

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1893.

FAIR WOMEN ON WHEELS.

THE ADVANTAGE OF CYCLING FOR THE GENTLE SEX.

Stage Through which the Lady Cyclist has to Pass Before she Achieves a Triumph—The Joy of Success When Practice Makes Perfect.

Cycling for women has much to recommend it, for a wheel saves three things—money, time and strength, says Grace E. Denison, in "Outing." The busy woman who has fretted and fumed at the waste of tissue consumed in the progress of the slow-going, dusty street car now mounts lightly her silent steed and spins away in a quarter of the time of the horse car, enjoying every yard of the road, and the careful mother of six is not afraid to take a wee girlie in the hammock seat before her, where she sits a delighted passenger, as safe and as much better contented than in her perambulator. The motion, once the timid rider has mastered the feat of balancing herself gracefully, is rather restful than tiring, and the muscles it develops are mines of strength and comfort. An erect seat, gentle pedaling, a light hand on the bar, all come with a very little practice, and after the first four or five lessons the delight of cycling makes the rider forget all the weariness, the strained muscles and the sense of anxiety and impotency which overcame her on her first uncertain and unfortunate attempts.

It is a matter of wonder to us how the mistaken belief has gone abroad that a woman sits "astride a wheel." Nine out of ten critics firmly believe that and are only awakened to their mistake by a careful examination of a lady's wheel. Various changes have been proposed, but after having tried them and found them wanting, I have gone back gladly to the little uncomfortable-looking arrangement which, for all its looks, is the only shape that seems at once safe and comfortable. The merits of the two varieties of handles—the spade handle, which is stirrup shaped and held by the cross bar, and the straight bar, which one can hold in various ways (and which for that reason I prefer)—are merely a matter of taste and usage.

The best wheels of English or American make cost in the neighborhood of \$140. This includes the latest improvements in pedals, steering gear, bearings and tires. They are guaranteed generally for a year, and any trilling repairs are cheerfully attended to by the venders free of charge. The oil can and a wrench are the only articles necessary to carry in the small leather case which hangs behind the saddle, and the neat luggage carrier which straps on before the handle bar carries comfortably quite a large outfit. A silver-toned alarm bell is screwed on the handle close to the left hand, the brake occupying the place of honor on the right. It is rather a significant fact that the last three patents of improvements in bicycles have been taken out by women riders.

A woman cannot learn to ride alone, and should be content in the first lesson to simply learn to sit straight, to keep her pedals in motion, and to suppress the inclination to fall which will put her in lively sympathy with our much-maligned ancestress, Mother Eve, for "since the days of Eve," plaintively writes one of my fellow cyclists, "no woman has ever fallen so unintermittently as I."

The lady cyclist passes through three stages, the daring, the desponding and the doing; this latter arrives when in tears and mistrust she suddenly realizes that she is sitting firm, pedaling smoothly, steering soberly and going alone. Ah! the triumph of that moment. Who shall paint it? It is generally fleeting, and ends in a wild cry for help and a collision with whatever may be within one hundred yards of the independent and newly fledged rider. Straight at it she charges, with an energy which makes her instructor weep or rage, and certainly perspire, as he follows her in her career; up over the curb into an unyielding telegraph pole, round a corner, against an amazed and slightly indignant policeman, who presents her sudden advent and her clasping arms as if she did it all on purpose. And then, a bicycle can fall, when it does conclude to stop lurching and wobbling, in a most uncomfortable and inconsiderate manner; every handle bar (and there seem to be a dozen) whacks you on the arm or face or shoulder; every contrary whirling pedal barks your ankles and dents your shins. Let us draw a veil over such a tragedy and remember that, like lightning, it rarely strikes the same victim twice. You rise with an unquenchable desire for vengeance on that fiendish wheel, and remount. You do not speak, you ache in silence, and nine times in ten ride home alone.

By the next day, though you are stiff and will go round the block to avoid the bare chance of meeting that insulted Bobby, you have forgiven the wheel and mourned over a wee dent in the mud guard as you never will over your own bruises. That blissful fact of having ridden home alone makes you amiable to the whole world, and from that day your career is onward and upward. You begin to enquire for streets

which are not asphalted; to climb little hills with fearful and fainting soul; to put your feet on the rests and coast with the brake very firm on. You are happy and healthy and make your amusement while it is called to-day, knowing that the winter days are coming when no woman, or man either, can wheel.

