and cab fare is cheap, and drives through our shady streets and over the pleasant highways of our suburbs, are all the more enjoyable for being robbed of the noise and

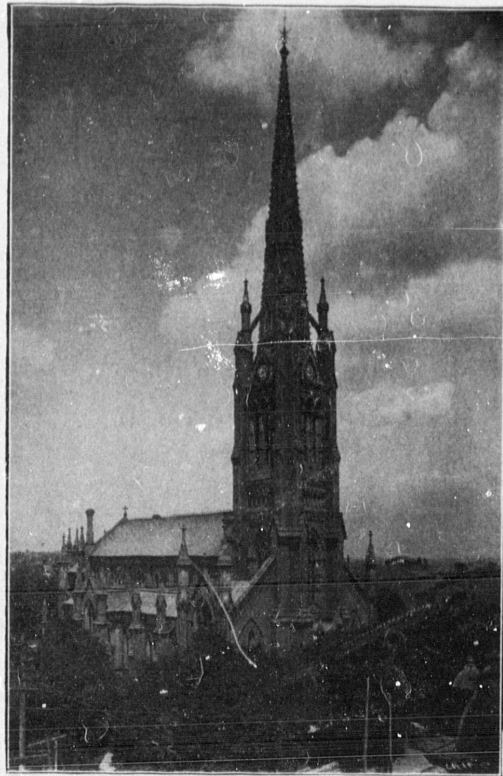
people, no matter what may be his denomination; or, if he has left his religion at home with the rest of his business, he can make the day as enjoyable as his tastes and our strict Sabbath laws will permit. On any fine Sunday afternoon the hostelrys at the Humber, a few miles west of the city on the Lake Shore Road, or at the Half-Way, as far again in the other direction, or along any of the thoroughfares leading from the city, will be found to be alive

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with cyclers. There are no club runs, for we told you before that we were especially good and did nothing to desecrate the Sabbath, but choice lots of wheelmen in twos and fours and singles, with here and there a tandem and plenty of ladies to grace the occasion, are quietly enjoying the fresh air and the sunshine; and they are well mounted, too, for such a thing as an old high wheel is not seen once in a summer, and the patterns of '90, '91 or even '92, are almost like horses in Venice. Many wheel out ten, twenty or thirty miles in the afternoon, enjoying one of the cosy teas which our small country hotels are learning so well how to prepare, and then a quiet stroll back to town in the gloaming with a happy contented feeling of good will towards all men, which is a meed of praise befitting the Sabbath day. But all things come to an end, and so does our quiet Sabbath, and Monday morning finds us rested for another week of rush and hurry and keen business push, with just enough time to make ourselves sociable to our friends, the visitors. If you are a cyclist, we have the Kingston Road to offer you, stretching away along the north bank of our beautiful lake, in many places dipping down so near that one feels tempted to leave bike by the wayside and take a plunge in the surf; at others, winding farther inland between fields, whose beauty and the fragrance of whose abundant crops and meadows delight both sense of sight and smell, and plentifully sprinkled with small villages and towns, whose hotels are amply able to cater comfortably to your requirements. It is 170 miles, and can be scorched in one day, or ridden in two or thoroughly enjoyed in three days, according to the taste or ambition of the rider; but, perhaps, you are a tourist from an inland town and would like a boat trip, and you ask for information as to what special trip to take. So much depends on whether a ferry trip to the Island would be long enough to suit you, or a trip to Montreal, that we will not advise you now, but if you will meet me at two o'clock this afternoon, at the foot of Yonge Street, we

will hire a row boat, and pulling out a short distance into the bay, we will show you what we have to offer in that line, and then you can take your choice. What a ringing of bells and sounding of whistles there is to be sure. Surely this must be a centre of some importance, you exclaim as you see the docks and slips filled with a fleet of summer pleasure boats, that no where else in the world can be found congregated in



ST. JAMES' CATHEDRAL (EPISCOPAL).

so short a space. Here comes a huge double-ender backing out of the Yonge Street slip and making straight for us; we quickly row out of its path, to give place to the *Mayflower*, one of the twin ferries that ply between Toronto and Hanlan's Point. But we have forgotten to tell you that we have a Hanlan's Point and that we have an Island. A long, low stretch of sand at one time continuous with the mainland, at

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the east of the city, lies out at a distance of from one to two miles from the city's water front. This is a remarkable formation for a deep lake like Ontario, but we do not object to its remarkableness one-half as much as we rejoice at its existence, for it gives us our magnificent harbor, and with a wise forethought the city has retained possession of it and has con-

developed the muscles and the skill which a few years ago crowned him the world's victor, a palatial summer hotel has been erected, known as Hotel Hanlan. Huge pleasure grounds have been laid out, including a one-quarter mile bicycle track, second to none for speed. Also every afternoon and evening free band concerts are given to all, fakirs in every possible variety and



HUMBER RIVER.

verted it into a huge park for public recreation and has rented out smaller sections to summer cottagers, which add to its beauty and its attractiveness by making it the summer home of many of our friends. At its western extremity, known as Hanlan's Point, because this was the home of our world's champion oarsman, and on these waters as a boy and a youth he

shape and the switch-back and the merry-go-round and all the other Coney Island accompaniments make the New Yorker feel quite at home. This is a scene of gaiety and dissipation, and if it is a flirtation or a lark you are after, by all means take the *Mayflower* or the *Primrose* for Hanlan's Point; but if it is rest and quietness you want take any of the Island Park boats for Centre

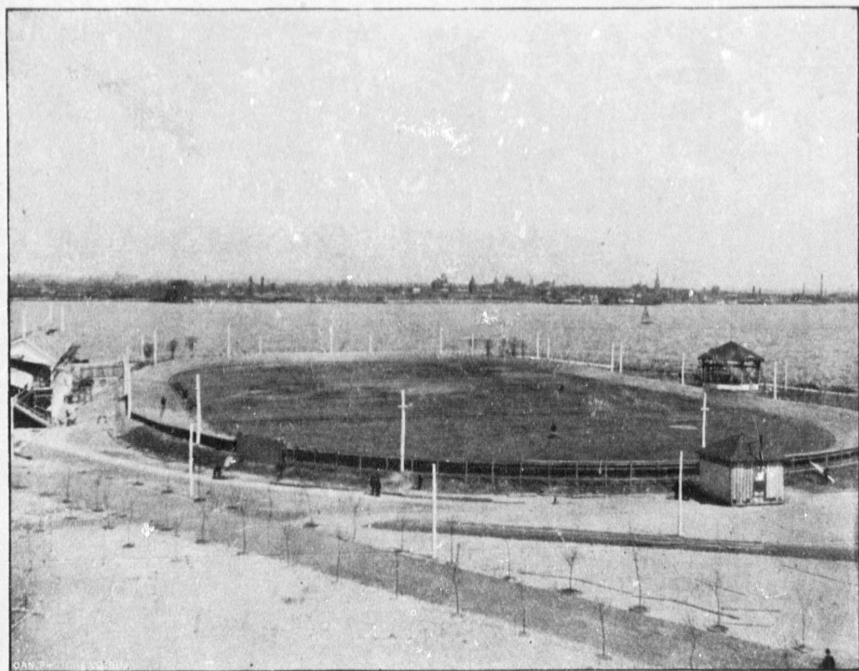
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Island, for here our city fathers have laid out a huge lawn, well shaded by trees, where little children may roam about and where older little children may enjoy their playful ways without disturbance and without the accompaniments of a crowd; or, wandering over to the lake side may view with delight and interest hundreds of sand castles that are being built and demolished by the children on the broad shingle. But scarcely has the *Mayflower* cleared her dock when a huge

is only too small when you are enjoying an afternoon's outing on her. Already another is on the move and the *Algerian* with her walking beam in motion is slowly churning up the sludge at the end of the dock; her destination, one of the finest trips in the world, down the lake to Kingston, which she reaches to-morrow morning at day-light, then an all day trip through the Thousand Islands and down the rapids to Montreal. Heard of it before, have you? I should hope so, for it is one of the



BICYCLE TRACK AT HANLAN'S.

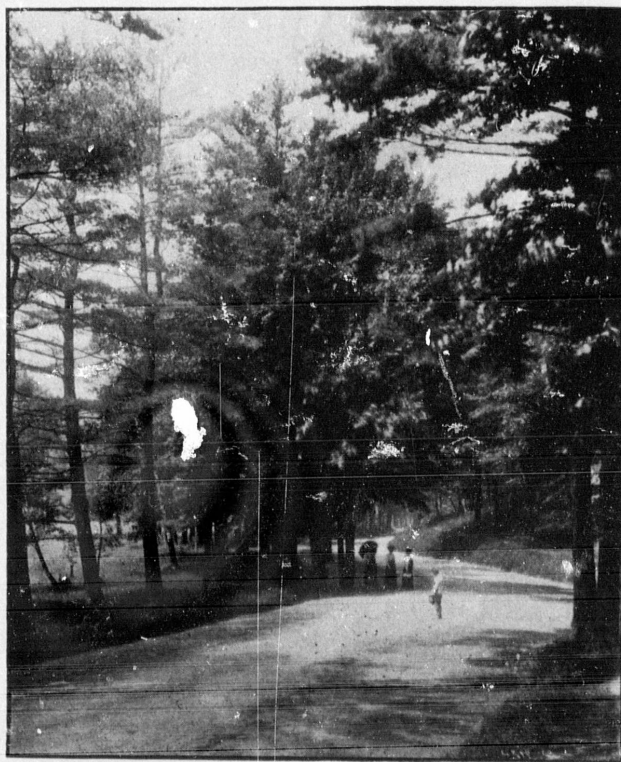
mass of steel and iron is seen moving from the other side of the slip. This is the *Chippewa*, one of the largest and finest passenger boats on the Great Lakes, and as she moves out and swings gracefully around for the Eastern Gap, you can admire her three decks and her graceful outlines and you can easily understand how she covers the distance to Niagara-on-the-Lake in less than two hours, for she is a lake greyhound, and the width of Lake Ontario

trips that cannot be duplicated anywhere else. But we nearly missed the *Tymon* puffing westward, her destination is Long Branch and Lorne Park, two pleasant summer resorts on the west shore of the lake, situated respectively nine and fourteen miles from the city. Here comes another one, the *Empress of India*, one of the old style of boats, but one of the best of her class, who has kept her popularity in spite of the advent of her new rivals; her desti-

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nation is across the lake also, to Port Dalhousie, from which point St. Catharines, Niagara Falls and Buffalo are reached by rail. We forgot to tell you about the destination of the *Chippewa*, but we will have to look now and talk afterwards, for there comes another, the *Steinhoff*, for Victoria Park. Six miles east is her destination, and you can tell by the merriment on board that she has a good lot of picknickers on to-day. And this, why this looks like an ocean steamer, that's the *Modjeska* starting on her trip to Oakville and Hamilton. She was built in Scotland and swam the Atlantic as if it were intended to ever be her natural element. A beauty, well rather, and built like any ocean liner; but there goes the *John Hanlan*, she goes to the Island Park, that is a home trip you know, and, there goes the *Luella*, she

goes to the eastern end of the Island, and there swings out the *Garden City* for Wilson Park, New York, and here is a wild cat starting out for Charlotte and Rochester, and all of these, dear reader, within the space of fifteen minutes from two o'clock, and all from a dockage of less than a quarter of a mile on the water front. You never saw a sight like that before, no, and you never will anywhere else, for Toronto has a monopoly of that particular sensation; ten to twenty thousand souls embarking on pleasure boats, from practically one dock, at one time. You didn't know Toronto had so many water privileges, well we are glad you came up and found out, for when you go home you will tell your friends, and to-morrow afternoon we will sample the *Chippewa*.



VIEW IN HIGH PARK.

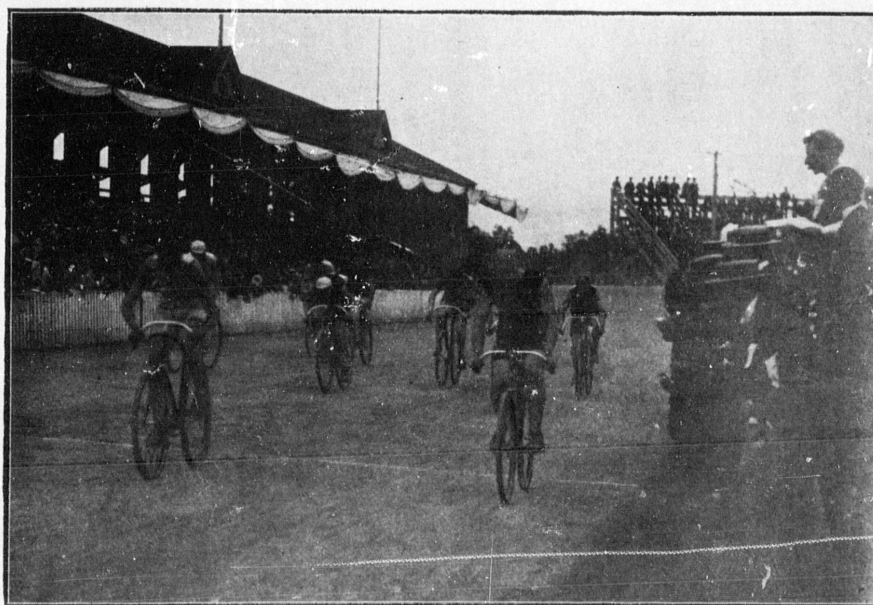
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TORONTO CLUBS.

WE are essentially a social people and are proud to be known as a city of homes, but we embrace a number of clubs in our list of homes which are well worthy of a visit. We have the swell political club, and the swell social club, the very exclusive club, and the free and easy club. We have one club that we are especially proud of, which we wish to tell you a

acceptable than Mr. Robinson, and as the President of the Toronto Athletic Club, which proudly raises its head upon the site of old "Sleepy Hollow," he does credit to that institution and to himself. A devotee of all kinds of manly sports in his youth, he has been the friend of athletics from that time during a vigorous manhood until to-day in a still vigorous old age he is one of the most



ROSEDALE BICYCLE TRACK.

little about, and that is the Toronto Athletic Club.

Right in what is now the heart of the city there formerly stood a broad, roomy cottage, so surrounded by shrubbery and primeval forest trees as to be scarcely visible from the roadside, known as "Sleepy Hollow," the residence of ex-Lieutenant-Governor, the Honorable John Beverley Robinson, noted for the grace of its warm-hearted mistress and its open-handed hospitality. As the representative of royalty in the Province of Ontario, no man has ever been more

active factors in promoting the success of that institution. We will take a Yonge Street car, and a transfer up College brings us to its doors. It is a fine specimen of modern architecture, with broad lounging rooms, spacious billiard rooms, and cosy little rooms for a quiet game of whist, and fitted with every requisite which promotes the comfort and pleasure of this athletic generation; for here are situated in the basement a large bowling alley and a swimming bath which is the largest indoor bath in America, amply roomy

for the games of water polo that form one of the jolly weekly events at the club. The ground floor contains the billiard rooms, lounging rooms, cloak rooms, office, president and directors' rooms, and the ladies special rooms, for we are nothing if not up to date, and have a special ladies' day when all male men are excluded, and from swimming bath to gymnasium bloomers hold

fitted up shower and needle baths for the convenience and comfort of the members. The spacious lawn is also arranged with a seven-lap bicycle track, croquet lawns, and tennis courts, so that all branches of athletics can find here a comfortable home and each find room to enjoy their favorite pastime.

In affiliation with the Athletic Club is the Toronto Lacrosse Club, who have



RAVINE, ROSEDALE.

sway. The second floor contains the card rooms, reading rooms, spacious dining rooms, cuisine, etc., while the upper section is devoted to the fencing club, the bicycle club rooms, and the huge gymnasium with all modern improvements of physical torture and development, and connecting by a short spiral iron stairway with the dressing rooms, immediately below where are

one of the finest fields devoted to athletics to be found anywhere, and which is encircled by a three-lap bicycle track built upon the most modern ideas of speed and safety. They have grand stand accommodation for 5,000 and this is frequently taxed to its utmost on the occasion of a championship lacrosse match or a bicycle meet. It is situated in Rosedale at the north of the city

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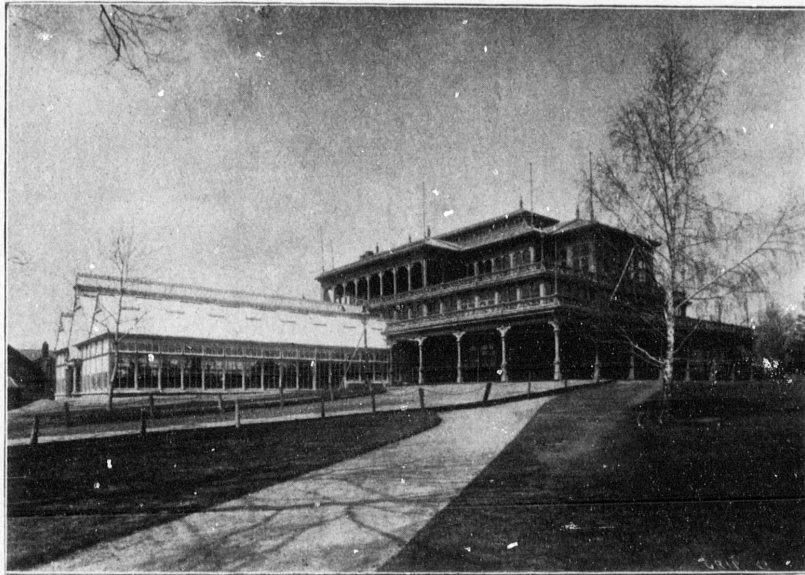
and is easily accessible by street car.

The Athenæum is another fine Club situated on Church Street, has one of the strongest bicycle clubs in the city in affiliation, and is noted for its encouragement of all forms of manly sport. Their club-house is one of the cosiest and most comfortable to be found anywhere and ranks favorably with any club-house of its size on the continent.

Suppose we mount our wheels and take a run over to Rosedale and see the track. Proceeding along College and

Arriving at the lacrosse grounds, we find ourselves right out in the fields, a hundred or more feet above the city proper, and nestling under the bank of a low line of hills which flank the city's northern boundary.

It is five o'clock in the afternoon and the "crack-a-jacks" are training for the next big race on the track. There goes Marshall Wells, our champion. Harbottle has run over for a few days and is showing the boys the pace that Ziegler sets in California,

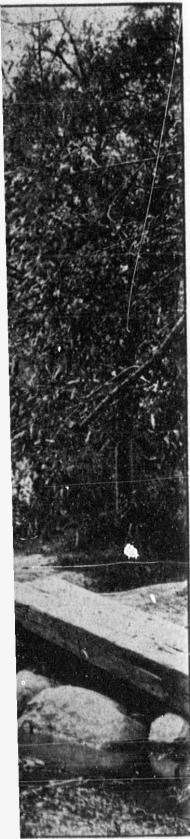


PAVILION, HORTICULTURAL GARDENS.

up Yonge to Bloor we proceed to the easterly end of that fine street of homes and at its junction with Sherbourne get our first glimpse of the pretty ravines which are a feature of Toronto's summer attractiveness. These ravines extend along the northern part of the city, have a depth of about 100 feet, and are filled with a mass of primeval vegetation, and spanned by handsome iron bridges. The second or longest ravine over which we pass to reach the lacrosse grounds is the wider and deeper and has a beautiful drive-way constructed along its cool, shady depths.

while half-a-dozen novices are showing all manners of form, good, bad and indifferent, in their efforts to keep somewhere in sight of the flyers. But to enjoy the wheel right in the city one wants to take a cool evening. Our city fathers have graciously set aside an appropriation for free band concerts in our public parks, and to float lazily along the asphalt streets keeping time with the soft flowing music from the adjacent Gardens, or speeding along the broad gravelled roadways to High Park, make a fitting ending to a day's outing.

