



A JOURNAL OF CYCLING.

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

VOL. II.

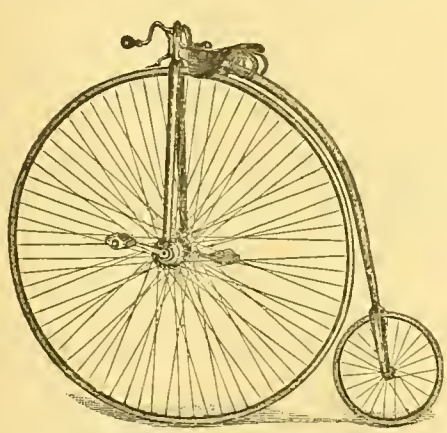
LONDON, CANADA, JULY 30, 1885.

No. 13.

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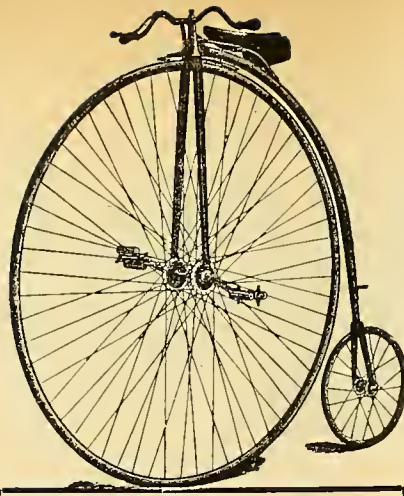
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The Canadian Wheelman:

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*.
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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 32, London. Those relating to business matters to the Secretary-Treasurer of the Company,

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

LONDON, JULY 30, 1885.

THE L.A.W. AND THE PROFESSIONALS.

At its late annual meeting the League of American Wheelmen, we are pleased to see, put its foot down emphatically on an attempt to include professional riders in the ranks of the League. The effort was strongly supported by a number of the leading members of the League; but for all that it received its quietus in a manner that showed there was no sympathy with the movement in the ranks of the wheelmen generally. And properly so, as we think. The professionals are all right in their place, but that place is assuredly not within the lines of such associations as the L.A.W. or C.W.A., the vital reason for whose existence is that they may control the *amateur* wheelmen of the two countries—men who ride for health and pleasure, and who desire an organization of a fraternal and social character, which shall not only frame rules for the guidance of meetings of wheelmen, but be a means of bringing brother riders of the wheel together in friendly intercourse. To introduce into such societies the professional element is to make discord of harmony, and to lower the wheelmen of the country, in the eyes of the people generally, to the level of men who make their living by riding. Not that men who ride for money may not be as honorable and square fellows as any that ever bestrode the pigskin, but their associations are against them. The professional athlete has come to be looked upon as a man not to be implicitly trusted, and in too many instances he has brought this damaging suspicion deservedly upon himself. It is not for the amateurs of the continent to undertake to make him clean. To put their seal upon the rejection of the proposed innovation, the League made their definition of an amateur more stringent that it was before.

These dog days are sufficiently enervating to make the most persistent wheelmen inclined to allow his steed and himself to rest. Those who have courage enough, however, to arise with the sun, and get in their work before he is high in the heavens, receive the truest pleasure out of the wheel, even in these August days.

It is surprising to see the ignorance displayed by such leading papers as the *Toronto Mail* and the *London Free Press*, regarding bicycling in general. In a recent issue, the *Free Press*, in answer to a correspondent, stated that a bicycle had no right to the roadway, not being established as a vehicle; and in a subsequent issue it published an extended article, censuring wheelmen for riding on sidewalks and side-paths, and stating that the road was the proper place for bicycles. The *Mail* frequently applies the word "Wheelmen" when referring to "Wheelmen."

Complaint has been made by some of the Toronto prize-winners, at the recent meet, that several of the prizes given were less valuable than advertised. It is to be hoped that such was not the case, or that there was some misunderstanding. There is no absolute necessity that any specific value should be placed upon the prizes given at Association meets, as the races are not for pecuniary value, but for honor. At the same time, if the value is stated, it should not be overstated.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Still the Englishmen lead the records. Mr. Appleby, of the Bowdon C.C., set himself the task of riding 200 miles under 24 hours, on Thursday, July 2nd, on a Sparkbrook Tricycle (Humber pattern) roadster. He started from Dunham Massey at 3.15 a.m., and arrived back at 2.10 a.m. on Friday, having covered over 208 miles, including 3½ hours stoppages on the road. And the Englishwomen are not far behind. Mrs. Allen, of Birmingham, has just ridden 200 miles exactly in 24 hours.

The English one-mile tricycling record for 1885 is held by P. Furnival, of the Beretta C.C., a young fellow who never before ran in a tricycle race. The time, 2.58 1-5, very few of our two-wheel flyers can equal.

A machine which is finding considerable favor in England, has rubber plates on the bearings of the large and small wheels, and wherever vibration can be lessened by their use.

ENGLAND'S LATEST FLYER.

Since the days of Cortis, no rider has appeared in England who attained to anything like the enviable position now occupied by M. Webber, Isle of Wight. Cortis' grand way of running down his men, his dashing style, and seemingly limitless speed made him the observed of all observers, and after making all the old records look slow, and bewitching the English, he retired and went to Australia. But his memory was kept green, and everything was judged by the "Cortis" standard. Last Fall, a brawny son of the North came down to London, and by his brilliant achievements he soon shadowed, if he did not usurp, the place of the idol. We refer to R. H. English. This grand rider had a habit of going from start to finish, breaking up his competitors and the records. When he rode his two miles in 5.32, and his 20 miles in 59.06 3-5, we awarded him the

palm, and we were fully convinced that it would be many a day before an amateur or a professional, for that matter, would discount his remarkable doings.

