

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, JANUARY, 1885.

No. 4.

THE VICTOR TRICYCLE.

STAUNCH

—AND—

SPEEDY.

—ALL—

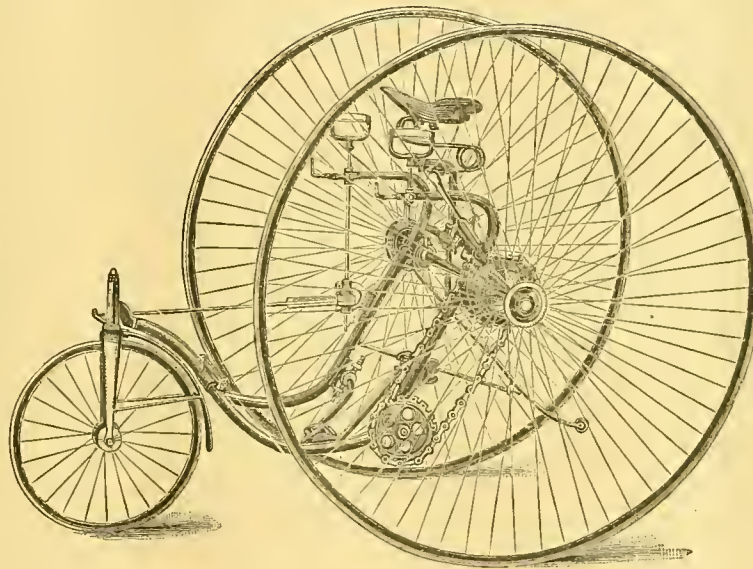
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Confidential Talk with the Boys

SANCTUM OF
CHAS. ROBINSON & CO.,
22 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO.

January 5th, 1885.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS,—

Lend us your ears. As we pen these syllables, mantles of snow adorn mother earth, and mantles of seal and coon adorn Toronto Venuses. Bicycling is almost at a standstill. The last man was out yesterday, and collided with a Scarboro' farmer's waggon. He walked home and hung his 52-incher up by the heels during the winter of his discontent. But the cold winds will, almost ere we realize it, be changed into glorious summer. What then? Why, "merely this and nothing more," we are preparing for your cycling wants by laying in an immense stock of bikes and trikes of all kinds, beginning with the grand old Rudge, which wings its rider over the country faster than any mythical Pegasus ever carried its load. We sold one last summer to an experienced wheelman in Kingston, and he not only says he never knew what wheeling was until he straddled his tangent-spotted beauty, but he has reserved a paragraph for us in his last will and testament. In fact, during the last season we can boast that we spread a vast amount of happiness over this Canada of ours by selling a heap of Rudge Light Roadsters and American Ridges. Then, next spring, we will have in stock the new Rudge Safety, which we can recommend, without bursting the elastic strings of our already tender conscience, as *the* cutest, fastest, lightest, and best wheel of the kind in the market. As to tricycles, the new Rudge Tandem (which we keep on hand) is a \$175 thing of beauty and a joy forever. The old-fashioned Kerridge must go. An advancing civilization cries aloud for Tandem Tricycles, and if civilization will call on us, we will wipe its tears away.

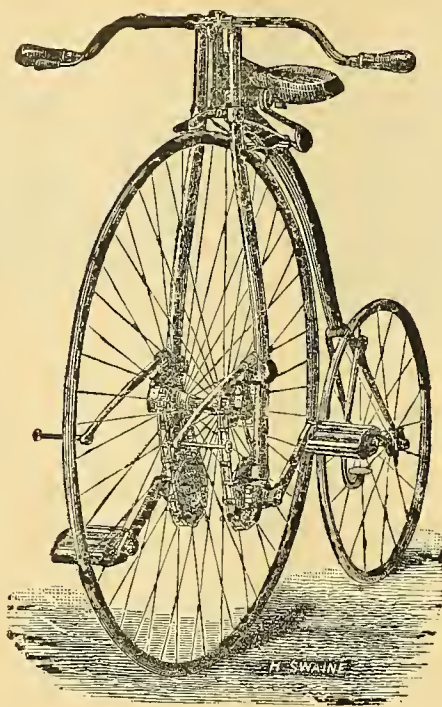
We will now pass to another branch of the subject, or branches, to speak properly. We will not reveal this month *all* the treats we have in store for you next spring. Too good news cannot always be safely heard. But when we tell you that we will be prepared to rent bicycles, racers and tricycles by the second, minute, hour, day, week, month or year; that we will have a complete news stand, where single copies of all the cycling periodicals can be purchased (not *sponged*); that we will repair every thing but a broken head or an obliterated nose; that we will grant you accident insurance policies to cover bicycling; that we will sell your wheels for you on consignment, and that we'll furnish you with suits, caps, belts, shoes, stockings, sticking plaster, badges, gold and silver medals, &c., &c., we have not told you the half. In the meantime, send us a stamp for our new Illustrated Catalogue descriptive of ten different makes of machines, besides innumerable extras and new cycling novelties. When in Toronto, come in and talk with us, but for goodness' sake don't all come at once! We have provided a counter for your special edification, high enough to allow your feet to hang over without touching the marble floor.

P.S.—All the winners in the recent 6-days' Safety bicycle race at the London (Eng.) Aquarium rode the new Rudge Safety.

Yours in Faith, Hope and Charity,

CHARLES ROBINSON & CO.

NO MORE HEADERS!



THE KANGAROO

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HELLMAN, HERBERT & COOPER, COVENTRY.

Perfect Safety and Great Speed Combined.

100 mile road race, run 27th September in England, was won by Geo. Smith (of Merry Rover B. C.), in 7h. 11m. 10s., beating Appleyard's celebrated record, established in 1877, by 4m. 8s.

SEND FOR FULL DESCRIPTION OF THIS WONDERFUL MACHINE.

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To make room for Toboggans and other Winter goods. I have 50

NEW AND SECOND-HAND BICYCLES,

and will give substantial discount on all sales made during November. Send for List.

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MONTREAL.

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LONDON, ONT.



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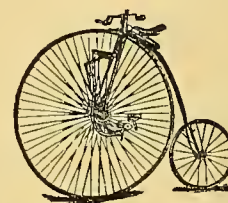
The "Universal Metal Polishing Paste" polishes everything, from tin pans to gold jewelry, and does it well. Try it! Nothing puts such a brilliant polish on a nicked bicycle.

Mr. Payne says: "It is the best Polish I ever saw." Two sizes, 10c. and 25c.

By Mail, 15c. and 30c.

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For Touring, Night Riding, and all purposes.

No Headers. Easiest-Running Bicycle in the World.

Apollo Traveller,

NEW DESIGNS.

Don't fail to see those handsome bicycles. Samples just in, now on exhibition, 1885 pattern. Be sure and see the Apollo before deciding on your next season's mount.

Five different styles of CHALLENGES in stock, all sizes and prices. A few good cheap Second-Hand Bicycles.

Small Catalogue free. Three cents for large Illustrated ones, to

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DEALER IN BICYCLES,

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.

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W. KINGSLEY EVANS, London, *Editor*.
H. S. TIBBS, Montreal, } *Associate Editors*.
W. G. EAKINS, Toronto, }
H. 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.

The *Bicycling World*, in its issue of the 19th December, has an article on "Professional Mendacity," which, without making a direct charge, implies that the captain of the Wanderers' Club of Toronto had indorsed "Patterson" of Toronto in his tricks which he played on the Omaha Club, racing as an amateur, while knowing him to be the notorious Fred. Westbrook. If the writer of the article mentioned above had paused a moment for reflection, the thought might have dawned on him that possibly there was a member of the Wanderers named "Patterson," and that Westbrook had used the name of "Patterson" as a blind, or, if any inquiry had been made of the Wanderers (which should have been done), the facts of the case could easily have been brought to light, and not have allowed the stigma to have been cast upon the character of the head of the Wanderers' Club. The facts of the case are simply these: H. P. Davies, the captain of the Wanderers, was laid up at the time, and Geo. H. Orr was acting captain. A telegram was received from Omaha by Mr. Orr, addressed to the captain, no name being mentioned, asking whether Patterson was an amateur and eligible to race. An answer was sent that he was all right. (As there are two Pattersons in the Wanderers, one of whom does considerable travelling in the United States, Mr. Orr supposed that he was the one referred to.) We append Mr. Orr's remarks and explanation:

"Imagine my surprise when I found that the Omaha Patterson was none other than Westbrook, who was a member of our club until dismissed for professionalism, and who was, perhaps, aware that our Patterson did some travelling, and took his name as a good blind. When I found this out, I wrote to the Omaha Club apologizing for the blunder, which was impossible for me to know in time."

It will thus be seen that no one is to blame in this matter but Westbrook, who did all the scheming. The Secretary of the C.W.A. has been written to regarding the matter, and undoubtedly the captain of the Wanderers will come out all right when "his action is looked up" by the C.W.A., as stated in the *Bicycling World*.