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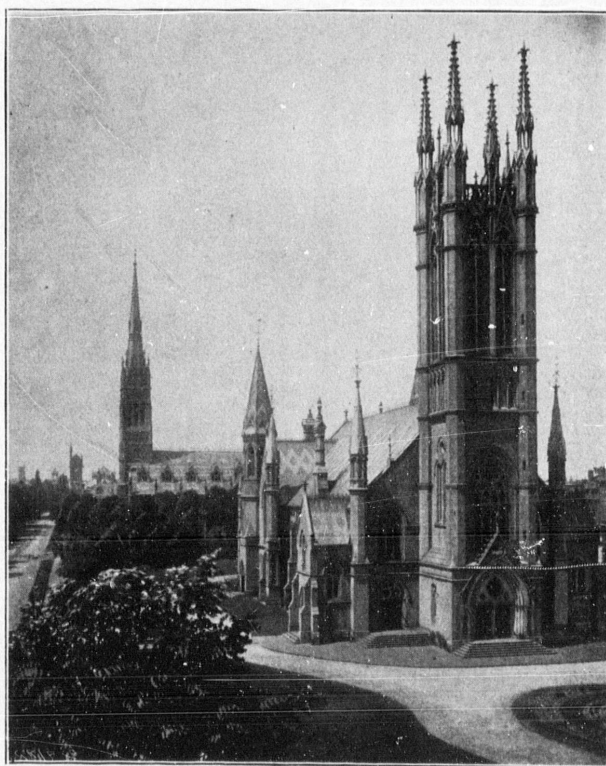


A JAUNT AROUND THE CITY.

COME around with your wheel tomorrow at ten, and I will give you an hour and show you a glimpse of our pretty city.

Wheeling leisurely up Yonge Street, which is one of our main arteries in the city stretching away up north to Lake Simcoe, we soon reach the Queen Street

rearing Phoenix-like out of the ruins of the great Simpson building which was swallowed up in the disaster almost as soon as it was opened to the buying public. Finer and larger than ever and absolutely fire-proof—well, yes—that is the way we do things up here, and although fires like that do scorch, yet



METROPOLITAN METHODIST CHURCH.

intersection and here we can still show you traces of our last and greatest fire, for here on the left hand this mammoth pile of brick and mortar, which sounds well but which is a long way from the truth, for now-a-days brick and mortar give place largely to steel as the building material, this magnificent pile is

our new plumage is always finer than the old, and the new Simpson building will be larger and handsomer even than its predecessor. Sutcliffe's and Eaton's, too, had a bit of the scorch, but not a trace can be seen now in their trim premises, and the Jamieson corner is, well it is Government property and

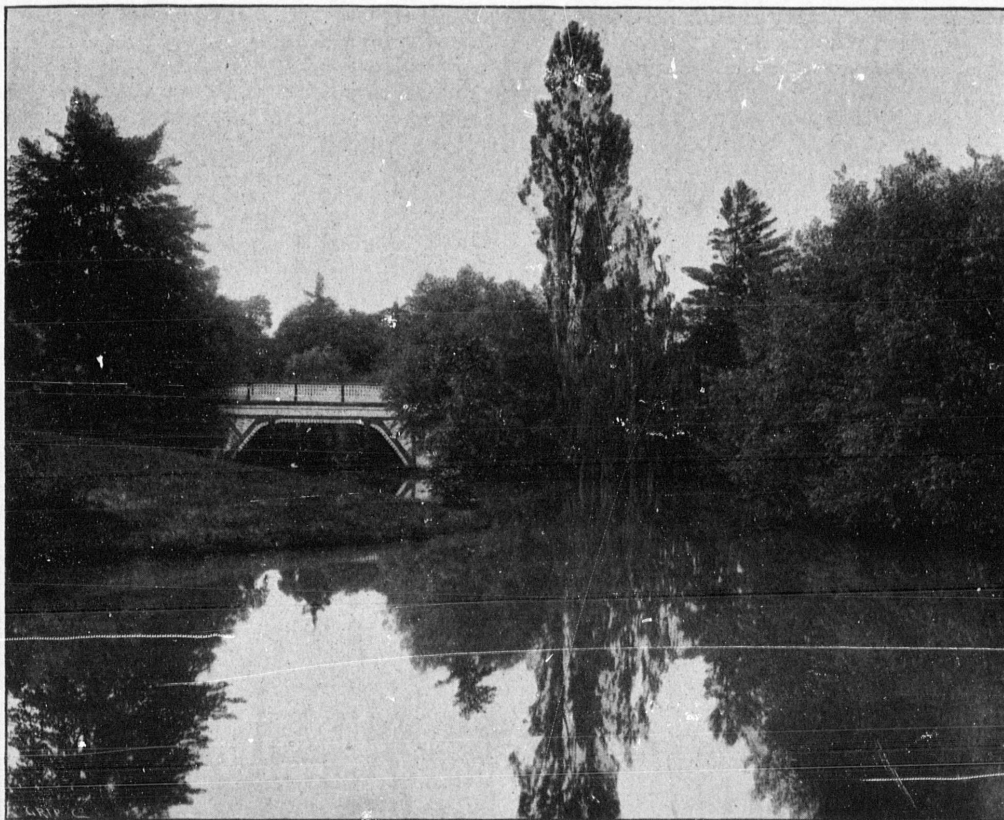
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Governments, you know, do things so slowly that we cannot tell you just what it will be, only that it will be better than before because that is our principle.

Let us turn down Queen to Jarvis; that handsome church on the left is the Metropolitan, the swell Methodist Church of Canada; looks more like a cathedral than a chapel, doesn't it? I am afraid John Wesley would apologize

Temple, or to one of the Metropolitan's several missions, to get a chapel of his early Puritanical ideas. Takes up a whole square, too? Yes, but you understand we are so good in Toronto that we exempt our churches from taxation, so even the lowly Methodists can afford that sort of thing.

That tall spire beyond it rises from the stately St. Michael's, our finest



IN MOUNT PLEASANT CEMETERY.

for being an intruder if he were to suddenly step into that magnificent audience room with its soft harmonies of coloring and its cosily cushioned pews which promise you a comfortable service whether asleep or awake, but it is Methodist, nevertheless, and John Wesley, if he objects to its comfort and its luxury, will have to go around to Albert Street to the Salvation Army

Catholic Church, whose interior decorations and handsome stained windows will well repay a visit, but here we are at Jarvis Street, and as we turn up this broad avenue you are forcibly struck with the handsome white brick and terra cotta structure on the corner. That is the Fred Victor Mission building, erected at a cost of over \$60,000 by Mr. H. A. Massey as a monument

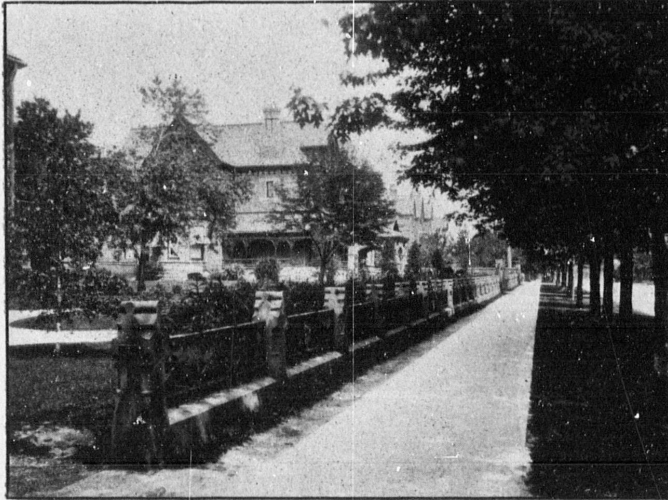
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to his late lamented son. Mr. Massey, like the Irishman, wants to see what he will look like when he is dead; in Mount Pleasant cemetery stands a magnificent mausoleum, in which may it be many a long day before it becomes his resting place. Far grander monuments are the Fred Victor Mission and the Massey Music Hall, both examples of his munificence, and both devoted to improving the condition of our city. The Fred Victor Mission is a palace in which you can enjoy life for twenty-five cents a day, and if your funds have nearly run out you can still remain in Toronto and pay your footing and live

pleasant the stone flag sidewalks on either side. Here are the homes of many of our wealthiest citizens, not vaunting so much their architectural magnificence, but all surrounded with smooth lawns with handsome shrubbery and flower beds, and all suggesting more the home than the castle. Mr. Massey's fine home we pass on our right hand on this street, and the magnificent greenhouse and the fine shrubbery attract the eye even more than Euclid Hall itself.

Here, also, are two or three of our churches, notably the Jarvis Street Baptist, which has utterly discarded the privileged class idea, and which insists on paying its taxes like any other citizen. At the head of Jarvis Street we take this turn to the left and proceed along Bloor Street across Yonge and westward for another half mile till we come to St. George; this is a modern rival to old Jarvis Street, and what it lacks in old trees it makes up in modern homes, until now it vies with the latter in the title of the select swell street of the city; down this we



JARVIS STREET, NORTH FROM GLOUCESTER.

in a handsome house and have a clean bed, and soup with your dinner, all for a quarter. You can also worship along with the poor and the destitute and the outcast in a clean and commodious audience room, and no matter what may be the denomination you belong to, you will be made to feel here that all men are brothers, even down to the slums.

But Jarvis Street stretches away before us for a mile and a quarter, gradually rising to its termination at Bloor Street, splendidly paved with asphalt and flanked on either side by beautiful trees, whose shade makes

turn and enjoy its smooth asphalt till a turn to the left down Hoskin Avenue brings us into the Queen's Park. This is a fine outing ground thickly studded with primeval forest trees, while occupying its southern part and directly facing Queen Street Avenue rises the magnificent Ontario Parliament buildings; a turn to the right across the ravine brings us in front of University College, a gray stone pile that for architectural beauty can scarcely anywhere be excelled, especially from the vantage point of view which is obtained across the broad campus.

As we wheel back into the park you

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are struck with the fine figure in bronze of the late Hon. George Brown, the champion in politics of representation by population, and a little farther on a handsome pile surrounded by a fencing of artificial guns and cannon balls that commemorate the death of the University students in the Fenian raid, while passing the end of Queen St. Avenue, and directly in front of the Parliament buildings, Sir John A. Macdonald in bronze stands forth in more than life-like proportions, making one of those mute appeals to the sympathy and the

we pass across College Street near the home of the Athletic Club, and on nearing Queen Street see the fine new armories erected for the use of our militia, while a block away is slowly rearing that magnificent pile, which, when completed, as it will be at the end of the century, will suitably house the civic dignitaries of a city of our importance. But as it is nearing lunch, and our tourists are nothing if not hungry, we will leave you now to rejoin you at the Yonge Street slip in time for the two o'clock boat.



ST. GEORGE STREET, LOOKING NORTH FROM SUSSEX AVENUE.

hearts of his countrymen which won him for many years such a warm spot in the hearts of all his followers. Many fine residences also front on the park, and also the system of affiliated colleges which is such a bulwark of strength of Toronto University. Knox, which I do not need to tell you, is Presbyterian, and Wycliffe, which is Anglican, and Victoria, Methodist, and McMaster Hall, Baptist, are all situated near at hand and greatly enhance the beauty of this section of the city.

Proceeding down Queen St. Avenue

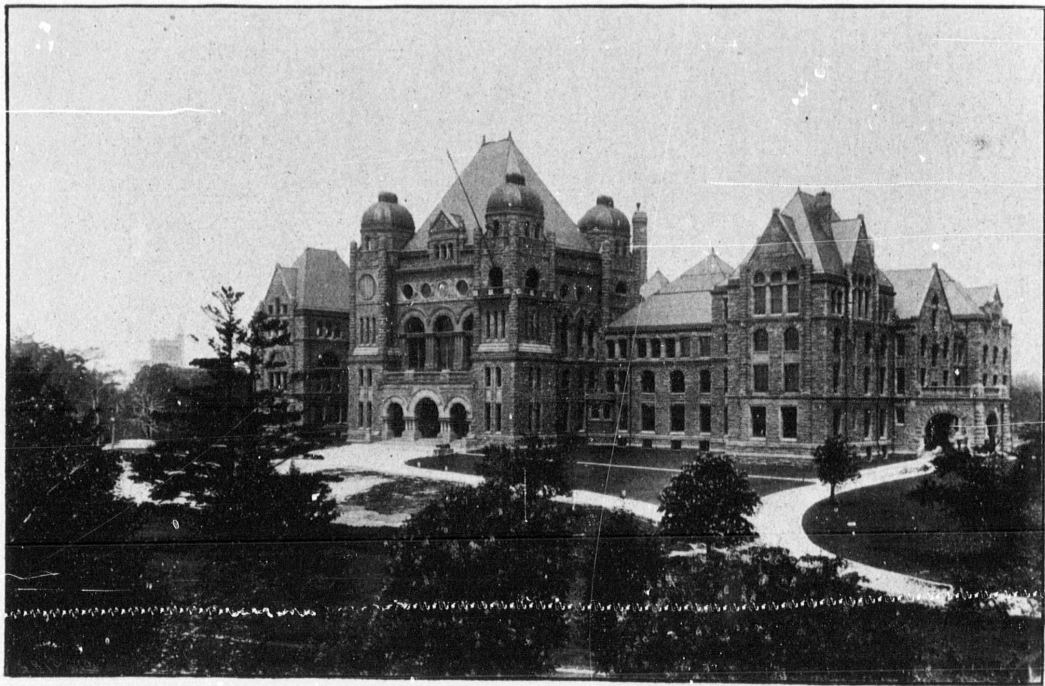
TORONTO TO NIAGARA FALLS.

What! here ahead of time and interested in watching the busy rush of pleasure seekers making their way to the various boats? Well, it is a pleasant sight, and could be longer indulged in were it not for the fact that it is on the turn of two and we must quickly get on board. With a hoarse roar from her bronzed throat the Chippewa announces her departure, and with that peculiar sensation as if one were standing on the deck of a thing of life, we feel the distant throb of her machinery, and the dock,

slowly at first, begins to recede until we are soon out in the middle of the bay. With a turn to the east we head directly for the breakwater at the Eastern Gap where contractors are still busily at work dredging deeper the channel, filling in the crib work, and making permanent the artificial channel which gives a shorter cut to vessels going south and east.

A view of the city, from the deck of the steamer, is very fine as you see a gradual rise from the water's edge, with

faintly discern the shore on either side, and as the one gradually recedes and fades into nothingness, the outlines of the other become more prominent and bold, until soon the whistle sounds the note of approaching land, and we are quickly alongside the wharf at Niagara-on-the-Lake, with the steamer's nose up the river and Fort Niagara waving a friendly sheet of stars and stripes from the other shore. A fine summer hotel, the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake, under the management of the



ONTARIO LEGISLATIVE BUILDINGS, QUEEN'S PARK.

here and there a bold outline in the shape of the Board of Trade, or the Canada Life, or Confederation Life building, while the Parliament buildings and the new City Hall tower head and shoulders above their fellows, with just enough smoke cloud hanging over all to lend a softness to the picture. But a cool breeze comes rushing over us and we realize that we are being rushed along at twenty miles per hour across the lake.

When mid-lake is reached we can

cosy home like Queen's at home, makes it one of the most fashionable and most enjoyable outing places near Toronto; the Saturday night hops, during the season, are especially enjoyable, and here the bright uniform of the military men over the river mixes picturesquely with the tennis suits and summer colors of our own fair dames. But we are leaving again, but not with the same speed as before, as we realize that we are running against a current from seven to ten miles swift.

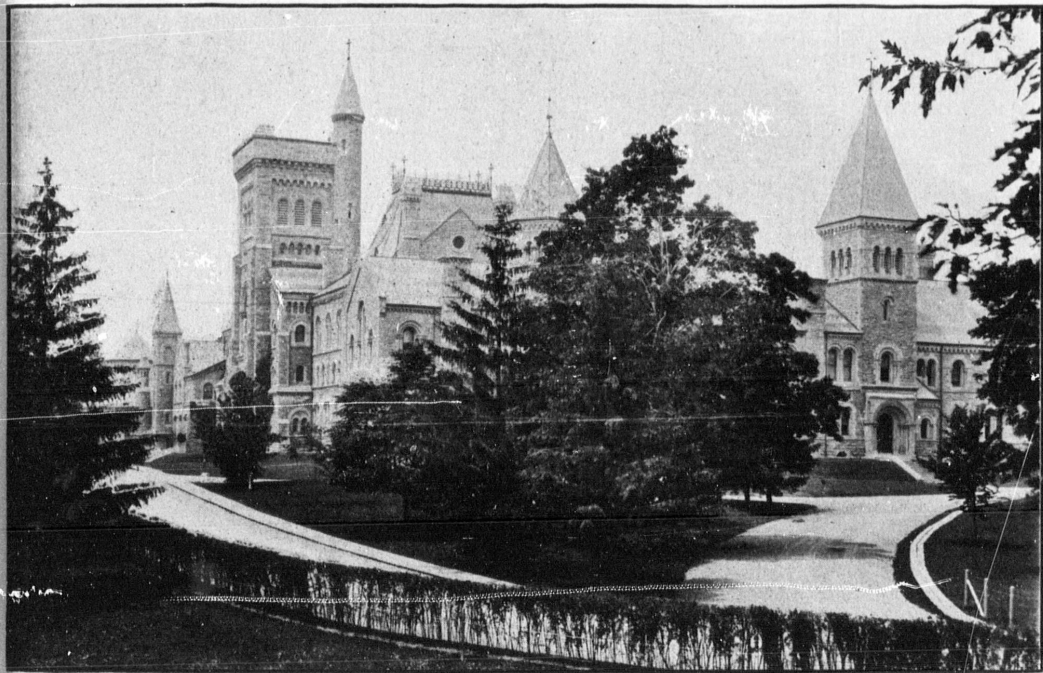
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The sail up the Niagara to Lewiston is one of the prettiest of our many pretty trips; the steamer follows the windings of the river until as we approach the latter village the broad outlines of the ridge of hills, which at Hamilton bears the proud distinction of the mountain, is crowned almost on the brink by that beautiful column erected to the memory of Sir Isaac Brock, who fell in defence of the colony of the Britain he loved. The railway train is in waiting here to carry

side of that huge cliff we pass an old stone house nearly in ruins made sacred to Canada by the fact that within its humble shelter Sir Isaac Brock breathed his last, and but a short distance beyond there stands a granite monument neatly surrounded by an iron fencing which informs the tourist that on this spot Brock received his mortal wound, and that this stone was placed in position by the Prince of Wales himself when he visited Canada in 1861. Away we go along the sloping bank, then a sudden



TORONTO UNIVERSITY, QUEEN'S PARK.

the passengers to Niagara Falls and Buffalo, but, as it is an outing for us, we will take the pleasanter way to reach the Falls, so remain on board while the steamer slowly swings around to the Canadian shore and lands us at Queenston. We are quickly on shore and on board the electric cars which are to carry us to the great water fall, and now comes one of the prettiest trips that one can well imagine. As the trolley moves out of the sleepy village and commences to wind slowly up the

doubling back upon our tracks, until at last we are upon the top of the bluff with sleepy Queenston and Lewiston nestling beneath us and the broad winding river stretching away beyond until it loses itself in Ontario's blue waters, while almost from the side of the car drops that huge declivity over which the Canadian and British forces drove the Americans in that memorable battle which has made every foot of this ground historic. Looking down that embankment it seems impossible

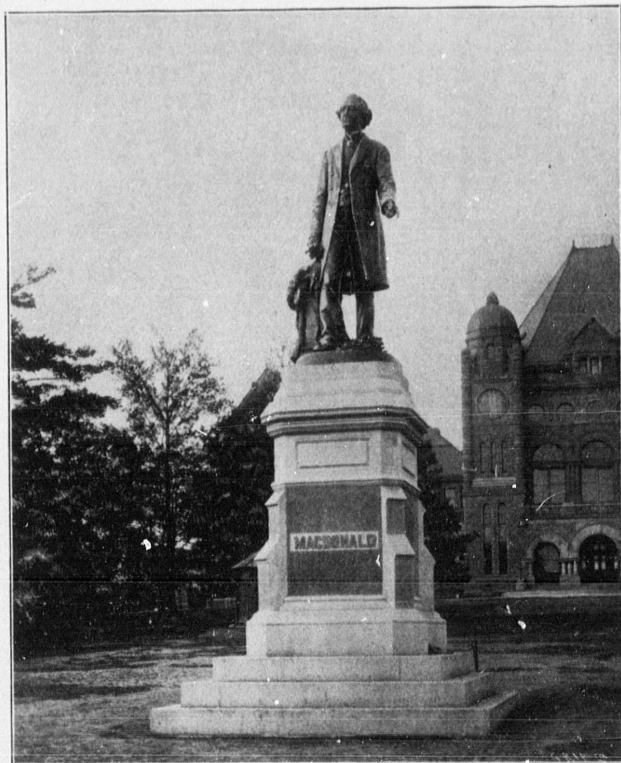
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that a human soul could ever reach the bottom in safety, but history tells us that several battalions made that perilous descent, and swimming the river so made their escape.

