



A JOURNAL OF CYCLING.

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

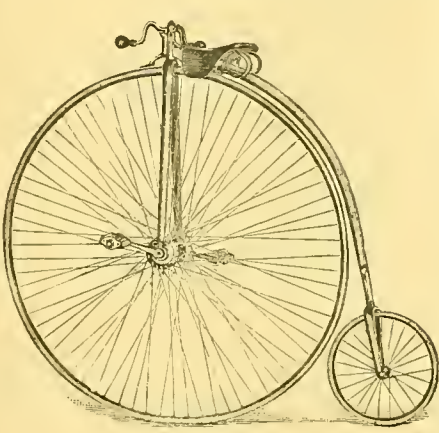
VOL. II.

LONDON, CANADA, APRIL, 1885.

No. 7.

Victor Bicycles & Tricycles

SHOW THE BEST RESULTS OF ADVANCEMENT IN THE
CYCLE BUILDER'S ART.

<p>ALL STEEL, ALL INTERCHANGEABLE, FINEST MATERIAL, BEST WORKMANSHIP.</p>	<p>"VICTOR"</p>  <p>BICYCLE.</p>	<p>COMPRESSED TIRES, which cannot be torn from rim. BOWEN'S BALL BEARINGS all over, including Pedals. 42nd FINISHED IN HARRINGTON'S ENAMEL.</p>
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IT IS TO YOUR INTEREST TO INVESTIGATE BEFORE PURCHASING.

—SEND FOR CATALOGUE TO—

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179 TREMONT ST., BOSTON, MASS., U.S.A.

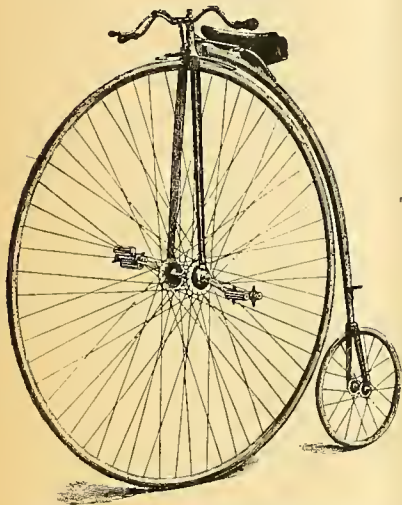
Cycling Advertiser.

22 CHURCH ST., TORONTO.

APRIL, 1885.

A Yard of Poetry.

THE WHEEL THAT RUDGE BUILT.



This is the Wheel that Rudge Built.



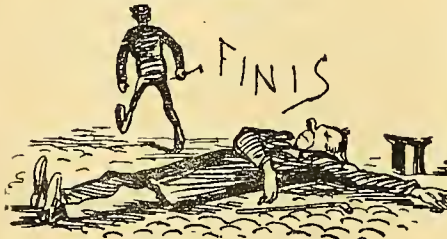
This is the Man
(Whose nickname was
Dan)
That one day bought,
From Robinson's stock,
A wheel that Rudge
built.

This is the gurrel
(With bang and currel)
Who sauntered along
The streets of the town,
And met the man
(The selfsame Dan)
That recently bought,
From Robinson's stock,
A wheel that Rudge
built.



This is her *pater*,
Who at home did
await her,
And who saw his
gurrel,
With bang and
currel,
Sauntering along
The street of the
town

With the very same man,
Whom you know as Dan,
Who recently bought,
From Robinson's stock,
A wheel that Rudge built.



This is the Pa laid out flat,
Beside his crutch and his old plug hat,
Who tried to kill
With a wooden pill
The love-stricken man
With the name of Dan,
Who met the girl
With bang and curl,
As she sauntered along
The streets of the town,
As he rode aloft
On the wheel that Rudge built.

BUT

This lover Dan
Was that kind of a man.
That when he saw a girl
That set his heart a-whirl—
As she sauntered along
The streets of the town—
Would slay the Pa
Who would dare sto-
p him.

Thus ends our story,
But before we
Close, would strongly advise you to buy
from Robinson's stock, one of the
wheels that Rudge built.

:o:

THE SPRING OPENING.

The first bright wheeling day that came found an elbowing, eager crowd thronging around our premises on Church Street. At length we telephoned for a posse of policemen, who kept the boys back until those inside the building had purchased wheels. At 1 p.m. one of our salesmen fainted from over-exertion, and was carried out in a bicycle crate and dumped in the backyard to recover. At 2 the office boy took the third basket of greenbacks and notes to the Standard Bank, where a line of tellers stood, each wiping the perspiration off their 3x5 foreheads with due bills. At 5 we had nothing left in stock but the bicycle that Noah used on the roof of the ark, and a gongless bell. Thousands were turned away undealt with. Luckily, however, we had another stock at the Custom House, and we are fully prepared for a second onslaught.

A WORD ABOUT SADDLES & BELLS.

The improvements in saddles are most marked. From experience we are convinced that the Duryea saddle and spring combined is among the best of the American productions; and, counting on a large sale, we have reduced their price this season from \$5 to \$4. Sample one. Lamplugh & Brown are to the front with improvements in their amous Eclipse and Long-Distance Saddles. We forgot to mention also the Lillibridge Saddle and Spring, which is a most comfortable affair. As to bells, the single and double alarms of the Harrison's hold their own. The Hill & Tolman sells very well, and is a favorite with all who use it. We can recommend also the Perfection Automatic Alarm, which gives a particularly pleasing sound. Hill & Tolman are out with a new line of stop bells, which are simple in construction, and not likely to get out of order easily.

OUR CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.

If your club wants a new, neat and nobby uniform, send for samples and prices. Give some idea of what you want and we will supply you. We make, too, a fine stocking with a 6-ply top and a 4-ply foot at \$1.50, and an all 4-ply one for \$1.25. In polo or peaked caps we can also fit you out.

THE RUDGE SAFETY

Has been received with decided enthusiasm wherever it is seen. Already we have sold out the entire stock we ordered during the winter, and have sent for another shipment. Like all the Rudge wheels, it is particularly handsome in appearance, and runs like a sewing machine. We have a solemn conviction lingering around us that it is the safety wheel of the world, and has an immense field before it.

THE SUNDRIES DEPARTMENT.

We pride ourselves on the complete stock of extras kept, comprising all the novelties. The Tyre clips are invaluable to tourists and others when the tire comes loose and no cement is handy. In pedals, padlocks and chains, saddle bags, steel balls, lamps, cranks, cement, etc., we have a full assortment. Our Pagola Bicycle Oil takes well—25 cents per bottle. Lamp Oil at 40 cents per bottle. Backbones, heads, rims, tires, spokes, flanges, forks, etc., also kept in stock.

CYCLING LITERATURE.

Our news counter is kept stocked with all the Canadian, American and English cycling publications, and single copies may be had or yearly subscriptions will be taken. This new department in the business is evidently much appreciated, judging by the way it is being patronized. THE CANADIAN WHEELMAN is a decided credit to us, and every cyclist in whose soul a love of country and wheel burns should take it. The Boston Bicycling World is a well conducted weekly at \$2 per year. The Springfield Wheelman's Gazette, at 50 cents a year, is very popular. The New York Cyclist and Athlete and the Western Cyclist both have their favorites. Going to England, the old-established Cyclist, at \$2.50 a year, takes the lead. To enable you to choose the paper you want to subscribe to, send us 25 cents in stamps and we will mail you a sample package of five or six. By the way, we are booking orders constantly for the new edition of Sturmy's Bicyclist's Handbook—by mail, 65 cents. The Guide to Bicycling, at 50 cents, and Miller's Bicycle Tactics, at 25 cents, are valuable publications. Our Illustrated Poetic Catalogue sent on receipt of a three-cent stamp.

CANADIAN DEALERS AND WHEELMEN

READ THIS!

Gormully & Jeffery,

222 & 224 N. FRANKLIN ST., CHICAGO, ILL., U.S.

HAVE THIS YEAR PUT IN THE MARKET


HIGH GRADE
BICYCLES
IN ALL SIZES, AT LOW PRICES.

THE AMERICAN CHALLENGE,
THE AMERICAN SAFETY,
and IDEAL BICYCLES.

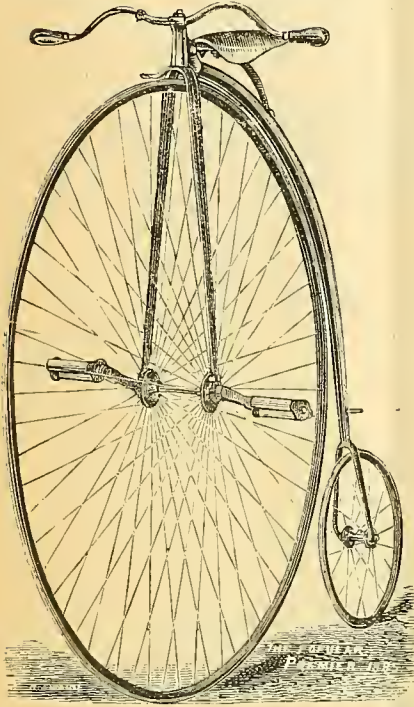
STRONG and LIGHT ROADSTERS, NICELY FINISHED and ALL PARTS INTERCHANGEABLE.

A good Agent (a Dealer) Wanted
IN EVERY TOWN.

*WHEELMEN!—Send for Illustrated Catalogue before buying
your Bicycles.*

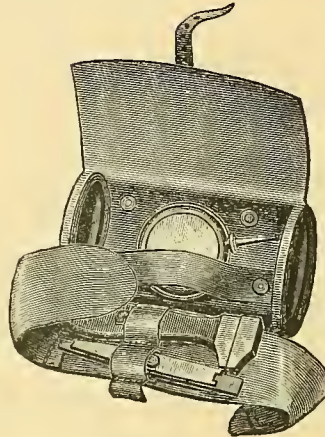
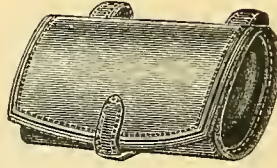
A. T. LANE, - Montreal.

