

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING.

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

VOL. II.

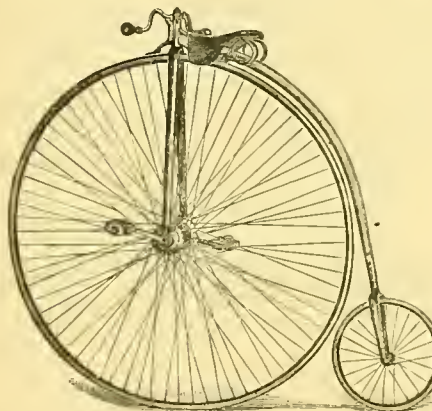
LONDON, CANADA, AUGUST, 1885.

No. 14.

Victor Bicycles & Tricycles

SHOW THE BEST RESULTS OF ADVANCEMENT IN THE
CYCLE BUILDER'S ART.

"VICTOR"



BICYCLE.

ALL STEEL,
ALL INTERCHANGEABLE,
FINEST MATERIAL,
BEST WORKMANSHIP.

COMPRESSED TIRES, which cannot
be torn from rim.
BOWEN'S BALL BEARINGS all
over, including Pedals.
as FURNISHED BY HARRINGTON'S ENAMEL.

IT IS TO YOUR INTEREST TO INVESTIGATE BEFORE PURCHASING.

—SEND FOR CATALOGUE TO—

OVERMAN WHEEL COMPANY,

179 TREMONT ST., BOSTON, MASS., U.S.A.

FACTS!

NO. 1.

That this is a poor sort of planet to the fellow who fails to find any happiness on it.

NO. 2.

That more happiness to the square inch is to be found in a bicycle saddle than in any other way.

NO. 3.

That the maximum amount of this happiness is to be had on a Rudge Light Roadster or an American Rudge.

NO. 4.

That the Rudge is doing more to spread joy through this troublesome world than any other make, because it is used in the proportion of three to one of any other style.

NO. 5.

That the Rudge is gaining solid friends in Canada every year.

NO. 6.

That the Rudge Racer has won 26 victories for its owners in Canada this season.

NO. 7.

That the Canadian Championships were won this year on the Rudge.

NO. 8.

That a mile was made on the Rudge Safety in Springfield, Mass., in 3.06 2-5.

NO. 9.

That the Rudge won the 50-mile world championship at Leicester, Eng., on April 4.

NO. 10.

That the Rudge won the 10-mile world championship at Leicester on April 18.

NO. 11.

That the Rudge won the 1-mile world championship at Wolverhampton on April 8.

NO. 12.

That the Rudge holds a 1-mile championship record, 2.38½, won in the States last fall.

NO. 13.

That 20 Rudges were ridden in the recent Big Four Tour.

NO. 14.

That each of its riders say that as an all-round roadster it has no equal.

NO. 15.

That they cordially recommend it to road-riders for general riding, touring and hill-climbing; and

NO. 16.

That it combines all the essential points of strength, durability and easy running.

NO. 17.

That Rudge & Co. recently turned out a Racer weighing under eighteen pounds, with saddles and pedals complete.

NO. 18.

That 630½ miles in 48 hours have been made on the Rudge Safety.

NO. 19.

That Clarke, our Canadian champion, will now be mounted on a new 58-inch Rudge Racer.

NO. 20.

That all his big victories have been won on the Rudge Racer.

NO. 21.

That R. S. Cassels, Napanee, says he is perfectly satisfied with his American Rudge.

NO. 22.

That R. M. Ballantyne, Stratford, says his Rudge does not show a single sign of weakness.

NO. 23.

That Harry Marlatte, Simcoe, says he would get a Rudge were he to buy again.

NO. 24.

That Geo. A. Bruce, Waterloo, says his Rudge is the easiest-running machine he ever rode.

NO. 25.

That Fred. B. Sweetser, Boston, says it is one of the finest machines made.

NO. 26.

That all of our Rudge customers are delighted and satisfied with their machines.

NO. 27.

That the Rudge Ball Bearings are unequalled, and the nearest thing to perfection in that line one can imagine.

NO. 28.

That the new single tangent spokes make a most rigid wheel.

NO. 29.

That the Rudge Safety holds all authenticated records from 1 to 20 miles, and has won every championship for Safety Bicycles.

NO. 30.

That Corey, of Boston, rode 203½ miles on a Rudge Safety in 24 hours, the greatest distance yet made on a Safety.

NO. 31.

That Duncan won the 50 miles professional championship at Leicester, Eng., on the 1st of August, on a Rudge.

NO. 32.

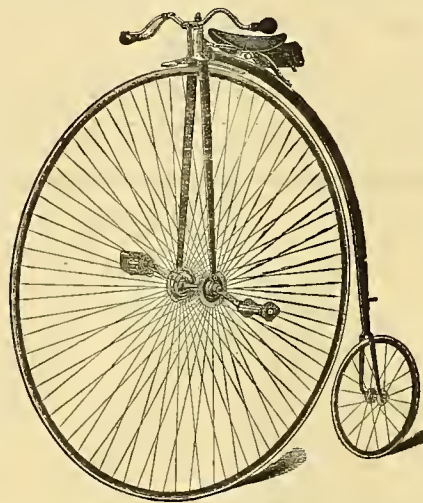
That, all in all, the Rudge is the King of Bicycles.

NO. 33.

And that CHARLES ROBINSON & Co. have a warehousefull to meet every demand.

—THE—

Grandest Fact of All!



IS THE RUDGE ITSELF

CHARLES ROBINSON & COMPANY,

22 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO.

The Canadian Wheelman:

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING.

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

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W. KINGSLEY EVANS, London, *Editor*.
HAL. B. DONLY, Simcoe, *Association Editor*.
JAS. S. BRIERLEY, St. Thomas, *Sec. Treasurer*.

All communications of a literary character or relating to advertising should be addressed to the editor, W. KINGSLEY EVANS, Box 52, London. Those relating to business matters to the Secretary-Treasurer of the Company,

JAS. S. BRIERLEY,
St. Thomas, Ont.