The Niagara peninsula, famous for its vineyards and its fruit farms, presents before the eye its most fruitful section in the broad expanse that nestles between this ridge and the lake, and no camera can ever begin to do

dizzy staircase to the top will give him one of the grandest panoramic views imaginable, for he will have, if the day be clear, glimpses of Lakes Erie and Ontario, and of Buffalo, Hamilton and Toronto, and of the Niagara gorge and the Falls, spread out at his very feet.

But away we go again, and now our car bears us right on the very brink of that enormous gorge which stretches



SIR JOHN MACDONALD MONUMENT, QUEEN'S PARK.

justice to the beauty of this and the remaining parts of this trip, as the ideas of vastness and sublimity become entirely lost in the shortened perspective of the photograph. The tourist, who has the time, will do well to leave the cars here and spend a short while in the park surrounding that finest of all Canadian monuments which crowns the very summit here, and if he has plenty of energy a climb around its

from here up to the foot of the falls. In many places one feels as if the very car would topple over the edge, but we know that we are perfectly safe and so enjoy it the more. At the whirlpool our car takes a circuit fully two-thirds of the entire distance around it, and at its western extremity we find ourselves being carried across a spidery trestle nearly 150 feet above the earth. The view of the whirlpool is magnificent,

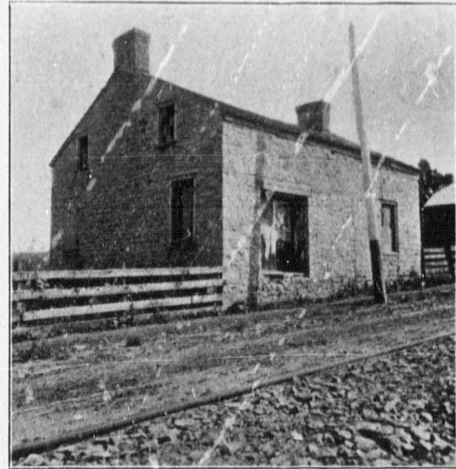
will give panoramic view of Lakes Ontario, Hamilton and Niagara laid out at

and now our every brink of stretches

but to many who expect to see the water leaping and foaming as in the rapids it is disappointing, but when you have watched that great circling cauldron, and have seen huge logs tossed about as if they were cockle-shells, the sublimity and the power of it all overcomes you, and you readily understand why it was that Captain Webb, the hero of the English Channel, so quickly fell a prey to his foolhardy daring in the whirlpool.

Away we go, and right along the edge of the opposite cliff we see the train of the New York Central carried on a ledge of rock so narrow that did we not know its safety we would stand in momentary expectation of its awful plunge to the river below. And away down below, right near the water, we find busy workmen preparing for a trolley line that will skirt the water's edge from Lewiston to the Falls. In taking this trip the other day we saw hundreds of men at work who looked like huge ants digging away and mak-

fanned by a pleasant breeze, we pitied those sweltering creatures in the bottom of the gorge, without a breath of breeze

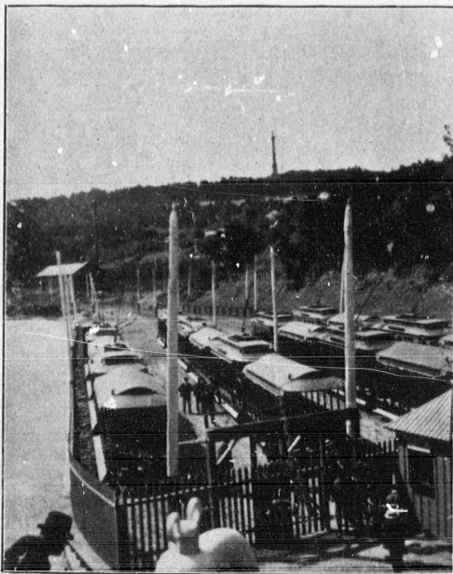


HOUSE IN WHICH GENERAL BROCK DIED.

to cool them at their work, when suddenly we saw a puff of smoke, and debris and rock fly heavenward, followed in a few seconds by the loud report of a dynamite explosion. A little further on we saw the same thing repeated, and between the flying smoke and rubbish and the report, we fancied we heard the foreman of the gang expostulating, "Get out of that now, will ye? Ye won't eh? Well, take the consequences! Are yez ready, McCloskey? Blast! Fire! All over!"

"Drill ye tarriers, drill!"

But here where the huge gorge narrows, we see below us the most turbulent of all the rapids, seething and boiling and tumbling along, as if still in anger from its mighty downfall, until we reach the Suspension and the Cantilever bridges displaying side by side in striking contrast two of the greatest plans of man to surmount an obstacle. And on to the footbridge, with the river grown quiet again, as if too much stunned by the shock of its mighty downfall to make any remonstrance. Now we have entered the Queen Victoria Niagara Falls Park, and what a contrast we find to the old



LANDING AT QUEENSTON.

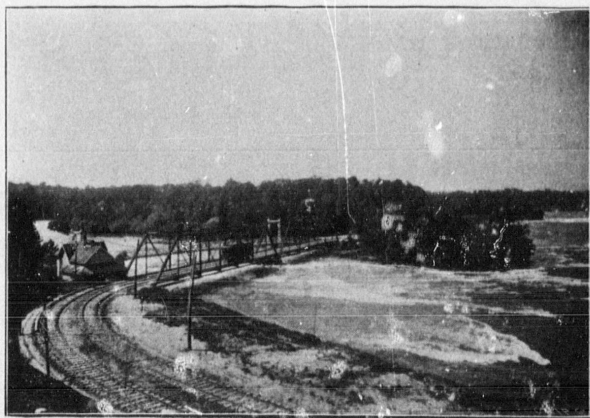
ing a tiny road which threatened at every point to slip into the river. And as we sped along in our cool open car,

of the falls. if the very edge, but we safe and so a whirlpool two-thirds d it, and at d ourselves dery trestle earth. The magnificent,

"faking" days when doing the falls meant systematically being robbed. Our car bears us swiftly along, still skirting the very brink, past the old museum, now converted into the Dufferin restaurant, where a comfortable table d'hote dinner served by pretty waitresses in white in a cool dining room whose lofty ceiling extends away up to the dome, where stained lights lend soft colors to the tasty decorations whose simple modesty corresponds pleasingly with the modest charge of fifty cents for dinner, until we come to Table Rock, and as we make the run to Chippewa after passing Clark's Island and the Burning Springs, we come to the rapids above the falls, so often neglected by tourists and which are one of the greatest sights of all, for here as we speed along by the river's brink we have all aspects of the water from the calm mirror-like surface at Chippewa, till a slight agitation as if a premonition of coming danger was felt, next a haughty toss of the head as the first few whitecaps laugh and dance in

the now trembling waters, next a wild, mad rush down the jagged and boulder broken incline with the spray tossed high and the foam-flecked crest of each billowy wave suggesting a fear-crazed animal lost to all sense of restraint and dashing on heedlessly to utter destruction. Then smoother again, as if gathering up all its forces for the mighty leap which is just before it, until with a hoarse cry of despair it rolls and tumbles in an agony that dissolves it into a mass of mist and foam long before it reaches the rocks below.

Of the Falls proper so much has been said and written and so many photographs taken that it would seem idle in me to attempt any description, but to sit in any of the shady observation pavilions and gaze on that gigantic waste of Nature's energy until your very being seems to shrink into absolute nothingness, and life, energy, power, God, become supreme and absolute, stamps it all as the culminating point of earth's scenic grandeur.



BRIDGES LEADING TO DUFFERIN ISLANDS AND BURNING SPRINGS.

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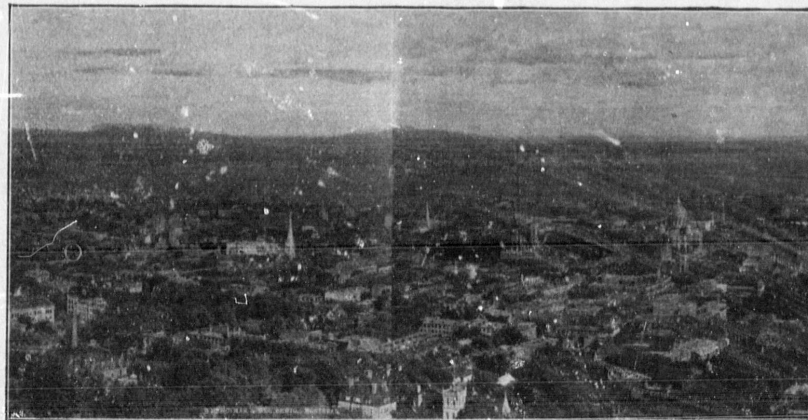
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MONTREAL, THE ROYAL CITY.

A ROYAL CITY! truly, and right royally we welcome you to and tender you the freedom of it.

Come with the poet and stand on the spot where pilgrim feet, from those of the last globe-trotting tourist back through the long line—distinguished and commonplace, stranger and citizen—to those of the ever-memorable, history-making De Maisonneuve, Champlain, and Jacques Cartier, the discoverer, have pressed the turf

book platitudes, or ostentatiously parade before you tabulated statistics and schedules of our wealth in real and personal estate. Of these you will see no lack,—solid facts, very materially *en evidence*, that we cannot conceal if we would,—but rather would we direct your glances towards the natural beauties, the quiet by-ways, the “Sights and Shrines” ignored by the *fin-de-siecle* hustler, and remind you of the romantic and historic associations that



MONTREAL FROM MOUNT ROYAL, BY NOTMAN.

on old Mount Royal's crest. Look! Sweep the eye over the magnificent panorama spread in all its wealth of mountain and meadow, stream and sky, factory and farm, castle and cot, and wonder if you will that we who know it best should love it so, or that our love for our native city should impel us to voice its praises in song.

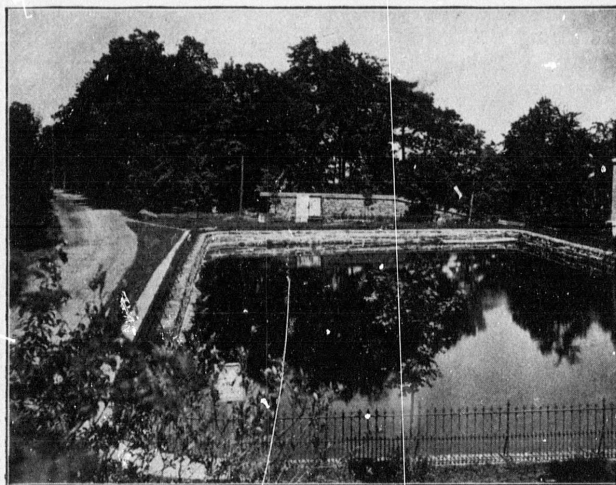
It is not our purpose as cicerones on this occasion to weary you with guide-

cluster thickly among the brightest jewels of our city's crown.

Glance rapidly over the record. Sail with the Discoverer, in 1535, up the vast, unknown, expanse of mighty waters, past Gaspé's cliffs, the awful portal of Saguenay's mysterious depths, and Stadacona's beetling crags, on to where the Royal Mount rears its plumes above the foam of the rapids and shadows the town of Hochelaga nest-

ling at its feet. Read of his reception and the homage, as to a god, paid him

found there. To the keen eye of the explorer, the value of the site as an *entrepot* of trade and an outpost of supreme importance at once appears; and on the spot where the Custom House now stands, and recently rechristened, as he called it, he cleared a space and named it "La Place Royale."



IN MOUNT ROYAL PARK, BY NOTMAN.

by the chief, and see the plans he made of the well-laid-out, circular, walled town, which, in a few short years, was so utterly destroyed by war and pillage of hostile foes that its sight was utterly lost, and its very existence questioned, when workmen digging in the immediate vicinity of the M. A. A. Club House accidentally discovered traces that settled the matter beyond dispute in the minds of antiquaries, and afforded many of them fine opportunities to acquire some of the long buried relics.

Years pass—seventy-six, long, bloody, wasting—till again in 1611, the white man, pressing ever westward his empire-widening way, beaches his venturesome canoe on the shingle of St. Mary's Current, and Champlain plants the "Bourbon's Lilled Blue" at the fitting season of the birth of the year and on the ground where, at that same season, nearly three centuries later, the children of a more favored generation lovingly gather by armfuls the Trilliums—"white lilies," they call them—that gem the maple wreathed slopes of Mount Royal. All around is the awful gloom of the solemn woods, and not a trace of town remains that Cartier

tongue in which it was written, there is much valuable matter pertaining to

Necessarily, in a rapid sketch such as this, in the space at command, much of interest must be omitted and effort mainly confined to the attempt to awaken a desire for fuller knowledge. Aside from the great mass of material in MS. and print, unavailable to most of us because of our lamentable lack of knowledge of the



OLD WINDMILL, LOWER LACHINE ROAD, BY NOTMAN

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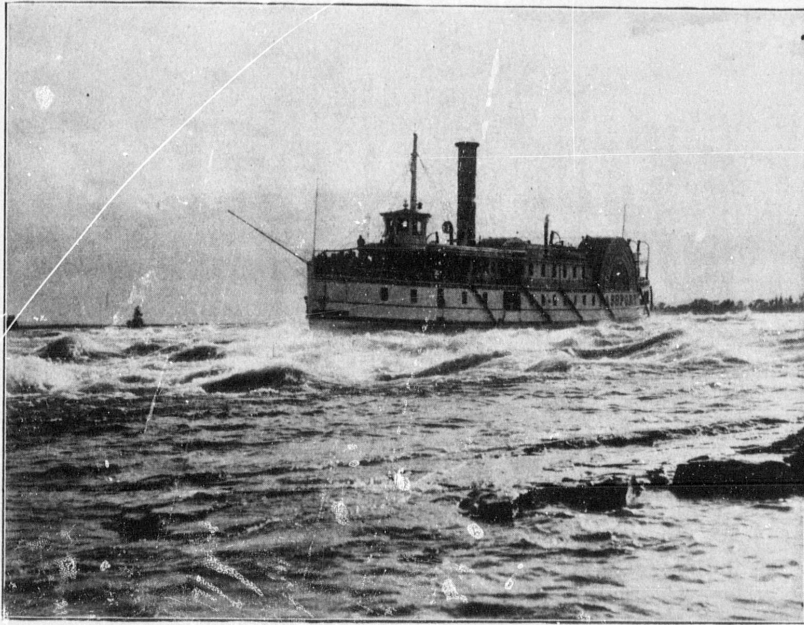
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Montreal in condensed form of special articles by McLennan, Lighthall, Sandham, Weir, Murray, Reid, Martin and other local writers in prose and verse; but the source and inspiration of most of it may be traced to Parkman—prince of historians and *raconteurs*—than whom no safer, more entertaining or instructive guide could be desired; whose facile pen has done more for us Canadians of English speech than any other in showing us the priceless possession we have in

Or stain our scutcheon with a Judas
blight?
When traitors hiss, do thou, indignant,
hurl
Thy challenge back: "It is my native
land!"

So much for the city itself, and a wheelman desiring to explore and visit its "Sights and Shrines" would do well to provide himself with the guide book so entitled, and with this in hand he may wander at will among the busy scenes of to-day where are placed the marble tablets that commemorate events



ENTERING LACHINE RAPIDS, BY NOTMAN.

OUR BIRTHRIGHT.

Go! read the patent of thine heritage,
Inscribed in glowing words that flash and
burn
With pregnant import. Con it well and
learn
The thrilling tale that lights the storied page.
See Faith and Valor hand-to-hand engage
Opposing powers, and by their prowess turn
The wild into a puissant realm, and earn
A deathless fame, bright to the latest age!
'Tis thine and mine! Shall we, then, hold
it light,—
Despise our birthright as some base-
born churl
And recreant yield it with a nerveless
hand,

and incidents of a stirring past to which
he holds the key.

Should he desire to take a run into
the country about, local wheelmen will
be delighted to afford all information
and assistance in their power, and
should his visit coincide with any of
the city club's runs the members will
be more than pleased to have him
accompany them.