ROYAL CANADIAN No. 2.



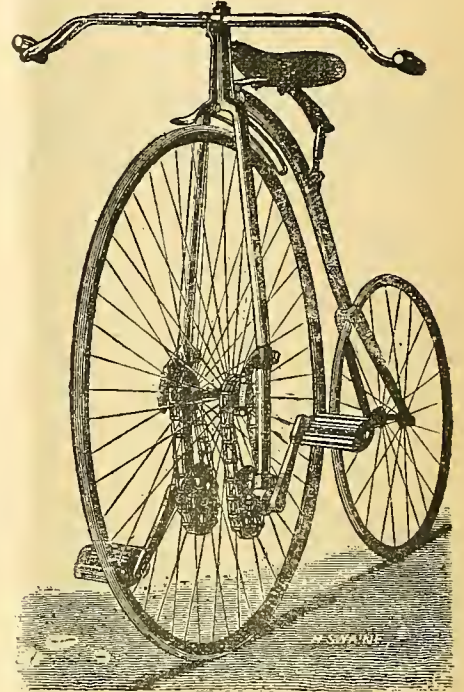
This machine has been greatly improved since last season, but price remains the same.

SPECIFICATION:—Hillman's new pattern ball-bearings to front wheel and adjustable cones to back, direct spokes, HOLLOW FORKS, BENT HANDLE BARS and LONG-DISTANCE SADDLE. Finished in Harrington's black enamel. Price, \$65.00.




THE NEW TOOL BAG—simplest, neatest, no rattle. Price, \$1.75.

THE KANGAROO.



THE PERFECT SAFETY.

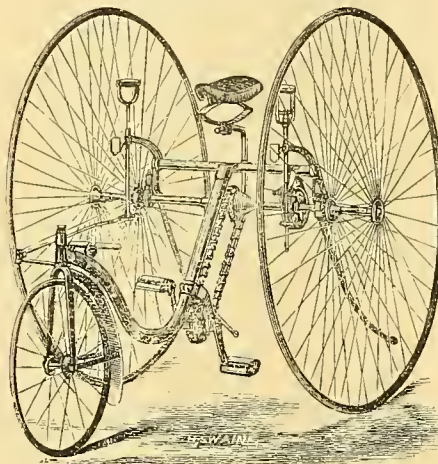
Editor of "C. T. C. Gazette" says it is the "best of the whole bunch." It is the original machine, and the vital parts are patented, and all copies of it are wanting in one important particular. Price, \$105.00; Ball Pedals, \$5.00 extra.

 Subscriptions received for all Cycling Publications.

50 SECOND-HAND
MACHINES

For Sale Cheap!

SPARKBROOK.



CENTRAL GEARED TRICYCLE.

Price:—Including improved spring rubber foot-rest, non-slipping rubbers to pedals and foot-rest, and other valuable modern improvements; 44 in., 46 in., 48 in., or 50 in.; ball-bearings to all wheels; nickel plated bright parts—\$130.00. Ball Pedals, \$5.00 extra.

*Send 3-Cent Stamp
for largest and most
elaborate Bicycle Cata-
logue ever published in
Canada.*

42 Pages—62 Engravings.

A. T. LANE, - - MONTREAL.

C. W. A. OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.



APPLICATIONS.

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

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

Cornwall Club, of Cornwall, Ont. :

B 0672, Henry Turner B 0676, J. Wallace
B 0673, C. A. McIlaffie B 0677, A. S. McDon-
B 0674, J. H. Shane nell
B 0675, W. Haskett B 0678, A. Knowles.*

Unattached.

Secretaries of clubs will oblige by sending in applications for membership for all new members of their clubs at once. In order that they can do this without loss, the Association makes certificates issued after the 1st April good until the 1st of July of the following year. By sending them in now, before renewals commence to come in, the labors of the Secretary will be lightened.

CONSULAR APPOINTMENTS.

The following appointments for local Consuls have been made this month :

DISTRICT NO. 1.

Paris.—W. W. Patterson.
Berlin.—O. Shantz.
Waterloo.—Charles Tice.
Norwich.—W. H. Miller.

DISTRICT NO. 2.

St. Catharines.—N. O. Lindsay.

DISTRICT NO. 3.

Napanee.—Alex. Leslie.
Belleville.—S. G. Retallack.

H. B. DONLY, *Sec.-Treas.*

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE BOARD OF OFFICERS.

THE 1885 MEET TO GO TO WOODSTOCK.

The annual meeting of the Board of Officers of the Association was held at the Club House of the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association, on Friday afternoon, the 10th inst.

There were present: Horace S. Tibbs, Esq., President; Jas. S. Brierley, Esq., Vice-Pres.;

Mr. H. B. Donly, Sec.-Treas.; Mr. W. A. Karn, of Woodstock; and Messrs. W. G. Ross and J. D. Miller, of Montreal.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed.

The President reported that during the year he had appointed a Racing Board and a Membership Committee, to perform the duties pertaining to such committees, subject to the action of the Board of Officers. He had also appointed Mr. A. J. Darch to the chief consulate of District No. 5, *vice* W. H. Nourse, removed from Canada.

The Secretary-Treasurer's report showed 676 members on the roll, and a balance on hand of \$220, against which must be charged half a year's grant to THE WHEELMAN, at \$8 per month.

Mr. Donly, Secretary of the Membership Committee, read a report of the transactions of that committee since its appointment. Four cases of infringement of the Amateur Laws. No action was taken on one, the transgressor having resigned from the Association to enter the professional ranks. One charge was found not proven; and in the other two cases the parties were expelled from the Association. On motion, the report was adopted.

On behalf of Mr. Eakins, chairman of the committee appointed to procure a testimonial for the Secretary, Mr. Brierley read a report of that committee, stating that their work had been done, and asking for their discharge.

On motion of Mr. Ross, seconded by Mr. Brierley, the report was adopted.

The Secretary reported that it was impossible to sell the gold and silver badges at the prices now charged without loss. In consequence of this, he was, on motion, instructed to raise the price to \$3.50 and \$1.50 respectively. He was also instructed to take steps to protect the interests of the Association in the copyright of these badges, it having become known that several jewellers in the country were manufacturing them.

On motion of Mr. Brierley, seconded by Mr. Miller, the Secretary was instructed to correspond with, and take whatever steps he may think fit to make with the L.A.W. a mutual agreement as to the two organizations respecting each other's laws and decisions, especially as it affects expelled members; and that he endeavor to procure from the L.A.W. a promise that Section 2 of Article IV. of their new Constitution shall not be interpreted to apply to Canada.

The Secretary reported that he had received a communication from the Montreal Club asking that their application for the meet of 1885 be withdrawn.

An application for the meet was read from the Woodstock Club. After some little discussion as to details, and the statement of the views of the Woodstock Club by Mr. Karn—

It was moved by Mr. Brierley, seconded by Mr. Miller, and ordered—That the invitation of the Woodstock Club be accepted with thanks, and that the terms upon which the meet be held there shall be that the C.W.A. and the W.A.A.A. assume equal responsibility in the expenses of the meet, said expenses to include all moneys expended on anything connected with the holding of the meet and the purchase of all prizes, either championship or otherwise,

and share equally in all profits which may accrue therefrom. The sum of \$60, for rent of grounds, to be paid out of the general fund to the W.A.A.A.

On behalf of the Woodstock Club, Mr. Karn briefly thanked the Board and accepted the terms.

The President named Messrs. Brierley, Harris, Karn, Muirhead and Donly a committee to co-operate with a like committee from the W.A.A.A. in the carrying out of the meet.

On motion of Mr. Miller, seconded by Mr. Ross, the Association assumed the cost of publishing the maps to go with the Guide Book, now in the hands of Mr. Eakins, and that said maps be distributed free to the members of the Association.

On motion, the Board adjourned to meet at the call of the President.

A prominent member of a leading Ontario Club and an earnest worker in Association matters, and one who has its interests warmly at heart, writes us as follows: "One constantly meets with the question here, 'What does the Association do for us?' and, unless you have something definite to name, it is difficult to show some people where the advantage of our membership with that body lies." We have too high an opinion of the intelligence and enterprise of the great body of wheelmen who compose the Canadian Wheelmen's Association to think that the miserly feeling prevails among them to an appreciable extent, but rather incline to the view that the question is only raised by a certain class of members who find their way into every association, only to disturb its harmony by their ill-omened croakings, and who make up by their persistency in fault-finding for the paucity of their members. It needs an awful small mind to ask a question like the above in sincerity, yet there are men who do ask them, and it is for their benefit we are now writing. In the first place, the C.W.A. asks as a yearly membership fee the sum of 50 cents. This is all. Nothing else is asked save a compliance with its rules and regulations, and to do this costs nothing. Does the person paying this 50 cents expect to receive in return the whole earth? if so, he had better keep his money in his pocket. There is no direct return of a dollar or two for every cent invested in the C.W.A. We have no room in our borders for men who expect it. Men do not buy bicycles with the object of making money. Pleasure is what they want. It should be for the enhancement of that pleasure that they join the Association. But it is not altogether for this purpose either. Every true wheelman should desire to see our glorious sport spreading and prospering. Is there any surer way in which to attain this object than by having an organization to which those desirous of becoming wheelmen can look to for guidance and instruction? Then, in "Union is strength," and bicycling is not so old and well-established that the most powerful club could affect to despise the aid, influence and countenance of the weakest of our fraternity, should an attempt be made to infringe upon our rights. Is it not worth something to know that an Association stands willing and ready to extend to its members theegis of its protection when