LONDON, AUGUST, 1885.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

With this month's issue, THE WHEELMAN once more resumes its old place as a monthly. The scheme of publishing THE WHEELMAN twice a month during the summer months has proved quite successful; and we hope before another season has passed to have it a permanent fortnightly journal.

The following is a faint idea of the Big Four Tour for 1886: Through Northern Canada, Goderich, Owen Sound, Georgian Bay, Canadian Pacific, barges down Ottawa River, wheel from Ottawa to Montreal, steamer down the St. Lawrence to Saguenay River and Falls, train into Nova Scotia, wheel in Nova Scotia to the Atlantic Ocean, steamer to Boston."

With one or two exceptions, the accounts of the Big Four Century Road Race that appeared in the various journals were exceedingly faulty. Both the *Mail* and the *Mirror of American Sports* represented Editor Snelgrove, of the *Cobourg World*, and ourselves as starters in the race, the displeasing feature being that we were never heard of after the start. If friend Snelgrove felt at all as we were inclined to, he must have been highly amused to read of himself posing as a hundred-mile racer.

Wheel Life and *Wheeling* have been telling their readers wonderful things about the Big Four Tour, the principal feature being that the party comprised "four hundred cyclists in bands of one hundred each, the sensation caused being tremendous." No wonder that such a tour as is thus described should open the eyes of the Britishers; but for the benefit of our English brethren, we would say that the party only numbered one hundred cyclists, or thereabouts, in divisions (not "bands") of twenty-five each.

Every one will learn with regret that Mr. W. G. Ross, of Montreal, ex-champion of Canada, has decided to retire from the cinder path. He is thus spoken of in the *Montreal Gazette*: "Mr. Ross retires at a time when it would be supposed he would be reaping his brightest laurels. He was riding faster than ever before, and had he not been prevented from riding in the C.W.A.

and L.A.W. races, there is no doubt but that he would have swept away all Canadian records from one to five miles, and in the Century road race would undoubtedly have won. The racing track loses a brilliant ornament in Mr. Ross." Mr. Ross has the honor of being the owner of the first established one-mile and five-mile Canadian championships, won in 1883, and also winner of the five-mile championship in 1884.

THE CLEVELAND STAR CLUB'S TOUR.

On Sunday, 16th August, there arrived in London four members of the Star Wheel Club, of Cleveland, Ohio, Messrs. Henry E. Chubb, John J. McTigue, Walter Collins, and Joseph Weitz, who left Cleveland on the steamer City of Detroit on Thursday evening for Detroit, which city they made their starting-point for a long trip through Canada on the "silent steed." They started from Detroit on Friday, and passed through Wallacetown and St. Thomas to London. On Monday morning, 27th, they left for Goderich, from which point they rode through Stratford, Woodstock, Galt, Guelph, Toronto, Hamilton, St. Catharines and Niagara; thence on the American side through Buffalo, Dunkirk, Erie and Ashtabula to Cleveland, making a total of 677 miles, not including small runs. This is the first Canadian tour on the "Star" wheel.

The following are the dates of the tour, with the route and distances: August 14, Detroit to Morpeth, 77 miles; 15th, Morpeth to St. Thomas, 47 miles; 16th, St. Thomas to London, 18 miles; 17th, London to Goderich, 66 miles; 18th, Goderich to Woodstock, 69 miles; 19th, Woodstock to Guelph, 48 miles; 20th, Guelph to Toronto, 60 miles; 21st, spent in Toronto; 22nd, Toronto to Hamilton, 40 miles; 23rd, Hamilton to Niagara, 50 miles; 24th, 25th and 26th, in Niagara and Buffalo; 27th, Buffalo to Erie, 98 miles; 27th, spent in Erie; 29th, Erie to Cleveland, 82 miles. Total, 677 miles. The four were all expert wheelmen, and enjoyed themselves to the utmost. While stopping in London, they expressed themselves as being highly delighted with the roads already passed over; also stating that they never imagined that such beautiful roads existed.

The attention of our readers is called to the advertisement of T. Fane & Co., drawing attention to their great 50-mile amateur race, which is announced to take place on Wednesday, the 16th Sept., at the Rosedale Athletic Grounds, Toronto. This firm ought to be heartily encouraged in their endeavors to promote cycling in Canada, and they deserve special commendation for undertaking this 50-mile race. The prizes are of the finest, and if every thing is favorable (weather included), we predict that a large number of wheelmen will witness the first Canadian 50-mile ride.

At present there are six active cycle clubs in Chicago, and about one thousand bicycle and tricycle riders, all told. The clubs are: The Chicago, with a membership of about 70; the Dearborn, with about 30; the Hermes, 20 (being restricted to that number); the Eolus, with 19; the Owls, with 18; and the Armory, with 15.—*Chicago S. and T. Journal*.

PLEASANT RE-UNION.

COMPLIMENTARY SUPPER TO CAPT. EVANS AND STAFF-SERGEANT ROGERS BY THE OTTAWA BICYCLE CLUB.

(Ottawa Citizen, July 30, 1885.)

The Ottawa Bicycle Club entertained two of its members, Captain T. B. Evans and Staff-Sergt. Maynard Rogers, who served respectively in the Midland Battalion and the Sharpshooters, to a complimentary banquet last night, at the "Queen" Restaurant, in recognition of the services rendered by them on behalf of their country. The idea was a happy one, but in no respect was it less so than the occasion. When the usual enjoyable preliminaries had been disposed of, the chairman, the president of the club, and chief consul, Mr. Mothersill, proposed the toast of "The Queen," which was responded to in the usual loyal manner.

