

The Canadian Wheelman

THE ONLY CYCLING JOURNAL PUBLISHED IN CANADA.

PUBLISHED ON THE 20TH OF EVERY MONTH.

W. KINGSLEY EVANS, EDITOR.

The Official Gazette of the 'Cyclists' Touring Club, in Canada.

Vol. I.—No. 11.

LONDON, CANADA, JULY 1884.

Subscription, \$1.00 Per Annum.
Advertising Rates on Application.

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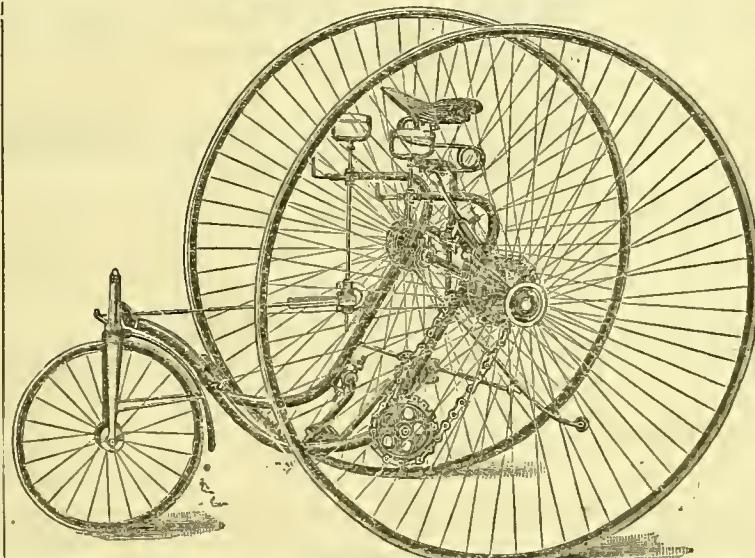
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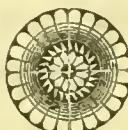
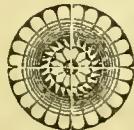
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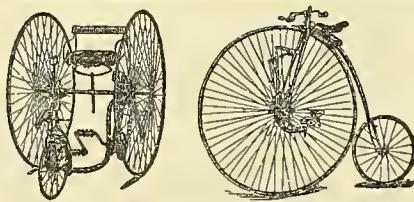
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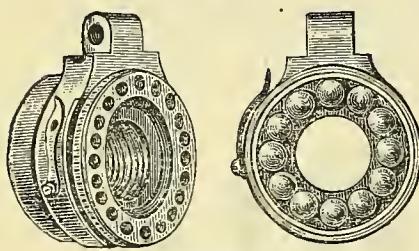


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The Canadian Wheelman.

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

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W. KINGSLEY EVANS, Editor.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Toronto *Mail* in its sporting columns of July 5th in summing up the second annual meeting of the C.W.A. makes some comparisons between the first and second tournaments, showing the growth of the Association, for it certainly has grown wonderfully. In its account it reads :

"The London men, with the advantages of a comparatively small place and no counter attractions, did what they could to receive visiting wheelmen satisfactorily. The Toronto wheelmen last Tuesday, under great disadvantages, did fully as well. The London men laid out \$100 in a dinner which they shared themselves. The Toronto men are handing between \$150 to \$200 instead to the treasurer of the C. W. A. At London last year, the Forest City Club, which generously gave the dinner, received the whole receipts of the meet over expenses, in Toronto on Tuesday, the Toronto clubs gave the association one-third of the net receipts. This one-third of the net receipts would just about have met the expense of a dinner to visiting wheelmen. Probably it is likely to do more good to the Association where it is now."

London's counter attractions for the day were greater in comparison than Toronto's were, viz: a lacrosse match and a military parade going on at the same time as the C. W.A. races. We have yet to learn of the "London men" who shared in the \$100 dinner with the exception of four or five who paid regular hotel rates. At London, the Forest City Club of about thirty members undertook the whole risk, but at Toronto there were the two clubs, with the Association and a guarantee fund from the Semi-Centennial Committee to stand any loss. And in the face of all this the Londoners gave, voluntarily without agreement or promise, to the C.W.A. the sum of \$75.00 and did not "receive the whole receipts of the meet over expenses," as has been the general impression.

For a first-class account of the first annual tournament see page 22 of the C.W.A. Guide Book, which contains the report from the *Mail*. It is certainly to be regretted the *Mail* gives the impression that the Londoners are working against the C.W.A. Far from doing so they are as enthusiastic and energetic as ever. The only object in replying to the comments of the *Mail* is to set aside the ideas that have crept abroad, and which are contained in the above clippings from the *Mail*.

During the recent meet of the C.W.A., at Toronto, the Canadian records for one to five miles were lowered and now stand as follows:

One mile, bicycle...C. F. Lavender...3:06
Two miles, bicycle...R. W. Hamlin...6:54½
Three miles, bicycle...F. J. Campbell...10:09
Four miles, bicycle...W. G. Ross....13:55
Five miles, bicycle...W. G. Ross....17:14 1-5
One mile, tricycle...C. A. Mothersill...4:03½

The track upon which these records were made, the Toronto Athletic's ground, is a quarter mile round, one foot from the pole.

By another column it will be seen that the practice of "bicycle and tricycle lifting" so very prevalent in England has commenced in Canada, the thief, however, not being a Canadian, but one well posted in the business, no doubt. It is to be hoped that this will be the last of any such pranks.

Some strange things happen in London and its suburbs anyway. Last week a careless bicyclist rides down the sidewalk on the main thoroughfare, and knocks over a lady hurting her badly and tearing her clothes. He escapes the clutches of the law, the lady's husband not wishing to prosecute. The week previous, a cyclist who with two others falls behind in a club run, is summoned and fined \$3.85 for riding a sidewalk fully one mile and a-half out of the city. Such is the common sense of justice here.

The various bicycling papers throughout the country contain the news that Hamilton has a new club called the Ramblers. Let us hear from them.

THE SPRINGFIELD MEET.

The programme for the tournament at Springfield, Mass., to come off Sept. 16-19 is given below. The races will take place at Hampden Park, and make up a list larger than ever arranged at a bicycle meet, comprising 34 races, no two alike. Indeed they are so varied and so carefully classified that wheelmen of all ages and degrees of proficiency may participate. The standard races are not omitted, but 25-mile processions are not to be forced on the patient crowds this year. There will be no handicaps except in professional races. It will be seen that there are two half-mile races, seven one mile, three two mile, four three mile, three five mile and one ten mile for amateur bicyclists; one each of the one, two, three and five mile races for amateur tricyclists, one each of the one, two and three mile tandem races for amateurs. The professionals will struggle in a half mile unicycle race, two one mile races, one three mile two five mile and one ten mile. The tandem race, and that for the unicycle are the first of the kind got up in this country. A half mile track will be used, its course being a gradual curve all around, with no straight course except on the home stretch. Already a number of clubs who sent only one or two representatives last fall are planning to go to Springfield with solid ranks. The races

will begin promptly at 2:30 each afternoon. The full programme is as follows :

First day—Three mile professional race, open to all; 10-mile amateur, open to all; 3-mile tandem, open to all; 1-mile professional, handicap; 2-mile time race, time 6:30; 1-mile, 3:20 class; 3-mile tug of war; 2-mile tricycle.

Second day—Ten mile professional race; 2-mile open; 5-mile tricycle; 3-mile 9:50 class; 2-mile tandem; 1-mile professional race; 5-mile time race, time 17 minutes; 1-mile time race, time 3:22½.

