

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, NOVEMBER, 1884.

No. 2.

THE VICTOR TRICYCLE.

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—AND—

SPEEDY.

—ALL—

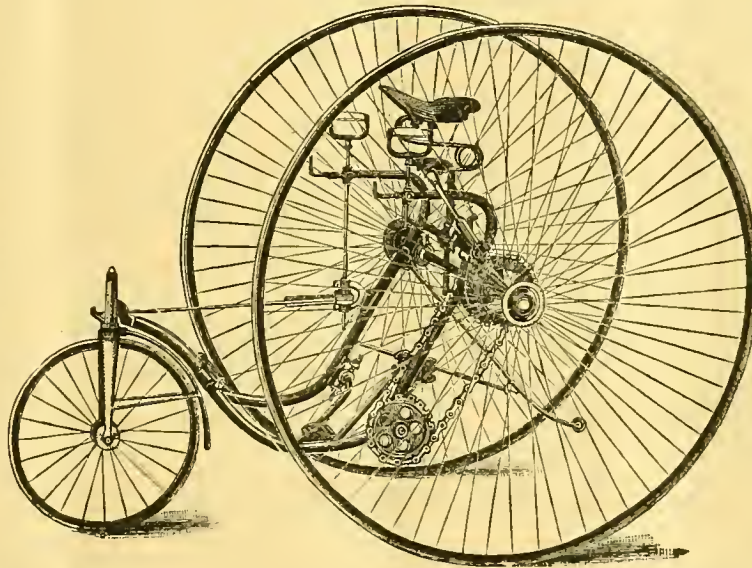
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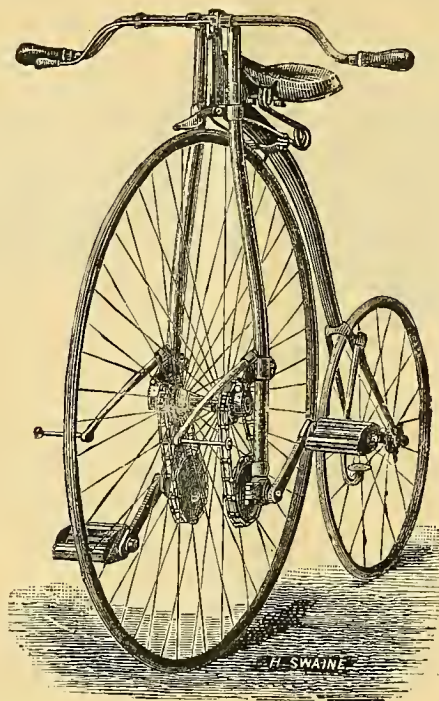
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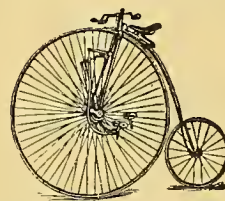
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The Canadian Wheelman:

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING.

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

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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.

A SUGGESTION.

The winter months constitute a season of enforced rest for the wheelman. Let him be ever so enthusiastic, there is no other resource for him, in this land of snow and ice, than to stable his steed at the approach of winter. There is little left to him but the melancholy satisfaction of occasionally "oiling up," more, perhaps, for the pleasure he derives from this little attention to his wheel than from any necessity for the operation. This done, the disconsolate cyclist returns it to its stall with a sigh, and longs for the summer.

We have a suggestion to make. If we cannot ride during the winter, let us do a little work for the cause. There are various ways in which this can be done. Where there are clubs, the members should keep the lamp burning all winter if possible. An effort should be made to put the clubs on a permanent basis. A plan of operations for the coming season could be studied carefully, discussed, and finally mapped out. There are a hundred and one ways in which the time which in summer is occupied in active operations could be used in preparation. There is nothing like having a campaign planned in advance, and the summer work of every club should be a campaign in the interests of cycling.

But, in addition, wheelmen can do something, if they wish, for the Association. Every man who has ridden during the past season can, with very little trouble to himself, compile valuable information about the roads in his own locality. Clubs can revise and condense these reports at their meetings, and by comparing notes among themselves render the Association officers much assistance. The "Guide Book" is very useful so far as it goes, but it lacks much yet. The information which it contains was obtained, in many cases, with difficulty, and too late to permit of verification. Now that the foundation has been laid, and each member of the Association is in possession of one of the books, the design of its compilers can be seen by all. It remains for the members to lend their assistance to the work. What is done in this way should be done early, so that if a new book is

issued next year, it may be in the hands of wheelmen at the opening of the season.

There is one other way in which the lovers of the sport can help it in this country. That is, by helping THE WHEELMAN. A little encouragement now will put such life and vigor into it that it will establish a "record" for itself before next season is over. We need say no more.

Is not the Racing Board of the C. W. A. somewhat slow in getting into working order? In the United States the Racing Board of the L. A. W. is a most important factor in cycling matters, but up to the present time it has been unheard from in Canada. Among the points which force themselves upon the Racing Board, and which ought to receive consideration, are these: Are there in existence any means of knowing how correct the Toronto and Woodstock tracks are, these being the tracks upon which the Canadian records were made? If so, are they in the possession of the Racing Board? What has been done to preserve the records made this summer? In short, with our race meetings conducted as they have been, how long would Canadian records be recognized in the United States? It is to be hoped the gentlemen comprising the Racing Board will take some action at an early date and let us hear from them.

In organizing their great American tours, it seems as if the Chicago Club can not do without a spin over some of our Canadian roads. They are already at work on the trip for '85, the following particulars being already announced:

"Route is Buffalo to Rochester; cross Lake Ontario to Cobourg, grand soiree; wheel to Belleville, great time; thence to Thousand Islands, large time; rail to Utica, and wheel down Mohawk Valley to Albany; thence down the Hudson to New York city."

In their trip this year several Canadians were present, and with such a tempting route as the one laid out, there is every reason to expect a large number in their trip of '85.

Once let the fact be thoroughly understood and recognized by the drivers of other vehicles that the bicycle and tricycle have equal rights on the road and in the streets of cities and towns, and the wheel will easily and without fuss or trouble find the proper place in the general system of locomotion and travel. A judge in a recent case at law involving the road rights of wheelmen made the curious blunder of saying that a bicycle is more difficult than a horse to control in a crowd. This will be news to wheelmen, who have learned to accommodate themselves to circumstances, and manage their machines almost as handily as the pedestrian can manage himself. We saw a case in point at one of the Chicago bridge approaches one day this week. Through no fault of his own, a wheelman found himself suddenly pocketed by a heavy truck wagon. With a swift turn of the hand-bar he was at the curbstone, and in an instant had his wheel on the edge of the sidewalk out of everybody's way. Had he been driving a horse and buggy there would have been a jangle, a tangle, a smash-up, and a delay of several minutes to several thousand people.—*Mirror of American Sports*.

The initials "C. C.," which are applied to the name of the worthy personage who fills the position of Chief Consul, can be put to more uses than one, the following being an instance: At a recent race meeting, a prominent Chief Consul officiated as master of ceremonies, so to speak, and during the races the spectators began to crowd over the track, when a fellow-cyclist, whose view of the race was obstructed, shouted out to the C. C., "County Constable, clear the track, please!"

EDITORIAL NOTES.

All the Canadian records have been made on "Invincibles," much to the delight of Fane & Co.

If the L. A. W. meet for '85 is held in Buffalo, as the prospects are at present, there is no doubt but that a large number of Canadians would be in attendance.

Amateur photography, in connection with cycling, promises to become very popular in Canada next season. Already, several clubs have their club photographer.

We wish to remind our subscribers that a large number of subscriptions expired with our last issue, and that they will confer a favor by renewing at an early date.

An enthusiastic wheelman of Toronto, in writing his opinion of THE WHEELMAN in its new dress and form, makes the modern remark: "Great paper; takes the cake." Another correspondent says: "It is just immense."

Verily, experience is an excellent teacher. The Springfield Bicycle Club makes about \$7,000 out of their tournament this year, with an attendance of 40,000 people, over a loss of about \$3,500 last year, with an attendance of 50,000 people.

A word in season to correspondents. Do not forget to keep THE WHEELMAN posted as to your club's doings during the long winter months, and always send contributions before the 25th of each month to enable us to put in an appearance by the 10th of the month.

Although Fred. Westbrook has been nearly forgotten since his withdrawal from the membership of the C. W. A. to join the professional ranks, he now comes to the front in the southern States, riding in amateur races as Patterson, of Toronto.