But several weeks back, a novice named Webber won a London handicap, actually running away from the scratch man. They pulled him back, and again he spread-eagled the field. They scratched him, and again he catches the judges eye first. Then as a last resort they lengthen the starts, and those who were scratched with him are now placed in front of him. Since his win in the 5-mile championship, the racing public have gone Webber-mad. It seems as if no one at present on the path can stop him from one to five miles, and what he can do in the longer distances remains to be seen. Truly is he a Webber, for he has caught the English flyers in his web. He can sit in his corner for the rest of the season and sing: "Will you walk into my parlor."

THE TORONTO BICYCLE CLUB.

A special meeting of the Toronto Bicycle Club was held on Tuesday evening, July 21st, at the Club rooms, Vice-President Lailey in the chair. Nominations for the vacant office of Captain were made as follows: Messrs. Campbell, Langley, Cox and Blachford. The election will be held at the next regular meeting, in August. A regular club run in the evening, in lieu of one of the morning runs, was recommenced, the day to be fixed by the road officers. The event of the evening was the presentation to the retiring Captain, Mr. A. F. Webster, of the handsome clock won by the club at Woodstock, on Dominion day, accompanied by the following address, illuminated with unique skill, and handsomely framed:—

To ALEX. F. WEBSTER, Esq., Captain Toronto Bicycle Club:—

DEAR SIR,—The officers and members of the Toronto Bicycle Club, feeling that the great success of the club during the past season, and its present high standing, have been mainly due to your energy and selfless desire to express to you their esteem for yourself, and their appreciation of the efforts you have put forth in the interest of cycling generally, and the Toronto Bicycle Club in particular. They therefore beg your acceptance of the accompanying trophy, which was won by the club under your captaincy, and which they now present to you as a memento of the warm personal feeling entertained for you by all the members of the club. The gift is accompanied by the sincere hope that you may long be spared to enjoy the pleasures of cycling, especially in connection with the Toronto Bicycle Club. Signed,

W. B. McMURRICH, *President*.
C. E. LAILEY, *Vice-President*.
FRED. J. CAMPBELL, } *For the Committee*.
J. F. LAWSON, }

The Vice-President made a neat presentation speech, and then gave the floor to Mr. Webster, who felt as if he was going down a steep hill, without brake, at a speed to rob him of the power of expression. However, he managed to acknowledge the honor done him like a born orator, and intimated his intention of remaining an active, though private, member of the club. He was loudly applauded on resuming his seat. Mr. Webster retires, retaining the popularity which has always been his.

THE BIG FOUR CENTURY ROAD RACE.

The event of the Big Four was the Century Road Race, and the interest manifested in it by the natives was unusual. The tourists began to discuss the merits of the different men with much animation and intense interest from the time of their arrival in Buffalo up to and including the day of the race, and even now not a few of them contend that their own particular favorite could have won but for so and so, or if such and such had or had not happened.

In order to have all the advantage, an intimate acquaintance with the roads would give them Stone, and Corey went ahead of the tourists to Cobourg and put in two or three days prospecting the highway. Stone went over the road three times, and Corey rode to Belleville and return. The day but one before the race Stone made the forty-five miles from Cobourg to Belleville in 3h. 26m., a feat, the recital of which gave the Corey men food for contemplation.

Webber took time by the forelock and traversed the route of the race before coming to Buffalo, from which place he started an hour ahead of the tourists and rode to Rochester the same day, where he rested until the main party caught up to him the next day.

On reaching Cobourg speculation again became rife on the race and more pools were made up, the Corey men trying their best to hedge, with no takers.

Of the other contestants, Van Sicklen, Westervelt and Munger, they clung to the main body of the tourists, having a good time, and knew practically nothing of the long road that lay before them. Under the circumstances the record made by the two latter is greatly to be praised, particularly that of the Detroit man, Munger, who entered into all the sports of the trip and soon became a great favorite with the boys. Munger is an odd genius, brimming over with fun and frolic, and his pranks on the road, on train and on steamer, added greatly to the pleasure of all parties.

It was found that the course, as laid out, was short of about five miles of the requisite one hundred, and in order to obviate the difficulty a man was stationed with a flag two and a half miles from the starting point, on a wide grassy part of the road, giving ample space for the racers to turn nicely.

The tourists having got a lead of fifty miles on the ninth, were well in advance, and everything being in readiness on the morning of the tenth of July, the men were called to the scratch by Mr. Evans, editor of the *WHEELMAN*, at the Arlington Hotel, Cobourg, about 10 A.M. Out of the twelve entries six men responded, they being George Webber, of Smithville, N.J.; N. H. Van Sicklen, of Chicago; Frank W. Westervelt, of Springfield; H. D. Corey, of Boston; Cola E. Stone, of St. Louis, and L. D. Munger, of Detroit, Mich.

All the men appeared to be in fine condition, though Stone looked a trifle thin and wan. His weight generally is about 190 lbs., but the arduous training preparing for the event in which he was about to participate had brought brought him down to about 160. His mount is a 52-in. Rudge.

Corey rode a 52-in. Rudge Roadster. His experience with the roads led him to believe that he could do better with a trifle more drop to his handles, and the evening before he had changed forks and handle-bars with the editor of *The Wheel* to attain his object. The forks he got seemed to fit nicely, but events proved he was mistaken. In effecting the exchange he killed any chance he might have had in the race.

Webber, of course, rode his Star; Westervelt used a 52-in. Victor; Van Sicklen a 56-in. Columbia Light Roadster, and Munger appeared at the line on a 54-in. Apollo Light Roadster.