Third day—Five-mile race, 16:40 class; 1-mile ride and run race; 3-mile open; 5-mile professional handicap; 1-mile tandem; 1-mile tricycle, 2-mile time race, time 6:37 ½-mile 1:35 class 1-mile open.

Fourth day—Five-mile open; 1-mile without hands; 3-mile time race, time 9:50; 5-mile open race, professional; 3-mile tricycle; ½-mile unicycle, professional; 1-mile tug of war; ½-mile open; 1-mile consolation race.

All races not mentioned as professional are for amateurs. The class races are for men who have never beaten the time given. The time races are an innovation in bicycle tournaments; the plan is that the man who comes in nearest the time specified for each race wins the prize; he may be first or last at the close.

A DESPICABLE TRICK.

Mr. A. T. Laue, the bicycle importer of Montreal has been made the victim of a very mean trick, being the first instance ever recorded in Canada, viz.: having a tricycle stolen from him.

The following is the description of the machine: an Apollo front steering tricycle all bright parts plated, including spokes, two nickel-plated king of road lamps, cushioned seat, Singer & Co. pedals with all the rubber knobs out but three.

While Mr. Lane was attending the C.W.A. tournament in Toronto, the machine was loaned to a young Englishman named C. A. Speechley of London, England, and he has not been heard of since. The police are also wanting him for other charges.

The thief is described as being about nineteen or twenty years of age, fair complexion, but spotty, puts on a large amount of "side," has an abnormally developed gall, and has the appearance of being out about two months.

Anybody hearing of him will confer a great favor by communicating immediately with Mr. Lane.

"Chips," the breezy all-round writer of the *Canadian Sportsman*, never realized the beauties of bicycling until the recent meet in Toronto. He says the racing was keen and exciting, and, next to horse-racing, "takes the cake." "Chips" thinks that Lavender can hold his own with Hendee, Dolph, or Frazier. Here, we wish to remark, "Chips" is a "little off." But he is all right in his prophecy that bike-racing will be the sport of the future, unless "hippodroming" eats the marrow out of it.—*Mirror of American Sports*.

WHEEL AND WOMAN;

OR, THE BICYCLER'S BEAUTIFUL BOUNCE.

CHAPTER I.

Rounde abou'e the wheele dothe goe.
Rounde about goes life also. [Chawcir.

The sun was sinking in the west, according to the established custom of that luminary at the close of the day, when a solitary bicycle might have been seen careering along the road. The rider, a young man of some fifty summers, not to mention the other seasons, seemed lost in thought. His feet pressed the treadles mechanically, and his hand rested lightly on the steering gear. He recked not whither he wandered. Perchance he was thinking of some fair one who in some distant day was wont to sit by his side and look into the dreamy depths of his strabismal orbs while crunching the peanuts which his wealth had purchased. Oh, love! love!

CHAPTER II.

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall;
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall. [Mother Goose.

The rider's meditations had evidently awakened an unworked heart-pang. With a sudden start he accelerated his speed. A pebble was in his pathway. He heeded it not. It was struck amidships by the wheel. In an instant his nose had kissed the dust. There he lay, bleeding like a butcher shop, his olfactory apparatus flattened into prairie-like flatness, and his clothing enswathed in the communicated real estate that piled the roadway. His trusty bicycle lay beside him, mutely asking to be excused for the trick it had played upon its master. Bicycler and bicycle lay motionless, and at the mercy of the bugs and beetles that crawled whithersoever they would over their prostrate forms.

CHAPTER III.

A maiden fair to see. [Old Play.

Rebecca Jane Jones, the maiden daughter of old Jones the horse-car driver, had seen the catastrophe. That is what she called it, though old Jones, who sat smoking his T. D. said the feller was only taking a header.

But pardon digression. Rebecca Jane Jones had seen the catastrophe. It was but forty-four brief years since Rebecca Jane Jones first saw the light of day, and, as she had put in full time ever since, it is unnecessary to say that she was no infant. But she was young still and her unsophisticated heart went out to the hapless stranger, and then she went out herself. She lifted his head on her lap, and bathed his nasal appendage with the hem of her garment steeped in the healing liquid of the arnica bottle.

CHAPTER IV.

He fell from above
To fall in love. [Sweet Singer of Niagara.

Rebecca Jane Jones bathed the nose of the stranded stranger with relentless assiduity. His lips quivered, his eyes opened a cross-fire on the bangs that fringed the beautifully corrugated forehead of his preserver. Then he closed his eyes again, and remarked, in a stage whisper:

"Tis she!"

Rebecca Jane Jones plunged the arnica into his eyes in the excess of her maidenly agitation. This had the remarkable effect of opening them again.

This time the stranger grew more communicative. He not only said "Tis she," but he threw in the additional observation, "Tis she whose image has haunted me since that happy day on which in unison we ate the peanuts—"

He got no further. At the mention of the seductive fruit, Rebecca Jane Jones shrieked, in calliope distinctness:

"Peanuts!"

CHAPTER V.

Bob up serenely from below,
She's the gal you want, you know.

[Oscar Wilde.

"Tell me," said she, "under the disfigurement of that mashed nose dwellest the face of Horatio Fitzgomey Brown?"

The battered bicycler allowed that such was the true state of the case.

"O, Horatio!" sighed Rebecca Jane. Then she collapsed into a fainting fit.

It was now Horatio's turn to wield the arnica bottle. He did this with such love-like liberality that Rebecca Jane came to in one second and three-quarters.

"O, Horatio!" she remarked. "Your image has been present in this heart"—indicating the locality—"for these long, long years; that is to say" her womanly instinct reasserting itself—"quite a little time, you know."

Then he said something.

Then she said something.

Then they both said something.

Then it was all fixed.

CHAPTER VI.

Beefsteak pie and fat opossums,
Marriage bells and orange blossoms.

[Walt Whitman.

It seems that the day after Horatio Fitzgomey Brown parted with Rebecca Jane Jones on the occasion of the peanut-eating match aforesaid, he bought himself a bicycle and began practicing. He broke his leg at the first lesson, and was unable to call upon his dearest Rebecca Jane without being carried to her. Nobody offering to take him; he went not. His absence vexed Rebecca Jane, and she began gallivanting with another fellow. She carried her gallivanting and her co-gallivanter beneath the window of Horatio. Now he was maddened. Both were miffed. To drown his grief, Horatio, as soon as his leg had assumed its normal condition, gave his days and his nights to the bicycle.

In the twenty years that had passed he had broken both arms three several times, one leg four times and the other seven times. What with these incidents and several minor affairs such as a collar-bone broken, a wrist dislocated and his head smashed now and then, Horatio had had about all he could attend to.

And Rebecca Jane?

Well, she had flirted awhile, but as none of the fellows ventured to touch upon the subject of matrimony, her fond, true heart turned to Horatio. It found him not, and she pined

in secret. So she said, but she had gained forty-five pounds in weight, nevertheless.

But it was all over now. They were to be united after their long estrangement.

"Promise me one thing," said Rebecca Jane. "Promise me you will never again mount a bicycle."

Of course Horatio promised. Men always promise anything before marriage.

And so they were married.

Horatio, strange to relate, remembered his promise, and Rebecca Jane's papa so exerted his influence that Horatio was chosen captain of a base ball nine, and though his face is as battered as a gunboat after a hard-fought action, he is rich, affluently rich. In some seasons he had been known to sell out six games, the proceeds of these transactions serving to largely swell the proportions of his princely salary.

Horatio little knew when he fell over his bicycle that he was to fall into so soft a thing.