Cycling in Canada has taken a wonderful stride in progress during the past season. With its ever-increasing organization—the C. W. A., its Canadian division of the C. T. C., its representative journal, THE WHEELMAN, its very successful bicycling tours, and its well-conducted and exciting race-meets—it is a sport with a record of which we may well feel proud.

A bicycling tour to Bermuda during the cold winter months is being agitated by Frank Elwell, of cycling fame. Can anyone imagine anything grander than a tour during the cold and dreary months of December and January in a country where it is perpetual summer—where the roads are as smooth as a cemented floor, and where the mercury never falls below 55° or rises above 80°. Karl Kron calls Bermuda "The wheelmen's paradise."

WITH OUR EXCHANGES.

The Montreal *Herald* calls W. G. Ross, the Maud S. of wheelmen. There is not much Maud S. ty about that.—*Bicycling World*.

THE CANADIAN-WHEELMAN hits the nail on the head with more truth than poetry when it says: "Talking about the Springfield meet, how natural it has come to be to think of it as a fixture! There would be a big hole in the bicycle calendar if the Springfield meet should drop out."—*Wheelmen's Gazette*.

The exhibitions given at the Casino Rink, Elmira, N.Y., last Thursday and Saturday evening, by Mr. Geo. E. Hutchinson, the champion fancy rider of Canada, was very fair, although we have seen those who excel him. The upside-down mount on one wheel deserves especial mention, as it is certainly a well-executed trick.—*American Roller*.

HE WAS USED TO IT.—"Are you hurt?" shrieked a dozen picnicking females, as a young man was tossed over a neighboring fence by an angry bull and landed on his head in the middle of the road. "Hurt?" he answered. "Why, of course not; I am used to coming down that way." "Used to it?" exclaimed the fair chorus. "Why, how can that be?" "I own a bicycle," was the reassuring reply.—*Philadelphia Call*.

Tom Eck and Fred Westbrook, the bicyclists, who recently entered a hippodrome race in Omaha, under assumed names, in order to raise a stake, have succeeded in disgracing themselves to a considerable extent, and their names connected with future races will be a sufficient reason for the failure of the same. The boys must live, of course; if they refuse to work, but they are bungling confidence men.—*Sporting Journal*.

The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Record* says: "The Western Union Telegraph office here is utilizing the bicycle in the delivery of messages very successfully. It has four bicycles, which the messenger boys keep in motion all day and night. You never see more than two in the office at one time. The managers are delighted with them. They save boys, time and money. A messenger on one of those machines goes from the office of the Telegraph Co., opposite the Treasury, to the boundary of the city, perhaps a mile and a half away, and back inside a dozen minutes."

Hugo Barthol, a native of Saxony, has just completed a long bicycle journey. In eleven weeks he has covered 2,800 miles. Starting from Gera, he rode to Frankfurt, thence down the Rhine to Switzerland, stopping at Basle, Zurich, Lucerne, across the St. Gothard mountains to Milan and Turin. He accomplished the difficult task of riding across the Apennines on his way to Genoa. Following the coast, he rode to Pisa, thence through southern Italy to Florence, Rome and Naples, from which point he started the home ride, crossing the Apennines to the eastern coast of Italy, the whole length of which he covered. He passed through Ancona, Venice, Bologna, Trieste, Larbach, Graz, Vienna, Tetschen, Dresden, and back to Gera. Mr. Barthol remained from three to six days in the larger cities. The feat is the most remarkable on record.—*Hamburg Morning News*.

Small Brother—"Why don't you get to goin' with Mabel Carson, Fred?" Big Brother—"Why, Charlie, do you think she's pretty?" S.B.—"Naw—but her brother's got the boss bicycle."—*Burlington Free Press*.

A tricycling girl named Susanna,
Who rode in a most taking manner,
Bought a rational dress,
And I now must confess
She has knocked us all hard as a hammer.

—News.

There was quite a crowd collected last Saturday evening, as we passed over the Holborn Viaduct, outside the premises of the Coventry Machinists' Co., inspecting the splendid array of prizes which Gaskell has brought home from America, the result of his various races there on the company's cycles. The huge trophy cup formed a centre, around which were grouped the tea and coffee pots, the inlaid pistols, and other handsome mementoes of his visit, which he secured across the "herrin' pond." The shop being lit up brilliantly, everything was seen to the best advantage, and no doubt the mouths of many of the onlookers watered at the sight of the substantial rewards of Gaskell's prowess.—*Cyclist*.

THE TANDEM TRICYCLE AS A WEDDING CARRIAGE.—A funny, though truthful, story reaches us from a place on the Lincolnshire coast, very popular with Sheffield and Nottingham people, to the effect that one day early last month a young lady and gentleman rode up to the parish church at the seaside referred to on a tandem tricycle, and in tricycle dress, and having been duly married by the rector of the parish, remounted their tandem and rode off in the most commonplace fashion. The same couple are still frequently to be seen riding tandem in the district where they reside, and they fondly imagine that no one knows of their having given a new era to the tricycle as a wedding carriage. A correspondent suggests that there is no reason why bridesmaids and groomsmen should not attend in the same style. 'Twould certainly be more economical than the general system of carriages and pairs.—*Sheffield, Eng., Independent*.

Considerable attention was attracted by the sight of a lady tricyclist on our streets on Saturday (Oct. 11), and many comments were made on the ease and grace with which the young lady propelled the machine. The fair rider was Miss Mabel Corson, who, with her father, Mr. E. H. Corson, was on her way from Rochester, N.H., to Boston, a distance of over 100 miles. They were the guests of Mr. H. C. Oak during their stay here, and were accompanied as far as Ipswich by Messrs. Oak and Logan. Many ladies now own tricycles, but few have the courage to undertake such a journey as that accomplished by Miss Corson, many of the roads between the two places being far from first-class. Mr. Oak received the following postal from Mr. Corson at the end of the above trip:

Rochester, N.H., Oct. 15, 1884.

FRIEND OAK,—I rode up Corey Hill this morning before breakfast, against a head wind. Can do it every day.

CORSON.

Corey Hill is a very long and steep ascent in Boston, which few riders are able to overcome. Mr. Corson was the first bicyclist who made the descent of Mt. Washington.—*Merrimac Budget*.

Some short time ago the N. V., L. E. and W. R. R. Co. informed cyclists that they might go about their business, for said company would not be bothered carrying their machines on any consideration. Here was a pretty state of affairs, American cyclists defied by an American railroad company. Everyone stood aghast, and it looked very like as if the home policy of the L.A.W. was about to follow on the lines of the foreign policy of the United States; when suddenly the L.A.W. member, who never slings on any airs, moved his right hand a little, and then it was—to paraphrase Scott—

"That from amazement's iron trance"

All Burley's bruises waked at once.

And the greatest individual railroad company in the country got knocked out in one round.—*Athlete*.

Mr. Sellers, who was received most enthusiastically, said that he was more than repaid by the way in which his friends had personally received him, and referred to the coldness with which the victories of Englishmen were received in America, and the endeavors of the American press to cast slurs upon them.—*The Cyclist*.

Mr. Sellers has shown us greater ability with his legs than with his mouth. If he had directed his slurs against a few papers in the small cities where he raced there would have been a morsel of truth in what he says; but when he includes the whole American press, he shows base ingratitude for a most cordial welcome and a generous recognition of his racing abilities extended to him by the wheel press and the great metropolitan dailies. We do not know what the Englishmen expected, but if they were not gratified at the receptions given them at Springfield, as they came to the mark each day, and the generous applause that followed their victories, their demands are very high. The conduct of Sellers and Howell since their return to England has been marked by a contrast as strong as it was in America between these gentlemen and Messrs. Gaskell and Chambers.—*Bicycling World*.

—10:—

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION.—The editors of *The Youth's Companion* seem to have put their fingers on the pulse of every boy and girl of healthy tastes and instincts in America. *The Companion* is full every week of interesting stories with a thoroughly wholesome influence, tales of adventure, articles that entertain and instruct at the same time, and most carefully selected miscellany. It is a weekly treasury of good reading, and is already read and prized in 325,000 families. The price is only \$1.75 a year, and the publishers, Perry Mason & Co., Boston, offer for that sum to send *The Companion* free from the time the subscription is received until January, 1886.