The word "go" was given at precisely 10.08 A.M., and the men started off at a smart pace, Van Sicklen leading, followed by Stone, Webber, Westervelt and Corey, Munger bringing up the rear at a respectable distance from the leaders.

This order was maintained for about a mile, when Stone went to the front setting a ripping old pace, and Van Sicklen dropped the fourth place, and Corey began to lose ground, Munger holding his own without any evident intention of trying to catch up. The leaders maintained this order to the flag, at which point Corey was a quarter of a mile to the bad, Munger having passed him still holding his relative position.

The spectators who viewed the race soon saw that something was wrong with the Boston man or his machine, as he continued to lose ground.

The flagman was rounded by the four leaders in a bunch, who started back toward the hotel at a terrific pace.

About half-a-mile from the flag they met a farm wagon with two horses in front and a mare and a colt hitched behind. The mare saw them coming, and commenced to prance about in a most unpleasant manner. Stone, who was first, went by safely on the fly. Webber went down into a ditch on the left of the team and clambered up beyond. Westervelt jumped off and ran along the side of the road on the grass for a hundred yards before he could get on to the road again. Van Sicklen attempted to pass on the edge of the road, but as he got abreast of the horses behind, the mare gave a snort of terror, and backing against him, shoved him off into the ditch, where he sprawled ingloriously and damaged his wheel so badly that he was obliged to withdraw from the race. Munger jumped off and ran his wheel by on the grass, while Corey, finding it impossible to make the borrowed forks work satisfactorily, joined Van Sicklen, his partner in misfortune.

Meanwhile Stone, profiting by the mishap, had gained an eighth of a mile on Westervelt and Webber. At the starting point both men, after some decidedly warm work, had caught him and began the long stretch of 95 miles straightaway in a bunch.

Here Webber lost ground a little, but managed to cling to the leaders, who cut out some tough running for the next five miles. As they neared Wicklow, Webber found the pace too hot and fell back, while Stone and Westervelt continued their mad career for ten miles farther, when the Springfielder had found the strain too much for him, and striding a steep hill, Stone got clear away.

It should be mentioned here that, owing to the fact that numerous attempts to repair the highway, all in an uncompleted state, had put the first twenty-five miles of the road, mostly up hill, in very bad shape.

Munger, who had been plodding steadily along now began to pick up and crawled up on Webber. As they neared Brighton, a team backed down on Webber and caused him to take a genuine header, bending his handle-bars and twisting the backbone of his machine.

Munger, who was in sight, soon came up and offered to help the Star man repair his damaged steed, but the latter refused to avail himself of the generous tender, and Munger, going for all he was worth, passed Westervelt and landed in Brighton, 28 miles out, at 12.05, just five minutes behind Stone. Westervelt passed at 12.15, and Webber, having made his wheel rideable, was timed at 12.35.

At Trenton, Stone was told that Webber was just behind him, and this caused him to strike out at a high rate.

During the afternoon the rain had fallen in floods in advance of the racers, consequently the roads between Belleville and Napanee were in a frightful condition, and the boys were obliged to literally ride in running water. Stone reached Napanee at 4.08, Munger at 4.28. Webber about one hour behind him.

At Napanee, Stone was met by Lindell Gordon, of St. Louis, who coached him to Kingston, 25½ miles, in about two hours, where he arrived the winner of the race at 6.36, completing the hundred miles in exactly 8h. 28m. The record is 8h. 6m.

Westervelt kept second place until eighteen miles from Belleville, when he played out entirely and gave up the contest.

Munger was met at Belleville by J. W. Vivian of the Charlestown (Mass.) Bicycle Club, who coached him to Napanee, where he was taken in hand by Gideon Haynes, Jr., of Boston, who urged him on and brought him up to within six minutes of Stone, when the Detroit man gave up all hopes of beating him and, holding his place, came into Kingston at 7.08½, his total time being 9h. 0½m.

Meanwhile Webber, having mounted his racing wheel, waiting for him at Napanee in charge of C. H. Chickering, of Smithville, started off at a lively rate with Chickering as a pace-maker. The pace-maker was a wreck inside of ten miles, while Webber, keeping on arrived at Kingston at 7.14½ p.m., making the 25½ miles in 1h. 45m., a total of 9h. 6½m.

So ended the first straight-away century road race on this continent, and in many respects the most remarkable race ever run. The repairs and the rains had made the course, naturally one of the best, in many places almost unrideable, and the tourists who passed over the route were astounded at the time made. The achievement is one over which St. Louis and her pet rider can justly feel highly elated.

Mr. J. A. Muirhead, better known as "Jack," has returned from the Northwest with the 7th Fusiliers.

SUNDAY CYCLING.

* * * And there is another very popular amusement which has sprung up during the last few years, and which is as perfect an all-round form of recreation as can well be imagined—we refer to cycling. The great advantage of this exercise, as it seems to us, lies in the fact that a lad is not dependent upon companions for his enjoyment, though companionship, of course, enhances it. It is difficult to conceive a much more agreeable way of spending a Saturday half-holiday than by a run of twenty or thirty miles on a good machine, or in taking a considerably longer round by including Sunday in the programme.

We are great advocates for cycling for many reasons, not the least of which is that those who take up this amusement are, as a rule, steady and companionable fellows. A drinking cyclist is a rare thing to meet with, partly, no doubt, from the fact that every rider finds that the less he drinks the more easily he can travel, and that a flask of cold tea without milk, and with a squeeze of lemon-juice and a lump of sugar in it, beats, for thirst-quenching properties, all the spirits in the world, and is, indeed, better even than beer. Tea, as everybody knows, is pre-eminently the wheelman's beverage, and a "high tea" the wheelman's meal—no very expensive luxury, especially at the reduced tariff allowed now at so many inns to members of the Cyclists' Touring Club. To our young friends, who by their diligence in work fairly earn their recreation, we say, "Take to cycling." The expenses at first are certainly rather heavy, because a good machine—and nobody but a rich man can afford to buy a bad one—involves a considerable outlay, but when this is once overcome there can hardly be a less costly amusement than wheeling, or one by which the expenditure of a few shillings will afford more personal gratification, or conduce more to maintain a healthy mind in a healthy body. —From an *English Exchange*.