they are rightfully battling for their rights? Is it not worth the 50 cents to merely be a member of such an Association as the C.W.A.? Hundreds join the C.T.C., and are glad to have the privilege without expecting to obtain a tittle of benefit, direct or indirect. We pay our membership fee of \$1 each year to the L.A.A. with pleasure and willingness, not because we hope to make anything by it, for we don't, but merely for the sake of being upon its membership roll. And, then, when we pass from the poetry to the prose of this matter, do we not find that the C.W.A., with its small membership fee, has done as much if not more than older, larger and wealthier bodies that ask twice as much. Does our questioners ask us to think the work done by our Association is rescuing from a state of chaos our racing records and championships and placing them upon a permanent and substantial basis? Supposing there had never been a C.W.A., how many champion bicycle riders would there be in Canada to-day? We opine there would be one in every club. Would we have a single valuable record in the whole Dominion? In fact, wouldn't everything pertaining to bicycling be in a confusion that would be an utter disgrace to the wheelmen of Canada? Is it nothing, we would ask, to travel through this Province of ours, and, upon going into a strange town, find cordial greetings and friendly hands stretched out when we pronounce the magic letters C.W.A.? Calculating and dross, indeed, must be the wheelman who counts his 50 cents into one side of the scale and finds it balancing the warm friendships he may make through its instrumentality in the other. Is it nothing, when one wants to take a day or a week's or a fortnight's spin among the wheelmen of Canada, and over its magnificent highways and around its picturesque shores, to be able to put our Guide-Book in your pocket, content in the accurate descriptions of the roads given therein, and certain that your path has been marked out for you on a neat map, and your creature comforts attended to by a system of recommended hotels and local consuls, all provided for 50 cents per year by a provident Association, that gets for its pains the cool, business-like question, "Does it pay?" Shame on the spirit that gave it birth! It is discreditable to the fair fame of Canadian wheeling; incompatible with its history, and entirely out of keeping with that generous fraternal feeling that has grown to be the distinguishing characteristic of the bicyclist wherever you find him in this broad Dominion of Canada.

C.W.A. ELECTIONS.

The elections for officers for the year 1885-6 are now being held, ballots having been sent out by the Secretary on the first of this month.—Nominations are as follows:

DISTRICT NO. 1.

For Chief Consul.—W. A. Karn, of Woodstock, and John G. Hay, of Woodstock.

For Representatives.—R. N. Ballantyne, of Stratford; C. H. Hepenstall, of St. Thomas; J. G. Hay, of Woodstock; W. A. Karn, of Woodstock; T. Roether, of Port Elgin; and W. E. Tisdale, of Simcoe.

The District is entitled to one Chief Consul and five Representatives.

DISTRICT NO. 2.

For Chief Consul.—T. J. Campbell, of Toronto.

For Representatives.—R. J. Blachford, of Toronto; H. Ryrie, of Toronto; R. J. Bowles, of Brighton; H. C. Goodman, of St. Catharines.

DISTRICT NO. 3.

No nominations.

DISTRICT NO. 4.

For Chief Consul.—J. H. Low, of Montreal.

For Representative.—W. G. Ross, of Montreal.

DISTRICT NO. 5.

For Chief Consul.—A. J. Darch, of Winnipeg.

For Representative.—M. W. Matthews, of Winnipeg.

Literary Notes.

The April issue of *Outing* is enlarged to nearly double its former size, and its compound title is wisely simplified to the expressive *Outing*. A new and tasteful cover and increased illustration of the best sort gives it comeliness, and its table of contents is substantial and alluring. Four serials are begun in this first number of the volume. Julia Hawthorne contributes four chapters of a strong novel, entitled "Love—or a Name," which will deal largely with modern politics, and whose hero is a young man of brains and good-breeding, engaged in practical life in New York. "A Modern Tramp," by Mr. E. C. Gardner, author of "Homes, and How to Make Them," is an illustrated serial in which the problem of summer homes is pleasantly and helpfully considered. "The Flag of the Seven Upright Ones" is a striking tale of Swiss democracy, by the famous novelist Gottfried Keller, translated by Miss Frances A. Shaw. The fourth serial is entitled "Across America on a Bicycle," and begins the story of Mr. Thomas Stevens's journey across the continent. It is full of life and incident, and is happily illustrated by Mr. W. A. Rogers. An entertaining paper on the Charcoal Burners of the Green Mountains is profusely illustrated by the author, J. R. Chapin; and a delightful article describing a vacation in Canada with birch and paddle is illustrated by the frontispiece, a striking picture drawn by Henry Sandham, engraved by H. E. Sylvester, and printed in two colors. The departments are full, and of great interest, presenting a variety of novel features.

Through the kindness of Sec. E. R. Shipton, of the C.T.C., we are in receipt of the last edition of the Cyclists' Touring Club Hand-book and Guide. It is compiled in a different way to our Canadian Hand-book, inasmuch as it does not contain a description of the roads, merely showing the names of the various consuls, who are supposed to be competent to furnish all information as to roads, and recommended hotels, repairers, etc. It certainly must prove an invaluable acquisition to British tourists, and reflects great credit on its compiler, Ernest R. Shipton.

The "Comet," the new Canadian Roadster, manufactured by Fane & Co., of Toronto, seems to meet with special favor. Do not forget to call on this firm before purchasing.

THROUGH A SNOW-SHED WITH A BICYCLE.

Thomas Stevens, who begins in *Outing* for April an account of an adventurous trip across the continent on a bicycle, gives the following description of going through the snow-sheds of the Central Pacific Railway across the Sierra Nevada summits:

East of the summit is a succession of short tunnels, the space between being covered with snow-shed; and when I came through, the openings and crevices through which the smoke from the engines is wont to make its escape, and through which a few rays of light penetrate the gloomy interior, are blocked up with snow, so that it is both dark and smoky; and groping one's way with a bicycle over the rough surface is anything but pleasant going. But if "there is nothing so good but that it can be made better," there is also nothing so bad but that it can get a great deal worse; and before going far, I hear an approaching train, and forthwith proceed to occupy as small an amount of space as possible against the side, whilst three laboriously-puffing engines, tugging a long, heavy freight train up the steep grade, go past. These three puffing, smoke-emitting monsters fill every nook and corner of the tunnel with dense smoke, which creates a darkness by the side of which the natural darkness of the tunnel is daylight in comparison. Here is a darkness that can be felt; I have to grope my way forward inch by inch, afraid to set my foot down until I have felt the place, for fear of blundering into a culvert; at the same time never knowing whether there is room, just where I am, to get out of the way of a train. A cyclometer would not have to exert itself much through here to keep tally of the revolutions; for, besides advancing with extreme caution, I pause every few steps to listen; as in the oppressive darkness and equally oppressive silence the senses are so keenly on the alert that the gentle rattle of the bicycle over the uneven surface seems to make a noise that would prevent me hearing an approaching train.

This finally comes to an end; and at an opening in the sheds I climb up into a pine tree to obtain a view of Donner Lake, called the "gem of the Sierras." It is a lovely little lake; amidst the pines, and on its shores, occurred one of the most pathetically tragic events of the old emigrant days. Briefly related: A small party of emigrants became snowed in whilst camped at the lake, and when, towards spring, a rescuing party reached the spot, the last survivor of the party, crazed with the fearful suffering he had undergone, was sitting on a log, savagely gnawing away at a human arm, the last remnant of his companions in misery, off whose emaciated carcasses he had for some time been living!

The Overman Wheel Company's catalogue has come to hand, and is certainly a specimen of the enterprise of the firm, being very handsome. It contains a description of the Victor bicycle manufactured by the Overman Company, which is pronounced by experts to be one of the best machines on the market.

The *Wheel* of April 3rd contained a full illustrated description of the Big Four Bicycle Tour.

The Canadian Wheelman :

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING

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

PUBLISHED ON THE 20TH OF EVERY MONTH BY THE CANADIAN WHEELMAN COMPANY, AT LONDON, CANADA.

Subscription Price :

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

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

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

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

The *Wheel*, of New York, goes a long way out of its road to do the C.W.A. an injury. It announces, with a gusto that shows only too plainly its delight, that the Wanderers' Club of Toronto are about to withdraw from the C.W.A. and join the L.A.W. They further state that the Wanderers have over one hundred members in the C.W.A., and that their example will be followed by many other Canadian clubs. There is hardly truth enough in these statements to save them. Its appeal to the members of the C.W.A. to amalgamate with the L.A.W. in a body is lost. There is not even a fractional feeling looking towards amalgamation to be found in Canadian wheel circles. Every proposal having this end in view has been sat upon immediately upon its being brought into light by some unlucky wight, who fancies he has struck upon a project that will bring him glory and earn the lasting gratitude of every wheelman in America. The C.W.A. does not wish to lose the Wanderers. We regret their action immensely. But we beg of the editor of the *Wheel* not to run off with the ideas that have been pounded into his head by that nice young L.A.W.-ite of the Wanderers. That club's defection will not ruin the C.W.A. Their membership is just 45, instead of over 100; and instead of their action being imitated by other clubs, the very reverse is the case, so much so that the club itself is torn with internal dissensions, and on the verge of disbanding. If the Wanderers join the L.A.W., it will be with ranks decimated by the defection to a C.W.A. club of all their leading officers and nearly half their members. These are facts. Perhaps the *Wheel* will be just enough to give them equal publicity with his former statement in reference to this matter.

The action of the Wanderers in voting to withdraw at the end of the Association year from the C.W.A. is certainly, all things considered, a most ill-advised one, and we are glad to see that it is meeting with no sympathy whatever among Canadian clubs, but, on the other hand, is being condemned without stint. Nor does the resolution appear to be looked upon with favor by the

club as a body. We are informed, on most reliable authority, that the club is almost equally divided upon the matter, and if the majority persist in dragging the club out of the C.W.A. into the L.A.W., over twenty of the members will sever their connection with the Wanderers, and either form a new club or join the Torontos. and that out of the present membership of 45, the young gentleman who is so enamored with the L.A.W. will not be able to muster 25 followers into the ranks of the League, instead of the one hundred odd that he has been promising friend Jenkins of the *Wheel*.