CHANGE OF FIRM.—As will be seen by advertisement, Messrs. Charles Robinson & Co., of 22 Church st., Toronto, have succeeded Rae & Watson in the bicycle and tricycle business. The new firm intends making a specialty of cycles and sporting goods, and will soon remove to large and new premises. They will continue to make the "Rudge" their specialty, and as it is an excellent wheel they will no doubt do a large business. They also call attention in their advertisement to some bargains in second-hand wheels.

When a man becomes a good bicyclist he says: "Good-by, sick list."

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

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

Winnipeg Club, add 4—B. 0475, F. Vandewe; B. 0476, Frank Westbrook; B. 0477, J. B. Chambers; B. 0478, W. Osborne.

Norwich Club, 9 members—B. 0480, J. H. Robinson; B. 0481, W. M. Carman; B. 0482, N. Batty; B. 0483, Walter Batty; B. 0484, W. Mustard; B. 0485, L. Copeland; B. 0486, W. H. Miller; B. 0487, D. Donald; B. 0488, J. M. Cole.

Berlin Club, add 1—B. 0489, C. W. Wells.
Toronto Club, add 34—

B 0496, W H Brown	B 0514, Dan Munn
B 0497, J W Ivory	B 0515, J Davis
B 0498, C J Thorley	B 0516, C Cuthbertson
B 0499, J H Page	B 0517, Gus Skerrow
B 0500, W H Stewart	B 0518, A Anderson
B 0501, C Davies	B 0519, A M M Kirkpatrick
B 0502, R G McLean	B 0520, E T Coates
B 0503, W H West	B 0521, A J Hollyer
B 0504, W H Cox	B 0522, A E Walker
B 0505, H R Merritt	B 0523, T Levy
B 0506, W Thomas	B 0524, C Segsworth
B 0507, D C Wagner	B 0525, J S Anderson
B 0508, C S Houltain	B 0526, C H Jaggard
B 0509, Geo Barfoot	B 0527, T F Hutchinson
B 0510, Geo Lever	B 0528, A S Bowers
B 0511, F W Brown	B 0529, J A Fraser
B 0512, C B Murray	
B 0513, Martin Merry	

Woodstock Club, add 2—B. 0530, J J Dawson; B. 0531, Merle S. Knight.

At the last annual meeting of the Association, the report of the Secretary showed that there were then 714 members good upon the books. This figure was, however, considerably above the *bona fide* membership. The 1st of July is the end of the Association year, and very many clubs had sent in their renewal subscriptions for the new year, while the clause in the Constitution which gives thirty days' grace to the members in renewing would not allow of any names being taken off, although the Secretary might know that they were not intending to remain in the Association. It has, in consequence, been deemed advisable to lay before the Association a list of the clubs, with their membership corrected to this date, in order to show our actual strength, and also for the purpose of comparing it with

what it was at the close of the wheeling season of 1883.

On the 19th of October, 1883, when the present Secretary was elected to office, there were in the Association eighteen clubs, with a total membership of 402. These clubs were the—

Forest City, London	45	Royal City, Guelph	13
St. Thomas	22	Hamilton	20
Simcoe	10	Ottawa	15
Aylmer	19	Clinton	5
Toronto	40	Montreal	66
Wanderers, of Toron.	50	Newcastle	6
Pt. Elgin	10	Ariels, London	12
Brantford	10	Unattached memb'rs	3
Woodstock	36	Total	402
St. Marys	10		
Oshawa	10		

By the 1st of July in this year, as given above, this membership had grown to 714. Some new clubs had joined, and others had increased their numbers, notably the Montreal Club, which topped the list with 102, the Wanderers' with 80, and the Torontos with 58. On the 1st of August, thirty days after the expiration of the year, the Secretary went over the roll-book, writing out the delinquent members and clubs, —the clubs to suffer expulsion from the C.W.A. and loss of rank being Aylmer, Pt. Elgin, Clinton and Oshawa. This, as a matter of course, materially decreased the number of our members; but we have ever since been growing back towards the old figures, and the end of this season finds us considerably better off than last. Our membership is now 523, made up as follows:

Forest City, London	9	Kingston	19
St. Thomas	22	Ingersoll	8
Simcoe	20	St. Catharines	21
Torontos, of Toronto	73	Strathroy	9
Wanderers, do.	15	Listowel	6
Brantford	19	Paris	16
Woodstock	47	Winnipeg	27
St. Marys	5	Carleton Place	8
Royal City, Guelph	15	Seaforth	12
Hamilton	21	Napanee	11
Ottawa	14	Stratford	10
Montreal	36	Berlin	8
Newcastle	15	Norwich	9
Aerials, London	20	Unattached	11
Goderich	15	Total	512

In comparing these two lists, it will be seen that nearly all of the clubs in the smaller places have either held their own or show a good increase, the clubs to fall off being the larger ones, notably the Wanderers', of Toronto, and the Montreal. We do not believe that this is because the clubs themselves have decreased, but because their entire membership is not in the Association. In fact, we know this is the case. Now, the Constitution distinctly says all clubs must belong in their entirety, or else they cannot be Association clubs. If we are to have rules, let us live up to them. If important clubs like the two we have mentioned are going to disregard our Constitution in such a manner, can we expect the lesser clubs to do otherwise? Must not the result sooner or later be most disastrous to the Association? We sincerely hope that the officers of the C.W.A. in the different clubs will take this matter up and urge upon their clubs the importance of attend-

ing to this matter at once. We estimate that if this rule was strictly adhered to the Association would now have enough additional members to bring its strength up to 800.

It appears to us that a great improvement could be made in the manner of selling the Association Pins. It is certainly most desirable that they come into universal use among the members. They are an exceedingly handsome scarf-pin and very cheap, and would surely sell readily wherever seen. To get members to remit money for them, however, without first seeing them, seems to be impossible, as the order-book of the Secretary testifies. The idea of the Board of Officers in keeping the sale of them in their own hands was not to make money, as that would be impossible at the price charged, but it was to prevent outsiders from wearing them, and thus imposing upon members of the Association that they might meet. This trouble has proved itself to be merely an imaginary one. No one but a wheelman would give a fig for one of these pins, while the possession of one should not surely be indicative of good standing in the C. W. A., otherwise what use are our membership certificates. At a bicycle meeting on the other side of the line, we ventured to say seventy-five per cent. of the wheelmen present wear L.A.W. pins. Their way is to let the manufacturers that they contract with sell them direct to the members, and as a consequence they are on sale in all parts of the country with other bicycle goods. We think the Board of Officers will find that a similar arrangement made with Messrs. Ellis & Co. will have the effect of getting our badge into general use much faster than the present bothersome, roundabout way.

Various causes have for the past three months united to prevent the Secretary of the Association from bestowing that attention and time upon its affairs that he would wish. First, an accident which happened to him in the month of July, rendering him unfit for more writing than was absolutely necessary for six weeks or so, then a fortnight's absence from home, and since an unusual amount of business in his office, are to blame. He hopes in the future, however, to do better. Any who may have been inclined to find fault with his delinquencies will please pardon them upon his assurance of being more prompt and attentive in the future.

The only case that the Membership Committee have this month to report is that of R. W. Hamlin, of Oshawa, charged with having, in Port Hope, thrown a race for the sum of \$50. Hamlin pleaded guilty, and was expelled from the Association. Clubs holding race meetings should look out for the young gentleman, as should also all amateur racing men.

Jones is a cyclist, and a married man, and does his own gardening; Brown, another cyclist, meets him, and accosts him thus: "I saw you last night with a unicycle. Where did you get it?" Jones replied: "Some mistake. I haven't a unicycle; mine is a bicycle." "Well, I was under the impression that I saw you 'an a sickle," said Brown, trying to smother a laugh. Jones still wonders what Brown laughed so heartily about.

A WONDERFUL HILL.

I have heard some strange stories about hill-coasting lately, which, for their veracity and facts connected with them, would never be right to doubt.

In relating the following little experience, I hope none of its readers will for an instant doubt my statements, as they could not, under the circumstances, be otherwise than correct.

It came about this way: Myself and a friend were touring in the northern part of Ontario, and were in a region probably never before pedalled over by a bicyclist. It was on a Sunday morning, and everything was still and quiet. For the past three days we had been continually climbing or walking up hill, never down; and although for the first day or so we wondered where we were ascending to, yet we soon forgot that in the luxury of the roads, which were of such good quality as to make hill-climbing almost imperceptible.