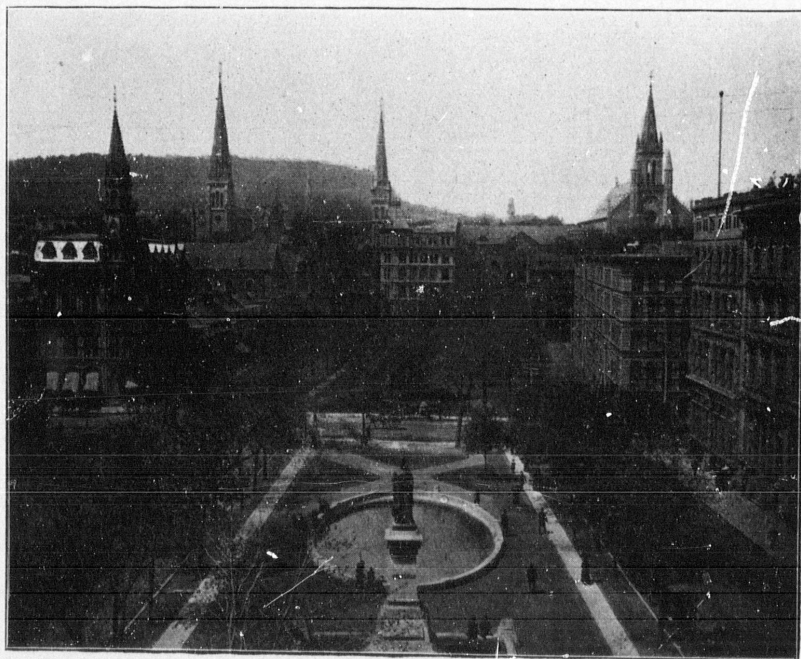
These are many and interesting.
First, the city itself, as described.
Then the Mountain Park, with its
serpentine windings, maple shaded

nooks and pine covered knolls. Round the mountain to the athletic club house is a favorite short run. Then there's Lachine—"gate of the Orient long ago"—with the near-by Indian settlement of Caughnawaga across the river; out by the "upper" and home by the "lower" road, with view of the two celebrated railway bridges and the rapids between. Should he aspire to wider fields and longer runs he may have them in plenty and of all lengths. The lake resorts, extending to St. Anne's 20 miles west; St. Laurent,

Back River and Terrebonne north and east and across the river to Chambly and surrounding districts on the south. Should the visitor enjoy boating and sailing or a quiet day with rod and reel he may, by proper introduction and proving himself a "good fellow," find plenty of like sort who will gladly do all they can to put him in the way of enjoying his stay according as his tastes and preferences may lean.

SAMUEL M. BAYLIS.

By permission, from "Our City and Our Sports."
Published by the Montreal Bicycle Club.



VICTORIA SQUARE, BY NOYMAN.

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BAYLIS.
Our Sports."
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AROUND ST. THOMAS.

THE railway city of south-western Ontario has a name that is immortal, a name that was flashed around the world and that centred the thoughts of all civilized nations upon it, and that so fixed it in the minds of all British subjects that it

great deal more. It is the centre of one of the finest wheeling districts in the whole of Ontario, and the tourist who wants to leisurely do this country can well afford to make Mr. Donley, of the Grand Central, his host for a few days while he revels in good wheeling.



ST. THOMAS—IN THE RAVINE.

will be evergreen long after "Trilby" has been forgotten, for this was the scene of poor Jumbo's death. It is a pretty little city, sitting on the brow of a hill whose deep valley gave the railway companies the opportunity of building there the largest bridges in the province. But to the cyclist it is a

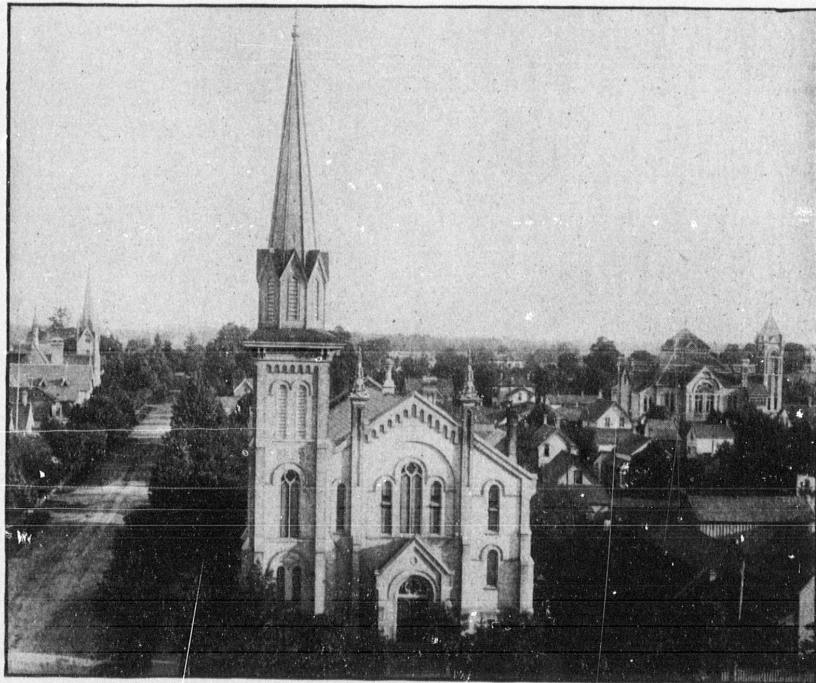
To the west there is Fingal, Shedden, and so on right up to the Detroit river. To the north there is the London road, seventeen miles of delightful wheeling. To the east there is the Aylmer road, giving a delightful ride of twelve miles, and from the latter point pleasant trips can be taken in every direction, while

to the south there is a boulevard ending at the cosy little summer resort, Port Stanley.

St. Thomas is one of the centres of the good roads movement, and they did their practising first and their preaching afterwards, for no other city in Canada can show such perfect macadamized streets, nor can any other city give as fine roads as lead from this point in every direction. To Port Stanley is only nine miles, and here is one of the

finest surf-bathing beaches on the whole chain of lakes, and with boat connection with Cleveland it is easy of access to our friends across the lake.

St. Thomas boasts of the proud distinction of being the place where the Canadian Wheelmen's Association was organized, and there is no doubt that within a radius of twenty miles of this centre there dwelt at that time more cycling enthusiasts than were contained in all the rest of the Dominion.



ST. THOMAS LOOKING DOWN WELLINGTON STREET.

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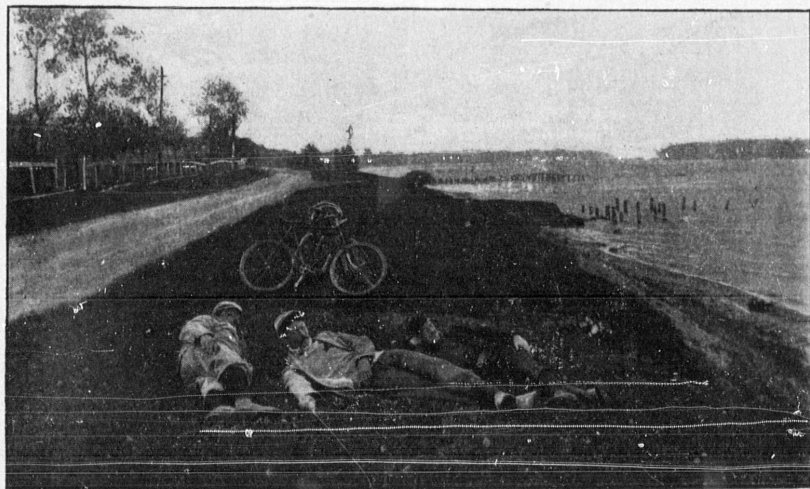
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SARNIA.

IT occurs to me that every cyclist is, or must be sooner or later, a sportsman in the true sense of the word. How else could it be otherwise. The wheel is an incentive to daily regular exercise, and exercise when taken regularly, and without fatigue, cannot but be beneficial to every portion of the body. The fact of its being necessary to take it in the open air will also have a conducive tendency to out-

short a space as possible, to give you a synopsis of the many attractions this district abounds in. If you are fond of fishing or shooting, I can safely say that there is no place in this country where game can be got with as little exertion. I am not an advocate of any sport that will tend to injure the health of the participant. It is absolute folly for any person accustomed to sedentary occupation, to immediately plunge into



ALONG THE ST. CLAIR.

door sports. With what pleasure then will he look forward to the two or three weeks in the year when he may be fortunate enough to lay aside business cares and worries, and give himself up to unrestricted enjoyment. In this country, I am happy to say, that there are many suitable places, for this purpose, but there is one *par avance* of all others, and that is on the banks of the St. Clair. I will endeavor, in as

any sport requiring great bodily exertion or exposure.

If you decide to come this way, come first of all to Sarnia. From here you can reach by wheel, rail, or boat any of the fishing or shooting grounds in a few hours.

“Such a stream Rome's yellow Tiber cannot show,
The Iberian Tagus, or Ligurian Po,
The Maise, the Danube, and the Rhine,
Are puddle water all compared with thine.”

More tonnage passes Sarnia and the places on this river than on any other on the globe. In 1889 the returns of clearances and entries of the great seaports of the world gave New York 11,051,236 tons, all seaports in the United States 26,983,315 tons, London 19,245,417 tons, and Liverpool 14,175,200 tons. The tonnage passing Sarnia that year during the 234 days of navigation amounted to 36,203,606 tons, nearly 10,000,000 tons more than the entries and clearances of all the seaports in the United States and nearly 3,000,000 tons more than the combined foreign and coastwise shipping of Liverpool and London.

We have six or seven thoroughly first-class hotels, but the Belchamber has secured the coveted honor of being officially dubbed the wheelman's headquarters. John Buckley is the proprietor and a right good wheelman he is. It would be impossible for me to here enumerate all the points of interest—his name is legion. We would like you to spend your whole vacation here, and eventually live with us, but presuming you may possibly want to get out of town, we will try and pilot you down towards the St. Clair flats.

Leaving Sarnia we wheel close alongside the bank of the river, passing the Indian reservation and many attractive Indian maidens bound for town with their loads of baskets and other Indian wares. The braves generally go to town at night, and I have often wondered at their carrying capacity, for I have frequently seen them staggering home with a load that would knock a white man under, and singing cheerfully at that. This predisposition for late work seems to have the effect of depopulating the reservation with alarming rapidity, and at the present rate it will not be long before they become extinct in the vicinity of Sarnia. After a run of seven miles we arrive at Corunna, a small place, situated opposite which is one of the prettiest islands on the river. Stag Island. On this island are many cottages, and the tempting coolness of its groves offer inducements for a loaf almost irresistible.

Leaving Corunna we wheel through

a charming piece of country bordered on either side by woods, the branches of the trees forming a canopy overhead to break the hot rays of the sun, and the cool breezes off the river seem to fill you with new life. A run of six miles brings you to Mooretown, and another mile to Courtwright, where splendid hotel accommodation is afforded at the Bedard, superintended by the popular and enthusiastic wheelmen, Messrs. Bedard Bros.

From this point you can wheel down the Canadian shore passing Sombra to Port Lambton, or crossing over to St. Clair, wheel down the American side, passing Oaklands and Marine City to Algonac. At either of these places an Indian guide can be gotten, for a small tip, to pilot you to the haunts of the black bass and any other kind of fishing you may want.

This section of the country abounds in game, and if you should happen to take your vacation during duck season, if you are not already acquainted with this part of the country you will certainly be surprised at the vast quantities. I still remember vividly my first experience on these flats. I went down with a party of seven to Wallaceburg, a place about five miles from Port Lambton. We left about a couple of hours before daylight, and paddling down the Sny Carter, a small river running into Lake St. Clair, arrived at our shooting grounds just as dawn was breaking. I thought I saw a small island ahead of me and started to paddle for it. It was rendered indistinct by the gray mist rising off the marshes, and for a while I did not notice that I was getting no nearer. On observing this fact I rubbed my eyes and paddled harder, but with no better result. Finally I called to my companions to find out what it was, but the sound of my voice had a better effect in solving my difficulty than my hard paddling. For a moment I thought the Nihilists must be blowing up the St. Clair flats, for with a noise like thunder the whole imaginary island rose and was off before I could realize they were ducks.

It is no uncommon thing for the sky to be darkened by vast flights of ducks,

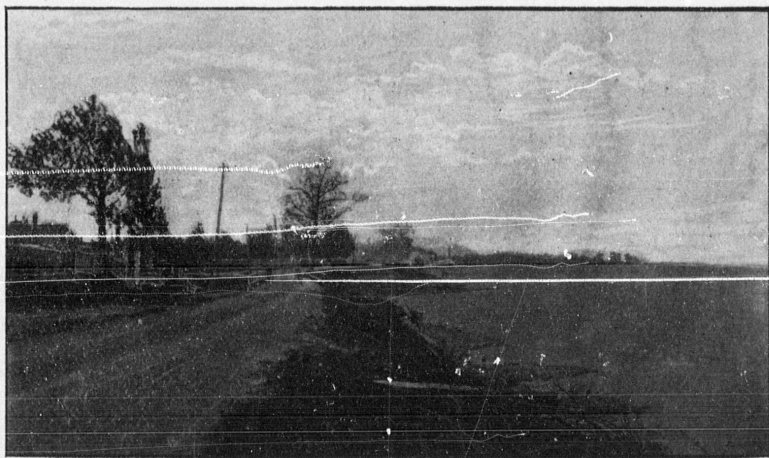
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and the quick flapping of their wings sounds like thunder in the distance.

Many excellent runs can be taken between the numerous towns and villages. A trip through the oil district is well worth the trouble. By applying to the local consul arrangements may, I think, without difficulty, be made for some of the Sarnia wheelmen to accompany any of the large touring

parties. There is in any case little danger of losing your way, as already boards indicating the direction and distance to the different towns and villages are posted up all through this part of the country, our chief consul, Mr. W. B. Clark, having devoted a great deal of energy to the work.

ZINGARO.



ALONG THE ST. CLAIR.

PLEASANT REMINISCENCES OF THE LOCALITY OF THE TORONTO ATHLETIC CLUB,

BY THE HONORABLE JOHN BEVERLEY ROBINSON.

AS editor and publisher of "Wheel Outings in Canada" you have asked me to give you a short sketch, subject and length of article to be at my discretion. I willingly comply, the difficulty however being to write something, rather hurriedly, that will interest your readers. The object you have in view, is, I judge from what you have said, to make Canada better known as a summer outing ground, particularly to our American friends, by a description of our fishing, hunting, boating and bicycle sketches, and so attract them here in greater numbers. To make Canada better known here and abroad is a worthy and patriotic motive, deserving of every encouragement. You are, I am glad to see enthusiastic for Canada, and it would be well if men of your stamp were multiplied among us. A noted Frenchman has recorded his belief that this world is divided into two classes, "celle qui sont l'enthousiasme, et celle qui le meprise" (those who possess enthusiasm, and those who despise it). You are of the former class and would like to see the bold scenery and bold pastimes of Canada, in which Canadians rejoice, better known to the world.

While some of your friends will add to the interest of your publication by describing the above, putting in a word at the same time, I hope, for the bold colonial race by whom this country is inhabited, it may not be amiss for me to give a short account of this very spot and the surroundings upon which our stately Athletic Club, now such an ornament to our city, has lately been erected.

Opposite to us, or nearly so, and immediately to the north, stands our great National University. Now, when

in 1849, I cleared away the original forest of great pine and other trees, and planted the cottage on the site of which this club is built, the University in the position it is now, or in fact any other building, near to us, did not exist. True, to the east of the new Parliament Buildings, and previous to my settling here, there was laid the corner stone of King's College with great ceremony and rejoicing. This, however, (after being put to various uses) was pulled down, the present University, under a new organization, taking its place. It was a happy choice that Dr., afterwards Bishop Strachan, and my father made, when, in the interest of Upper Canada, and the cause of education, they selected and purchased the adjacent one hundred acres or more for the purposes of a Provincial University. No better choice could have been made or the land devoted to a better purpose. More than once have I heard my father describe the many tramps he and Dr. Strachan had before deciding upon the locality on which King's College should be built. The ceremony of laying this corner stone was, I have said, one of general rejoicing. No more impressive ceremony has ever taken place before or since in these University grounds. The roadway on the avenue from Queen Street to the grounds was lined on either side by Imperial troops in single file through which a vast procession, headed by the then Governor-General, Sir Charles Bagot, Chancellor of the University, proceeded on foot, the corner stone being laid by His Excellency in person. This was on St. George's Day, 23rd April, 1842, and withal a very hot and dusty day. Sir Charles Bagot, in his rich Lord Lieutenant's uniform, had a very distinguish-

ed personal presence, and on that day, as well as on every other, when I had the honor of seeing him, graced his office well. Naturally so, perhaps, for he was used to and had taken part in great ceremonies, having been England's ambassador to more than one foreign court, where the frank dignity of his bearing, polished manner and address, did full justice to England's choice. Around the foundation stone a large amphitheatre of seats was constructed, tier rising upon tier, and densely filled with ladies. At this point, on the arrival of the procession, all being in their proper place, addresses were delivered, and the stone being morticed in, the Royal artillery fired a salute of nineteen guns, when the Bishop dismissed the assembly with an appropriate prayer and God Save the Queen, closed a ceremony never to be forgotten by those who, like myself, were fortunate enough to have witnessed it.

In my boyhood I was well acquainted with the University grounds, purchasing afterwards the two acres where the club now stands, greatly because I thought it a beautiful spot, adorned with grand trees, with a lively creek running through it; but chiefly because the two acres adjoined the then cricket ground, as well as the then race course, where athletic games in those days were held.

To this glorious English pastime of cricket, which "In Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby" you will see it stated, "is as much the birthright of British boys, old and young, as is trial by jury to British men." I had a strong attachment, following the fortunes of our cricket club for many years in Canada and in the States. I made many a good friend on that old play ground, have seen many crowds surrounding it and many games, amidst great excitement, lost and won, had many a joyous lunch, too, in the grand stand, listening at times with infinite pleasure to patriotic speeches by Chief Justice Draper, Chancellor Spragge, Principal Barron, Barber, and scores of others, all, in my early days, ardent devotees to the

shrine of England's national game. How often, too, did many of them, when the game or practice was over, come through the gate to enjoy our cottage cheer, so brightened by their presence. Ah! those years so quickly passed, would that one could see them again, and the fine fellows with whom I then associated! Though they will never return, I shall never forget them, or the good fellowship engendered and increased by our mutual love for the manly sport of cricket.

The athletic games held on Boulton's race course, adjacent also to this place, do I remember well, and the struggles and incidents connected with them. Speaking particularly of the games held on the south side of the course in June, 1843, attended by thousands, many competitors having entered from two noted regiments, the 43rd and 93rd, I am not apt to forget winning, as I did, four silver medals in competition with famous athletes well known in these regiments. One of them, Sergt. William MacGillivray, of the 93rd, was a splendid specimen of the Highlandman, and who, when his regiment was shortly afterwards ordered to England, swept the games at the then military camp at Chobham. Many a conversation have I had with my two late esteemed friends, Senator John Macdonald and Mr. A. M. Smith, (in their youth also in the 93rd) about William MacGillivray, so well known and popular in his regiment and in the city. In figure and face he was the beau ideal, to my mind, of a Highland soldier, the showman of that famous regiment, no small praise for any man of that day. The last time I conversed with the Senator about MacGillivray, I was glad to hear, that he held a prominent office in, I think, the corporation of Dundee.

