

VOL. I.

LONDON, OCTOBER, 1883

NO. 2

**Mr. Perry Doolittle.**

It is with much pleasure that we present to our readers in this number of our paper, a portrait of Mr. Perry Doolittle, of Aylmer, one of the most popular wheelmen in Canada.

Mr. Doolittle was born in Aylmer in the year 1860, and is consequently twenty-three years of age, but it was not until five years ago that he commenced bicycle riding.

His first attempt at riding was on a machine of his own manufacture, composed entirely of wood, and designed from engravings, as he had not, up till this time, seen a real bicycle.

He learned to ride this machine fairly well, having made, on one occasion, from Aylmer to Strathroy (fifty miles) in one day.

He next made an iron bicycle, using the barrel of an old gun for a backbone. On this machine he made the same fifty miles, as before, in six hours.

At present he rides a 54-inch Special British Challenge semi-racer; weight, 36 lbs.

His first prize (a napkin ring) was won at St. Thomas on May 24th 1881, since which time he has won twenty medals beside pieces of plate and other articles.

He has to his credit a road record of 10,000 miles.

Our American friends will remember Mr. Doolittle as their escort through Canada on their late tour.

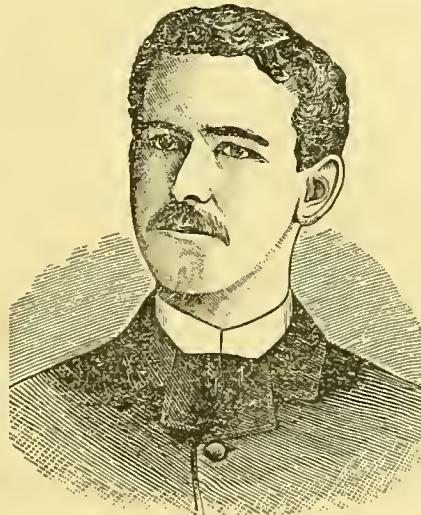
**Clinton.**

This town is, we believe, the only one in Ontario that can boast of a Mayor who is a bicyclist. Mr. D. A. Forrester, the gentleman who occupies that position, is an enthusiastic rider, and although the last of "the crowd" to learn, can spin along with any of the boys.

The Holmes family has three good riders among its numerous members. Mr. E. Holmes, Sr., who is sixty years of age, takes

just as much pleasure out of a quiet ride as most younger riders; R. Holmes, who was the first to introduce "the airy steed" in this locality, has not been able to do any riding whatever for several weeks, owing to illness, E. Holmes Jr., is considered the rider of the place, and as most of his spare moments are spent in the saddle, it would not be much to his credit if he were not an expert in handling "the contrary critter," as some people call a bicycle.

The wet weather this season has been very provoking to riders, but when the roads were dry they were good. But what's the use of saying that; everybody knows that



the roads of Huron are particularly good. From Clinton to Exeter, 19 miles, is a stretch straight as a pipe-stem, and with but a slight hill at each end. Along this road a wheelsman can spin almost as fast as if riding in a park.

Messrs. T. Jackson, Jr., and W. H. Ransford of this place, took a run to London last week, and enjoyed it immensely; it is said that on

their arrival the proprietor of the Grigg House had to lay in a fresh supply of provender.

None of the boys here have tried as yet, to do much in the way of making speed, but some of them intend to get the driving park in shape, and "practice up." After that such men as Ross, Doolittle, and Westbrook, will be compelled to take a back seat.

Until last week we had two very young cyclists in our midst. They were aged respectively eight and ten years, and were adepts, being able to do considerable fancy riding. They belong to Cleveland, and have just returned home.

Mr. Chris Dickson, being about to enter the state of matrimony, recently sold his bicycle, perhaps under the impression that one position is incompatible with the other, yet four of our best wheelmen are married men.

This county has about thirty-five wheelmen, but they are scattered among the different places. It has several times been proposed that a County Association be formed, but the proposition has not yet taken practical shape.

Mr. J. P. Tisdall, banker, is the wealthy rider of "our party," and he is just as liberal as wealthy when on a tour. He is truly a "hail fellow well met." Mr. T. Jackson takes the cake for personal beauty. The claims of all the rest are too numerous to mention.

Next season we anticipate a good addition to our numbers, people becoming convinced that the bicycle is not simply "a thing of beauty and a joy forever," but a practical means of locomotion at a very reasonable outlay.

If riders from other places, who purpose touring over the unsurpassed roads of Huron, would simply drop a card to any of the members of the club here, we would be glad to meet them and extend any courtesies in our power.

THE NOCTURNAL RIDE  
OF THE BUSH CITY BICYCLE CLUB.

CHAP. I.

"I have been thinking," said the Captain of the Bush City Bicycle Club, "that we ought to make a trip to some of the towns at a little distance—say Sarnia or Goderich, to go in a body, I mean, and I propose that we make the journey by night; a moonlight excursion, eh? how does that strike you?"

"Capital, excellent," resounded on all sides. "The sooner the better. When shall we start?"

"To-morrow evening at half-past ten," suggested the Captain.

"I don't think I shall be able to go on any moonlight excursion to-morrow," said Mr. Bubchug, the obstructionist of the club, a fat, podgy little fellow with intensely red hair and freckled face; "I'm sorry, but I shan't be able to manage it."

"That's too bad," remarked the Captain. Mr. Chifney Sogglethroop p. "I should like the club to turn out in full force, if possible. Can't you really manage it, Bubs? I should take it as a personal favor if you would make the effort?"

"Can't possibly be done, and I'm afraid none of us can go to-morrow," responded the lugubrious Bubchug.

"Why! what do you mean?" asked the Captain, in an alarmed tone. "I shall go for one," and he snorted defiantly. "Why can't we go to-morrow, Bubchug?"

"'Cause there's no moon for another week," answered the complacent Bubchug. "How are you going on a moonlight excursion without a moon?"

"Hum!" muttered Sogglethroop, "the fact of the moon's being invisible certainly is an objection. I didn't think of that."

"Bosh!" broke in the Secretary, Mr. Simpkins Doodleby; "bosh! haven't we all got lamps? Who wants a moon? Pish! shut up, Bubchug, and don't try to throw cold water on every scheme proposed."