THE WHEELMAN is by no means a supporter of professionalism, but, when professionals place

themselves in a disreputable position by their mendacity, we do not like to see others, who are not in the least to blame, drawn before the wheeling public as partners in the trickery.

:o:

The Ramblers, of Belleville, are to be congratulated on the success of their first ball, the feature of which was the appearance of the cyclists in their uniform. But *The Bicycling World* disbelieves the practicability of wheelmen attending balls, and makes the following remarks, with suggestions:

"Now that the festive season is full upon us, and cyclists are threading the mazes of the merry dance, it may be well to speak of the clause which generally finds place upon the invitations to the dancing parties, to the following effect: 'Wheelmen will please appear in uniform.' To dance with a man in an oil-stained or perspiration-soaked garment can hardly be pleasant for the ladies who are in their best attire, and such garments would be equally objectionable at a dinner table. Could all cyclists afford to keep a cyclist's dress suit for such occasions the idea might be a good one; but they can't, and the result of such invitations will be to bring to the ball-room the travel-stained garments worn on the wheel, which are as much out of place as would be a mechanic's apron or overalls. A company of well-dressed men in dress suits, the distinguishing characteristics of which would be the knee-breeches, would make a pleasing sight in a ball-room, and the time is not far distant when we may expect to see it, but these suits would be as inappropriate for wheel use as is the present costume which gentlemen wear in society."

:o:

We have a suggestion to make which might prove beneficial. Already, the club-room talk of the various clubs is turned towards the prospects of getting up tournaments for the 24th of May next. In Canada, we cannot well afford to run seven or eight successful club meets on the same day; and the prospects are that as great a number will be attempted. Would it not be well that some arrangements were made between neighboring clubs, so that the number of tournaments would not amount to more than two, or three at the most, and make that number all successful ones?

:o:

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Which club will be the next to follow the example of the Belleville Ramblers in providing entertainments for their patrons?

We will esteem it a special favor if every one of our readers will send us the names of cyclists of their acquaintance who have not yet seen THE WHEELMAN, and who would possibly subscribe if furnished with sample copies.

In another column will be seen a department of sale and exchange opened for the convenience of our readers who may at any time be desirous of selling or exchanging their wheels. Now is the time to patronize it before the opening of the wheeling season.

THE CANADIAN WHEELMAN for December is at hand, looking brighter than ever, and is now up to the standard with any wheel journals in this country or England.—*Western Cyclist*. [Thanks for the compliment. That is the standard we have worked for, and we hope to keep there.]

By another column it will be seen that we have commenced a series of articles entitled "Our Racing Men," in which will appear from time to time sketches of all our well-known fliers. It is the intention to make this feature very interesting, and we therefore ask the co-operation of all Canadian celebrities.

Now that the dreary spell, which always comes between the end of the riding season and the commencement of winter club-life, has been broken by the Belleville Club giving a grand ball, it is to be hoped that all the clubs will enter into that spirit of enjoyment which wheelmen are so well known to possess with greater zest than ever.

To say the least of it, *The Wheel* has not displayed good taste in parading before the cycling public, in its issue of Dec. 19th, a photo engraving of a communication (showing full name and address) from a L.A.W. member, who, unfortunately, is not blessed with being either a good grammarian or writer, as an example of the argument which it upholds. It could easily have been done without.

The latest additions to our ever-increasing collection of cycling portraits are two views taken of the Illinois division L.A.W. meet at Rockford, Ill. One of the photos represents the wheelmen in line ready to mount, and the other is a large group taken on the grounds previous to the races, and contains quite a number of celebrities, prominent among them being B. B. Ayers and J. O. Blake, of Chicago.

In comparing the L.A.W. with the C.W.A., there is one very marked difference. Through some unaccountable flaw in the formation of the C.W.A., it does not provide the necessary wrangling that seems to be continually going on between various members and officials of the L.A.W., and in which the American cycling journals frequently take part. Whether this is a fact to be deplored or not has yet to be found out.

The testimonial which the members of the C.W.A. voted to the very able and indefatigable Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. Hal. B. Donly, at the annual meeting in July, was received by the recipient just in time to be appropriately termed a "Christmas box," and Hal. is highly pleased with the gold chain and locket which was the "tangible expression" of the appreciation in which his services are held by his associates of the wheel. The locket bears the C.W.A. badge on its face.

:o:

Mr. R. H. Lea, representing Singer & Co., Coventry (Eng.), who is making a business trip around the world, paid London a visit on the 13th ult. in the interests of his firm. Mr. Lea's trip has been a noteworthy one, he having visited various parts of Australia, Tasmania and New Zealand during the past fifteen months. He extends a cordial invitation to all Canadians to visit Coventry at any time, and feels sure that they could not spend a holiday in a better place than Coventry, where everything would be made enjoyable. It certainly shows enterprise in the firm he represents in sending a representative around the world to call on the various agencies.

St. Johns, Newfoundland, has a bicycle club.

OUR RACING MEN.—W. G. ROSS.

W. G. Ross, the amateur five-mile champion bicyclist of Canada, was born in Montreal on August 6th, 1863, being now 21 years of age. His height is 5 ft. 9 in., and weight, when in condition, 140 lbs. His first appearance in public was on skates in Feb., 1880, and although not taking first place, he made remarkable good time. His snow-shoe races were all run in the spring of 1883, when he met with considerable success. The bicycle, however, seems to have been his forte, as out of all his Canadian races he has been beaten but four times. The four races in which he was beaten in the United States were all at the Springfield meet in Sept. Ross was third in two of the races (in one, beating the previous mile record) and fourth in the other two, in one of which the record for two miles was lowered. Perhaps the best race he rode during the year was the mile race at the opening of the Point St. Charles Driving Park, near Montreal. Eight men started in the final heat. Ross led for half a mile, when he fell, and was left by the others, but he remounted and won the race, passing six men in succession in the last quarter.

At the first annual meet held in London in 1883, Ross, before unheard of outside of Montreal, won both the one and four mile championships, and surprised every one by his extraordinary spurts and speed. Early in the season of 1884 he was severely injured by a fall from his machine, both wrists being sprained, which, although not preventing him from entering the annual races, was considered the main reason that he did not make a greater struggle for the one-mile championship, although he afterwards won the five-mile trophy. Socially, Mr. Ross is a great favorite with the members of his club and all those acquainted with him, on account of his retiring and gentlemanly manner.

Appended is a list of the races which Ross has won :

1882.

June 15.—Three mile (handicap).—Ross, 1st ; time, 12m. 15s. ; start of 1m. 15s.

Sept. 2nd.—Three mile (club cup).—Ross, 1st ; time, 12m. 7s. Same date.—Combination, one mile.—Ross, 1st ; time, 7m. 7s.

Sept. 7.—Five mile.—Ross, 1st ; time, 20m. 20s.

Sept. 23rd.—One mile.—Ross, 2nd ; no time kept.

Oct. 7th.—Five mile.—Ross, 2nd ; time, 20m.

Oct. 14th.—Two mile (handicap).—Ross, 1st from scratch ; no time kept.

1883.

Montreal, June 2.—One mile handicap, five starters.—Ross, 1st, 3m. 42s. ; Hill, 25s. start, 2nd. Same meeting, five mile handicap, four starters.—Ross, 1st, 19m. 10s. ; J. H. Low, 20s. start, 2nd.

Montreal, June 16.—Handicap road race Montreal to Valois, 15 miles, eleven starters.—Hill, 20m. start. 1st ; Ross, scratch, 2nd ; 1h. 9m. 50s.

London, Ont., July 2.—One mile, championship of Canada, heats, three starters.—Ross, 1st ; best time, 4m. 10s. ; F. Westbrook, Brantford, 2nd. Same meeting, five miles, championship of Canada, five starters.—Ross, 1st, 22m. 15s. ; P. E. Doolittle, Aylmer, 2nd.

Montreal, July 16.—One mile, five starters.—

Ross, 1st, 3m. 36s. Same meeting, five miles, four starters.—Ross, 1st, 18m. 38s.

Montreal, Sept. 1.—One mile, open, three starters.—Ross, 1st, 3m. 47s. Same meeting, five miles, open, three starters.—Ross, 1st, 18m. 47s.

Springfield, Mass., Sept. 18.—Ten miles, amateur championship of America, ten starters.—G. M. Hendee, Springfield, 1st, 33m. 43 1-5s. ; A. H. Robinson, England, 2nd ; H. D. Corey, Boston, 3rd ; Ross, 4th. Same day, half mile dash, fifteen starters.—Robinson, 1st, 1m. 25 1-4s. ; E. P. Burnham, 2nd ; Ross, 3rd.

Springfield, Sept. 19.—Two miles, nine starters.—Robinson, 1st, 6m. 2 1-4s. (breaking record) ; Corey, 2nd ; C. D. Vesey, Eng., 3rd ; Ross, 4th.

Springfield, Sept. 20.—One mile, seven starters.—Corey, 1st, 2m. 51 3-4s. ; Robinson, 2nd ; Ross, 3rd ; Hendee, 4th (all breaking previous record of 2.54).