In proposing "The Guests of the Evening," the chairman paid a glowing tribute to the bravery and self-sacrifice of our citizen soldiers, who left their homes in such a trying season of the year to maintain the integrity of the Dominion and vindicate law and order. He said they were all aware of the object for which they had assembled around the festive board, which was to recognize the services of and to do honor to two of their brethren who had just returned from the North-west. It was scarcely possible to eulogize too highly the spirit which had induced their guests to enter the ranks of the army which had been enrolled to suppress the late rebellion; but it was scarcely necessary for him to enlarge upon the subject, as the two gentlemen were known to all, and that was all that was requisite to understand the motive which actuated them in volunteering their services. Their sterling qualities were well known, and it was with the greatest pleasure that they had met to do honor to Captain T. B. Evans and Staff-Sergeant Maynard Rogers.

The toast was drank amid the greatest enthusiasm and "They are jolly good fellows."

Captain Evans, on rising, was greeted with applause. He said he could assure them that it gave him great pleasure to be present and to know that they were remembered while away. He thought it was a pity that there had not been a bicycle club up there, as had they been enabled to travel a distance of 200 miles in a night and landed into Big Bear's camp at the dawn of day, that worthy would probably have thought the Manitou had struck him, and the rebellion might have been concluded sooner than it was. As all knew, the trip had been a pretty hard one, and during their marches he had met a good many bicyclists, who, he found, were enabled to withstand the fatigue most remarkably well, chiefly, as they averred, on account of the exercise they had obtained on the wheel. They had had a great many varied experiences, from travelling in waggons to being stuck on the Saskatchewan while sailing in steamboats, and on this account consuming about ten days in traversing 200 miles of water. Capt. Evans resumed his seat amid warm applause.

Sergt. Maynard Rogers said he could scarcely tell them how glad he was to be with them again. Like Capt. Evans, he often thought of the club when he came across a good trail.

and wished that the club was there to ride on it. Thanking them again for the kind manner in which their health had been proposed and honored, he took his seat amid applause.

"The Ladies," "The Press," and "The Racing Men of the Club" having been toasted and acknowledgments made, a vote of thanks was passed to the retiring secretary, Mr. Hawley, for his untiring labors on behalf of the club.

Messrs. Westbrook and Hacker, the professional bicyclists, now under engagement at the skating rink, were then duly honored and neat responses made.

"The New Secretary" was replied to by Mr. Hurdman.

Songs having been rendered by Messrs. Westbrook, Hacker and Mathewson, Sergt. Rogers sang his obituary song, "The Spanish Cavalier," which the *Mail* stated had been the last sung by him before being killed!

The proceedings were brought to a close by the company singing "Auld Lang Syne" and "God Save the Queen."

—:o:—

OVER MANITOBA ON A WHEEL.

(Concluded.)

On emerging from the valley, however, we found the same smooth prairie, but, as we were both tired, we determined to spend the night at the next house we came to; and, upon rounding a little clump of dry poplar trees, we were delighted to find the desired haven of rest. Our arrival created the usual amusement and surprise; but we were nevertheless hospitably entertained, and enjoyed the visit, notwithstanding the fact that we had to sleep in the hayloft over the barn, where we were closely inspected by swarms of rats and other animals.

The next morning we reached Pilot Mound, so called from a peculiar-shaped hill which can be seen at a considerable distance over the prairie, and which was used as a landmark by the early settlers going west. The town consisted of an inn, a saw-mill, a post-office, and a well of delicious drinking water. Passing Marringhurst and Glenore, where the post-offices of the district are situated, we came to the "Little Farm," owned by three brothers of that name. We were invited to spend the remainder of the evening with them, which we did, and obtained some interesting information about the country. They were living in the hope that the railroad would pass near their farm, and so enable them to sell out at a profit, and leave. They spoke of the winters as terrible in their severity, and cruelly hard upon people who had no money to buy clothing warm enough to withstand the arctic cold. Their opinion was that if there were sufficient railroads, and the mosquitoes and cold weather were driven away, Manitoba would be rather a decent place to settle in, but under the conditions then existing, life was not worth living.

Early the following morning we continued our tour, and an hour's ride brought us to a store kept by a man named Smith. It was the roughest place I ever saw, and everything sold was of the poorest quality. Smith was such a dirty-looking ruffian that we declined his offer to cook some pork for us, and he therefore directed us to take a side trail at the bottom of a valley,

which, he said, led to the house of an English man. This we willingly did, and we came to a snug-looking log-house, almost surrounded by hazel-bushes. The house was built at the foot of a hill, which effectually shielded it from the heavy winds and blizzards. We noticed a tall, well-built and handsome man feeding a calf fastened to a fallen log. No sooner, however, did we get within sight, before my companion let his machine fall to the ground with a crash, and, rushing towards the astonished farmer, yelled in an excited manner, "Why, Williams, how in Heaven's name did you come here?" Explanations followed, and I learned that my friend and the farmer had been acquaintances in "days gone by," and had lost sight of each other until the meeting in Manitoba under such curious circumstances. I am afraid that the calf had to be content with half rations that day. Williams introduced us to his wife, a beautiful English girl, and to his little daughter May, one of the prettiest of children, with whom we both immediately fell in love. I regret to say, however, that my advances were repulsed, and that she gave all her kisses and embraces to her British friend. It was a delightful treat to meet the Williams family in that out-of-the-way quarter of the globe, and we stayed there three days.

We found that Williams' farm was in the Rock Lake district, the lake itself being only two miles away, and we therefore determined to push on to Brandon, instead of going to the lake, which did not present any very attractive features, either in the way of scenery or society. Brandon lies about fifty miles northwest of Rock Lake, and, bidding good-by to the Williams' family, we took the trail again. The riding continued uniformly smooth, and we made good time over the rolling prairie. Passing the Stark farm and other minor points, we reached Milford, a little town on the Souris river, at the bottom of a deep ravine, and the approach is by a narrow wagon road winding round a picturesque cliff. The city would form a good study for an artist. The muddy Souris rolls sullenly through it, and at the ford there stands a quaint old flour mill, from which the place derives its name. We did not stay long at Milford. The place was all aglow with excitement over the problematical discovery of coal in the Souris coal-fields, and the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railroad to Brandon. We crossed the river in a rickety old ferryboat. On reaching the opposite bank we climbed a steep hill, and were delighted to find a perfect prairie-table, stretching away as far as eye could see. The whistle of the locomotives at Brandon boomed on the ear with a pleasantly-familiar sound, and three hours' moderate riding brought us to the outskirts of our destination. The last two hours of our ride were by moonlight, and strangely weird. Wolves flitted across the trail at intervals, and the howl of the foxes and coyotes came over the prairie with a dismal cadence.

