

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING.

The Official Gazette of the Canadian Wheelmen's Association, and of the Cyclists' Touring Club in Canada.



Vol. IV.

LONDON, CANADA, FEBRUARY, 1887.

No. 4.

A TIP FOR YOU !

Have no opinion on Bicycles Tricycles, Safeties, till you see the New Victors, ready soon.

→ 1405 ←

MILES & IN & 142 & HOURS !

RIDDEN BY ALBERT SCHOCK,

On a Victor Bicycle, at Minneapolis, Minn., in competition with most of the great American Professionals.

Mr. SCHOCK writes :---"I am pleased with the VICTOR in every respect. I soon found it a vast improvement on all other wheels ridden by me."

VICTOR WHEELS ARE BUILT TO RIDE. BICYCLES, TRICYCLES, SAFETIES.

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THE ONLY EXCLUSIVE DEALERS IN

BICYCLES, TRICYCLES AND SPORTING GOODS, IN CANADA.

IMPORTANT PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

WE will only briefly indicate this month our line of Wheels for the coming season, reserving fuller details for the March issue of THE WHEELMAN.

Rudge No. 1 (Light Roadster).....	\$115.00
Rudge No. 12 (Canadian Rudge).....	85.00
Rudge No. 3, a new wheel. Excellent value at ..	60.00
Rudge Bicycleette (Rover pattern). Reduced from \$120 to.....	115.00
Rudge Safety.....	115.00
Boy's Ideal.....	\$32—46.00
Rudge Royal Crescent Tricycle, the best in the market.....	150.00
Rudge Humber Tandem.....	200.00

Our Catalogues in preparation. Send 3 cent stamp and have your name entered for them.

→ BICYCLE LITERATURE →

EVERY Wheelman who desires to keep abreast of the times, and who takes an intelligent interest in bicycling, should employ the long winter evenings in reading some good cycling periodicals. We are sole Canadian agents for Messrs. Iliffe & Son, of Coventry (Eng.), the leading English cycling publishers, and have just received a shipment of their publications, as follows:

The Xmas No. of the <i>Cyclist</i> and Year Book, illustrated.....	o 50
Complete Guide to Bicycling.....	o 50
Bicycle Tactics (a Manual for Drilling Bicycle Clubs.....	o 25
Health upon Wheels, 125 pp.....	o 75
Training for Amateur Athletes and Bicyclists.....	o 75

Six copies current English and American bicycle papers sent for 25 cents.



THE RUDGE LIGHT ROADSTER.

OLD KING CYCLE

Old King Cycle is a merry old soul,
A merry old soul is he,
Who yearly comes from his winter retreat
In the cold month of Febru-aree.
On St. Valentine's Day is his advent made
With a flourish of trumpets and a great parade,
When to every member of his cycling band
He gives a Valentine and a shake of his hand.

Now, this old King Cycle is a busy old soul,
An extremely busy old soul is he,
And to cover all Canada in one short day
(Being the fourteenth of Febru-aree),
Taxes his powers to the utmost;
So he hereby empowers Chas. Robinson & Co.
To scatter his Valentines to and fro,
Because old King Cycle is wisely aware
They are known from the Sea to far Vancouver.
And what is his Valentine this bright new year?
It is a song that will gladden and cheer—
A song of the famous and wonderful RUDGE,
Whose high reputation no attacks can budge—
The wonderful RUDGE that will open the eyes
Of Canada's wheelmen with glad surprise,
As, untrammelled and free, they glide away,
They'll bless King Cycle and Valentine's Day.

FIRE-BRICK PAVEMENTS.

The Detroit *Tribune* reporter called on Rev. Dr. Ryan to learn from him the relative value of wood and brick pavements, Dr. R. being well qualified to speak on the subject. Dr. Ryan said:

"I have had considerable experience in pavements, having travelled over the worst and best in the world, including the Appian Way."

"What is the best pavement you have found?"

"Brick. There is nothing equal to it, and it will be the pavement of the future. The road it makes is as smooth as a floor, and it holds just enough debris to make it noiseless."

"Is it durable?"

"Yes, indeed. I formerly lived at Charleston, W. Va. Fourteen years ago they laid the first brick pavement, and twelve years after it seemed to me to be in as perfect condition as when first laid. Tires do not break or crack it, as they roll along as if on a floor."

"How does it cost in comparison to wood?"

"I cannot tell, but it is cheaper when wear is taken into consideration. Wooden pavements are only an expedient, having to be constantly repaired. Then cedar blocks will not last forever. There will have to be a change soon."

"What kind of brick is used?"

"Either common red brick or fire-brick. At Wheeling fire-brick is used, and, by the way, the bricks are patented. They are wider at the bottom than at the top, thus permitting sand to work into the interstices."

"How are they laid?"

"With the edges upon a bed of sand, below which is a framework of timbers. There is a fortune for the man who introduces brick pavement into this city. There is no use talking, brick is to be the pavement of the future."

Three gallant cyclists careered boldly along the pavement of a certain street in Glasgow when their course was suddenly arrested by the stern voice of a bobby calling on them to stop. Being law-abiding citizens, the young men obeyed, and stood still while Tonalt took down their names. The names of the first two were inscribed in his note-book by Donald without a word of comment. The third gave his name as "John Smith," whereat the bobby grinned, "Is t'ere nae ither names she'll could get insteet o' John Smith? That name'll hae been used sae often. No; she'll needna try it on; she must give her richt name." "That is my richt name," said the cyclist. "Come, come noo, dinna pe bashfu'. Could ye no gie us some ither name?" insinuated the bobby, mockingly. "Yes," replied the cyclist; put down William Shakespeare." "That's a good boy! Spell her name," said the limb of the law, triumphantly. The name was spelt. "Whaur'll she leeve?" was the bobby's next query. "Stratford-on-Avon!" was the response. And the next day the poor dead author of "Venus and Adonis" was called up by warrant out of his icy sepulchre to attend a wretched police-court, to tell why he rode his bicycle on the pavement.—*C.T.C. Gazette.*

There is a principal of a business college in St. Louis who weighs more than two hundred pounds, and he is trying to reduce his weight. He rides a bicycle. It is not one of the ordinary slim bicycles, but a very small machine called a Kangaroo, on which he sits not far removed from the ground, so that he can avoid a heavy falls. Recently, he was riding up Locust street, St. Louis, on his way home. When he came opposite a house near Twenty-second street, he saw a boy sprinkling the asphalt street with water from a hose. It was fearful hot, and he was perspiring and puffing like a steam-engine. The boy saw the fat man on the bicycle, and he thought the sight so funny that he laughed, ha! ha! Then he turned the hose on him. The latter protested, but the boy played on him again. His obvious course was to dismount and chase the boy, but it was so fearful hot to take the chances of catching him, that he put on more steam and pedaled hard under a stream of water from the hose until out of reach. Then he heard that boy laughing again and these words came to him: "Well, Jumbo, do you feel any cooler now?"

"Turn, turn, my wheel! turn round and round
Without a pause, without a sound."

—LONGFELLOW.

"The hobby-horse is forgot."

—SHAKESPEARE.

"But there is still a vehicle deserves a little mention."

—HOOD.

"Since we have known each other well, since riding side by side."

—SCOTT.

"We have conversed and spent our hours together."

—SHAKESPEARE.

"All day we drive the wheels of iron,"

—ELIZABETH BROWNING.

The Canadian Wheelman :

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING.

The Official Gazette of the Canadian Wheelmen's Association and of the Cyclists' Touring Club in Canada.

PUBLISHED BY THE CANADIAN WHEELMEN'S ASSOCIATION, AT LONDON, CANADA, AND SUPPLIED TO ALL MEMBERS OF THE ASSOCIATION.

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LONDON, FEBRUARY, 1887.

THE SPRING BOARD MEETING.