The Woodstock Club is the first to take advantage of the rule of the Racing Board which allows the granting of leave to clubs that hold important meetings to hold a race for the championship of their province. The Woodstock Club, with characteristic enterprise, have applied for and been granted leave to place on their programme a five-mile race for the championship of Ontario for their meeting to be held on the 25th May. The race will no doubt add greatly to the interest of the meeting, and bring together some good men.

One evening last season, Messrs. Eck, Morgan and Westbrook, the professionals, were strolling down one of the prominent streets in Chicago, when they happened to meet Corbett, editor of the *Sporting and Theatrical Journal*, in front of McVicker's theatre, under the brilliant glare of the electric light. Eck, stopping Corbett, introduced Westbrook. "Mr. Corbett, this is Mr. Westbrook, 'Champion of Canada.'" "Pleased to meet you, etc. etc." Then turning to Morgan—who, by the way, was intimately acquainted with Corbett—Eck said, "Mr. Corbett, allow me to introduce you to Mr. Morgan, 'Champion of Canada.'" Corbett looked somewhat bewildered at the two "champions." Eck, pointing to himself, then said, "Last, but not least, allow me to introduce you to the only T. W. Eck 'Champion of Canada.'" Mr. Corbett fainted, but, no doubt, does not yet understand who is professional champion. Neither does anyone else.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Twelve pages was entirely too small for us, so we had to enlarge.

As an advertising medium, THE WHEELMAN is proving a great success. A glance at our columns easily shows this.

This issue of THE WHEELMAN has been necessarily delayed a few days to enable us to publish full reports of the Spring meeting of the C.W.A.

We are pleased to acknowledge receipt of photographs from Messrs. Geo. H. Orr, of Toronto, and Chas. E. Dudley, the fancy rider, of Detroit. By the way, THE WHEELMAN album is always open to receive additions to its ever-increasing collection.

From present appearances, there is every reason to believe that touring is going to be indulged in more than ever this season, several very extensive trips being already announced,

and cyclists who do not have the pleasure of a good outing this summer cannot complain of a lack of choice.

The sudden call to arms, which has been brought about by the rebellion in the North-West, has been the means of reducing the ranks of "the noble army of cyclists" to a considerable extent; but it is the fervent wish of every one that it will only be for a short time, and that all will return stronger than ever.

The Woodstock Bicycle Club will have two large undertakings this season—one being the meeting of the Woodstock A.A.A. on May 24th, and the other the C.W.A. meet on July 1st, but with their Keene knowledge for managing tournaments, and the co-operation of outside wheelmen, both will no doubt be made grand successes.

AROUND THE WORLD

Mr. Thomas Stevens resumed his trip around the world on the 9th inst., when he sailed from New York for Liverpool, on the "City of Chicago." From Liverpool he will start 1st May. Regarding his preparations and plans, he says:

"I shall ride a 50-inch Expert Columbia. I shall use the best long-distance saddle; shall carry a change of clothing, a light rubber coat, and writing materials, all securely fastened to the machine. I shall depend upon purchases en route for needed supplies. I shall wheel from Liverpool to Dover, sail across the straits of Dover, land at Calais, wheel to Paris, through France and Germany to Vienna; through Austria and Turkey, and via the valley of the Danube, to Constantinople; cross over to Scutari, in Asiatic Turkey, touching at Erzerum and other points in Persia. I expect to reach Teheran, the capital of Persia, some time in the fall. I shall probably winter at that city or at Bokhara, Turkestan. I hope to resume my journey early in the spring. I shall wheel into the Chinese Empire, and attempt to go through the Empire via the valley of the Yang-Tse-Kiang. I may be obliged to materially change this course, for we have no authentic guide, or the definite experiences of travellers, to work out the probable reception of the natives, or many unforeseen difficulties. After crossing the Chinese Empire, I shall proceed to Japan, and there shall end my wheel ride, having made the entire land journey around the globe on a bicycle. I shall take steamer for San Francisco, and probably stop over one steamer at Sandwich Islands."

The trip will take eighteen months, and the entire distance travelled will be 13,000 miles. Mr. Stevens travels as the representative of *Outing*, and will contribute his experiences to that magazine in a series of illustrated articles.

Chas. Robinson & Co., of 22 Church street, Toronto, make a departure in advertising by having a paper inside a paper on page 2 of THE WHEELMAN, where their own hired poet has the field all to himself. Messrs. Robinson & Co. report that the Toronto streets are being rapidly cleaned, as well as dried up by the sun, and that most of the wheels have begun service. The system of cedar block streets will be greatly extended this season, so that the cyclists can go to almost any part of the city without leaving the blocks.

Correspondence.

STEVENS'S ROUND-THE-WORLD RIDE.

Editor CANADIAN WHEELMAN:

March has been a very strange month, as to weather, in the region of New York,—the average temperature of the first three weeks of it having been colder than the average of the three winter months which preceded; and the final Sunday of it having brought nearly a foot of snow, though this has now disappeared. The warm winds of April, I suppose, will attract many wheelmen to the Boulevards,—though I myself shall be kept closely chained to my desk till midsummer (unless the cholera previously carries me off), in order to put on the finishing touches to "X M. Miles on a Bi." The task of composing the unwritten chapter proves a very slow one; and my description of "the roads around New York" (Chap. VIII.,—the plates of the previous chapters covers 63 pages, and are now completed), which I told you I was struggling with a month ago, is even yet unfinished. It will exceed 15,000 words in length, or enough to make a small book in itself. Since my last letter, I have awarded the contract for supplying the heliotype likeness of bull-dog, which is to face the title-page of book, to the Photo-Gravure Co., of 853 Broadway, this city.

The most important wheeling event of the season, as it seems to me, is the sailing from this port, next Thursday noon, of Thomas Stevens, who has already accomplished by far the largest bicycle tour in the world (San Francisco to Boston, 3,700 miles, April 22 to August 3, 1884), but who yearns to conquer the entire circumference of the planet. The report given of his plans in this week's *Bi. World* is authentic, and I advise you to reprint it. The editor thereof says, in reference to their adventurous undertaking: "There are one thousand chances of failure to one of success;" and I presume he speaks the truth. The best-informed of people know but little about Asia, and I myself am unfamiliar even with the information that is accessible; but my belief is that there is a strong probability that the man will be killed, as so many other ambitious explorers have been killed before him.

His own beliefs in the matter, however, are to be found explained in the *Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette* (March issue, p. 176), and I sincerely hope that experience may prove them to be nearer the truth than mine. One thing, at least, I am quite sure of. The various talks I have had with Mr. Stevens, during his stay in this city of nearly eight months, have convinced me of his entire simplicity and good-faith. He is modest and unassuming to a degree. There is no brag or bluster about him; no itching for notoriety or popular applause. He goes into this thing for the simple pleasure of it; for the delight of doing what no other man has done before. He sincerely expects to succeed; and my belief is that nothing but death will have power to bar him from success.

The current issue of *Outing* contains the first ("Over the Sierra Nevada") of four illustrated articles of his, descriptive of his remarkable ride "across America;" and he hopes to have the first section of his European experience ready

for insertion in the August issue of the magazine, in regular continuation of the series. Besides this, he has written a large book (200,000 words) descriptive of his ocean-to-ocean journey; and I presume that the publication of this volume by the publishers of *Outing* may be a part of arrangement under which he is to continue his travels as their authorized representative and correspondent. I expect to have another talk with him before he sails; and I may be able to report some other facts of interest concerning his plans when next I write to you.

As to my own plans, once more, my time is now spent in writing the book and reading the proofs of it, rather than in canvassing for subscribers. I now lack but 342 of completing the 3,000 names, and I'm certain that they'll all be enrolled before the last chapter of my book is ready for the printer. Japan and Switzerland were added to my list during March, while my total from England increased to 64 and my Australian total to 46. My Canadian contingent, on the other hand, has remained about stationary, in the region of 120 names, for the last three or four months; though perhaps your allusion to my Bermuda specimen-chapter, in the March issue, may inspire a few dilatory ones to send in their names to me for enrolment before the price goes up, from \$1.00 to \$1.50. I hope to publish about the end of June, if I don't break down from long-continued overwork.

KARL KRON,

Washington Square, New York, April 4.

Biggleswade, Bedford, England,
March 26, 1885.

Editor CANADIAN WHEELMAN:

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I have perused with much pleasure your "sketch" of C. F. Lavender in your February issue; and perhaps you will permit me to give expression to that feeling as an old fellow-clubman of Mr. Lavender. He was for sometime a member of the Biggleswade and District Cycling Club, and undoubtedly the fastest man in it. It is cheering to the friends of Mr. Lavender on this side of the water to hear so good an account of him, and most thoroughly do I endorse your opinions as to his coolness in racing and his modesty in victory. A real good fellow, all round, is "Charlie Lavender," and hearts this side will beat a responsive echo to your well-merited encomiums.

What has become of Taylor, who went out with him? Why all this silence and mystery? Speak out, Charlie, and tell your old friends how matters stand! You little know how much you've been the subject of conversation here; and many in Bedford were prepared to allege you'd never gone out of England at all!!

With apologies for the length and gush of this epistle, believe me, dear Mr. Editor,

Yours most obediently,

ARTHUR J. HILLS,

Capt. Biggleswade & D.C.C., Chief Consul C.T.C.,
Delegate on the Council of the N.C.U., &c.

Wm. Payne, of London, has issued a very large catalogue this year, containing full descriptions of every machine that is made by Singer & Co., as well as all the articles that are usually required by cyclists. Payne keeps well up with the times.

With the Clubs.

OTTAWA BICYCLE CLUB.

The annual meeting of the Ottawa Bicycle Club was held on the 12th ult., and the following officers were elected:

President...G. A. Mothersill (re-elected).
Captain.....F. M. S. Jenkins "
1st Lieut...Henry Roy.
2nd "L. M. Rogers.
Sec.-Treas. J. W. Hawley.