Montreal, Oct. 6.—One mile, 6 starters.—Ross, 1st, 3m. 30s. (fastest track time). Same meeting, five miles, ride over for Ross in 18m. 30s.

Montreal, Oct. 8.—One mile, heats, thirteen starters.—Ross, 1st, 3m. 42s.

Toronto, Oct. 13.—One mile, two starters.—Ross, 1st, 3m. 13s. (fastest Canadian record) ; F. Westbrook, Brantford, 2nd.

Toronto, Oct. 20.—One mile, open, four starters.—Ross, 1st, 3m. 29s. ; F. Westbrook, 2nd. Same meeting, three miles, handicap, six starters.—Ross and Westbrook dead heat from scratch, 10m. 58s. (fastest Canadian record). Same meeting, five miles, open, three starters.—Ross, 1st, 20m. 8s. ; P. E. Doolittle, Aylmer, 2nd.

1884.

Toronto, July 1st.—One mile, championship of Canada.—C. F. Lavender, 1st, 3m. 9 1-2s. ; Ross, 2nd. Same day, four miles, championship of Canada.—Ross, 1st, 17m. 14 1-5s. ; C. P. Lavender, 2nd.

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PRINCE BEATS WOODSIDE AT CHICAGO.

The race meeting of the Hermes Bicycle Club, on Dec. 25th, in the Exposition building, was largely attended. The track was seven laps to the mile, and the racing was excellent. After the amateur races, John S. Prince, of Washington, and W. M. Woodside, of New York, met to decide the professional championship of the United States at fifteen miles. The stakes were \$100 a-side. Prince had claimed the championship, and Woodside, who was champion of Ireland, challenged him for the title. The race was hotly contested every inch of the way, and the excitement was intense. Neither man allowed his opponent to secure a decided lead at any point, and they indulged in spurt after spurt to break each other up. On the last lap Prince took the lead, and won by 6 feet in 53m. 9 1-2s. Woodside's time was 53m. 9 3-4s. The performance is remarkable for the size of the track, but is slow in comparison with Morgan's record of 49m. 15s. for the same distance, made on a half-mile track.

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We call attention to the advertisement of Chas. Robinson & Co., of Toronto, on the second page, wherein they forecast, in a confidential way, their intentions for the spring. We believe they have placed a large order with Rudge & Co. for spring delivery, including some of the new Rudge Safety Bicycle, for which great speed and lightness is claimed.

Literary Notes.

The *Cyclist & Athlete* commences the new year with its new heading, which is very appropriate, its general appearance also being improved.

Wheeling issues a very handsome Christmas annual, which, although not illustrated, is well stocked with splendid reading of all styles for the lovers of the mysterious steed. It is stated that it met with an enormous sale.

Another journal that aspires for Christmas honors is the *Sporting and Theatrical Journal*, whose bicycling column is well filled with newsy items, the holiday number containing a portrait of John S. Prince. The *S. & T. Journal* is one of the best all-round sporting journals now published.

At Christmas time, one of the chief efforts of the journals of sport is to vie with others in their various spheres in producing the brightest and most readable holiday number. *Turf, Field and Farm* is among the list, and comes replete with good reading for all lovers of sport. The cycling column, necessarily, is not large at this period of the year, but, in season, cycling receives a very liberal share of attention from this journal.

Through the kindness of the publishers, we are in receipt of "Our Camp," the Christmas number of *The Cyclist*. Without doubt, it is one of the best cycling publications ever brought out, the general get-up and illustrations being a great improvement on former Christmas numbers. A feature of the work is the sarcastic, but witty, reprints of the various cycling journals, the *Bicycling World* being the only American journal favored.

The holiday number of *Outing* greets the new year with a feast of jollity and good cheer. "The Wheelman's Vision" forms a very unique frontispiece, followed by Arthur Gilman's "After the British on a Tricycle," a delightful historical article, illustrated by Edmund H. Garrett. John Boyle O'Reilly contributes an enthusiastically-written paper, "Down the Susquehanna in a Canoe." This number also contains "The Wheelman's Song," by Wm. J. Stabler. The harmony of this composition is beautifully blended, and the melody is exceedingly pretty, but the addition of a chorus would make it more taking as a cycling song. Altogether, this is one of the best numbers of *Outing*.

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The farmers of America treat wheelmen fairly when on the road, and wheelmen have no cause to complain. In England things are different, if a recent statement in a leading wheel paper may be taken as a sample. Two noted wheelmen called at a farm-house one day and inquired for the customary glass of milk, no one being in but the trusty servant, who eyed them very closely, and having satisfied herself with their appearance, very generously handed them their fill. The ever generous wheelmen insisted upon paying the fair maiden, but she steadfastly refused, saying that her mistress's instructions were : "If any tramps applied for milk to give them all they want, as the milk was not very good, two rats having been found dead in it." Exit wheelmen for pasture new.

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 Constitution. Objections must be made to me within two weeks of this publication; such objections shall be confidential. Every member of the Association should carefully examine the list and report objectionable persons. Secretaries of clubs, and candidates, will please note if names and addresses are correct, and report errors at once to

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

MONTREAL CLUB—9 NAMES.

B 0602, Robert Ash	B 0607, C H McLeod
B 0603, C Briggs	B 0608, O Peloquin
B 0604, F W S Crispo	B 0609, R F Smith
B 0605, A Harries	B 0610, G S Wait
B 0606, J T Kennedy	

WANDERERS CLUB, OF TORONTO—35 NAMES.

B 0611, Fred Morphy	B 0629, P Hill
B 0612, L A McBrien	B 0630, F J Capon
B 0613, W J Sylvester	B 0631, Walt. Despard
B 0614, G Townsend	B 0632, Walt. Gemmell
B 0615, John Alexander	B 0633, Fred. Foster
B 0616, S G Curry	B 0634, F W Winstanley
B 0617, A R Pringle	B 0635, R Martin
B 0618, M J Taylor	B 0636, E A Stevens
B 0619, A M Thompson	B 0637, E A Thompson
B 0620, G E Williams	B 0638, S H Townsend
B 0621, James Rogers	B 0639, T Fane
B 0622, J S Hara	B 0640, Percy Horrocks
B 0623, John Littlejohn	B 0641, Chas Robinson
B 0624, Will Fischer	B 0642, H Beatty
B 0625, R Anderson	B 0643, T H Gooderham
B 0626, J T Beatty	
B 0627, J Elliot	B 0644, R S Galbraith
B 0628, F H Grey	B 0645, W Wilcox

DOWN MT. WASHINGTON.

"Don't be afraid, Mamie; don't be afraid; it won't hurt you," said a lady to her little daughter, as a wreck of a former man approached, attired in court plaster, with bunged-up eyes, broken nose, arm in sling, and general dilapidation. However, the little girl hid behind her mother when the hideous-looking object passed. "What is it, mamma; what is it?" "Don't you remember," replied the lady, "the young, good-looking, wheelman who used to call on your sister? Well, he tried to ride down Mt. Washington."

"FRANCIS."

Messrs. Chas. Robinson & Co., 22 Church street, Toronto, are authorized to receive subscriptions for THE WHEELMAN, and will always have a full supply on hand.

PRINCE TELLS HOW IT WAS DONE.

John S. Prince, who, like most professionals, has a great faculty for using his tongue, has been talking to a Washington newspaper man about his performance of a mile in 2.39 at Springfield, the prospects of future fast time, and his own methods of training. "I knew I was going to beat the world's record," said Prince. "I had made it in 2.40½ while practicing, and Richard Howell, the English champion, held the mile belt of the world for his mile in 2.43. So I put all the money I could get together in bets upon myself at 15 to one against time. I won in 2.39, Howell only making it in my practice time of 2.40½."

"What are the chances of bicycles catching up to trotting horses in point of time?" asked the reporter.

"I have no doubt of it. It is only a matter of time. You see horses have been bred up to the time they are making, while a man has to depend upon his own nerve and muscle as he finds them and as he can develop them. Judging from the progress made in the last few years in general, and my own advance in particular, I think the record should be reduced to 2 minutes, or even less, within a year or two."

"What does it require to make fast time?"

"Muscle, wind, nerve, condition, a good stomach, and a light, firm machine. If the stomach is not in good order you get blind before you have made any distance at all at anything like speed. You breathe as fast as a running dog on a hot day; but if you breathe with the chest you will get dizzy. You must learn to breathe from your stomach," and the champion illustrated the two modes. His whole trunk moved as he breathed while showing the approved method, while in the chest breathing only the upper part of the body moved. He explained that bicycling had a very great effect in increasing the expansibility of the chest. His own expanded 8 inches—from 35 to 43 inches. This led to further measurements, and it was found that his calf was 15 and thigh 23½ inches in circumference. He is 5 ft. 9½ in. in height, and in weight 168 pounds. While recognized as the American champion, he was born in England. His trade was that of a brass founder, but he left that after completing his apprenticeship, to become a professional bowler in a cricket club. His first experience in bicycling was seven years ago. For a year he rode as an amateur, entering contests as a professional shortly before he came to this country, about five years ago. At home he ranked as, perhaps, a fourth-class man. The improvement he ascribes largely to the climate.