By an advertisement in another column it will be seen that the members of the Board of Officers have been called to meet on the 25th of this month, at the Walker House, in the city of Toronto. We trust that at this meeting every member of the Board resident in the provinces of Ontario and Quebec will be on hand promptly. Several matters of importance will be brought up for consideration. The question of the changes in the by-laws proposed through these columns by "D 322" will be discussed; also the very important matter of how we can increase our membership. It strikes us that this is the most pressing business to be brought before the Board. With a wheeling population in Canada of two or three thousand, it is very discouraging to see our membership stay at about the same figure of something under one thousand each year. How can we awaken an interest in the members and get them to boom the Association? This is a difficult question to answer, and one that will require all the energy and wisdom of the entire Board to contend with. For this reason, we trust that all who can attend the coming meeting will do so. It is not fair to leave a half dozen enthusiasts to bear the entire burden of the conduct of our Association affairs.

Another matter is the deciding of the place at which the Annual Meet shall be held. Several places have signified their intention of inviting the Association, but so far none have done so. It will be well for the secretaries of these different clubs to place formal applications in the hands of the Secretary of the C.W.A. at once, as none others can be considered.

The circular of Chief Consul Way, published in this issue, might be copied with advantage by all other Chief Consuls in Canada. In it Mr. Way requests the local consuls to give him the names and addresses of all wheelmen in their locality who are not members of the C.W.A., in order that he may endeavor to secure them as members of the Association. If every C.C. were to make a similar request, and then endeavor to influence the non-members, by circular or personal interview, the membership of the Association would be almost doubled. Let the C.C.'s be up and doing.

The *Wheel World* is no more, but on the foundation formed by this excellent monthly will rise a general sporting magazine called *Olympia*.

THE L.A.W. SECRETARYSHIP.

A New York despatch says: The Board of Officers of the League of American Wheelmen have elected Abbott Bassett, of Boston, secretary, in place of Eugene A. Aaron, deposed for malfeasance in office, his books showing a deficit of \$5,800, which was afterwards made up. Mr. Aaron pleaded that he was temporarily insane. Bassett's leading opponent was John A. Wells, who was assistant to the late secretary, and it is alleged was cognizant of the deficiency, and failed to report it. Wells is also charged with giving a publishing house, in which he is a partner, \$200 worth of League printing weekly. The board appointed John C. Gulick, of the executive board, and secretary editor-elect Bassett a committee to visit Philadelphia to demand possession of the office of the *Bulletin*, the books of the secretary, editor, and other effects of the League now in possession of Aaron and Wells. It is understood that the latter will resist, and as the lease is made to them personally, and all receipts are in their names personally, a lively time is anticipated.

The above despatch lacks confirmation in all its particulars. The serious charge against Secretary Aaron is not referred to by some of the cycling papers, the *Bicycling World* stating that the report of the executive committee and the expert accountant showed that the accounts of the secretary-editor were correct, and that the *Bulletin* had been run at a heavy loss to the League.

Mr. Aaron, however, denies in toto the charges of malfeasance, and says: "When the League began the publication of the *Bulletin* no funds were provided me for the purpose, and I advanced money out of my private funds to meet the bills. For a long time the League was indebted to me for a large amount. An entire change the system of collecting dues from the members was also instituted, so that instead of keeping accounts with the different divisions, they had to be opened with each of the 10,000 members of the League. The work placed upon me was more than I could possibly attend to, and as I am no bookkeeper, matters gradually became entangled. As the League has no corporate existence I was personally responsible, and all the funds for various purposes were deposited in my name as well as my own funds. I worked day and night until I broke down, and was ordered by my physician to stop. Last May I went south for my health, and it was during my absence that Mr. John A. Wells, who assisted me in the publication of the *Bulletin*, discovered that matters were in bad shape. On my return he called my attention to the fact that there was a shortage in my accounts. This was the first I knew of it, and I at once wrote to President Beckwith informing him of the fact, and requesting him to send an expert to examine the books. This was done, and as soon as the amount of the shortage was ascertained I made it good. The amount was not \$5,800, as stated, but less than \$3,000."

The result of the ballot was:

For Abbott Bassett. 85 votes.

For John A. Wells. 51 "

Thomas Stevens is expected in New York in about two weeks.

THE NEWMARKET BI. CLUB.

The Newmarket Bicycle Club, organized last March, held its first annual supper on the 6th ult., at which there was a large attendance, the membership of other local athletic clubs, and the Wanderers' Bi. Club of Toronto, being well represented. The menu was served at Mr. A. Simpson's restaurant, and "mine host" was evidently familiar with the proverbial keenness of a wheelman's appetite, and was equal to the occasion in furnishing a most sumptuous repast, which included all the delicacies of the season.

Dr. Widdifield, M.P.P., Hon. Pres. of the club, occupied the chair, the President, Mr. J. E. Hughes, ably filling the vice-chair. After the several courses were dispensed with, the chairman made a few well-timed remarks, congratulating the members of the club on the success which has crowned their efforts during the past year. He was pleased to know that the club-rooms established at the opening of the wheeling season had been put to good use, and to see that by their use the club had developed into a winter society for literary improvement and social recreation. A number of toasts were then ably proposed and most heartily responded to, calling forth some excellent music, songs and speeches from those present, all of whom were unanimous in pronouncing this the most successful club meet of the year.

THE WANDERERS' MEET.

The *Globe* says: The Wanderers, in place of their annual supper, this year introduced a drive and supper combined. On Thursday evening, January 20th, some 35 or 40 members assembled at the club quarters, and accompanied by a band, and drawn in a four-in-hand, they started out Yonge street, and enjoyed a most pleasant drive as far as the Glen Cove Club House, where they were welcomed by Messrs. E. and R. Simpson, on behalf of that club, who had kindly thrown open their handsome and commodious house to them. After a short rest, the party adjourned to the dining-room and partook of an excellent meal, which was done full justice to. Mr. Riggs filled the chair creditably. Speeches were made by Messrs. Daniels, Simpson and Orr, which were interspersed with songs from Messrs. Gowanlock, Lalor and Harrison, while Mr. Brown played a selection on the mouth-organ in masterly style. The toasts were all disposed of, and an adjournment was made to the parlors, where the party were entertained by music furnished by Messrs. Doherty and Cameron. Shortly after midnight the Wanderers expressed their thanks to the Glen Cove Club by three cheers and a tiger, and started homeward.

A Canadian wheelman writes to the *Wheelman*, and particularly asks why records made by Canadians are collected, tabulated, and published as in the United States and "at home." Well, we don't know, but, if the inquisitive *Wheelman* wants to borrow our microscope and go a searching for records made by his countrymen, we will lend it. But, it is well to remember that Rowe holds a few—up to twenty miles.—*Bicycling World*.

REX'S MUSINGS.

Of course everyone has heard of *Wheeling*, published in London, England, and of its proprietor, Harry Etherington, who, from all appearances, can make things hum when he starts. Etherington's motto for his paper has always been, "I've got the lead and I mean to keep it;" but at present he is about two years behind time, that is, taking his word for it, as he calls the last *Wheeling* Annual "Chestnuts." It is not stated whether the title is any reflection on the contents or not, but evidently Harry has not caught the real meaning of the slang. By the way, one of *Wheeling's* editors has been publishing a guide to wheeling in their newsy paper, and his definition of Harry Etherington reads thus: "A sportsman of a pronounced type, who is always seen behind a big cigar, and has a habit of saying 'Chestnuts' and 'By thunder.'" Some enterprising American ought to send a cargo of chestnut gongs over to England and let some one experiment on Harry.

* *

Mr. O. E. Fleming, a young lawyer of Windsor, Ont., who has in days gone by, and may be yet, a bicyclist of some note, having taken part in several tours through Canada, is suing the Amherstburgh *Echo* for libel, because the aforesaid paper referred to him as "Boodler Fleming." I suppose if friend Fleming got the boodle he would not mind, but the thought of being styled "Boodler" and not getting any boodle has made him annoyed, and he asks \$5000 damages.

* *

It seems to me that the majority of the C.W.A. members did not thoroughly read the article in last November issue, headed "A Change Wanted," and written by "D 322," or else there would be more ventilation of the scheme through THE WHEELMAN'S columns. The proposition of having the consuls' term extend from the beginning to the end of the year instead of beginning at the end of May is a capital idea, the only drawback with either this change or the proposed change of the Association year being that it is a hard enough job to stir up any enthusiasm in the midst of the riding season, and what would it be to attempt a stir up in the middle of winter!