"Very good," the Captain said, "shall we say to-morrow? at half-past eight?"

A unanimous affirmative being given, it was settled that the club should meet in front of St. Paul's Cathedral, at 10.15 P.M., sharp, on the ensuing evening, each man to be provided with a substantial lunch in case of accident, and with every lamp trimmed and filled with oil, "for," remarked Mr. Sogglethroop, "we don't want any foolish virgin business about this trip; and we ought to get into Sarnia at about five next morning, taking it easy and resting on the road; we shan't be able to go very fast, as Bubchug won't be able to keep up, and we must keep together."

"Never mind about Bubchug," growled that worthy; "it it hadn't been for Bubchug I suppose you'd have waited in front of St. Paul's for a moon to rise—and you *might* have waited," and the revellers departed homewards, with the strict understanding that all were to meet at the appointed place at the hour previously indicated.

CHAP. II.

"Half past ten," said Sogglethroop, looking at his watch, as he and several other members of the Bush City B. C. stood with their machines at the trysting place on Richmond street. "It's time we were off, and only fourteen of us here. Bubchug late of course; I never—"

"Shut up, there; Bubchug's been here for the last half hour," said that gentleman's voice; "as you'd have seen if you'd had that moon of yours on hand."

"Beg pardon, old man, I didn't see you;" and then the Captain added, *sotto voce*, "not that your proportions are so infinitesimal as all that!"

"Well, I vote we start; the rest can follow," suggested Spittheryingle.

"Give them ten minutes more," said Sogglethroop; "if they don't turn up at the end of that time we'll be off."

The prescribed ten minutes having elapsed, and no addition having been made to the party, the Captain gave the word to start, and in a few seconds every man was in the saddle and gliding away up Richmond street.

The night was dark, though not so pitchy black but that the road was easily discernible; moreover, every wheelman's lamp was lit, and its rays illuminated the surrounding darkness for several feet.

"Who knows the road, by the way?" enquired Sogglethroop. "I forgot that important matter."

"I do," responded Doodleby; "Can't go wrong if you go straight ahead with a bearing off to the left."

"All right; you go first as guide," ordered the Captain. "You fellows, all follow Simkins," and away they sped, the bright wheels flashing in the light of the lanterns as they noiselessly whirled along.

"Bear to the left, gentlemen, bear to the left," cried the guide, as he branched off in that direction, followed by the whole thirteen, all of whom placed implicit confidence in his leadership.

"If we keep this pace up we'll be in Sarnia by four o'clock at latest," remarked the Captain.

"Easily," replied one or two of those nearest him; "jolly night, ain't it? Have a cigar?" and the offer being accepted the air was soon filled with the fragrance of many weeds, as the smoke streamed behind the swiftly-gliding column of cyclists. All went well till after midnight; not a single mishap had occurred to mar the pleasure of the ride; not one solitary spill, and all the members of the party kept well together, and were in hilarious spirits.

"I'm getting most devilish hungry," observed Doodleby, shouting back over his shoulder.

"And I," said several.

"Well, I'm pretty peckish, too," joined in the gallant Captain. "I say, you fellows, suppose we halt and feed. Deuced glad I suggested bringing grub with us; here's a good place, as far as I can see; nice and grassy, by the roadside; halt! let's dis-

mount and pitch in; this air makes one as hungry as the deuce," and in a few minutes every man was engaged in lightening the contents of his lunch receptacle, whatever it had been, by stowing them away in the one provided for them by nature, whilst a fire of good-natured chaff was freely kept up by the high-spirited wheelmen.

CHAPTER III.

"Say, Doodleby," enquired Sogglethroop, as they sped along once more, "what was that place we passed on our right about a quarter of an hour ago? I thought I saw a light here and there."

"Well, we have been making good time, and I guess it must have been Warwick, replied the doughty guide.

"By Jove! we are getting over the ground in fine style; I'd no idea we were going at such a pace, but one can't tell at night how fast he really is going."

"That's so," said Mr. Boombash; at this rate we shall be in Sarnia by half-past three."

"By Jingol! we're the stuff. I shall publish an account of this trip in the CANADIAN WHEELMAN," exclaimed the Captain, quite jubilant at the prowess they were displaying.

Onward, ever onward, sped the nocturnal riders; it was now past two; true, a few of the party were beginning to straggle slightly and fall to the rear, but on the whole, they kept pretty well together. No one had spoken for some time, and nought had been heard for, perhaps, half an hour save the whirring of the swiftly-revolving wheels. "Be in Sarnia in another hour and a-half, eh, Doodleby?" asked little Spriggs, a game, wiry diminutive specimen of the human race, but pluck to the back bone. "Can't be long now, eh?"

"Good Gosh! I hope not," growled Bubchug, on whom the pace was beginning to tell, and who had for the past hour been "larding the lean earth" as he puffed along, managing, however, to retain his position, "Blest if I ain't as dry as a pine board, and hungry too!"

"Cheer up, Bubs," said the Captain, encouragingly, "I telegraphed ahead to Sarnia for a glorious blow-out, and we'll soon be pitching into it."

"Hope so," was all that Bubchug vouchsafed in reply.

"Ha!" exclaimed Spittheryingle, after another half-hour's silent riding, "That looks like daybreak, yonder," and he pointed in the direction of a long, pale streak of grey light in the heavens, nearly straight ahead, but rather to the left of the riders.

"That's a day-break and no mistake," replied Sogglethroop; "Hurrail! it'll be light in a short time."

"I say," enquired a soft-spoken, unostentatious, reticent little fellow, who had not said much during the ride, "Of course I only ask for information and don't mean any harm but—but where does the day break in this part of the country?—I mean in which quarter of the heavens does the

sun-rise, for of course the day breaks in the same place as the sun rises, doesn't it?"

"Certainly, Bimbledy, certainly; the day breaks in the east, to be sure," replied the Captain, with an air of superior knowledge and information.

