



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, OCTOBER, 1884.

No. 1.

THE VICTOR TRICYCLE.

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—AND—

SPEEDY.

—ALL—

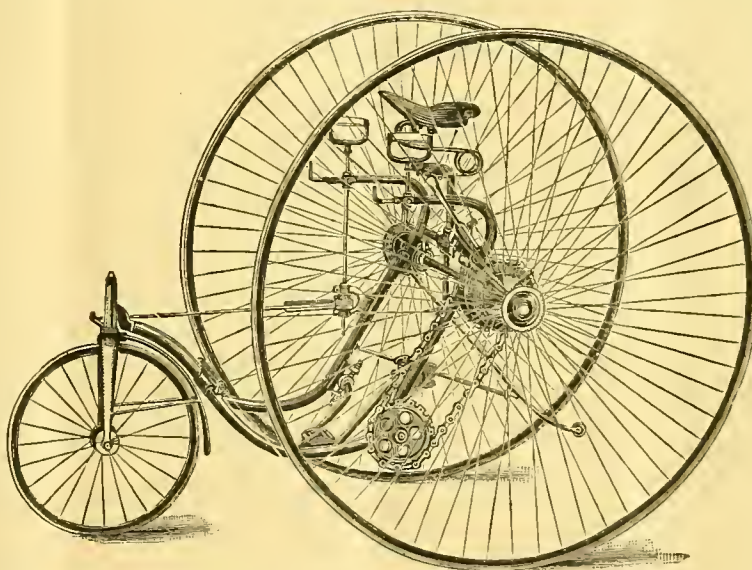
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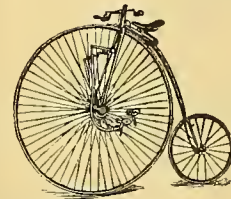
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LONDON, ONT.

The Canadian Wheelman:

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING.

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

PUBLISHED ON THE 10TH OF EVERY MONTH BY THE CANADIAN WHEELMAN COMPANY, AT LONDON, CANADA.

Subscription Price:

ONE YEAR, IN ADVANCE - - - - \$1.00

W. KINGSLEY EVANS, London, *Editor*.
HORACE S. TIBBS, Montreal, } *Associate Editors*.
W. G. EAKINS, Toronto, }
HAL. B. DONLY, Simcoe, *Association Editor*.
JAS. S. BRIERLEY, St. Thomas, *Sec.-Treasurer*.

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

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

TO CANADIAN WHEELMEN.

With this issue THE CANADIAN WHEELMAN enters upon a new phase of its existence. In September, 1883, it was established to fill the need, which was then urgent, for a periodical devoted to the interests of Canadian wheelmen, and during its first year its publishers had no reason to feel that their enterprise was unappreciated by the riders of the silent steed. Considering the size of its constituency, however, and its importance as a representative journal to every wheelman, the support received by it was not altogether what might be expected.

Recognizing the value of THE CANADIAN WHEELMAN, and believing that the influence of the Association should be exerted on behalf of an instrument of such great importance to the best interests of the sport in Canada, the Canadian Wheelmen's Association, some months ago, entered into negotiations with the proprietor of the paper, with a view to making THE CANADIAN WHEELMAN the official organ of the Association. These negotiations resulted in the assumption of the WHEELMAN by an unincorporated company, distinct from the Association, but composed of a number of its leading members, who will hereafter publish the WHEELMAN, now officially recognized as the gazette of the Canadian Wheelmen's Association and of the Cyclists' Touring Club in Canada.

To this brief explanation of the change in management of THE CANADIAN WHEELMAN, the publishers would add that it is their intention to make this journal in every respect one worthy of the large and prosperous Associations of which it is representative, and of the manly sport in whose interests it is published. It will be by no means local in character—the extent of territory over which the members of the Canadian Wheelman Company are scattered being a sufficient guarantee that in its pages the whole will be considered greater than a part. It will endeavor, by means of special correspondence from the principal cycle “hubs” of the Dominion, and by careful compilation of the world's wheel news, to keep its readers fully informed on all events of interest, and will, by every means in its power, editorially,

and otherwise, advance the cause of the gloom-dispelling, health-giving, life-preserving wheel.

It is unnecessary to say that the hearty support and encouragement of the wheelmen of Canada is looked for and expected. The members of the Canadian Wheelman Company feel that they are entitled to the aid of their brethren-on-wheels, and feel, also, that they will receive it. The success of the Canadian Wheelmen's Association has been great, almost phenomenal. It is an Association of which every member is proud, and only requires the exercise of a little more of that spirit of energetic enthusiasm which made the Association what it is, to give it a thoroughly representative journal.

—:o:—

PROFESSIONALISM.

One of the most dangerous of the rocks which lie in the course of associations formed for the purpose of fostering and regulating the different classes of sports is “professionalism.” It is a danger to avoid which requires the utmost watchfulness and caution. It is not necessary here to go as far as to say that “professionalism,” when confined strictly within its own bounds, is an evil; but it is not “sport,” in the true sense of the term. The distinctive elements of the latter are completely lost sight of, and the monetary consideration becomes the leading feature. In this practical, money-making age, it is true, few men are found who prefer glory to cash, but in sporting matters they should not be the exception. The ancient Greeks and Romans have set us a good example in many things—in none more so than athletics. They had professional athletes, but the position of these was a clearly-defined one. The competitors in the great games wished no greater reward than a perishable wreath. It was glory, indeed, that they earned.

Modern civilization, however, has changed all this. Men seek to make money out of everything. The very “sports” which, as the appellation signifies, were intended for amusement and exercise, have been seized upon as a means for the earning of livelihoods. The men who obtain their bread-and-butter in this way can be numbered by the thousand. The gist of the matter lies in the fact that the amateur seeks to rest, refresh, and amuse himself, the professional means “business.” There would, perhaps, be little evil in the business side of athletics, recognized as such, were it not for its bad surroundings. With these—the betting, the buying and selling of races, the hippodroming, etc.—the public are unfortunately only too familiar.

It is to be hoped that now, at the outset of its career, the C. W. A. will strive to keep itself clear of this growing evil. It has an opportunity for doing so which few other associations of a similar nature possess. Cycling is a pastime which has come conspicuously to the front within two or three years only. The associations which have been formed to regulate it, and to bind together its devotees, are almost in their infancy. It should not be difficult, with the exercise of ordinary caution, to keep the amateur records clear from any such stain. It is unfortunate that several cases of professionalism have come to light in the C. W. A. In one case the difficulty has been removed by the retirement of the offender from the amateur ranks. The others have chiefly been cases in which the offence was

committed ignorantly, and before the rules of the Association were generally known. Now, however, that the latter reason has been removed by the circulation of these rules among all the members, there is no excuse for their infringement.

The Committee which has been appointed to deal with all such cases is one that may be trusted to do its work fearlessly, impartially, and with an eye solely to the good of the Association. It can, however, act only upon the material that is brought before it, and it is the duty of every member to aid in the good work of making our amateur standing unimpeachable, by bringing to the notice of the Committee any breach of the laws. This can be done by means of a protest sent to the Secretary of the Association. The measures adopted may seem rigorous and harsh, but it must be apparent to all that in no other way can we maintain a standard that will be accepted by other and larger Associations with whom we wish to place ourselves on an equal footing. Let us thus keep ourselves “above suspicion.”

—:o:—

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Clarke should put in an appearance at Springfield next year.

Hereafter, the WHEELMAN will be issued earlier in the month.

Hurst, Toronto's fancy rider, is not far behind Canary. The rapidity with which he picked up several of the latter's tricks was astonishing.

Cycling has taken a drop, so to speak, in Brantford; and as the tournament failed to draw a crowd, it was postponed indefinitely, thus resulting in a financial loss to the Brantford Club.

THE CANADIAN WHEELMAN rolls into your presence; directs your attention to his new suit; begs a little oil to keep the machine working smoothly, and promises to call again!

Talking about the Springfield meet, how natural it has come to be to think of it as a fixture! There would be a big hole in the bicycle calendar if the Springfield meet should drop out.

There are compensations! Montreal and Quebec may be charming places in which to reside, but their heart-breaking hills and boulder-laden streets make a western wheelman sigh for the smooth places of On-tay-ree-oh!

The new detachable handle-bars seem to be finding some favor on the other side of the line. The danger to be guarded against is their liability to detach from the machine at the wrong time; but that is a fault from which riders themselves are not always free.

The success which has attended upon the efforts of the Woodstock Amateur Athletic Association shows what co-operation and a few enthusiasts can do towards encouraging field sports. There is no reason why every town of 2,000 inhabitants should not follow the example of Woodstock.

The crack riders of the Queen City have been unlucky this fall. Lavender broke his arm at Buffalo, and then his old-time antagonist, Davies—unwilling to hold an undue advantage—considerately snapped his collar-bone in two. All who know these two flyers will sympathize with them, and trust that they will take the track next spring in better trim than ever.

Thus explaineth The Owl in *The Wheel*:

"That lively paper, the CANADIAN WHEELMAN, is out with a 'fish story' about my intimate acquaintance, Egan, having rescued the queen of Gooseberry Park, N.J., from the rapacious maw of a shark, which piscatorial fiend appears to have eventuated into a catfish under the microscopic investigation of that paper. Now, I do know that no man who respects himself will come back from a two months' vacation without a fish yarn big enough to knock out all others in that line; but I thought this must have been an error, so I am just now interviewing Egan on the subject. While he blushes, as he always does when narrating any of his heroic adventures, he declares that this is a Star story, *i.e.*, the wheel before the rider. He did not rescue the lady from the fish, but the fish from the lady. It was at a straw-ride supper party at Pleasure Bay, and the fish had been fried until it was harmless, and just as the lady was going to eat it, he saved the fish from the lady and ate it himself; for which heroic act he has letters from prominent piscatorial philanthropists extolling him in the highest manner. He begs me to state that he hopes this true history of the whole affair will be accepted by his friends in lieu of the one offered by the Canadian anecdotist."

THE CANADIAN WHEELMAN COMPANY.

The following-named gentlemen compose the Canadian Wheelman Company, organized August, 1884, for the purpose of publishing THE CANADIAN WHEELMAN:

Hal. B. Donly,	Simcoe.
H. S. Tibbs,	Montreal.
W. G. Ross,	do.
J. H. Low,	do.
J. D. Miller,	do.
A. T. Lane,	do.
G. J. Bishop,	do.
J. E. Ostell,	do.
Louis Rubenstein,	do.
J. W. Davies,	do.
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T. H. Robinson,	do.
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W. A. Karn,	Woodstock.
Samuel Roether,	Pt. Elgin.
A. McBean,	Guelph.
Jas. S. Brierley,	St. Thomas.
W. K. Evans,	London.