We made a two days' stay at Brandon. The town was wonderfully busy, but the same idea impressed us as in other cities in Manitoba,—that the excitement was sporadic and unhealthy. We decided to retrace our steps in preference to taking the cars to Winnipeg. The return run was without special incident, beyond a second delightful visit to the Williams' farm, and the usual mosquito fights. We were remarkably fortunate with the sloughs, happening to find a

teamster who carried us over at each crossing. On passing through the villages and Mennonite settlements we were warmly greeted by the natives, who remembered our first visit, and turned out in great numbers to witness our phenomenal methods of locomotion. We reached Emerson in three days after leaving Brandon. Our prairie tour thus occupied exactly two weeks, and was remarkably pleasant, owing to the extraordinarily smooth nature of the trails and the absence of hills. Had it not been for the sloughs and mosquitoes, the trip would have been one of unalloyed pleasure. The total distance we travelled on wheels was about four hundred miles. At the same time, I should hardly recommend any one to choose Manitoba as a place to go for a bicycle tour. The absence of interesting scenery, and the general monotony of the country, make it unattractive.—HARRY M. LEE, in *Outing* for July.

With the Clubs.

KINGSTON BICYCLE CLUB.

Kingston, 25th June, 1885.

At the annual meeting of the Kingston Bicycle Club, the following officers were elected for the season of 1885:

J. Carruthers.....	Hon. President.
Wm. Harty.....	" Vice-Pres.
D. F. Armstrong.....	President.
T. T. Renton.....	Sec.-Treas.
George Smith.....	Captain.
Stanley Henderson....	1st Lieutenant.
John Hendry.....	2nd do.
James Minnes.....	Standard-Bearer.
R. J. McKelvey.....	Bugler.

—:o:—

ANNUAL ROAD RACE OF THE MONTREAL BICYCLE CLUB.

The annual road race of the Montreal Bicycle Club to Valois took place on Saturday afternoon, August 1st. The limit man was started from the club-house, Mansfield street, at 3.45, and the competitors arrived at Valois in the following order:

	Handicap.	Nett time.
	H. M. S.	
1. Geo. Darling.....	7 min.....	1 9 32
2. J. G. Gnaedinger....	5 min.....	1 10 23
3. W. A. Murray.....	4 min.....	1 10 45
4. G. S. Low.....	Scratch....	1 7 23
5. A. J. Darling.....	7 min.....	1 14 27
6. H. M. Ramsay.....	4 min.....	1 12 —
7. A. T. Lane.....	6 min.....	1 18 20
8. L. J. Smith.....	18 min.....	1 31 30
9. W. T. Rodden....		
10. F. D. Scott.....	9 min.....	1 39 15
11. W. G. Robertson....	15 min.....	2 03 25

F. D. Scott ran over a dog at Lachine and got a nasty fall. J. R. Scales took a header at the Dominion bridge, and he and J. H. Robertson did not finish. Smith and Rodden rode a Sociable. In the evening the members of the club were entertained by the residents of Valois at a supper and dance, a most enjoyable evening being spent. Most of the members returned to the city late in the evening, a special car being attached to a late freight train.

C. W. A. OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.



The Canadian Wheelmen's Association.

ORGANIZED SEPTEMBER, 1882.

President—Mr. JAS. S. BRIERLEY, *Journal*, St. Thomas, Ont.

Vice-President—Mr. W. G. EAKINS, *Mail*, Toronto, Ont.

Secretary-Treasurer—Mr. HALL B. DONLY, *Reformer*, Simcoe, Ont.

APPLICATIONS.

The following is a list of the applications for membership to the C. W. A. received up to date, which are published in accordance with Article III. of the Constitution. Objections must be made to me within two weeks of this publication; such objections shall be confidential. Every member of the Association should carefully examine the list and report objectionable persons. Secretaries of clubs, and candidates, will please note if names and addresses are correct, and report errors at once to

HALL B. DONLY, Simcoe,
Sec.-Treas. C.W.A.

APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP.

- Royal City Club, Guelph, add 1—
C 0303, George Griffin
- Bruce Co. Wheelmen, add 2—
C 0304, Moses Wildfang C 0305, M C Black
- St. Catharines Club, add 3—
C 0309, C Lymburner C 0310, Thos Struthers
C 0311, Thos J Allen
- Stratford Club, add 3—
C 0312, E F Hebden C 0313, J Wade
C 0314, R R McFarlane
- Paris Club, add 1— C 0320, W H Tufford
- Ramblers' Wheel Club, Belleville, add 21—
C 0355, George Biggar C 0366, S R Balkwell
C 0356, T S Clarke C 0367, Geo H Brown
C 0357, D R T McKinnon C 0368, F L Fellows
C 0358, Geo F Hope C 0369, S A Spanzenberg
C 0359, R E Lazier C 0370, Robert Gordon
C 0360, John Mackie C 0371, Edgar Foster
C 0361, J C Jamieson C 0372, S Lennox
C 0362, W W Pope C 0373, Geo Anderson
C 0363, James Jenkins C 0374, F Spencer
C 0364, James Macoun C 0375, W C Clute
C 0365, A T Bird
- Kingston Club, add 3—
C 0388, James Minnes C 0390, J B Mackay
C 0389, James MacNee
- Ariel Touring Club, London, add 3—
C 0404, A Macdonald C 0406, N S Williams
C 0405, W Mills

Ottawa Club, Ottawa, add 15—

- | | |
|------------------------|-----------------------|
| C 0418, W S Odell | C 0426, B Bogert |
| C 0419, R T Allan | C 0427, Ernest May |
| C 0420, W G Hurdman | C 0428, D Robertson |
| C 0421, A B Monk | C 0429, D Blyth |
| C 0422, Prof Bonbright | C 0430, C W C Taber |
| C 0423, H Adamson | C 0431, Major J Walsh |
| C 0424, W H Egleson | C 0432, C H Blanchet |
| C 0425, F Graydon | |