Rebecca Jane Jones, thanks to that arnica bottle, won't die an old maid.

FITZY'S DOWNFALL.

A SKETCH FROM NEW YORK.

Away down by the beautiful banks of the East River (New York) where the happy waves danced up and down, in sheer joy, where the testive sparrow, in its bright plumage caroled its joyous song, where the cat-fish jump from the river to receive the bread from the children's hand—in this happy paradise sat two lovers, one a young fellow of about twenty-three, and evidently a cypher, wearing a dark gray uniform with peaked cap, and on the cap in brass relief stood C.B.C. The maiden for such she evidently was, looked beautiful in the dark silk dress which clung to her willowy form. James Fitzgerald was the young man's name, and the fair being who clung so confidently on his neck, as he brushed aside three hairs to kiss her was called Anna Huss.

It was when the manly Fitz tried to kiss the lovely maiden at his side that she recoiled in horror, and with lips distended began to cry. Her sobbing bosom kept time with the dancing waves, and when, one wave bolder than the rest, cast its spray upon her, ruining her lovely dress, she precipitately retreated to another part of the cool banks, where again she sobbed.

The noble Fitz, though used to women, was at sea, and that she should so recoil from him. Oh! horrors, did ever man suffer so? But at last picking up courage he asked in a tone, that at other times would have pierced her heart, "Why do you treat me so, Anna? You know I am your devoted servant, you know I would do anything for you, and yet you repulse me. Oh! Anna, tell me why my words are not regarded, and you are sure of my forgiveness. And then Fitz pulled up his stocking which had wandered down towards his shoe, and was silent.

Then a breath of air came, and with it came the words from his own Anna, "Jimmie, you have been eating onions."

OPPONENT.

New York, July 5th, 1884.

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:

Rollo Campbell, 10 Phillips Place, Montreal.

Fred C. Holden, 49 Belmont Ave. Montreal.

W. A. Karn, Dundas St. Woodstock.

C. E. Lailey, 14 Front St. Toronto.

Chas. Langley, 52 Front St. west, Toronto.

Sydney H. Ley, Wellington St. Toronto.

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

Canadian Consular appointments to date:

J. A. Muirhead, of London, Provincial Consul for Ontario.

W. G. Ross, of Montreal, Provincial Consul for Quebec.

J. H. Low, Consul for Montreal.

G. A. Mothersill, Consul for Ottawa.

Perry Doolittle, Consul for Toronto.

W. M. Black, Consul for Halifax, N. S.

H. B. Donly, Consul for Simcoe.

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W. M. de Blois, Consul for Annapolis, N.S.

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Long Pants, if ordered separately,	5.50
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They will supply the cloth at \$3.25 per yard, double width. The whole suit as above requiring 4½ yards.

GUIDE Book.—The *Free Press* has been favored with a copy of the Canadian Wheelmen's Association Guide Book, a handy little volume, containing matter that is not only interesting, but actually indispensable to the wheelman who thinks of spending a vacation or of making a lengthened business trip on his wheel. The great feature of the book is the road reports, comprising descriptions of all the principal highways, and very many of the byways and short cuts from one place to another throughout the length and breadth of Ontario and a great part of Quebec. By following the routes given one can ride from Windsor to Cacouna with but one or two short breaks. The Association is to be commended for this work, the first practical 'cyclists' guide book published in America.—*London Free Press.*

THE BICYCLER.

See that unsuspecting boy,
With his manner sweet and coy,
As he rides.
See his lovely bright machine;
See his trousers nice and clean;
See him on the handle lean
As he glides.

Gaze upon that little pool,
With its waters calm and cool,
In the road.
Watch the tiny little stick,
Which yon little boy doth kick;
Bicycle approaches quick
With its load.

Goodness, gracious! What a fall!
Watched with joy by children small,
See the chap!
See the mud upon his knees;
Hear the small boys how they tease;
As the water he doth squeeze
From his cap.

THE NIAGARA - TO - BOSTON TOUR.

Forty-eight wheelmen landed in Toronto, Tuesday afternoon July 15th from the Niagara boat, and registered at the Rossin House. They comprised the main division of the band of "knights of the wheel" who are doing Canada and the Eastern States under the auspices of the Chicago Club. This will be the second annual tour made by this Club, and is being carried out on a much more extensive scale than last year's tour. The tour commenced properly at the Niagara Falls. Here, at the International Hotel, was the meeting place with other wheelmen of the town, and the divisions formed as given below. Thence the route lay over the foot suspension bridge and along the edge of the Niagara river to its mouth, and thence by steamer to Toronto. After lunching at the Rossin the majority spent the afternoon in viewing the city on their "steel steeds." In the evening the Toronto wheelmen assembled and escorted the visitors through the principal streets and gave them an opportunity of seeing the principal sights of the Queen's city before darkness had fallen. With the Canadian division the tourists leave the city this morning at nine o'clock, and after four days wheeling along the north shore of Lake Ontario will reach the Thousand Isles where a day and a-half will be spent. Thence they will take steamer down the St. Lawrence to Montreal. An evening in Montreal and the next half day's tour along the shore of the picturesque Lake Champlain. Thence to Lake George, Saratoga, Hudson River and through to Boston, where they finish up at the "Hotel Vendome." The names of the tourists in the Canadian division are as follows:

CANADIAN DIVISION—YELLOW—Perry E. Doolittle, Toronto, Captain; W. J. McIntosh, London; S. H. Lee, Toronto; A. F. Webster, Toronto; R. H. McBride, Toronto; Harry Ryrie, Toronto; N. R. Butcher, Toronto; A. E. Blogg, Toronto; E. E. Horton, Toronto; R. Bowles, Toronto; W. Fisher, Toronto; R. W. Hamlin, Toronto; G. W. McIntosh, Toronto; Jas. Brydon, Woodstock; A. M. Scott, Woodstock; W. G. Trimble, Napanee.—*The Mail.*

NEW YORK SQUIBS.

Oh! where, oh! where, is the organ,
Oh! where, oh! where has it gone?
Is the cry that comes from the members
Of the League of American Wheelmen.

'Cycling is a very good sport in its season, but, as Mrs. Jones remarks, it loses all its fascinations to the women, when one's husband takes her new striped stockings to ride in.

And yet there is another sin to be cast upon the political life of Mr. Hal. B. Donly. Some member of the C.W.A. claims that he is strictly truthful. The gentleman who made this statement should remember that the Hand-Books are not yet all sold.

I was at a place of amusement lately, and a Chinaman actor said: When Melican gal want to make mash, bang her hair, ugly, bang her husband. To make this a bicyclist rhyme it should read, viz: When wheelman want make mash, bang his moustache, ugly, bang his bicycle.

Very funny wheelman—Say, do you know what difference there is between Geo. Washington and me.

2nd wheelman—Because he didn't look like a monkey.

V. F. W.—No—the difference is that Washington didn't ride a wheel, and I do.

The Citizens Bicycle Club, of New York, is in an extremely flourishing condition. With 75 members, all business men, they can well be proud of their roll. Their Vice-President, Mr. F. G. Bourne, is worth at least \$30,000,000. This gentleman presented the club with the land on which their house stands. The latter is of smooth red brick, two stories high, and has on a brass plate outside "Citizens Bicycle Club." The first floor is the immense-sized wheel room, which is used as a ball room also. Many rugs adorn the floor, and the shining wheels make a nice sight. Back of the wheel room are three bath and wash rooms, containing hat brushes, brush brooms, and in fact everything imaginable for the toilet. Upstairs are the spacious lockers which are made of black walnut.