WITH THE CHICAGO TOURISTS IN CANADA.

On Wednesday morning we formed up in the following order for our first start, at the Rossin House, in Toronto:—1st, B. B. Ayers, Commander, and G. H. Orr, Convoy, with the rest of the staff; 2nd, Eastern Division, under command of E. G. Whitney; Middle States, under command of G. R. Bidwell; Western Division, commanded by W. E. Pierce; last and least, the Canadian Division, under P. E. Doolittle. Of course behind all this came the ambulance, a low, covered wagon, with seats running

along both sides, into which all luggage, coats, etc., were deposited.

The first stopping-place was the Half-Way House, and this place was reached in about an hour from leaving the Rossin. After our first stop it was the order of the day for rests every half hour or so, and therefore it was 2 p.m. by the time Whitby was reached, where a very indifferent meal was speedily consumed. Here the "Kazoo Band" was formed by the Boston party, and a trip taken around the town, and the Salvation Army, the Court-house, etc., serenaded with various results.

A late start was made, and therefore it was late when we arrived at Newcastle, and were quartered in the small hotels there. The Newcastle Club met, and escorted us into town with a brass band. This band, assisted by our Kazoo Band, supplied music for the promenade concert held in the evening. An address of welcome was also presented to the tourists, and dancing was kept up till a late hour.

The next morning a start was made at 10 a.m., and Cobourg was made for dinner, which was speedily dispatched. After dining, a small dance was organized among the guests, and nearly everybody participated. The ambulance, containing the coats and other apparel of the riders, was two hours late, and the crowd presented a grotesque appearance as they glided around the room, the Boston men especially, as they always ride through the country in racing costume, which very much resembles a "Greenway" bathing suit.

Another start was made at 4 p.m., and passing through Wicklow and Colborne, Brighton was reached for supper. The Clark House being small the tourists were quartered on private families, who kindly offered their services, perhaps through the efforts of Mr. Bowles, who made heaps of friends. The Boston party and part of the staff had probably the "softest" thing. They were especially invited by Mr. Phillips, who owns the largest and best-equipped house and grounds in the town. Here they were entertained by the young ladies of the town, and as a string band was on hand an excellent time was spent. They left their kind host and his wife, expressing the loudest praise of their treatment.

On Friday the party left Brighton at 9.30, leaving behind five, who by the way were a portion of those who attended the "hop" the night before, to take the train to Belleville. A few miles from Belleville we were met by the B. B. Club and escorted into town. All along the road the people turned out in crowds to see the bicyclists. Here a sail was taken on the bay in the yacht "Atlanta," at the invitation of the Belleville Yacht Club, and an excellent time was had. A vote of thanks was afterwards tendered the B. Yacht Club, and also the Bicycle Club, for their kindness.

It was four o'clock when we left Belleville, and after wheeling over excellent roads Napanee was reached. About three miles out, however, the Napanee Club met us and escorted us into town. Supper was served at the Cornell House. In the evening the entire party, numbering some 70 wheelmen, were invited to witness a performance of the Pauline Markham Company. A good time was spent here at our expense and at the expense of the actors, who received a good many compliments and other expressions of opinion. After the show the Boston party, being joined by a few of their kind, "painted" a considerable portion of the town as well as the hotel, and it was very early in the morning before the last Boston man had retired.

Saturday was the last day of riding in Canada, and consisted of the run from Napanee to Kingston. The whole distance could be made without a dismount, as the roads were excellent. At Kingston the local club met and escorted us to the hotel with the usual band, and the same old "Yankee Doodle."

This was all of our wheeling in Canada, and proved to be the best outing ever enjoyed by many of the tourists. Fine weather and the wind in our backs helped us all the way along, and not an accident occurred worth mentioning. The Canadians who accompanied the tourists were as

follows:—Messrs. Orr and Doolittle, of Toronto; Brydon and Scott, of Woodstock; MacIntosh, of London; Trimble, of Napanee; and Hamlin, of Oshawa.

GEORGIUS.

COMING TO THE FRONT.

WHAT ABILITY AND GRIT HAS DONE FOR A YOUNG MAN.

There is no other paper in the country that has made such rapid strides as *The Through Mail*, of Bloomington, Illinois. Eight months ago it was purchased by Mr. F. E. Huddle, its present editor; and notwithstanding the fact that it was apparently in a dying condition, he has, by indefatigable labor, already run its circulation well up into the thousands, and given it a name bounded only by the oceans. It is quoted everywhere that newspapers are published in North America, and sold by newsdealers everywhere. Mr. Huddle has made it a popular and powerful journal, and lovers of fun seem to prefer it to all other publications in the field of humor. It is refined, and sometimes sublimely pathetic, showing a versatility exhibited by few writers. It has given Bloomington a name all over the country, and the citizens must, indeed, be proud of it and its proprietors and editor. The subscription price is \$2.00 per year in advance, and no family should be without its cheerful influence. It is clubbed with *THE CANADIAN WHEELMAN* at \$2.00 per year. Subscribers for this paper should avail themselves of this opportunity to secure it, as the clubbing offer is only good until December 31st, 1884.

SELLERS' TROPHIES.

Sanders Sellers, the young Englishman who came to this country to take part in the Hartford and Springfield bicycle races, should be content with his series of victories. He landed in New York on the 6th of September and went direct to Hartford. Three days later, he rode in the races at Charter Oak Park, in one of which he beat all previous records, professional and amateur, making a mile in 2.39. In this race, besides securing the world's championship, he took a \$100 diamond stud as a prize. Within a half hour he started in another race, the five mile open, which he won in 15.48, taking a costly Colt double-barreled shotgun as a prize. The next day he rode in a half mile race at Albany, winning at ease in 1.23, and taking a handsome gold badge. At Springfield he won Tuesday's ten mile race in 31.04 2-5, breaking the record and taking the Springfield Club cup. The next day the young Briton rode against the American champion, Hendee, the two mile race, which he captured, his prize being a silver tea set. Another victory on the same afternoon was the half mile dash, which he did in 1.18, winning a handsome pottery umbrella rack. On Thursday he again vanquished Hendee in the mile race, which he won in 2.45 2-5, his prize being a \$50 marble clock, and on the 19th he took a \$100 prize by winning the five mile open race in 16.06 2-5. He has won every race in which he has entered with the exception of the ten mile record race on Thursday. He started in this race, but after winning the second half mile dropped out. Sellers' victories have not been easy ones, for he has had the best amateurs of America and England to compete with. During the fortnight preceding his sailing for this country he won prizes aggregating £165 in value. If he keeps up his racing he will have enough prizes to stock several stores.

Now they say it was a bicycling tourist who left his spare shirt at a C.T.C. hotel, and when he got home, at the end of his tour, wrote to the chambermaid, asking her to send it by parcel post. That ingenious damsel had plied her needle on the shirt, however, and deftly converted it into a garment for her own use; and, upon receiving the wheelman's letter, she replied to this effect:

"Dear sir, I hope you won't feel hurt;
That I was wrong, why, none can doubt it;
I've made a shift of your old shirt,
You'll have to make a shift without it!"

—*Wheeling.*

C. W. A. OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.



APPLICATIONS.

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

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

Ariel Touring Club, add 1—B. 0456. Frank Adams.

Kingston Club, add 7—B. 0458, W. Harty; B. 0468, S. Cox; B. 0469, J. Hendry; B. 0470, S. Henderson; B. 0471, J. C. Strange; B. 0472, T. Tillinghast; B. 0473, W. H. Macnee.

BOARD OF OFFICERS C.W.A., 1884-5.

President:—HORACE S. TIBBS, Montreal, P. Q.
Vice-President:—JAS. S. BRIERLEY, St. Thomas, Ont.

Sec.-Treas.:—HAL. B. DONLY, Simcoe, Ont.

DISTRICT NO. 1.

Chief Consul:—J. A. MUIRHEAD, London.
Representatives:—W. A. KARN, Woodstock; S. ROTHER, Port Elgin; A. McBEAN, Guelph; LLOYD HARRIS, Brantford.

DISTRICT NO. 2.

Chief Consul:—T. H. ROBINSON, Toronto.
Representatives:—W. G. EAKINS, C. E. LALEY, Toronto; R. J. BOWLES, Brighton; H. C. GOODMAN, St. Catharines.

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Chief Consul:—GEO. A. MOTHERSILL, Ottawa.
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DISTRICT NO. 4.

Chief Consul:—JOHN H. LOW, Montreal.
Representatives:—W. G. ROSS, J. D. MILLER, Montreal.

DISTRICT NO. 5.

Chief Consul:—W. H. NOURSE, Winnipeg.
Representative:—W. S. CAPON, Winnipeg.

We would call the attention of Club Secretaries to Article III. of the Constitution, which recites that clubs shall be admitted at the rate of 50c. per annum per member only, on condition that every member of the club shall become a member of the Association. We suggest that this rule be lived up to or else struck out of the Constitution. It is not fair to make unattached members pay \$1.00 each and allow clubs of 50 or 100 members to continue in the Association with only 15 or 20 members good on our books. We direct this paragraph at the larger clubs alone. The smaller ones, of necessity, live up to the rule. Gentlemen, please let us hear from you at once.

The utility of the bicycle is proved by the Vermont farmer, who takes his son's machine, suspends the wheels a few feet from the floor, removes the tire, substitutes an endless rope, which he also places on the driving-wheels of agricultural machines, then makes his son mount and furnish motive power for shelling corn, cutting hay, turning grindstones, etc.

Cyclists' Touring Club.

THE INTERNATIONAL WHEELMEN'S ASSOCIATION. FOUNDED AUG. 5, 1878.

Dues for first year, \$1 in advance, or \$2.75, including silver badge; annual dues after first year, 75 cents. Application blanks can be obtained by forwarding a stamped addressed envelope to the Canadian Chief Consul, Horace S. Tibbs, 26 Union Avenue, Montreal.

Applications for membership:

Lloyd Harris, Colborne St., Brantford, Ont.
A. T. Lane, Jr., 365 Aqueduct St., Montreal, Q.
S. G. Retallack, Front St., Belleville, Ont.

If no objection is received by the Chief Consul within seven days after publication of this paper, the above will be considered provisionally elected.

Additional Canadian Consular appointment:

Lloyd Harris, for Brantford, Ont.

Hotel appointment:

Woodstock—O'Neill House.

Repairer, Woodstock—Joseph Codville.

With the Clubs.

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.

Since you last heard from this part of the Dominion bicycling has, to use an expression so familiar to Winnipeggers during the real estate excitement of 1881-2, "boomed." A number of new members have joined our club, and a firm, composed of two active riders in the club, has begun importing machines for use in this country. Judging from the number who are already thinking of becoming riders next year, they will do a prosperous trade.