"What course of training do you undergo before entering a contest?" was the next query.

"I just live a little carefully, and exercise regularly. I rise at 7 o'clock in the morning, and take eight or nine minutes of dumb bell work, beginning with a 6-pound pair and finishing with a 25-pound set. This makes me perspire gently. Then I take a cold shower-bath and a two-mile walk. My breakfast is of mutton chop, lightly cooked, and a soft-boiled, fresh-laid egg, with plenty of bread and butter. I eat only so long as I am real hungry, leaving off when I could relish some more. Then I take another walk or a turn on the wheel before din-

ner, which is a good deal like the breakfast. After that, and a rest of an hour or so, I take a ten or twenty-mile ride on the track, working hard, and finishing with my clothes wringing wet. Then I have myself bathed in witch-hazel extract or alcohol, and thoroughly rubbed down. My supper is light, though I generally have a chop or something with it. About twice a week I take a pint of gruel before going to bed as an aperient. If I have a race at 4 o'clock I take my dinner at 1.30 or 2 o'clock, and between the laps, if a long race, I eat a 'fresh-laid egg. No liquor or tobacco while training, and none at any other time, except a very occasional cigar."

"What kind of a track had you for your record-wrecking feat?"

"A smooth clay one. The track here is a little new now, but by spring it will be the fastest in the country. If I had been pushed at Springfield, I could have made the mile in 2.37. What makes me think so? Why, I was fresh at the finish, and had strength enough left to stop my machine by back pedaling about 150 yards from the wire. Howell was all played out, and had to be helped out of his saddle after his machine had shot ahead of its own impetus until it stopped of itself, showing that I had a good deal more in me. The distance between us, represented by the difference in time, was about fifteen yards. Howell is six feet one inch in height, and weighed 195 pounds. He rode a 60-inch Rudge machine, and I had a 55-inch Royal Mail. My machine weighed only twenty-two pounds, the lightest one ever in a race here."

"What kind of weather is best for fast time, hot or cold?"

"Warm weather, about 79 or 80 degrees in the shade, is the best. After racing on a cold day I have suffered severely with my lungs."

Correspondence.

A CORRECTION.

Editor CANADIAN WHEELMAN:

SIR,—I noticed in your excellent paper a paragraph concerning the Rota Bicycle Club, of Toronto, in which it is stated that "it will be composed of members from both the large clubs," i.e., the Torontos and the Wanderers.

On behalf of the latter club, I now write to contradict the statement that members from that organization intend joining this new club. (?)—After a thorough canvass among our members, I cannot find one who has any intention of doing so, but find them all loud in their indignation that rumors should be circulated to injure the club.

I found, however, that there were two riders who were members of the Wanderers, but who long since have been expelled for nonpayment of dues, who have signified their intention of joining this new club, and who will probably prove valuable members.

Yours truly,

"WANDERER."

Toronto, Dec. 29, 1884.

THE CANADIAN WHEELMAN for Dec. has reached us, and is full of interesting news, well made-up and printed.—*Lynn Saturday Union.*

With the Clubs.

THE BELLEVILLE RAMBLERS' BALL.

Among the many successful bicycle clubs which are now formed in Canada, the Ramblers of Belleville are ranked as one of the best and most energetic, as every thing the members have undertaken has been made a decided success, and altogether through their own efforts. The strides made by this organization since it was inaugurated have been remarkable. In May, 1883, there were only six wheels in the city, and only about ten enthusiasts. Nothing daunted, they formed a club, which proved the nucleus of the best wheel club in this part of Ontario. There are now over fifty wheels in the city, and the organization has a membership of nearly a hundred, with fair prospects of their all having cycles in the spring.

During the past season a number of public entertainments have been given, the most brilliant being that of the 24th of May; while the most charitable was the concert, which netted \$103 for the Hospital Fund. The receipts for the year have been \$1,278.78, but so liberal have been the club in sharing their pleasures with the public, that the treasurer's funds amount to less than \$200.

Their last successful entertainment was the ball given at the Oddfellows' Hall on the evening of Tuesday, Dec. 23rd, which was attended by a select party representing the *elite* of the city. The hall was handsomely decorated with evergreens hung around the walls, Union Jacks and Stars and Stripes gracefully intertwined and suspended on the walls, while in each corner of the room a bicycle was placed.

Everything passed off splendidly, and great credit and praise is due the managing committee, composed of Messrs. Corby, Way, Fenwick, Reid, Thompson, Biggar, Retallack and Daly, for the admirable way in which it was conducted.

Shortly after nine o'clock dancing was commenced, and indeed it was a pretty sight to see the fairy-like forms of the ladies tripping the "light fantastic" to the excellent music furnished by the Oddfellows' orchestra, the whole presenting an ever-moving scene of life and beauty. One of the novel features of the ball was the appearance of the members of the Ramblers in their club uniforms, making a very pretty contrast to the evening suits of their guests.

With a programme consisting of thirty sets, with extras, the unsullied enjoyment of the evening proved so great that it was nearly four o'clock before dancing was ended.

Among the visiting wheelmen who were present were Messrs. Hope, of Trenton, O'Flynn, of Madoc, and Vidal, of Sarnia. Of course, there was the usual expressions as to who was the "belle of the ball," the name—Belleville—being very significant that the city is possessed of an unusual amount of beauty and elegance—a fact which is vouched for by all the gentlemen present.

The Ramblers are certainly to be congratulated on their unstinted success in all their ventures, and it is also clear that cycling in Belleville has its army of fair admirers.

Francis Cushing, of Montreal, is the only Canadian representative with the Bermuda tourists.

ARIELS' ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the Ariel Touring Club was held in their club-rooms, Albion Block, London, on Thursday evening, 8th inst., with the president, Mr. J. D. Keenleyside, in the chair, and a good attendance of members. The secretary-treasurer's annual report showed the club to be in a prosperous condition financially. Some interesting statistics regarding club runs were presented, showing the total club mileage for the first riding season to be 943 miles, of which the five highest individual records are as follows:

Geo. E. Forsythe.....	709 miles.
James Lamb.....	639 "
J. D. Keenleyside.....	577 "
G. P. Lilley.....	524 "
W. M. Begg.....	499 "

Each of these members have also a private record of about as many more miles. The aggregate of miles made by members in club runs was 6410. The shortest run was 4 miles, and the longest 84; average length of runs, a fraction over 20 miles.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, George E. Forsythe; Vice-President, J. L. Fitzgerald; Sec.-Treas., W. M. Begg; Captain, J. A. Muirhead; 1st Lieut., Jas. Lamb; 2nd Lieut., J. D. Keenleyside; Standard-bearer, R. J. Osborne; Bugler, C. E. Mountjoy.

An adjournment was then made to Hawthorn's Restaurant, where an hour or two was passed in a very pleasant manner in singing songs, speech-making, and in doing justice to a bountiful repast. The members separated feeling satisfied with their enthusiastic annual meeting, and expressing their good intentions for 1885.

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TORONTO BICYCLE CLUB.

On the race track the Torontos have been more than successful, forty-six prizes being the result of the sport during the season of 1884. They are as follows:

	1st Prizes.	2nd Prizes.
At Newcastle on May 24.....	5	2
" Woodstock on May 26.....	3	2
" Montreal on June 21.....	5	4
" Toronto on July 1.....	5	4
" " " 3.....	2	0
" " " 14.....	1	1
" Brockville on July 10.....	2	0
" Woodstock on August 25.....	4	1
" Toronto on Sept. 6.....	1	0
" Kingston on Sept. 29.....	1	1
" Ottawa on Sept. 31.....	1	0

The prizes were won by the following members: C. F. Lavender (champion), 11 firsts and two seconds; P. E. Doolittle, 7 firsts and three seconds; M. F. Johnston, 4 firsts and 5 seconds; C. J. Campbell, 3 firsts, 3 seconds and 1 third; Jos. Anderson, 1 first; Robert Wilson, 1 first; W. M. Stewart, 1 first; R. T. Blachford, 1 second; A. E. Brown, 1 second; A. F. Webster (captain), two prizes for the best club presentation at Newcastle and Woodstock. The above list does not include prizes won at the club tournament, but only events open to all Canadian bicyclists.

TOURING.