Mr. Hal. B. Donly, Secretary of the Canadian Wheelmen's Association, has favored us with a copy of the C.W.A. Guide Book, compiled by Messrs. Donly, Eakins and Brierley. The little volume contains much-needed information, in a convenient form, including the history, officers and membership list of the C.W.A., bicycling records, a host of road reports, of great value to the touring wheelman, and many other items of interest not only to Canadian wheelmen, but bicyclists in general.—*The Mirror of American Sports.*

**SECOND ANNUAL MEET OF
THE C. W. A.**

The second annual meet of the C.W.A. was held at Toronto on Tuesday July 1st, and indeed was a notable gathering.

The first instalment of visitors was the Montreal Club numbering twenty-five, other clubs arriving from the East and West on every train, including clubs from Belleville, St. Thomas, Hamilton, St. Catherines and various points, the Brantford and London Clubs numbering forty-eight in all, reaching Toronto on Monday evening in their private car, "Sarnia," in which they experienced the novelty of trying to sleep for two consecutive nights, at which they succeeded as well as could be expected.

Very little riding was indulged in on Monday on account of the very crowded streets, the majority of 'cyclists preferring to stroll around and see the Semi-Centennial sights, and visit the Torontos and Wanderers club rooms; but early on Tuesday morning numbers of wheelmen might have been seen spinning towards the Don or Queen's Park.

The Walker House seemed to be the centre for the wheelmen, a great number having found quarters there.

The annual meeting was held at the Philharmonic hall, Adelaide street east, on Tuesday morning at eleven o'clock. About one hundred members were present, President McBride occupying the chair. The President read a short address, reviewing the history of bicycling generally, and in this country in particular. The reports of the Secretary-Treasurer were read and adopted. They gave some interesting particulars regarding the Association. At this date last year the membership was about 350, distributed among 14 clubs. It is now 706, with 30 clubs, and is still growing. Mr. Horace S. Tibbs, President of the Montreal Bicycle Club, was unanimously elected President, a ballot being taken between Messrs. J. S. Brierley, of St. Thomas, and T. H. Robinson, Captain of the Wanderers, Toronto, for the office of Vice-President, the former was declared elected. Votes of thanks were passed to the retiring officers, especially to Messrs. Donly, Eakins, and Brierley, editors of the *Guide Book*.

After having partaken of dinner, the wheelmen began to assemble at Clarence Square the hour announced for forming the procession being two o'clock. Before that time, however, the Square and vicinity were thronged with citizens of the west end awaiting the arrival of the wheelmen. Those present evidently anticipated that the parade would be well worth seeing, and they were not disappointed. Bicycle clubs from all parts of the country, were present, making by far the largest assembly of wheelmen ever witnessed in Canada. The crowd which extended along Brock street to King was continually increasing in numbers. Although there were thousands of citizens and visitors present the utmost order was preserved, and a couple of police were able to keep clear the road over which the parade was to pass.

The grand marshall was Captain A. F. Webster, of the Toronto Bicycle Club. He arranged the different clubs carefully, placing the visitors at the head of the procession.

A good start was made, though it seemed to be a somewhat difficult performance, and the immense train of bicyclists, reaching as far as the eye could see, proceeding down King street and along the route arranged for the procession. The order of the procession, with the full strength of the various clubs, and the captains of each were as follows, the clubs riding in the order of seniority of joining the Association.

CLUB.	CAPTAIN.	RIDERS.	NO. OF
Forest City, London	James Reid14	
St. Thomas	C. H. Hepinstall22	
Simcoe	W. Y. Wallace10	
Brantford	Lloyd Harris14	
Woodstock	J. G. Hay18	
St. Marys	C. S. Rumsey3	
Royal City, Guelph	A. McBean12	
Hamilton	A. E. Domville20	
Montreal	J. H. Low25	
Ariels, London	J. A. Muirhead21	
St. Catharines	H. C. Goodman12	
Seaforth	6	
Belleville	S. G. Retallack20	
Toronto Bicycle Club	P. E. Doolittle82	
Wanderers, Toronto	H. P. Davies35	
		314	

There were also in the parade President Mothersill, of the Ottawa Bi. C.; W. A. Capon Winnipeg, Bi. C.; R. W. Hamlin, Oshawa Bi. C.; S. Reother, Port Elgin Bi. C.; and twenty or thirty "unattached" riders, bringing the Canadian total up to about 350. Messrs. Mothersill (Ottawa) and Lane (Montreal), were on tricycles. Finally, a delegation of Buffalo and Rochester men, representing the States, completed the whole.

The parade was continued along King street to Yonge, thence by Queen to Queen's Park, and from there by a long route to the Rosedale Grounds, entering about 3:25, and after riding in single file in front of the grand stand, where all the various clubs were cheered, the solitary rider from Winnipeg received a hearty greeting at different points, as also did the representatives of the Buffalo Bicycle Club, the band playing the familiar tune of "Yankie Doodle." A Rochester wheelman created considerable sensation with his Star machine.

The machines were stacked and everything got in readiness for

THE RACES,

the best account of which comes from the sporting columns of the *Mail*.

The field officers were as follows :

Referee—Ross McKenzie.

Judges—J. B. Boustead, T. H. Robinson, H. S. Tibbs.

Time-keepers—John Massey, F. W. Garvin, J. Henderson.

Clerk of Course—H. F. Wyatt.

Starter—J. S. Brierley.

Scorer—W. G. Eakins.

The races were started 40 minutes late, but were so promptly brought off that the

meeting wound up less than 10 minutes behind time. The contests were magnificent. With the exception of the five-mile championship race there was scarcely an event in which the issue was not in doubt until almost the last yard. Several of the races were won by a foot or two. The events and their results were as follows :

One Mile, Green.

R. S. Wilson, Toronto Bicycle Club1
James Egan, Woodstock2
Time, 3 mins. 30 secs.	

The starters were Wilson, Egan and F. W. Monteith, J. Allen, Toronto Bicycle Club. Egan went off with the lead, closely followed by Monteith. Entering the last turn on the first lap, Monteith came an ugly cropper, and of course was knocked out of the race. Egan kept the lead until the last quarter mile, when Wilson closed up and went for him. The two rode abreast around the last turn, Wilson on the outside, and in the homestretch they made a splendid race to the finish, Wilson by a final determined effort winning by half a wheel. The time was 3:30. The times of the quarter miles were 49, 53, 55, and 53 seconds respectively.

Three Mile Race.

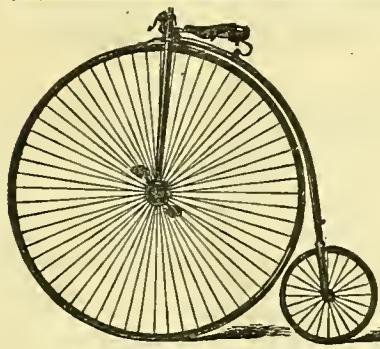
F. J. Campbell, Torontos1
P. E. Doolittle, "2
Time, 10 mins. 27 secs.	

The only other starter was J. H. Low, of the Montreal Club. Low took the lead at the start and cut out the pace for 2½ miles. Doolittle and Campbell then both spurted past him and made a splendid race to the finish. It looked a good thing for Doolittle to within 50 yards of the end, but Campbell came on with a last rush and won gallantly by a wheel's breadth. The times for each of the three miles were 3:33, 3:35, and 3:19; total, 10:27.

One Mile for the Championship of Canada.