I regret to report that our club has met with quite a loss, owing to our much-respected Captain, W. H. Nourse, having concluded that his services should be devoted to aiding Sir Garnet Wolseley to relieve Gen. Gordon at Khartoum. W. W. Matthews, 1st Lieut., has by the unanimous vote of the club been promoted to the position of Captain; and K. J. Johnston, formerly of the St. Catharines (Ont.) B.C., to the position of 1st Lieut.

A committee has been appointed to procure a place for club-rooms suitable for winter riding, and also to arrange full details for a fall race meet, which will, no doubt, be a success, as the people of Winnipeg never fail to patronize good sports.

A number of our riders contemplate leaving in about ten days for a 500 mile trip to Portage La Prairie, Brandon, Shoal Lake, Pembina and Turtle Mountain, and other parts of the Province. All reports which they have received from traders throughout the country confirm the writer's opinion, formed while hunting in the west, that we have in this country roads far superior to anything in the east.

Should any of our eastern cycling friends honor us with a visit, we can show them roads, or rather trails, smooth as an asphalt sidewalk, stretching for hundreds of miles through an almost boundless prairie, which a few years ago swarmed with almost countless herds of buffalo, antelope, and other game. We can show them trails which for ages have been used by western traders and others in transporting supplies to, and furs from, their trading and hunting grounds in the far west. These trails are smooth beyond description, and the pleasure of gliding over them through the vast stretches of rich rolling prairie, clothed in a mantle of wild flowers, throwing their sweet perfumes around the tourists, is surely sufficient to make eastern cyclists long for a trip in our Northwest. The foregoing is the writer's opinion of what bicycling would be in this country, as judged from an experience of a 500 mile trip on a buckboard. In my next, I hope to be able to confirm my opinion, by relating my experience of a 500 mile trip—on a bicycle—over the same trails.—Yours fraternally,

SPOKE ADJUSTER.

THE TORONTO WANDERERS.

For some months past the Wanderers have been in a dormant condition, and owing to the lack of interest, etc., the club has been more dead than alive. The amount of funds and property, however, possessed by the club was bound to keep it afloat.

The record the Wanderers made last year, and the way in which they were always prominent in bicycling affairs, made their name prominent throughout Canada, and they were probably one of the leading clubs. The chief cause of the falling off was attributed to the indifference of some of the officers and older members. Owing to this a special meeting was called by some of the enthusiasts, which was very largely attended, and resulted in some important changes in the officers, who, for the remainder of the year, will be as follows: President, T. H. Robinson; Vice do., Jas. George; Capt., H. P. Davies; 1st Lieut., G. H. Orr; 2nd do., D. W. Duff; 3rd do., J. Rogers; Sec. and Treas., C. H. Riggs; Bugler, W. G. Hurst. Club matters were "braced up," meets and runs decided on, and the members are doing their best to get back to their old situation.

The racing record of the club is getting of some size, and although they have been unfortunate in losing some of their fast riders, yet a good score is sure to be run up before the end of the season.

ST. THOMAS.

Although the St. Thomas Bicycle Club is not an active, positive organization, yet it exists, and forms the peg on which every man in the city hangs his coat as soon as he purchases a wheel. It is so precious to the wheelmen of St. Thomas that they keep it in seclusion, except on state occasions, such as the visit of a body of brother wheelmen, or a meeting of the C.W.A. Then, however, out it comes, and for all the great unwashed know it may be the most energetic wheel organization in the country. It isn't, though, but its numbers are, individually, as enthusiastic cyclists as the country possesses. During the past summer the boys have done a large amount of local riding, but have not undertaken any extended trips. The number of wheelmen in the city is steadily increasing.—Among the latest to mount the pig-skin are Messrs. Ingram, Stewart, Waddell, Bradshaw, Paulin, and Munro.

MONTREAL LOCAL NOTES.

The Montreal Club will not hold another race meeting this season.

The Bonnet hop given by the Montreal Club to the residents of Valois on the sixth of September was a triumphant success, the boat-house being crowded, and the fun never flagging from start to finish.

Sandy McCaw's unsuccessful attempt to cover the whole distance from Toronto to Montreal last month was, in spite of the failure caused by the rain, a very creditable performance. He covered over 80 miles in two days out of the four, and got from Toronto to Cornwall, about 275 miles, in the four days.

The Chinese lantern procession of the Montrealers on the 10th ult. was, I believe, the first affair of the kind to take place in Canada, and produced the best muster the club has ever had, the "parade slate" giving 87 as the total number present. The streets were thronged with residents and exhibition visitors, who seemed much pleased with the effect produced.

The Hamilton Bicycle Club's First Entertainment.

The success of the first annual entertainment of the Hamilton Bicycle Club, held in the Drill Shed on Sept. 23rd, exceeded the expectations of the most sanguine members. Over 500 tickets were sold at the doors, and about a thousand had been previously disposed of. The attendance was

so great that the seating accommodation was by no means sufficient. The Toronto Wanderers sent eight riders in neat uniforms of gray and black into the ring. Following them were the same number of Buffalo wheelmen uniformed in dark blue. The twenty Hamilton riders formed a circle outside the visitors, riding in single file while the others rode two deep. The Hamilton wheelmen were twenty strong, and wore their familiar uniform of dark blue, with scarlet caps. The riders made a very pretty spectacle, and their appearance was loudly applauded. The club offered a fine silver pitcher and goblets worth \$50 to the club exhibiting the best drill. The competitors were the Buffalos and Wanderers, each club drilling with eight men, and each being given twenty minutes' time. The Buffalos wheeled into the enclosure as the band played "Yankee Doodle." They were captained by Mr. C. F. Hodgkiss, and in spite of the inequalities of the ground and the many dangerous holes they went through their allotted time, executing the most beautiful manoeuvres with the greatest ease and accuracy. The Toronto visitors went through their manoeuvres splendidly, and perhaps were only behind the Buffalos in that they were a trifle less steady, and had three riders dismounted during the drill, while the Buffalos had none. Mr. G. H. Orr captained the Wanderers. The Buffalo men were awarded the first prize. The competition in the fancy riding brought out a skilful young member of the Hamiltons, Mr. C. E. Richardson, who made an exceedingly creditable show in his first public appearance. Mr. Wm. Hurst, of the Wanderers, the champion trick-rider of Canada, followed, and showed his wonderful proficiency. He could do almost anything with his machine, and could ride it in any position. His exhibition, like that of his predecessor, was applauded during its entire length. Mr. Joseph Rogers, of the Wanderers, was also a competitor. The judges awarded the gold medal to Hurst and the silver to Richardson. The visiting wheelmen and the judges were entertained at supper after the entertainment, and went home with the highest opinions of Hamilton wheelmen and Hamilton audiences.

NEW YORK SQUIBS.

The club poet of the Citizens' Club sends us the following effusion from his witty pen:

Look at me push!
With my foot upon the pedal,
And —
But alas, alas! he then did stop,
And gently took a header.

Grover Cleveland has very suddenly taken a great liking for wheelmen and their silver wheels.

Last week, while walking along one of the rideable streets of this city, I saw rather a large-sized crowd in front of me, and walked up to see the cause. It was this: a bicyclist of about 19 had taken a header, though sustaining no injuries, and a nut had come off from some part of his wheel. He evidently was a late convert to the cycling cause, for he seemed not to know how to mend his machine. A man in the crowd, seeing his predicament, and whom I took to be a mechanic, immediately fixed his machine, when the young cyclist at once departed, without a word of thanks. All present noticed this; and one spectator called after him in the distance, "Young man, you don't seem to be very grateful!" The mechanic took the answer on himself and said, "O, they're only children, anyway." This, as an instance, is the opinion of the public in New York of wheelmen: not very commendable, but brought on by the cyclers themselves.

The Ixion Club have taken quarters that the Citizens' vacated for their new palace, and have made a comfortable place of it. The club has 25 members, with competent officers.

The *Bicycling World* has been sold, the purchasers being J. S. Dean and Abbot Bassett. The paper will remain under the editorial management of the above-named gentlemen, whose every effort will be made to keep it in the front rank of cycling publications.

THE SPRINGFIELD TOURNAMENT.

[FOR THE WHEELMAN.]

Three days of the great race meet have come and gone. The city is crowded with wheelmen; every hotel is running over with men in blue, in gray, in green, with knickerbockers and caps; wheels, nickelled and enamelled, fill every spare corner. Buzz and excitement, wheel gossip of all sorts, talks about records and races, laughter, jokes, bugle-calls, all unite to turn the busy city into something very like a holiday fair or pandemonium. And I am asked to sit down, and, as if in my calm, thoughtful moments, write you about what I have seen. It is a task for which I am just now but ill prepared. My head is a jumble of wheels and faces and memories of races the like of which have never before been seen in America. Outside, a drizzling rain is falling, rendering it necessary to postpone the fireworks that were put down for to-night until to-morrow night. I have been introduced to wheelmen right and left, until it almost makes me tired to think about it. From big-hearted, big-headed Dr. Beckwith, the President and pride of the L.A.W., down through all the gradations of League officials and club presidents, captains and secretaries, to the privates, I have met them by the hundred; and a jollier, more whole-souled, generous lot of fellows it has never before been my good fortune to meet.

The crowd may, perhaps, have been inclined to sing "Yankee Doodle" when John Prince walked away with the big Englishman, Howell, and to feel sore with disappointment when their pride and joy, "Our George," was forced to lower his colors to the marvellous Sellers; but to me, their lonely cousin from Canada, they have shown naught but courtesy and kindness; and wherever I have gone I have had only compliments to the C.W.A. and good wishes for its success to listen to.

But if this letter is to be brought into the compass of one issue of the *WHEELMAN*, it is high time that I commenced to tell you something of the Tournament itself. Beyond all peradventure, it is a success financially. The attendance during the past three days has been enormous; and if the rain will only hold off for to-morrow, there is no doubt but another great crowd will assemble to witness the programme, which is quite as good as any day's that has gone before it. As to the success of the meet in other ways, the races tell the story. Never before in America has such a field of cracks come to the tape, while new men innumerable have come forward to paralyze records and knock cold the calculations and forecasts of the oldest and wisest. The member of the C.W.A. who any longer looks to his guide-book as an authority upon records will get woefully left. Every distance is changed for America, while, in one or two instances, the mother-home of 'cycling has had to lower her proud colors of superiority. The management of the meet is almost perfect. The Springfield Club know how to run a tournament; and they have allowed no trouble or expense to stand in the way of the comfort of either visiting wheelmen or the public. The track is a daisy, half mile, level as a floor, hard, and smooth as a billiard-table; and the universal opinion is, if a man can't make time here, he can't anywhere. The occupants of the judges' stand are all competent to fill the duties assigned them. Especial care has been taken to have the track conform to all the requirements of the League rules, while the presence of Mr. Abbot Bassett, the great authority on wheel matters, as referee, is a guarantee that everything has been conducted correctly and honestly. The time-keeping has been as near perfection as it is possible to get it, and there can be no doubt cast upon it. Along with Mr. Bassett upon the stand as judges are Dr. N. M. Beckwith, President of the L.A.W.; Frank Weston, Chief Consul of the C.T.C. for the United States; Leland Howard, President of the Capital Club, of Washington; and H. B. Donly, Secretary of the C.W.A.