:o:

THE L.A.W. NOW DEFINES AN AMATEUR.

"An amateur is one who has never engaged in, or assisted in, or taught bicycling or any athletic exercise for money or other remuneration, nor knowingly competed with or against a professional for prizes of any description."

To prevent a misunderstanding in interpreting the above, the League draws attention to the following explanation:—

"A bicyclist forfeits his right to compete as an amateur, and thereby becomes a professional, by (a) 'Engaging in cycling or any other recognized athletic exercise, or personally teaching, training, or coaching any other person thereon, either as a means of obtaining a livelihood or for a stated bet, money, prize, or gate money.' (b) 'Competing with, or pace-making for, or having the pace made by a professional in public or for a prize.' (c) 'Selling, realizing upon, or otherwise turning into cash any prize won by him.' (d) 'This rule does not apply to the teaching of the elements of bicycling solely for the purpose of effecting the sale of bicycles. The League recognize as athletic exercises all the sports under the jurisdiction of the National Association of Amateur Athletes of America, viz.: Running, walking, jumping, pole-leaping, putting the shot, throwing of weights, tugs-of-war, and also rowing, boxing, sparring, lacrosse, polo, roller and ice skating.'"

THE ADVERTISER BICYCLE.

A correspondent of the *Bicycling World* gives the following accurate description of the latest cycling invention:

"To show that we are up with the times out here, I will describe our latest, viz., 'The Advertiser Bicycle.' It is an ordinary bicycle in outline, but remodeled to suit the needs of a rapid advance advertising man. Beginning at the handles, they are found to be hollow: the left one containing paint, the right one ink. The brake lever is replaced by a penholder, the brake spoon by a paint brush. The right bar is detachable, and fitted *a la* pistol cane; the left bar connects left handle with paint brush. Properly manipulating the left handle supplies the brush with paint, which is then applied to the tire by pressing the brake lever. The tire is provided with large rubber type, clamped on in such order that if painted when passing over any good surface, they will leave a lengthy legend, somewhat as follows:

COBBERS-EASY DISCISTER
COBBERS EVERY DISEASE

When this, or some similar poetic inscription, is scattered the whole length of every sidewalk in town, it will be pretty certain that every one who runs will read. The saddle is a small portfolio, padded with paper and envelopes. The outer shell of a telescope tool-bag makes an excellent cigar-case, and the inner shell, being properly water-proofed, makes a good drinking cup. The backbone is filled with beer, drawn through a spigot-shaped step. The front forks are provided with spigots instead of foot-rests, and contain drinks of better quality for private use. The spokes are replaced by thin convex paper disks placed with their convex sides together, thus making a double convex wheel with hollow centre, in which, through small doors, extra bills, cards, clothes, and other sundries, can be placed. The tire is instantly removable, and when stretched out forms an excellent fire-escape. The finish is not nickel or enamel, but many colors of the show-bills. This is of little advantage when standing still in proper position, but, in nine cases out of ten, the public are obliged either to stand on their heads or do the cart-wheel act in order to read the bills, and this exertion will so impress their memories that having read the advertisement once they will never forget it. The whole machine is instantly convertible into an umbrella by removing the backbone from the head, and inserting the end of the neck in the hollow axle.

Taking all in all, we think it a good invention. Further information may be had of Mr. Commercial Drummer, No. 354, Blank street, this city."

:o:

MESSRS. CHARLES ROBINSON & CO., of 22 Church Street, Toronto, have a change of advertisement on the second page of this issue. They claim a high position for the wheel they represent—the RUDGE—and report steadily-increasing sales. They are making a specialty of the Rudge Safety this season, which is meeting with success where it is known.

ADVICE TO AN EMBRYO CYCLER.

And so, my young friend, you want to become a rider of the silent steed. I say young, for any man who is not too old to want to ride a bicycle is still fit to be classed among the young.

I will assume it is a bicycle that is the object of your ambition, though much that I have to say will apply equally well to tricycling.

Well, in the first place, we must follow the system laid down by good Mrs. Glass, "First get your bicycle;" and how shall you pick it out? Well, in the first place, learn something about the various patterns of machine. I wouldn't give a fig for a man to whom a bicycle is a bicycle,—and nothing more,—to whom an Expert is no better than a Mustang, or a Yale Light Roadster than one of many machines sold in England for £1 10s. 6d.

Get a copy of Sturmey's Indispensable Handbook, study it carefully, learn something of the relative merits and demerits of solid and hollow forks, parallel, cone and ball-bearings, of various kinds of springs and saddles; get some general idea of the anatomy and physiology (so to speak) of the bicycle; examine all the machines you can; talk with all the old riders, and make your choice deliberately.

If you have access to a riding-school avail yourself of it by all means; it will save time, temper and cuticle; but if you *must* "go it alone," don't be dismayed; many a good rider has been self-taught; a cool head and a firm hand will overcome all obstacles.

If you have to teach yourself, my advice is to buy one of the cheaper, well-made machines, one with plain or cone bearings, instead of balls—rather stout and heavy, and a size or two smaller than you can easily reach. You can often buy such a machine second-hand in fair order for a comparatively trifling sum, and it will serve just as well for your first season as the most costly and delicate wheel you can buy, and stand the inevitable banging that a beginner gives his wheel much better. No use to buy a costly wheel full size first year. You ought not to ride your full size at first anyway, and if you have a costly wheel at first, you will be timid lest you injure it, and will thus acquire bad form in riding, and besides, after you have ridden a year, and studied up the details of construction in the light of experience, you will be sure to want a change at the beginning of your second season, and the cheaper wheel can be disposed of at less loss than the costly one.