The other formidable competitor in these sports of 1843 was William MacBean, who then only a private soldier in the 93rd, rose afterwards, step by step, to be colonel of his regiment, and finally major-general, with the Victoria Cross. What a career! and by what heroic conduct he won all these honors, and his unquestioned fame is told in

many an anecdote as well as in the records of his regiment. I think I see him now as he contended in these games. He had a very powerful frame with absolute fearlessness written in his face, and yet withal of that quiet manner so often the accompaniment and true sign of fearlessness. Let me relate one exploit of his as told in a book recently published, "Reminiscences of the Great Mutiny." Speaking of the siege, capture and relief of Lucknow the narrative says: "We had barely finished our meal when we noticed a stir among the staff officers, and a consultation taking place between General Sir Edward Lugard, Brigadier Sir Adrian Hope and Colonel Napier. Suddenly the order was given to the 93rd to fall in. This was quickly done, the officers taking their places, the men tightening their belts, and pressing their helmets firmly on their heads, loosening the ammunition in their pouches, and seeing that the spring of their bayonets held tight. Thus we stood for a few seconds when Brigadier Hope passed the signal for the assault on the Begum's Kothee (or Court)," and this is what is said of my old antagonist on that eventful day: "Lieutenant and Adjutant William MacBean (he had risen then to this rank from his gallant conduct in the Crimea) encountered an Havildar (or native officer), a naik and nine sepoy at one of the gates, and killed the whole eleven one after another. The Havildar was the last, and by the time he got through the narrow gate several of our men came to the assistance of MacBean, but he called on them not to interfere, and the Havildar and he went at it with their swords. At length MacBean made a feint cut, but instead gave the point and put his sword through the chest of his opponent." For this he received the Victoria Cross. Sir Edward Lugard, the general in command of the division, luckily perhaps for MacBean, the narrator says, was looking down from the ramparts above and saw the whole affair. Have I not a right to be proud of my medals won against such a hero when we both were young in 1843?

I might truly add, as history has so recorded it, that throughout that terrible

mutiny all our troops then engaged in India, the 93rd, not the least, proved themselves a gallant brotherhood of knights.

Another incident which also took place near to where we are, and on the same race course, is worth relating, as it marked the commencement of a career, which has been almost as eminent in peace as he of whom I have been speaking was eminent in war. It is no exaggeration to say that the race held on the Boulton property were, making allowance for the difference in population, as well known, as numerous and fashionably attended as is now the Woodbine race course of 1895. Remember, there were two full regiments of the line then stationed in Toronto, with complements of Royal Artillery and Engineers, Major McGrath's troop, as well as (for some years) a regiment of our militia. Among them was more than one officer, noted in his country for wealth and sporting tastes, who took a prominent part as steward and regulator of these races. One day, when a race on the programme was called, all came to the front with the exception of one horse, being led, his jockey being nowhere. The stewards were preparing for the start when some one said it was a pity that this horse's rider had vanished and that the horse could not run. Up spoke a lad to the stewards in the stand, saying: "I'll ride that horse, gentlemen, if no objection." They smiled at the lad's apparent presumption, but as quickly said to him "jump on, lad," which he did, and to the general surprise won the race. Now, that lad is to-day a Senator and belted knight, has proved himself successful in business, in politics, in social life, winning every race everywhere, just as he did that day on Boulton's course. One evening, on a semi-public occasion, when he and I were present, he proposed my health. In response, acknowledging what my old friend too kindly said, I told the above anecdote of him, much to the amusement of the company as well as of himself. On driving home with him that evening he enquired how the deuce it was I saw or remembered that occur-

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rence. "Never mind," said I, "on the next occasion when you are present I shall tell another incident of you that will interest your friends still more." "D— on you, Governor if

you do, I'll," and then he stopped, which I, with equal prudence will also now do, wishing that your enterprise, for which I give you every credit, may answer all your expectations.

QUEBEC CITY AND ENVIRONS,

AS A BICYCLIST'S IDEAL RESORT.

WHY should I attempt a sketch upon a city which has drawn expressions such as I will attempt to quote from some of the most renowned men, both past and present.

It is to be observed that tourists as a rule visit Quebec as the last link

not consecrated by well established fact or tradition to the memory of deeds of heroism, of instances of undying piety and faith. The daring explorers of half a continent, European heroes of martial strife and strategy, and their dusky chieftain allies, noble matrons, and self-sacrificing missionaries, whose



ST. LOUIS GATE.

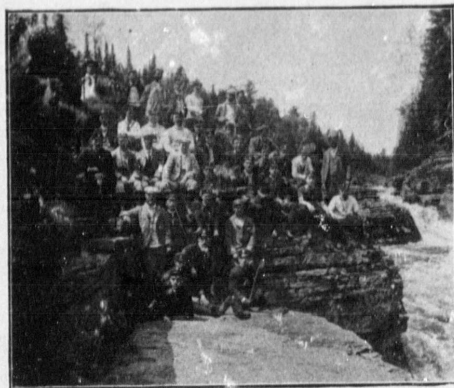
in their tour, remain twenty-four hours, and then return without seeing anything but a cursory view of the city, whereas Quebec and its environs abound in the most romantic and charming views, certainly not equalled in Canada, and to all admirers of the beauties of nature affording a rich treat.

There is scarcely a foot here which is

doings live for ever in the burning pages, of Parkman, Lever, Cormazien, Charlevoix, and Casgrain, have left behind them here monuments of their zeal for the cause of religion and fatherland, or immortalized the sod which once they trod, the soil for which they fiercely contended, the spot where first they planted the symbol of religion, or

the dust which they reddened with their blood.

And the tourist will often be satisfied that he has seen Quebec by casting a



MONTREAL AND QUEBEC BICYCLE CLUBS AT THE NATURAL STEPS, MONTMORENCY FALLS.

hurried glance at the Plains of Abraham, "a study in itself where the destiny of Canada was settled, and immortalized as the spot where the Generals of both armies gave up their lives in their deeds of valor." Who has not read in the history of the great nations of the death upon the battle field of the Plains of Abraham, of the heroic Wolfe and the brave Montcalm. A glance at this historic spot and the ordinary tourist is satisfied.

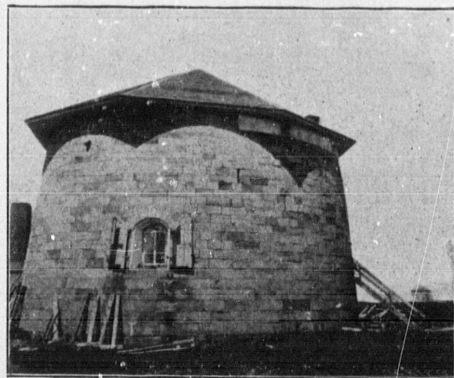
Then a rapid drive in the traditional caliche over streets rendered historic by the blood of heroes and martyrs, the red man's daring deeds, and carefully preserved traditions of the historian and novelist, and he has seen Quebec.

The city itself and its immediate vicinity have afforded new and varied treats at every turn for several weeks at a time to royal and noble visitors, such as the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Albany and York, the Princess Louise and other members of the Royal Family, as also such noted novelists and historians as Parkman, Howells, Kerby, Archdeacon Farrar, Dean Stanley, and many others whose names stand high on the roll of fame or of letters.

Having now opened to you this

channel by which one may educate himself upon a better knowledge of Quebec and its natural and historical attractions, let me tell you that the hospitable and genial Quebecer having awakened to the fact that we possessed one of the most attractive points upon this continent, and knowing that besides sight-seeing the ordinary tourist requires comfort, more than ordinary attention has been given of late to its hotel accommodation unsurpassed at present in Canada and that without in the least affecting its historical quaintness.

Amongst our notable hostelries, let me mention the now famous "Chateau Frontenac," built by the magnates of the C. P. R. upon one of the most beautiful sites in the world, besides being built on the site of the "Chateau St. Louis," the residence of the French governors in the times of the old regime in Canada, overlooking the magnificent promenade Dufferin Terrace, and although some two hundred feet above the River St. Lawrence, nestling in the shadows of the citadel, the Gibraltar of America. To the guest of the "Frontenac," a glance from any one of its windows reveals a magnificent view which spreads itself around and below, and satisfies him



MARTELLO TOWER.

that he has scenery before him seldom equalled and never excelled, which forms the subject of many a noted canvas and upon which eminent artists

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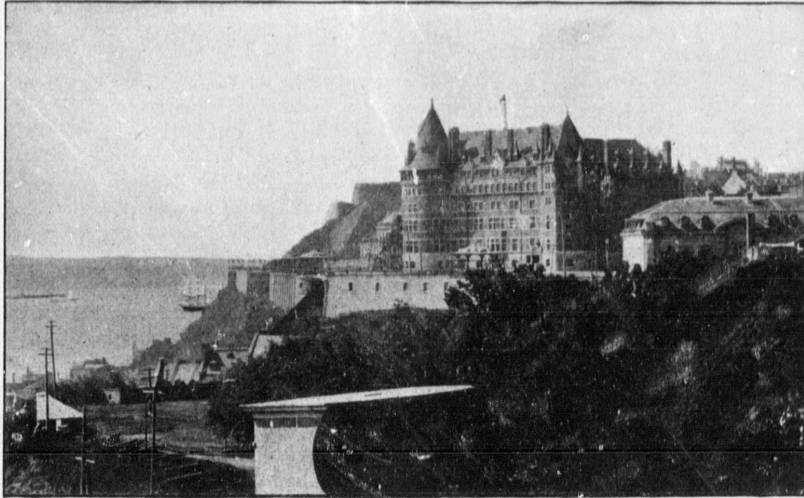
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have feasted their eyes day after day for months together.

The late Henry Ward Beecher recorded his impressions of Quebec thus: "Queer old Quebec! of all the cities on the Continent of America. Here was a small piece of mediæval Europe perched upon a rock and dried for keeping in this north-east corner of America, a curiosity that has not its equal in its kind on this side of the ocean. We rode around as if we were in a picture book, turning over a new leaf at each street."

Again I wonder in my dream of Quebec's history, and could cite you the

the quaint old city, a ride to Cape Rouge is quite in order, out by St. Louis Road, which overlooks the beautiful St. Lawrence and back by the St. Toye Road overlooking the valley of the St. Charles. Along this route some fifteen miles of a ride may be seen many noted historical spots, such as Wolfe's Monument, the Plains of Abraham, the Martello Towers, Spencerwood (the residence of the Governor), Sillery Village, Cape Rouge, the spot where Jacques Cartier and his little band first wintered at Quebec, the Village of St. Toye, and the Ste. Toye Monuments, the scene of the battle between General Levis and Murray,



THE CHATEAU FRONTENAC—VIEW OF DUFFERIN TERRACE AND THE CITADEL.

impressions of many noted men which would fill volumes.

So much for our natural attractions, but what about the belated bicyclist looking up a new field for his summer tour.

To you brother cyclists who come from the west by way of Montreal, south by way of Portland *via* Sherbrooke, Megantic and Beauce County, and from the west through New Brunswick and other points, let me advise you to arrange your tours in such a way as to spend at least ten days in and around Quebec.

After visiting the points of interest in

where the French general after defeating the English army actually tried to recapture Quebec.

Many are the rides around Quebec with historical attractions as great as this one, such as to the Calvaire, "the highway to Montreal;" the Indian Village and Falls of Lorette, to Charlesburg and Lakes St. Charles and Beauport, "abounding with trout;" to Chateau Bigot, "another historical relic mentioned in "The Golden Dog;" to the shrine of St. Annes, "world renowned for its faith cures, and visited by some ten to fifteen thousands of persons daily during the summer months,"

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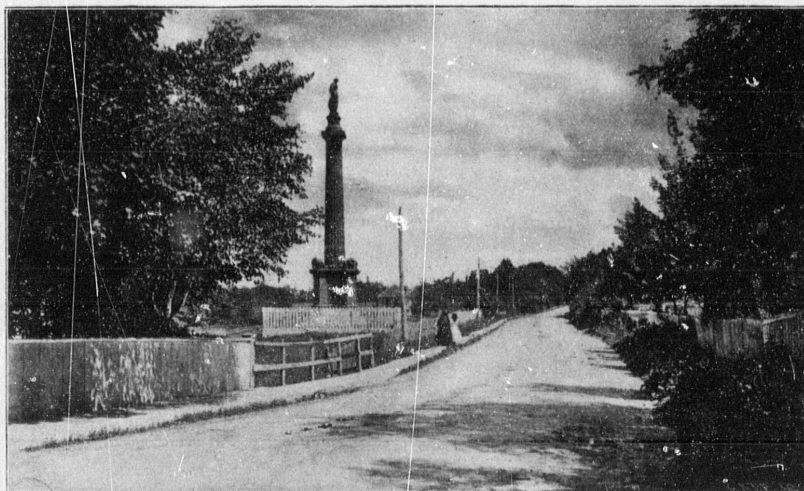


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a route unsurpassed for its great attractions, such as Fort Jacques Cartier, where the discoverer of Quebec was camped during the winters of 1535 and 36; the ruins of the Beauport Manor House, and headquarters of Montcalm in 1759, where Wolfe first attacked the French army; the birthplace of the brave Desaliberry, the hero of Chateauguay; the Montmorency Falls, so graphically described by Bouchette. Over a precipice of 251 feet in height fall the waters of the Montmorency River forming a large sheet of water of a whiteness and fleecy appearance which re-

thing but fine, yet local cyclists live through the ordeal and are great hill climbers in consequence, but you speak of country roads, we challenge Canada and the U.S. to produce better macadamized highways.

To the tourist with plenty of time and money to spare, there are still attractions not to be overlooked, such as our fishing grounds, and when I mention Lake St. John many a cyclist, who is also a follower of Izaak Walton, will feel a longing sensation come over him. Ouananiche, the dwarf salmon, and he rises to the fly. So much so



MONUMENT OF THE BRAVES, ST. FOYE ROAD.

sembles snow falling in a chasm amongst the rocks below.

The pretty village of Beauport, said to be the longest in Canada, where a distinct class of people retaining all their originality of the French peasant of Brittany are to be found. Chateau Richer and Arys Gardeau are passed at a 2.50 gait, as from the height of the Montmorency Falls one may coast some six miles down a beautiful slope. Our next point of interest was St. Henri, which is so well-known that I need not describe it, but suffice it to say that here is a study worth coming to Quebec alone to see.

The city streets in Quebec are any-

good, but what about the thirty Fish and Game Clubs along this route, and now the favorite resort of many wealthy Americans and Canadian members of the Montmorency, Jacques Cartier, Tourelli, Little Saguenay, Laurentide, Stadacona, Metabrechonan, Parodice, Springfield, Penn, Treton, and other important F. and G. clubs. These are standing proofs of our fishing and hunting grounds being unsurpassed in Canada.

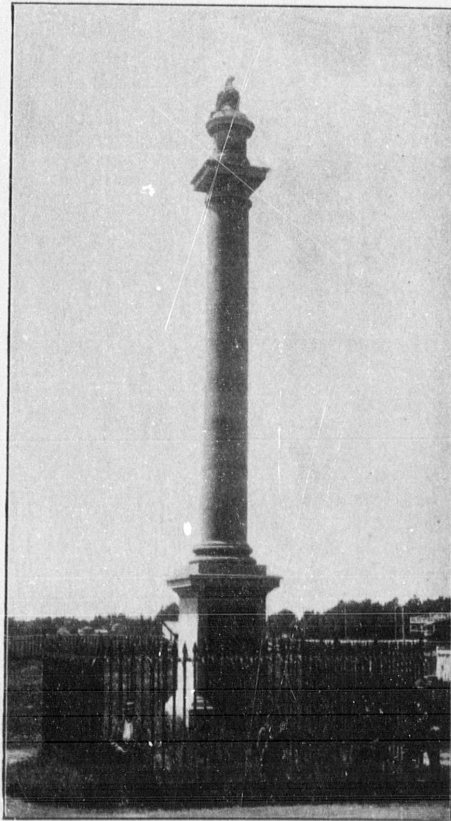
Again, the trip around the famed Saguenay by way of Lake St. John, which also has its chateau in the "Hotel Roberval," one of the finest in Canada, is another evidence of our fine surroundings.

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To the cycling tourist let me give one word of advice. Before visiting Quebec read about it ; there are many works upon Quebec, such as Lemoine's Quebec, Past and Present ; Chambers' Guide to Quebec, "The Golden Dog," Kirby, which will educate one as to its beauties. Then you can begin to

appreciate our unrivalled resources, and leave us feeling that you have really "seen Quebec and are prepared to die." Let this be every cyclist's motto, and we will try and give you a good time in the bargain.

Very sincerely and fraternally yours,
 GEORGE VAN FELSON.



THE SPOT WHERE GENERAL WOLFE WAS MORTALLY WOUNDED
 UPON THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM.

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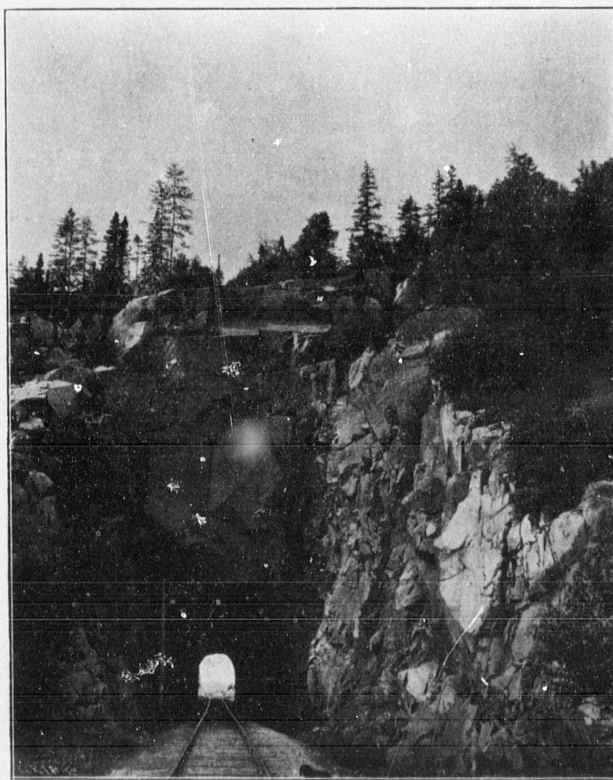
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NORTH SHORE OF GEORGIAN BAY.

“**H**OUGH! Water no good. Make Indian heap cold,” and Joseph, with a thirty pound rock in his hands slips over the side of the canoe into twenty feet of clear cold water. A few seconds and his head bobs up alongside. Another “whuff”

tents and make things comfortable for a couple of weeks' loaf. Obliging and good natured people of Parry Sound, distant about six miles, had sent our supplies down on a tug. Joseph, our Indian, we had hired as cook, guide, and leader of laziness. We were a



TUNNEL AT JACK FISH, LAKE SUPERIOR, C.P.R.

and he quickly shoves two quart bottles of beer over the side and swims ashore with the craft in tow.

We had been on Snake Island but a few days. Choosing it out of the thousands which line the north shore, we had cleared enough of it to pitch our

party of five, and were a well balanced assortment.

The heat of the day had a deteriorating effect on the temperature of our bottled beer, and with the philosophical reasoning of a scientist, one of the brainy members devised a scheme of

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sinking a dozen in twenty feet of water with strings attached to a big anchored log. At the bottom the cold under current kept the beer as cold as if on ice. A passing tug, however, bumped the log and broke all the strings and the nearest we could get to our beer was to sit in our boat and gaze at the shining foil on the corks twenty feet below. Money would not coax Joseph to dive for them, but the promise of one out of every three he recovered soon moved him, and though an Indian hates water, he performed the stone tricks creditably and with results beneficial to all parties.