* *

From newspaper accounts, titles are going to be thrown around lavishly this year on account of the Queen's Jubilee, so I would like to see a few of them conferred on some of our bicycling notables. A few "Sirs" and "Honorable" among the officers and consuls would have quite an effect as well as look very nice on paper. For my own part, my title is quite elevated enough if they would only give me a small territory to reign over, be it ever so small.

* *

Since the meet of last summer, to speak in the common language of the country, bicyclists are "all struck on Montreal," and of course a large number will be there to enjoy the sports of the winter carnival as well as to meet old friends, one of whom will be "Tommy" Lane, who will be as much in his element in winter as he is in summer. May we all be there and have a good time! One who will be there is

January 20th, 1887.

"REX."

TORONTO NOTES

Sauntering down town recently, my thoughts were turned springwards by some bicycles being shipped from a cycling agency. Stepping inside, the proprietor told me that the interest in bicycling is very rapidly spreading, and the best evidence of it was that thus early in the season sales were being made. As indicating the widespread interest taken in our glorious sport, he further intimated that one mail brought in enquiries from Cape Breton, Quebec, Calgary and Vancouver. "And that reminds me," he continued, "of some of the curious offers that are made us. One man wanted to exchange a village lot for a wheel; another will trade a gun; others will dicker a carriage or a watch. Were we to accede to all these requests, we would soon have an interesting curiosity shop." On my way out, a load of toboggans were deposited in front of the establishment. Thus winter and spring overlap each other.

Dr. Doolittle met with a heavy loss the other night, when his large collection of bicycle medals were stolen, the value of which was \$500. The thief gained access through the basement. A medalsome fellow, truly!

The Wanderers have a happy knack of having a good time whenever they set about it. The other night nearly fifty of them enjoyed a sleigh ride to the Glen Cove Club-house, about six miles out on Yonge street, where they demolished a good supper, sang songs and made speeches until the warning toot of the bugle started them homeward. The social element of the club is very largely developed, and their handsome club-room is frequented every night.

A writer in *The Wheel*, describing a tour from Kingston to Toronto, missed the main road and wandered over an ordinary sandy cross-road for a few miles in consequence. He then proceeds to show his wide acquaintance with the country by adding: "It may be well to explain that the only good roads in Canada are those under Dominion care." It is news, indeed, to hear that our paternal government makes our roadways, or cares for them. "L. B. G." is a sample American in the way in which he judges of many thousand miles of roads in Canada by the stretch between Kingston and Toronto. The same writer sailed from Toronto on the "Choracusa." We have a steamer by the name of the "Chicora," and it is to this the accurate writer probably refers.

Toronto, Jan 24, 1887.

PETE.

:o:

The earliest mention of the cyclists' much-loved machine is found in Homer's "Iliad." Achilles burned to revenge the death of Patroclus, but was without armour. Jupiter gave permission to the gods to take sides, and Thetis went to Vulcan, and while she was bespeaking his kind offices in making a new suit of clothes, described the then occupation of the gods, which is thus translated by Pope:

"Full twenty tripods for this hall he framed,
(Which played on living wheels of massive gold
(Wondrous to tell), instant with spirit moved
From place to place, amidst those bless'd abodes,
Self-moved, obedient to the beck of gods."

—Brudport News.

A CANADIAN TEAM.

The following letter is self-explanatory:

152 Fleet street, London, E.C.,
January 11th, 1887.

Editor CANADIAN WHEELMAN:

DEAR SIR,—By this post I have forwarded to the Secretary of the C.W.A. an invitation to Canada to raise a team to compete at the Great Jubilee International Cycling Tournament and Monster Meet of the Metropolitan Clubs, to be held at the Alexandra Park Athletic Grounds, London, June 23, 24 and 25, 1887, in honor of Her Majesty's Jubilee.

Invitations have also been issued to Australia, Belgium, France, Germany, Holland, Norway, Russia, U.S.A., Scotland, Ireland and Wales; and I should deem it a favor if you would give the aid of your pen to the proposal for a Canadian team (or even for one representative if a team cannot be raised).

Of course I am aware of the great expense such a visit would entail, to meet which I would suggest the plan adopted last year by the Irish and Scotch, who, with the consent of their ruling bodies (in the former case the I.C.A. itself formed the team), raised a subscription to defray the expenses of the visit. This mode, in fact, is the only legitimate one that the N.C.U. at present allow of for amateurs.

The selected dates, June 23-4-5, being the latter half of Jubilee week, form a most fitting time for a visit to London, as there are sure to be great attractions at that time.

The programme will include races for professionals as well as amateurs, and the events will be run under N.C.U. rules. Further particulars shall be forwarded in due course.

I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

F. CATHCART,

Hon. Sec. Racing Cyclists' Club.

:o:

Messrs. Chas. Robinson & Co., of 22 Church street, Toronto, make their preliminary spring announcement in our advertising columns. They have added a Rudge No. 3 to their list of wheels. This, they write us, will be an excellent machine, with Rudge ball-bearings, and will sell for the low price of \$60.00. They also intimate that some improvements will be added to their other makes this year, and promise particulars in the March issue of THE WHEELMAN. The Rudge Bicycle, one of the best of the Rover type of machine, promises to be a great favorite. Their standard pattern of the Canadian Rudge and the Rudge Safety will be kept in stock, as well as the new Rudge Royal Crescent Tricycle and the Humber Tandem. This enterprising and pushing firm ought to do, and no doubt will do, a large business, with such a high-class line of goods. Their annual catalogue is in course of preparation. We would advise our readers to enter their names for a copy.

:o:

The newest thing in tires is being made by the Overman Wheel Company. The rubber is so pure that the tire, when thrown into water, refuses to sink. This is getting it down pretty fine. We understand that these tires will be used on all Victor wheels the coming season.

C. W. A. OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.



The Canadian Wheelmen's Association,

ORGANIZED SEPTEMBER, 1882.

President—Mr. W. A. KARN, Woodstock, Ont.
Vice-Pres.—Mr. J. D. MILLER, Montreal, P.Q.
Sec.-Treas.—Mr. HAT. B. DONLY, *Reformer*,
 Simcoe, Ont.

BOARD MEETING.

The Annual Spring Meeting of the Board of Officers will be held at the Walker House, in the City of Toronto, on FRIDAY, Feb. 25th, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. It is hoped that every member of the Board who can at all attend will do so promptly, as business of importance will be introduced.

By order of the President,

HAL. B. DONLY,
 Secretary.

ATTENTION!

LOCAL CONSULS, MIDLAND DISTRICT NO. 4.

On or before February 28th, the Local Consuls for Midland District No. 4, C.W.A., are requested to report to me by letter or post-card the names and addresses of all wheelmen in the towns under their charge who are not members of the C.W.A., so that I may be able to communicate with them with the object of inducing them to join the Association by the opening of the season.

Should any Local Consul have none to report, let him please send me a post-card with the word "nil" and signature, so that I may know that all reports are in.

Fraternally,

W. P. WAY,
 C.C. No. 4 District.

THEFT OF MEDALS.

All the gold and silver medals owned by Dr. P. E. Doolittle, of Toronto, which were won by him at bicycling contests, and said to be worth \$400 to \$500, have been stolen from his residence, No. 237 Front street east. The thieves found their way into the house through the cellar, and had the case where the medals were stored removed to the back yard, where it was emptied of its contents. The peculiar loss is felt seriously by the veteran cyclist, and it is to be hoped the police will effect a recovery.

Mr. W. K. Evans, of London, will take in the Montreal Carnival.

RACING REFORM.

A number of very important votes were passed at the council meeting of the N.C.U., held recently in London. It was voted that no prize exceeding in value £5 5s. be offered in an open race. This is a very marked step in the direction of pure amateurism. A committee was appointed to inquire into the whole question of professional racing, with a view to its encouragement. A rule was passed allowing clubs to refer all disputes at race meetings to the executive. The following resolution was also passed: "That the council of the N. C. U. expresses its disapproval of the growing practice of racing on the public roads, and directs the executive to do its utmost to discourage road racing."