On each day there are ten races. To attempt to give, in the time and space at my disposal, anything like a detailed report of them would be folly.

Monday's programme opened with a three mile handicap for the professionals, that was won by Ashinger, an unknown rider from Ohio. Howell and Prince were both in the race, but were too heavily handicapped to do anything. The next race was the event of the day. It was a ten mile open amateur. Sellers, Chambers, Haskell, and Illston, the English cracks, were all in, with Hamilton and Brooks as representatives of the U.S. Dolph and Hendee were both scratched. The former has been ill throughout the entire three days, and will go home in the morning without having done anything to warrant the great expectations entertained on his behalf by many. His illness was most unfortunate, and causes great disappointment, as he is undoubtedly a very fast man, having ridden over the tape the other day at Hartford, barely a length or two behind Sellers, when he made his peerless record of 2.39 for one mile. Hendee, too, has been a lamentable failure. Toronto never loved or believed in Hanlan with more ardor or steadfastness than does Springfield in Hendee; and bitter, indeed, has been the disappointment and sorrow of the city to see their darling fall an easy victim to the thin-cheeked, quiet blonde Englishman whom they had scarcely heard of before. It was a new experience for them, but will have a wholesome effect. Their idolatrous love of George, to the utter exclusion of all others, has been to strangers almost insufferable, and has made him, a modest, gentlemanly young fellow, to be disliked by many fellow-racers. The race was an easy victory for Sellers, with Hamilton second and Brooks third, the others having one by one dropped out of the contest. Winner's time: 31.04 3/4.

In the 3.20 class race for one mile, there were 21 starters. Winners: 1st, Miller, of Meriden, Conn.; 2nd, Powell, of Smithville, N.J.; 3rd, Wait, of New Haven. Time, 2.43 3/5. The two mile tricycle called out E. P. Burham, the American champion, Chambers and Illston, of England, and L. H. Johnson, of Orange, N.J. It was a close and intensely exciting race, and was won by Burham by about three inches over Chambers, Illston third. Time, 6.27; equal to the best English time.

The three mile tandem was won by Miller and Brown, of Springfield, amidst the enthusiastic plaudits of the crowd, over the Stahl Bros., of Boston, and two Leominster wheelmen. Time, 10.14 1/5.

In the 3.16 time race, there were 14 starters. The lucky men were Miller, of Springfield; Maxwell, of Rockville; Connolly, of Rochester, in the order named.

The three mile professional race was a glorious victory for the English champion, Howell, over James, Prince, Woodside, Neilson and others, James being second, Prince third. Time, 8.36 1/2, which is a world's record.

The tug-of-war was an easy victory for the Springfield Club over the Berkshire Co. Wheelmen, the only other contestants.

The last on the day's programme was the two mile 6.25 class race, in which there were ten starters. The winners were Miller, of Meriden, first; Wollison, of Pittsfield, second; Hunter, of Beverley, third. Time, 5.55 1/5.

Wednesday's races were, if anything, the most exciting of the three days. Following I give a summary:

Ten Mile Professional—6 entries: 1, R. Howell; 2, W. Woodside; 3, R. James. Time, 30.07 1/5.

Two Mile Amateur—Open—19 entries; nine starters: 1, S. Sellers; 2, G. Hendee; 3, Chas. Frazier. Time, 6.03.

One Mile Without Hands—6 entries; three starters: 1, H. S. Wollison; 2, Chas. Chickering; 3, T. R. Finley. Time, 3.00 1/2.

Three Mile 9.50 Class—17 entries; nine starters: 1, Eliot Norton; 2, H. E. Bidwell; 3, H. S. Wollison. Time, 8.53 2/5.

Five Mile Tricycle—4 entries: 1, R. Chambers; 2, E. P. Burnham; 3, G. H. Illston; L. H. Johnson. Time, 17.14.

Half Mile Dash—17 entries; six starters: 1, S. Sellers; 2, H. M. Gaskell; 3, Chas. Frazier. Time, 1.18 1/4.

One Mile Professional—10 entries; seven starters: 1, J. L. Prince; 2, R. James; 3, R. Howell. Time, 2.39.

Five Mile Record—14 entries; ten starters: 1, H. W. Gaskell; 2, L. Hamilton; 3, Geo. Webber. Time, 14.51 3-5.

Two Mile Tandem—3 entries: 1, Miller and Brown; 2, Stahl Bros.; 3, Joslyn and Chase. Time, 6.55.

As Hendee and Sellers met for the first time in the two-mile race, the interest of the spectators was centered there. The American's easy defeat by the Britisher had a dampening effect upon the crowd, however, and it was not until Prince defeated Howell that the feeling of gloom passed off. This was perhaps one of the most exciting races ever witnessed. Howell had got President Ducker to announce from the judges' stand that it was the intention of the world's professional champion to attempt to break the amateur record of Sellers of 2.39. He failed by one second, and in that second Prince and James had respectively passed the tape ahead of him. The result was hailed with almost frantic delight by the spectators; the band played "Yankee Doodle," and for ten minutes the noise and uproar was dreadful. The five mile record race was a beauty. Gaskell rode in magnificent form, and was an easy victor, for by it he carries off two handsome prizes, as, in addition to winning the race, he broke the record.

Thursday.—To-day the crowd has been much larger than on either of the former days. It was known that to-day Hendee was to make his supreme effort to prove whether he was the equal of Sellers or not. The following is a summary of the day's sports:

Three Mile Professional Record—9 entries; six starters: 1, R. Howell; 2, W. M. Woodside; 3, R. James. Time, 8.55 1-5. Record broken.

Half Mile Dash, 1.40 Class—Thirteen starters: 1, W. Wait; 2, H. G. Bidwell; 3, D. E. Hunter.

One Mile Ride-and-Run—Two starters: 1, C. B. Ripley; 2, T. R. Finley. Time, 4.39.

Five Mile 16-40 Class—12 entries: 1, C. H. Parsons; 2, L. A. Miller; 3, L. Weston. Time, 15.46 2-5.

Five Mile Professional—Five starters: 1, R. Howell; 2, R. James; 3, W. Woodside. Time, 15.42 3-5.

One Mile Tandem—Two starters: 1, Stahl Bros.; 2, Joslyn and Chase. Time, 3.13 2-5.

Ten Mile Record—Five starters: 1, L. Hamilton; 2, H. Gaskell; 3, J. Brooks. Time, 31.54. Record not broken.

One Mile Tricycle—Three starters: 1, R. Chambers; 2, G. H. Illston; 3, L. H. Johnson. Time, 3.13.

One Mile Open—Ten starters: 1, S. Sellers; 2, G. Hendee; 3, J. Brooks. Time, 2.45 2-5.

The last was the race of the day. As the men came to the scratch, all eyes were upon Hendee and Sellers. With a field that contained such names as Chambers, Gaskell, Dolph, Illston, Frazier, Brooks, all were forgotten for the moment save those two. It was patent to any one that Hendee was painfully nervous, while Sellers sat on his machine as unconcerned as if he were only going to race for a ten-cent cigar instead of the world's championship. From start to finish, the race was a beautiful one; but to the initiated it was plain that Sellers had it in hand from the outset, and when he passed over the score a winner, with hands down, even Hendee's best friends were forced to admit that he was no match for the boy from over the ocean.

But if I am to get off this letter to you to-night, I must close; so, leaving the balance of the Springfield meet and the New Haven meet, to which I go next week, for another letter, I will say good-night.

Yours, etc.,

P. E. D'ALPIN.

A rather extraordinary accident happened to a Brum wheelist the other day. He chanced to brush against a stout old lady, who up with her *humber-ella*, and before he had time to *apologise*, she *delta* blow at his *nut*, which knocked him off and sprained his *tourists*.—*Wheeling*.

A CANDIDATE ON WHEELS.

AN ACCOMPLISHMENT OF MISS BELVA LOCKWOOD AS A TRICYCLE RIDER.

It is but natural that the country should wish to know more of the latest Presidential candidate—Belva Lockwood, the nominee of the Woman's Rights party. The candidate's life, written by an impartial hand as the only means for completely supplying this demand, will doubtless appear at an early day. Here in Washington no book of any kind is needed. She is to be seen almost any day threading the streets mounted on a tricycle, head erect, and feet working with an energy that is indicative of the secret of her success in life. She was the first of her sex to mount the tricycle and demonstrate the right of woman to ride whatever will best suit her purpose. As a lawyer, she rides wherever her business calls, and she also rides for the pleasure it affords, as others do in their carriages. And how she does ride! No laggard's pace is hers. Wherever she goes she is the observed of all observers. She is not a devotee of fashion in any respect. She sets her own fashions. With head in air, and face earnestly, not to say fiercely, pointing in the direction her industrious feet are propelling her, she whirls along, every turn of the crank flip-flapping her skirt with unceasing regularity. She stops at nothing, and turns aside only to pass slow-goers or pick a stretch of clear track whereon to display a pace which might make Maud S. envious.

Of late a demand has sprung up for pictures of the Woman's Rights candidate. In preparing to supply this demand, the artist has been at a loss how to take her. Blaine is generally represented as speaking in the House or Senate, Cleveland as standing on the rostrum, Logan as cavorting on his war-horse—each in a position designed to show the man at his best. Reflecting on these things, the artist was not long in coming to the conclusion that the proper thing was to represent Belva mounted on a tricycle, a familiar sight in Pennsylvania avenue, where, as anyone will say, she, too, appears at her best. The pictures, it is understood, will be ready at an early day. She might have been taken pleading at the bar; laying down the law as any man would, and often better than many men do; giving tit for tat, after the custom of the profession; taking graceful flights of oratory, as orators sometimes do, responsive to a suggestion from the bench; citing precedents and cases, principles and practice from a well-stored repository of learning covered by that well-known bonnet, or appealing to the jury for justice for her client. But after due consideration, the tricycle idea was adopted as not only the most novel, but the most truly characteristic.

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BELVA DECLINES.

Miss Belva Lockwood has written the following letter:

Washington, Sept. 24, 1884.

Messrs. C. M. Beltz, President, and Charles M. Clarke, Secretary, *et al.*:

I am in receipt of your invitation to be present at the races of the Keystone Bicycle Club, 27th Sept., 1884, and sincerely regret my inability to be in attendance, but the pressure of my professional engagements and the greater pressure of my presidential campaign so much absorb my time and thought that I find it impossible to comply.