One important and difficult thing which the lady cyclist requires to learn is to mount surely, gracefully and discreetly, that her skirts may not catch her feet nor sag, but fall evenly on either side of the saddle. Some of our cyclists practiced mounting from the curb and afterward found to mount from the pedal. In this I found that two bites were made of a cherry, and when my turn came I set out in the middle of a smooth road with a slight incline, stood as nearly as possible straight in front of the saddle, with the left foot on the left pedal, which was raised nearly as high as it would go. I took great care to clear that left foot of any skirt hem and to divide the fulness of my dress as evenly as I could, then with a push forward, as the left pedal sank I raised myself on it, landed in the saddle, caught the right pedal after a few bad shots, and lo! was coursing



down the hill a comfortably seated and thoroughly conceived woman. Not every time since have I been so fortunate.

In dismounting, which I do also on the right side, it is only necessary to wait until the right pedal is at its lowest in the revolution, then put the brake on firm, which instantly arrests and holds the wheel, and spring lightly off on the right side. Dismounting, was the first accomplishment I devoted my energies to acquiring, as I saw a good many helpless flops and dangerous sprawls when a suddenly startled or overtired rider wished to part company with her wheel.

The beginner should have a wrap or jacket to slip on after each trial, for it is surprising what a fever one gets into, partly from nervousness and partly from the entirely unnecessary exertions one puts forth, clutching the handles with a vise-like grasp, pressing the pedals with an energy entirely mis-spent, and struggling for a balance harder than any bank teller who ever lived. And last, not least every lady rider should be taught at least four times by a practiced man cyclist. She should study to correct the faults he condemns, the tendency to let the instep instead of the ball of the foot rest upon the pedal, the involuntary leaning forward or sideways, the unconsidered sharp turn, the eyes glued to the wheel, those same weak points of every beginner. But when my lady has forgotten all these troublesome tricks, when she can mount quickly and expertly and do her ten miles unweariedly, where shall she ride? Ah, where? The smiling countryside holds out arms of welcome to her, the shaded grassy road, the smooth steep incline, the bumping corduroy by-ways, the canal tow-paths, the lakeside drives and the stubborn stiff hill to be climbed.

A Tip For Linguists.

An American naval officer says that once when a great function took place in the harbour of Cherbourg, several vessels of the United States Atlantic squadron were present and were drawn up in line to salute the Empress's yacht as it passed. The French sailors manned the yards of their ships and shouted: "Vive l'Imperatrice!"

Knowing that he could not school his men to repeat those words in the brief time left to him, the Admiral ordered his crew to cry: "Beet, lemons and cheese!"

The Imperial yacht came sweeping on, and, as it reached the fleet, a mighty roar went up of "Beet, lemons and cheese!" that entirely drowned the voices of the Frenchmen.

And the Empress said she had never been so complimented.

Cheese Statistics.

England uses more cheese than any other European country. The amount of cheese imported by the combined countries of Europe is about 480,000,000 pounds, and of this England takes over 360,000,000 pounds, or nearly 70 per cent. of the whole. France imports 63,000,000 pounds and Germany imports 40,000,000 pounds. England makes a large quantity of cheese, but eats it nearly all and only exports about 4,000,000 pounds. Germany exports over 40,000,000 pounds, and France between 16,000,000 and 18,000,000 pounds. Switzerland sends away 86,000,000 pounds, and Holland 112,000,000 pounds.

HUMBUGS OF PROPHETS.

IN THE EARTHQUAKE AND WEATHER BUSINESS.

How They Foretell a Storm Correctly When It is Over—Our Own Wiggins and His Work—The Metaphysics of the Learned Professor Noall.

Humbug is an ancient invention upon which improvements have been made as the world evolves itself from the womb of time. Changes have been effected in the mode of operation and in the machinery employed by the imposter, to suit the requirements of every age, but the principle is the same now as when the first lady in the land was tempted to partake of that historical apple in Eden, in that far back epoch ere the blazer, the bell skirt, the empire robe and crinoline were live issues.