C. F. Lavender, Toronto Bi. C.1
W. G. Ross, Montreal2
Time, 3 mins. 9½ secs.	

Lavender, Ross (the champion), H. P. Davies, Wanderers' Bi. C.; G. S. Low, Montreal, and Lamb, Ariel T. C., London, were the starters in this race, which was expected to prove one of the events of the day. Lavender was a slight favorite. At the start Lamb took the lead, followed by Davies, Ross, Low, and Lavender. On the second lap Ross went to the front, and the lot began to put on pace. Ross kept the lead despite repeated spurts from Davies, while Lavender moved up third. The turns seemed to bother the Montrealers, Ross and Low. Entering the last turn, Ross was leading; on the turn Davies got up even with him, and Ross, Davies, and Lavender entered the home-stretch in a bunch and made a desperate rush for the finish. Ross led Davies half a wheel until about 25 yards from home, when Lavender came on from the rear with a splendid effort and whirled past his opponents and across the line in 3:9½, winning by a yard clear from Ross, who was a couple of feet ahead of Davies. Thus the one mile championship changed hands. Davies rode a splendid race on a comparatively heavy



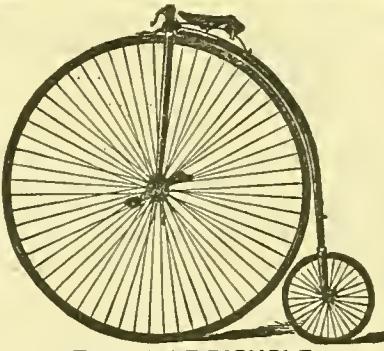
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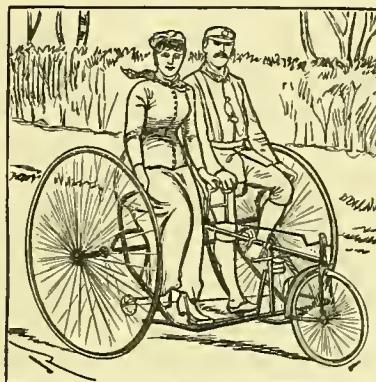
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each of which will be found replete with valuable and interesting information.

Please state with application which Catalogue you desire.



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machine, and with a racer, will be a hard man for anyone to beat. The times of the quarter miles were 52, 45, 48 and 45 seconds. Low was fourth; Lamb dropped out before the finish—The time, 3:10, lowered the Canadian record by three seconds.

Half Mile Without Hands.

P. E. Doolittle, Toronto Bicycle Club.....1
L. Buckingham, Hamilton.....2
Time, 1 min, 56 $\frac{1}{2}$ secs.

Doolittle won as he pleased. Johnson almost caught Buckingham on the finish, and also caught a heavy fall. Johnson escaped uninjured, but his machine struck Mr. Bonstead and inflicted a severe cut just above the eye. Mr. Bonstead made light of it, and went on with his judicial duties.

Two Miles (Open to all Amateurs).

G. S. Low, Montreal.....1
F. J. Campbell, Toronto Bi. C.....2
Time, 6 mins. 57 1-5 secs.

The race was made interesting by the starting of a Star machine, ridden by C. A. Smith, of Rochester, N. Y. The other starter, besides Low and Campbell, was P. E. Doolittle. The Star machine, with the small wheel in front, and worked by long cranks, which gave the rider's action a peculiar appearance, looked for a time as though it would have things its own way. Smith led for three and a-half laps. Then G. S. Low came on with a spurt, and took the lead in the back stretch. Campbell and Doolittle also got past, but never had a show of catching Low, who finished with a fine bit of

riding, winning by ten yards in 6:57 1-5. The mile times were 3:29 and 3:28 $\frac{1}{2}$.

One Mile Tricycle.

G. A. Mothersill, Ottawa.....1
A. T. Lane, Montreal.....2

There were four starters, the other two being T. Fane and Thos. Monk, both of the Toronto Bi. C. Fane took the lead at the start, but Mothersill soon passed him. The race from this out lay between Mothersill and Lane, and a severe contest it was, but despite Lane's repeated and gallant spurts, the powerful President of the Ottawa Bicycle Club kept in the van, and won by a yard from the Montrealer.

Two Miles for Road Bicycles.

R. W. Hamlin, Oshawa.....1
M. F. Johnston, Toronto Bi. C.....2
Time, 6 mins. 54 $\frac{1}{2}$ secs.

The other starter was F. W. Monteith. The peculiar feature of this race "for roadsters," was that it was won in faster time than was made in any two miles covered during the day by racing machines. Monteith led after the start for a mile or more. Hamlin and Johnston then had a struggle for first place, which Hamlin took, winning the race eventually by ten yards.

Five Miles for the Championship of Canada.
W. G. Ross, Montreal.....1
C. F. Lavender, Toronto Bi. C.....2
Time, 17 mins, 14 1-5 secs.

The starters were Ross, Lavender, J. H. Low, F. J. Campbell, and Jas. Lamb. Low took the lead, and made the pace for a couple of miles. Then Lamb went to the front.

Half a mile further on, the order was Lamb, Low, Lavender, Ross and Campbell. Ross then commenced to force the pace, and taking the lead on the eleventh lap began to leave the field. Lavender made an effort to stick to him, but before he seemed to realize Ross' game the latter was twenty yards ahead.

At the commencement of the fourth mile Ross was still further ahead of Lavender, who in turn was fully thirty yards ahead of Campbell and Low. Ross dashed on, working like a Trojan, and Lavender fell further and further behind. Starting the fifth (and last) mile, Ross was a hundred yards to the good, and keeping up the pace all through, he won the five mile championship by about 300 yards from second man in 17 mins. 14 1-5 secs., or 15 4-5 secs. faster than the best record previously credited to a Canadian rider. Lavender, who had eased up on the last lap, was tackled by Low for second place, but spurted in two or three yards ahead. Campbell and Lamb dropped out before the finish. The Montreal men captured Ross, and carried him off the field, shoulder high, as they had done G. S. Low in the open two mile race.

One Mile, Championship of Toronto.

This race was between H. P. Davies, of the Wanderers, and F. J. Campbell, of the Torontos. It was a splendid race from start to finish, and would have been even closer if Campbell had not ridden in the previous races to a greater extent than Davies. Davies, on the other hand, had the heavier machine. Davies led throughout the race

and won by 3 or 4 yards in 3 mins. 15 secs.

Obstacle Race, Quarter Mile.

P. E. Doolittle, Toronto 1

R. T. Blachford, " 2

No time.

The obstacles consisted of three hurdles, at each of which the riders had to dismount and lift their bicycles over. The race was a picnic for Doolittle. At any rate, Blachford fell at the first hurdle, and Hamlin, another starter, ran off the track.

After the races and exhibitions of fancy riding and drill the prizes were presented on the field to the winners by Mr. Boustead, and the big audience dispersed.

MEETING OF THE NEW BOARD.

Immediately after the race meeting in the afternoon the new board of officers of the C.W.A. held their first meeting at the rooms of the Toronto Club. H. B. Donly, the retiring Secretary, was unanimously re-elected to that office, and a committee was appointed to procure a testimonial to be presented to him as a mark of appreciation of his great services. Two vacancies having occurred in the board by reason of the election of Mr. Brierley to the office of vice-President, and the resignation of Mr. W. J. McIntosh, of London, Messrs. Lloyd Harris, of Brantford, and A. McBean, of Guelph, were appointed to act as representatives in their stead. Owing to the election of Mr. Tibbs to the position of President the office of Chief Consul of district No. 4 became vacant, and the increase in numbers of the Montreal Club they were entitled to an additional representative. The following officers were appointed:—Chief Consul, J. H. Low; Representatives, W. G. Ross and J. D. Miller.