:o:

CYCLING IN THE DARK CONTINENT.

Mr. J. E. Marshall and Mr. Broen, two members of the civil service in Cape Colony, South Africa, lately made a bicycle trip from Cape Town to Port Elizabeth, a distance of nearly 600 miles, which they accomplished in 11 days and 13 hours. Those who have experienced the difficulties of South African travelling will know that such an undertaking involves great labor and fatigue in climbing range after range of high mountains, and going over roads so bad that it is often with difficulty that the track oxen can get along them, while considerable hardships must be endured from the intense heat, the want of water and the bad accommodation, beside the forced walking over miles of sand and rocks, dragging the machines and knapsacks, and sometimes fording rivers.

:o:

"A London Physician" forcibly points out there should be little or no riding under the age of fifteen. Before that age the joints of the body are not properly formed, and the bones are weak and liable to bend out of shape by continued strain. Deformities of the spine and of the feet are among some of the cheerful results likely to follow in the path of the little girl who is often in the saddle, and even those disastrous consequences are less terrible than the undermining of health and strength which may not improbably accompany them. Girls with weak hearts or chests should never be allowed to ride at all. They may outgrow any such weakness with proper care, but over-exertion would, in all likelihood, develop any tendency to disease in a manner which would be really serious. In these days of precocious juvenility people seem disposed to think that children may, with profit to themselves, join in all the occupations and employments of adults, and they are too apt altogether to lose sight of the fact that such a thing as a physical unfitness may exist. A friend of mine, a doctor, and a most ardent advocate of cycling for women, refuses to let any one of his large family of girls really take to constant riding till after they have reached the age of seventeen. Then he encourages them to take to cycling with an earnestness which bids fair to see them in the saddle every day of their lives.—*Violet Lorne in News.*

:o:

The Newmarket B. Club, with 14 members, has a total mileage of 2,780 miles for the season of 1886—an average of over 198 miles each.

Wheel Tracks.

The Springfield Club has decided not to join the L.A.W.

The League membership is almost double what it was a year ago—10,264 to 5,176.

New Orleans will have an illuminated parade, after the manner of the late St. Louis affair.

The Kansas Division of the L.A.W. has issued a handbook containing its constitution, list of officers, consuls, etc.

Kluge, the late Star rider, has been retained by the King Bicycle Company, and will ride that machine on the path during the coming season.

The indefatigable Ducker is building a toboggan slide in Springfield. He proposes to beat all records, and to have the best and fastest slide in the world.

Mr. W. P. Way, of Belleville, is advertising his "Pilot" for sale, he having injured both his arms by headers. He will hereafter ride a "Rover" safety.

The New South Wales Cycling Union decided, by a vote of 32 to 11, that the "makers' amateur" and the agent shall continue to rank as *bona-fide* amateurs.

It is reported that the *Cycle* has been sold to Mr. E. H. Ducker, but whether it will appear as a weekly, or be incorporated with the *Wheelman's Gazette*, is not stated.

The executive committee of the L.A.W. will recommend at the next meeting of the board of officers that the initiation fee and annual dues of the League be increased.

Now that Hendee and Rowe are under different managements, we hope these two good men will have ample opportunity to settle the vexed question of superiority the coming season.

H. M. Oliver, a well-known English athlete, has gone to the bad—has been arrested for stealing \$700 from the Birmingham Banking Company, by whom he was employed as cashier.

An effort is to be made to have the next League meet take place during the second week in May, instead of the last, the last week of the month being usually a busy one with business men.

An international tournament will be held at Alexandria Park, London, May 20 and 22. It is understood that a strong effort will be made to insure the attendance of certain of America's most speedy riders.

The Springfield Bicycle Company have secured a big card in the person of G. M. Hendee. It is not yet known if George will ride the "Springfield" on the track or devote his attention to the selling of the machine.

Some St. Louis wheelmen are agitating for the establishment of an insurance society within the ranks of the L.A.W., to insure members against accident from cycling causes. The scheme is not likely to amount to anything. The L.A.W. has enough irons in the fire already, and anyway no wheelman expects to ever meet with an accident.

The Montreal Snowshoe and Trapper Club is soon to visit Boston. Several cyclists are on the committee of reception and arrangement; prominent among them is Captain Peck, of the Massachusetts Club.

The members of the Nashville Bicycle Club are contemplating a tour by wheel to Niagara Falls this summer. The party will probably consist of ten or twelve of the best riders in the club, and want to start some time in June.

Strong inducements have been held out to Rowe to have him go over to England and make one of Morgan's team, but he would have none of it. He will remain on his native heath and await the "big un's" coming.

Chicago and St. Louis will go hand-in-hand, heart and soul together, to make the coming meet in St. Louis a solid success and honor to the section. We don't know how long the *entente cordiale* will last; they are mighty unsartain and touchy.

The *Cyclist* is agitating the question of presenting the English National Life Boat Association with a fully-equipped life-boat and station. The cost will approximate \$5000. The *Cyclist* has opened the subscription list, and calls on all cyclists in the kingdom to respond.

One hundred guineas is offered by Hillman, Herbert & Cooper to the first rider who will ride either a mile on the path in 2.25, twenty-two and one-half miles on the path in one hour, or one hundred miles on the road in six hours, on any of the "Premier" make of bicycles.

"A word to the wise: Look after your wheel during the cold weather. No matter how dry your storage place may be, if it is subject to the changes of temperature of winter it will rust unless looked after or protected by some of the many anti-rust compounds."—*Bicycling World*.

W. A. Rowe holds 64 bicycle records under 20 miles a feat which probably no wheelman will ever excel, holding, as he does, 23 amateur records, 20 promateur records, and 21 professional records. It is a singular coincidence that one man should hold all of the world's bicycle records for amateur, promateur and professional.

The Boston club men are forming a party to go to Canada. There is nothing of a compulsory nature about it, but simply a short pleasure trip to the land of the toboggan and the snowshoe in carnival time. Tommy Lane, Tibbs, and all the rest of the good old boys, will prepare a warm welcome for the visitors, we know.—*Bicycling World*.

Howell has been downed by J. Young, of Aberdeen, in an eight-hour bicycle race. Up to within two minutes of the call of time, the men were well bunched. Then Young rushed to the front, closely followed by Dey, also of Aberdeen. The pace was too hot for Howell, who was thirty yards in the rear when time was called. It was a great day for the Thistle.

J. K. Starley has patented a new tricycle chain, or, rather, band. A steel wire is turned into a coil at intervals, and arranged to enter corresponding recesses in the chain wheel. The coils are made for the purpose of allowing the

wires to twist or untwist without breaking as the chain-wheel revolves, and the strips adjust themselves to the straight or the curve without undue strain.

The "non-cropper" is a device invented and sold by one Fisher, an Englishman. The device consists of a fine ratchet wheel fastened to the outside of the hub. In the teeth of this the ratchet falls, one end of which is pivoted on to the fork. So long as the wheel runs ahead it is o.k., but the moment a tendency is shown for the fork to pitch forward, the ratchet and wheel engage and push the fork back.

Arrangements are being made for another bicycle road race, to take place early in the season at Clarksville, over the same course as was used last spring. The most serious drawback to the affair last year was the lack of sufficient hotel accommodation. Next year it is intended to charter a steamer, make the run to Clarksville on a Saturday night, have a tour through the country on Sunday, and the race on Monday.

No wonder the Ramblers, of St. Louis, wanted to "amalgamate." It seems they offered gold medals to all who would ride at Son-of-a-Gun Hill, believing that eminence practically unclimbable. Judge of their consternation when fifteen well-authenticated claims for gold medals were put in. Whew! Gold medals cost cash, and fifteen of them cost many ducats. Luckily, eleven claims were from their own club members, who waived the medal.

Amidst the various sane and insane projects that have been suggested for the celebration of her Majesty's Jubilee, one of the most commendable is that by which the cyclists of the United Kingdom intend commemorating the unique occasion. They propose raising a sum of £1,000 for the purpose of providing an efficient and fully-equipped lifeboat, to be called the "Cyclists' Jubilee Lifeboat," which will be presented to the Royal Institution, for service at a spot to be hereafter decided upon.

