

## 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 Frankfort, 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, Larchach, 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, Charbe, 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. "I would 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. Y., I. 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 I.A.W. was about to follow on the lines of the foreign policy of the United States; when suddenly the I.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*.

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."