Though there has been no very wonderful road records made in this country, during the last twelve months, there has been a marked increase in the number of organized tours and tourists. We have advocated this sort of riding with such constancy that we are naturally gratified to find our course sustained. Two attempts to cross the continent were made. Stevens succeeded, by dint of hard work and considerable walking, in travelling from the Pacific to the Atlantic, but beyond the slight notoriety he gained, and the reported prospect of an account of his trip appearing in book form, his trip possesses no significance whatever, although it developed the suspected fact that there are great stretches of country where the cycle must for many years to come be at a discount. The professionals, Woodside and Morgan, with visions of great gain, attempted a similar feat, though reversing the starting point, but a failure to realize their brilliant expectations of pecuniary support resulted in an abandonment of the scheme. A new touring country of great promise was opened by Mr. Elwell, and that indefatigable rider, "Karl Kron," who discovered and revelled in the beauties of the Bermudas. The result of this discovery has been the organization of a party to visit these islands during the winter. The Down East tour was repeated over a different route this year, and the magnificent scenery enjoyed, but the pleasure of the trip was somewhat marred by bad weather. Burley B. Ayers and his Chicago friends piloted a jolly party of cyclists from Niagara to Boston with his usual success. The value of these tours is becoming inestimable, as they furnish an ever-increasing fund of information about the topography of the country and the condition of the highways, which, from a wheelman's point of view, could not be attained in any other way. A more careful use of the cyclometer, and a more thorough recording of observations, if disseminated through the medium of the press, would be of great and permanent value. Several clubs instituted and carried out tours of greater or less extent. For instance, the Detroit Club explored the region of Western Ontario, while the defunct Ramblers meandered off with a large party over the more familiar country along the North Shore. The C. T. C. ran over the route of the "Wheel Around the Hub," but the weather was poor, and that historic trip lost some of its charm by undue familiarity. However, the move was a good one, and was the first attempt of the kind by the association to carry out its purpose of encouraging touring. At the meeting held the first night of the trip, at Massapoag, a subscription was started to obtain a fund for the erection of danger signs. A considerable amount was subscribed, but the money has not yet been expended. The tricycle did not figure much on these tours, so we were furnished with no data for comparing it with the bicycle.—*Bicycling World*.

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There seems to be a great probability of employing paid officials for the L. A. W. at an early day, as the duties of the present officers, who perform their work to the satisfaction of all, are becoming far too heavy to be done gratis.

Poetry.

THE CYCLER.

Man's life's a vapor,
 And full of woes,
 He takes a header,
 And over he goes:
 Tears his clothing,
 Hurts his pride,
 And scrapes off sundry
 Pieces of hide;
 Curses his fortune
 For proving so fickle,
 Picks up his hat,
 And picks up his cycle,
 Looks around him,
 Sees people smile,
 Hears gamins shout,
 Which raises his bile;
 Leads his dumb steed by the ears
 Up a lane,
 And in some back street
 Tumbles to it again.

—Southern Cycler.

RACING.

In reviewing cycling for the past year, the *Bicycling World* speaks thus of racing:

The racing record of the year is creditable to a great degree. The end of the year sees us with records equal to, and even better than, those of England, in many instances. That we should more nearly approach the fine performances made by Cortis and Howell, of Victoria's isle, was the hope of many, but none were venturesome enough to predict that we should see them surpassed. The brilliant success of Springfield in the past has led to many imitators, and this year we have seen the multiplication of tournaments, and very many successes.

The Racing Board gave us a new set of rules early in the season, and these did away with the needless red tape involved in the "sanction idea," and introduced many new ideas that the advance in the sport called for. These rules have been condemned by athletes, who have pinned their faith to the athletic rules, and seen nothing but error in any departure from them; but the new rules have worked well, and few changes are expected the coming year, except in the way of additions.

In the late spring came rumors from the west that a surprise was in store for us in the performance of an Ohioan, who had been showing a fast pace in practice. Those who had seen the riding of the winner of the consolation race at Springfield the year before, placed little faith in these rumors, but when Dolph showed his remarkable riding at Philadelphia, it was thought that no man in England or America could down him at Springfield. Then came Hartford and Sellers, and though Dolph did all that was expected of him, and covered a mile in 2.41, beating Cortis's best record, it was little thought that a comparatively unknown man would come over from England and ride a mile in 2.39. One could hardly believe the statement, and still more wonderful was the announcement that on the same day the winner of the 3.20 class race

made a record of 2.49¼. A remarkably still day and a fine track were responsible for these times, and they were proven beyond a doubt.

First in the field among the tournaments was that of Philadelphia. Extraordinary inducements, in the shape of valuable prizes, were offered to riders to enter the races, and a good field of entries was secured, but it was evident to many, from the first, that it was a private speculation, and a money-making affair by individuals, and it did not receive the support of wheelmen generally, and particularly large frowns at the project came from the local riders. The tournament was a failure financially, and in many other ways.

The Fourth of July is the great day for bicycle racing, particularly in New England. Here the local city governments recognize the sport, and in and around Boston especially race meetings are held under municipal auspices. These races are generally scrub affairs, on improvised tracks, but they are nearly always close and interesting, and they serve to awaken an interest in the wheel among a class of people who would not go to a track race, nor otherwise see the fun that can be got out of such a contest.

The more important tournaments of the year were those at Springfield, Hartford, and New Haven. They were made important by the presence of the racing men from England. The visiting teams this year included Sellers, Gaskell, Chambers and Illston among the amateurs, and Howell and James among the professionals. They came covered with laurels won abroad, and returned with new laurels and fairly-won victories taken from American riders. To them great credit is due. We do not begrudge them their prizes nor their victories, but it is with a sigh of regret that we think that they did not see us at our best, and that our crack men, notably Hendee, Dolph and Burnham, were in no condition to meet them, being obliged to withdraw from nearly all the contests that they had entered.

The Hartford tournament started the boom, and the day closed on Sellers' 2.39 and other fine records. Then came Springfield, with its four days of delight, and afterwards New Haven. That the tournament at Springfield was the best on record, no one will dispute, but the results showed conclusively that a four days' tournament is by far too long, and we doubt if we shall see another. Sellers' mile at Hartford, the quarter and the three-quarter distances, were left untouched at Springfield; otherwise the whole list of records to ten miles, both amateur and professional, were broken. The tournament gave us one more argument that the day of the parade is gone by. We are glad to record a financial success this year, and to give the Springfield boys the credit for cancelling the debts contracted the previous year.

Last year New Haven took away many of the records made at Springfield, and we were prepared to see a repetition of this, but it did not come, for the day was not favorable, and the track was poor.

A new feature introduced this year has been the invitation races. Forbidden to hold an open race meeting by the faculty, Harvard led the way in this, and only those who were invited were allowed to enter the races. Philadelphia followed this example in September, and picked out only those racing men that could pass mus-

ter with the Quaker boys. Harvard sent her invitations broadcast, and did little in the way of choosing. Philadelphia, on the contrary, exercised a great deal of care, and no amateur who was at all shady, and no man who was under suspicion of being a "kept amateur," was asked to enter. This threw out the whole English team, and many well-known American riders. The Philadelphia boys argued that racing was interesting, despite fast time, and that a contest which showed a mile in four minutes, if close, is as interesting as one of the 2.39 class not so close. Philadelphia gave us an original idea in the early days of wheeling when she wished to class dealers in bicycles, editors of cycling papers, etc., as professionals. Now she has given us another. We can see where much good can come from the idea, and much harm. It may weed out the kept and the shady amateurs, and make our races genuinely amateur, but, on the other hand, it will take away the magnet that draws the cash to the ticket office. The Philadelphia tournament gave us no records, and it was a financial failure.

Boston followed hard upon New Haven with a three-days' tournament, but the track was poor, and the racing men would not enter. Gaskell and Chambers put in an appearance, and as we had no one to pit against them they bore away all the prizes.

Albany, Louisville, Cleveland and Pittsfield, and many other places, have held successful tournaments.

The year has given us several new tracks, notably those at Springfield, Cambridge and Cleveland. These will compare favorably with any in England, and they mark an advance in racing matters that will soon place us beside the mother country in the way of the accessories to racing.

The League championships were contested at Washington during the meet. They were won as follows: Bicycle, 1 mile, Geo. M. Hendee; 3 miles, B. W. Hanna; 10 miles, John Brooks; 25 miles, Chas. Frazier. Tricycle, 1 mile, G. M. Hendee. The triumph in the one mile bicycle race gave the trophy to Mr. Hendee, as it was his third victory. The other trophies won must be contested for once more, when, under a vote of the League, they will become the property of the winners. The one-half mile bicycle championship was contested at Cleveland, and fell to Geo. Collister. The two and five mile championships usually held in connection with the N.A.A.A. were withdrawn, as that association refused to run them under League rules.

Late in the season, and after the close of the tournaments, an attempt was made by Hendee to beat the record of Sellers, 2.39. He failed in the attempt, but took the world's record for the one-quarter and three-quarter's miles.

—JO—

A tricyclist had his intended out on a sociable the other evening; presently it ran away down hill. In turning a corner the affair was overturned, and the young lady was pinned to the earth, one of the wheels lying heavily across her waist. She was rendered unconscious. When she was released from her perilous position she opened her eyes as consciousness returned, and faintly gasped: "Don't squeeze—me—quite—so hard—next—time—John."—*Cycling Times*.