"Springfield luck" holds good in all bicycle matters. President Henry E. Ducker, of the Springfield Bicycle Club, has received a cablegram from England stating that the Springfield contingent, which held 132 tickets in the Iroquois cycle drawing, which took place last week, had drawn one Cripper tricycle and two Waltham watches. The above drawing is conducted by the Iroquois Cycle Company, and is very popular across the water. This is the first time that Springfield wheelmen have tried it, but their share of luck is still with them.

A corporation called "The Gormully & Jeffery Manufacturing Company" has purchased the entire plant of the copartnership of Gormully & Jeffery, Chicago, and will continue their business without interruption. It has also assumed all the liabilities of the aforesaid Gormully & Jeffery, and succeeded to all their assets in the business. The officers of the corporation are: President and Treasurer, R. Phillip Gormully; Vice-President, Michael J. Wighton; Secretary and Manager, Thomas B. Jeffery. The new organization will carry on the business more energetically than ever.

The League *Bulletin* publishes a list of the

membership in the L.A.W. in each State and Territory. New York leads with a membership of 1,747, and Pennsylvania is second with a membership of 1,488, Massachusetts has 1,444, New Jersey 944, Ohio 847 and Connecticut 584. All others have a membership of less than 500. Bermuda, Germany and South Carolina are each represented by one member, England by two, Montana and Oregon by three each, and Mississippi and Nova Scotia by four each. The entire membership is 10,264, the per cent. of increase for the year being 98. Massachusetts increased from 591 to 1,444, a gain of 144 per cent.

It is pretty certain that the scene of the annual tour of the League of American Wheelmen in 1887 will be Europe, and that the countries they will visit will probably be England, France, Germany, Switzerland and Italy. Jo Pennell, whose European touring record is by no means small, will have the management, he having been appointed foreign marshal of the touring department, and these are the countries he recommends. Four weeks will be the time occupied, and the participants should have a very good time of it, judging by Mr. Pennell's remarks, should fine weather, without which touring is a delusion and a snare, favor them.—*Bicycling News*.

The (English) National Cyclists' Union has been doing great things at one of the council meetings. First, it limited the value of prizes for amateurs to five guineas, instead of ten, as formerly. Then it expressed its disapproval of road racing, but road races will be held just the same. Then Mr. Robt. Todd, whose opinion on the amateur question may be regarded as official, said there was no rule forbidding a member of the executive paying the fares of racing men out of their own pockets. A very liberal decision. The championships having been a loss to the Union, it was proposed that the officials who had had their fares paid for them be asked to refund the amount. This appealed to the pockets of enough gentlemen to down the motion by a big majority. Next, a committee was appointed to encourage professional racing. Good big prizes, and plenty of them, will do this.—*Turf, Field and Farm*.

The six-day bicycle race at Minneapolis developed one fact in regard to diet during a long race, which bicyclists will notice with profit. Morgan, Schock's antagonist and the speedier man, started in to live on extracts of chicken and beef, and for the first five days of the race scarcely any solid food passed his lips. After four days he was taken with acute diarrhoea, and had to lie off for 14 hours. As soon as this was checked he began to eat solid food and improved rapidly. Morgan had never before eaten extracts, and never before was sick in a race. Schock ate solid food, and though he lost weight the first two days, gained afterwards, and at the close was only four pounds less in weight than at the beginning. It is Morgan's opinion that extracts are good enough for short races, there being less danger of sickness in their use. In long races, however, where the destruction of tissue is great, and must be continually replaced by new tissue, solid food is required.—*Turf, Field and Farm*.

RIDE!

BY PRESIDENT BATES.

I.

To the men at work in the field
 Ruth came running and crying,
 With steps that staggered and reeled,
 Dress, ribbons, and hair all flying,
 One hand pressed to her side :
 " Little Mary is dying !
 Ride for the doctor ! Ride !
 She hath eaten the poison paste
 Mixed for the vermin ! Haste !
 Saddle the horses ! Away !
 Death will not linger nor stay !
 Ride !"

II.

While they saddle the black,
 While they bridle the gray,
 " Hurry !"
 Girth knotted, buckle a-lack,
 Black rearing, gray pulling back,
 (Hurry is often delay),
 Richard ran straight to the hall,
 Where, leaning against the wall,
 A horse that is always ready,
 He caught as he ran his wheel,—
 Steed of rubber and steel,
 Silent, and fleet, and steady,
 Set doorway and gateway a-flying,
 Leaped to his seat at a stride,
 And was off like a bird on the wing !
 (Ride !)

III.

Seven miles off is the town,
 (Ride !)
 The roadway, winding and brown,
 Smooth and hard as a stone,
 Runs the long valley down.
 The rider is riding alone,
 And his feet, like pistons plying,
 Drive the pedals around,
 And, like an engine flying,
 He skims along the ground
 (Ride !)
 So rapidly, so silently
 The slender wheel did glide,
 That the gray line of the road
 Backward under him flowed,
 Like a freshet-swollen stream,
 And the trees on either side
 Seemed floating in a tide.
 His pulses throb and bound ;
 Like engine puffs of steam
 Is the panting of his breath ;
 But he rides a race with death,
 And his single thought is—
 Ride !

IV.

Now he is rising the hill ;
 Heavily go his feet,
 Driven by desperate will ;
 (Ride !)
 His breath is a sob, and his heart
 A hammer that strives to beat
 His rocking ribs apart ;
 He reels and sways in his seat ;
 His teeth gleam white and bare
 Where his lips are parted wide ;
 The sweat drips under his hair ;

He cannot see aright
 For the black specks in his sight ;
 But he will not pause nor bide
 A moment's breathing space ;
 Sweet Ruth is his hoped-for bride ;
 There's a double stake in this race !
 (Ride)

V.

At last he is over the brow ;
 The village below him is lying ;
 Legs over the handles, now
 Down the long slope he is flying,
 Like skinning swallows that glide
 Down the long slant of the wind
 (Ride !),
 The swiftness of his pace
 Dashes the wind in his face ;
 His sight is no longer blind ;
 His ears have ceased their humming ;
 His heart beats easy again ;
 He draws his breath without pain ;
 His second wind is coming ;
 And when he reaches the plain
 (Ride !)
 Lightly he sits in his seat,
 And the strokes of his rapid feet
 Are fast as the ceaseless beat
 Of the ripples of a tide.
 And the wheel beneath him springs
 Like a bird to the strokes of its wings,
 Like a lover's thoughts to his bride.
 (Ride !)

VI.

The doctor's fast-trotting mare
 Is fleet, and her load is light ;
 But the village people stare
 As he lashes her to flight.
 With a rush, a scramble, a scurry,
 The dust spurns under her feet—
 " Hurry !"
 But, ere she has covered a third
 Of her race, like a low-flying bird
 Comes stealing beside her wheel
 The steed of rubber and steel,
 Forcing the mare to her stride ;
 Its rider sits lightly and straightly,
 Well over his handle-bar,
 Spinning the pedals greatly,
 As, leaning forward far,
 He shouts to the doctor :
 " Ride !"

VII.

Half way on the road they meet
 The galloping horsemen :
 " Hurry !"
 Pell-mell, worry, and flurry,
 They follow with scampering feet !
 Now the house is in sight : at the gate
 Ruth waiting : " Thank God ! not too
 late !
 O Richard !" As panting he stands,
 She clasps him with both her dear hands ;
 And he knows, as he catches his breath,
 And looks in her tear-streaming face,
 Not in vain has he ridden his race,
 And beaten the champion, Death !

VIII.

It is done !
 The race is over and won !

The wheel still stands in the hall,
 And gleams and glistens with pride
 As, leaning against the wall,
 Silent, tireless, and steady,
 A horse that is always ready,
 It seems to invite you to ride it :
 And it hears the bridegroom and bride,
 In the twilight, standing beside it,
 The murmur of vows they repeat,
 The parting of soft lips that meet,
 The hearts of the lovers, that beat
 Like the patter of baby feet ;
 But never again may it feel,
 While rubber and metal abide,
 Such a thrill as ran through its steel
 When Ruth to the startled men cried :
 " Ride !"