Brantford Club, add 6—

- | | |
|------------------------|---------------------|
| C 0440, George Heyd | C 0447, Chas Duncan |
| C 0445, Walter Webbing | C 0448, J Ham |
| C 0446, Richard Chave | C 0449, H E Howell |

International Wanderers, Niagara Falls, Ont., add 5—

- | | |
|-----------------------|----------------------|
| C 0467, John Robinson | C 0470, W Kimball |
| C 0468, G H Howard | C 0471, Louis Dayton |
| C 0469, W J McMurray | |

Woodstock Club, add 5—

- | | |
|----------------------|-----------------------|
| C 0506, William Barr | C 0509, Jas White, jr |
| C 0507, Bert Revell | C 0510, R Thomson |
| C 0508, F Bissonette | |

:o:

Woodstock, June 26, 1885.

Editor CANADIAN WHEELMAN:

DEAR SIR,—I beg to announce the appointment of the following Consuls for District No. 1:

- | | |
|--------------|----------------|
| Walkerton... | David Traill. |
| Paisley..... | A. G. Beamer. |
| Cargill..... | W. D. Cargill. |
| Drayton ... | Joseph Powle. |

Also the following Hotels as C.W.A. Headquarters:

- | | |
|-----------------|------------------|
| Wingham..... | Brunswick House. |
| Seaforth..... | Commercial. |
| St. Marys..... | Coleman House. |
| Elora..... | Commercial. |
| Tilsonburg..... | Matheson House. |
| St. Thomas..... | Grand Central. |
| Drayton..... | Royal Hotel. |
| Arthur..... | Commercial. |
| Walkerton..... | Hartley House. |
| Paris..... | Windsor Hotel. |

W. A. KARN,
C. C. Dist. No. 1.

:o:

L. D. Munger, of Detroit, well known to Canadians as one of the competitors in the open races at the last annual meet at Woodstock, and as a member of the Big Four party, at Boston, on Friday, July 31st, started at 4 P.M. on an attempt to break the bicycle road record of 207½ miles in twenty-four hours made by Fred. Russ Cook (the California wonder) this summer. He finished at 3.25 P.M., having completed 211 miles. The distance was measured on a Butcher cyclometer which had been previously tested.

:o:

We direct attention to the new advertisement of Charles Robinson & Co., 22 Church street, Toronto, on the second page of cover. The Rudge is evidently having a large sale, as Messrs. Robinson & Co. have been compelled to rent additional room for the display of their stock. Their warerooms have now a measurement of 1,720 square feet; so that they are able to show their large stock to advantage. We would advise our readers to call upon Robinson & Co. when in Toronto.

Wheel Tracks.

Thomas Stevens, the round-the-world tourist, has reached Constantinople safely.

As a rule, wheelmen are a handsome, healthy-looking lot of men.—*Buffalo Express*.

The Boston division of the Big Four Tour is to have a reunion and run in September.

R. G. Steel, of St. Johns, Mich., one of the Big Four Tour, is manager of the St. Johns Bicycle Club Tour.

S. T. Neiley, of Lynn, Mass., is touring in Nova Scotia, and will make an extensive trip among the Blue-noses.

A. E. Chestnut, of the Woodstock Bicycle Club, is spending his holidays on his bike in and around Hamilton.

"Mercer," who conducts the cycling column in the *Rugby Monthly*, gives a review of the various cycling journals in a recent issue, and goes for the *Wheel* lively.

Richard Howell, champion bicycle rider of the world, challenges John S. Prince, the American champion, for a one-mile race, in which he will give Prince twenty-five yards start.

One of the Canadian clerical tourists is the Rev. J. W. Harpster, of Canton, O., who began to use the bicycle 12 years ago, while a missionary in India. He is probably one of the earliest bicycle riders now in the United States.

H. D. Corey, of the Massachusetts Club, now holds the safety bicycle record for 24 hours. He accomplished 203 1-8 miles on Friday, the 7th inst., riding from Newton, Mass. He was accompanied by W. H. Huntley, of the Nonantum, on a tricycle, the latter making a record of 191 miles.

To those who are complaining about sidewalk bicycle riding, we suggest that they pave the sidewalk in front of their residences, and have a curbstone that bicyclers cannot ride over. The law is good, no doubt, but to a bicycle-rider the square side of a curbstone administers more law than all the courts in the Commonwealth.—*Lynn Union*.

The following English riders will compete at Springfield on Sept. 8th, 9th and 10th: Furnival, called THE English amateur, being unconnected in any way with any manufacturer. He is not yet nineteen years of age. Other amateurs are: Chalmers, English, Cripers, Illston, and Webber, while the professional list comprises Howell, Wood and James.

BEFORE AND AFTER TAKING

Inanely simpered the swells du-de

To the charmer on his right,
And together they watched their friend, as he
Away on his bike took flight.

But the day soon came to that bright, sweet girl,
To choose from those on her sides;
The dude sucks his cane. I cannot complain,
And my wife her "trike" now rides.

The moral I'm sure is at once understood.

To be certain, I'll make it quite plain:
You can make up a dude from materials crude,
But to ride on a cycle takes brain.

—*Bicycle South*.

THE BIG FOUR TOUR.

The Big Four Tour is over, and Manager Ayers' expression is the most fitting to the occasion: "The great tour opens, passes away like a dream of enormous frolic, and is gone." And who of the participants did not find the prophecy fulfilled?