Well, on this day, towards noon, we perceived at last we were approaching the top of this long stretch, and meeting a native, asked him about the roads further on. His answer was the one calculated to make a bicyclist elated, and we were about to proceed when he stopped us, and, after turning our pedals around once or twice, said, "I gess yous boys had better not try ter ride down Jacob's hill, on them scissors-grinders." Of course we asked about the hill, and were informed that it was a mile further on, and was so steep and long that waggons had to go down with weights trailing behind, and that the gravel was put on with shingle nails to keep it in place! After assuring the man of our ability to coast any hill, we mounted and very soon reached the top.

After riding about half a mile along a level road, we came to a summit of a hill, which, although it seemed long, did not strike us as being too steep to coast.

Sitting well back, we threw our legs over the handles and started down the hill. At first we did not go at any great speed, but soon I felt my wheel start.

Bones, my friend, had just the same machine, in size and weight, as my own, and his weight was also about the same as myself, so that in coasting our machines run with about equal speed. On this occasion he was about a length in advance of me.

By the time we had descended a quarter of a mile our speed increased to such a rate that the telegraph poles appeared like a picket fence. I commenced to feel uneasy, and gradually put on my brake. Finding no perceptible difference in the speed, I cast my eyes on it and found that it was melted into liquid metal from the friction on the rubber. I was still intent on this when a cry from Bones diverted my attention. I now perceived that my tire was detaching itself in small pieces, and was being sent with terrific force against the back of my friend, who was directly in front of me. He was soon covered with rubber. The last piece of my tire had scarcely left the wheel when Bones' front wheel tire, parting in the centre, flew off. Being directly behind him, I rode right on to it, and, strange to relate, it fitted into my empty fellow exactly, and the cement

being hot, it stuck fast, so that now I commence to gain on Bones.

Suddenly my companion uttered a cry, which drew my attention down the road in front of us. About a mile down was an old woman crossing the road. Scarcely had the cry been uttered than we were there, just grazing the old lady by an eighth of an inch. I turned around slightly in my saddle, and looking back I perceived the female, now some miles up the road, turning rapidly round and round in the eddies of wind caused by our bodies in passing her.

As I have mentioned before, I was steadily gaining on Bones, owing to the loss of his tire, when, owing to the friction, the cones of his back wheel gave way, and gradually the wheel slipped out of the forks. Being lightened by this, my friend quickly drew ahead, and soon disappeared in the distance ahead of me. I soon passed his back wheel, which continued on its course, and shortly arrived at the bottom of the hill. Still coasting, I was carried up a very steep hill about a mile long before I could with safety return my feet to the pedals. It was here I was on the point of dismounting, when a voice further on attracted my attention. I therefore proceeded towards the direction of the sound, and found Bones, my friend, calmly smoking a cigarette, and regretting the loss of his back wheel and tire.

We were arguing over the ownership of the tire, when a slight noise drew our attention down the road: here we perceived the little wheel referred to roll up and fall on its side. On being examined, it was found perfectly sound, with the exception of the cones, which were speedily replaced with extra ones carried by us.

Strange to relate, with the exception of the loss of a tire, our machines were solid, and after a good rest we proceeded on our way, having introduced a rubber hose into Bones' fellow in place of his lost tire.

Now, if anybody could for an instant doubt this little experience of road-riding, I am prepared to show them the boots I wore on the occasion, and also the monkey wrench that we used on Bones' wheel, which ought to convince the most doubtful mind.

Toronto.

GEORGIUS.

The following note from the Overman Wheel Company hails the advent of a new bicycle: "The Victor bicycle, at which we have been grinding for three or four years, is now being made in our works, and will be on the market in full dress March 1. It will be made throughout of interchangeable machinery, and be in every way as good a bicycle as can be found in all England. We do not propose to save one cent in its making. We do propose that the advent of the Victor bicycle shall mark a new era in the bicycle business in the United States. This in more ways than one. In a general way, the machine will contain Bown's ball-bearings to both wheels and pedals, Warwick hollow rims, tangent spokes and compressed tires, and be finished in Harrington's enamel and nickel. Later on we will give you a bill of particulars as to all details."

The results of the Springfield tournament races were cabled to the *Cyclist*, London, England, at a cost to the proprietors solely of nearly \$150.

ART AND THE BICYCLE.

One remarkable feature of the career of the bicycle is the prominent place it has taken in connection with art. Illustrations of this are found in two interesting paintings in the fine exhibition of American art at this year's fair of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics' Association. One of these paintings is by Mr. Henry Sandham, who is known to our readers as one of the most startling of our artist contributors, and the other is by Mr. R. Donaho. Mr. Sandham's picture shows a merry party of cyclers speeding down the slope of a picturesque New England road. It is most effective in grouping, and illustrates a delightful phase of the pleasures of the wheel. Mr. Donaho's picture is called "The Start." It represents a street in what appears to be a small European town, probably French, with two bicyclers setting out on their day's journey. One is just under way and the other is mounting. This, too, is an excellent painting, both in subject and in treatment.

The bicycle was the occasion for the establishment of the first artistic magazine devoted to outdoor recreation, and our own pages testify to endless opportunities which it offers for illustrations of the most attractive kind. One is disposed to ask how it is that a mere machine should be honored with such artistic favor. The contrary has hitherto been the case with most mechanical inventions, and the bicycle, in itself, varies so little in form that the fact seems doubly remarkable.

No artist would think, for instance, of a threshing machine or a telephone as a subject for picturesque treatment. But a little reflection will show good reason why the cycle should be an exception. In the first place, the bicycle has added a new grace to human movement. The action of a rider of the wheel is so aerial, his flight so birdlike, that, although the bicycle is now as common upon our highways as carriages are, people almost invariably turn to enjoy the sight. The highest form of depictive art consists of the representation of the human figure. And the bicyclist, in the exercise of his sport, has largely enriched the field of study in this respect. His costume displays the figure to the best advantage, and affords a welcome relief to the prosaic character of modern everyday male attire. The well-trained wheelman in action cannot fail to please the artist eye. His poise is admirable, and his motion brings all the muscles gently into play. While the general effect of his movements varies little, there is, however, a constant change which affords a highly interesting study for those who, like artists, have trained themselves to observe subtle gradations of action. The environment, too, of life on the wheel is rich in variety, taking one at will among strong contrasts of life and scenery, spreading unceasing feasts of picturesque pleasures, food for fancy and thought, before the rider of the silent steed. For these reasons, artists themselves have been attracted to the pleasures of the bicycle and the tricycle as to no other form of outdoor recreation. By no other means are picturesque subjects so readily attainable, and therefore numbers of the best artists are enrolled among the wheelmen's fraternity.—*Outing*.

Springfield boasts of 700 riders; Hartford has 500.

Poetry.

THE BICYCLER IN WINTER.

At this cold, inclement season,
When all out-doors is freezin',
And wheelmen from emerging must abstain,
'Tis the custom of club members
To roost around the embers,
And gently toast the favorite chilblain.

Warmth and fellowship conduce
To anecdote effuse,
Humor, spice, and legendary lore,
As about the fire they sit,
And smoke, and chin, and spit,
And watch the dancing shadows on the floor.

'Tis then wild tales are told,
By the fresher members bold,
In regard to deeds of valor they have done;
Of the time they got the drop
On the hot-pursuing cop,
Or the way they yanked the acrobatic bur.

Meanwhile the men of years
Prick up their grizzled ears,
And absorb the shameless boasts of callow youth,
But when they get a show,
Back to boyhood's days they go,
And relate wild yarns quite destitute of truth.

They tell of feats of strength,
Brave adventures at great length,
And how they smacked the bully in the eye;
And how they robbed the orchard,
And the hen-producer tortured,
Or from the pantry plucked the coy mince pie.

And towards the evening's close
The entire gathering goes
To a snug resort which is not far away,
Where Welsh rabbits, chops, and tripe,
Q. on toast, reed birds and snipe,
Are concocted in a manner quite O.K.

Next spring, when earth is green,
These wheelmen will be seen
Dashing madly up and down the "riverside,"
Leaving Maud S. far behind,
As they skip by like the wind,
Thus humbling gentle Wm. H.'s pride.

S. F.—*Sunday Courier*.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

THE CANADIAN WHEELMAN opens the second volume under new management and with a new heading. The paper is bright, newsy and progressive. May success go with it!—*Bicycling World*.