"Well, then, Sogglethoop," continued the modest Bimbledy, consulting a little compass that hung at his watch-chain. "Please don't be angry, but we were going north when we left London, and consequently the east would then be to our right; of course, my compass may be out of order, but if it isn't, that grey streak, which is getting brighter all the time, is undoubtedly east of us, and it is on our left; how is that?" and he peered with a half-frightend air at the Captain.

"By the holy poker! he's right," ejaculated Pogglethoop, aghast. "I say, Doodley, hold on, we're wrng."

"I've been thinking that for the last hour," replied their guide, calmly, "but I thought it best to keep mum!"

"The deuce you did," cried the captain—"I must say—"

"Hurray! hurray!" yelled some enthusiastic rider in the rear, who had not heard the foregoing colloquy; "look! there's Sarnia," and he pointed to what was evidently some town which could be made out distinctly in the rapidly increasing light. "Sarnia at last, boys; now for a final spurt, and then, hurray! for breakfast!"

"Well, by heavens!" cried Spitherrybingle, "if that's Sarnia—if that's Sarnia, I say, well I'm darned," and he burst out into a roar of laughter.

"What's the matter, Spit?" enquired the Captain, on whose mind it was slowly dawning that everything was not as it should be; "what's the matter?"

The whole party had now halted and were clustered round the speakers.

"Why," resumed Spitherrybingle, "that looks to me most deucedly like London Court House, and if that tower yonder isn't St. Paul's, I'm a duffer; oh! ho, ho! I say, this is one on us. Soon be at Sarnia, hal hal! I'll be hanged if we haven't ridden all night to get to the place we started from, hal! ha! and the air fairly rang with his obstreperous mirth.

"It does look most uncommonly like London, that's a fact," said Spogglethoop, day having now fully broken, rendering objects perfectly distinct; "How do you account for this, Doodley?" turning to their guide.

"Very simply, Chief;" responded that worthy; "it is London, and I took the wrong turning when I branched off to the left, and that was Delaware we passed through and thought it was Warwick?"

With drooping heads and crestfallen air, the 'cyclists once more remounted their wheels, and sneaked by several back streets into London.

"I suppose, Chief," said Bubchug, "I suppose you won't send an account of this trip to the CANADIAN WHEELMAN, as you said you would, eh?"

"We will settle that again," replied the Captain, with some asperity.

"By Gosh! I wish you and the breakfast and everything else were all where you'd be hot enough," and he sped off in the direction of his house, and the Nocturnal Ride of the Bush City Bicycle Club came to an end, though it was not the last they ever indulged in, as will be seen in a future number.

SWIZ.

### The Western Fair.

OCT. 1ST TO 5TH.

As business was not very pressing, we allowed the office boy and the staff of carriers a holiday on the occasion of the Western Fair, and decided that the CANADIAN WHEELMAN shou'd see the show as well as anybody.

The first person whose countenance shone upon us was Mr. W. G. Eakins of Woodstock, who is working so energetically for us, and whose efforts we greatly appreciate. The next on the scene was Mr. F. Domville of Hamilton, who had an interest in the Dog Show. Of course Captain Cox was down from Goderich with his big helmet, which is quite a notable feature of his bicycle costume. Fred Westbrook also being on hand to participate in the races. The next in order were Messrs. Hamilton, Cole, Purcell and Loft of St. Mary's, who looked as if they were quite satisfied with the first number of the CANADIAN WHEELMAN.

Working our way around the building to Wm. Payne's display of bicycles, we met Mr. F. A. Winter, of Baden, also Mr. Higginbotham, of Guelph, whose time was very limited, being taken up by some fair one.

Messrs. Moore and Macklin, of Poplar Hill, enthusiastic bicyclists, were on hand, the latter of which made a very good show in the three-mile race on Thursday.

Passing on still farther, Messrs. Ed. Macklin and Webster, of Toronto, met our gaze also Mr. Overhold, of Eastwood.

Of course the Forest Citys and Ariels were there in full force, in the evening Captain Burns of the Forest Citys being well "occupied," and Mr. Geo. Cameron doing full justice for the Ariels in his attentions to the young ladies who were present; but we must hasten on to

### THE RACES.

The one-mile race, in heats, was well contested by Messrs. Westbrook, of Brantford, and Burns and Kipp, of London, but was a foregone conclusion, although the latter two rode a very plucky race.

The three-mile race was participated in by the same three riders, along with Dr. Macklin, of Poplar Hill, who rode a very good race, having pushed Westbrook in good style, but on the seventh lap he gave out Westbrook finishing 1st, Burns 2nd.

The consolation race was contested by Messrs. Kipp and Macklin, the latter again dropping out, leaving Kipp winner.

In the drill competition, the Ariels had their own way, no club having entered against them. They showed a great deal of proficiency, which certainly reflects great credit on their Captain, Mr. J. A. Muirhead.

### Oshawa Wants a Corner.

Oshawa, Oct. 11th, 1883.

DEAR WHEELMAN.—

Success from Oshawa. We hope to beguile long winter hours by reading your columns, and will try to help in every way possible.

As a Club, we have made no headway this season. Although we have ten members well mounted, we can very seldom get more than two of them together at one time.

Captain McBride, of the Toronto, rode through here last week and, I understand, made the trip from Toronto to Grafton in one day, a distance of eighty miles. We have a good road for coasting between Oshawa and Whitby, and a very nice level road to Bowmanville, nine miles east, and lots of friends when we get there, but when any of our members do go east it is generally for a different exercise than 'cycling.'

Our V.P. is talking matrimony more than 'cycling' just now and has shipped his machine C. O. D. Only nine riders left.

Our Captain who is representative for this district intends keeping a bank account during the winter, having sold his wheel, as he thinks a C. W. A. officer should be better mounted than the ordinary 'cyclist. Only eight left.

Our Bugler after beating all our members in a local race, found that bicycling and lessons would not pull the same way, so he has split the difference and started business; he still keeps his machine, but very seldom rides: reason—his ped'l's gone.

Dick, after pinning a medal on his breast, at the Ottawa races, is keeping very quiet; so that, with deer-hunting and growing beards the O. B. C. is almost disorganized.

More anon,

Yours, "ALARM."

### My Wheel.

CONTRIBUTED BY OUR OWN CRANK.