D. H. COREY IN ENGLAND.

Mr. H. D. Corey, the well-known wheelman and successful racing man of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club, has just returned from a six-weeks' tour on the other side of the pond, during which he visited all the important cycling centres, met most of the prominent amateurs and professionals, and wheeled over many of the most noted roads and all of the great racing tracks in England. In relating his various experiences in that country, Mr. Corey touched upon the subject of road-riding, the following amusing incidents being told by him:

"In regard to road-riders, I think, considering the difficulties Americans have to contend with, they are really superior to the English, who have few of our hills and rough places. The craze for light wheels produces intense rivalry on the road, and results in a process called 'scorching.' I had a taste of it myself. While at Surbiton I went out for a ride with Keene. We took the road for Ripley, which is twelve miles from Surbiton, and is one of the best. The route was lined with cyclists. I had a Roadster, and Keene a Rudge Safety, which he invented, and out of which he can get a rare pace. Indeed, when he spurred no one could get anywhere near us. We passed Claremont, the seat of the Duke of Albany, and also Sanding Park, a great racing place. We arrived at Ripley at 12.30, and put up at 'The Aucheer,' an old-fashioned English inn, very homely, but very comfortable. Ripley is one of the most celebrated cycling resorts in England. About sixty wheelmen sat down to dinner, and we had a jolly time. I met here many of the noted English cyclists, among whom were Cooper, Gossett, Webb, Larrette and Bellows. A large party of us started together for Surbiton, with Cooper and Webb, the crack tricycle riders, on a Humber tandem. This machine, forward, looks like an ordinary bicycle with little wheel in front, which, however, does not touch the ground except when the occupants are thrown forward. The rear seat is behind a Humber bar, by which the tandem is guided. It is said that Cooper and Webb have made ten miles on the tandem in thirty-four minutes.

"Well, we started, and I got my first dose of 'scorching.' Keene told me that they were trying to run me off my legs, and I determined they would not. The pace was tremendous. Five miles from Ripley I took the lead, and made the pace hotter still. I found on the hills I had a great advantage, so I rushed at them as hard as possible. The tandem gradually fell behind, and Keene was content to let myself and two others have it out. Seven miles from Ripley I had a lead of a quarter of a mile, and waited for others to come up. Two miles from Surbiton, Webb and Cooper, who had been saving themselves, dashed ahead, the rest of us in hot pursuit. I caught up with them after we had gone about half a mile, and as we neared Surbiton put on all steam, the tandemites responded, but, cheered by the sight of the Angel Inn, I put in an extra shot for Uncle Sam, and, drawing away, managed to beat them about fifty yards, landing at the Angel almost a corpse. The speed of the tandem is wonderful, and its riders, who are noted 'scorchers,' admitted that

it was, almost without exception, the first time they had been beaten on the road."

Mr. Corey was loud in his praises of courtesies extended him by English cyclists, and says he was well received and kindly treated everywhere.

:O:

SIX DAYS' SAFETY RACE AT THE AQUARIUM, WESTMINSTER, ENGLAND.

This event, promoted by the management of the Westminster Aquarium, commenced shortly after 12 o'clock on Monday, ten riders putting in an appearance, Howell, who fell while training, being the only noticeable absentee. The men were arranged in a long single file in the following order: W. Armstrong, "Rudge;" R. James, "Royal Mail;" J. Keen, "Rudge;" J. Birt, "Rudge;" E. Watson, "Rudge;" D. Stanton, "Facile;" D. Garner, "Rudge;" A. Hawker, "Club;" C. Drury, "Rudge;" S. Vale, "Rudge."

A good start was made, Armstrong cutting out the pace, Keen setting a fast pace for the second division. At first, several of the men were very uncomfortable, and one or two collisions occurred, Vale and Hawker coming down, the latter being badly bruised about the back, and then four or five fell all of a heap, but happily escaped any serious injury, Garner's bruises being the worst, while Armstrong, who is much fancied, had fallen back, owing to a loose pedal. Some exciting racing took place during the opening three hours, Keen being especially noticeable for his very careful work, and he reaped his reward in escaping falls; in fact, lookers-on were much impressed with Happy Jack's style, albeit he was not very happy at close quarters. Stanton, who seems quite unfit, fell steadily to the rear with Drury, who lost a pedal in one of the croppers. At the conclusion of the first three hours' work the positions were:

Name.	Miles.	Lps.	Name.	Miles.	Lps.
Vale.....	41	2	Armstrong....	38	5
Birt.....	41	1	Hawker.....	37	8
Keen.....	40	9	Stanton.....	37	1
Weston.....	40	7	Garner.....	36	1
James.....	40	2	Drury.....	31	5

Armstrong turned very giddy, and had to stop, while Garner was very bad from an awkward bruise on the hip, and Drury was very slow, though sticking to it with any amount of pluck. James, if he remains well, will worry the best of them.

After the allotted spell of rest, the start recommenced for the finishing five hours of the day, when Keen at once flew to the front, and set a good pace for the first ten miles, when he stopped to oil up. By 8 o'clock Vale was leading with 67 miles 4 laps, Birt next, a lap to the rear, Weston third, four or five laps further off, and James fourth; but shortly after this a series of spills, in which nearly all the riders took part, served to enliven the proceedings, though none were seriously hurt. Birt and Vale still held the lead, and spurred hard together, and finishing their 100 miles at 10.30, Birt then being two minutes ahead. Sharp spurring between Birt and Vale, the latter having pulled up on the leader, owing to a stoppage on the part of Birt, resulted in the Northampton rider just gaining the honor of being first for the day

on the call of time, both Birt and Vale having covered 107 miles 6 laps, the accomplishment of the race being as follows:

Name.	Miles.	Lps.	Name.	Miles.	Lps.
Birt.....	107	6	Hawker.....	99	7
Vale.....	107	6	James.....	93	0
Weston.....	102	8	Drury.....	88	7
Armstrong..	102	2	Stanton..	78	1
Garner.....	100	0	Keen.....	64	7

The distance covered is remarkable, and points to a big performance being put down to the 48 hours, while as the men have now got "set" to the track, there will doubtless be fewer accidents. Keen is going splendidly, and the executive are doing all they can for the comfort of the men, as well as for the convenience of visitors.

Tuesday night found Birt at 211 miles 9 laps; on Wednesday he was still in front with 321 miles 1 lap; and at the close of Thursday's work he had scored 426 miles 6 laps; Vale still being second, and Weston third. During Friday evening Weston managed to pass Vale, but could not get on terms with Birt, who, when the last day's riding was commenced, stood at 527 miles 8 laps. On Saturday, when the time arrived for a start, but five riders answered to their names, these being Birt, Weston, Vale, Hawkes and Drury. For the first three hours' work there was really nothing to record. All rode steadily, and, with the exception of Vale indulging in a few spurts, the proceedings were decidedly flat and dull, no change occurring in the relative positions of the competitors. Quiet as the first portion of the day's riding had been, there was but little perceptible difference in the amount of interest shown in the evening performance. There was a fairly good number of spectators about the building, but no undue amount of excitement was shown when, at the appointed time (six o'clock), the five remaining competitors formed up ready to start. They went off at a steady pace, and but little change was seen until, at half-past nine, Hawkes and Drury retired from the track. Garner came on shortly afterwards, with the evident intention of waking up the proceedings, and with occasional spurts the race was carried on until eleven o'clock, and when the pistol was fired at the conclusion the board showed a record as follows:

NAMES.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thurs.	Fridy.	Satur.	Total.
Birt.....	107 6 104 3	109 2 105 5	101 2 102 7	101 2 102 7	101 2 102 7	101 2 102 7	630 5
Weston.....	102 8 105 2	109 0 106 2	101 0 102 6	101 0 102 6	101 0 102 6	101 0 102 6	620 7
Vale.....	107 6 104 1	108 2 104 3	89 0 103 3	89 0 103 3	89 0 103 3	89 0 103 3	616 5
Hawkes.....	99 7 105 8	89 0 106 2	90 2 69 2	90 2 69 2	90 2 69 2	90 2 69 2	540 1
Drury.....	88 7 96 8	93 7 94 5	85 5 62 7	85 5 62 7	85 5 62 7	85 5 62 7	522 2
Armstrong.....	102 2 68 5	99 8 50 1	18 0 24 1	18 0 24 1	18 0 24 1	18 0 24 1	362 7
Garner.....	100 0 102 3	61 3 13 8	14 5 18 4	14 5 18 4	14 5 18 4	14 5 18 4	310 3

James covered 100 miles, Stanton 94 miles 5 laps, and Keen but 64 miles 7 laps.

:O:

Among our many interesting exchanges of this week, THE CANADIAN WHEELMAN especially attracted our attention. It gives eight good-sized pages of closely-printed and interesting matter. The paper is conducted by several Canadian bicycle enthusiasts, and furnishing, as they do, a neat newsy monthly, they deserve the support of every Canadian wheelman.—*Cyclist & Athlete.*

John S. Prince is a brass founder, but makes a livelihood by bicycling.

REFLECTIONS OF A LAMP.