Now about size. Well, the only way to get a fit is to try on some wheels. The lists for leg-measure, etc., given in makers' catalogues, are only approximate; much depends on closeness of build and narrowness of tread in the machine, and on the build of the rider. The position of the saddle is also an item. The beginner should (for safety) ride with saddle set well back; hence further from the pedals, hence he should ride a smaller wheel. In trying on a wheel, set the saddle well back from the head, let the pedals out as far as slot in cranks will allow, then have some one hold your machine while you mount, and if you cannot keep *firm* pressure of the balls of your feet on the pedals, *all the way*

round without lowering the toe below the heel, while your friend pushes the machine forward, the machine is *too big* for you. The temptation always is to ride too big a wheel, but the beginner should always ride a machine *well within* his reach both for safety and comfort. After you have learned to ride well, you will find you can reach a larger wheel with ease, and you can also use shorter cranks without too much loss of power; but till you have learned to use your muscles to the best advantage, don't shorten up the short end of your lever (the crank) too much. Now, having picked out a good stout, honest machine, with handles of medium length, and *full inch* tire to front wheel, take it home and look it all over, take it all apart and clean and oil it, and put it together again yourself. You'll be sure to learn something to your advantage, something that will come handy some day on the road.

Now you want to learn to ride. Well, if you can get some friend to hold up the machine by backbone and handle while you mount, and then push you around while your feet rest lightly on the pedals, and follow, not control, their motions, and your hands grasp the handles lightly but firmly, why, so much the better: but if you must depend on yourself entirely, get up early and start for some quiet bit of smooth country road with a slight down grade. Push your bicycle in front of you by standing on its left, resting your right hand on the backbone just back of the saddle, and your left hand on the left handle. After a bit you will find that you can guide the wheel very well with the right hand on the backbone only, and this is valuable practice. Having arrived at the summit of your little hill, stand directly behind the machine with the little wheel between your feet, and your hands stretched forward and grasping the handles. Now put your left foot on the step, give two or three hops forward with the right and rise to a standing position on the step. Make no attempt as yet to reach the saddle, but just guide your wheel down hill by inclining your body towards the side towards which you wish to turn, and by pulling gently on the handle towards which the machine seems inclined to fall. When you fall or the machine stops, turn back and push your bicycle up to your starting-place, and repeat this performance till you have gained confidence, can steer a pretty straight line, can step down (on the right foot first) before the machine has lost all headway, and, giving a hop or two, remount the step without much wobbling. You are then ready to learn to mount. Start as before, and after riding a few yards on the step, raise your right leg slowly and carefully, and hook it over the saddle. Do this several times, till you can do it without causing the machine to wobble. Now comes the moment.

Take a fresh start, stand on the step a few yards, hook right leg over saddle, and then, rising on your left toe, slide yourself into the saddle. Don't spring into it, or your chances of taking a header are A No. 1. Once in the saddle, don't be in too much of a hurry to get your feet on the pedals, or you may put pressure on the rising pedal, which, by checking the headway of the bicycle, but not that of the rider of it, will cause them to part company, as the momentum of the rider will surely carry him

forward over the head of his machine. When you are fairly in the saddle, let your feet seek the pedals, but put no pressure on them. Let the feet simply follow them around, and let the machine run on till it stops of its own accord; when it is nearly stopped, lean a little to the left side, keeping the handles straight, and the machine will gently tip that way and let you down on the left foot, which must be taken from the pedal and stretched out for that purpose. Repeat this several times before you try to propel your bicycle by pressing on the pedals as they are going down. Do this gently, firmly and steadily, and without jerk, and you will be surprised to find yourself coming along at a good pace.

Now you want to learn to dismount in some more dignified way than that of letting the speed slack down and tipping over sideways with one leg sticking out to break your fall. Beginners are usually advised to learn first to dismount by the step, a process which is, of course, just the reverse of mounting, but I have usually found that when the beginner removes his left foot from the pedal and thrusts it backward to search for the step, which he cannot see, it is very apt to come in contact with the spokes of the front wheel, and even if it fails to catch in them and throw him, so frightens and disturbs him that he loses control of his machine and gets a fall. My own preference is for the pedal dismount, which may be done on either side, and brings the rider into excellent position for controlling his machine after he reaches the ground. The mechanism of this dismount is not very easy to explain, but the movement itself is simple enough, and consists merely in stepping to the ground and using one of the pedals which is on the downward path as a step. I usually begin to throw my weight upon one of the pedals just as it begins to go down, and step off just as it is at the lowest point. Of course a firm hold must be kept on the handles both during and after the dismount, or the machine may get a tumble and some damage.

There are several other mounts and dismounts which should be gradually mastered, as should also the art of riding without hands on the handle-bar and with legs over the handle-bar, as in coasting. These and various fancy tricks have a certain practical value, not only in familiarizing the rider with his steed, but in case of accident may provide means to escape not open to one who is confined to a single method of mounting or riding. However, these things are not for the beginner (unless in exceptional cases), and I need spend no more time over them.

Now, suppose you have learned to mount and dismount, and to guide your bicycle on a fairly smooth and level road. You want now "to take a ride." Here, as elsewhere, the motto is, "Go slow." Don't try to do too much at first. Practice every day, increasing the length of your journeys daily, now and then trying some hills, little ones at first and then steeper, and when you can navigate fairly well, get over a rather rough bit of road and up a rather steep hill, you are ready to enter upon bicycling proper. Before you start on your first road-ride, see that both your bicycle and yourself are in good order.