The officials of the L.A.W. can learn a point in furnishing an official organ to L.A.W. members, by procuring a copy of that excellent gazette. THE CANADIAN WHEELMAN.—*Wheelmen's Gaz.*

THE CANADIAN WHEELMAN has come to life after a long sleep. Its rest seems to have done it a world of good, as a vast improvement is shown over its former issues. It tackles the question of "Professionalism" the first thing, and says, let us keep ourselves "above suspicion." That is just what every kept amateur is trying to do.—*Bicycling World*.

—O:—

NOTICE.—Wm. Payne has just received from Coventry two sample bicycles, 1885 pattern—one Apollo and one Traveller. He claims them to be superior to any previous imports in several respects.

NEW YORK SQUIBS.

BY REDNALLAC.

The wheelmen now in New York exceed 900.
It is said that Miss A. B. Huss will study for an artist soon.

Mr. R. F. Searls, New York, has a Champion. 2.49 has been made by him, indoors, which is equal to 2.40 on a trotting track.

Mr. Edwin Oliver, who was formerly connected with *The Wheel*, has accepted the position of bookkeeper for a bank in Montreal, Can.

It is thought that the October number of *The Wheelman's Gazette* contains the finest account of a race-meeting ever given in any cycling paper. Score one for Ducker.

Belva Lockwood said lately that when she was President she would have a wood-lock and bell (a) on the pedals of her tricycle, so that everybody would know her.

The road-race of the Ixion Bicycle Club promises to be a great success. As Pitman (a member of the club, and who holds the long-distance record for tricycles) will participate, a good time is looked for.

1st Old Gent.: "What's them?" 2nd O. G.: "Oh! them things is what's called a bicyclesple. They say when they want to kill a man, over in Canada, they put him on the thing, and of course he falls off and breaks his cocoanut."

Thos. Stevens, the traveller, told me he would leave for England in three or four months. He has now in course of preparation articles for *Outing* and the *Wheelman*, *Century* and *Scribner's*, which he calculates will pay all his expenses.

Mr. Fred. Jenkins, of this city, while riding on his Star, last month, fell and sprained his ankle. Singularly, last year, in the same month, he did the same thing. These two falls are the only serious ones he has ever experienced. The Star has proved a dear machine for the ex-Secretary.

The second meeting of the Ladies' Tricycle Club was held on October 20th. The meeting was called to order by the presiding officer, Mrs. F. G. Bourne, at 7 p.m. Several trying questions were to be decided. Miss Dale suggested that in future the members should wear their dresses below the ankles. Instantly voted down. Miss Huss moved that the members have a glass of lemonade after the tiresome argument. Amended by Miss Swain, who thought soda better. Amendment accepted. Then came the question of the evening, viz.: "Should shoes be worn with two or three buttons?" After a great deal of argument, the former was favored.

A great deal of discussion has taken place regarding the Ladies' Tricycle Club, the first of its kind in the world, so I shall state all facts connected with it as correctly as possible. It was formed about six months ago, and its primary object was "to encourage road-riding for ladies." There are fifteen members at present, with but two officers, viz.: President, Mrs. Fred. G. Bourne; Sec.-Treas., Miss Anna B. Huss. Mrs. Bourne's husband is Vice-Pres. of the Citizens' Club, while Miss Huss' brother is a member of the same organization. The first clause in the club's constitution is "*Veni, vidi, vici*"—road-riding. The uniform is not yet decided upon, as the members are divided upon the subject.

THROUGH GERMANY ON A BICYCLE.

NOTES OF THE DOINGS OF ONE OF THE TORONTO WANDERERS.

Notice has already been taken of the fact that a member of the Toronto Wanderers' Bicycle Club, Mr. S. H. Townsend, a Toronto architect, is on a bicycle tour in Europe. Mr. Townsend's letters are terribly tempting reading to wheelmen, as may be shown by the following notes relative to the doings of himself and his companions.

EXTRACTS FROM MR. TOWNSEND'S DIARY.

Spent the morning (Saturday, August 30th) in visiting the Kaisersaal Romer and the celebrated Frankfort fair, which was in full swing, and presented a novel and interesting appearance, consisting, as it does, of booths for the sale of every imaginable article from baby linen to treacle, including cutlery and all descriptions of hardware, then back to the hotel to dress and to dinner.

Sunday went to church at the English church in the morning, and in the afternoon went to see the Ariadneum, which impressed me very much.

Monday, Sept. 1, "Stadl" institution, where I was much interested in the paintings (the modern ones), and after dinner rode through Darmstadt and Ebstadt to Blenheim, reaching the latter place about 8, and created a considerable stir. There was a fete of some sort going on, and the natives evidently took us for some new feature in the performance.

Tuesday rode to Worms and saw the cathedral, a grand old Romanesque pile, rather spoiled by decoration. Dined at Worms, and then rode on to Heidelberg, at which place we arrived about 5.20 in a heavy wind-storm, which nearly carried us off our machines. In the evening we witnessed one of the most beautiful sights imaginable—the illumination of the valley. All the castles, hotels, and residences on the hills were illuminated with red and green lights, and the valley literally filled with fireworks set off from the bridges and from boats on the river.

Wednesday I went over to the Heidelberg Schloss. I left the guide and penetrated into one of the dungeons where the public were not supposed to go, and one of the officials coming along a few minutes later, and finding the door open, shut and locked it, and I was unable to get out for nearly two hours. After dinner had a glorious bath in the Neckar, and visited St. Paul's church and other places of interest. Heidelberg is, without exception, the prettiest place I have ever seen, and at the same time a very cheap place to live in.

Thursday rode to Speyer and Carlsruhe, stopping two or three hours at the former place to see the cathedral. The entrance to Carlsruhe is through a magnificent avenue about four miles long, over a road like a billiard-table, and on the other side of the footpath from the road there is a steam train-line. A train of cars entered the avenue at the same time as we did, and I thought I should like to test my speed against it, so I put on a spurt and succeeded in keeping even with the train the whole length of the avenue, a feat which considerably surprised the pedestrians in the neighborhood, who collected in groups all along the road to watch the race. Spent the morning in Carlsruhe, a very prettily laid-out place, with

very little of architectural interest, and then rode on to Stuttgart.

Monday, Sept. 8.—Walked out to a little village called Degarloch, where we had breakfast, and afterwards saw a grand review and sham fight by the German troops, and was surprised to see how little respect was paid to the interests of the peasantry. The troops marched or rode over the fields without paying the slightest attention to the damage they were doing to the crops. One instance in particular I noticed, where a detachment of four or five guns took up their position in a field of cabbages and destroyed nearly an acre of the crop. In the afternoon we visited Rosenstein and Wilhelma, the seats of the king, at both of which places there are some very fine pictures, and the grounds of the latter place are simply beautiful.

The next morning we rode on towards Frue-denstadt, and reached a little village with a very long name, Pfaljräfenweiler, about six o'clock, and put up there for the night. During the evening several of the villagers sent to the hotel to ask if we would be kind enough to say what hour in the morning we intended to start out, and the next morning when we mounted our machines there were between two and three hundred people collected to see us ride off, who lined both sides of the road and saluted us as we passed.

Reached Fruedenstadt about ten o'clock Wednesday, and then rode through the valley of the Murz as far as Appenheims, where we stopped for dinner. We then rode on to Gernsbach, and then over the mountains to Baden, a feat of which Strad, my companion, is very proud, as it is the longest and steepest hill he ever climbed, consisting of a long, winding hill, about three miles long, with a surface like concrete. When we reached the top I put my legs over the handles and did not take them down until I reached Baden, a distance of four or five miles. The scenery through the valley of the Murz is decidedly the grandest I have yet seen, and in many respects reminds me of that in the northern part of Canada.—*Toronto Mail*.

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ENGLAND ON WHEELS.

P AND DOWN THE ISLAND ON BICYCLES AND TRICYCLES.—HOW TRADESMEN AND HOLIDAY-MAKERS UTILIZE "THE MACHINE."

English Letter in Philadelphia Press.

Canterbury, Oct. 6.—All the world's a wheel, and men and women merely wheelers; that is, to drop simile, all good English people are cyclists, from royalty down, if, as American papers assert, the Prince of Wales is an expert bicyclist. In London, the foot-passenger, after he has successfully dodged an omnibus or a hansom on High Holborn or the Strand, must keep a sharp lookout for the two-wheelers, rotaries, kangaroos, faciles, extraordinaires, and the innumerable other cycling machines, which almost run over him before their riders ring their bells in warning.