On Sunday evening, July 5th, the Genesee House, Buffalo, was fairly alive with cyclers, each adorned with the mystic circular badge "4," all anxiously waiting the advent of the tour, when they would be really started on the road, and on Monday morning, at an early hour, everyone was astir, cleaning wheels, packing grips, and getting everything into readiness, the weather being perfect. Precisely at 9.30, the long line moved down the sidewalk, the crowd of spectators being very large. After a spin over some of Buffalo's fine roads, they began to get a fair taste of road-riding, and the tour commenced to assume a practical appearance. The roads were not of the best the first morning out, but the whole party managed to keep well together, with a few exceptions. Alden was reached about 1.30, where an elegant repast had been arranged upon a lawn under the trees, and which was thoroughly enjoyed, judging by the sudden disappearance of everything eatable. The afternoon's ride brought us through Corfu, where the life of the party, Munger, of Detroit, well known to many Canadians, had the first opportunity of displaying his capability of making everyone laugh. By means of a pump and a hose, which he manipulated very handily, several of the party received shower-baths, all of which was taken in good part and enjoyed. Pushing on, an enjoyable ride was had into Batavia, which place was reached about 7.30 P.M., everyone being well satisfied with the first day's run, 44 miles. They were entertained very handsomely here during the evening by the Batavia Bicycle Club. On account of the steady rain next day, special train was taken to Rochester, where the entire party were taken through Powers' art gallery, considered to be the finest collection in the world. During the evening, a spin around the principal drives was taken. Wednesday morning, a ride of eight miles brought the tourists to Charlotte, where special steamer was taken for Cobourg. This was one of the features of the trip. The party were the sole occupants of the boat, and enjoyed themselves to their heart's content. Among the tourists were some very fine singers, notably Commander Bourne and Dr. Aitken, of New York city, whose efforts in the vocal line were greatly applauded. Others of the party, not musically inclined, enjoyed ducking each other with pails of water. When Cobourg came in sight, all the party commenced blowing their horns (for they were all equipped with hideous dinner-horns), and on a crowded wharf a quick landing was made, the horror of wheelmen, the custom-house officer, being on hand. After Manager Ayers had signed a \$12,000 bond, and got two citizens to go security, we were allowed to proceed to the hotel, where an elegant "hop" was tendered the tourists during the evening. On Thursday morning wheels were again mounted for a ride over Canada's once famous hundred-mile stretch, but which is now as poor

a piece of riding as can be found, causing great disappointment.

The Century road-racers, along with the manager of the race, W. K. Evans, stayed over in Cobourg preparatory to the race, which took place on the day following. The tourists dined in Brighton, and arrived safe in Belleville, where they were elegantly entertained by the Belleville Tourists' Club, of which Mr. S. G. Retallack is captain. A "hop" was provided, and quite a number danced into the "wee sma' hours," and were obliged to take the train next day. Friday was the last day in Canada. Napanee was reached for dinner, and after starting it commenced pouring rain, the last fifteen miles being ridden during the rain. On arrival at Kingston, a slight rest was made to wait for the road-racers, Cola Stone completing the distance first, a full account of which appeared in our last issue. Steamer was then taken for Round Island, the first week's wheeling being at an end.

The ambulance, which, by-the-by, consisted of two large covered wagons, having fallen a large distance behind, the boat which conveyed tourists to Round Island was considerably delayed, the wheelmen not arriving at the island till near 11 o'clock P.M. None of the tourists, or, in fact, the outsiders, will forget the scene at the Kingston dock while waiting for the ambulance. On board the steamer they had the pleasure of hearing "Canada's Own Orator" speak on "Woman's Rights." The hop which was to have been tendered the party at the Round Island Hotel, on Friday night, had to be postponed until the evening following, owing to the late arrival. On Saturday, the camp at "Shady Ledge" was taken possession of, and Commodore Taylor's hospitality partaken of. During the three days' stay at the island, all sorts of sports and games were participated in, some rowing, some fishing, and others sailing, while the gallants of the party found a field for their talents in devoting their time to the young ladies staying on the island. The hop held on Saturday evening passed off very successfully, an enjoyable time being spent by all the participants.

Sunday was put in very quietly, camp-fire service being held in the evening at Shady Ledge. Monday afternoon, the cyclers were obliged to tear themselves away from Round Island and Shady Ledge, where they had been entertained so elegantly. In glancing through the Commodore's autograph album, the writer came across an inscription by a friend that certainly echoes the sentiment of the Big Four tourists. It reads thus: "Hospitality, thy name is Taylor!" At two o'clock, steamer was taken for Alexandra Bay, where dinner was served.

The manager of the local skating rink had papered the town with flaring bills announcing that the Big Four would give an exhibition drill at his rink. On that afternoon his rink was packed as it never was before. The wheelmen knew nothing of this, and were astounded when, after dinner, they were informed that they were expected to exhibit themselves. They protested that they knew nothing about drilling, and did not visit the island for any such purpose. But the manager implored so feelingly that twelve of the Boston men took pity on him and volunteered to do what they could. So, arraying themselves in their red coats, big hats, and all

their gaudiest apparel, they pushed their wheels into the rink and climbed astride of them, four during this operation taking headings towards a common centre. They began the drill, which consisted of riding around the hall three times in single file, twice in double file, taking three different styles of headers, and finishing with a grand collision dismount.

After the drill performance, the steamer was again boarded and headed towards Clayton, where special cars were waiting to convey the tourists to Amsterdam.

Having the cars to themselves, the wheelmen felt no restraint, but seemed to consider it their duty to make as much noise as possible. Exhaustion, however, finally conquered, and at 12 o'clock nearly all were sleeping soundly. Then some of the wide-awake men arose, and securing a lot of burnt cork, went through the cars, artistically decorating the face of every sleeping tourist. Then they yelled and woke them up. It was very funny the way the awakened cyclists for a few minutes enjoyed the ridiculous appearance presented by one another, each blissfully unconscious that his own face bore any unusual decoration. There were no more attempts at sleeping in that car, and Amsterdam was reached at 1.30 A.M. The headquarters were made at Hotel Warner, and the tired wheelmen hurried off to bed as quickly as possible.

They were the next day to cycle down the Mohawk valley to Albany, but the rain came down, and they were forced to take the train. The only disagreeable feature of the tour was the weather, which was very unfavorable, and spoiled many a good ride.