SIMCOE BICYCLE CLUB.

The following officers have been elected for the season of 1885 by the Simcoe Bicycle Club:

Hon. President....G. A. Wells.
President.....W. S. Perry.
Sec.-Treas.....W. E. Tisdale.
Captain.....W. V. Wallace.
Lieutenant.....A. W. Donly.
Bugler.....A. Miller.
Standard-bearer...Geo. A. Cook.

The club is in a very prosperous condition, and intend putting in a first-class season this year, if everything proves favorable.

RAMBLERS' WHEEL CLUB.

The annual meeting of the Ramblers' Wheel Club, Belleville, was held on Tuesday evening, April 7th, and the following officers elected for the season of 1885:

President—H. Corby.
1st Vice-Pres.—Thomas Ritchie.
2nd " —Prof. S. T. Greene.
Captain—Geo. E. Reid.
1st Lieut.—L. B. Cooper.
2nd Lieut.—George Davis.
Secretary—R. E. Clarke.
Treasurer—W. P. Way.
Standard-Bearers—F. Foster, H. Price.
Bugler—T. G. West.
Handicapper & Timer—W. R. Carmichael.
Representative—S. G. Retallack.
Auditors—R. H. Fenwick, S. Thompson.

Besides electing officers, it was also voted that the membership fee be reduced from \$3 to \$1 per year. The club is in a most prosperous condition, and hope to make a good showing this year.

Master Chas. E. Dudley, the fancy rider of Detroit, gave four exhibitions in London last week, giving the utmost satisfaction to everyone. Although but a youth of fifteen years, Dudley does some very clever riding and balancing, his one-wheel act, especially, without the handle-bar, being remarkable. If properly managed, he ought to prove himself one of the best in the business.

A. T. Lane, of Montreal, is out with one of the neatest and largest catalogues that has ever been issued, containing nearly 50 pages and 60 cuts. It is uniquely gotten up, being entirely different from the ordinary catalogue, and contains descriptions of everything that is needed in the cycling line.

Poetry.

"SHE."

She comes her tricycle upon,
And glides as lightly as the swan,
Or as the swallow flies;
And moves with such an airy grace,
The ardent blood with glowing trace
Her cheek with crimson dyes.

The breeze doth linger by her charms,
And seeks with cool encircling arms
To help with loving care;
The sun that o'er the branches creeps
Through ev'ry leafy crevice peeps,
To view a form so fair.

Beneath her gown her little feet,
Now up, now down, with rhythmic beat,
Do press with dainty tread;
Like moths that circle round and round,
And chase each other o'er the ground,
Through mazy whirlings led.

Her little hands direct her way,
And make her steed her will obey.
As fancy doth incline.
Ah me! if those dear hands would guide
My wayward steps, and by my side
Those feet would tread with mine!

—Xmas Cyclist.

PROPOSED TOUR OF GREAT BRITAIN BY
TORONTO WHEELMEN.

The success of the Toronto Bicycle Club's tour through Eastern Ontario last year has encouraged the members to arrange a much more extended trip for the coming season. On account of the expense necessarily attached, it was thought impossible to fulfil the ideal of every bicyclist, viz., a tour of Great Britain: but Messrs. Webster and Kyrie, after taking the matter in hand, have planned a trip lasting altogether about seven weeks, and costing only \$200. Arrangements are not fully completed, but it is expected that the party will leave Toronto on July 15, sailing from New York the following day for Glasgow. The route will probably be through Scotland first, taking in, among other places, the Trossachs, the Caledonian canal, Inverness, Aberdeen, Dundee, Perth, Stirling, Edinburgh, and Melrose. Entering England, the route will be continued down through York, Sheffield, Birmingham, Coventry, Kenilworth, Stratford-on-Avon, and Oxford to London. From London west to Bristol, thence north through Hereford, Shrewsbury, and Chester to Liverpool. The approximate distance to be wheeled is 1,400 miles, which, allowing one week in London, will leave an average of fifty miles per day, a distance not too great over fair Canadian roads, and certainly quite practicable on the roads of the Old Country. —*Mail*.

—10:—

The Pope Manufacturing Company of Boston has just issued its Spring catalogue. The book contains 52 pages, is handsomely printed on fine paper, and illustrated with nearly 70 engravings of the Columbia bicycles and tricycles and sundries, for the season just opening.

Our Racing Men.

GEORGE H. ORR.

Mr. Geo. H. Orr, of Toronto, is one of the oldest riders of that place, and one of the founders of the well-known Toronto Wanderers' Club, of which he has now attained the position of captain. As a racing man, it is to his credit that in the various races in which he has participated he has always managed to obtain either a first or second place, with one exception through accident. The one-mile has been his favorite, and in this class he defeated the well-known Toronto riders, Davies, Doolittle and Campbell.

Socially, Geo. Orr is known to be very genial, and is held in high esteem by all his friends. For the second time he has been chosen Canadian envoy to the American tourists who are this year formed under the name of "The Big Four Tour." His first race was in the 1883 Bank Sports, where he won second prize, being beaten by Doolittle in a field of five entries. In July of the same year, at the Law Sports, in a two-mile race with four entries, he won first prize. On Sept. 17th, 1883, at the Exhibition races, in the one-mile open, with 17 competitors, including all of Toronto's fast riders at that distance, he won easily in 3.17, then considered very fast. Also, in Sept., 1883, he won two races in Barrie, in which, out of three entries, two were from Toronto.

On July 12th, same year, after a week's illness, and without practice, he won first prize at the Exhibition Grounds, defeating Campbell, of Toronto, by a length. On May 24th, 1884, he won second prize in fancy riding competition, being beaten by Doolittle with a list of five entries. At the 1884 Toronto Bank Sports, he won second prize, being defeated by Lavender in 3.13. In this race he defeated Doolittle and Davies. Three days after this race, while practising on the cinder-path for the C. W. A. races, he fell and displaced his right knee-cap, which has rendered him incapable for further racing, thus ending a short but successful career.

Besides the medals and cups won for bicycling, Mr. Orr has a large collection of medals and plate won for running, jumping, and other athletic contests.

Racing Notes.

The Big Four Tourists intend giving a century road race during their tour through Canada, starting at Colborne and finishing at Kingston, for which a very handsome medal will be given the winner. It will be open to one each of the Safety and crank wheels on the market, and promises to be very interesting.

John S. Prince is out with a challenge to race any trotter in America, Maud S. and Jay-Eye-See not barred. His distance against horses is from five to twenty miles. He also issues a challenge to any professional in the world, and authorizes W. J. Morgan to arrange matches for him.

Fred. Rollison, the ex-champion of America, has been liberated from jail, and issues a challenge for the championship of the Pacific Coast.

"MOCK MODESTY" OR, LADIES AND TRI-CYCLING.

We have been very much agitated over several questions relative to ladies and the wheel, and every phase of them has been duly and figuratively kicked, cursed, or kissed, according to the mental acumen of the debaters. We have outlived many objections, and there are few who do not admit that tricycling for ladies is a health-giving and pleasurable pastime, admitting of change of air and scene at so small an outlay and little risk. This alone warrants it being one of the best appreciated recreations possible for them, and this, now we are more enlightened, without running the risk of some dire calamity befalling them. Their hair will not lose its curling qualities nor their faces freckle. They have now the courage of their convictions, and beneath their notice are the pruderies of Mrs. Grundy—

Old and formal, fitted for her pretty part.
With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a
daughter's heart.

In fact, rather the reverse, for the hair looks curlier than ever in the golden sunshine, and the face has the healthier hue of one who thinks that life is worth living, after all. We ladies in England find that many a pleasurable experience, recorded on the tablets of our memories as things never to be forgotten, occurred on a tricycle. Last summer, when a young lady and I were propelling our social along some of the leafy lanes of "this other Eden—demi-paradise," one of the prettiest sights we saw on the road was a social tricycle, on which were husband and wife working shoulder to shoulder at the front, while two little olive-branches were perched on seats behind, looking the very picture of happiness. Could there be a pleasanter mode of taking the wife and family out for a blow of country air? How is it when a young woman wishes to elevate herself above the humdrum existence of every-day life that she meets with nothing but opposition? If she neglects the lap-dog for the Latin *Principia* she is a "blue," and therefore to be avoided; if, instead of revelling in the vanities of afternoon tea scandal, she has opinions of her own, and cannot be convinced against her will, it provokes the cynic's retaliations, which is an illustration of the truth—"Mockery is the fume of little hearts." Lord Lytton says truly: "You women are at once debarred from public life, and yet influence it. You are the prisoners and yet the despots of society. Have you talents? It is criminal to indulge them in public, and thus, as talent cannot be stifled, it is misdirected in private." "'Tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true." Some few years ago, when one or two young women first paddled a tricycle into the sunny lanes of old England, getting a well-earned glimpse of lovely landscapes, and communing with the "noble senators of mighty woods, tall oaks," and thereby obtained a brighter eye and a rosier cheek—how the impropriety of the thing was discussed! but how it flourished, in spite of the "worm in the bud," far abler pens than mine may tell. Innovations are objectionable, and when one leads many follow, without even stopping to think. But in England we have outlived all the objections, and

now a club run is deemed incomplete without its usual complement of lady members, who have always found the society of the knights of the wheel, in Shakespearian language, "a think to *tri* for." Even the gay young sparks prove themselves, to say the least, sparks of honor; while the courtesy and gallantry to be met with on all hands adds yet to the enjoyment of tricycling.—EMILY SMITH, in *Cycling Times*.

—:o:— SPEED.