Anyone who gets up early enough can see the workman going to his work on an old bicycle which, probably, has changed hands as often as a second-hand coat, and was bought by its present owner for a few pounds; or else the milkman, who, with jingling cans, goes his rounds on a tricycle, heralding his coming by the unearthly

cry known only to the brotherhood. At 9 A.M., or thereabouts, the streets begin to fill with flocks of young clerks riding, or wabbling, Americans would say could they see them, to their offices. Next come the more sedate of the profession, pedaling on sociables, and carrying the mysterious black valise, which is to a certain class of Londoners what a green bag is to Philadelphia lawyers. Then there is a lull, interrupted by the arrival of the butterfly brigade, or the gaily-attired cyclists, who wear jockey caps and striped coats, and sometimes have rackets strapped to their backs, and who are going to tennis or cricket matches. On Saturday, about 1 o'clock, if there is a half holiday, the procession returns from the city in the same order.

TRADE ON WHEELS.

And about that hour every day but Sundays come the newspaper agents with their afternoon editions, wheeling frantically up the street, throwing off bundles to small boys waiting at convenient corners, and who are raced by 'Arry and his 'Arriet, who 'ire a machine for their 'oliday houting; or else by the sausage man, who is by far the superior of his Philadelphia brother, and whose red tricycle, with its basket front full of sausages, can, at a distance, hardly be distinguished from that of his newspaper rival. Their races are sometimes fine, but the noise is awful, for the crashing of their chains can be heard above the rattling of omnibuses and hansoms. Late in the afternoon there is a more solemn and orderly detachment, composed of the members of clubs going out for a run, and tea at Kew or Richmond or Epping Forest. They are all in so-called uniform, that is, each man wears what suits him best so long as he makes his costume conspicuous.

In the cool of the evening, novices and the timid and modest come forth, and in the quieter streets and squares wheel gently to and fro. They make little stir, save when they try to run down an inoffensive old lady or one of the numerous infant gymnasts with whom London does so abound. Still later, when the twilight has faded and the stars are out, there is a sound of twinkling bells on Oxford street, and many lights like bright fire-flies flit down the broad thoroughfare. The pleasure-seekers are returning. And thus ends the day's cycling in the city.

(To be continued.)

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OUR ENGLISH VISITORS.

We have nothing but words of praise and congratulation for them. They crossed the ocean at our invitation to contend with us for the mastery in the greatest tournament of the wheel ever instituted. We hoped to show ourselves their superiors in muscle and training, and we should have done so, if they had not defeated us. That is plain, and that is all there is about it. Some of the spectators at the races were disappointed at some of the results. This was natural, but throughout the whole programme there was nothing unfair or dishonest. Our English friends were gentlemen. We are glad that they carried off a fair share of the prizes. As we think of it now, we should have been rather sorry if they had not done so. We are certain that they will carry home with their

trophies a kindly feeling towards us, and a determination to come again and bring more of their friends. Howell, Sellers, Leeming, Chambers, Illiston, Gaskell and James are men whom we shall remember with pleasure, and we shall watch their future successes, as related in the English cycling papers, with renewed interest. That they should carry home from our American tracks a new record is something we can be proud of even if we were defeated. You see we are determined to make the best of the situation, any way. The English riders were fairly entitled to all the credit they won, and it is a satisfaction even to have been outridden by such men.—*Wheelman's Gazette*.

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Literary Notes.

The November number of *Outing* brings the magazine into new prominence in the added space given to yachting matters. This form of out-door pleasure is represented, in several articles of unusual interest, by a full record of nautical events, and by the "Yachtsman's Song," words and music by L. F. Abbott. "A Winter's Cruise in a Cat-boat," by J. H. S., is a practical paper, timely and entertaining. "A Memorable Voyage" is a sea-sketch of great interest, by Frank H. Converse. "A Scamper in the Nor'-West," by J. A. Fraser, profusely illustrated by the author, is the leading article, and gives the reader some fascinating glimpses of the shores of the "big sea-water" of Superior. Mr. Fraser succeeded in obtaining a sketch of the interior of the old church of St. Joseph's on Madeline Island. This has never before been permitted by the Franciscan friars, and the readers of *Outing* have a treat in this picture and that of the quaint old altar-vessels. Another capital illustrated paper is "Wheeling Among the Aztecs," by Sylvester Baxter. This gives some delightful glimpses of the ancient city of Mexico and the pleasant environs that tempt the wheelman to his steed. It is a clever article, with the rush of progress in it, and the echo of the railway train that has lately reached the city of the Aztecs. "Ride!" is a ringing wheel story in verse, by President Bates. "About Tennis," by R. B. Metcalf, gives some useful hints upon this popular game. A charming sketch, "Maud," and a story, "Stolen—a Bicycle," are among the other attractions of this number. The editorial department discusses "Art and the Bicycle," and "Physical Education in College," among other topics of the hour; and the "Amenities" department has a laughable fishing sketch, "An Eel." The records supplement a dashing description of the Hartford and Springfield meets, by Mr. F. C. Penfield. The price of *Outing* together with THE CANADIAN WHEELMAN is \$2.25 per annum.

"WHEEL SONGS," by S. Conant Foster, has received a great many deserved press notices. As stated in these columns before, it is a quarto volume of 80 pages, bound in pale blue cloth, with ornamental bicycling design in white and gold, containing sentimental and humorous poems of bicycling, with nearly fifty illustrations, and is for sale by the publishers, White, Stokes & Allen, No. 182 Fifth Avenue, New York. Price \$1.75, postpaid.

With the Clubs.

THE WANDERERS' ENTERTAINMENT.

The second annual entertainment and "at-home" of the Wanderers' Club of Toronto was held in the Granite Rink on the 13th October. The affair was an immense success, the large rink being crowded to its utmost capacity. The performance opened with a club parade and drill by sixteen members in uniform. Club-swinging, horizontal bar-performing, and a tug-of-war on bicycles made up the first part of the programme. The "tug" was very exciting. Two couples, mounted on their wheels, with handles caught, were placed opposite each other and facing opposite ways, ropes being attached to the back bones. Now, the object of the "pull" was, on the word being given the couple which could pull the opposite couple over would be declared the winner. Messrs. Orr and Duff won the "tug" in two straight heats from Messrs. Capon and Rogers.

In the second part, W. G. Hurst, the Wanderers' fancy man, gave his wonderful exhibition, riding on one wheel around the rink with apparently as much ease as on the two. There are very few tricks which Canary performs that Mr. Hurst cannot do. He handles his wheel with great agility and surprising easiness. Unfortunately, Mr. Hurst broke a fork when scarcely half through, to the disappointment of himself and the audience, who tendered him round after round of applause.

Next followed the "Club Eight," who gave an exhibition which would be hard to excel. The names of the riders were: Orr (captain), Duff, Fitzgerald, Riggs, Rogers, Hara, Capon and Hurst. They executed some seventy difficult movements, with a whistle signal, and without an error, wheeling in eights, with handles caught, arms extended, and stopping all abreast. The pivot wheeling was especially good. One of the features of the drill was the building of pyramids. The eight stopped in the centre of the rink with handles caught: at a given signal four of the number sprang upon their saddles and extended arms across the heads of the sitting members who held the eight wheels. Similar movements were done in fours, riding and standing.

After the entertainment the floor was cleared, and dancing was kept up till an early hour.

GEORGIUS.

THE OTTAWA RACES

I have delayed sending you an account of the parade and races because they were very damp affairs, and I hoped they might dry up in retrospect, and seem a brighter theme for scribbling. The evil persistency of the weather has, however, kept in muddy remembrance its particularly nasty behaviour on the 24th Sept. last, the occasion of the parade and races.

Early in the morning of the 24th, the Toronto and Carleton Place tourists arrived to see shadowy forms of knee-breeched locals flitting about in a cold, drizzling rain, and looking, it must be confessed, not unlike chickens hatched out of season. After breakfast, things assumed a

healthier aspect. It stopped raining, and at 11.30 A.M. a parade was held on the only dry spot in the city—the City Park.