The morning hours were passed at Amsterdam, the wheelmen disconsolately sitting around and wondering how the weather could be so mean, writing home to dear ones, or playing pool. This quietness soon pallied upon the Boston men, and it was with a yell of delight that they greeted the suggestion that they go out and buy some cow-bells and have a parade about town. In less than half an hour the town's supply of cow-bells was exhausted. Those who could not obtain cow-bells purchased sleigh-bells, and fastened them to their legs. Thus supplied, they paraded about town, creating a din most horrible, and terribly frightening the inhabitants. The noise so disturbed the editor of the local paper, who was concocting a leader on the present as compared with the hereafter of the potato-bug, that he rushed madly after the chief of police and tried to induce him to arrest the whole crowd. But the policemen had more sense than the editor, and refused to interfere with the boys' fun.

Tue-day night was passed at Albany, where the local cycling club entertained the visitors hospitably. The Albany Club has the finest house of any cycling club in America, excepting those of the Massachusetts and Boston clubs. The weather concluded to favor the cyclists the next day. All were heartily glad to once more mount their wheels, and the day's ride proved the most enjoyable of the tour. The route was over the old post turnpike, up and down innumerable hills, and then through the beautiful valley of the Hudson. A halt was called at almost every farm-house along the route, and the rest of its relieved of everything drinkable

At every town along the route the tourists were given an enthusiastic reception, the inhabitants turning out in Sunday attire and lustily cheering the wheelmen as they passed. Flags were hoisted on all the village commons, and if any man in town had a cannon he brought it out and blazed away. At one town a cannon was set in the road, pointing directly towards the advancing wheelmen. They were riding very fast, and did not see the gun until close up to it. Then the leaders made a wild swerve to the right, upsetting a number of those behind, who fell in a mass a few feet from the cannon's mouth. Fortunately the fuse went out before reaching the charge, and the wheelmen were unhurt. The owner of the cannon was terribly frightened at the result of his stupidity, and hurried off home with his cannon without firing it.

Dinner was served at Kinderhook. The afternoon ride was through the Hudson valley, and as there were less hills than during the morning the pace was much faster. The receptions along the route during the afternoon were even more enthusiastic than those of the morning. At Stockport they were met by Joshua Reynolds, L.A.W. representative for New York, who had a brass band in waiting and escorted them to his house, where he entertained them most hospitably. Several score of the village young ladies were there and made things delightful for the wheelmen, presenting each with a *boutonniere*. Each of the young ladies wore a badge formed of the tourists' colors, and after much persuasion were induced to pin them on the breasts of the cyclers. Hudson was reached just before dark, and the steamer taken for Prospect Park, Catskill. A grand time was expected at Catskill, as it was known that the management of the hotel had made extensive preparations for a grand ball, and that all the ladies for miles around were sure to be present. The ladies were all there, and the preparations were all made; but, owing to the baggage-wagon horse dying, the wheelers' baggage did not arrive until after 12 o'clock, the result being that only the lucky ones who had their dress bicycle suits were able to participate in the dancing.

The next morning a special steamer carried them across the Hudson to McKinstryville, where they mounted their wheels and set out for Poughkeepsie, 35 miles distant. Arrangements had been made for dinner at a hotel in Rhinebeck. The proprietor agreed upon a certain sum for which to furnish dinner, but the night before, thinking he had the wheelmen where they could not escape from him, he wired to Manager Ayers that he must have double the amount agreed upon. The tourists, of course, refused to consent, and arrangements were made for feeding the wheelmen at the young ladies' seminary at Rhinebeck, and the promise was given that the young lady students would wait upon them. The change proved most agreeable to the wheelmen, and they unanimously voted that they enjoyed nothing more on the whole trip than they did the dinner at Rhinebeck. The girls were very pretty and very entertaining, and when the wheelmen departed they left behind about all their badges and hat decorations.

The roads from Rhinebeck to Poughkeepsie were the best met with on the tour, and a

lively race was maintained. A few miles out the local cycling club met the tourists and escorted them into the city. After supper, steamer was taken for West Point, where they arrived after 1 o'clock.

Friday morning they again embarked on their special steamer and sailed for Irvington, from where they wheeled to New York city, disbanding at the Grand Central Hotel.

NOTES OF THE TOUR.

Canada had three representatives.

L. Munger, of Detroit, was voted the funny man of the tour.

Geo. M. Hendee was along with the party, and contributed in no small degree to the fun of the crowd.

Notably among the party was Mr. A. B. Reid, of Clarion, Pa., who has participated in the annual Canadian tours for the past three years.

Considering the length of the tour and the rough roads traversed, it is remarkable that so few accidents occurred. The only serious accident was the header taken by Fred. Jenkins, editor of the *Wheel*, which dislocated his knee. The machines also stood the test remarkably well.

Secretary Fuller, of the Big Four tourists, furnishes the following statistics: The youngest rider on the tour was Harry Higinbotham, of Chicago, 16 years old. The oldest was Dr. L. J. Bates, of Detroit, who has passed 52 years. The tallest man was Simeon Ford, of New York; the shortest, J. Bidmead Wright, of Brooklyn, just 5 ft. 2 inches. P. Harvard Reilly, of New York, outweighed all, tipping the beam at 200 pounds, while Harmon Wendell, weighing barely half as much, was the light weight. The largest wheel used was a 60-inch, of which there were several in the party. The smallest was a 48-in. In the style of machine used the Expert Columbia took the lead, there being at least forty of these in use. On the trip excellent time was made by the entire party, the average rate being nine and a half miles an hour. The greatest rate of speed for the company was twelve miles in 50 minutes.

A REMARKABLE RIDE.