As regards speed for a mile or two, or even several miles, there can be no comparison between the pace of a horse and that of a man on a bicycle. The horse is far and away the speedier; but after about twenty or twenty-five miles the horse, it seems, begins to come back to the man. The relative speed of horse and man, quite unincumbered by weight, has never been tried, as it is always necessary either to ride or drive a horse when he is being tried. But in comparing the best times on record of a trotting-horse driven in a light gig, as is the fashion in America, and a man riding or propelling a 27lb. bicycle, the conditions, taking the relative strength of the contestants into consideration, may be thought tolerably equal.—Maude S., Mr. Vanderbilt's celebrated horse, trotted one mile in 2.09; the champion time for a bicycle is 2.39. Leaving out intermediate distances, I find that Lady Mack did five miles in 13:00; Mr. Hiller has ridden it on a bicycle in 14:18; Controller did 10 miles in 27:23¼; Mr. English accomplished that distance in 29:19 3-5; 20 miles was done by the horse Captain McGowen in 58:25; Mr. English, who holds the record for 20 miles, accomplished it in 59:06 3-5. Twenty miles well within the hour must surely be looked on as a wonderful performance. But after 20 miles, the man rapidly begins to go to the front. The best 50 miles on record has been done by Ariel in 3:55:40½; but Ion Keith-Falconer rode that distance on a bicycle in 3:43:58 3-4. Conqueror travelled 100 miles in 8:35:53; F. R. Fry, on a bicycle, did 100 miles in 5:50:05 2-5. The same distance, 100 miles, was done on the high road by George Smith in 7:11:10. The other times mentioned were performed on the cinder-path. No trial has been recorded for a horse beyond 100 miles. But a tricyclist has ridden 222¼ miles in 24 hours; and a few weeks ago a performer on a newly-invented little two-wheel machine of odd appearance, called a kangaroo, travelled 267 miles within the same time. It is therefore plain that in staying power a man on a bicycle, or even on a tricycle, which is a much heavier machine, not primarily adapted for racing, is infinitely superior to a horse. Probably up to 25 miles the best horse would beat the best bicyclist; but after that distance the horse would, in yacht-racing phrase, never see the way his adversary went.—VISCOUNT BURY, in *Nineteenth Century*.

—:o:—

Messrs. Webster and Ryrie, of Toronto, are organizing a bicycle tour through England and Scotland, taking in most of the interesting points and all the fine roads. Time, seven weeks; cost, less than \$200. Are you going? Don't all speak at once.

A TOUGH TOUR.

I had spent the greater part of my vacation in learning to ride the bicycle, and was already finding much pleasure in its use. One afternoon, as I returned from a short but glorious spin, I concluded that I must have a grand rough-and-tumble, go-as-you-please tour. Time being precious, I began to prepare as soon as I reached home. My first care was to put my wheel in order. It was a 54-inch Standard Columbia, with balls to front wheel, coned pedals, and cones to rear wheel. Grasping it by the backbone, just before the saddle-spring, I shook it quickly, but gently, back and forth. A rattle greeted my ears, coming apparently from the head centres; but, to be sure, I placed one finger on the point where the lower neck cone rested in the lower head centre and shook again. This time I plainly felt too much play, so I removed the set-nut on top, and using the dust shield for a screw-driver, tightened the screw till I felt that more tightening would make it turn perceptibly hard; then replaced shield and set-nut. Next, holding by the head, I placed the other hand on the rim of wheel and shook from side to side. This revealed considerable play. Removing hand from head, I placed a finger so as to touch bearing-box and axle at the same time, and, on shaking the wheel, found so much shake that I concluded the bearing-box to have been grinding on the sleeve. Loosening the catch which held the balls till only the least bit of play could be detected. Then, securing the catch, I went round and examined the other bearing. It was all right, so I held the head and shook the wheel again. Still there was some play. Since the bearings were properly adjusted, it could only be in the joints where bearing-boxes join the forks. Resting a finger on the joint and shaking, wheel showed play in one of the joints, which I quickly remedied by tightening the joint bolt. Next, the pedals were tried by shaking them to and from the wheel. Finding no more play than I thought proper, I attempted to spin them. One seemed to run hard, sounded gritty, and would not revolve long. I removed it from the pin, and found it dirty with gummed oil, sand, and dust. A rag and some kerosene soon cleaned it clean, after which I replaced and oiled it, and it spun all right. Then, holding the backbone in one hand, I stooped and shook the rear wheel with the other. Finding it loose, I loosened the outer nut, screwed up the milled cone, and then tightened the other nut. Then shook again and spun it. It shook very little, and spun nicely, so I concluded it was good enough. Next I drew my fingers across the spokes of both wheels, which action showed the loose spokes, for by their slower vibration and greater amplitude they were easily seen. These tightened. I got some worsted and put it around the axle on each side the bearing-box to keep dust out; also, some around inner pedal cones and around rear axle. Finally, I saw that my tool-bag contained a monkey-wrench, screw-driver, spoke-grip, knife, extra pedal-pin, full oil-can, few yards of string, and bunch of waste. Then I put the wheel away and anxiously awaited the morning. Some time before daylight I arose and dressed in flannel shirt, woollen stock-

ings supported from the waist, high shoes with elastic sides, and strong breeches and coat of dark, unattractive cloth. A light straw helmet, covered with dark flannel, formed my head gear, and with a couple of big handkerchiefs in my pockets, I hastened downstairs, not forgetting to snatch from the work-basket a needle filled with thread. Putting this in my pocket-book, together with a few pins, I proceeded to the pantry, where I secured some milk and a few slices of dried beef. Staying my stomach with these, I got my wheel and started. Being but a beginner, nearly all my attention was given to my wheel, so I am unable to give much more than an account of the accidents and incidents which befell me. Hardly had I started before a squeak from the pedal informed me that I had forgotten to oil up. This attended to, I again started. My first mishap was a fall sidewise, caused by a ridge of loose dirt. Quickly throwing one leg over the top of the wheel, I alighted on my feet, but let the wheel drop with such force that the handle was loosened, and the handle-bar, crank, and pedal-pin were bent. I attempted to tighten the handle by screwing it up, but the threads were torn off, so I removed the handle, wound some string around the threads on the bar, and this, with patience and attention, sufficed during the day. The handle bar was bent backward, so I rested the head on the ground, stood on the handle, and using the backbone as a lever, pushed it from me, thus straightening the handle-bar. This is pretty hard on the head, but not likely to injure anything. The crank was bent considerably, and my first thought was that I should have to remove it, lay it on a flat stone and pound it straight with another, but I feared I would deface it, so, as it did not interfere with the fork in revolving, I concluded to wait till I could get a large monkey-wrench. I straightened pedal pin by placing pedal so that bend was towards me, then placing my foot on the outer end and pulling on the rim I forced the pin to bend back to position. I also noticed that a part of the front tire was torn loose. Taking a piece of twine, I tied one end to a spoke near the rim, then passed the other end around tire and back between rim and twine, near where twine was tied to spoke. This made a sort of loop which could be drawn very tight. Drawing it tight, so as to shield twine from as much wear as possible, I held it with one hand while I made a similar loop a few inches farther on, and so on till all was secure. Again I mounted, and met no further accident before breakfast. My breakfast consisted as follows: cup of chocolate, bowl of oatmeal, Graham gems, soft-boiled eggs, and a piece of game,—all quickly and easily digestible as well as very nourishing. As a sort of rest after breakfast, I secured a monkey-wrench of large size, and putting it on the crank soon had it straight.

After oiling up I rolled away, and all went lovely till about the middle forenoon, when, in coasting a hill with legs over, I struck a rattle with such force that I was thrown some distance ahead of the wheel, which struck heavily on one handle, and then turned a somersault. Thought I, as I walked back to the wheel, "A rattle may make the road better by running the water off, but I fail to see any advantage in its keeping wheelmen off." I found the handle-bar bent

again, and the backbone so bent that the wheels interred, also so twisted that they were not in line. Leaning the wheel against a tree, I sat on the ground behind it, placed my feet against the tire of front wheel, and taking hold of rear forks, pulled till I brought the backbone into shape again. Then getting a stout stick, and placing it before one rear fork and behind the other, I twisted them till they were in line.—The bar was bent back and down both this time, but I soon straightened it by standing machine on its head and pushing against forks and backbone both. By this time I noticed that I had torn my pants some on one side, but a pin soon fixed it, and I was ready for further accidents. Erelong the sun began to shine so hot that I felt it necessary to remove my coat. Having done this, I folded it nicely and laid it on the saddle: then taking two pieces of string, I passed the end of one under the coat and forward inside the head, then back outside the piece of fork that forms one side of the head and over the coat, where I tied the two ends together: then the other string the same way, ending up by laying the bundle over the front of the handle-bar, where it hung as nicely as if on a luggage-carrier. A string around it and down to the brake-spoon held it from getting back on the saddle again. At noon I indulged in a big dinner of ham, eggs, sweet potatoes, baked beans, boiled peas, and brown bread, washed down with milk and lemonade, and settled with a nap in a hammock, lasting about an hour. The road after dinner proved very sandy, so I turned the wheel round with small wheel up in the air, and pushed it along. Soon I came to where the railroad ran parallel with the waggon road, and there I tried the scheme of leading the wheel on the ridge between the rails while I walked a rail and rested an arm in the saddle. This required some attention, but the better footing and the arm rest more than repaid the attention.