—Outing.

TOBOGGANING.

" New Yorkers will 'tobog' at the Polo Grounds this winter. The lights, the music, the flash of bright eyes, the falling-star-like rush, the half scream of frightened pleasure—"

I pause and smile. With the lips, not with the eyes ! a smile that makes not others smile.

I "tobogged" once.

The dull gray sponge that masqueraded as a brain dwelt on this "falling-star-like rush," till it showed like to thirty-seconds of elysium, with the feet of all the female angels in the laps of the male ones. The most drivelling dolt could go no further, you think ? I did.

You have seen a tobogganing uniform ? I bought one. I strove to persuade myself that it became me, supremely conscious all the time of the burning label that I was on the unfeathered biped. Mad ? By my side the March hare was a very tower of intellectual strength.

Encased in this flannel nightmare, I started for the Orange Hills. My fellow-passengers made merry. Several of them lost all connection with their handkerchiefs in their frantic endeavors to get them down far enough to dam their bubbling mirth. Each catastrophe of this sort was followed by much encouraging gasping and gagging ; but nothing fatal. Though I am not of an unamiable disposition, the sight of two or three of those merry mortals in the final throes would have afforded me the liveliest satisfaction.

That suit's preternatural ugliness arrayed all Orange dead against me. Half a hundred juvenile enticements to murder escorted me from the station and jammed the surrounding ether with ribald terms and "soakers." Their old brutes of fathers and forefathers coughed themselves into all sorts of mirthful convulsions, and the Orange constabulary was in ecstasies until an itinerant "soaker" went in at his right ear with an unceremonious energy that promised well for its speedy exit from the corresponding orifice on the other side. This angered him. While he was patiently trampling a consumptive little cripple into the crusted snow, I made for the slide.

The hill had a slope to it like the forehead of a Bowery What-Is-It. A torrent of toboggans plunged headlong down its polished surface, with all the kindly regard for one another's safety and comfort exhibited by the particles of a ton of Red Ash, when the much-begrimed Jehu turns on the "black Niagara." Just as we arrived two to-

boggans came together with a crash, and their contents went up toward fair Luna, as though anxious to emulate the bovine that so tickled the canine's risibility. I felt more like tobogganing than ever!

I mount the hill and straddle a machine. I do this stout-heartedly. Then comes the reaction. A feeling, closely akin to that which the bridge-dropping crank must experience just ere he lets go his hold of everything in the world, is on me. The number of emotional lumps swallowed is fairly beyond all computation. If somebody would only make a break for the station! But, no!

"Feet up!" screamed a copper-fastened voice. The fair shade in front gathers my gaiters in her lap; the gentleman behind winds his legs about my body, as though illustrating the first movement toward the achievement of the top of a greased pole, and off we go. I smile, but I don't mean it.

Faster and faster we go. We strike a half-buried stump. Everybody goes into the air and sits down with much vigor. I am reconciled to the peculiar life-line! Faster and faster. A wild shout. I look back, and am dimly conscious that when we do stop that gigantic "tobog" just behind will grind us to powder. But will it ever stop? Another bump sees us over the brow of the hill. Faster and faster we fly. Fly is now the precise word. We touch mother earth only to acquire elasticity for another bound through star-strewn space. Every hair is on tip-toe, peering over the heads in front of it, into the carnage-fraught future.

The unflinching little failings join hand-in-hand for the execution of the customary scalp-dance in and out of the caverns of the memory, and the stereotyped recollections of "Now I Lay Me" jostle the moss-grown fragments of "Greenland's Icy Mountains." All the conventional proprieties for an idealistic demise are at hand.

And the blessed machine swings around the corner and comes to a quiet stop!

"SMITH" in *Puck*.

SCHOCK SUCCEEDS.

The great six-day bicycle race closed at Minneapolis last Saturday night. Morgan rode 235 miles without dismounting. Schock beat the world's record of 1404 miles three laps, in 144 hours. He made 1405 miles in 142 hours. Armaindo beat Prince's record of 1042 miles by eight miles, which gives her the third best record in the country. Morgan's total score was 1165 miles. The physicians representing the Minnesota Hospital College weighed the contestants after they had their final dismount that night. They weighed as follows: Schock, 137 pounds, showing a loss of four pounds during the race; Morgan, 127½ pounds, a loss of two pounds; and Armaindo, 129 pounds, being a loss of five and one-half pounds. Morgan was taken sick during the week and had to leave the track, and during his absence Schock got a good lead.

It is understood that an effort is to be made at the next meeting of the L.A.W. officers to make certain changes in the management of the *League Bulletin*.

THAT PEDAL MOUNT.

Most of us have essayed to mount an ordinary by the pedal, and most of us have failed. But it is not so terribly difficult. "To learn the pedal mount," says W. C. Goulding, "get a friend to hold the machine on the right side, place your left foot on the pedal at its lowest point, and let your assistant move the machine forward so as to lift you up into the saddle. After getting used to this operation, you are soon able to mount by the pedal without aid." F. Wale thinks the safest plan is to "Commence by running the bicycle along, and when the left pedal is up place your foot upon it, and, springing upwards with your right foot, try and stand upright upon the pedal during its descent. As it commences to rise you will have to jump off, but with a little practice you will be able to stand on the pedal during one or two revolutions. As the pedal rises bear as much of your weight upon the handles as possible, so as not to stop the machine by checking the pedal too much. Having learnt to stand on the pedal with confidence, all you have to do is to throw your right leg over the saddle as the pedal rises. It is best to get some one to hold the machine when you try to mount for the first time, or you will be likely to dive over the handles. In running the machine along preparatory to mounting you must hold it by the left handle, with your right hand on the back of the saddle, and as you jump shift it to grasp the handle."—*Bi. News*.

TRADE NOTE.

In 1879, the first importation of bicycles into Canada was made by Wm. Payne, of London, who has been continuously engaged in this business for the last eight years, every year showing an increase in their sale and an improvement in their make. A great difference can be noticed between the old No. 2 Challenge first brought out by Mr. Payne and the present improved styles which he has in stock. For the first two years the difficulty in selling was very great, owing to the objections raised against the practicability of bicycling in Canada; but the bicycles which were sold spoke for themselves, and now hundreds of Challenges are in use, and have proved entirely satisfactory. The most skeptical of former days have become the most enthusiastic. P. E. Doolittle, now Dr. Doolittle, of Toronto, in 1880 and 1881 surprised large numbers of people by his beautiful fancy riding, and also by the speed he attained on the machine. He has taken thirty first prizes in gold and silver medals and cups, while riding the Challenge. Mr. Payne informs us that the last season was more favorable for selling a superior class of machines than any previous one—a fact which shows (if eight years will show anything) that bicycling has been a success in Canada. The 'Extraordinary Challenge has done an excellent work in securing a class of wheelmen who will protect the interest and advance the dignity of the rider. Over \$4,000 worth of machines will be in stock early, most of these being 'Extraordinary Challenges. These machines are obtaining a great sale, and are really the only large wheel safety now made.

THOMAS STEVENS' PLANS.

The Editor of *Outing* has received the following interesting communication from the returned wheelman, which will explain to his friends his movements after reaching Chicago:

San Francisco, Jan. 18, 1887.

I shall leave here Jan. 22, travelling east via Portland, St. Paul and Minneapolis to Chicago. Upon my arrival at Chicago, I want everybody to consider me as blotted out of existence for the brief space of a week, whilst I scurry off down into the backwoods of Missouri to pay my respects to a certain old lady who has shed silent tears on the pages of the *Outing* magazine as she has read there of dangers and difficulties about my path, and who has prayed as regularly for my safe return as ever faithful Musselman prostrates himself towards Mecca. After that, I shall take pleasure in endeavoring to show my great appreciation of the kindly welcome I hear awaits me at the hands of my fellow-wheelmen.

Fraternally and sincerely yours,

(Signed) THOMAS STEVENS.