I have ridden a *bicycle* for three years almost daily, for business and pleasure, and believe that bicycles and tricycles are healthful, graceful, pleasant, labor-saving, time-saving, and one of the advanced features of the day.

The saddle-horse will soon be known no more, except for climbing mountains and fording streams.

Wishing you, gentlemen of the Keystone Bicycle Club, much success and great pleasure,

I remain, yours on wheels,

BELVA A. LOCKWOOD.

619 F Street, N.W.

Can it be that the lady doesn't know the difference between a bicycle and tricycle? That thing you have been riding is a tricycle, Belva.—*Bicycling World*.

NOTE FROM KARL KRON.

EDITOR OF CANADIAN WHEELMAN:

The whole number of one-dollar pledges now enrolled for "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle" is 1863, leaving 1137 to be secured to complete the required 3000 advance subscribers. I have now definitely decided to put the price of the book at \$1.50, except for those who authorize me to print their names in it at the original rate. There have been 426 accessions to my list since I wrote to you, two months ago to-day; and 154 of these have come since I last reported, August 19. The number of hotels which have agreed to take the book is 56.

The specimen copies of the *Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette* for August, which the editor sent to 618 hotels with whose names I supplied him, failed, by some mistake at the mailing office, to have my "letter to hotel-keepers" specially marked; and I have not received a single response to it. This merely confirmed the belief expressed in my last letter to you, that hotel-men rarely examine anything of the sort that comes to them through the mail. My only hope of waking them up to the merits of my plan of introducing the names of their houses to 25,000 bicyclers will be in persuading local subscribers to personally hand their copies of my circular, reprinted from the *Gazette*. The October issue of that paper, by the way, will contain my revised prospectus, which was crowded out of the current number.

I hope to go up to the Springfield Tournament on my wheel, which I have not once mounted, or even looked upon, since the 5th of June. The long summer struggle with my subscription-list has about tired me out; and I trust a five days' tour up the Hudson and across the Berkshire Hills to Springfield may refresh me a little. I intend to start to-morrow morning, having postponed my departure for twenty-four hours on account of the excessive heat.

Let me ask you to announce that the North American Lloyds' Steamship Co. have agreed to carry bicycles, as passengers' baggage, from Baltimore to Bremen, and the Allan Line also from Baltimore to Halifax. The agents of both lines at the first-named city have formally authorized me to say this. Cannot some Canadian wheelman persuade the agents in Montreal of the Allan Line to announce the same rule for their boats running to Liverpool? I wish the proper officer of the C.W.A. would take pains to get all the lake and river steamer lines of Canada enrolled on the "free list" before I write the "transportation chapter" of my book.

KARL KRON.

Washington Square, N.Y.,
Sept. 10, 1884.

—:O:—

THE POETRY OF IT.

C. R. D. IN "A SHADOW LOVE."

To you non-cycling readers, these words recall no sunny memories of trips a-wheel. Do you know how many volumes of poetry and prose are contained in the thought? Do you know what is meant by the society of this modern Atalanta, this graceful, fleet-footed, splendid companion, ever ready for a romp out into the purer air and brighter sunshine of the world of nature? There is sentiment in a sunrise, but brick walls and a smoke-laden atmosphere are so unpoetical. Spring into the saddle, seize the bridle of this magic steed which flies while you are mounting, take a long breath and look around you. *Presto*, change! The brick walls have vanished into thin air; lovely landscapes sweep away in every direction: the road winds in and out, and up and down, beside green meadows, and skirting dark old forests, or falling into quiet vales, with new surprises at every turn. And then the struggle to reach the hill-top, the victory, and the glorious sunrise bursting into the splendor of a new day, like a heavenly inspiration.

—:O:—

"Shrimp" Sewell and Mlle. Louisa Armaindo, who have been doing double fancy riding, have had a misunderstanding, and dissolved partnership.

PRACTICAL ROAD-RIDING.

There is no part of bicycling that gives so much real satisfaction and enjoyment, when it can be done with ease, as practical road-riding. Conversely, there is no part that gives so little satisfaction and enjoyment when it is fatiguing. For a short time the spins on the smooth roads where one learned to ride give pleasure, but it soon grows monotonous, and the rider steps out of the ranks of wheelmen. Many new riders, while they can with ease take short rides on level roads, find practical road-riding very fatiguing and thoroughly unenjoyable. There are various causes for this, chiefly, lack of practical knowledge and poor wheels. A poor wheel with the requisite knowledge is, however, much more to be desired than a good wheel without it. Often this lack of knowledge is not the fault of the new rider, but arises from the need of "tips" from older riders who delight in showing how much better and stronger they ride, but are very chary about giving any points to others.

What old rider is there who, in his early days of riding, does not remember how the older riders forged ahead, but seldom offered to tell him how he could improve. At the same time, how often it is that a new rider is so wise in his own conceit that he resents the least suggestion or intimation that his style is not perfection itself. In bicycle riding, as in all other things, practice and experience continually add to our store of knowledge, and the oldest rider cannot take a run of a dozen miles without admitting that he can ride better than he could the day before. There are many requisites to enjoyable road-riding, among which may be enumerated good wheels, practical knowledge, plenty of time, good health, proper clothing, and a fair amount of physical strength. With these requisites, the roads can be taken as they come, and they will be called "fair" at least. As to choice of wheels, there is but little difference in the leading makes so far as durability and quality are concerned. Some riders are best suited with one make and some with another, either on account of their weight or some peculiarity of construction which adapts itself to them. A wheel for road-riding should not be encumbered with heavy cyclometers, lamps, bells, tool-bags and luggage-carriers. Unless one is on a long ride that will last more than one day, a wrench in the pocket is all that it is necessary to carry. If the ride is to extend into the evening, or if a halt is to be made which is to be of any considerable duration it is well for comfort and safety to carry a spare flannel undershirt. This can be rolled up into a bundle but little larger than a tool-bag, and strapped under the rear of the saddle where it is out of the way. A dry flannel to put on in place of a wet one, during or at the end of a long ride, is more refreshing than a bath. Flannels should always be worn next the skin when riding. There is also much comfort in having the hands encased in a lisle-thread glove faced on the palm with leather.

The new rider should be careful and not over-exert himself to keep up with those who are faster and stronger. An old and experienced rider may "spurt" for some considerable distance to the full extent of his powers, and recover from the effects in the next mile's ride, while even a short "spurt" will use the new rider up, and not again during the day can he shake off the results of his foolishness. I have in my mind a rider whose business was such that he could ride but little during the week, who on Sundays would go out with some of his friends for runs to neighboring towns. He would return home thoroughly exhausted, and on Monday morning with exceeding regularity would swear off riding for good and all, and finally sold his wheel and gave up in disgust, all on account of a desire and pride to keep up with riders who were stronger and faster. In road-riding, a pace should be taken that can be kept up the full distance, and only in case of a remarkably good piece of road should the new rider "let himself out." How often in his earlier riding days has the experienced rider set up on a run, feeling so good that he must needs let out the "kinks," and find at the last of the ride that he would fain have them back again. Hills should never be rushed, except they are very short and sharp ones.

The advice of one of the best road-riders in the country is: "Go at hills slowly and steadily, and if you have any surplus up the sleeve use it at the top and not at the bottom." A proper position on the wheel should be cultivated. As a well-known wheelman says, when he sees an awkward rider, "if I thought I looked as badly as that on a wheel I would never mount one again." A fairly-erect position should be maintained. Bending the body forward or backward is ungraceful, unnecessary and unwise, except occasionally when one is tired it is a relief to bend forward for a short time. The position of the hands and arms are an important factor both in ease and grace of riding. The hands should be placed against the ends of the handles with the thumbs on top, the weight of the hands resting on the palm between the thumb and forefinger, the necessary pulling being done mainly with the two first fingers. Let the arms hang loose and it will bring them in a natural position near the body. For all-around work, hills included, this, as a general thing, is the best, giving the best control of the wheel, while at the same time it is the most graceful. The hands under the handle cramp and tire the rider, causing him to pull harder than is necessary, giving him a stiff appearance. The hands on top of handles give one an awkward look. On long rides it is better to keep a steady, moderate pace than to ride faster with frequent halts. Short rests tend to stiffen the muscles. Finish the journey and rest at the end. The act of mounting the wheel proves very tiresome to the new rider, who is obliged to make frequent dismounts. Properly done, it ceases to be a source of fatigue, and a dismount and walk over a piece of bad road or up a hill becomes a source of rest. The writer, while having been able to make some twenty-five different mounts, has settled on the one which experience has proved to him to be the easiest and most graceful. It is this: standing on right-hand side of wheel, just back of pedal, with hands on handles, walk (not run) from one to four steps, put left foot on step, and with a slight spring from the right foot come into the saddle slowly. Never make haste in getting into the saddle, except the nature of the road requires that the pedals be taken quickly. This mount is much more graceful than the usual hopping or "Kangaroo" mount. The knees should be kept well up against the forks, for appearance, as well as for the greater ease and certainty with which the wheel can be guided. To all new riders I would recommend a certain amount of fancy riding, as it gives one confidence in his wheel that he can acquire in no other way. All riders are aware of the various ways in which they are occasionally obliged to dismount, and it is well to know how to do it gracefully. The best dismount is to bring the wheel to a stop with the left pedal down, and step lightly to the ground. A pedal dismount when the wheel is in motion causes a jar to the body, which is unpleasant and unnecessary. When obliged to dismount quickly, the safest way is to throw one leg around over the handles, and come down standing on the side of the wheel, holding the handle by one hand. With a little practice this can be done safely and easily, when the wheel is moving very rapidly, while in a like case a pedal dismount would be dangerous, if not impossible.

In hot weather a wet handkerchief placed in the hat, and wet occasionally at the springs or watering troughs is comfortable and safe. Avoid excessive drinking. If drink is necessary, let it be milk or ginger ale. Never try to show off. If there is anything more ridiculous than a bicycle-rider folding his arms, throwing his leg or legs over the bar, or lying over the handles, and "whooping her up" in a street where people are looking on, spare us the sight! Finally, avoid anything that will attract attention to you when on the wheel.—*Bicycling World*.

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A PARSON ON THREE WHEELS.

REV. W. S. HAWKES, OF SOUTH HADLEY FALLS, IN THE "CONGREGATIONALIST."

Eureka! Several things; for one, a vivid interpretation of Ezekiel's vision. It has been claimed for the bicycle that it supplied a secondary interpretation of the prophet's wheels and

spirits. In process of time it came to pass at a Connecticut Valley parsonage that the Hebrew seer's account of his vision was read at family prayer, and it was found that he spoke of "the living creature that was in the wheels," not on them or in them. This decided a pending question; if Ezekiel caught a glimpse of either of these then far-future inventions, it was the *tricycle*, where the creature is within the wheels.