At bridges I would let the wheel run on the bottom of one rail just above the spike heads, while I walked the other rail or the ties. The sand soon cut the string on the tire, and when cut in one place it all came loose, so that I retied it, and used short pieces of string at short intervals. These did much better, for when one came loose the others were not affected. Began riding on the road as soon as I could, and all went well till I dropped into a rut, and in trying to get out buckled my wheel. Two opposite points of the rim were bent one way, and two other opposite points were bent the other way. I dismounted and laid the wheel down, placing one of the downward bends on a stump, while the other was on the ground: then grasping one of the upper bends in each hand, I attempted to unbuckle it by bearing down forcibly. A few futile attempts convinced me that I was not strong enough, so I turned the wheel up in the air and trundled the machine along on the little wheel. Seeing a man coming along the road towards me, I concluded to wait for him, and while waiting I used my needle and thread on the before-mentioned rent in my clothes. On his arrival I explained my trouble, and with him on one side and I on the other, we soon pulled the wheel into ridable shape, although some out of true. My next accident occurred while coasting a steep hill, and was occasioned by the finger

lever slipping off over the top of the brake-spoon lever. The wheel started away like lightning, but I checked it by placing the hollow of the foot on the tire with the other foot on top of the one. In fact, I checked it too much, for on striking a small obstruction I took a header. I alighted on my feet about two rods farther down the hill, and on going back to the wheel found one handle-bar so much bent downward that I could not get my leg under it. Putting my foot on the fork, with wheel lying down, I straightened it some: then leaning wheel against a tree, I placed my foot on the hub or pedal (I forget which), and my elbow on my thigh just above my knee: then holding my forearm stiff, I used thigh as a lever, and easily bent handle-bar up to its place. Too easy, forsooth! because it proved to be almost broken off, so much so that I finished breaking it, and then got a stick, which I tied to the other bar with string, letting it project out far enough to form a handle. This served till I reached a village, where a blacksmith welded the bar for me; but on putting it in again it proved too small, so I got some pieces of watch-springs at a jeweller's near by, and drove them in around it till it was tight. Scarcely had I mounted again when I heard a snap, and felt the saddle resting on the backbone. The spring had broken just back of the saddle clip. I went back to the shop and inquired for a piece of rubber. Considerable search revealed a piece of a clothes-wringer. Cutting off about three inches of this, I burned a hole through each end with a hot wire, and then tied it under the remaining piece of string with some string. It made the saddle rather high for mounting, but rode very comfortable. No further accident befell me. On reaching my destination, I enjoyed a large but easily-digestible supper of bean soup. Then, after a cold bath, I retired to sleep the sleep of a weary cyclist. Early next morning I arose and began to repair my wheel. One of the ball-bearings was so full of grit that I took out the balls and cleaned them. Removing the string from the tire, I carefully cleaned the tire and cement, and put in more cement where needed. Then, not having access to a gas jet, and fearing a kerosene lamp would take too much time, I placed four or five candles side by side, and tied them between two short flat sticks, so as to hold them in a row. These, when lighted, soon melted the cement. I also removed the loose handle, and dropping some melted cement in it, stuck it on again, which method of fastening held for a long time. I also found that the lower centres had been cutting and were quite rough, so I kept them filled with plumbago for quite a while afterwards.

One of the cranks was loose, and had worn the key-seat on the axle considerably. After filing the seat till it was straight again, it proved too deep for the key, so I placed a piece of watch-spring in as a sort of bushing. My last job was to true the wheel. Using cords from the ceiling, I suspended it by the handles with the wheel an inch or so off the floor; then spinning the wheel, I gradually brought a piece of chalk near the rim, resting my hand against the fork as I did so. The points where the rim was most out of true, were indicated by the chalk marks. Repeating this action on the other side and then on the top, so as to see if wheel was

round, I soon learned the exact condition of the wheel. Where marked on one side, I tightened spokes on the other, and where marked on top I tightened spokes on both sides, taking care to be patient and not tighten the spokes too much at a time. After giving them a third or a half turn, I would rub off the chalk, rechalk and tighten again. Towards the last the spokes got so tight that I feared the threads would be injured, so, instead of tightening on the side opposite the mark, I would loosen on the same side. At last I got it true within an eighth of an inch, and was satisfied. My tour was ended.

C. E. DURYEA.

TRICYCLING IN ENGLAND.

A friend of mine sends me the following account of a trip on a tricycle which he recently took. My friend is a portly gentleman, not given to excessive toil. An account, therefore, of his cycling experiences will, I think, prove useful to many who may feel inclined to follow his example, and who are not concerned to go at railroad speed from one end of the island to another in order to make a better record than some other muscular enthusiast:

As a member of that numerous and influential family, the old boys, I am desirous of giving the result of a journey lately taken on a tricycle from the West Riding of Yorkshire to the neighborhood of London, in order to encourage others who, like myself, may be holding on with tenacity to the extreme fringe of youth—that is to say, men of about fifty years of age, who wish to combine enjoyment with a fair amount of exercise.

It is no part of my province to give an itinerary of my journey, my object being to furnish a few hints which may be found useful to others who contemplate a similar outing.

I will only suggest in the choice of a machine that I would recommend for safety one with a front steering wheel and with a riband break (a double-acting break for choice), and the use of a saddle, not a seat, the smaller the saddle the less it being likely to chafe.

If you carry your luggage with you the less the amount the better. A small basket or portmanteau, which can be fixed at the back of the machine to contain toilet necessities, a flannel shirt, and a change of underclothing is all that is necessary. Strapped at the top should be a waterproof cape and overalls. The best dress to wear is a Norfolk jacket of woollen tweed, riding-breeches of the same material, flannel shirt, woollen stockings, and stout shoes.

In buying the equipments necessary for the journey, it is better not to put yourself in the hands of any universal purveyor; a Jack-of-all-trades is seldom good all round. I speak of this to my cost. I did not carry any lamp, and was therefore not tempted, as I should otherwise have been on one or two days, to continue my journey after dark; for a heavy man (I weighed before starting over 14 stone), there is an element of danger in travelling on an unknown road after dark—leave that for the youngsters, who wish to do an impossible number of miles in a day. In a hilly country your machine will climb the hill, but it is a nice change of exercise to walk up the steepest, and

during my journey I found two very steep, long hills that I thought it prudent to walk down. If you are overtaken by a wet day, take a rest; it is double labor riding on a wet road and under a waterproof. I endeavored to map out my day's work each day before starting, making inquiries at the hotel as to the state of the road; and I used to settle in my mind a moderate or a full day's journey, so as to feel quite independent. If you keep to the old coaching roads you will pass plenty of villages with telegraph offices, and by the afternoon, when you can see your way to settle upon your destination for the night, stop at the next telegraph office and send a telegram ordering your bed and a dinner.

Don't take a companion with you; he will be heavier or lighter than you are, and the one will push the other in speed. If you are not good company to yourself, don't undertake a journey at all. Nothing can be more enjoyable than the sense of freedom and independence of all conventionality that one experiences in travelling on a fine bright autumn day upon a good road. If you keep your eyes open, you will make a more intimate acquaintance with nature than you may hitherto have done; and it is remarkable to an observer the number of things there are—animate and inanimate—to interest as one goes along. You are in no hurry, and can afford time to watch a party of sportsmen walking over the stubble up to their birds, or it may be worth while to stop even after a rare butterfly or flower, or for some ripe blackberries, which are very plentiful this year, and refreshing. Altogether, a journey on wheels will be found a healthy tonic to the mind and body, and the fatigue at the end of a day, after going twenty-five or thirty miles, is no greater than walking eight or ten miles.

My journey of over 200 miles took me eight and a half days. I arrived home thoroughly fit, sound in nerve, lighter in body, and not much lighter in purse; and I hope other heavy men will follow my example.

UNSOCIAL WHEELMEN.

Sociability is a virtue which all mankind are not endowed with. The animals—horses, for instance—are widely different in their dispositions. Some have gentle, mild, and even loving dispositions, and others are cross and ugly in all of their ways, and of a consequence are hated by their owners and receive more hardships at their hands. Mankind is not unlike the horse in this respect. As a general thing, we have found wheelmen a very social and gentlemanly class, and it is often said among them: "We seem to be bound together in a union or brotherhood as one; even as the spokes of our wheel centre at one point, so do our friendships." Now and then we find a cyclist of the hog species, and for one of the social, jolly good fellows to be in his company for a short run it is anything but pleasure. He is not at home; it's not his element to wheel with the bristle-backed kind, and at the first opportunity he will leave him to enjoy his own company as best he can. Sometimes we can but pity these unsocial human beings; they don't seem to enjoy their own company or that of their fellow-creatures. Then, again, we think there's no need

of their being so; if they are by nature a little related to the "grunter," they have the power to restrain this miserable, hateful disposition. Our sympathy does not last long when we see them cultivating this inhuman faculty by their persistent hoggishness. We think we are best off without their company, for "in beholding we become changed."

We have wheeled in company with those who were all the time finding fault. The roads were either too sandy, rutty, rocky, hilly, muddy, or dry, or the weather too cold, hot, windy, wet, or foggy. When they were not growling about the weather they were about something else.

Some are always having trouble. It would seem that they were born to be tormented.—This is not the case; they make their own trouble. We think it is best to suit ourselves to circumstances rather than try to make them suit us by fault-finding, which we can never do; it only makes things worse. If the roads are bad, so we cannot make ten miles an hour, we must do the best we can, and let it go at this. If a wheelman rides right, he will always see enough to make his rides enjoyable, whether his pace is four or twelve miles an hour.—*Star Advocate*.

Wheel Tracks.

Wheeling is commencing to boom in earnest now.

Woodstock has been unanimously chosen for the C.W.A. meet of '85.

Cornwall has a bicycle club now, with Mr. W. J. Wallace as Secretary.

If you want to procure a first-class machine, consult our advertising columns.

It is stated that Sellers, amateur champion of the world, will not race this year.

W. B. Everett & Co., of Boston, are now the American agents for Singer & Co., Coventry.

Asa Dolph, the Ohio flyer, has joined the professional ranks. He ought to make a good one.

Woodside, the professional, will not go to England this season, all reports to the contrary, etc.

Karl Kron claims that "bicycler" is the word that should be applied to one who rides a bicycle, not "bicyclist."

Brownson Wallace, manager for Westbrook and Hacker, acrobatic riders, paid London a visit on the 10th inst.

Maltby, the fancy rider, of Boston, has succeeded in riding on one wheel with everything detached but the pedals.

Canadian wheelmen who intend joining the Big Four Tour should make application at once to the manager, 56 Kinzie St., Chicago.