Messrs De Tar and Hall, of the Kansas city wheelmen, recently, while riding on their bicycles through the streets of that city, scared a horse attached to a carriage in which two doctors were riding. The horse ran away and the doctors were thrown out, one of them being dragged a few yards, injuring him to a slight degree. The buggy was completely demolished, and the doctors state their damages at \$500, and, though the accident was unavoidable, promised to enter suit. The wheelmen did all in their power to render assistance, but at the last writing the matter seems likely to go into court.

A certain parson is very much opposed to tandem riding. He said, recently, to a young lady of the congregation:

"Are you one of those giddy young girls to whom tandem riding is a heavenly pastime?"

"No; I don't think tandem riding is perfectly heavenly."

"Ah, that's right."

"Tandem riding is not perfectly heavenly," continued the young lady, "for you see it comes to an end too soon, but it is very much like heaven while it lasts."

Mr. Alex. Caven, jr., of Stratford, a member of the C.W.A., now in San Francisco, California, sends us a clipping from the *Chronicle* of that city of Dec. 18, containing an account of a run participated in by 120 of the Bay City wheelmen in honor of Thomas Stevens, who accompanied them.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE.

Lovers of the beautiful in art and floriculture have in store a rich treat in the perusal of *Vick's Floral Guide* for the year 1887. Each succeeding year brings great improvement in this popular annual, and the present edition is far in advance of previous issues in beauty of exterior, number and elegance of floral and vegetable illustrations, and the large variety of subjects thoroughly and practically treated. The volume opens with a series of practical articles of great service to both amateur and professional gardeners, is followed by faithful illustrations showing the interior of the immense Seed House, and then by engravings of all the leading and rare varieties of flowers and vegetables, with directions for their culture.

THOMAS STEVENS.

The following is from the *Shanghai Courier* of November 18:

Kiukiang, 14th Nov., 1886.

This morning a very much travel-stained, unwashed, unshaved, unshorn, unfed, slipshod, and altogether disreputable-looking specimen of the genius Fan Kwae (foreign devil) appeared mysteriously upon our Bund. He bestrode a queer-looking vehicle that the celestials of the middle kingdom had never seen the like of before; consequently a numerous and highly-demonstrative crowd of these most inquisitive of mortals brought up the rear, until they themselves were suddenly brought up at the gate of the English consulate. I need hardly add that the cause of all this commotion was Mr. Thomas Stevens on his famous Columbia bicycle, who had arrived after one of the most trying and eventful of his tours, some two weeks later than he had expected. In an interview I had with him, he gave me the following account of his journey:

"Starting from Canton on 13th October, I had expected to reach Kiukiang inside of twenty days; but calculations based on my experience in other countries failed me entirely in China. I found it a totally different country from any of the others I have traversed, both as regards roads, people, accommodation, and experience generally. It would be little exaggeration to say that the only roads in south China (the north may be a little different) are the rivers, and no exaggeration whatever to say that the only proper way to travel is with a boat, in which one can live as in a house. Strictly speaking, there are no roads at all, as we understand the term; only narrow footpaths leading here, there, and everywhere, and yet nowhere in particular; an intricate maze of tracks about the rice-fields in which a stranger finds himself hopelessly bewildered to commence with, and invariably lost at last. The first day out from Canton, after travelling I should think thirty miles, I found myself in a village about thirteen miles out. Neither are these pathways of that asphalt-like smoothness of surface for which an experienced cyclist naturally yearns, who sees the pleasant autumn weather gradually gliding past, and the distance ahead still great. On the contrary, boulders and rough slabs of stone, once laid level, but now more often sloping at angles that render them precarious footing for anything but a goat or a barefooted Chinaman, are the chief characteristics. In addition to this, they are often not more than two feet wide, and often rise several feet above the waving paddy, so that traversing them is a feat really equal to the performance of walking on a wall. Under these circumstances, a person frequently thinks of swapping his bicycle for a 'pariah yaller,' and riddling the purp with bullets. I persevered for four days, hoping the roads would improve, at the end of which time I arrived in a country where there were no paths, no paddy fields—only the Pe-Kang river, and the rocky mountains sloping to the water's edge. A sampan would take me down stream and back to Canton in three days. Ah! but the good people at home (some of them) would say, 'Pooh! he was afraid to go through; the badness of the roads is only a convenient excuse.' As it would never do to give the good

people at home the opportunity of thinking this, I concluded to go through to Kiukiang and Shanghai the best way possible. Four days' poling, rowing and towing on a little sampan to Chao-choo-foo, and four more with coolies carrying the bicycle, brought me over the Meeling Pass and into the province of Kiang-tse. Striking the headwaters of the Kankiang river at Nanhung, I might have come down stream all the way to the Poyang Hoo. I found the paths in Kiang-tse, however, quite an improvement on those of Quanguing, and bicycled my way down to Kin-gan-foo. So far, I had got along without serious trouble with the people. Kan-choo-foo, I had been told, was a risky city to visit; but I trundled the bicycle through it, from one end to the other, in the middle of a surging, shouting crowd, and, beyond getting my helmet knocked off a few times, was offered no indignities. Ta-ho was the first city where the authorities saw fit to favor me with an escort. They sent a couple of soldiers with me to Kin-gan-foo. They evidently knew what they were about, for I should have fared badly had I reached Kin-gan-foo alone, not knowing the direct route to the Yamen. The soldiers betrayed anxiety as we approached the city: the mob collected, and, while yet several hundred yards from the Yamen, the stones began to come, and wild yells for the Fan Kwae rent the air. Missiles that would have knocked me senseless had I been wearing an ordinary hat, only made dents in the big pith solar topee I had worn through India, and which effectually protected my head and shoulders. I escaped into the Yamen with but a few trifling bruises, and one spoke broke out of the bicycle, but one of the soldiers got badly hurt on the arm—probably a fractured bone. The soldiers warned them that I was armed, and until we reached the outer Yamen gate they confined themselves to yelling and throwing stones; several then rushed forward and seized the bicycle, but the officials came to the rescue and hurried me off to the Che-hsien's office. It was pandemonium broke loose around the Yamen gates all the evening, the mob howling for the 'foreign devil,' the shouts of the soldiers keeping them at bay, and the officials loudly expostulating and haranguing them from time to time, as the din seemed to be increasing. Proclamations were sent out by the Che-hsien, and, toward midnight, the mob had finally dispersed. I was then placed aboard a sampan, and, with a guard of six soldiers, spirited off down stream. After this, the authorities never allowed me to travel by bicycle, but passed me on down stream by boat from town to town, under guard, until we reach Wu-ching on the Poyang Hoo, when, by much persuasion, I obtained permission to take a short cut across the country to Kiukiang, but still with an escort."

Mr. Stevens, after seeing the British consul at Kiukiang, took passage in the steamer Peking, and arrived here this forenoon.

The following appropriate verse for the coming cycling season is from the *Pope Calendar*:

Then tread away, my gallant boys,
And make the axle fly;
Why should not wheels go round about
Like planets in the sky?

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

SAVED BY A VOICE.

The following is an extract from the diary of an intimate friend of mine, now deceased. It contains an account of an occurrence so remarkable, that I feel no apology is required for introducing it to my readers. Neither do I violate any confidence in so doing. There is no longer any one whose susceptibilities can be wounded, or in whom painful memories can be awakened, by the perusal of these lines. The chief actor, if I may use the expression, has now been dead for years, and the family of the other person, to be hereafter referred to, has been resident for about the same length of time in another hemisphere, where it is extremely improbable (but yet possible) that a copy of the annual containing the relation of this strange experience should ever meet their eyes.

As regards the occurrence itself, it is not my intention to offer any theory of my own. Some who read these lines will see in it a confirmation of the beautiful and consoling dream, that the spirits of those we have loved and lost are sometimes permitted to watch over the dear ones they have loved on earth; while others will take a prosaic, and so-called scientific, view of the matter, and will talk of "reflex action," "unconscious cerebration," etc., until they lose all sight of the golden sunshine of poetry, in the dreary fog of materialism. As to which hold the more accurate view, there may be a difference of opinion—as to which holds the happier and more elevating, one! I will only say that the occurrence evidently made a deep impression on my friend's own mind. His own opinion on the matter is obvious, from what he has written; while that he felt it to be too sacred a subject for discussion even with his dearest friend, is made evident from the fact that my first intimation of his having had such an experience was from the perusal of the entry dated 13th August, 187-, when his diary came into my hands.