What bought I with my hard-earned tin,  
That I might 'round the country spin,  
Far from the city's noise and din?

My Wheel.

What brought I home with boyish pride,  
That I should shortly learn to ride,  
Although thus far I had not tried?

My Wheel.

What mounted I with boyish glee,  
'Cause Dad and Mam were there to see,  
Their off; for it had mounted me?

My Wheel.

What made me crazed its ways to know,  
And further strive to make it go,  
To climb again with cheeks aglow?

My Wheel.

What struck that buck! I think I swore,  
Just as I passed my father's door,  
"I am not dead, but gone before?"

My Wheel.

What now lies rusting in the shed,  
And has lain, since I hurt my head,  
I think I'll sell to cousin Ned?

My Wheel.

THE  
**Canadian Wheelman.**

*A Monthly Journal, devoted to the interests of Cycling, etc.—The only one published in Canada.*

PUBLISHED AT LONDON, ONT., ON THE 20TH OF EVERY MONTH.

TERMS: \$1 a Year in Advance.

Advertising Rates on Application.

W. KINGSLEY EVANS, - Editor.  
J. B. DIGNAM, - Business Manager.

"Whole Hog or None."

The great Springfield meet, over which months of labor and thousands of dollars were expended, has ended, and has proved to be the largest bicycle exhibition ever held in America.

From all accounts it has proved a big success both financially and as regards racing; this goes a long way in proving that in order to ensure success the wheelmen themselves must have the management of affairs in their own hands.

At all fairs and exhibitions held at this season of the year, bicycle races are advertised as a leading feature, but we have yet to hear of the first race passing off successfully, as they fail to excite that interest which bicycle races should inspire.

We would like to see bicyclists in future steer clear of "Fair Races," as it certainly does not give our sport a chance when brought in to fill up time between heats of horse-racing.

Our next annual meet wherever it is to be held, can be made just as great a success as the one at Springfield was, because Canada undoubtedly is "the paradise" of wheelmen, but our Canadian wheelmen must work with a will as our friends across the border always do, and then they can expect a grand return for their efforts.

Our first number with a subscription blank enclosed, was sent to every bicyclist in the country that we could get the name of, and in a good many cases, we have received a hearty and liberal response in the way of subscriptions, but still all the Canadian wheelmen do not seem to realize the necessity of helping to support a paper like ours, devoted to their own amusement, and which it lies so very much within the power of themselves to make a complete success.

We hope to see the secretary of each club act as our canvasser, and then we would be sure to have a good circulation in Canada. We would like to assure you all, that the paper has not been started as a financial scheme, but simply as a necessity which you all have felt, hoping that it will be the means of making bicyclists more social together, and also sustaining the healthful and manly sport, so that we are depending greatly upon you to help us in every way possible.

What They Say About Us.

We have received No. 1, Vol. 1, of the CANADIAN WHEELMAN, a neat little journal devoted to 'Cycling, etc. It is published in London Ont., and should receive the support of every bicyclist in Canada.—*Gazette.*

THE CANADIAN WHEELMAN.—This is the name of a neat little paper devoted to the interests of bicycling, published in London the less. The initial number contains a readable article upon bicycling from the pen of W. G. Eakins, barrister, Woodstock. Mr. E. has recently been elected consul for this district in the Canadian Wheelmen's Association.—*Ingersoll Chronicle.*

THE CANADIAN WHEELMAN, a spicy monthly in the interest of bicycling, has been started in London. This publication is destined to fill a long-felt want by the wheelmen of Canada. It is live, bright and interesting, and numbers among its contributors men of undoubted ability. W. Kingsley Evans, Editor, J. B. Dignam, Business Manager. We wish it success. *Family Circle.*

We have received the first number of the CANADIAN WHEELMAN, of London, Ont., a monthly publication in the interests of bicycling. As there is no other paper of the kind published in the Dominion of Canada and as there are large numbers of accomplished and enthusiastic wheelmen in that country there is every reason to expect that if the paper is as well conducted as its first number indicates that it will meet with success.—*Chaff, Detroit.*

The first number of the CANADIAN WHEELMAN, published in London, and edited by W. Kingsley Evans, has been received. The difficulties and troubles of a first issue have been got over admirably, and the number is a very creditable one. The WHEELMAN promises a series of portraits of prominent Canadian cyclists, beginning next month with Perry Doolittle. The new journal deserves success, and promises to become very influential among the growing army of wheelmen.—*Hamilton Tribune.*

THE CANADIAN WHEELMAN is the name of a new monthly journal, which, as its name implies, is to be devoted to the interests of the bicyclists of Canada. It is published at London, by Messrs. Evans & Dignam, and reflects credit upon them. There is no doubt that its constituency will for some time be a growing one, and we see no reason why the WHEELMAN should not become an enduring fact, as bicycle men have hardly felt the want of a reliable organ.—*Simcoe Reformer.*

THE CANADIAN WHEELMAN is the title of a neat little publication of this city, the editor of which is Mr. W. Kingsley Evans. It is a monthly.—*London Advertiser.*

The first number of the CANADIAN WHEELMAN, published in London the less, has made its appearance, its laudable objects being to fill a long-felt want. It is well got up typographically, and presents a neat appearance generally, and reflects no small credit on its editor, Mr. W. K. Evans, and J. B. Dignam its business manager.

The WHEELMAN is devoted to matters of interest to bicyclists, and has our best wishes.—*Grip, Toronto.*

Of course the printers had to make a few bungles, a bad sample of which occurs in "My Wheel," page 11, where the word "buck" should read "brick."

The Spectator.

Of course I went to see the races at the Industrial Fair Toronto, and was very sorry to see that the bicyclists were a secondary consideration, the races being postponed till long after all interest, which everybody manifested had abated.

The races however when they started were well contested, and it is evident, that we are going to have quite a number of new aspirants in the racing line before another season has passed.

The races at the Western Fair also occupied my attention for a day, as I wanted to see Fred Westbrook exhibit some fine speed, as he has been off the track for some time past, getting into trim I suppose.

He certainly looked in first class condition, but the races lacked that enthusiasm which bicycle races ought to inspire.