Only those who have passed through, or tarried along this north shore, have any idea of the wild nature of the scenery. Every mile has a hundred different changes. Islands, countless apparently in number, from a mere rock with perhaps but a single tree on it, to a stately island of many acres with shere rocky sides with water enough alongside for a man of war to tie up to. Everywhere is that grand quiet of nature, save perhaps for a crying loon who floats in and out among the islands. If you are sailing or paddling, at any moment you are apt to disturb a pair or flock of black ducks or teal, who splash along the water ahead of you. Often a deer is seen leisurely swimming from island to island, while again a big black head and shoulders, leaving a wash behind it like a propeller, will indicate a black bear making for the mainland after a visit to some neighboring island.

Everywhere and anywhere are fish. Sit on any of the islands and within six feet of some part of it you will find deep black water suggestive of bass. And what bass! Not the kind that gives up the game as soon as hooked, but bass that try to get you into the water just as hard as you try to get them on land. In marshy spots near the mainland, pike and pickerel, and sometimes two pound perch are only waiting to give you a fight if you troll by them. In the deep channel water are salmon trout, which, when brought up from the depths, are as cold as ice and fight only as salmon trout can.

Perhaps you have tried frog fishing. Take a small hook baited with a bit of red flannel, a small pole and line. Paddle noiselessly up one of the small creeks, whose reflective mirror-like surface makes you think you are spoiling it as your boat parts the water. On a log or lily pad you see the frog. Not a little tree toad, but a big green or brown fellow weighing over a pound. Dangle the flannel hook a foot from



TAKEN FROM LIFE AFTER DEATH.
THIS IS NO FISH STORY.

his nose, a jump, a splash, and as you raise him into the boat you will notice his fore feet or hands have a tight hold of the line to keep the hook pressure off his mouth. What a pair of legs he has, three pair of which make a meal that you would push a roasted spring chicken aside to get at.

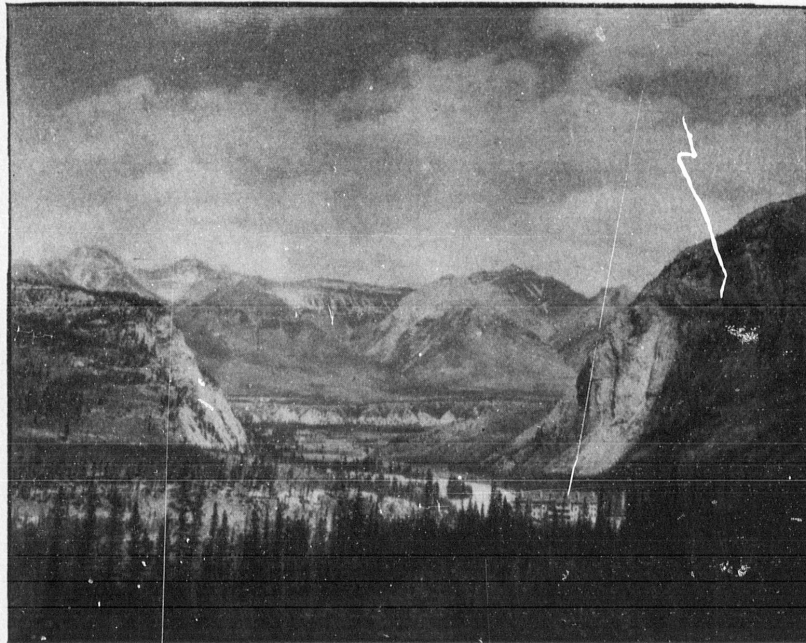
Perhaps your fancy turns to gunning. Take a trip along the second growth maple and put up a bevy of partridge. There they are in a big tree, six or

eight of them. Now take careful aim with your 32 and "snip" off the head of the one in the lowest branch. Chances are all in your favor that none will fly away. They bob their heads this way and that, and wait their turn. If you shoot the top one his falling body will disturb those underneath, but if you take the lowest, perhaps, if you are cruel, you can bag the whole bevy. Again, one runs along the path ahead of you, stops twenty yards away and invites you to take a crack. People up

there can take their heads off at thirty yards every time. There is other game there, mosquitoes, black flies and snakes. None of these will kill you, and the latter are the most harmless of any.

Anyone who wants to pull good pure air into his lungs, to fish, hunt, and be free for days and weeks can find no better place than on Georgian Bay. You can leave Toronto in the morning and be in camp the same evening.

G.H.O., Toronto.



BANFF HOTEL AND PARK, C.P.R.

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NEW BRUNSWICK.

NEW BRUNSWICK has a variety of inducements to offer the tourist. Among the many attractions are her delightfully cool climate, ever varying scenery, facilities for fishing, canoeing and camping, and quite good roads for cycling. The thermometer seldom goes above 85 in the inland towns, and only occasionally that high, while along the

vince of Quebec, following the old military road down into New Brunswick, thence following the St. John River through to St. John, a distance of 325 miles.

The first sixty miles to Notre Dame du Lac is through an unsettled district, composed mostly of French-speaking people, and good food is not always obtainable. The last twenty-five miles



BAY SHORE.

sea coast 75 is the average. Good hotels are to be found mostly everywhere.

The best months for touring are July, August and September. In the latter month the trees have received their autumnal tints and present a very pretty appearance.

A very delightful wheeling trip is to start at Riviere du Loup, in the Pro-

vince of this trip has considerable hill-climbing, and is the hardest part of all.

The ride from Notre Dame du Lac to Edmunston is mostly down hill and level, the roads being excellent. The distance is thirty miles.

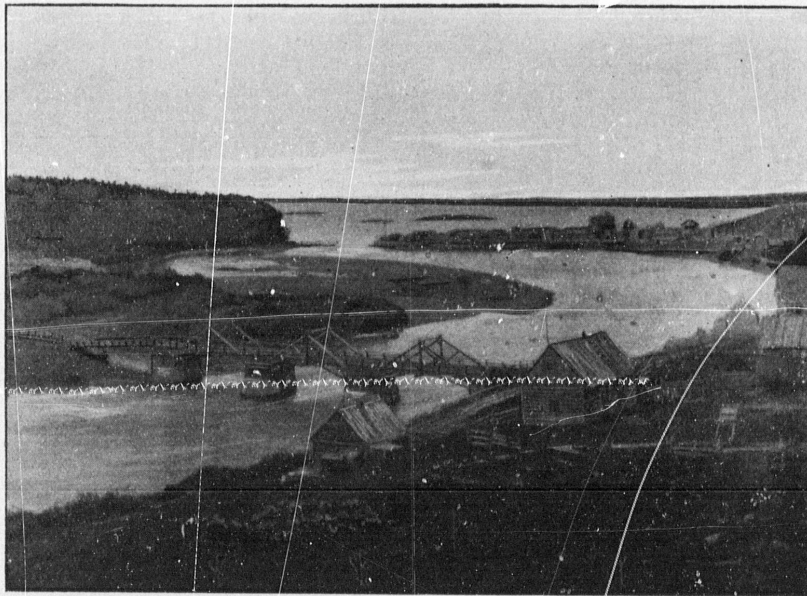
The next important stopping place is Grand Falls, forty miles. Of course the greatest attraction here is the falls and gorge. The water drops about

forty feet and then goes surging and plunging down through a narrow wall of rocks towering seventy-five to one hundred feet high. The roar is deafening, making the carrying on of conversation rather difficult. Paths lead down into the gorge where one can wander around to suit their own sweet will.

The roads from Grand Falls to Andover, 25 miles, are good, with some fine coasts. The scenery is charming. Perley's hotel is the best stopping place. If one desires to visit

electric lights, having a fire department, etc.

The ride from Woodstock to Fredericton had better be made in a day, as there are no good stopping places between. The distance is sixty-four miles, and dinner can be had at the Halfway House, thirty-three miles from Woodstock. The road follows the various windings of the river and ever presents new and charming scenes. Twelve miles from Woodstock the village of Eel River, or Canterbury, as it is sometimes called, is passed through.



MOUTH OF THE GRAND METIS RIVER.
LORD MOUNTSTEPHEN'S FISHING LODGE IN THE DISTANCE.

American soil, a run of about fourteen miles takes you to Fort Fairfield, Me.

From Andover to Florenceville, 25 miles, there is a choice of two routes, one keeping on the same side of the river that Andover is on, the other crossing the river at Andover and riding down the opposite side until Florenceville station is reached, when you re-cross the river, and after a steep climb enter Florenceville.

The next stopping-place is Woodstock, 25 miles. This is a busy little town, quite modern, being lighted with

Thirteen miles further along Poquiock is reached. The road here spans a deep ravine by an iron bridge, which is a wild bit of scenery, and is well worth dismounting for.

The country all along is thickly populated, while numerous drinking troughs will be found every few miles.

Fredericton is a beautifully situated city on the west bank of the River St. John. It contains the Parliament Buildings, Normal School, University, and the Infantry School.

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ferent routes, one following the river, the other leaving the river a short distance below Fredericton and going inland, meeting the river again at Westfield, sixteen miles from St. John. Distance by former road is ninety-four miles, by the latter sixty-five miles. If one desires he can take the steamer from Fredericton and have a sail down the St. John, called the Rhine of America. For natural scenery it is said to stand unrivalled on the American continent.

St. John is the largest city in the Maritime Provinces. It is situated on

according to the flow or ebb of the tide. This peculiarity is caused as follows: At low tide the river, which is 500 miles long, is forced to empty itself through a narrow rocky gorge into the sea. As the tide comes in, which rises and falls between thirty and forty feet, the force of the water from the Bay of Fundy backs the river up hill as rapidly as it was running down but a short time before. At slack or half tide, the water is perfectly smooth and navigable.

Rockwood Park, containing a lake a mile and a half in circumference, is situated on the north side of the city,



NEREPIS STREAM, ST. JOHN RIVER.

a hill and slopes on all sides to the water. It contains many fine buildings, among which are the Custom House, City Building, Post Office, Bank of Montreal, and Market Building. The churches compare favorably with those of other cities, and Centenary (Methodist), Trinity (Episcopal), St. Andrew's (Presbyterian), and the Cathedral (Catholic), are worth visiting.

Fine views of the city can be had from Fort Howe, Mount Pleasant, and Lancaster Heights.

The falls of the St. John are worth going miles to see. They run both ways

and is one of the famous spots for the citizens to stroll. On Sunday it is visited by large crowds. Another favorite spot is Bay Shore, situated in the west end, about two miles from the city. It has an elegant beach so that those who wish it can indulge in sea bathing.

The space allotted to New Brunswick will not admit of enumerating all the attractions that St. John and vicinity offers for the enjoyment of the tourist, but as the Canadian Wheelmen's Association is largely represented, any of the members would be pleased to see visitors and show them around.

Another charming trip is along the North Shore, which is widely known for its salmon fishing. Starting from Campbellton, on the Metapedia River, and wheeling to Shediac, a distance of about 250 miles, is one of the finest trips for the bicycle in New Brunswick. The road for the first 150 miles follows the coast and has an excellent surface, free from hills, and, being close to the salt water, splendid opportunities are afforded for sea bathing. For those that like fishing there are lots of small streams that abound in trout, information concerning which can be had from mostly any of the hotel keepers along the route.

The roads from Shediac to St. John, about 140 miles, are fair and pass through a very fertile part of the province.

Another pleasant trip is from St. Stephen to St. John, a distance of about

125 miles. The road runs through St. Andrews, a famous watering place and summer resort with a large hotel, the Algonquin, and through St. George, where there are large red granite quarries.

For Americans to reach St. John there are four routes, viz.:

1. Take the steamer of the Yarmouth Steamship Line to Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, thence the Dominion Atlantic Railway to Digby, then via the steamer *City of Monticello* to St. John.

2. By rail direct, starting at either the Boston & Main or Eastern depots.

3. By the boats of the International Steamship Company, sailing from Commercial wharf direct for St. John, calling at Portland and Eastport, Maine.

4. International steamer to Eastport, Maine, then wheeling to St. Stephen, about 30 miles, over good roads, then following the trip St. Stephen to St. John.



GRAND METIS FALLS.

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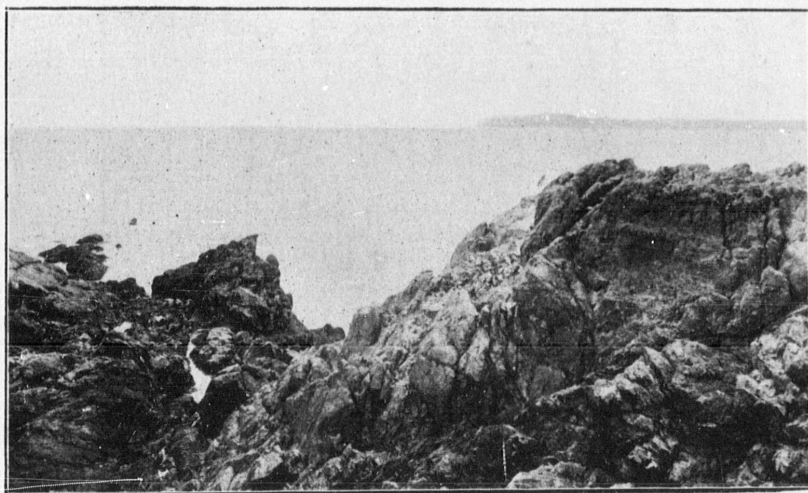
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PRAIRIE RIDING.

ANOTHER BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

I HAVE just come in from a forty-mile run over Ontario roads and sit down to tell you of wheeling on the prairie. This morning's ride is the only one I have had the pleasure of enjoying in this Eastern Province thus far. Of course I have had several before I followed Horace Greeley's advice and went west, but they were principally in baby carriages. We covered typical Ontario roads this morning, and now, after having a bath, being rubbed down

labor up others on the return journey that I never remembered going down. However, out of some four thousand odd elevations that figured in the ride, we coasted twice and that was grand. But as I am writing for eastern people, I need not enlarge on it. A wind figured materially in this morning's enjoyment, but as there was a generous distribution of trees along the road it was on the whole no serious detriment to ease, while it aided materially in making Old



MAHOGANY ISLAND, N. B.

and fixing myself up in other ways, I say most emphatically—give me the prairie. My chief objection to these roads is that the rubbing was about the only "down" thing I had in connection with the trip. All the roads seemed to be up, and I cannot imagine where the hills I climbed in going were when I returned. As I reached the top of each successive one I condoled myself with visions of grand coastings on the way home, but instead of that I had to

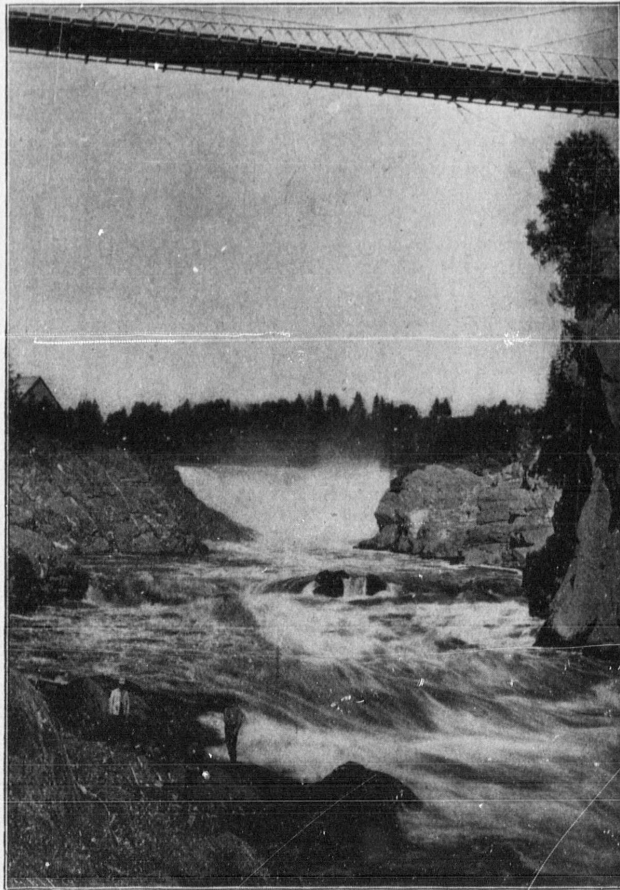
Sol's fierce attacks less objectionable.

But to come to the prairies (as the C. W. A. is going to do in '98). The chief feature of them, of course, is the almost total absence of hills. For hundreds, and in certain directions thousands of miles, the cyclist can spin along the trails without encountering any perceptible elevation that will increase his work or retard his speed. In some districts of Manitoba there are plenty of hills that would make an eastern

man homesick, and in cases where these occur the scenery is very beautiful. But if the mountainous districts, for such there are, present a too rugged appearance for the rider, they can be avoided, still leaving hundreds of thousands of perfectly level square miles upon which to fly around.

But of more importance than the hills

roads of the country, are in grand shape for wheeling. They are just as wide as a wagon and the smooth surface is composed of a very thin layer of soft soil that makes one think he is riding over velvet and causes the wheels to glide along with no perceptible noise. Under this sprinkling of loam, which in no way impedes the progress of the



BELOW BRIDGE, GRAND FALLS, N. B.

is the condition of the roads. In this also we shine, that is if they are good, for if they are not—well, I would rather take Ontario's hills again. But for the greater part of a Manitoba summer the trails, the old ones upon which Indians have travelled for untold generations, but which are now the generally accepted

bicycle, is the regulation clay as hard and smooth as concrete. For miles and miles you pedal along these true wheelmen's roads, around you the prairie stretches in every direction, as level as a billiard table and with nothing except perhaps a stray settler's cabin here and there between you and the

horizon; whichever way you look the innumerable prairie flowers mingle their fragrance with the cool breezes, coveys of prairie chickens take flight at your approach, gophers peer at you from the doors of their little subterranean homes and prairie dogs sitting up with dignity on their hind legs chatter saucily at you as you glide softly and swiftly along.

Bye-and-bye you meet an Indian in the romantic blanket garb of his forefathers, and following him some thirty feet behind, his better (give it the dictionary meaning) half, with a huge bundle across her back. A grunt is exchanged for your cheerful salutation, and on you go, to meet, a few miles farther along, another specimen of the noble red man, squatting, with his whole family, in a cart, the make up of which does not include a piece of metal even as large as a pin head; a small pony, noted for its remarkable powers of endurance, jogs contentedly along with its owner's family and total possessions, and pays no attention to you as you turn out on the grass to let them pass. All these Indians are road hogs, but it is so little trouble to turn out that no one ever tries to bring them up to nineteenth century civilization.

In the evening a spin over a prairie trail is delightful. Away in the west the sun is lingering about the horizon as if it were loath to leave the peaceful plains; your shadow grows longer and longer, till at last you cannot see the end of it; then the sun disappears, but lightness remains, and you can ride on for fully two hours after sunset before it is too dark to read an ordinary newspaper. These long twilights are wonderful, and add very much to a prairie ride. In the evening, too, there is rarely a breath of wind to disturb the soothing quiet of the atmosphere.