Manitoba and the North-West was constituted district No. 5, with W. H. Nourse chief consul, and W. A. Capon representative.

A company was also formed for the purpose of publishing an Official Gazette, it being the intention to adopt the *Canadian Wheelman* if possible, and further enlarge and improve it. Mr. Tibbs was appointed president; Mr. Brierley secretary; Mr. W. K. Evans editor; and Messrs. Tibbs and Eakins associate editors. The Secretary of the C.W.A. will edit all association matter. A committee was appointed to complete arrangements.

NOTES OF THE MEET.

Montreal for the next meet.

How does the "Yorkshire dude" feel?

The second annual meet has proved a grand success.

The Montreal uniform was about the neatest in the parade.

Who was the fiend that blew the bugle all night in the car?

Ald. Boustead the genial ex-President of the C.W.A., was around as brisk as ever.

The Toronto Club turned out eighty-two riders, the biggest club ever in parade in America.

Will any of the London or Brantford boys ever forget the two nights spent in the Pullman car?

W. A. Capon the Winnipeg representative, with the club banner, was on hand and received marked attention from the onlookers.

Who didn't tumble to Hal. Donly's aesthetic stockings with fancy silk clocks at the tournament. He must have some fair admirer.

Have you seen "Wheel Songs" yet? It is very handsomely gotten up and is published by White, Stokes & Allan, 5th Avenue, New York.

One of the Buffalos as well as one of the Londoners had their whistles taken from them by a policeman but were returned next day after explanations.

The Star rider from Rochester who entered in the races only lacked one thing to complete the make-up—a tail. Nevertheless, it is a great costume for 'cycling.'

It is rumored that several of the Buffalo wheelmen had their rooms rifled at the hotel where they were stopping, losing a considerable amount of money and a gold watch.

Both parade and race meeting compared most favorably with the parade and races of the League of American Wheelmen at Washington on May 19th and 20th. While over half the entire membership of the C.W.A. turned out here on Tuesday, less than one-fifth of the L.A.W. rode at Washington on May 19th. The C.W.A. races on Tuesday were splendidly contested, and had good fields of riders, the total number of starters in the ten races being thirty-five. The five L.A.W. races at Washington on May 20th had but eleven starters, and were poorly contested. In short, the second annual meet on Tuesday of the Canadian Wheelmen's Association was not only an immense advance on its own predecessor at London, Ont., last year, but it was an immensely better showing than that made by the League of American Wheelmen at Washington this year, and we think that no more powerful argument against the suggested merging of the C.W.A. in the American Association could be found than this comparative display of the two organizations on the occasions of their representative gatherings. There was probably never much danger of Canadian wheelmen voluntarily losing themselves in the League of American Wheelmen. There is no chance of such a step being taken now.—*The Mail.*

The Canadian Wheelmen's Association Guide Book has just come to hand. It is a neatly printed 16-mo. volume of about 100 pages, containing a vast amount of information of pronounced value to wheelmen. Besides, among the best features in the book are over thirty pages of road reports, from which a tourist can obtain detailed and accurate information as to the nature and character of the roads leading from town to town throughout Ontario and a portion of Quebec. The preparation of these reports must have cost much pains-taking labor, and as they now stand they are well nigh invaluable to any one who contemplates making a bicycle tour through Ontario or any portion of it.—*Toronto Globe.*

News from the Clubs.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Please make your letters brief and newsy, and then we will not be obliged to crowd out other letters of equal importance.

BELLEVILLE.

It is perhaps not realized by our 'cycling' friends westward that Belleville has one of the strongest and most flourishing clubs in the country, which, after our next meeting, will consist of over 50 wheels—not mere members, but 50 riders. We think this is grand for a little city of 10,000. The number of wheels in the city has almost doubled this season and additions are being made steadily. Our list includes clergymen, barristers, editors, and merchants.

Our highly successful tournament for May 26th was never reported in your columns, but it was attended with that success characteristic of the Ramblers Wheel Club of Belleville. Big attendance, first-class programme, and good records. T. West won the mile 3:17 $\frac{1}{4}$, and is one of Canada's coming "flyers." The five miles were covered by W. Greatrix in 18:46 $\frac{1}{4}$, and he is capable of something better. W. Garratt did a mile in 3:25 $\frac{1}{2}$, so it will be seen that the Club has good material. The track is an excellent one of cinder, one-seventh of a mile. After Fred Westbrook rode around it for the first time he said he wanted to ride his first long professional race on it. Let us hope he will.

The favorite runs from here are, eastward to Shannonville and Napanee, and westward to Trenton and Brighton, over unrivalled roads.

Every city is partial to some particular wheel. Belleville has run on the "Pilot," and "Expert Columbia," though nearly every other make is represented.

Capt. Retallack is entitled to a great deal of credit for his energetic efforts to build up the Club, and President Corby for the interest he shows in it.

We are expecting the members of the Niagara-to-Boston tour, and will see that they get a good dinner.

Thomas Stevens, the young Englishman who is on his way to Europe, travelling across this country on a bicycle, arrived at Chicago July 4th, bronzed and weather-worn. He left San Francisco April 22nd, and therefore had been forty-two days on the road. He is now on his way to New York via Toledo, Cleveland, and Erie, thence along the New York Central and Hudson River Railway roads. After a two weeks' rest he will take the steamer for Liverpool, and then bicycle through England, France, Germany, Austria, and Turkey to the boundary of the European continent. Mr. Stevens will stop there, and will, if possible, tour through Asia in 1885. His only additional luggage is a waterproof coat, and additions to his wardrobe are made on the road as required. He wears an army helmet, and finds it preferable to one of felt in the sun. He rides a 50-inch bicycle.

A 350-MILE TOUR THROUGH CANADA.

In arranging a programme for a bicycle tour of several days, it is not advisable to announce a run of over thirty-five or forty miles per day. In arranging the programme for the Canada tour of the Detroit Bicycle Club, it was laid out to cover a great amount of territory in a comparative small amount of time, so it necessitated some daily runs of sixty-five miles and over, and resulted in a very small number of participants, and those who had promised to join were afraid that the above mentioned number of miles daily were entirely beyond their reach, the writer himself fearing that he would be unable to accomplish the journey—but never was mortal man more greatly mistaken—nor greater enjoyment participated in than by the comparatively few who joined the party on the 13th day of July. A start was made from Windsor, Ont., opposite Detroit at 8:30 a.m., with Goderich Ont. as the objective point. The day was all that could be desired, with the favoring wind. After a journey over excellent roads, through Maidstone Cross, Essex Centre, and other villages, the party arrived on the outskirts of Leamington to find their first obstacle in the shape of sand for a mile or more, but by riding side-paths and walking, the town was reached and dinner obtained after a rest of one and one-half hours. The start was again made, passing through an elegant country with smiling fields on one side, and the beautiful waters of Lake Erie on the other. Dealtown, sixty-four miles distant from Windsor was reached by 6 p.m. The roads for the first day's run was as fine as one could wish, with the exception of occasional patches of gravel where the road was repaired, which required frequent dismounts, and very close riding at times with of course its usual accompaniments of "headers." "Shorty," (Mr. Weeks), of Detroit, who rode a 44-inch wheel was the only person who did not arrive on time, he having a great fondness for cherries, stopped at various farm-yards and had his fill, and his delay was no doubt owing to an overloaded stomach which necessitated a two hours nap at a farm house, at least that is what he says. With a cup of tea and a rubbing with arnica, he announced himself in readiness for tomorrow's journey.