I suppose I am an ordinary bicycle lamp. It is an indisputable axiom that I am also a beastly nuisance. This much I have gathered from my various owners' comments upon my behavior, which I must say have not been of the most complimentary character. I have seen some rare old corks sold and bought in my days; and the following is the way in which the exchange is generally carried on: "Thing isn't worth the money, sir," says the buyer. "But, my dear sir," replies the conciliatory vender, "pray take into consideration the fact that there is a lamp attached to the 'thing.'" "The lamp be blowed; I wouldn't have it as a gift;" and instead of taking me into his consideration the discontented fellow takes me in his hand, and of course severely handles me. But in the world even a lamp plays many parts, and what a peculiarly different position am I in about an hour afterwards! "My very dear sir, I assure you this lamp is a prodigy of illumination; I've used it now for—let me see—I really don't know how long I have used it. But I repeat it's an excellent one." And this the same person who but an hour ago swore at the praise of my poor lovedness!

It's on the highways, and more particularly the byways, that I come in for nearly the whole of my abuse. I have not even the consolation of being in the favor of my owner at the commencement of a dark journey: "Now I suppose I must light this infernal lamp," is what he generally says. Then we arrive at some Macadam roads well worn; I begin not to like the position of affairs, and therefore consider (I am a head lamp as well as a hub) what is the best course of proceedings to pursue, and the conclusion I generally come to is that, without saying a word to anybody, I will very quietly and comfortably go out. It's so soon done, and so easy of accomplishment to me, that really I can never make out why the cyclist will use such horrible language. Horrible is not the word, it is diabolically appalling. I often have, however, friends in misfortune, for I notice that the matches and the wind are frequently included in the list of delinquents who must be brought to their senses.

It used to be a favorite pastime of mine to get myself unfastened, and to drop the oil-can out when no one was looking. How I did enjoy my liege's feelings when he came to ignite me, and discovered that the factor necessary for that operation was deficient, especially when we were some twenty miles from any place where he could replace the lost member. I also am not unused to becoming detached from my moorings and getting jammed in the fork of the machine. You don't know how jolly it is to sail swiftly up from the ground to the fork! My only regret is that I can do it for half a revolution only. Oh! if I could but go round some fifty times, and then when I was getting giddy throw my possessor at my own time! Couldn't I lodge him in a ditch or two, or on some extraordinary stones? Oh dear, no! I should like to get within range of the fellow who introduced rivets. Of course, I shouldn't deposit the whole of my oil on his new coat at all, should I? Once more, oh dear, no! Rivets, indeed! You ought to do without them.

I have just thought of the *creme de la creme* of enjoyment to me. I often manage to bring a minute portion of my anatomy in close contact with a part of the machine that bears me: this produces a prolonged, and to me musical, howling squeak. Doesn't our rider enjoy himself? And isn't it something worth pledging one's soul to see him oiling his back-wheel bearings, his pedals, his spring, his steering, his everything but his lamp, which "can't possibly squeak." And then, too, I discontinue the noise for the distance of a mile or so, and chuckle to hear him sighing softly, I "*think* that's settled him." But oh! ecstasy of rapture, and oh! (to him) excruciating torture! I resume my interrupted symphony, and he has to dismount to make the cheering discovery that he has used up all his oil. The last time I played that little game we were just seventeen miles from any place where there was a chance of purchasing a lubricant.

There is only one danger to myself in the execution of my "nefarious little plans," and that is the fact that they produce such convulsive laughter that I nearly burst my glasses. I have one joke I play always when I have come home at night. My master detaches me from his machine to light him in-doors, and then puts an end to the temporary existence of my luminary in the hall; but as he generally enters the dining-room to see how things are going on, I, as a rule, accompany him. He sets me down on a side table and forgets me. I have a curious habit of retaining my smoke within the precincts of my own shell for the space of several minutes, thus causing the erroneous belief that I am fairly out. But imagine the feelings of my lord's sisters when I begin to eject my vapors in the middle of supper. What a fairy's perfume! And doesn't the wheelman enjoy his last draught, and I wonder how the inferior animals like the make of his irate boots.

Well, I've had a jolly reverie, while the club has had probably an indifferent tea. I'll now prepare to perform all these evolutions once more, so as to get my owner in favor with the fellows whom he asks just to wait a minute while he lights his luminary.

THE BIG FOUR TOUR.

The arrangements of the tour are well under way, and an organization has been partially effected as follows: Burley B. Ayers, manager; F. G. Bourne, N.Y., commander; F. Jenkins, N.Y., general agent; H. F. Fuller, Chicago, secretary; J. P. Maynard, Chicago, quartermaster; Frank H. Taylor, Philadelphia, commodore; W. G. E. Peirce, captain Chicago division; E. G. Whitney, captain Boston division; W. S. Bull, captain Buffalo division; G. R. Bidwell, captain N.Y. division.

These gentlemen, together with G. H. Orr and J. W. Clute, the convoys, will meet at the Genesee House, Buffalo, on Sunday, Jan. 19th, at 9 o'clock, to arrange the entire programme and subdivide the work. We do not hesitate to say that the Big Four Tour will be the biggest thing on wheels, as far as a bushful of fun is concerned, at a moderate expense. The plans submitted contain many novelties in the way of enjoyment that have hitherto been unheard of.

SOCIALS

"Socials" do an immense amount of good. To say nothing of the increase in a club's membership which may result from them, think of the pleasure wheelmen have in new friendships and "fighting their battles o'er again." Men meet who have not seen one another for months, and may not meet for months to come. Club jealousies are cast aside, and all exert themselves with one object in view—to enjoy the fleeting hour while yet they may. In furtherance of this idea, one man expatiates on the latest invention in springs, another holds forth on the excellence of ball-bearings in general, and the perfection of his "Timbuctoo" back wheel in particular. A third deplores the state into which our highways have fallen, or discusses with much vigor the latest development of the Franchise question, solacing himself meanwhile with whiffs of the noxious weed, pulled from the latest monstrosity in pipes, conscious that he is an object of admiration and envy to all who may behold him.—When wheelists meet on an occasion of this kind their talk is, as a rule, of the wheel wheely, and to one unacquainted with the technicalities of the sport, the general impression conveyed is, that wheelmen are a very peculiar class of beings. I know one gentleman who, after hearing a discussion about some race meeting, spent nearly a week in trying to find out how many laps there are in a mile, believing, in his guileless innocence, that a lap was the same distance all the world over—some statutory distance, fixed and immovable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. But industry and persevering curiosity have met with their due reward, and this gentleman is now as ardent a wheelist as ever steered a cycle, and can discourse learnedly on any subject from the Touring Club to a tyre clip.—*The Scottish Umpire*.

Those who made the bicycle, on its first appearance, an object for sarcastic and humorous comment, setting it down as a kind of vehicle only made to enable effeminate youths to disport themselves, were mistaken. The "wheel," as its devotees term it, has steadily grown in favor, both on account of its sportive and its useful character. They are now manufactured by the thousand. Bicycle clubs flourish everywhere. It has survived the "craze" epoch and has become as much of a staple, almost, as a shotgun or a fishing rod. It has also given rise to a very excellent and attractive literature, and it is, altogether, doing an admirable work. The movement of a bicycle, when directed by a skilful rider, is about as near the perfect poetry of motion as one can conceive, its flight being on curves of beauty. The rider appears to better advantage than a skater, whose grace of action is somewhat marred by a certain awkwardness of effort with arm and leg. But the bicyclist moves by almost the same muscular play as when walking, and has, therefore, that advantage of appearance. The confidence of entire control gives the rider a special pleasure, for his wheel responds to him as though it were a part of his own physical person. The ease with which obstacles are avoided, the speed with which he flies, the sense of distance rapidly covered by personal effort, the trifle of risk from a "header," the enforced alertness—all these contribute to the rider's elation and pleasure.—*Chicago Current*.

Wheel Tracks.

There are about 3,500 wheels in use in Philadelphia.

Westbrook is giving exhibitions in fancy riding in Nebraska.

Stockton, Cal., has eleven wheelmen; San Felipe has six riders.

Wilmot and Pavilla, the double fancy riders, have dissolved partnership.

The Springfield Bicycle Club are going to build a club-house of their own.

Prof. John Wilson, the champion trick and fancy bicycle rider, was in Cornwall lately.

Prince and Woodside are going to race at New Orleans during the World's Exposition.

It is said that the Sydney (Australia) Bicycle Club took in \$4,500 gate money at a recent race meet.

The Louisville Bicycle Club is trying to arrange a team race, fifty miles, with the Chicago Bicycle Club.

The Baltimore Cycle Club and the Maryland Club of Baltimore entertained all their friends on Christmas day.

Morgan, Eck, and Louise Armaindo are to have a six days' race, eight hours a day, at Memphis, Tenn., at an early date.

Anderson, the long-distance equestrian, proposes to arrange a race at Madison Square Garden, to ride horses against the best professional bicyclists.

The Bay City wheelmen, San Francisco, propose to hold a bicycle meet of their own, and the racers will ride for their friends' amusement and their own glory.

The names of Messrs. H. S. Tibbs and A. T. Lane appear among the table of records as holding the American sociable road records—80 miles made in August, 1883.

Why need we not fear the Vankee?—Because 'ee will always come after the end (Hend-ee).—(A contributor to *Wheeling*.) The writer of the above truthfully styles this as a "puzzle."