Of course you will wear flannel or knit merino underwear next the skin, knee breeches, long stockings, and well-made shoes. Rubber soles are not necessary, and have some serious inconveniences. A Yale shirt and a light straw hat, with at least two clean white linen handkerchiefs (one to tie around the neck if the sun shines very fiercely), complete an ideal outfit for the rider.

Now for the bicycle. Before you start, go all over it and see that every nut which should be tight is tight, that the bearings are well oiled, and the excess of oil that flows over wiped off—that your saddle-bag contains an oil-can well filled with good sewing-machine oil, a small monkey-wrench, a screw-driver, a piece of soft rag and some stout twine, and (if the machine requires them) the special spanners, etc., belonging to it. See that the head is tight enough to prevent shake and loose enough to turn freely, that the pedals run freely with as little shake as possible, and that the saddle is fastened firmly just where you want it. (This will be pretty well back for the beginner, and farther forward for the more expert rider.)

If you are starting early in the morning, take a bite before you start. Never start out with an empty stomach, nor too soon after a full meal. For this early breakfast or lunch a glass of milk, some bread and butter, and some cold meat will answer well—beer or other stimulants had better be left till after the day's work is over, and can be omitted altogether, not only without loss, but with positive gain, at least by most riders. Start early; ride during the cool of the morning. Rest, say from ten o'clock in the morning till three or four in the afternoon. Don't ride too fast; six or eight miles per hour is fast enough for a beginner. Take it easy; enjoy the scenery as you go. Eat plenty of good plain food, avoiding pork and pastry. If you perspire freely, drink freely of water, but let tea alone. This is contrary to the English instructions, but I am satisfied that for this climate it is correct.

In England, the greater amount of moisture in the air prevents the rapid evaporation of sweat from the surface of the skin and the consequent drain upon the fluids of the body, which in this climate must be replaced by drinking freely, or distress must follow. Why tea is recommended I am at a loss to know. I am satisfied that it is far more detrimental than coffee, and quite as bad for the health, if not for the morals, as alcoholic drinks.

When through your day's ride, a bath in tepid—not cold—water and a complete change of clothing is very comfortable, and after supper a mild cigar may be indulged in by the smoker with no fears of any evil consequences. Then early to bed, and rise next day with a sense of health and life entirely new and very delightful.

In conclusion, let me offer a few maxims to the beginner:

First.—Always look your machine over before starting, and at the close of a ride. The tightening of a single nut may save you a severe fall or some miles of walking.

Second.—See that the contents of your tool-bag are all right, and that there is plenty of oil in your oil-can. Don't trust this to your memory.

Third.—Dress properly, woollen or mixed underclothing, knee breeches and long stockings. Never ride in long trousers if you can help it. They don't look well, and are liable to catch in some part of your machine and give you a tumble.

Fourth.—Take it easy. Don't try to beat the record. Remember you are only a beginner. Don't race with every horse that you catch up with or that catches up with you. Don't ride up a very steep hill that takes all your strength to get up. Don't be too smart, anyhow.

Fifth.—Always dismount if a horse gets frightened and is driven by a woman or a fool. The woman is not strong enough and the fool is not smart enough to control a frightened horse.—Stick up for your rights, and if any man orders you off the highway take your full half of the road and make him keep to his half.

Sixth.—Eat when you are hungry, drink when you are thirsty, rest when you are tired. Be courteous to all men, and kind to yourself.

—:o:—

OVER MANITOBA ON A WHEEL.

Manitoba may, to the average reader, seem a curious sort of place to choose for a bicycle tour; but the novelty of the idea commended itself to myself and a young English friend last fall, and we determined to spend two weeks in exploring part of that much-talked-of region.—Leaving Chicago August 8, we took the cars for Emerson, the first place over the American border, which we reached on the 10th of the month. We were immediately greeted by millions of the most penetrating mosquitoes I ever experienced. We took rooms at the Gateway House, where we excited considerable attention. The idea of bicycling over the trails appeared to be supremely ridiculous to the Manitoban mind. We learned that Winnipeg, the capital of the province, was only sixty miles north of Emerson, and we therefore determined to strike out in a westerly direction. Before beginning the tour proper, however, we took the train to Winnipeg, and returned to Emerson the next day. The capital appeared to be a busy little place, very much overrated, and with a limited future before it. On returning to Emerson we held a consultation with the postmaster, the result of which was that we decided to make Brandon our objective point, it being then the northwestern terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railroad. We were also advised to ride through the Rock Lake district, which, we were informed, had the best scenery in the province. Our course, therefore, was directly northwest. We left the Gateway House on Sunday morning, amidst the mingled jeers and cheers of an interested group of spectators, and on arriving at the bridge over the Red river we found that the structure had broken down, and that all vehicular traffic was suspended. As a pleasant preliminary, therefore, we had to shoulder our bicycles and carry them over a narrow, quivering plank, placed across a yawning gap in the bridge,—a sort of Blondin-like performance to which neither of us was very partial. On the opposite side we mounted, and began our tour. The day was a regular August scorchers, and the mosquitoes assembled in countless hosts to bid us adieu. Leaving Emerson, we passed