Mr. H. R. Goodwin, of the North Manchester Bicycle Club, England, has just completed perhaps the most remarkable journey accomplished on a bicycle. Leaving Land's End June 1, he journeyed to John o' Groats; having reached which point in seven days and a half, he at once turned southward, and again arrived at Land's End on the 16th, the double journey of about 1,750 miles, or from one extremity of England to the other, having occupied less than sixteen days. From Land's End he rode to London, which was reached on the 19th, the rider having thus completed a journey of 2,050 miles in exactly nineteen days, or at an average of 108 miles per day. Mr. Goodwin rode a 40-inch "Facile" safety bicycle, and he arrived in London fresh and well, and it is worthy of notice that he is a strict teetotaler, and underwent the great strain of such a journey without any help from stimulants.

Springfield's Grand Tournament takes place on September 8th, 9th and 10th.

SEAFORTH CLUB RACES.

Seaforth, Aug 26.—The second annual tournament of the Seaforth Bicycle Club was held to-day upon the Recreation grounds. The new asphalt track, a quarter of a mile in length, was used for the first time. The day opened threateningly, and slight showers fell during the morning. The afternoon was more promising, but soon clouded over, and the weather became a few degrees colder, with a fresh north wind blowing, which somewhat retarded the races. At 2.30 p.m. the Woodstock Club was declared the winner of the banner presented by Messrs. Chas. Robinson & Co., of Toronto, for the best representation of any club, they having thirty-three of their thirty-five members on the ground. The races were then called as follows:

Club race, two miles—Armitage, first; Coleman, second; Dorrance, third. Time, 7.33 1-5.

Half-mile dash—In this race M. F. Johnson and T. Fane, Toronto; J. Lamb, London; S. L. McKay, Woodstock, and P. B. Smith, Chatauqua, N.Y., started, but Fane fell on the first lap with Johnson on top of him. Neither were seriously injured. Lamb, McKay and Smith continued, finishing in 1.35 4-5; McKay first, Smith second, Lamb third.

Half-mile, without hands—Williams (Woodstock), first; Clarke (Woodstock), second; Armitage (Seaforth), third. Time, 1.48 4-5.

Three miles, lap race—Clarke and McKay (Woodstock), Foster and Fane (Toronto), and Lamb (London) started. Fane met with another fall, hurting one arm badly and damaging his machine. The race was finished by the others in 6.53—Foster first and Lamb second, Foster having gained one lap on the others. Only two miles were run.

Five mile race—Clarke, first; Foster, second. Time, 18.42.

Two mile handicap race—Lamb was allowed ten seconds start, and was followed by McKay and Smith, both of whom fell on the first lap, but remounted. McKay fell again on the second lap, and remained off. Lamb was first, Smith second. Time, 7.18.

Two mile green race—A. B. Parmenter, Woodstock, first; J. Robb, Seaforth, second. Time, 7.53 3-5.

Ten mile race—P. Biette, Woodstock, first; J. G. Dorrance, Seaforth, second. Armitage, of Seaforth, fell out on the sixteenth lap. Time, 37-14.

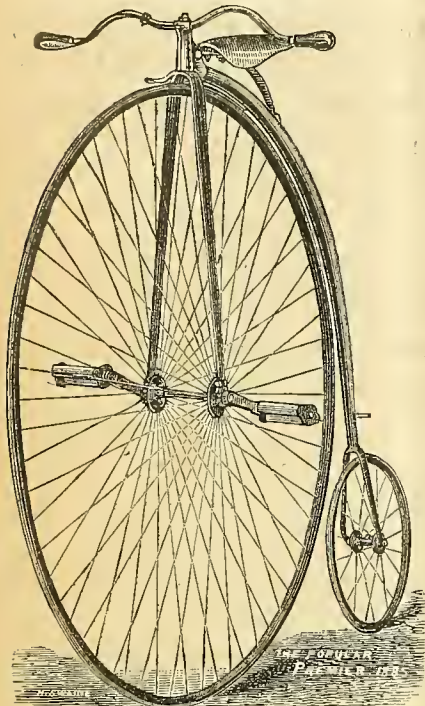
One mile race—Clarke, first; Foster, second. Time, 4.14. Foster fell in this race, and Clarke, gaining a good deal thereby, did not hurry himself.

About 2000 people were on the ground, despite the cold weather. The morning trains brought large numbers of excursionists from other towns. The Seaforth Club gave a grand concert in the evening. An excellent supper was spread by the ladies of Seaforth, and partaken of by visiting wheelmen, about one hundred of whom were present.

On August 1st, Messrs. Alphonse Hamel and Colin Hetherington, amateur oarsmen, accomplished a 121 3/4 miles bicycle run on the highway in twenty-four hours between Quebec and River du Loup.

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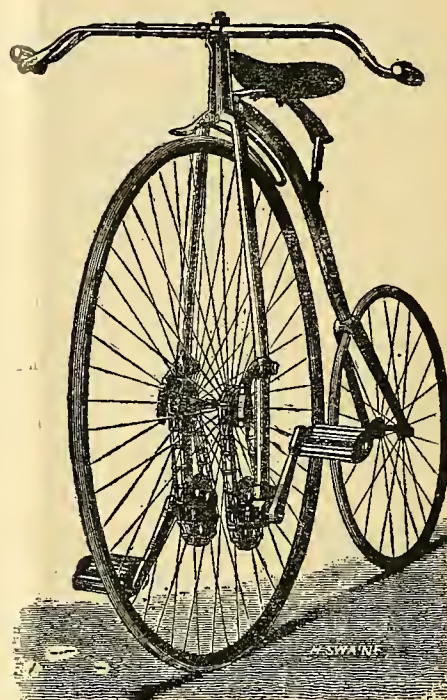
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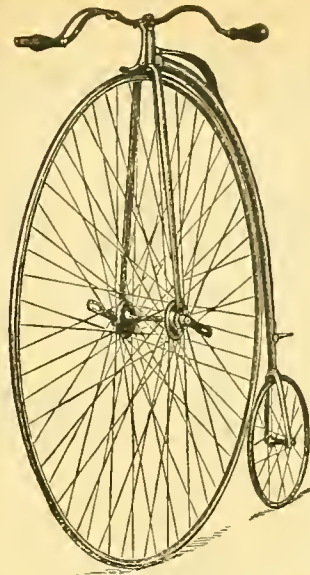
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