The second day proved a repetition of the wind, weather, and road of the first day. On our arrival at Morpeth, we were joined by a local wheelman who continued with us to the end. About 10 o'clock in the morning we arrived at the famous Gardner farm, about three miles east of Morpeth, when the generous hospitality of Mr. Gardner and his family made famous by his entertainment of the Chicago tourists last season, was availed of by our party. As all of the male members of Mr. G's family are musicians and have a brass band of their own, we were only too sorry to find that most of them were away from home. After a short ride Clearville was reached where we intended to take dinner, but owing to our lunch at Mr. Gard-

ner's, we did not stop at Clearville. We found that the next fourteen miles of road were almost impassable owing to great depth of sand, heavy clay roads and "awful" hills. After prospecting for five miles a part of the party secured an ambulance and proceeded to Wallacetown where we were to stop for the night, but upon consulting our watches we found it was only three o'clock, so we decided to push for St. Thomas, nineteen miles distant over good roads, where we arrived in time for supper. Of the numerous incidents of the day one only need be mentioned, the fearful ride of Mr. L. down the famous Kettle Hill at a speed of forty mile per hour. Mr. L. tried to ride down the hill with his feet on his pedals, when he lost entire control of his machine, and it ran away with him, should he have met a small obstacle, it would have resulted in a very severe injury or death. In the evening we were entertained by various St. Thomas wheelmen. After dinner the following day a ride was made to London nineteen miles away. The evening was very pleasantly spent in London, being very handsomely entertained and banqueted by the Ariels and Forest City Clubs. Early to bed and get ready for a sixty-eight mile run over what purported to be the best road in Canada. It can only be described as follows: For the first twenty miles the roughest kind of Macadam filled with ruts about ten inches apart, and the rest of the road is very fair, but not so good as some of the roads in our first and second day's rides. We were of course very much disappointed as from the reputation of the road we anticipated a great ride. However Exeter was reached at noon and a halt made for dinner. In this connection allow me to call attention of the wheelmen to the Commercial Hotel at Exeter where we stopped for dinner. Mine host, Hawkshaw, and his son who presides at the bar did all in their power to make our stay comfortable, and we promised on our return to visit him again, a promise we faithfully kept in spite of a gale of wind, direct head one, which made wheeling very hard. We pushed on and arrived at Goderich at 8 p.m., very much fatigued over what proved the hardest day's work in the experience of the entire party. The following day was spent in wheeling over the excellent roads in the vicinity of Goderich, a visit to the Point Farm, a favorite watering place, the Falls and other places of resort. Leaving Goderich the next morning, a run was made to Exeter for dinner where the afternoon was spent, and after taking supper a run of ten miles brought us to Clandeboye, where the night was spent. From Clandeboye to Goderich for dinner, over excellent roads via Ailsa Craig, and a run of nineteen miles to Warwick village for the night. The last day's run to Sarnia of thirty miles over good gravel, bad clay, and deep sand, brought us into Sarnia, and ended a 350 mile bicycle ride. It is noteworthy to remark that with the exception of the first two days, strong head winds were met with at every turn. At Sarnia a steamer was boarded and we

arrived at Detroit at 6 p.m., on the 8th day out. The beautiful river and lake scenery appropriately ended what will always be considered by all participants as one of the events of their lives.

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The bicycle is one of the great benefits conferred upon this country, in that it educates young men to know the difference between a good road and a bad one. The average man does not know what a good road is, but when a man buys a bicycle and begins to ride, he begins to get interested in roads. I have seen a bicycler stand on his head to see what the matter was with the road. I, myself, have been so much interested in the way roads were constructed that I have got down and tasted of the dust.—President Bates.

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It is reported that since her arrival in England, Lotta, the famous actress, has become a convert to the pleasures of tricycle riding.

Literary Notes.

OUTING, FOR AUGUST.

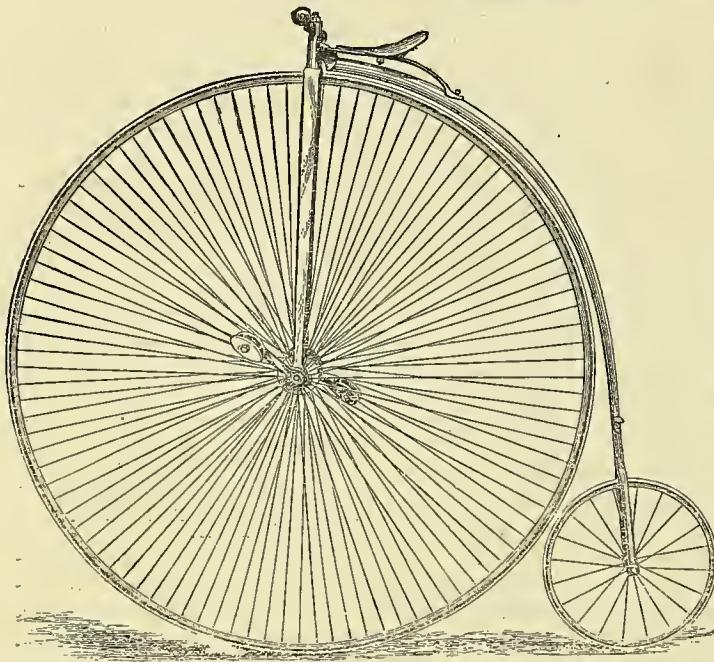
Outing, for August, is a midsummer number of fresh and vivid interest. Its frontispiece is one of Garrett's best drawings, with a brief and pertinent poem by Charles E. Pratt, entitled "Art in August." The leading illustrated article is by Frank S. Dobbins, describing "Tricycling Trips in Tokio." The illustrations of this article are unique and striking. Sarah Leslie contributes a breezy paper, entitled, "Yachting around Cape Cod," which is profusely illustrated by Webber. Other illustrated articles are "The Shaybacks in Camp," by S. J. Barrows, and "An Unlucky Trip," describing a bicycle tour with some most vexatious mishaps. A notable two-part story by Arlo Bates, entitled "A Strange Idyl," is begun in this number, and Dr. C. A. Neide contributes a lively canoeing reminiscence in "A Homeward Cruise." Natural history is represented in a charming paper by Bradford Torry, entitled "Scraping Acquaintance with the Birds," which shows keen and patient observation, as well as a delightful skill in putting its results into words. The editorial departments are full and interesting, as usual, and the monthly record affords recreative history which will be found worth preserving. *Outing* is gaining steadily in its hold upon the public, and its unique field is one that it fills handsomely. Price, \$2.00 a year. The Wheelman Company, Boston, Mass.

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"*Wheel Songs*" is the title of a very handsomely bound volume containing a collection of wheel verses by S. Conant Foster, who now stands at the head of bicycle poets. The book contains very fine illustrations, and a number of poems which have appeared in the *Wheelman*, as well as a number of new ones. This work makes a very handsome volume, and is published by White Stokes and Allen, New York.

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TORONTO.

Bicycling Brevities.

D. J. Canary, the champion trick bicyclist, rides on one wheel without back bone or handlebar.

John Brooks, of Elmira, the 10-mile L. A. W. champion, is looked upon as the coming long-distance man.

The Prince of Wales has found a new road to popularity. He has become an enthusiastic and expert bicyclist.

Messrs. Tytler, Millar and Evans, three London wheelmen intend riding to Buffalo, starting Monday July 28th.

The C.T.C. in Canada is steadily gaining a strong hold, through the energetic influences of the Canadian officers.