The following was the order of parade:

The Toronto Club, 10 men; Carleton Place, 4 men; Montreal, represented by Mr. Hill on a "Kangaroo;" and the Ottawa Club, 14 men. Captain Jenkins, of "Ours," was in command, and Sec'y Hawley, of "Ours," acted as whipper-in. The graceful riding of the Toronto Club was much admired, their wheeling four deep being particularly fine. After an hour's wheeling, the Exhibition Grounds, where lunch was in readiness, assumed a somewhat Canaan-like character, and how to get there, over inundated roadways, became a question of absorbing interest. The self-preservation instincts of the riders suggested something that would float with sufficient buoyancy to carry the crowd. After due search, a steamboat was found that seemed to fulfil these conditions, and the hungry cyclists were soon steaming up the canal in the "milk-and-honey" direction. On reaching the Exhibition Grounds, an attack was made on the lunch tent with that impetuous fearlessness of consequences that has made the bicycle-man dreaded by improvident victuallers. Here, however, they found a foeman worthy of their steel, and the struggle was a fierce one until 2 P.M., when the referee called time. All bets off, owing to the number of *fowls* on both sides.

At 3 P.M. the races were started, with results as follows:

One Mile—Open to all amateurs. Won by H. Roy, O.B.C.

One Mile—Open to all except those having a record of 3m. 40s., or better. Won by H. Ryrie, F.B.C.

Three Miles—Open to all amateurs. Won by W. S. Odell, O.B.C.

The recent rainfalls had made the track, never a good one, almost unrideable, consequently the races (?) were tests of endurance and skill in rough riding rather than of speed. Indeed, I doubt if cyclists were ever asked to race on a worse track. No language can do justice to its muddy terrors. The contestants were started opposite the grand stand, and were almost immediately lost sight of. If they turned up again during the afternoon, it was called "a lap;" and the man who survived two or three such "laps" was as enthusiastically welcomed by his relatives and friends as if just returned from Egypt or the North Pole. The spectators enjoyed the headers in the same spirit that the boys enjoyed pelting the frogs. Great fun for the boys; but—

At 5.30 P.M. the wheelmen returned to the city, and were "dined" by the local club, after which they repaired, by special invitation to the residence of W. Fraser, Esq., to find "tripping the light fantastic" particularly pleasant after the heavy fantastic tripping operations of the afternoon.

The Carleton Place men left at midnight, generously expressing themselves as well pleased with the day. The Torontos left by train next morning. They proved genial comrades, and we were sorry to part company.

In conclusion, I wish to explain that the races were not our own affair. They were gotten up by the Exhibition Committee, who, at a late moment, put the management into our hands as

the proper parties to see them through. The O.B.C. will not hold its first race-meeting until it can control a cinder-path and a weather prophet.

AN OTTAWA BI.

HALIFAX, N.S.

The Wanderers' A. C. sports were held at Halifax, N.S., on September 27th, the following bicycle races being on the programme:

One mile race: best two in three heats—The entries in the first heat were F. Hillis, H. Temple, and W. J. Wallace. Hillis came in first, with Wallace a good second.

The entries in the second heat were H. H. Bell, A. Cogswell, and L. J. Fuller, Cogswell finishing first, H. H. Bell second.

The final heat between Cogswell and Hillis was an exciting race, and was won by Hillis in 3m. 44s.

The slow race was captured by Guy Stayner.

The one mile dash was well contested, W. H. Rennie winning in 3m. 28s.; E. G. Stayner 2nd.

Previous to the races, the sports were opened with a drill by the local club under the command of Capt. W. M. Black.

IMPORTANT TO "INFANTS."

John Cornforth, Pope street, Birmingham, manufacturer, sued Herbert O. Duncon, of the Common, West Drayton, professional bicyclist, to recover £21 16s., being £16 16s., the price of a bicycle, and £5 money lent. The judge had the assistance of a jury in trying the case.—The defence was that the defendant was an infant at the time the debts were contracted, his age at that period being only nineteen. The facts of the case admitted by the defendant were, that in February, 1882, he purchased a sixteen-guinea bicycle from the plaintiff, subsequently borrowed £5 from him, and had paid nothing whatever in return. Mr. Tanner withdrew the claim for the £5, which he could not legally support, and the question for the Court to consider was whether a bicycle was or was not a necessary. The counsel for the defence held that, being a professional bicyclist, defendant obtained the machine for the purpose of carrying on his vocation, and the amount could not therefore be recovered. The evidence, however, tended to show that defendant had described himself at the time of the purchase as an amateur bicyclist. He was at the time a clerk to a stockbroker, and said he wanted the machine to ride to and from his business. His father was a retired dealer. The jury found that, having regard to the defendant's position in life, a bicycle was a proper and suitable article for him to have, and therefore a "necessary;" and secondly, that he was not a professional bicyclist. Upon this finding, the judge entered a verdict for the plaintiff for 16 guineas and costs on the higher scale.—*Birmingham News*.

Mr. J. B. Dignam, formerly connected with THE WHEELMAN, has taken the road for A. E. Pavey & Co., of this city.

All the world's a wheel, and men and women merely wheelers.

Wheel Tracks.

Professor Sewell, late of the Armaindo-Sewell Combination, has joined hands with the Selbinis.

W. M. Black, Capt. of the Halifax Club, has just returned from an extended trip in New York.

Westbrook, of Branford, is racing down South under the *nom de plume* of "Patterson," of Toronto.

Mr. H. S. Tibbs, President of the C.W.A., has been elected an officer of one of the Montreal Snow Shoe Clubs.

C. F. Lavender, of the Toronto Bicycle Club, has almost entirely recovered from his accident at the Buffalo races in August last.

The name of Perry Doolittle, of the Toronto Bicycle Club, will figure in "X.M. Miles on a Bi." as one of the few who have ridden one thousand miles.

Clarence Smith and Miss Rouchelle, Detroit's fancy riders, are about to join the Girard-Vokes Combination. D. J. Canary is a member of the same troupe.

Mr. A. F. Webster, captain of Toronto Bicycle Club, who was judge at the Buffalo races, says the Buffalo boys treated the Toronto bicyclists with great kindness.

Nelson R. Butcher, of the Toronto Bicycle Club, is a frequent visitor to London. He was up about two weeks ago, attending the assizes as official stenographer.

An English physician thinks that bicycling may prove injurious if the fashion of small saddles and large wheels, involving so much pressure on the perineum, be persisted in.

Miss Florence Fuller, of the Dearborn Cycling Club, Chicago, has a record of over 1,000 miles on her tricycle. She expects to reach 2,000 before the snow flies.

The Toronto Bicycle Club, at a recent meeting, passed a vote of thanks to the members of the Ottawa Bicycle Club and the Provincial Exhibition Committee for their kindness during the club's visit in Ottawa.

Three Hamilton bicyclists, O. E. Richardson, Henry Albin, and S. Blumensteil, lately started a private gymnasium there to make up for the absence of a public one. They have twenty or more co-members already.

C. B. Keenleyside and Co. is the name of a new firm in Winnipeg who purpose handling bicycles. The members of the firm are C. B. Keenleyside, who has always figured prominently among cyclists, and A. J. Darch, both Londoners.

The Bergens Bicycle Club, of Norway, has been organized, and has attained a membership of thirty. The following from their constitution will doubtless be read with interest: "Overordentlig Generalforsamling sammenskaldes naar mindst en Trediedel af Clubbens aktive Medlemmer skriftlig derom anmode Bestyrelsen eller af denne naar saadant er fornødent. Overordentlige Generalforsamlinger og de til disse foreliggende Sager maa senest 3 Dage forud kundgjøres i mindst 2 af Byens Aviser."

Mr. George D. Gideon, of Philadelphia, has resigned the chairmanship of the League of American Wheelmen Racing Board, and Mr. Abbott Bassett, editor of the Boston *Bicycling World*, has consented to take his place.

It is stated that it was not the fall that caused Lavender to break his arm so badly at the Buffalo races. He fell on his right side, scraping the skin of his elbow and thigh. The left arm was broken by being caught in the gear of the "Star" machine that Barross had been riding.

Mr. S. H. Townsend, of the Wanderers' Club of Toronto, who has been touring in Europe during the past season, is expected to arrive home in a few weeks. In another column an account of part of his tour is published, and we hope to publish more articles of the same description after his return.

Probably the most select wheel club in the United States is the Dearborn Cycling Club of Chicago. This club was organized last June with a charter membership of 21, with three ladies, one minister, and three doctors. No person under 25 is eligible to membership, and the primary object of the club is road-riding.