George D. Cameron, one of the oldest riders of London, and late president of the Ariel Touring Club, has accepted a position in Buffalo.

J. A. Muirhead, C. C. of No. 1 District, is with the 7th Fusiliers, who have been called to the front on account of the North-West rebellion.

J. L. Fitzgerald, of the Ariel Touring Club, has returned from an extended Southern tour, during which he visited the New Orleans Exposition.

John Keen, the English racer, intends taking in Springfield this year, and also bring his water cycle with him. Fred. Wood, another flyer, also promises to put in an appearance.

The following Canadians have been selected as judges and timers for the Big Four Century road race: S. G. Retallack, of Belleville; Perry Doolittle, of Toronto; and W. Kingsley Evans, of London.

Henry W. Williams, Esq., a Boston patent solicitor and president of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club, is probably the most accomplished road-riding wheelman in the country. He mounts his bicycle nearly every pleasant day during the cycling season, and has already ridden on Columbia bicycles 13,500 miles, 7,500 miles of which were ridden without a single fall, save one of slight consequence, caused by the stupid carelessness of another rider.—*Boston Journal*.

Westbrook is now giving exhibitions in double fancy riding, and his feats are thus extolled by a correspondent: "Westbrook and Hacker gave a wonderful bicycle exhibition at the rink on the 18th, and I doubt if another team can be found who will equal their grace and daring. A few of their many feats were: Hacker standing erect on Westbrook's shoulders while wheel was balanced on chairs; Hacker standing on Westbrook's shoulders, swinging Indian clubs, while wheel was in motion; Hacker doing a head stand on back of Westbrook's neck, while balancing, and many other daring feats."

—:—

What cyclist will not remember his first ride by lamplight? Possibly he was on his regular run home, as we were, of three miles into the country, up hill and down, on a dusky highway. At first there was a feeling as if some unseen hand carried the light for us, and for a wonder held it where it would do the most good. Then, as we left the region of street lamps and houses, the darkness grew more intensely black, and our good little star of the evening seemed to shine with increased brilliancy, and conjured up no end o' ghosts far ahead or on either side, clothing great rocks in the vague middle distance with spectral habiliments that disappeared on closer inspection. The road some distance ahead often showed a dense black bank directly across it, as if it was land's-end, and some unknown depths were just beyond, but we felt rather than saw the incline, and soon the mysterious gulf disappeared as the strong light flashed down the other side of the hill as we gained the top.—There was confusion of lines and uncertain light as we coasted down the first lamp-lighted hill, and we more than half wished we had walked, but on striking smoother wheeling again everything was serene. The dazed and startled appearance of chance pedestrians, and their "Why, hello! I couldn't make out what Jack-o'-lantern it was coming!" were amusing, but this, like all first experiences, came to an end as we safely, and about as quickly as by daylight, wheeled into our own gateway, and dismounted.—*S. W. Gazette*.

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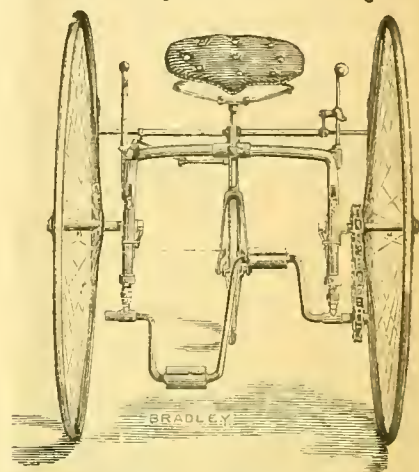
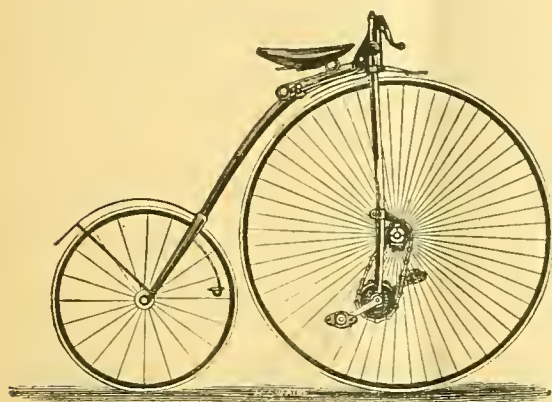
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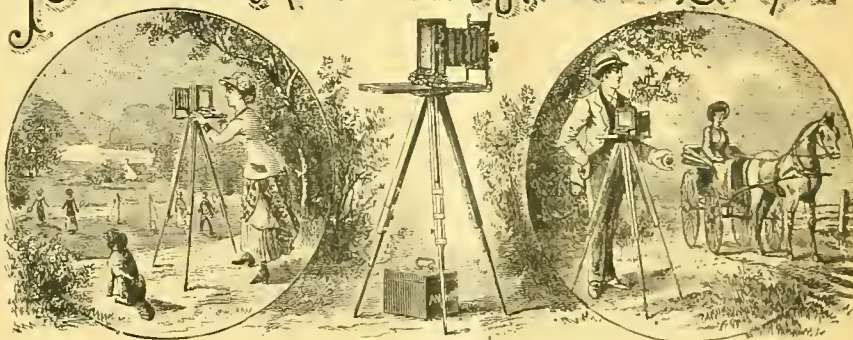
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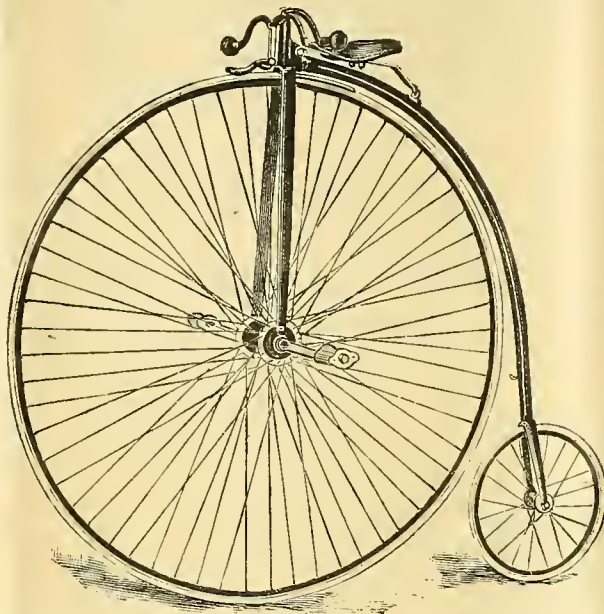
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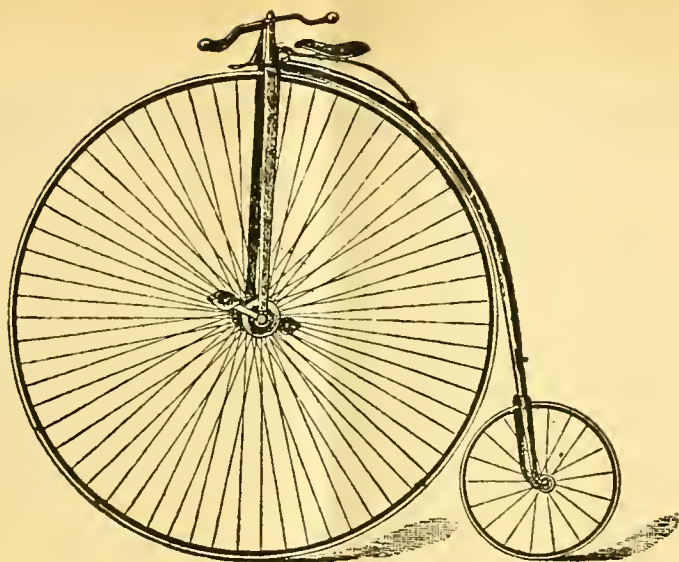
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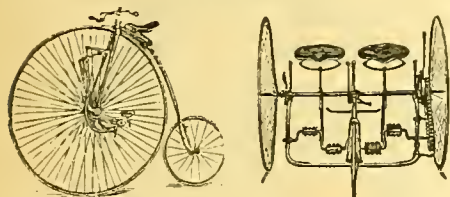
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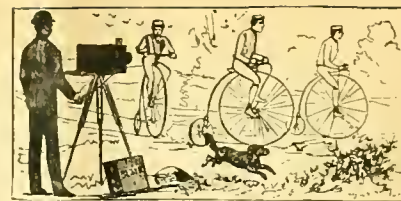
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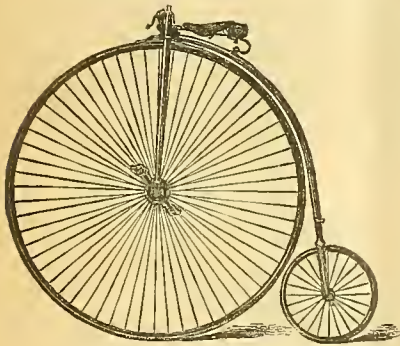
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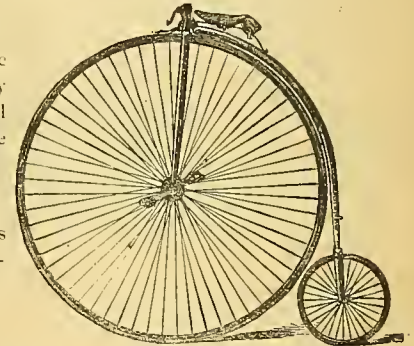
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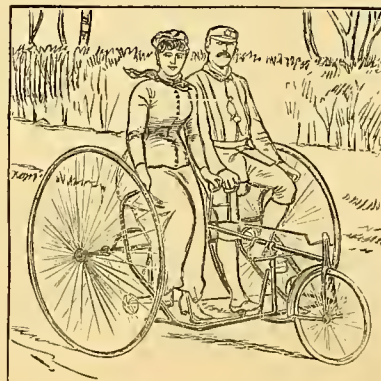
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