I see that Quirk, the sprinter, of Brantford, has matched an unknown bicyclist against Morgan or any other Canadian for \$1,000 a side for the professional championship.

I would like to see the challenge accepted, and then we might have a struggle of speed worth witnessing.

Our Champion, Ross, although not coming in victor in the races at Springfield, made very good speed in all that he entered, and it is hoped that before another season he will be able to keep pace with any riders that he may happen to meet on the race track.

I notice a little monogram in the new heading of the CANADIAN WHEELMAN, from which I draw that Mr. Chas. F. Cox of London is the designer, and I think it certainly reflects a great deal of credit on him as an artist.

I hear that a meeting of the C.W.A. board of officers is to be held at the Walker House, Toronto, on Friday evening next, the 19th inst, when, no doubt they will settle some very important matters, and put the Association in first class running order.

CRANK'S CORNER.

Empty is the Corner,  
Crank has gone to sleep.

**Pocock Bros.**

Manufacturers and Importers of  
**BOOTS, SHOES**

Trunks, Valises, Etc., Etc.

WHOLESALE, AND RETAIL.

London & St. Thomas.

Sole Agents for British Lawn Tennis and  
Bicycle Shoes.

**News from the Clubs.****Simcoe Spokes.**

There is an old saying, that you cannot beat a hare out of a bush when there are none in it. So it is, when you ask me to send you "bicycle news" from Simcoe, a difficult matter for me to give you any.

The present condition of things has got to be an old story. Our glorious sport which boomed out so brilliantly last year, and which opened this spring with such splendid progress, has gradually descended to that ignominious limbo of decay along side of those other young giants of former days—the Simcoe Lacrosse Club, the Simcoe Cricket Club, the Simcoe Lawn Tennis Club, etc., etc.

The principal cause of the above sad state of affairs, is no doubt owing to circumstances over which the members of the Club had no control, the removal from the town of some of the leading members being chiefly to blame.

However MR. WHEELMAN, for the love I bear to Bicycling, I have sat me down in mood profound to scrawl you off a few lines to let you know, that the Simcoe Bicycle Club is not dead though it has of late grown fearfully weak. And now, having made my preliminary growl, allow me to extend to you my hearty congratulations. Bicycle men were sadly in want of a reliable organ, and I can see no reason why the WHEELMAN should not step into the place of the late lamented *Bicycle* of Hamilton; not to share the same hard fate, I do hope, but to grow with wheeling, as wheeling is sure to do until it becomes a power in the land.

And now a few remarks as to our Club: Our President is Mr. Geo. W. Wells, a leading member of the bar in Simcoe, who despite his 220 pounds of solid humanity, manages to ride an "Extraordinary Challenge" in very good style. Our Captain is Mr. H. A. Carter, perhaps I should say "was," for Harry has taken wings and gone up among the rocks of our much disputed North Western territory. The Secretary-Treasurer is Mr. H. B. Donly, recently elected one of the Representatives of District No. 1, C.W.A. The Club Lieutenant is Mr. R. J. McKinie, head clerk in the largest dry goods store in town, and an all-round good sport, at home, on the wheel, in the lacrosse field, with a gun, or wielding the willow, the owner of a very handsome gold medal, won last 24th of May, and an exceedingly good rider; W.

S. Perry, the proprietor of the Simcoe Shirt Factory, a prince of good fellows, the leader of the Club orchestra, and our principal "tourist;" the Tisdale brothers, Edgett and Rob., the elder a student-at-law, the younger, champion rider of the Club, one mile distance; he is now somewhere in the neighborhood of the Rocky Mountains on an eight months' holiday trip; T. A. Donly, a clerk in the Simcoe Bank [the Federal]; Chas. A. Austin of the well-known drug firm of Austin & Co.; D. Ferguson and others whose names I do not now recollect.

The Club is the owner of a very handsome gold medal, which is put up monthly for competition among the members. The distance run each time is one mile, the contestants being handicapped. The first winner was Rob. Tisdale, the second, Will Donly, and the third and present holder of the medal, Dun Ferguson. The contests have all been exciting, and have elicited much interest from our townspeople, who have always treated us in the kindest manner possible.

As to the roads in this vicinity I am afraid I can say but little, at least favorable. But to all wheelmen who venture them we give a warm welcome. To those who have already visited us we say, "Come again;" to those who have not yet partaken of our hospitality, "Our latch-string is always out." In the hope that next year our boys will wake up and do some good, hard work to regain their lost ground, I am,

Yours most fraternally,  
GRIT.

**Racing at Montreal.**

Fall Championship Games of the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association, Sat. Oct. 6, 1883.

**One-mile Championship of Canada.**

First trial heat, W. G. Ross 1st, G. S. Low 2nd.

Second trial heat, T. C. Holden 1st, W. A. Dodds 2nd.

Holden was protested by J. H. Low for a foul on last lap, and ruled out by the judges.

Final heat, W. G. Ross 1st, G. S. Low 2nd. Time 3:30.

J. H. Low got a bad fall from collision with Holden's step which cut through six or seven of his spokes and was thrown out of this race and also the five mile championship, which was a walk over for W. G. Ross, who covered the distance alone in 18:30.

Westbrook, of Brantford, had entered but did not file an appearance; neither did Robinson, the English Crack.

MONTREAL DRIVING PARK, MONDAY, OCT. 8, '83.

One-mile—thirteen starters. Six prizes. Silver cup, value \$75 to 1st; gold medals to 2nd, 3rd and 4th; gold and silver medal to 5th; silver medal to 6th.

First trial heat—W. G. Ross, 1st; F. C. Holden, 2nd; G. S. Low, 3rd; R. Darling, 4th.

Second trial heat—D. B. Holden, 1st; H. Ramsay, 2nd; W. McCaw, 3rd; W. Dodds, 4th.

First four in each heat started in final heat.—W. G. Ross, 1st; G. S. Low 2nd; R. Darling, 3rd; H. Ramsay, 4th; W. McCaw, 5th; D. B. Holden, 6th. Time 3:13.

The track is one-half mile. Coming into the straight on the first round, Ross, who was leading, fell, and F. C. Holden fell over him. Ross, however, remounted and caught his field, winning handily by forty or fifty feet.