I want it put on record that, in my opinion, too much of the odium of that early and lamentable act of human disobedience is apportioned to my distant kinswoman, Madam Eve. It is cowardly to make such sweeping charges against her reputation as the average "lord of creation" usually makes, when he sneeringly reminds some of her fair descendants that the woman was the first to fall. Judging by the specimens of masculine humanity now to the fore, Adam was vastly the greater sinner of the two, for if he was constructed like the majority of his sex who are at large in this important colony—and there is no evidence to the contrary before us—he was abnormally lazy, and in all probability was enjoying a siesta when that arrant humbug, the serpent, was getting in its diabolical work.

This offers a plausible solution of the causes that led up to that memorable exercise of free will, for which the celebrated couple was forced to make a honeymoon trip among the slums of a new and unexplored world, full of sorrow and sin. To my mind, Adam was guilty of conduct unbecoming the head of a great household, if the hypothesis that he was lazy and didn't keep one eye open when he slumbered is correct, for by so being and not so doing, he deprived his rib of the supervision she might reasonably expect from her natural protector; a conclusion that many heads of houses at present might take into consideration, digest and profit by.

After having been expelled from the garden Adam and Eve were not long in business on their own account until their progeny began to increase and to squabble. Each succeeding generation grew no better, and soon humbugs of different shades of wickedness had a good deal to say in the management of public affairs, as they have here under existing conditions. Among those humbugs the weather prophet ranked high as a master mechanic, and he has worked himself up the inclined plane of human credulity by superabounding knowledge in his special department of subtlety, until his prognostications are considered as reliable as in the registration of the gas meter in the interests of the consumer.

I trust that I will not be called a traitor nor accused of running down the country, for stating that the climate in this fertile belt of the universe is twisted much out of shape generally, but especially so in the winter season which measures nine-twelfths of the zodiac; a state of affairs that doesn't conduce to longevity or comfort, and is fortunate for the coal dealer and philanthropists of his grade. If persons troubled with pulmonary disorders are not extremely careful during that period which ultra loyal scribes term cool and bracing, and don't skip out to Florida or somewhere else as suitable to the fullest development of the mule and the alligator, they, not the mule and the alligator, but the persons affected by pulmonary symptoms, stand chances of being invited to pay a long visit to a region whose climate has even a more uncertain temperature than ours, where the weather prophet and scientists of his ilk find their true levels.

To be sure an occasional gale sweeps across this meridian with force sufficient to topple over some of our private observatories, but we are not much troubled with cyclones, pamperoes, or zephyrs of that sort, strong enough to lift the roots off the unoccupied houses in our midst, nor to level the tall chimneys which stand about the precincts of our fair heritage, smokeless symbols of our great national fallacy. But if a variety of weather is the spice of life we are well seasoned, for here may be experienced eight or ten different kinds of it in a single afternoon, which is favorable to the cultivation of that deluding absurdity, the home-made meteorologist, who, if fame tells the truth, is a cross between a Queens county farmer and a cranky scribe in the treasury department at Ottawa.

We may be behind Brother Jonathan in some lines, but in the matter of weather wisecracks we can give our Yankee kinsfolk the backwash every time, because we own the immortal Wiggins who knows more of nature's forces and the movements of the heavenly bodies than the average tailor, in proof of which he has to his credit more unfulfilled predictions of derelict storms

RAIN CLOAKS.

Ladies will please bear in mind that we are the only firm who sell "HEPTONETTE" GUARANTEED RAIN CLOAKS.

We hold the sole control and sale of these garments for the Maritime Provinces.

Every GENUINE "Heptonette" garment bears the following trade-mark—a woven label of white letters on a black ground, attached to the waist band

"HEPTONETTE"

Regd. No. 85290.

Why We Consider Heptonette Garments Best!

They are better cut and shaped than any other. They are much better sewn and finished. They are doubly proofed and fast colors. No rubber—and yet thoroughly rain-repellant. Free from odor. Porous, admitting of ventilation.

They are unrivalled in DURABILITY, STYLE and RAIN-RESISTING PROPERTIES.