through the little village of West Lynne, where the Hudson Bay Company has a fine store-house. Our appearance excited considerable attention, and, I regret to say, we were made the subjects of much uncomplimentary criticism. We consoled ourselves with the reflection that great explorers have been so treated from time immemorial; and, riding rapidly through the village, we struck out directly west for the open prairie. The riding was much easier than we had anticipated, there being a well-beaten trail, in which our wheels ran smoothly. The first two hours' ride was delightful, and then we reached the Mennonite settlement, or "Ten-mile village," as it is locally termed. When about half a mile from the settlement, we were observed by some of the Mennonites, who spread the news, so that, when we arrived in the village, the entire population was waiting to receive us.—These Russian-German peasants are a curious people. They make the best of settlers, being hard-working and thrifty. They are also wonderfully kind-hearted and hospitable. We found the drinking-water at the Mennonite village so strongly alkaline as to be absolutely unsafe to use, and we suffered severely for drinking it. Half an hour's ride brought us to our first difficulty,—a long slough, directly across the trail. On either side of the roadway, stretching as far as we could see, was a weary waste of prairie grass over three feet high, which rendered it impossible to push the machines through. The slough was only about twenty yards wide, but as to the depth of the water and nature of the mud at the bottom we were in complete ignorance. We therefore made an agreement that, from that point to the remainder of the tour, should we encounter any similar obstacles, we would by turns "peel," and carry the machines and the other man over the sloughs of despond. We tossed up to decide who should be the first victim. I lost. There appeared to be no one within a hundred miles of us, and in a few seconds I was in a state fit to "swim the cold ocean." Upon cautiously wading in, I discovered that the water was not more than three feet deep, but the bottom was shockingly muddy. I carried my companion, and he carried my clothes. I then had the delightful felicity of transferring the bicycles across. The whole proceeding occupied about half an hour, and by the time I was dry it was rapidly growing dark and the mosquitoes were coming out. We were in no hurry to make any given point, but, in view of the fact that there was not a house in sight, we put on a good spurt.

Bicycling is a wonderfully exhilarating sport, and a spin over a trail almost as level as a billiard-table is calculated to put any one in a good humor. We had not, however, gone more than a couple of miles before we almost ran into another slough. This, however, was barely ten yards across, and, as it was not my turn to do the carrying, I viewed the situation with equanimity. The Britisher undressed, and I climbed his shoulders, holding his clothes in my arms. He took three strides into the water, and was up to his neck in a hole. I, of course, fell off his shoulders, and was floundering in the water like an awkward grampus. The accident was very unfortunate, as all our clothes were completely saturated; however, we had to make the best of it, and, after the bicycles had been

carried over, we were soon in the saddle again, and made a comical appearance in our dripping suits. An hour's good riding brought us to a collection of wooden houses, which we learned constituted Stodderville; and here we put up for the night. Thus far the riding had been remarkably smooth, the trail being well padded and level. We were much surprised at the total absence of timber, as, with the exception of the Dakota woods, we had not seen any trees to speak of, though we had had a general impression that Manitoba was a well-wooded country.

The next day was Monday, and we resumed our journey after breakfast. During the night, however, there had been a heavy shower, and the trail was consequently in a horrible condition. For stickiness, Manitoban mud is simply phenomenal. The spokes of our wheels became covered, and we could only drive them with difficulty. We were constantly compelled to dismount and clean the mud off, in addition to which inconvenience the ground became oily and greasy to such an extent that our progress was slow and laborious. As the sun rose the trail became dry, and we were able to ride with ease again. Mountain City was the next point reached, but before arriving there we rode through a "mosquito swamp." The air was simply choked with these pests, and the pain of their bites was intolerable. The farmers assured us that in the evening no animal would go through the swamp. We passed rapidly through Mountain City, which is merely a collection of small frame houses, and about a mile from the town came to a point where two trails met. Of course we took the wrong one, and had followed it for an hour before a farmer told us we were riding into "America." We therefore returned, and had a delightful three-mile spin over the prairie, which sloped at an angle sufficient to allow the wheels to run with very little exertion. Passing Darlingford, and various small log and frame houses, an hour's run brought us to the Great Pembina crossing, down which ran a rocky trail at an angle of about forty-five degrees. We were compelled to walk for a mile and a half down hill, and then push the machines up hill for the same distance.

(To be Continued.)

Wheel Tracks.

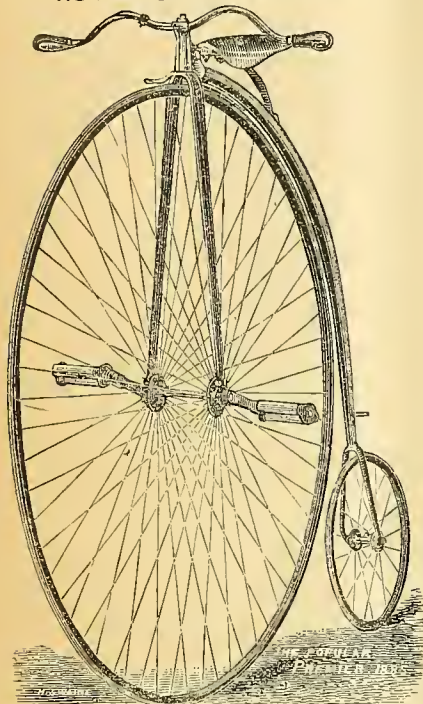
W. J. Morgan, "Spokes," has been engaged to edit the cycling column of the *Sporting and Theatrical Journal*, of Chicago.

Messrs. Root & Tinker, Tribune Building, New York, sent us a superb crayon portrait of Col. Albert A. Pope. It is one of the "Men of Mark" series, and is issued with a small sketch. These portraits can be obtained at 25 cents.

Perhaps the best recorded example of the practicability of the bicycle for business use, is that recently given by Mr. C. D. Kershaw, of Cleveland, Ohio, who has within the last 14 months, in the regular discharge of his duties, ridden one Expert Columbia bicycle over 11,000 miles, and during that time an occasional filling of the little oil can constituted the entire running expense.—*Boston Daily Advertiser*.