A portrait of Louis Rubenstein, amateur fancy skater of Canada, and one of the Canadian Wheelman Co., appears in the *New York Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic Journal* of Dec. 20th.

On the occasion of the marriage of one of the Ariel Touring Club, Mr. James Hodgins, some few weeks since, he was presented by his clubmates with a very handsome water pitcher.

Lord Bury, the president of the National Cyclists' Union, is contributing an article on wheeling in the January issue of the *Nineteenth Century*. It is looked forward to with great interest.

An Englishman recently stated that cyclists never experience the pleasures of cycling until they have ridden a sociable with one of the fairer sex. No doubt opinions differ on that point, though.

Col. Newton, American biologist, while riding a tricycle at London recently, came into violent collision with a cab, and was thrown to the

ground, striking on his head. He died two hours afterward.

A. H. Robinson, better known as "Doodle," has quitted England; in fact, he has sailed for America, not, however, to return "that medal," but goes farther south, much; his destination is the Panama Canal.

A negro witness in Macon, Ga., testifying in a bicycle case, gave this as the result of his observations: "If you ride slow, you turn over yourself; if you ride fast, you turn over somebody else." That nigger knows something.

J. W. Lambert, of Union City, Ind., rides the largest wheel in the country—64-inch American Club. Indiana also claims the champion heavy-weight. His name is John Holland, he rides a 56-inch wheel, and raises the beam at 240 pounds.

The Citizens' Club of New York has a membership of eighty-six. Among its ranks are five lawyers, three journalists, three dealers in bicycles and tricycles, two physicians, one Catholic priest, one dentist, three leather merchants, and three soldiers.

The bicycle dude is dying out. The animated hairpins who part their hair in the middle and squint through a single eye-glass are now termed "Sooners," because they would sooner be what they are not than what they are—idiots.—*Turf, Field and Farm*.

The glory of Louisville as a cycling centre has been rapidly fading away. Not many years ago it had a great reputation in the wheel world, and was among the first of the cities to lay down an exclusive bicycle track. Jenkins, Franke, Schimpeler, Moran and Armstrong were names well known to wheelmen.

Messrs. Rudge & Co. recently presented those famous dwarfs, General and Mrs. Mite, better known, perhaps, as the Midgets, with a miniature of the "Coventry Convertible." The driving wheels are 20 inches only, and the weight but 24 lbs. The machine is a most perfect model and a marvel of ingenuity.

T. W. Eck is making arrangements to take five other bicyclists with him to New Orleans for a six weeks' engagement at the World's Fair, where a six-lap board track is to be built for them. The party will include Mlle. Louise Armaindo, Messrs. Eck, Prince, Higham, Woodside and Morgan, and they will give a long series of bicycle and tricycle races, with exhibitions of fast riding, each day.

A final decree was entered by Judge Blodgett on the 15th December in the equity suit of the Pope Mfg. Co. vs. J. M. Fairfield. The Court found that the defendant had violated a license granted by the company, and ordered the payment of damages and costs and a perpetual injunction restraining him from violating in future any of the agreements in his license.

Gaskell, who visited the Springfield meet, has won prizes valued at \$4,500. His 18 American prizes aggregated \$1,500. Speaking of this gentleman, calls to mind a very sad occurrence. He was entered in a race at Leeds, and Mr. Gaskell, sen., decided, unknown to his son, to see the sport. The poor old gentleman was troubled with heart disease, and during the race

became so excited that he dropped dead at the moment his son rushed first past the post.

The manufacturers of a new class of bicycle at home have taken the liberty of naming it after our lordly marsupial, the Kangaroo. All I can say is, that unless this new machine can clear a "three-railer," or rip up annoying dogs with as much ease as its noble namesake, I shall stick to the present orthodox cycles. If such inventions continue to bore the public, then I may be tempted to bring out the "Emu," and if it does not possess the staying and speeding powers of this wiry bird, then I shan't press the public to purchase. My word, bright times are in store for us, for then, and not till then, will cycling be perfected.—*Australian Cycling News*.

What a golden opportunity the manufacturers of patent medicines have lost in not catching the cycling trade, which ought to prove enormous, especially among beginners, by not advertising in the cycling press. Some of those interesting little anecdotes, such as, "Did he die?" or "He lingered," or about some noted flier taking their patent medicine when training for a race, in which, when it had taken place, he was all broken up by a header, and only recovered by steady use of the "Own and only greatest patent medicine on earth." They may be heard from yet.

A story is going the rounds that Armaindo and Morgan rode against horses in a small town in Missouri. The "only Eck," who was with them, arranged a scheme to fill the general purse. Arriving in town, the machines were conveyed quickly to a hotel and locked up from the gaze of curious sight-seers. To the hotel proprietor, a fat, good-natured, but very curious fellow, they "only" vouchsafed the information, as a great secret, that the machines were geared, so that one revolution of the pedal caused two of the wheels, and by that means the horses would easily be defeated. Ten minutes later, the proprietor, boiling over with importance, imparted the valuable information to a friend, who told another friend, and so on, in the old-fashioned way, until every one in town knew all about it. Great anxiety to hack the bicycles was shown on the track next day, and "Eck" scooped in what little was to be had, while Morgan and Louise were getting left the length of a street.

Phil Hammel, one of the fliers of the Chicago Bicycle Club, has made himself a professional by making a pace for Woodside during his fifty-mile race on Dec. 8th, at Chicago. Immediately after the information reached Boston that Woodside had been accompanied by Hammel, Mr. Abbot Bassett wrote to Mr. J. O. Blake to warn other amateurs against competing with him. On inquiry, however, it was discovered that Hammel did not ride with the intention of making the pace, but merely for exercise, and that the greater part of the time he rode behind Woodside. Furthermore, this was not a public exhibition where gate money was charged. Mr. Blake has written Mr. Bassett explaining the matter fully, and has requested him to telegraph his opinion at once. Meantime Hammel remains under a cloud. At the head of a list of signatures certifying that the facts stated above were correct, and prepared by J. O. Blake, appears the name of N. H. Van Sicklen, another flier who divides honors with Hammel.

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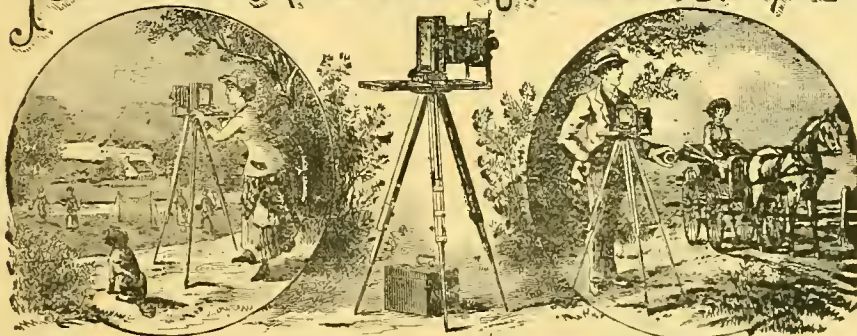
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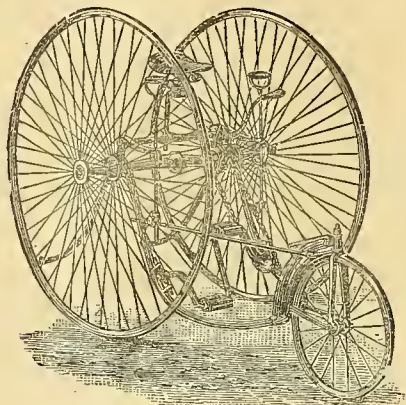
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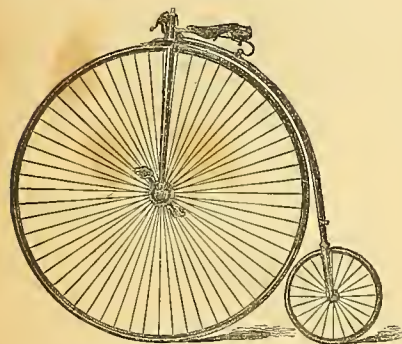
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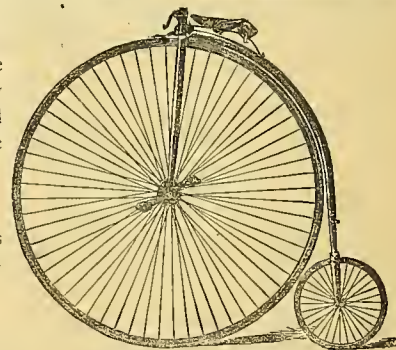
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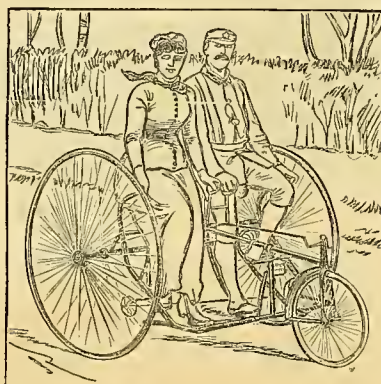
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