When you ask for "Heptonette" look for the trade mark.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

The Trade supplied at Lowest Wholesale Prices.



TWO BIG STORES, OAK HALL.

A customer from Digby wrote us the other day for a good wholesome school suit for a boy. He got it. Good wholesome cloths made up into good wholesome suits—what better can you get than that? \$3.75 to \$7.00.

Scovil, Fraser & Co.,

King St., St. John, N. B.

than can be crowded into the ensuing quarter of a century, tho' it blows "great guns" continuously during that period. Nor does he pause at atmospheric disturbances. He rushes into the earthquake business with unhesitating vigor and volubility, and deals in cataclysms and tidal waves, with as great a show of ability as some of the board of aldermen display about the civic questions on which they deliberate and bungle. But he is merciful in his strength and loyal to his country, for he usually locates his storms and upheavals in remote districts, and at respectable distances from his own Canadian home.

When he first appeared in print he frightened some nerveless men and nervous women who abided on the low levels along the water front. A few of them took measures for their safety by removing to higher locations and wasted their energies preparing for waves that refused to move for lack of wind or other force to set them in motion. It was not the prophet's fault if this memorable gale failed to connect. He did his part all right, and the people were waiting and were disgusted at the tardiness of the elements to respond to the professor's call, but his reputation as a master of improbabilities was then firmly established in the public mind and remains so up to date.

The name of Wiggins has made more noise in the world than his storms, and his earthquakes are the most resultless phenomena in nature. Every time he foretells an occurrence which has already taken place he hits the target; every time he aims at the future he misses the mark; and his predictions are considered as reliable as the evidence of a Scott Act informer as such obtains in counties in New Brunswick where said Act is supposed to be in force.

But the professor is great, judging by his failures, and the people of this colony ought to be grateful for his presence amongst them, which gives an impetus to their aspirations for national greatness; lends a moral support to the advocates of independence; strengthens the claims of the imperial federationists, and is a bar to the schemes of the crafty annexationist, who, because he cannot get us over in a body, desires to rob Canada of its best talent, piecemeal, for the enrichment of the republic of Uncle Sam. That Professor Wiggins is talented who can gainsay? His mental reservoir is overflowing with knowledge and the public has as high an opinion of his genius as Mr. Dennis Delaney had of Professor Noall's metaphysics, which the following may serve to illustrate.

Once upon a time, the old chroniclers say, a learned professor and fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, named Noall, had for a personal attendant a native of the Emerald Isle who figured, or ought to, on the voters list under that Celtic cognomen, Dennis Delaney.

Professor Noall's fad was the science of metaphysics, and he used to dilate on the subject for the edification but not to the amusement of Dennis, when no better audience offered to sacrifice itself to his whim, using the choicest language in his exhortation which instead of elucidating the

matter served only to confuse the mind of the attendant who had his own private opinion as to the professor's sanity.

One day a visitor called, and meeting Dennis inquired if his master was at home.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Delaney, "he is inside there talking metaphysics to old Brown."

"Metaphysics," said the surprised visitor, "that is a very fine word, my good fellow; can you define it? do you know what the word really means?"

"Faith, sir," gravely returned Dennis, "if you had the misfortune of hearing as much of it as I did for the last ten years, your opinion might be different and you wouldn't think it so fine after all. As to defining it, I'd hold myself the greatest booby on earth if I couldn't do it to a charm, considering the experience I've had."

"Pray do so," said the gentleman, "I should be pleased to hear your definition of the word."

"Well, sir, I haven't the least objection in life to let you or the whole world hear me, so listen, if you please. The professor is trying to teach old Brown something old Brown knows nothing about and never will, and the master himself knows less about it than old Brown does and always will and by my word, that's what I call an elegant definition of metaphysics."