For another thing, a means of locomotion within a country minister's means has been found, and one that does not have heaves, spavins, pink-eye, or other ills to which horse-flesh is heir, and which is not liable to die on one's hands; neither is it balky, skittish nor vicious; there is no hay, grain or shoeing bill, no carriage or harness repairs, no curry-comb or brush to transmit barn-smell to one's clothes and to offend the sensitive in the parlor or room of the sick.

There had been long pondering of the transportation question, there being a conviction that some exercise less fatiguing, and more recreating than walking, was desirable. About the 1st of Aug. Ezekiel's narrative was read, and straightway an Overman Victor Rotary tricycle was bought; and, without previous experience of any kind of wheel-riding, the parson mounted and rode to the railway station through Chicopee streets and through Holyoke city, over the long Connecticut River bridge and the village roads to his home.

"Now, small boys, get out of the way!
For here comes the parson's three-wheeled shay!"

After several months' experience of all kinds of roads, including the long dry spell last summer, when the roads were unusually bad, full of dust and sand, with the stones bare, and later, when the highways were frozen, and this spring, when they were rather soft and yielding, the parson is prepared to recommend the, and *this*, tricycle to all, especially to ministers and women. Anybody can easily learn to ride a tricycle; the seat is adjustable, and by turning a set screw the machine is fitted to any one's length of limb—this parson's sons and daughter using his with ease and delight. Unlike a bicycle, on a tricycle one may sit still or go backwards; they are easily guided with the slightest movement of the hand on the pilot-rod, and with the brake can be stopped on the steepest path, and on a hard level surface they move with the merest effort. When the parson had used his machine three weeks, he took a Monday morning ride of seventeen miles, including the west side of the Connecticut River Valley between Holyoke and Springfield, using the country roadway all the distance, going up and down hill without serious effort; he was weary at the end, but not "used up," and only a little stiff the next day. This roadway has an average hard surface, but there are many better near Boston. It is not easy to propel the wheel through sand and mud, or over a rough or yielding surface, or up hill; up the steepest hills one must walk and push the wheel till he catches the knack of propelling by the pedals, in which there is much to learn. The saddle is set on a spring, and is very easy. At the foot of a hill one may stop in the shade for a moment, without dismounting, and again at the top, while the effort of propulsion along a hard, level path is so slight as to afford rest after an up-hill exertion; down-hill is exhilarating; the feet are placed on a rest over the small forward pilot-wheel, one hand is on the steerer, and the other on the brake regulating the speed. Wherever the people will allow a judicious use of the sidewalk, as in some communities, where the rights of pedestrians are always respected, tricycle-riding is the height of enjoyment. A neat head-light can be used, which so illuminates the path in the night that one may safely travel in the dark. This wheel is constantly used in making parochial visits; some pretty steep hills are climbed with it, and some common country roads traversed; it is also occasionally taken in the railroad baggage-car to some central point like Northampton, and local excursions made therefrom. Large bundles can be secured behind the saddle, and they are convenient for shopping or mail delivery. An apron or curtain, that may be easily attached or removed, is provided to protect ladies' skirts from the bearings of the crank and axle, and also covering the motion of the feet from the sides or behind.—*Wheelman's Gazette*.

Poetry.

For THE CANADIAN WHEELMAN.

FOR GOODNESS' SAKE.

I purchased a bicycle early last Spring,
But, for goodness' sake, don't say I told you ;
It looked such a harmless, enticing young thing,
But, or goodness' sake, don't say I told you.
Its wheels were so spidery, cunning and fleet,
Its fixings so really too wholly complete,
That I couldn't keep still till I'd jumped on the
seat ;
But, for goodness' sake, don't say I told you.

I'm not sure what happened immediately then,
But, for goodness' sake, don't say I told you ;
I didn't know what struck me, nor how, where,
nor when,
But, for goodness' sake, don't say I told you.
I ploughed up my nose, and I damaged my shin ;
I lit on my back, and I lit on my chin,
I came out a wreck and I turned outside in,
But, for heaven's sake, don't say I told you.

I did this, I did this, again and again,
But, for goodness' sake, don't say I told you.
I really became the most battered of men,
But, for goodness' sake, don't say I told you.
But now I'm a dandy, and skim through the air ;
I'm as gay as a lark, and as empty of care ;
There's no sport like wheeling, no pleasure so rare,
And you needn't deny that I told you.

Toronto. W. G. E.

THE SMALL BOY.

When into the saddle
We cautiously crawl,
Complacently observed
By the boy who is small,
We're oft assailed
With a shout and a call,
"Say! Mister!
Lem me up behind?"

When through the park
We gracefully glide,
The ubiquitous boy
Is still by our side,
And calls, with a shout
That touches our pride,
"Say! Mister!
Ring your bell!"

When over the handles
We go with a sprawl,
The confounded boy,
With infinite gail,
Again assails,
With shout and call,
"Say! Mister!
You've dropped something!"

Bruised and indignant,
We rise to our feet,
And go for that boy.
Who, wise and discreet,
Scurries away
To a safe retreat,
And gives us
Pantomime !!!

— Rugby Monthly.

WHEELING'S PRIZE ESSAY.

BICYCLING ON SUNDAY.

There never has been invented a pastime more innocent or more virtuous, or better capable of developing the noblest instincts of a man than wheeling; yet the Pharisee is not wanting, in many centres of wheel activity, to denounce Sunday riding as immoral, and as a breach of a well-known command regarding the observance of the Sabbath day. To the modern Pharisee it is not unlawful to ride in carriages and omnibuses, or by trains and steamboats; but the man who mounts his bicycle or tricycle, which has not required the attention of servant-man or servant-maid, which can neither feel pain nor weariness, and requires no rest, is denounced as a Sabbath-breaker. The only argument for such a man is laughter and ridicule, and the subject is hardly while dealing with so far as the Pharisee is concerned; but for the sake of those thousands who find they can serve God and obey the injunctions of conscience as well on a bicycle as in an omnibus, and as well on a tricycle as in a railway train, the subject is worth discussing. The present age is notoriously one in which the prejudices of more illiterate ages are being cast aside. It is an age when the Pharisaic observance of law is not suffered to displace the rule of conscience; when spiritual life is cultivated in place of physical genuflections. Pharisees say, "You can only worship in brick and stone buildings called churches and chapels." The Nazarene replies, "My heart is in sympathy with my Creator, upon my wheel." The Pharisee opens public-houses to the poor upon the Sabbath, and keeps closed museums and picture-galleries; and he would make solitary places of our parks if he had the power. This Sabbatarianism infects even now some of our churches. At the present moment a devout Scotchman is kept out of the ministry because he habitually "took a walk for health's sake upon the Sabbath." To thousands the wheel has furnished a luxury which no other vehicle could bring, that of running off into the bright, clear air of the country, to recruit muscles and mind after the worries of a week of toil; to feast the eye upon rolling hills and tender valleys, and gladden the ear with the songs of birds, in place of the continuous roar inseparable from town or city life. Can a man who has been poring over a desk all week, wrestling with vexatious figures, sitting on his saddle on a Sunday curse God? In the presence of His great works—in hedge-side, thicket, river's brink, or cowslip covered field, would the wheelman be more likely to bless or to blaspheme? Summon the Pharisee, question him as to the work he has wrought. In the time of the Puritans, he drew a line before the door of the theater, and around the May-pole; there was to be neither dancing nor drama then. He would have no house open on the Sabbath now except the house of Goy and the public house. He would stake every man to a plot, as a goat is staked on the mountain-sides in Wales; or he would change men into pendulums, and make their lives a perpetual swing from home to work, from work to home again; beyond that destined swing all should be prostration. To these crabbed intolerances we oppose our wheels. We claim for them soberness and virtue, for no wheelman can be drunken or vicious and follow wheeling. Nay, we say further than this; we say our wheels not only renovate our physical frames, and maintain a healthy mind in a vigorous body, but they are adjuncts to worship. When a man is in such a place that everywhere his eye rests upon nothing but that which is beautiful; when his ears are filled with the music of heaven's own choristers; and his sense of smell is gratified with odors that nature in her prodigality offers from hedge-side and field, it is impossible for his heart to do otherwise than worship. There is no measure in that ceaseless flowing river: no constraint in that peaceful valley: the surrounding hills exalt the land; they do not confine it. No one can nurse despair who is able to look into the blue sky. By many sweet and tender methods, hills and dales, flowers and trees, birds and beasts, blue sky and running streams beguile the wheelman into better harmony with all that is bright and good than the Pharisee is capable of entering upon

with his straight-lacings and desponding steps, and disheartening conception of life and life's duties

[First prize, value £1, awarded to Alan Hiley.]

UNCLE ZEKE AND A BICYCLE MAN.

Old Zeke came along where a party of bicyclists, "nickel-platers," stood about their machines. One of them winked for some fun, and said: "What have you got there, old man?"

"Sassfruss, boss."

"What's it good for?"

"Hit good for med'cine in de spring, boss. Take all dem pimples off'n your face, sho'. Kin I sell you a lunch? Jes er nickel."

He didn't sell any, and after hesitating a moment spoke up:

"Kin I ax yer some'n, boss?"

"Go ahead."

"What dat ar thing yer straddle uv jes' now?"

"Oh, that's a bicycle."

"Sah?"

"A bicycle—bicycle"

"Yes, sah, boss; thankee, sah." Then a silence, followed by: "Boss, what do you do fur livin'?" This in evident trepidation.

No answer.

Then actually retreating: "'Case ef yer wuks es hard at yer biznes es yer does to run dat 'ar thing yer mighty quick ha'—nuff to get a sho' nuff horse."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Some fast bicycling has just been done over England and Scotland, from Land's End to John o' Groat's. Alfred Nixon, captain of the London Tricycle Club, on an Imperial Club tricycle, carrying all luggage with him, left Land's End, Cornwall, at 4.15 a.m., Saturday, August 16, and reached John o' Groat's house, Caithnessshire, at 4 p.m., Sunday, August 24, occupying 8 days 11¾ hours for the journey—distance, 856 miles. H. J. Webb started from Land's End on one of the Humber tricycles the day after Nixon started on his long journey, and arrived at John o' Groat's at eight o'clock on Sunday night, beating Nixon by seventeen hours. He passed Nixon at Inverness on the 23rd, having ridden the last 100 miles, road measurement, in nineteen consecutive hours.