It will be learned with regret that George D. Cameron, the genial President of the Ariel Touring Club, has been compelled to give up bicycling on account of the amount of work thrown upon him by the serious illness of his father, due to an accident on the railroad which occurred about two months ago, he being run over while standing on the track.

Mr. Wm. Hurst, the champion fancy rider of Canada, has been astonishing everybody by his agility on the wheel. He has won in competitions thirty-six first prizes, and has never been beaten in any of his competitions. Although offered several good salaries to travel, he still sticks to the amateur line. He is a member of the Wanderers' Club of Toronto.

The cycling season in New Zealand commences in September and terminates in May, so that there are nine months out of the twelve to devote to the pastime, although in some of the northern districts riders can stride their machines nearly all the year round; thus the season with them is, so to speak, perpetual. It is estimated that there are at least one thousand bicyclists in the colony.

Major Knox Holmes, ætät 77, says the London *Truth* of Oct. 9, recently rode, mounted on a tricycle, a ten-hour match against G. L. Hillier, ex-champion bicyclist, "weight for age," Hillier allowing the Major one mile start for each year of the difference between their ages. As the ex-champion is only 28, he had to concede his opponent 49 miles, which, as it turned out, he was totally unable to do, although he bestrode a two-wheel instead of a three-wheel steed. Major Holmes did not stop until he had covered 74 miles, and then only for five minutes, while Hillier, at 56 miles, for which he beat the previous best time, took nearly half an hour's rest. Neither stopped again until the task was completed, the score at the conclusion of the ten hours being: Knox Holmes, 115 miles 260 yards; Hillier, 146 miles 250 yards.

St. Louis, Mo., riders have been classed as dudes, semi-dudes, and "toughs." The former are perfect in make-up, and all of them own full-nickel machines, but they are never seen beyond city limits. The middle class generally have good intentions, but lack confidence in their power of endurance, hence confine their riding to runs of a few miles only. The "toughs" are found on the road every Sunday and holiday, and preserve the credit of the wheel as a coverer of distance.

Geo. M. Hendee had a try at the one mile bicycle world's record of 2.39, on Hampden Park track, October 16th. It was very cold, breezy and cloudy. Hendee rode the first quarter in 38 1-5s., the half in 1m. 20s., three-quarters in 1m. 59s., and the mile in 2m. 42 4-5s. When Prince did 2.39 on this track the fractional times were 40 2-5, 1 21 and 1.59 2-5. When Sellers did 2.39 at Hartford the times were 40 1-4, 1.20 and 2.1 1-4. With fair weather, and in a race with a fast man, Hendee has proved himself able to do 2m. 39s. The quarter in 38 1-5 is now the best on record in the world by 4-5s.

Mr. R. N. Robbins and Mr. E. W. Farwell, of Sherbrooke, Que., made a good record during September, having ridden their bicycles from Sherbrooke to Boston, a distance of 285 miles, in 47 hours and 50 minutes of actual travel. They were nine days on the trip, were obliged to walk a great deal, and were detained once or twice by heavy rains and by a slight lameness which Mr. Robbins accidentally received. But they reached Boston in good condition and with pleasant remembrances of courtesy which they received from cyclers whom they met *en route*. They went by way of Lake Willoughby, Franconia and Concord, enjoying the company for several miles, once of Mr. Putman, of the Concord Club, and once of Messrs. Sherriff and Temple, of the Manchester Bicycle Club.

The bicycle race between Patterson, of Toronto, Canada, and Johnson, of St. Joe, Mo., mile heats, best three in five, for \$500 a side, took place Oct. 26, at Athletic Park, in the presence of a large crowd. The track was heavy. The first heat was won by Patterson by three lengths. Time, 4.03. Toward the finish of the second heat Johnson's saddle slipped and he was thrown to the ground, severely injuring one arm, which he claims is broken. He says his saddle was cut or tampered with by some one. Others say that he threw himself from the bicycle because he saw he was going to be beaten. Referee Ellis, of Kansas City, declared the race off. Nevertheless, the purse of \$1,000 was paid to Patterson. Outside bets to the amount of \$2,500 were made, and the stakeholders refused to give up the money. The result was that a free fight came very nearly taking place.—*Exchange*. [Patterson, mentioned in this paragraph, is none other than Fred Westbrook, and Johnson is the professional T.W. Eck. Ed. C. W.]

Bicyclers as a class are a set of men who do not indulge in the glass. But a typo who had imbibed too much says that the world on wheels has the following appearance: "Ii sshhoowldd tthhiinnkk thheee mmaann wwoohoo sseett thhiiss wwaass aa ddaammppphool oorr hhaadd bbeenn ddrünnkknngg."

While speaking of the Capital Club, it brings to mind a proposed trip of theirs that is fully in keeping with their fame of able management in all things undertaken. They have under consideration a proposition to secure a special Pullman and baggage car, fill the former with wheelmen and the latter with their wheels and baggage, and then on to the World's Exhibition at New Orleans, where the cars will be sidetracked and used as a hotel during their stay there. It is thought the whole cost to each participant will be about \$35 for the round trip, exclusive of meals and extras. If they will only, with their usual generosity, open the doors to some of us outsiders, we will be but too glad to travel in so good a company at so small a cost, as it will be one of the few instances in cycling where a good thing will be had for a cheap figure. Make it in January or February, my dear Caps., and let us in, won't you?—"The Owl" in *The Wheel*.

Does not this item, clipped from the *Omaha Republican*, sound very much like the description of a well-known Canadian flyer? We leave it to our readers to judge:—"In the mile race (first heat), Runcie, of Omaha, and Patterson, of Toronto, Canada, were the starters. This was Patterson's first appearance, and it was plainly to be seen that he was no ordinary wheelman. He was dressed in tight-fitting pumps and loose-fitting silk waist of blue silk. He sat his machine like one who was 'born in the saddle.' For the first quarter of a mile and for the first half of the next he dogged Runcie, keeping close on his heels, but in the latter half he took a gait that showed his mettle, running away from his adversary with perfect ease, taking the heat in 3.58. Patterson is by all odds the finest bicyclist ever seen in this part of the country. Although a mere lad, he possesses a fine muscular development, and the grace and staying powers of a perfect athlete. He rides a fine nickel-plated machine of English make, the weight of which is only 22 lbs.; a man can easily lift it with one hand. Out of the eight events on the programme Patterson won six—every one in which he was entered."

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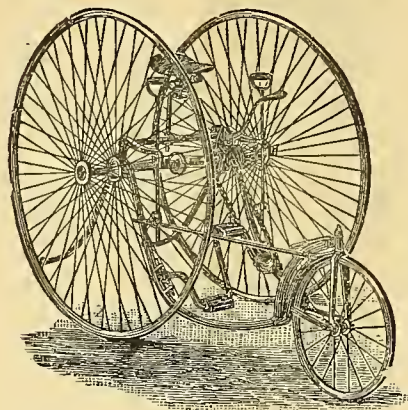
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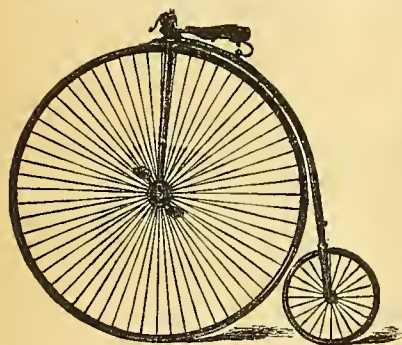
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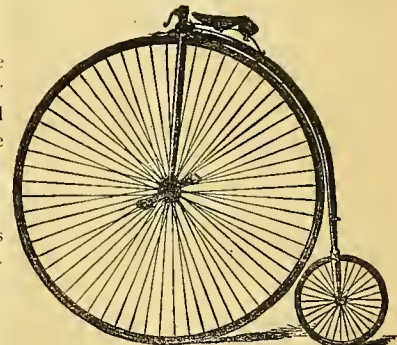
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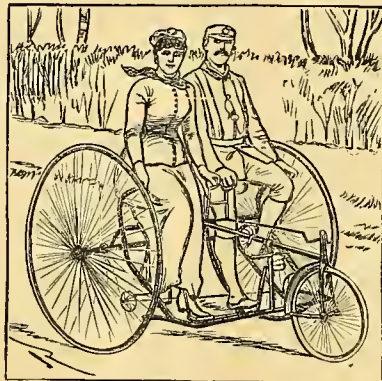
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