Moral: Mr. Dennis Delaney's definition

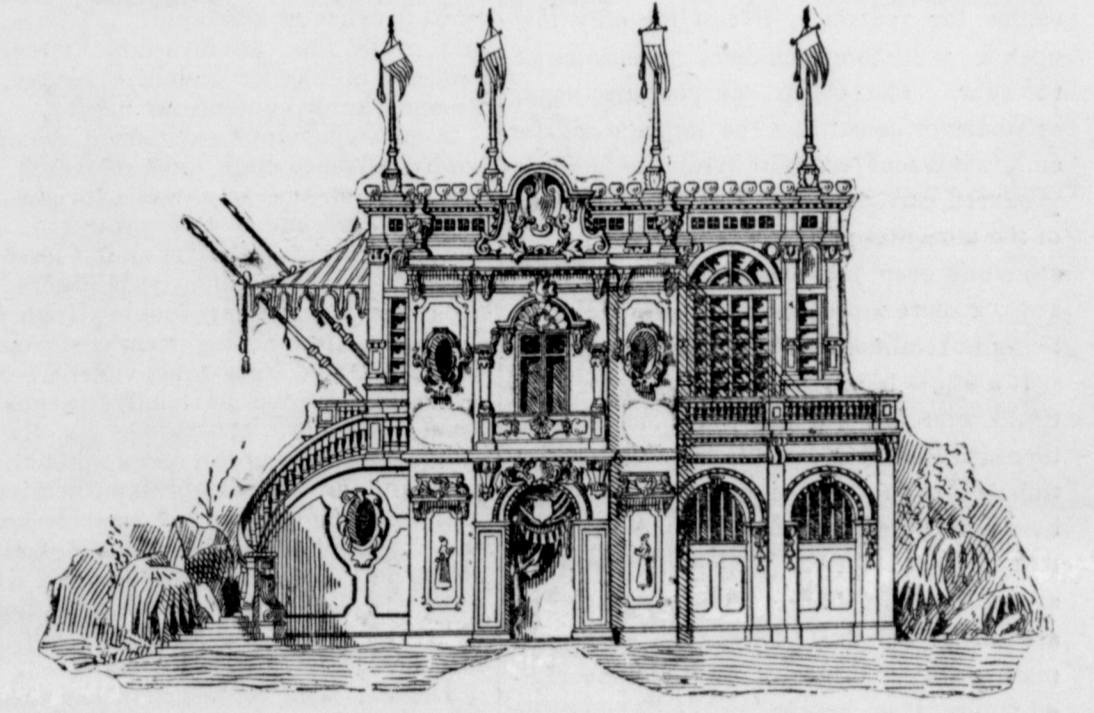
of metaphysics has a broader application than may appear on the surface, for there are more humbugs extant than most persons have any conception of. Be slow to trust the weather-wise or otherwise philosopher, because a greater than man has distributed joys and woes, storms and calm, clouds and sunshine, and heat and cold on earth according to an inscrutable plan, and He has ordained that the colder the temperature grows the keener becomes the draft, and the brighter the fire in the stove burns and I beg further to say, that there are many things in nature that the weather prophet knows little about.

Yours weatherly, MIKE.

What Famous Cyclists Eat.

There seems to have been a great diversity of opinion as regards food between the two French bicyclists who competed in the 160-mile race in Paris. Terror, the winner, was given every three hours a cup of strong beef tea and a glass of cocoa wine. As he got on the cycle he took a small glassful of Chartreuse. At lunch and dinner he took a bowl of beef broth with an egg beaten up in it. When he could not shake off sleepiness, he was given caffeine. It is his month was parched, the trainer let him have the quarter of a juicy orange or some grapes. Towards the end of the match he drank three glasses of dry Champagne. Corre took quite a different course and ate much more heavily than his opponent, taking during the match fifteen mutton-chops, many hard eggs, and thighs of fowls.

Walter Baker & Co's Pavilion.



Messrs. Walter Baker & Co., Dorchester, Mass., who are not only the oldest but the most extensive Manufacturers of Cocoa and Chocolate on this continent, have just issued a charming little Pamphlet containing a collection of "Choice Receipts" specially prepared for them by Miss Parloa, the accomplished lecturer and writer on the culinary art.

They will be glad to send a copy free to any applicant.

It is an interesting fact that the cocoa and chocolate preparations manufactured by this firm are used exclusively at the World's Columbian Exposition in the New York Cooking School exhibit, under the direction of Miss Juliet Corson, and in the New England Kitchen, under the charge of Mrs. Ellen H. Richards.

W. Baker & Co., Dorchester, Mass.