Mlle Louise Armaindo is said to have developed into an exceedingly graceful and expert fancy rider, and, in company with Master Sewell, will give exhibitions of double fancy riding.

Wm. Begg of the Ariel Touring Club, has been appointed Chief Consul C.W.A. for London City, also Chief Consul C.T.C. for London, by J. A. Muirhead, C. C. No. 1 District and C.T.C. Consul.

Dr. Macklin, of Poplar Hill, a village twelve miles distant from London, has accepted a situation as physician to the Foreign Missionary Society at Kobota, Japan. He purposes taking his bicycle with him to scare the Japs.

One of the wheelmen at the C.W.A. meet in Toronto, had the misfortune of having his ball bearing pedals taken from his machine, and none of any kind left in their place. No one else but a bicyclist could have wanted them very badly.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher has joined the ranks. He does not ride a bicycle but a Columbia tricycle. The rev. gentleman keeps several horses, but predicts that he will soon be able to dispense with some of them. In the language of Charles A. Dana, Mr. Beecher is 71 years old, weighs 220 pounds, and is a good man.

Fred Westbrook, a Canadian bicyclist of some note as a racer, is charged with having sold a race at Belleville, Ont., recently, in which he was a favorite. The charge is apparently well founded, and it is highly improbable that the "crooked" work can be repeated, as clubs throughout the Dominion will not admit Westbrook in any contest.—*Mirror.*

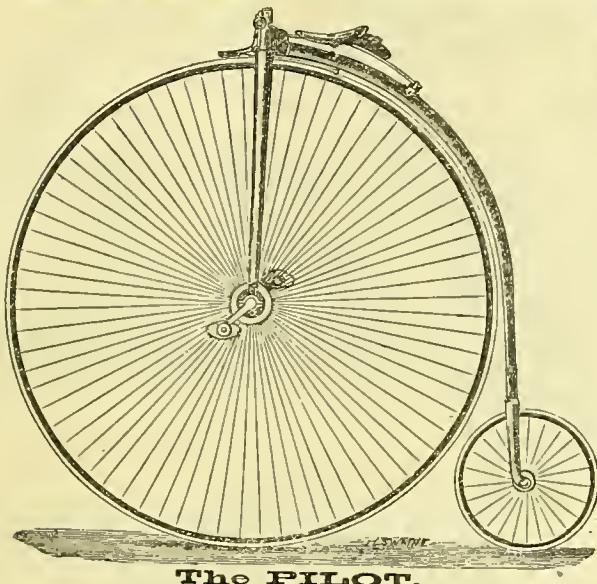
Walter J. Plumb was riding on his bicycle along the turnpike out at Verona, N. J., one day last week, when the rubber tire suddenly flew off the front wheel. Before the rider could stop the machine, a large black snake that was lying in the road suddenly placed its body in the groove of the wheel, which it just fitted, and remained there until the bicycler reached the end of his journey.—*Puck's Snake Stories.*

For Sale.

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

FOR SALE—A 52-INCH SPECIAL BRITISH Challenge, full-nickelated, ball-bearing to both wheels, Hill & Tolman gong, ball-bearing pedals and tool bag, all complete. Has only been used part of last season and is in first-class condition, but too small for present owner. Address—CANADIAN WHEELMAN, box 52, London, Ont.

To no class of men, perhaps, is bicycle riding more beneficial than to those who lead sedentary occupations in the manifold walks of life—apprentices, clerks, students, business men, professional men, physicians, teachers, clergymen, and others. If such find their system weakened and "run down" by over work, anxiety, or other causes, and are not incapable of riding a bicycle, they will find that its use, instead of being injurious, will give them strength, tone, and a manly vigor from head to foot; in short health. This statement could be substantiated by thousands of bicycle riders, who have found, to their surprise and gratification, that this exercise in the sun and air—the two greatest of tonics—instead of merely developing the calves of their legs, has given them health and strength throughout the body. A like result may doubtless be attained in other ways, as by horseback riding, yachting, boating or canoeing. But all cannot afford these, or live where such exercises are convenient without an interference with their regular work. The bicycle adds to the list of known agencies in obtaining and keeping health.—Detroit *Chaff.*



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KRON CRIES FOR "MORE."

EDITOR OF CANADIAN WHEELMAN:

I am sorry to report that the number of one dollar subscriptions pledged for "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle" is only 1447, or against 1204 on the eighth of May, when I issued an announcement, expressing a hope that I might secure the needed 3000 names in season to publish the book in October. During the last month the addition to the list have numbered only seventy-eight, or compared with 165 in the month preceding; and I am therefore forced to admit that there is little chance of my being able to print the book before December. I am confident that I could secure 1550 additional names within three months from now, were I at liberty to devote my entire time to the carrying on of the canvass; but I must spend at least two months in writing six or eight new chapters for the book, and in revising the parts already prepared. Hence, as I cannot do much correspondence concerning subscriptions until September, I fear my list will increase very slowly in the interval, unless the patronage already secured shall come to my rescue by each persuading "one more man" to send in his name for enrollment among my "immortals."

It seems necessary that I should thus call the special attention of your readers to the fact that names can be added to my "appendix of subscribers" even as late as November, because the announcement of my scheme which the editors of the "C.W.A. Guide"

Book" were good enough to publish for me (p. 92) seems to imply that June was the latest month when such addition could be made. In regard to the "guide" just named, every reader of my book will be urged to purchase a copy as a preliminary to touring in Canada, for it is certainly well worth the half-dollar charged for it. Yet, in comparing it with my own book (whose price I have put at a dollar for those who pledge their names to it in advance), I see that not only will my pages be four times as many, but also that the amount of my printed matter will be ten times as great, and my expenses of publication will be ten times as great, while my receipts from advertisements will be nothing. In other words, only the sale of a very large edition, like 5000 copies, can justify my plan of putting forth so elaborate a volume at so low a rate; and the probability of such sale cannot be assured unless I am able to print in the book itself the names of 3000 people who have each pledged a dollar for it in advance. My recent twenty days' ride of 765 continuous miles was mostly through a country which I had not previously explored; and a report of it will require an additional chapter for my book. I fear, indeed, that the size of this will so increase as to force me to put its price up to \$1.25 when publication day really arrives. Intending purchasers will therefore be likely to help themselves as well as help me, by giving prompt heed to my present cry for "fifteen hundred more."

KARL KRON.

The University Building, Washington Square, N.Y., 10th July, 1884.

W. T. Rutherford & CO,
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= SMOKE =

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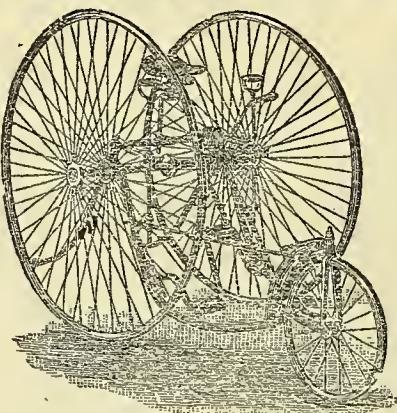
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A. T. LANE ESQ., Montreal.

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

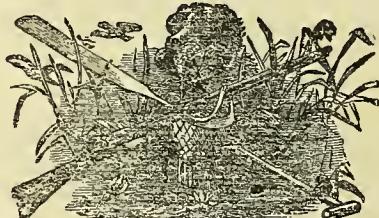
Yours truly, J. A. MUIRHEAD,
Late Capt. Montreal Bicycle Club.
(Now Capt. Ariel Bicycle Club, London.)

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