Before I proceed to give the extract, it is perhaps necessary that I should supply a brief sketch of my friend's history, so far as it relates to the matter in hand, and thus enable my readers to enter into the subject with a fuller sympathy and comprehension than they would be able otherwise to do.

Herbert F—, known to his intimates as "Bertie," was a man about twenty-five years of age at the time this entry in the diary was made. He possessed a moderate competence of his own, was devoted to athletic pursuits in general, and was an enthusiastic wheelman in particular. He had gone in for racing with marked success, and at this period of his career was beginning to be looked upon as a "coming man" and one almost certain to develop into a champion.

He had been engaged to a very beautiful girl, to whom he was passionately attached, and who returned his affection with equal ardor. The termination of their brief dream of happiness was singularly tragic.

My friend was unexpectedly called to Paris on business of an urgent nature, which he expected to detain him about ten days. On the night previous to his departure he bade farewell as usual to his fiancée, who appeared more depressed at their separation than the brief nature of its duration seemed to warrant. All his efforts to cheer her drooping spirits were in vain—she could only cling to him, and exclaim, "Suppose we never see each other again!" and so, with tears on her part, and a tender smile at her fears, and an assurance that ten days at the utmost would see them together again on his, they parted.

Three days later she was found dead, with an unfinished letter to her lover before her, her hand still grasping the pen with which she had been inditing loving words to him she was never to see again! Unsuspected heart disease, the doctors said.

My friend was for a time utterly prostrated at the appalling suddenness of the blow. Then his strong, healthy nature asserted itself; he resumed his former pursuits with all his accustomed ardor, and to the superficial observer he seemed at the period (nearly three years from the date of his loved one's death), when he met with the strange

experience which he records, to have entirely recovered his former happy, light-hearted disposition. He never spoke of his loss to mere acquaintances, and but rarely even to me; but I, who had proven the faithful, loving nature of the man, and had been a witness of the true and tender affection subsisting between the lovers, knew well that she whom he had so early lost was seldom or never absent from his thoughts.

And now for the entry dealing with the occurrence which suggests the title of this narrative. I give it exactly as it stands written in my dead friend's hand.

13 August, 187—.—To-night a strange thing has happened to me. I know not what to think; but about the reality of what took place there can be no question, and I am as certain as I am that I am now writing this, that to-night I heard my darling's voice calling to me, and was thereby saved from an accident that might, who knows, have proved a fatal one! Can it be that my own lost Alice still watches over me, and that she who is ever present in my thoughts was for once permitted to speak to me through the darkness which separates us, and once more, though death divides us, prove her loving care for my welfare?

Let me set down, as well as my beating heart and bewildered brain will allow me, the record to-night—though, indeed, no memorial is needed to remind me of what will ever be treasured in my heart.

This evening I rode over to W— on my new "Salvo," and called on Tom D—. While there, three other men came in, and after supper we all sat down to "Nap." I left them about a quarter to 1 a.m., having lost about 15s.

It was a glorious night for my homeward ride of twelve miles—fine and still, and the roads in splendid condition, while the darkness only appeared to make my lamp give a better light than usual. I therefore spun along the familiar route at a merry pace, calculated to almost beat the hour for the distance.

For the first few miles my mind was full of the occurrences of the night. What luck that beggar Tom always has! And what beastly cards I generally hold, etc.; but soon my thoughts went back to their accustomed channel when I am alone, and I was once more strolling in spirit with my lost darling through the leafy lanes, and listening to a voice I never thought to hear on earth again. I had just entered the avenue of elms which leads into the village of L—, when, apparently close at my side, I heard my name called twice. Clear and distinct, it rang out through the still night air—"Bertie!" "Bertie!" It was my darling's voice—how should I fail to recognize it? Yes! it was hers; but the tone was one of such anxiety and distress, as, thank God, I never yet heard from her lips. Terribly agitated, I slackened up, my heart beating as if it would suffocate me. I tried to answer, but no audible sound passed my lips, and once again, from the darkness behind me, the voice cried—"Bertie!" "Bertie!" I jumped down, trembling in every limb, and leaning my machine against a tree, I ran up and down, peering through the gloom, and calling on my darling by name, though my common-sense told me it was no corporeal voice that had spoken. Nothing but the road I was on, and the bank with its high trees on either side, was to be seen, and though I cried ratically, "Alice! Speak to me! speak to me!" there was no reply; all was silent as the grave. I must have waited nearly half an hour on the spot, so loth was I to leave the place where I had heard my loved one's voice; but the cry was not repeated; there was not even the sound of the night breeze stirring amongst the leaves.

Reluctantly I turned away, my mind full of wonder and amazement, for the sound had been far too real for me to cheat myself into the belief that my imagination had played me a trick. Besides, I am not an imaginative man, and "nerves" are, I am thankful to say, things hitherto unknown to me. I took my machine and walked slowly on, occasionally looking back, intending to mount when I had passed the bend in the road, just ahead of me. I turned the corner, and there, to my horror, I saw dimly by the light of my lamp a huge black mass lying completely across the

road. An enormous limb of one of the elms had fallen directly at right angles to the path, entirely blocking up the way. In a moment the meaning of what had happened to me flashed across my mind like a revelation. The tree was just round the bend of the road (clear on my outward journey), where I could not possibly have seen it in time to dismount; and had I not been stopped in time, in another twenty yards I should have ridden into the obstacle at full speed, with results which it made me shudder to think of. I could no longer doubt, even had I been inclined, that it was my lost one's voice which had called to me, and that it was her agency which had been permitted to save me from what might have been instant death! Full of awe at my wonderful escape, and the means by which it had been accomplished, I lifted my machine over the obstacle, and resumed my route.

Of course such a dangerous obstruction could not be left where it was to cause peril to life and limb. I therefore rode on about half a mile, to a cottage where I knew Jackson, M—'s farm manager, lived. With some difficulty I aroused him, and explained matters to him, when he promised to get at once a man and a couple of horses from the farm, and remove the danger.

In half an hour more I was safe at home, and now I am writing down, as well as my bewildered emotions will permit, the marvellous experience of this night. Oh! my lost, but unforgotten, darling! do you indeed still love me fondly and faithfully as when I held you for the last, last time, in my arms? I know now that we shall meet again in the distant, unknown land! And perhaps—who can tell?—it will not be long till then.

Here ends my friend's account of what took place on this, to him, memorable 13th of August. Two months later I helped to carry him off the course, where he met with the accident which caused his death. It was the last lap of the final heat of a mile hop. A long-start man was leading, with my friend, who was at scratch, close on his hind wheel. Rounding the last corner but one, the leader fell, bringing down his friend, who was thrown with sickening violence against some railings. He was unconscious when we picked him up, but he soon rallied, and we hoped he had escaped with nothing more than a severe shaking and a few cuts; but in a little while after he was got home internal injury declared itself, and in less than a week he passed away, with his lost Alice's name on his lips, exactly on the anniversary of her sudden death, three years previously.

At his request, his diary, with a few other mementos, was given to me, "his oldest friend." And thus it was that I learnt how, on that August night, he had been so mercifully and strangely SAVED BY A VOICE.—*Wheeling.*

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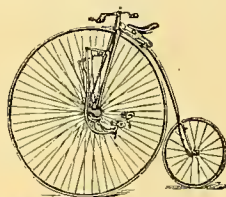
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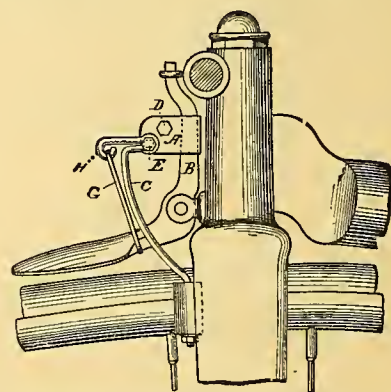
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