In my estimation the only drawback to prairie riding is the severity of the winds. They are not always blowing, but when they are they doubly discount any novice after winning his first victory. You can readily see how this is. If a small breeze starts to blow himself some 'steen hundred miles from you, and comes howling across the prairies where there is nothing much

bigger than a dandelion to check his progress, he can generally be counted on to be leading a pretty fast life by the time he makes your acquaintance. When you come face to face it's hard work to cut him, so just turn back on him with the remark, "Well, I'll be blowed!" It's the easiest way out of it. On the whole, however, it is very seldom one has to postpone a cross country ride on account of the wind.

Prairie riding is not all that Winnipeggers have to offer their cycling guests. There are some splendid routes on the Ontario plan, with just a little bit of Manitoba scenery thrown in as a



ROTHERSEY FALLS, N.B.

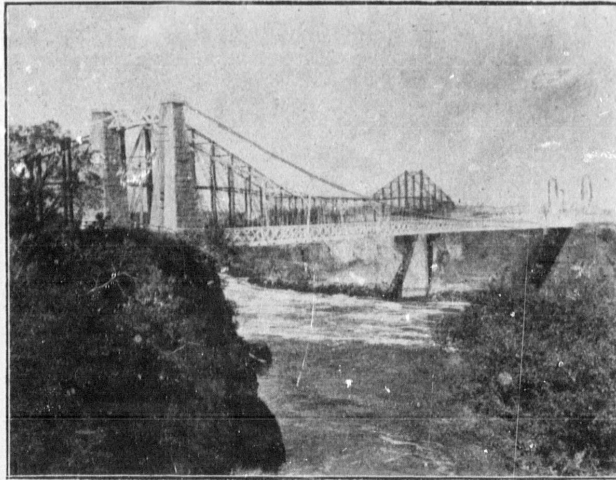
relish-honey as it were, a sauce to sugar. A beautiful ride is along the banks of the historic Red River, "the links of its long red chain" leading through forest land which forms the eastern boundary of the immense prairies stretching from there to the Rocky Mountains. In Southern Manitoba, too, there is some magnificent scenery. The Lakes of Killarney in that district, rival in their beauty the far-famed lakes of the same name that lie nestled in the mountainous heights of the Emerald Isle. The Turtle

Mountain region is not lacking in landscape beauty. Innumerable other places might be mentioned that have delightful attractions to offer a travelling wheelman.

AN INCIDENT.

But I must not tire Canadian readers with a description of what they will see in '98, or American readers with a description of what they have in their own North-West. I will proceed to give, by—ahem!—special request, a few pages from my note book.

You will find there is always a woman in the case. But as we never do things by halves in the West, there are some billions of them in this particular case.



BRIDGE AND FALLS, ST. JOHN, N.B.

When, at the most enjoyable C. W. A. banquet in Toronto last Good Friday, I rose to champion the cause of the whole better half of mankind, I related a little incident which had no connection with the toast, but which helped to fill in the time. Its recitation resulted in a request to put it on paper. I don't know what I've done to deserve such a fate, but here goes.

Jack, Bob,—that's all you need know about them—and myself started out last fall to see the wild and woolly west. In Winnipeg, of course we considered ourselves in the East. We went some thousand odd miles toward the setting

sun and in course of a most delightful month's outing met with an experience that few wheelmen have had the fortune, or misfortune to enjoy. We started one fine morning to ride from Lethbridge to Fort McLeod, a point forty miles across the country. We were advised not to take the shorter road as the immense herds of wild cattle that infested it made it an extremely dangerous one to navigate. Of course we thought the boys were "beefing" us. We guaranteed them we would keep out of the way of these blood thirsty creatures. This confidence was given us when we were told that the cattle belonged to ranchers, in which case, in our estimation, they could not be very formidable enemies. But, as we found out afterwards, their free and easy life on the plains was not at all conducive to their civilization.

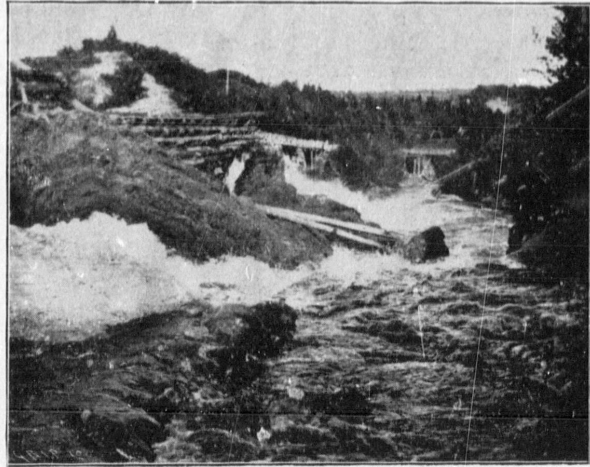
We had proceeded some fifteen miles on our way and had forded a stream, which, by the way, possessed extremely high and steep banks. We had gone but a short distance on the other side when we saw the cattle. I never thought that there were as many in the world as covered the prairie for miles on both sides of the trail. We rode slowly towards them, Jack leading, Bob next, and I bringing up the rear and the dust. The cattle did not manifest any great curiosity in our approach and we rode on between them until we saw the open prairie ahead of us. It was rather a ticklish ride. There seemed to be about five miles of them and they had a most uncomfortable habit of staring at us as we gradually increased our speed. We were just congratulating ourselves that the "wild" racket was, after all, a joke, when one old bull trotted up the trail behind us, the others closing in about six hundred deep as we progressed. This was ominous. I became a little

nervous, so asked the other fellows if they didn't feel like spurting a little, as the road was fine, etc. They agreed with wonderful alacrity, so off we went. So did the bull, so did the whole cavalcade. Then the bull roared, so did the whole cavalcade. When they commenced merely to tune up, and scrape and saw and key up the instruments, I thought the whole Rocky Mountain range had exploded, but when the baton was raised and the Real concert began I thought—well, I stopped thinking; I couldn't do it justice. Then we made another spurt. So did the bull. So did the whole cavalcade. Then we fairly flew. So did the bull. So did the whole cavalcade. We thought our last hour had come. So did the bull. So did the whole cavalcade.

You talk about bicycle riding! My opinion of Zimmerman, Sanger, Johnson, and the whole outfit of them, dwindled into nothing as we negotiated the distance between life and death. Jack led and Bob was glued to his rear wheel while you couldn't drop a spoke between Bob and me. I had my head down and looked under my arm. That old bull was covering the ground at a $1.52\frac{1}{5}$ clip. He was pacing the others, and as I looked again I saw about four million tails pointing heavenward, evidently warning us as to what our fate was to be. The bellowing was kept up with ever increasing volume. The novelty of our situation was forgotten in the consideration of its danger. On we sped, but the bull was always just about fifty yards from me and it seemed that the right and left wings of his army were closing in on us. For some time, about seven hours I should think, I confined all my attention to sticking to Bob's rear wheel. Then I took another look at Mr. Bull, the villain still pursued us. He was after us. We certainly were

the individuals he required. His caudal appendage was still erect, and with it he was transmitting message in the sign language to his followers. The thunderous noise of their hoofs, their blood curdling warwhoops, and the dense clouds of dust blended into one fearful whole that made us smash records in a most extravagant manner. We had records to sell, records to give away, records to loan and records to burn. So had the bull. So had the whole cavalcade. They were the swiftest company I ever encountered.

Well, we continued to fly. Jack and Bob setting a pace for me that would make a world's champion turn green



MISPECK FALLS, N.B.

with envy. The bull had evidently decided to be in it at the finish as he was sawing wood in a wonderful manner. The trail was a very crooked one. For some unaccountable reason all prairie trails are crooked. The Indians, when they first made them, were evidently not aware of the geometrical fact that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. This made our flight more difficult, and if the bull and his cohorts had not been so well up in racing rules and had cut the corners, we wouldn't have known, as Louis Rubenstein says, "which moment would have been our next."

It would have been all up with us.

We kept it up mile after mile, and it began to look as if the milk-producing quadrupeds were going to stay at it until we reached the Rocky Mountains. As we progressed, the gait became more regular and both parties settled down to steady work. Our wheels flew along the splendid path and we pedalled with the earnestness that the thought of impending doom alone could impart. A fall would undoubtedly have meant a horrible death. As a knell, came the thundering cavalcade behind. They swung along with extraordinary speed, for the free and easy life on the plains had made them, as all such cattle are, excellent runners.

When we became somewhat used to the deafening noise, we could hear each other speaking. We expressed ourselves as able to keep it up a while longer, but would rather that our friends, the enemy, see the error of their ways and call a halt. Jack peered at me from under his arm and evidently seeing my dried-up, dust-covered face, asked, "Are you thirsty?"

Horrible thought! Was I thirsty? My mouth was parched and had a lining of dust several layers thick. We were all thirsty, and—thank Heaven—so was the bull. So was the whole cavalcade. That old disgrace of the bovine race was thirsty and thought he had done enough work for one morning. I watched with pleasure his tail come down by degrees. The others followed suit, the gallop slowed to a canter, it to a trot, then to a walk. They stopped. So did we. Mr. Bull looked at us for a moment, shook his head, then turned right about face. As he did so the trail was cleared and he trotted between his ranks and as before they closed in behind him. You can imagine with what interest we watched this. In the run after us the

weaker cattle had fallen to the rear, so when the whole crowd had filed through the opening and began going the other way these poor specimens were next to us. Then we had our revenge. Jack started out after the herd, and yelling at the top of his voice started a stampede in the rear rank. This soon spread, and as we stood and laughed at the spectacle, we had the pleasure of seeing the tired animals running for all that was in them towards the stream. They were soon lost to view in a cloud of dust, but for a long time the drumming on the ground taught us that they were still in a great hurry about something.

We found a farm house some ten miles up the trail. We were badly in need of one. A good shower bath under the pump, and a liberal supply of buttermilk fixed us up. We felt fine. In fact, and it is a fact, it was that afternoon that Jack made the accepted records that now lead at certain distances in Canada, and practically entitles him to the championship of Canada at these distances. But no wonder he went fast that day. I was very sorry I did not take a crack at the world's record myself.

We sat around a crock of buttermilk and discussed the incident. We decided to keep it a dark secret, because nobody would believe cattle could keep up with a wheelman. But, take my word for it, that was the most athletic crowd of animals I ever struck. They were Westerners, and no mistake. Jack proposed the toast of Mr. Bull and his friends. We drank it in buttermilk. We decided that we had had a bully ride. We also thought that if we had been caught by those frightful looking horns we would have had a high old time. So did the bull. So did the whole cavalcade.

WELFORD W. BEATON.

NOVA SCOTIA.

THE "Land of Evangeline" region stands pre-eminent among the many picturesque localities with which Nova Scotia abounds. Leaving St. John, N.B., on the steamer Montecello we cross the Bay of Fundy, and after a passage of four hours we sight the Nova Scotian shore—and passing through the Gut we arrived at Digby. This is a favorite watering place, situated on Annapolis Basin, and is crowded with American tourists during the summer months. From here a trip westward, sixty miles, to Yarmouth will well repay the tourist. Two "Greyhound" steamers make four weekly trips between Boston and Yarmouth, bringing thousands of visitors into Nova Scotia during the warm weather. Yarmouth is noted for the beautiful drives in the vicinity. The surrounding country abounds in noted lakes. Its hard gravel roads make cycling a pleasure. Leaving Yarmouth we turn eastward again, and following the coast along St. Mary's Bay we ride over the finest roads in the province. We make a short stop at Weymouth to view the pretty country, and passing on we are shortly again at Digby, having toured over sixty miles of one of the finest trips in the province and on perfect roads. If the tourist so desires, he may take the D. A. R. "Flying Bluenose" from Yarmouth to Halifax, passing through all the noted places the same as though mounted on a cycle. The main post road and the railway are in sight of each other a good part of the journey from Yarmouth to Halifax. Leaving Digby we skirt the shores of the Annapolis Basin, which eclipses the old world charms of the Bay of Naples, passing through the cherry district of Bear River. The scenery at Bear River is beautiful. It is known as the "Switzerland of Nova Scotia."

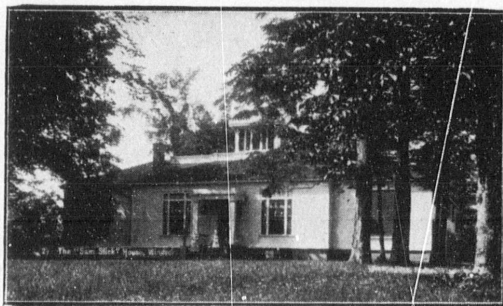
After a run of twenty miles, from Digby along the Basin's shore, we arrive at Annapolis, once the capital of Nova Scotia, and the second oldest town on the continent. Here will be found the ruins of the famous old French fort. After departing from Annapolis, the tourist follows the charming Annapolis River for miles, passing through pretty villages. At the picturesque town of Bridgetown we leave the Annapolis River and follow the North Mountain for over sixty miles through this noted valley. The Annapolis Valley is "a garden" over a hundred miles long, in which cold north and west winds are shut out by the North Mountain. At Wilmot will be found the popular Spa Springs. Passing on through thriving towns and villages we arrive at Kentville, the headquarters of the Dominion Atlantic Railway. A run of seven miles further on brings you to Wolfville, the seat of Acadia University. The tourist will be well paid by stopping here a day or two and taking in the beautiful surrounding country. A side run of nine miles to Canning, over the meadows, near Minas Basin, will be long remembered. Four miles from Canning is the "Look off" on the North Mountain. A view from this point will greatly repay anyone. Five counties in Central Nova Scotia may be seen on a clear day. A mile or two distant is old Cape Blomidon, the extremity of the North Mountain. Below, at your feet, is Minas Basin, while further away is Minas Channel, which enters the Bay of Fundy. Away to the east is Cobequid Bay, while in the extreme south is the mouth of the Avon.

Three miles from Wolfville is the pretty Village of Grand Pré, the home of Evangeline. Here the tourist may linger a day seeing the old well and many other points of interest. Two

miles south of Wolfville is the old valley of the Gaspereau. This should not be missed by the tourist. The Gaspereau River winds throughout the narrow valley. After a run of eighteen miles through a pretty country, we arrive at the old historic town of Windsor—on the banks of the Avon. This town was settled by the Acadians in 1703. Here may be seen the old home of "Sam Slick." It is also the seat of King's College, founded in 1789. None should visit Windsor without seeing the old Block House, Fort Edward—the last in the province. Three miles from Windsor, on the St. Croix River, are the immense Gypsum Quarries, of the Wentworth Gypsum Company. These quarries are the largest on the continent. The Avon River here rises and falls forty feet, and the "bore" can be seen and heard daily at the turn of the tide. Leaving Windsor and passing through several villages the tourist will arrive at Halifax, forty-six miles distant. The approach to Halifax is beautiful, the road winding along for nine or ten miles by the side of the charming Bedford Basin. Halifax itself is worth crossing the continent to see. Its harbor is one of the finest in the world. Among the most noted places to see are the citadel and the surrounding forts, the public gardens, the beautiful park, north-west arm, and other noted points of interest. Leaving Halifax, passing by Grand Lake and Shubenacadie River we arrive at Truro, sixty-four miles distant. Truro is one of the new growing provincial towns; on the outskirts of the town is Victoria Park, one of the finest picturesque parks in the province.

After leaving Truro the tourist passes through New Glasgow, a large manufacturing town, and Antigonish, the seat of St. Francois Xavier's College, and further on to Port Mulgrave, on the Strait of Canso. Here the steamer is waiting to take you across the Strait and land you at Point Tupper, on the Cape Breton shore. The tourist will find the scenery very fine from Point Tupper to the Bras d'Or Lakes—of the beautiful Bras d'Or Lakes we can only say that they are to be seen to be appreciated. The road gracefully bends around and

along the shores of the lake. At Grand Narrows the lake is crossed, and then after a pretty run through some of the most perfect scenery in America, we reach Sydney. Here we find immense steamers loading coal for the leading ports of the Dominion and of the United States; continuing our journey we make a pleasant ride of some twenty miles and arrive at the old town of Louisburg. Remaining here for a day or two, the tourist will be shown the noted places of interest. If you do not care to wheel back to Truro, you may take the train from Louisburg to Point Tupper, then steamer across Strait of Canso, and train from Port Mulgrave to Truro, passing over the same ground as going by the main post road.



"SAM SLICK'S" HOME, WINDSOR, N.S.

Leaving Truro we turn northerly and climbing the Cobequid Mountains we are soon at Amherst. The I. C. R. follows the post road closely from Truro to Moncton, Cumberland Basin, and arm of the Bay of Fundy is only two miles distant from Amherst. A very interesting ride is that from Amherst to Moncton, crossing the famous Tuitramarre Marsh and the ship railway. Passing through the Memramcook Valley the "bore" of the river which comes with the turn of the tide is three feet high. We now pass by St. Joseph's College and Dorchester Penitentiary, and a few miles further on we reach Moncton, the headquarters of the I. C. R., and having the past few miles been riding in the province of New Brunswick.

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HOTEL GUIDE.

The arrangement of hotels in the alphabetical order of the cities and towns has been made as being most convenient to tourists. Those in display type have taken advertising space elsewhere, to which we would refer the reader more particularly. Rates quoted are wheelmen's rates, and in many instances are a reduction from the regular tariff. They have been selected with special reference to their ability to best cater to the wants of travellers; and where two or more hotels in the same town appear with different rates, each represents the best of its class.