Howell and Sellers, the record-breakers, were present during the first day of the Boston races, the latter taking part in the amateur races. In the evening, however, they became intoxicated, and a disgraceful scene ensued at the United States Hotel, where they were stopping. They got to fighting each other, and the row reached such dimensions that the police were called. Rather than go to jail, the Englishmen paid \$100 as the bill for damages, and were compelled to leave the hotel. They then went to Early's Hotel, on Lagrange street, and had a fight with the gloves, Howell getting the better of Sellers in three rounds. Their managers and backers were so disgusted that they concluded to leave the city as soon as possible, and passage was accordingly engaged on the Germanic for Saturday, Sept. 27.—*N. Y. Clipper.*

Invention keeps pace with the demands of the times, and where only a trifling variation on a contrivance already extant can fill a suddenly-felt want, *Puck* is ready to do his share. The bicycle and tricycle already exist. By a simple spread of fancy and the wheels of a tricycle, behold the family cycle, an invention designed to counteract the sudden development of fashionable affection for coachmen. In this vehicle the entire family, even to the baby, the nurse and the pet pup, can be accommodated. There are also places for the attachment of picnic baskets and umbrellas. No horses are needed, as the nurse and the "governor" can do the propelling. Daughters are thus prevented from riding on box-seats along with coachmen, stable insanity becomes eradicated, and the fashionable world may settle down to its normal condition of marrying and selling in marriage.—*Puck.*

George Webber, of Smithville, N.J., the Star rider, won the 100-mile road championship of the Boston Bicycle Club, Oct. 4, in 9 hours and 20 minutes, beating the record made Oct. 6, 1883, by Thomas Midgely, of Worcester, which was 9 hours and 45 minutes. The winner received a gold medal, and J. E. Wood, of Beverly, second, in 9 hours and 41½ minutes, a silver medal. Webber, Wood, Roche and Falls, the first four men, received silver time medals for making the distance inside of ten hours on the bicycle; and W. R. Pitman, of New York, received a silver time medal for doing the distance inside of 11½ hours on the tricycle. The weather was excellent and the roads good.

On the Cinder.

RECORDS.

The following constitute the bests-on-record in Canada to date. It is unfortunate that Clarke's mile times were not recorded in his five mile race at Woodstock, on the 5th. Had they been kept, Clarke would now be credited with the best times on record, at all distances, for Canada, as there can be no doubt but that in that race he must have gone faster from one mile up to five than the riders who remain credited with the records for two, three and four miles.

Half Mile, 1.26 4-5—H. Clarke, Woodstock, Sept. 5, 1884.

Mile, 2.59 1/2—H. Clarke, Toronto, Sept. 6, 84.

Two Miles, 6.54 1/2—R. W. Hamlin, Toronto, July 3, 1884.

Three Miles, 10.09—F. J. Campbell, Toronto, July 3rd, 1884.

Four Miles, 13.55—W. G. Ross, Toronto, July 1, 1884.

Five Miles, 16.03 5—H. Clarke, Woodstock, Sept. 5, 1884.

Although the time made in the five mile race at the Toronto Bicycle Club races on Sept. 6th, by Clarke, was faster than the Canadian record, it seems that the day previous (5th) he accomplished the five miles in 16m. 3-5s.

THE WOODSTOCK RACES.

Woodstock, Aug. 26.—Games of the Woodstock American Athletic Association. One mile open: C. F. Lavender (1), time, 3m. 05s; H. Davies, Toronto Wanderers (2). Two miles (green): Martin (1), Biette (2), both of Woodstock. Half mile, Davies (1), Lavender (2); time, 1m. 29 2-5s. Three miles, Lavender, barred, Davies (1), McKay, of Seaforth, (2); time, 10m. 29 1-5s. Five miles (Davies not starting): Lavender (1), Lambe, of London, (2); Clarke, of Woodstock, (3); time, 17m. 39s. Fancy riding: Hurst, of Toronto Wanderers, won. Oxford County challenge cup: Clarke (1), Martin (2). Half mile, without hands: Lavender (1), Doyle, of Fingal, (2).

Toronto, September 6th.—One mile, green, W. M. Hurst, Wanderers' Bicycle Club, first, in 3m. 34s., by ten yards; F. J. Capon, W.B.C., second.

One mile, open, H. Clarke, Woodstock B.C., first, by four feet; H. P. Davis, W.B.C., second, 3m. 2 7/8s.

This race was the event of the day, and the result was a genuine surprise to all present. As will be seen, it was not decided as between Clarke and Davies in the first contest, but resulted in another race between them for first place. The start brought out Craik, of Somerville, Davies, Hurst and Foster, of the Wanderers, and Campbell, of the Torontos. The latter was not in condition, and though he held his own well, did not come up to his usual form. Clarke led off, with Davies and Campbell after him. On the back stretch, on which most of the hot work of the day was done, the three at times seemed to be riding in a row. The race was a crippling one from the start, as is evident from the fact that the first two quarter miles were done in 45 seconds. Foster, who has developed wonderfully, eventually succeeded in getting third place from Campbell. He is a fast man, and seems to lack staying power. Davies stuck closely to Clarke, but did not pass him, and the latter came in first, with Davies about two lengths behind, and Foster and Campbell following. The time was 3.02 3/4. When it was seen that the Canadian championship record of 3.09 1/2 would be broken, the interest in the race became intense, but it was little thought that Lavender's subsequent record of 3.06, made on July 3rd, would also go. At the conclusion of the race, Davies entered a protest against Clarke on the ground that the latter had prevented him from passing him by crowding him off the track. A shower coming up, everybody retreated to the grand stand, and the judges considered the matter and heard what the parties had to say. Clarke claimed that the track being quite new to him, he was several times forced out of his place in turning the corners, and that if Davies was thereby

prevented from passing him, it was unintentional on his part. It was finally decided that the two should ride again, and this was done between numbers 7 and 8 of the programme. The final contest was a magnificent one. Everybody was on the tip-toe of expectation. The wonderful speed displayed by the two led to the belief that a hot race would take place, and the result was as anticipated. Both went off at a cracking pace, and the race was fought all the way through. Clarke led, but on the back stretch of the first lap they rode side by side. Davies did not at any time succeed in getting his wheel ahead of his antagonist's, but for the first three-quarters the two wheels lapped. On coming into the back stretch of the last lap Davies spurred, and closed up on Clarke amid the cheers of the crowd, but Clarke immediately responded, and drew away with apparent ease. It was then seen that the race was his. He came in with hands off the bar about ten yards ahead of Davies, thus winning the race in the splendid time of 2.59 1/2. The spectators greeted the winner with loud and enthusiastic applause.

Three mile handicap, P. Doolittle, scratch, T. B.C., first, by twenty yards; H. Ryrie, T.B.C., four hundred yards, second. Time, 10m. 10s. Quarter mile, velocipede, boys under ten, P. Barr, first; R. McCall, second. One mile, city championship, H. P. Davies won. This makes two wins for Davies, the prize having to be won three times. Half mile, boys under sixteen, 48-inch wheel, F. Bousted, first; A. B. Brown, second. Two miles, club championship, P. Doolittle, first; F. J. Campbell, second. Time, 7m. 20s. Time race, one mile, time, 3m. 59s., W. H. Stuart, first; P. Doolittle, second. Stuart was the last man in, Doolittle in front of him. Five mile handicap, H. Clarke, scratch, first, by twenty yards; H. P. Davies, scratch, second. Time, 16m. 6 3/8s. Fancy riding, W. Hurst, the only entry, gave a fine exhibition.

New Haven, Conn., Sept. 24.—At the New Haven Bicycle Club races on Tuesday, in the one mile novice race Mr. Wait won in 3.04 1/2. In the two mile race for the club championship, Wait won again. Time, 6.52. In the one mile scratch race, George Hendee defeated Sanders Sellers, of England, in 3.01 3/4. The five mile tricycle race was won by Robert Chambers, of Birmingham, England, in 21.46. In the one mile boys' race O. M. Ferguson, of New Haven, who had the pole, struck Willie Hopkins. The latter was leaning over the guard-rail watching the race when Ferguson ran into him with great force, his machine hitting the boy on the back of the head, causing, it is thought, concussion of the brain. Three doctors on the ground attended to the lad. His father is in the employ of the Diamond Match Company, of Westville. By the accident Ferguson was thrown violently off his machine and stunned. The race was won by W. J. Redfield, of New Haven.

RECORDS BROKEN IN ENGLAND.

The fifth race for the Crystal Palace fifteen miles challenge cup took place September 11, at Sydenham, London, Eng., and the winner, R. H. English, North Shields B.C., beat all previous records from two to fifteen miles, and, continuing with a view to beating Cortis' hour record, also beat record time for sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen and twenty miles, and in the hour rode 20 miles 560 yards, or 235 yards more than Cortis had to his credit. His two mile time was 5m. 32 2-5s., and 20 miles were covered in 59m. 6 3-5s. R. Cripps was second by 44 seconds, and H. F. Wilson third by 10 yards.

On Sept. 19th, bicycle races were held at the Exhibition Grounds in Toronto, which proved a fizzle. In the two-mile race for a \$50 cup there were three entries—H. P. Davies, Toronto; J. Craik, Summerville; H. P. Williams, Quebec. The race was won by Davies, Williams being thrown out of the race by his machine breaking. In the one-mile race there were three entries—Craik, Davies and Campbell, of Toronto. In the final heat Craik and Davies were on even terms just before reaching the winning-post, when Davies fell against the steps of the stand, breaking his collar-bone.

Wheel Tracks.

Hartford has 500 and Springfield 700 wheelmen.

The Chicago Bicycle Club will build a cinder path.

When is London going to have a first-class cinder track?

Messrs. Retallack and Holden, of the Belleville Ramblers, attended the Springfield Tournament.

C. F. Lavender, of Toronto, is a manufacturer of cycles, and made the one he rode on in the Buffalo races.

Dr. Arnott, a leading physician of London, has provided himself with a tricycle, and may be seen taking a spin very often.

G. H. Illston, one of the fastest English bicycle riders, has accepted a situation in a sewing machine factory at Wallingford, Conn.

Miss Florence Fuller, of Chicago, recently rode a tricycle from Chicago to Geneva Lake, Wis., a distance of eighty-five miles, in two days.

Among the noted amateur tricyclists of London (Eng.), who think nothing of making twenty mile excursions, are Mr. and Mrs. Bronson Howard.

Burley Ayers, of Chicago, in writing of the late "Niagara-to-Boston" tour, says: "We are going to have another tour next year quite as good."

On the second day of the long-distance race at Chicago, Morgan covered 107 miles in six and a half hours, an average of about eighteen miles an hour.

The New York State Championship for one mile, L.A.W., was won at Albany on the 11th ult., by C. E. Titchener, of Binghamton, in 3 min. 30 1/2 sec.

The *American Roller* is the name of a splendid eight-page weekly published in Boston, and devoted to the interests of roller skating, polo and other popular sports.

The Pope Manfg. Co. have presented one of their Expert Columbians to Thomas Stevens, the man who first rode across the continent, from Frisco to the Hub, on a bicycle.