**PERSONALS.**

Tommy Lane brought a "Star" along from Springfield, and several of our men have tried it. I believe it is the coming "machine," Frazier having landed himself first on one weighing about sixty pounds in the 25-mile race at the big tournament.

Jack Low had hard luck, getting put out of the mile and five-mile championships on the 6th, and the mile at the New Driving Park on the 8th (which would have been two sure seconds if not three) by his fall in the trial heat.

Little D. D. Holden, who got 6th prize on the 8th, is the third (and youngest) brother to make his appearance on the track. He will make a good man some of these days. He rode a very plucky race, especially in the trial heat, which he got first in by half a length. It was a sight to behold to see "Jimula" and "Hungry Tommy" leading the serenading party on the Tuesday night at Springfield—one with a fish-horn four feet long, and the other with a torch-stick and a five-gallon oil-can for a drum.

The Montreal Club will reach its sixth anniversary on 2nd December next, and some special means of celebrating the event are being cogitated over by the wise heads on the Committee, among others being a "Cinderella," (or small and early advance, quitting at midnight) or a dramatic performance with a wheel tendency, both to take place in the large hall of the Club House.

"Kanuck" wants to know why K. K. is never heard from now, and who the deuce is Frank E. who writes from Montreal for the *Bicycle World*? Perhaps K.K. is short for Krank: people used to say it stood for Kanuck in the palmy days before Charlie Sidey went home to Scotland, and before so many of our men had joined the noble army of benedicts.

How much more graceful, elegant, and superior does the man on the bicycle look than the man with the wheelbarrow. But wait until they come into collision and see which procession turns up in the most handsomely condition—*Exchange*.

Yes, but the chances of a bicycle's coming into collision with anything else, are few and far between, if the rider has his eyes open, and an experienced rider is not nearly so liable to fall as most people suppose.

As will be seen by our personal column, Mr. A. T. Lane, of Montreal, has imported the American Star Bicycle. This exhibit of enterprise is commendable and will add to Mr. Lane's popularity with the bicycling fraternity.

**BICYCLE REPAIRING.**

Parties having broken machines, can have them Repaired and made equal to new, by leaving them at the old reliable

**GUN SHOP**

OF

**W. A. BROCK,**

375 Clarence St., London,

**The Springfield Tournament.**

[BY OUR MONTREAL CORRESPONDENT]

Our party arrived to find splendid weather on Tuesday morning, 18th, the first day of the tournament, and were soon located in the camp at Hampden Park, with the exception of a few who put up at the Warwick Hotel. The morning soon passed in renewing former acquaintances and making fresh ones among the wheelmen across the lines, of whom about 700 were assembled. The races commenced shortly after 2 o'clock and comprised the following events:—

One-mile [3:20 class]. 18 starters, won by A. B. Prince, of Pittsfield, Mass.; H. W. Smith, of Worcester, Mass. 2nd; W. Barton, of Springfield, 3rd, winners; time, 3:05 4-5; W. G. Ross, of Montreal, had entered, but did not start.

One-mile tricycle race, four starters—W. W. Stall 1st, A. G. Powell 2nd, L. H. Johnson 3rd; time, 3:33.

Ten-mile championship of United States, 10 starters; G. M. Herdee 1st, 33:43 1-5; A. H. Robinson (England) 2nd, 33:44; H. D. Corey 3rd, by a length, W. G. Ross 4th, by a half length. In this race Ross kept behind till the last mile and then pulled up to fourth place with a spurt.

Half-mile dash, 15 starters—A. H. Robinson 1st, 1:25 1/2; E. P. Burnham 2nd, W. G. Ross 3rd; a very close finish; Ross lost about 40 yards on the start, or would have won the race easily.

A two-mile handicap, two-mile (club) race, one-mile ride and run race, and 20-mile bicycle vs. horse race were also contested.

During the evening the park was illuminated with thousands of Chinese lanterns calcium lights, &c., and our Montreal party visited the exhibition of bicycles and accessories of all kinds at the skating rink, where a splendid band of music performed at intervals. The camp was very lively that night. About 150 enthusiasts assembled with fog horns, tin cans, bugles, calliope, whistles, and other instruments of torture, and serenaded the whole city, including the police station, Court House, &c., returning to disturb the slumbers of the more quietly disposed about 2 a.m. The night was bitterly cold, and 4 a.m. saw most of our party up around camp fires, endeavoring to thaw out their half-frozen extremities.

Wednesday morning was taken up by a parade of all visiting wheelmen, led by the Springfield Club, about 50 strong. The approximate number taking part was 700. The "Sociable" tricycle in the Montreal ranks attracted a good deal of attention. The appearance of the "Montrealers" was very favorably criticized, they being mentioned with the "New Havens" and "Citizens" of New York as the best three of the visitors. Wednesday afternoon was a public holiday, and over 28,000 people attended the races, the first of which was a

One-mile bicycle (without hands) three starters, won by Bait Pressy, on an "Ameri-

can Star" machine having the little wheel in front, in the splendid time of 3:11. C. H. Jenkins, of Louisville, Ky., 2nd, in 3:11 2-5.

The second race was a two-mile, in which seven started, won by A. H. Robinson in 6:02 1/2, H. D. Corey 2nd, in 6:02 2-5; C. D. Vesey (England) 3rd, by a length.

The next was a ten-mile handicap, eleven starters; won by E. P. Burnham, of Newton, Mass., in 31:48.

The next two were an Inter-Club race, won by the Springfields, and an Inter-College, won by Harvard.

Then followed the twenty-mile race for the Pope Cup (valued at \$1,000) which was at the last moment announced withdrawn, another prize being substituted by the Springfield Club. Only three started, Jenkins dropping out on the third mile, leaving Hendee (Springfield) and Midgely (Worcester) to struggle on together. After a close race for 19 1/2 miles, each leading alternately, Hendee came away with a grand spurt and won in 1 hour and 7 minutes 32 1/2 seconds by about 100 feet. The crowd, wild with enthusiasm, rushed over the wide track like a flood, and the result was both competitors got knocked over and seriously shaken up.