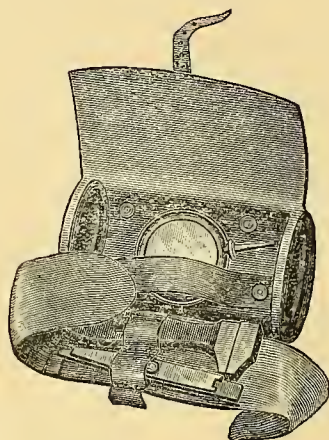
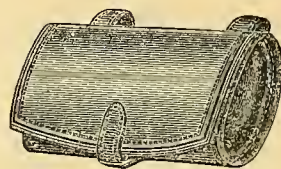
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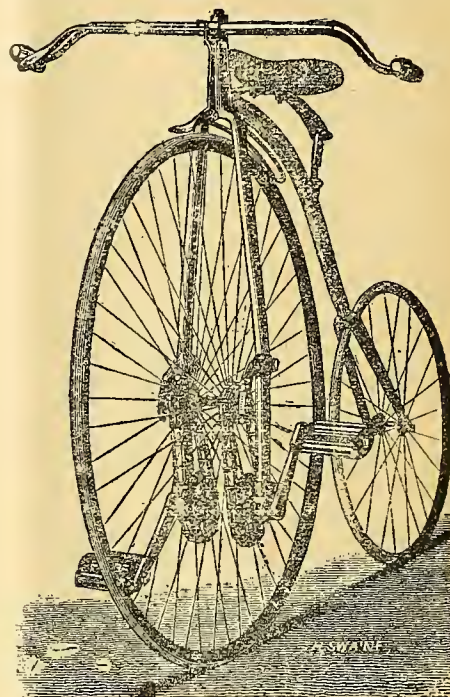
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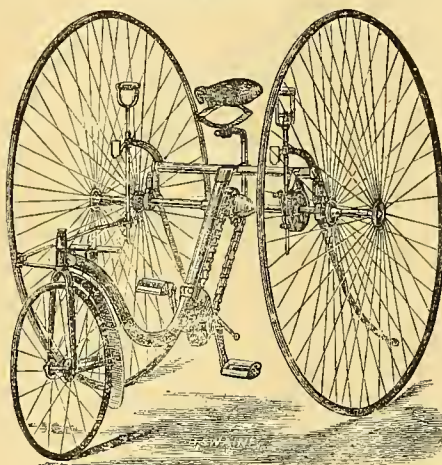
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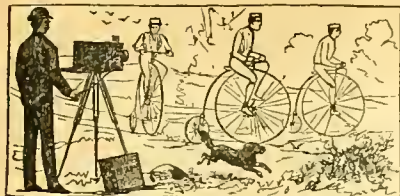
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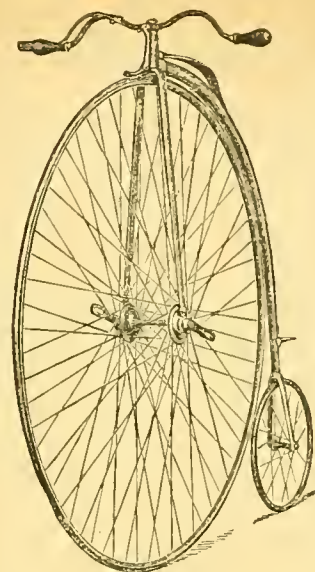
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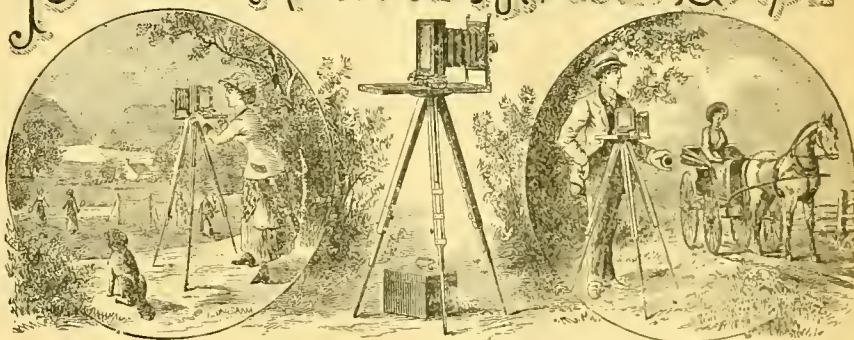
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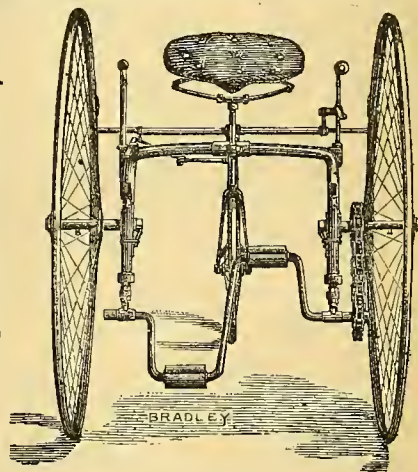
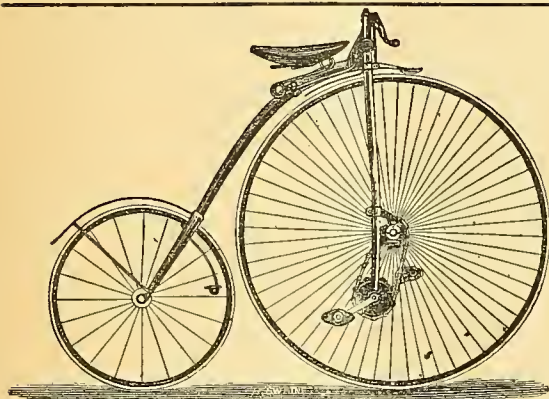
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