Town or City.	Hotel.	Rate.	Town or City.	Hotel.	Rate.
Amherst, N.S.	Terrace Hotel	\$2.00	Orillia, Ont.	Orillia House	1.50
Amherstburg, Ont.	Lake View Hotel	1.50	Oshawa, Ont.	Commercial	1.50
Antigonish N.S.	Central House	2.00	Odessa, Ont.	Sproule Hotel	1.00
Aurora, Ont.	Royal Hotel	1.00	Ottawa, Ont.	Windsor House	1.50
Aylmer, Ont.	Brown House (P. 84)	1.00	Owen Sound, Ont.	Seldon House	1.50
Barrie, Ont.	Queen's Hotel	1.50	Picton, Ont.	Royal Hotel	1.00
Belleville, Ont.	Hotel Quinte	2.00	Paris, Ont.	Arlington	1.50
Berlin, Ont.	Walper House	1.50	Perth, Ont.	Hicks' House	1.50
Bowmanville, Ont.	Bennett House	1.50	Peterboro', Ont.	Oriental Hotel	1.50
Brampton, Ont.	Queen's Hotel	1.00	Petrolia, Ont.	Johnson House	1.50
Brantford, Ont.	Kerby House	2.00	Pictou, N.S.	Revere House	2.00
Brockville, Ont.	Revere House	2.00	Port Hope, Ont.	Queen's	1.50
Campbellton, N.B.	Royal Hotel	2.00	Prescott, Ont.	Daniel's Hotel	2.00
Carleton Place, Ont.	Mississippi	1.50	Port Dover	Dominion Hotel	1.00
Chatham, Ont.	Hotel Garner	2.00	Port Stanley, Ont.	Fraser House (P. 6)	2.00
Cobourg, Ont.	Dunham House	1.50	Port Stanley, Ont.	Hotel Loney	1.00
Collingwood, Ont.	Grand Central	1.50	Port Stanley, Ont.	Franklin House	1.00
Cornwall, Ont.	Rossmore	2.00	Quebec, P.Q.	Chateau Frontenac (P. 63)	2.50
Dundas, Ont.	Riley House	1.00	Quebec, P.Q.	Clarendon	1.50
Essex, Ont.	The Aberdeen	1.00	Quebec, P.Q.	Victoria Hotel	1.50
Fredericton, N.B.	Baker House	2.00	Ridgetown, Ont.	The Arlington	1.50
Galt, Ont.	Imperial (Page 7)	1.50	St. Catharines, Ont.	Grand Central	1.50
Galt, Ont.	Baker House	1.00	St. John, N.B.	Royal Hotel	3.00
Gananoque, Ont.	Gamble's Internat'l	1.50	St. Johns, P.Q.	St. John	2.00
Goderich, Ont.	Albion	1.50	St. Mary's, Ont.	Windsor	1.00
Guelph, Ont.	Royal Hotel	1.50	St. Stephens, N.B.	St. Stephens	2.50
Halifax, N.S.	Albion Hotel	1.50	St. Thomas, Ont.	Grand Central (P. 6)	1.50
Hamilton, Ont.	Royal (Page 92)	2.50	Sarnia, Ont.	Belchamber (P. 94)	1.50
Humber, Nr. Toronto, Nurse's Hotel (P. 83)	1.00	Seaforth, Ont.	Kennedy's Hotel	1.00	
Ingersoll, Ont.	Atlantic House	1.50	Sherbrooke, P.Q.	Sherbrooke House	2.50
Kingston, Ont.	Frontenac (Page 95)	2.00	Simcoe	Battersby House	1.50
Lindsay, Ont.	Benson House	1.50	Smith's Falls, Ont.	Wardrobe House	1.50
London, Ont.	Tecumseth House	1.50	Stratford, Ont.	Albion Hotel	1.50
Lunenburg, N.S.	King's Hotel	2.00	Strathroy, Ont.	Queen's	1.50
London, Ont.	Grigg House	1.50	Truro, N.S.	Stanley House	2.50
Meaford, Ont.	Paul's Hotel (P. 2)	1.00	Toronto, Ont.	Elliott House (P. 11)	1.50
Moncton, N.B.	Hotel Brunswick	2.00	Toronto, Ont.	Rossin House (P. 88)	2.50
Montreal, Que.	Windsor	4.00	Toronto, Ont.	Hotel Hanlan (P. 4)	2.00
Mt. Forest	Queen's	1.50	Toronto, Ont.	Walker House (P. 91)	2.00
Newcastle, N.B.	Commerce House	2.00	Toronto, Ont.	Queen's Hotel (P. 85)	2.50
New Glasgow, N.S.	Windsor Hotel	2.00	Waterloo, Ont.	Zimmerman (P. 9)	1.00
Newcastle, Ont.	Royal Hotel	1.00	Whitby, Ont.	Royal Hotel	1.50
Napanee, Ont.	Paisley House	1.50	Windsor, Ont.	Crawford House	1.50
Napanee, Ont.	Campbell House	1.50	Windsor, N.S.	Victoria	2.00
Niagara Falls, Ont.	Dufferin Restaurant, meals 50 cents.		Wingham, Ont.	Queen's	1.00
Oakville, Ont.	International (P. 92)	1.00	Woodstock, Ont.	Hotel Oxford (P. 84)	2.00
Orangeville, Ont.	Queen's	\$1.50	Walkerville, Ont.	Crown Inn	1.50
			Yarmouth, N.S.	Grand	2.50

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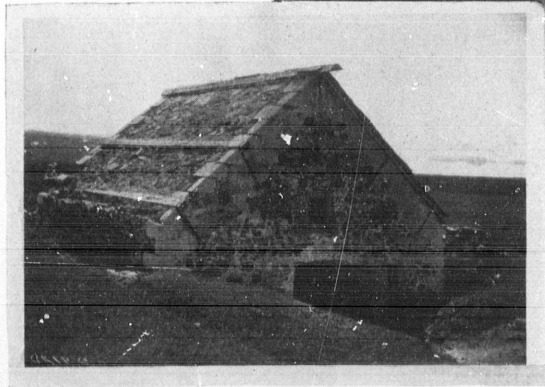
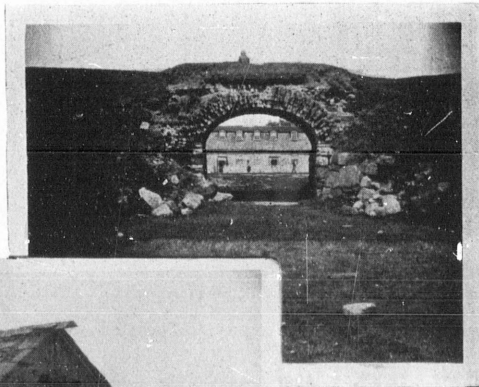


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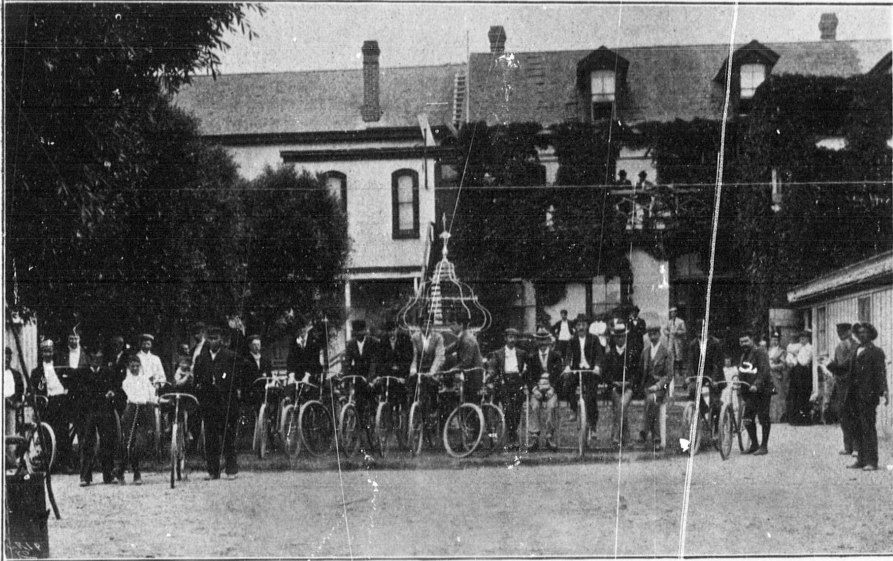
TORONTO.



THE OLD GATE AND POWDER HOUSE, FRENCH FORT, ANNAPOLIS, N.S.
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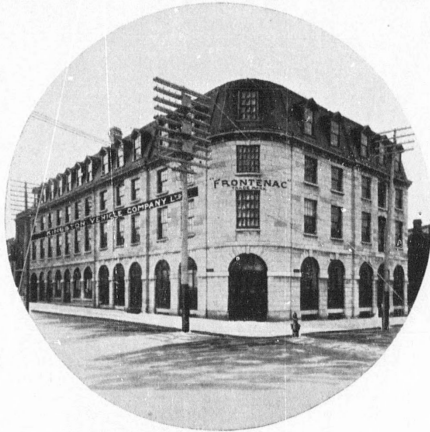
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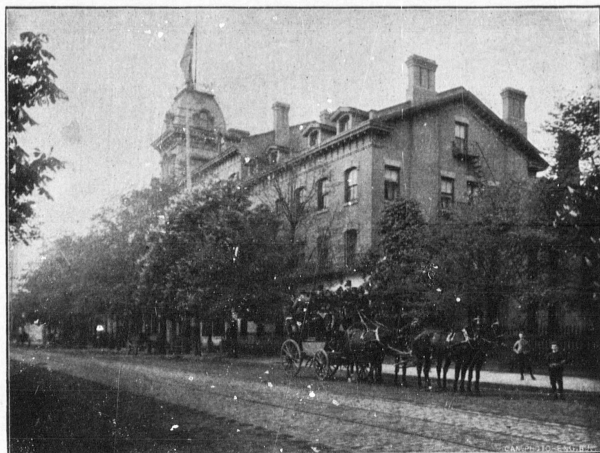
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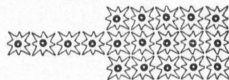
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TERMS \$3.00 to \$5.00
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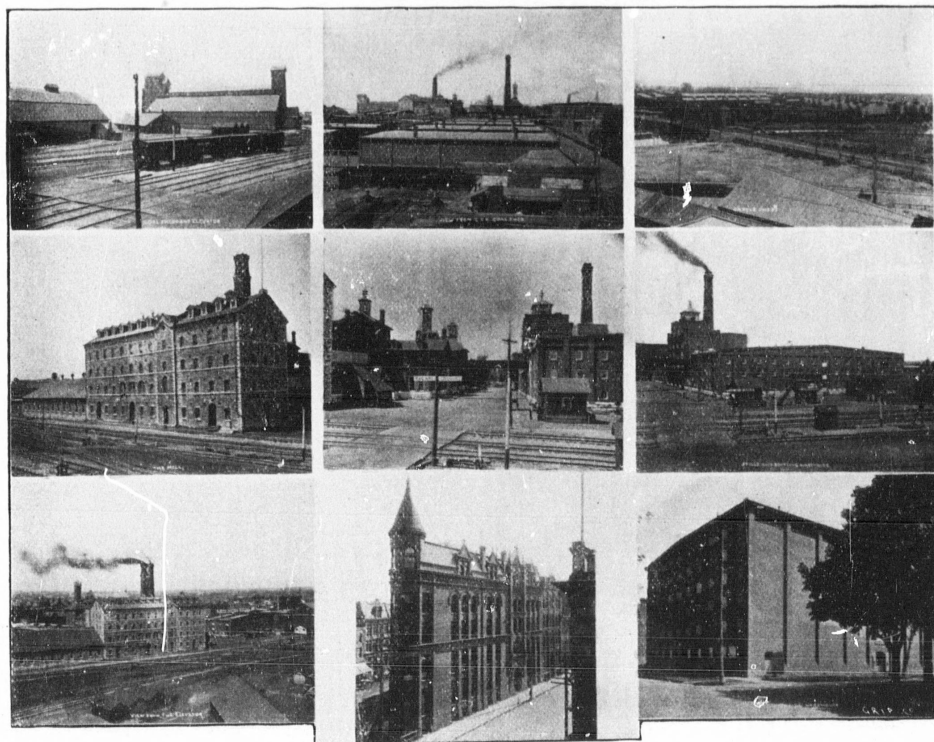
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TAPESTRY PARLOR, ROSSIN HOUSE.

* **T**HE ROSSIN HOUSE is the largest, best furnished, best ventilated, and best managed Hotel in the Province of Ontario; also the most central first-class Hotel in Toronto, being situated on the corner of King and York Streets, only two blocks from Union Depot. While the Rossin enjoys all the conveniences of its near proximity to a railway centre, its patrons find it sufficiently removed from the noise, smoke, dust, etc., due to the heavy traffic along the tracks on the lake front in the vicinity of the Union Depot.

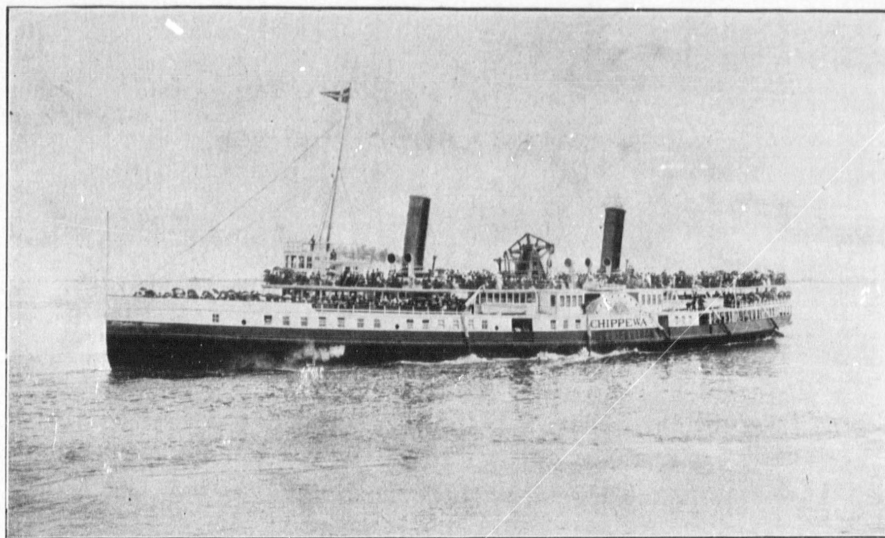
Besides its superior location, it is the only Hotel in Toronto complete in all its appointments, with magnificent parlors and bed-rooms, detached or en suite, lofty ceilings and imposing corridors.

Owing to its increased patronage, the Hotel Company have enlarged the Rossin by an addition of 75 elegantly furnished rooms en suite, with baths.

The Rossin House enjoys the reputation of being patronized by more distinguished English, American and foreign visitors than any Hotel in the City. We might mention among many others the Prince of Wales, Duke of Edinburgh, Prince Leopold, also two ex-Presidents of the United States.

Prince Bonaparte, when in Toronto, returning from the World's Fair, in a letter to the manager said that the accommodation at the Rossin for himself and suite was superior to any that he had occupied during his trip. Prices are graduated according to location of rooms.

A. A. NELSON.



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Leave Lewiston, Queenston and Niagara-on-the-Lake, 6 times daily (except Sunday), for TORONTO, the "Queen City" of Canada.

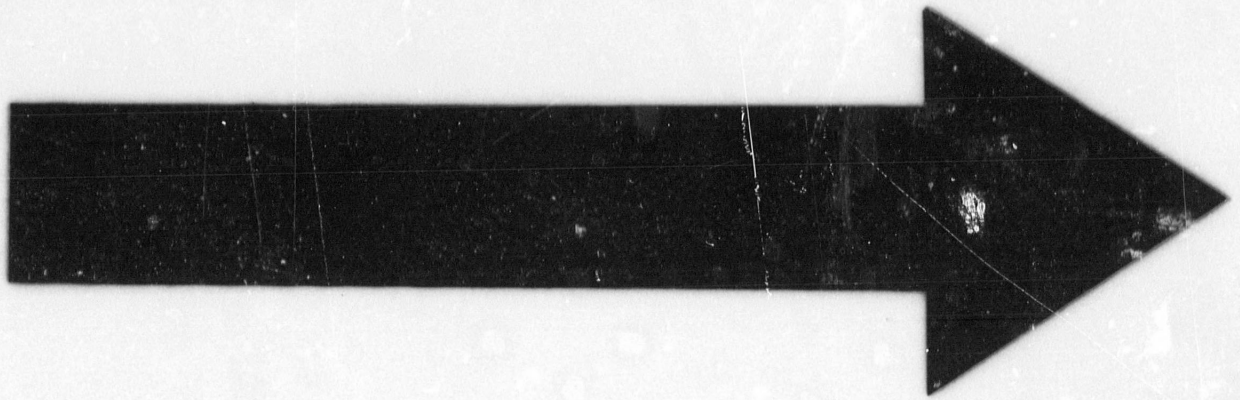
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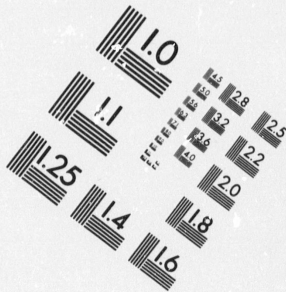
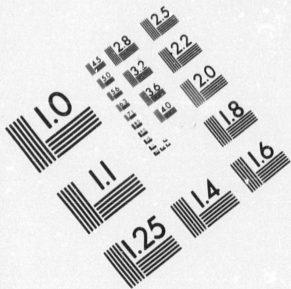
This is the only line giving views of the Falls, Rapids, Brock's Monument and all the beautiful scenery of the lower Niagara.

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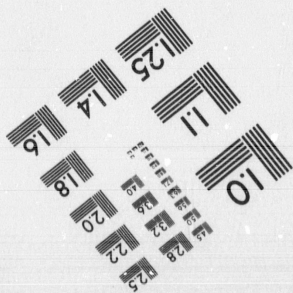
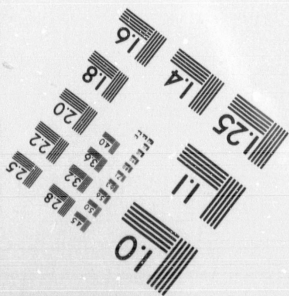
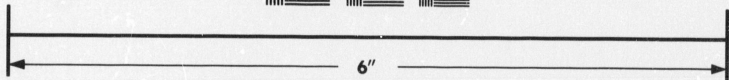
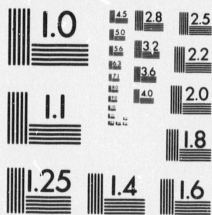
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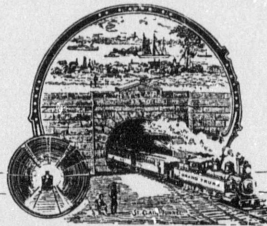
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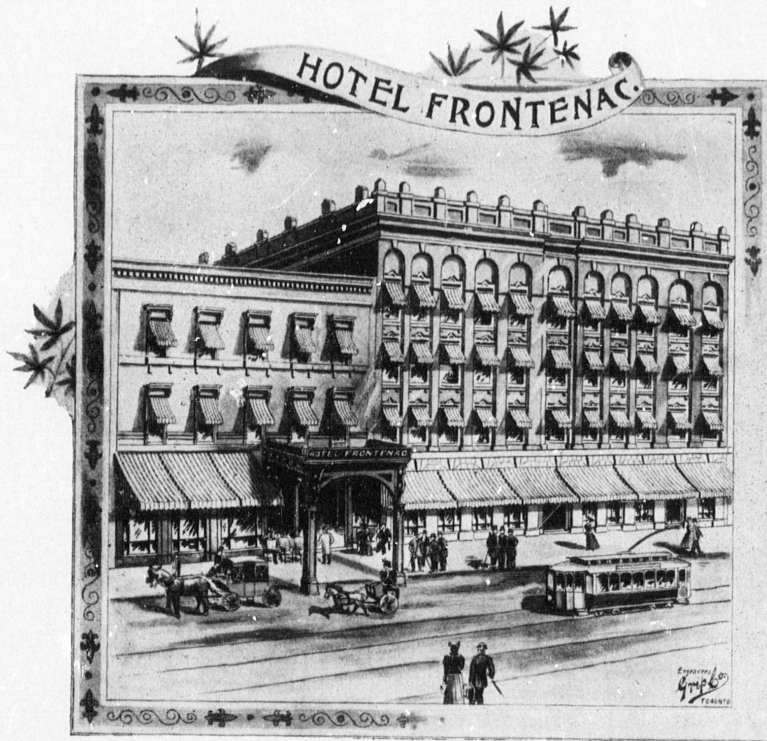
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