The last race of the day was a ten mile professional handicap won by J. S. Bruce in 32:51 with a field of nine riders.

In the evening a grand display of fireworks was given, attended by nearly 20,000 people, and the racket in camp afterwards was nearly as bad as the night before.

## THURSDAY.

Thursday morning was devoted to a club drill competition, which your correspondent was unable to witness, and prior to the races in the afternoon an exhibition of fancy riding was given in front of the grand stand, which was every day packed, its seating capacity being over five thousand.

The first race was one-mile; seven starters; won by H. D. Corey in 2:51 1/2, A. H. Robinson 2nd, in 2:52, W. G. Ross 3rd by a quarter length, Hendee 4th by same; all four beating previous record.

The next was a five-mile handicap; eight starters; won by C. S. Fisk, of Springfield, in 15:59 1/2.

Then followed a five-mile tricycle race; won by H. L. Johnson in 18:35 1/2; three started.

The next event was the twenty-mile professional championship of the world, five starting; won by W. H. Higham in 1h. 6m. 30s., John Keene 2nd, J. S. Prince 3rd, James 4th; a very close finish.

This was followed by the race for the \$500 medal and

## TWENTY-FIVE MILE

amateur championship of the United States; nine starters; the race was won by C. Frazier, of Smithville, N. J., on an American Star, Robinson 2nd, Vesey 3rd; 1h. 23m. 10s. J. H. Low, of Montreal, was 2nd at seventeen miles, and finished fifth within one second of the winner, lapping two competitors. The record was broken in this race by nearly thirteen minutes.

A consolation race wound up the programme, and subsequently H. D. Corey essayed successfully to cut the ten-mile record with Ross, of Montreal; Prince, of Pittsfield, and Fisk of Springfield, making the pace in alternating half-miles. Corey completed his self-imposed task in 31:39 beating the previous record by thirty seconds.

The Montreal racing men went down to Springfield a week before to train on the track there, and on arrival found it unrideable, which injured their chances considerably. Low's machine also was minus five spokes at the conclusion of the twenty-five mile race, and Ross's machine is too small for him. Taking these facts into consideration, and looking at their respective performances, I am of opinion they are just as good as any two other men competing, and expect in the future to see them successfully uphold the honor of the Dominion.

On Thursday evening the party broke up, some returning home, others proceeding to New York and others to Boston, a few remaining over to visit the United States Armory on Friday. All, however, returned satisfied with the successful termination of the greatest affair of the kind ever attempted in the world. The weather during the whole trip was splendid, not one drop of rain falling to mar our pleasure.

KANUCK.

## Guelph.

Guelph, Sept. 7th, 1883.

I am glad to hear of a Bicycle Journal being started in Canada. Several of our wheelmen have been receiving American papers; but I have heard them remark that they did not care for them, and would prefer a Canadian paper if there were such, and I think you ought to get a fair number of subscribers here. Our Club is but in its infancy yet, but the prospects are that we shall have double the number of members next year.

We have never managed to have our weekly runs, except in the evenings, and as they are now getting very short, the runs have been cut down accordingly.

Although bicycling is rather quiet here at present, I will send you all the news items possible.

Wishing you every success, I remain,  
Yours truly,

D. A.

I.  
Gaily the bicycler mounted his wheel,  
And vied with the wind on his swift steed of  
steel;  
Singing: I happy am, catch me who can.  
Bicycle, bicycle, like wings to man!

II.  
Home came the bicycler, jaded, I ween;  
He'd taken a header and bust his machine,  
This was the song he sang, murmuring low:  
Bicycle, bicycle, why did you so?

### Industrial Exhibition Bicycle Races.

Toronto, Sept. 17th 1883.

These races were held on the exhibition track and were a decided success as to competition and entries, but as usual the races were not called till nearly five p.m., owing to some horse racing that could not be postponed, and the latter part of the programme was gone through in the rays of the electric light.

The judges were, J. B. Boustead, C. E. Lailey, and T. H. Robinson; referees were Messrs. McBean and Higginbotham of Guelph; and Wm. Payne of London acted as starter.

There were over 100 bicyclists in uniform on the grounds, the Wanderers to the number of sixty-five including visitors, arriving shortly before the Toronto Bicycle Club, who turned out to the number of fifty including visitors. The track was in prime condition with the exception of the inside edge which was soft, owing to the rain of the previous day. The races resulted as follows:

1-mile heat race, fifteen starters: 1st, G. H. Orr, Wanderers'; 2nd, F. J. Campbell, Toronto; 3rd, J. Moodie, Hamilton.

3-mile green race, twelve starters: 1st, J. Craib, Dundee; 2nd, C. E. Dingle, Oshawa; 3rd, W. Nichol, Kingston.

1-mile green; 1st, A. J. Boyd; 2nd, C. Langley; 3rd, F. Foster.

Fancy riding; 1st, O. Brunell, Wanderers'; 2nd, P. Doolittle.

In the 1-mile race, the first heat was very exciting, and was a close contest all through. In the second heat of the same race, Hepinstall, of St. Thomas, made a good race, but was beaten by Orr, Campbell, and Moodie, Orr leading at the finish by about thirty yards. Time 3:17.

In the slow race a very close contest was witnessed between Moodie and Brunell, the latter winning by a few feet.

The 5-mile race was a very good race, and Doolittle had a little difficulty in passing Campbell, who made it interesting for him. Moodie somehow or other came in 3rd instead of 1st, after a hard struggle with Wickham.

The green races were run in the dark, and the spectators only caught occasional glimpses of the contestants as they shot under the electric lights scattered around the course.

The fancy riding contest was the event of the day and many very difficult tricks were perfectly performed by both Brunell and Doolittle. Brunell, who has been riding scarcely a year, performed some really astonishing tricks. He was at a disadvantage having to use a borrowed wheel two inches smaller than his own which he unfortunately broke.

Charles Stephenson, the husband of Kate Claxton, rides a bicycle, which is said to be in the neighborhood of ten feet high. It was supposed to have been made for the Chinese giant; but Mr. Cone denies it and says it was built for his son-in-law, the present owner.

### PERSONAL.

Mr. Solon Doolittle of Aylmer, wheeled to London on Oct. 8th.