Mr. A. Beasley, son of the City Clerk of Hamilton, has left for a tricycle trip through Europe. He will join two English tourists in England, and expects to be gone six months.

W. H. Nourse, Captain of the Winnipeg Bicycle Club, has joined the Canadian contingent under Sir Garnet Wolseley, to proceed to Egypt for the relief of General Gordon.

The Boston Ramblers' Club will disband Oct. 1st. The club is solid financially, but cannot compete successfully with the Massachusetts and Boston clubs. The big fishes always eat the little ones.

Mr. W. Wallace, of the Carrick Banking Co., Mildmay, has accepted a position in the Central Bank of Canada at Toronto. Mr. Wallace is an enthusiastic cyclist, and purposes joining one of the Toronto clubs.

The eight-day bicycle-horse contest at St. Louis, which terminated on Sept. 14th, resulted in a victory for the horse. The final score stood: Morgan, 445 miles; Armada, 361; total, or bicycle, 836 miles, and Anderson and horses, 839 miles.

A comparison of the half-mile record made by Sellers at Springfield, this year, with the Canadian record of Clarke, shows how little we are behind the Englishers. Sellers' time in a half-mile dash was 1 18 1-5, while Clarke's time for a half-mile in a five mile dash was 1.26 4-5.

Clarke, the Woodstock flyer, who is now justly claimed to be the fastest rider in Canada, is but seventeen years of age. He was born near Woodstock, but his home is in Seaforth, where his parents reside. Clarke is in the drug business in Woodstock, where he has done all his training, having mounted a bicycle for the first time last season. When in racing trim his weight is 148 lbs., and he is 5ft. 9 1/2 in. in height.

Asa Dolph, the famous American wheelman, is termed the Jay-Eye-See of bicycling. Canada can go one better, and term W. G. the Maud S. of wheelmen.—*Montreal Herald*.

It is said not a single American bicycle appeared in the Springfield International Tournament. Victors and vanquished, Englishmen and Americans, all rode British machines.

Mr. George F. Fish, a prominent American physician, has been for several months touring through Europe, and recently accomplished over 1,000 miles of continuous riding about Leipzig, Dresden, etc.

The Chicago Bicycle Club is agitating the subject of quarters. There is a division of sentiment in regard to building a club-house, refurbishing their present quarters, or taking a suite of rooms near the Board of Trade.

Wilnot has secured a partner in the person of J. R. Pavilla, late of the Jackley Wonders. They practice daily, and it is said are already doing tricks which Sewell never attempted. They will be pretty clever, if this is a fact, for it takes a great reformer to outdo the "Shrimp."

Mr. S. H. Townsend and H. Beatty, of the Wanderers, who have been doing some extensive touring throughout England and France on their bicycles, are expected home shortly. The former has considerably altered the club's one-day record, having made on one occasion some 130 miles in a day.

Mr. F. M. S. Jenkins, Captain of the Ottawa Bicycle Club, in sending in some subscriptions to Karl Kron, says: "I have ridden from Montreal to Sorel, and from Quebec to Matam, along the south shore of the St. Lawrence. The latter road deserves especial notice. From Bic to Matam (seventy miles) is certainly the finest stretch in Canada; and thirty miles of very fair road, from Four Pistols to Bic, can be combined with it by those who wish to make a straightaway century."

Mr. W. G. Hurst, the fancy rider of the Toronto Wanderers, has been astonishing everybody by his extraordinary feats on the wheel. At Buffalo, where he won the first prize by many points against some of the best American riders, he is thus described by the *Courier*: "Next came W. G. Hurst, of Toronto, who performed some wonderful tricks on his wheel. At the end of the given time he was not near through, and could evidently go on for some time. It was as apparently easy for him to jump from the ground and stand on the saddle as to balance his machine sitting on the saddle."

A slim-looking youth of Manhattan
Bought bicycle breeks of tight pattern;
But he soon took 'em off,
And remarked, with a cough,
"I think I will wait till I fatten."—*Ex.*

The Orleans Consul, M. S. Y. Henry Diamond, who is over 72 years of age, has just won the first prize in a slow race on a bicycle. He hopes that after this no one will let advancing years be a barrier to the prosecution of the delightful sport of bicycling.

The touring members of the Toronto Bicycling Club returned to the city on Tuesday afternoon. At Ottawa they were handsomely treated by the Exhibition Committee, the Ottawa Club, and by the citizens generally; in fact, so well treated were they that it was impossible for some of the members to tear themselves away on Thursday morning. The weather clerk seemed to have spite against the tourists, only two really fine days being experienced during the trip. But although the weather was unfavorable, it did not seem to prevent the boys enjoying themselves. Bicyclists along the route showed great kindness, and the generosity of the farmers was more than could have been expected. On account of the continuous rain no records worth mentioning were made, with the exception of that three riders rode from Kingston to Napanee, twenty-five miles, up hill, against a head-wind, in 2.35, without a dismount.—*Toronto Mail*.

It is strange, but nevertheless true, that two of the candidates in the coming campaign for the Presidential chair in the United States are enthusiastic cyclists—Miss Belva Lockwood and Grover Cleveland. Surely one of the two ought to be elected!

Thos. Stevens, the English farmer of Wyoming Territory, who wheeled his bicycle across the continent from San Francisco, April 22nd, to Boston, August 4th, went down to New York on the 15th of August, and at once enrolled himself as the 1689th subscriber to "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle."

Keith McLean, of the Goderich Bicycle Club, while riding in Goderich, had occasion to bend his head while passing under a spreading tree. At the same time his wheel struck a stone, and losing his balance, he was flung violently forward. As a result of the header, one of his arms was broken near the wrist.

New York *Mail*:—"We notice in the Springfield programme a 'race without hands.' It is gratifying to see such evidence of a desire for pleasing variety in the programme, and we would suggest that there be added a race without feet, one without heads, a sack race, and a three-legged race. In this way the proceedings would be diversified."

We are in receipt of a very handsome photograph of a group of nine in the late "Niagara-to-Boston" tour, taken at Napanee by the new instantaneous process. As *The Wheel* says, "the picture of Geo. Orr, of the Toronto Wanderers, is worth the whole price of the picture," which is 50c. each. It is published by J. S. Hulett, artist, Napanee, and is a very acceptable souvenir of the trip.

Wm. H. Tufford and Chas. W. Finlayson, of the Paris Bicycle Club, had a very pleasant run last week to Berlin, going *via* Ayr, Roseville and German Mills, returning by Strasburg, Preston and Galt. The boys report being used very kindly by the Berlin bicyclists, and if any of the latter should visit Paris we can assure them of a right royal welcome at the hands of the Paris Bicycle Club.

C. F. Lavender, of Toronto, one of Canada's flyers, was seriously injured at the Buffalo tournament on August 27th. It occurred in the following manner: On the last quarter of the second mile, in the two mile open race, Lavender tried to pass between Terry, of Batavia, who was leading, and J. V. Barros, of Attica. The machines becoming entangled, the three were thrown, their wheels falling on the top of them. There was a great deal of excitement among the spectators for a few minutes until the men had extricated themselves from the machines. Terry and Barros were only slightly hurt, but Lavender had both of the bones of his forearm broken near the wrist, and had several bruises about the body. After having his arm set by a doctor, in the dressing tent, he was taken from the grounds. His wheel was a complete wreck.

A minister in Cleveland rode to church last Sabbath on a bicycle. As he swept up to the sacred edifice, a large Newfoundland dog, belonging to the senior deacon, came lumbering out to greet the pastor. The bicycle struck the canine head on, under a full head of steam, and ran him down with a shock that could be plainly felt with the naked eye. The reverend took a header, and jammed his high silk hat down over his ears so tight that he had to crawl through it to get out of it. The scattered leaves of a seven-head sermon flew around the avenue like a theological snow-storm. The dog made Rome howl with his wails, and attracted a crowd of 300 people. The parson's coat was split down the back, and his trousers ripped across the knees. He pinned up the knees, and he had to wear a pepper-and-salt sack coat the sexton loaned him. When he appeared in the pulpit in this garb, the congregation smiled, and when he announced his text—2 Kings xii. 6, "But it is so . . . the priests had not repaired the breaches"—there wasn't a dry eye in the conventicle.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

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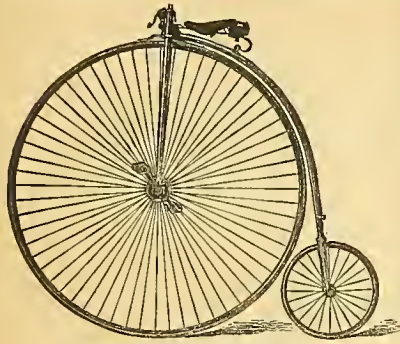
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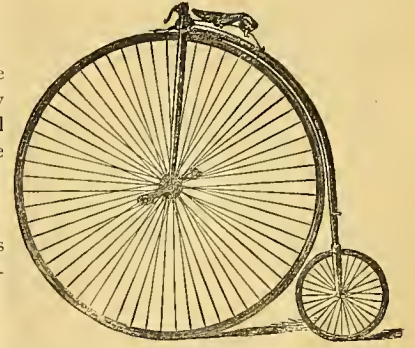
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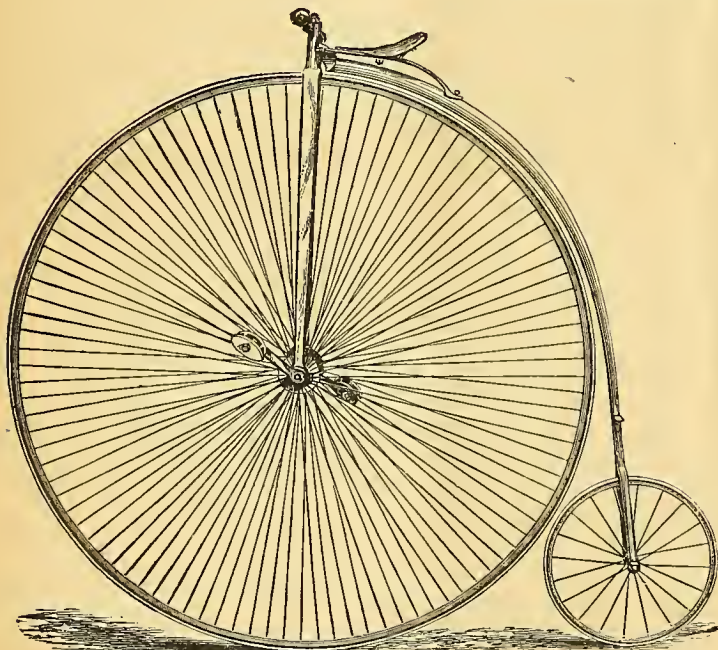
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