Mr. E. W. Keenleyside is the latest accession to the bicycle ranks in this city.

Mr. A. E. Blogg, of the Toronto Bicycle Club, has been spending a few days in Boston.

Messrs. A. F. Webster and E. H. Macklin, of the Toronto Bicycle Club, were in town during last week.

Mr. A. T. Lowe, of Montreal, the pioneer bicycle importer, is "struggling" with an American star machine.

Jas. G. Bailey, of Patterson, Ont., has assigned half of the interest of his patent bicycle to Richard Thorne, Toronto.

Mr. Harry Saunders, of the F. C. Bicycle Club, has left for Philadelphia where he will attend the School of Pharmacy during the winter.

Mr. Vanamburg Davis, of the St. Thomas Bicycle Club, rode from St. Thomas to London and return without a dismount on Sunday, Oct. 7th.

Mr. Ed. Screamton, the popular manager of the Roller Skating Rink in this city, is seriously thinking of buying a bicycle. You cannot do better Ed.

Mr. Jas. Lamb, 2nd Lieutenant of the Ariels, fell from his machine on Saturday, 13th, and severely sprained his wrist, but we trust he will soon be around again.

Mr. E. Holmes, jr., of the New Era, Clinton, rode from Clinton, through London, to St. Thomas, on Friday, October 5th., returning on the following Monday. He reports the roads very good.

Mr. Crawford McLean, Secretary of the Forest City Bicycle Club, who has been dangerously ill for the past month is now rapidly improving, and we hope before long to see him out on his "Bike."

Mr. Geo. A. McIntosh, of the Forest City Bicycle Club, left, on the 26th September, for Lockwood, Missouri, where he has entered into business. Although George was not a rider, still we all will miss him.

Mr. G. Sisson Morphy of the Toronto Bicycle Club, and Mr. Fred Morphy, took a trip from Toronto to Whithby, a distance of about thirty-two miles on Thursday, Oct. 4th, and report that the roads were all that could be desired.

Mr. Smith, of Napanee, Can., was recently coasting down the long, steep hill immediately east of the town of Napanee when his brake gave way. The wheel darted off with the velocity of an express engine. At the bottom of the hill there is a covered bridge through which he had to pass, but arriving there he discovered a team coming towards him, and in his endeavor to avoid a collision was thrown a distance of twenty or thirty feet, where he was suspended by his clothes' catching on to a pin of the bridge. Bicyclists should see that their brakes are in proper condition before running hills.

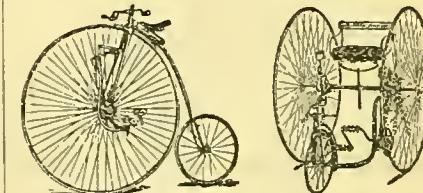
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24—52 in., S B C, half-plated.
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12—52 in., $\frac{1}{2}$ -enameled, $\frac{1}{2}$ plated.
6—54 in., $\frac{1}{2}$ -enameled, $\frac{1}{2}$ -plated.
6—54 in., all plated but rims.
6—52 in., B C, $\frac{1}{2}$ -plated.
6—50 in., $\frac{1}{2}$ -enameled.
1—58-in., $\frac{1}{2}$ -plated.
8—Xtras, 48 in., $\frac{1}{2}$ -plated, Balls in all bearings.
10—N.C., 52 in., new style.
10—N.C., 50 in., new style.
1—54 in., Royal Challenge.
4—Apollo Tricycles, new style.
14—Youths' Challenges, 44 to 46 in.

A large stock of Fittings for the Challenge. Bells, Gongs, Lamps, Springs, Bags of all kinds, at Reasonable Prices.

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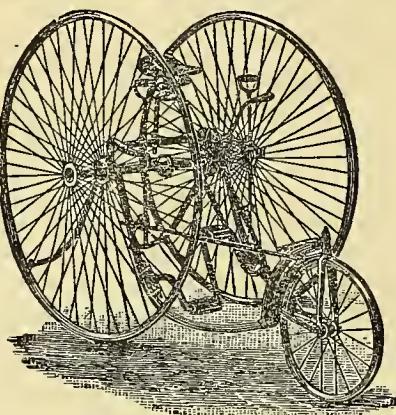
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Special Royal Canadian,

No. 2. do do

Expert Columbia,

American Star (small wheel in front.)

**Bicycles from \$40.00 Upwards.**

A SPLENDID LINE OF FITTINGS IN STOCK.

#### TESTIMONIALS.

Montreal, 8th March, 1883.

A. T. LANE, Esq., Montreal.

Dear Sir,—With regard to the Special Royal Canadian Bicycle purchased from you, I can but say that I am quite satisfied. It has met all the requirements of a first-class machine. It has been run over the very roughest of Canadian roads and has stood as severe a test as ever a machine could on both road and track.

Yours truly, J. A. MUIRHEAD.  
Capt. Montreal Bicycle Club.

(Now Capt. Ariel Bicycle Club, London.)

A. T. LANE, Esq., Montreal.

Dear Sir,—I have much pleasure in stating that the Special Royal Canadian Bicycle I purchased from you this spring has given every satisfaction. I have ridden it the whole of the season over some very rough roads as well as in several races without having to adjust a single nut or bolt, and it has not cost me a cent for repairs.

Yours sincerely, HORACE S. TIBBS,  
Pres. Montreal Bicycle Club.

A number of Second-Hand Bicycles for Sale Cheap.  
Send 3-cent stamp for Catalogue.

**A. T. LANE,**

**Montreal.**

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Advertisements under this head, one cent per word each insertion. No advertisement less than twenty-five cents.

**BICYCLE FOR SALE.**—52-INCH SPECIAL Club; adjustable double ball bearings to front wheel; single do. to back, with Automatic Alarm Bicycle Stand, Spoke Adjuster, etc. Price \$70. Address—Secretary Oshawa Bicycle Club.

**FOR SALE.**—52-INCH ROYAL CHALLENGE, with cradle spring, Automatic Alarm and Cylometer. Has been run only a short time—too small for present owner. Will be sold cheap. Address—Box 52, London, Ont.

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