

SIMCOE SPOKES.

Being, as my name indicates, of the Reform persuasion, I don't feel at all well this month, the West Middlesex election case having, as it were, completely overcome me. So "Simcoe Spokes" will be only remarkable for their brevity, in your November issue.

Last month your "intelligent compositor" made a few slight blunders in my letter. For instance, he calls our Lieutenant R. J. McKin, when his proper name is McKiee. Then he leaves out the name of Mr. W. Y. Wallace altogether, thus crediting Mr. McKiee with more than his share of space, as it is Mr. Wallace that I referred to as being the owner of the gold medal. But then you know mistakes will happen, so he is forgiven this time.

Of course, you know that our Secretary, Mr. H. B. Donly, is now also Secretary of the C. W. A. I sincerely hope he will occupy the important position creditably, and thus uphold the honor of our Club.

It is firmly believed around here that one of our members goes shooting upon his wheel. At least, he was seen one day lately making for the suburbs with a shot-gun across his handle-bar. I think that the "notis" of the Western planing-miller "don't munky with the Buzz-saw when in Moshun," might very aptly be attached to this young man's back.

One day, during the summer, two of our boys—Donly and Perry—took a trip they will not soon forget. It was up to Norwich, just twenty-five miles away. They left here at exactly twelve o'clock and arrived at their destination at just seven, p.m.—seven hours going twenty-five miles. Nineteen of them were done on foot, some of them with the machines on the backs of the riders, if you will allow me the use of the Paddyism. However, the boys said they were not sorry they went, so the Norwich folks must have used them well.

We are all agreed that when the engraver of your title-head was at work, he must have had a picture of Joe Rippon, of our Club, before him to draw the bicyclist from. At any rate, his moustache is there to perfection. I would not dare to say this only "Rip" has gone to live in Woodstock; and although his arm is long it cannot reach me here.

The road that we wheel over most is the one to Port Dover, just eight miles. It is no cinder track, as you may imagine, when I tell you that it has recently been condemned by an engineer appointed by the courts to examine it. Yet it is our best. We consider it good wheeling to make it in an hour or seventy minutes. Well, Perry went down the other day in thirty-five minutes, and is happy in having secured the "record." I found out the secret last night. The half-way house was closed up and he put past without a dismount. This is no reflection upon our boys, but merely a tribute to Will's well-known temperance proclivities. More anon. GARR.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Moore, a Toronto bicyclist, took a bad header recently, cutting his face severely.

Mr. John Cowan, of the Forest Citys, has just imported a full nickel Wolverhampton machine.

Mr. Fred Leonard, of the Forest Citys, has accepted a position as traveller for L. C. Leonard.

The bicyclists, Prince, Morgan, Righam, and Woodside, it is stated, will go to San Francisco, Cal., this winter under a manager.

W. H. Nourse and C. W. Jarvis, lately of Emerson but now of the Winnipeg Club recently made a trip of 180 miles through Southern Manitoba.

Mr. Ed. Taylor, formerly of the Forest Citys, has left for England, where he intends to complete his education. He will be absent about three years.

Walter Arnold, Captain of the Winnipeg Club, could not arrange a race with Mr. Luther, of the same city, as the latter met with a severe accident while riding in the race at the firemen's sports in Winnipeg.

T. H. Robinson, Captain of the Wanderers, of Toronto, made the run to Trenton 101 miles on Thanksgiving Day in less than fifteen hours, which is the second longest trip yet made by any Wanderer.

Mr. Vansickle's advertisement, on this page, is worthy the attention of our readers. As he purposes buying a better machine of the same make, he has decided to raffle his present one which is in first-class condition.

Messrs. Hendee, of Springfield; Corey, of Boston; and Burnham, hold all the amateur bicycle records in America for from one to ten miles. Hendee holds the one, three, four, and five miles; Corey, six and seven; and Burnham, eight, nine, and ten.

Mr. M. H. Kipp of the Ariel Touring Club, is about to sever his connection with the firm of Wm. Saunders & Co, where he has been engaged during the last three years. He purposes attending the Pharmaceutical College, Toronto, during the winter.

Mr. H. Goulding, Vice-President of the Torontos, has kindly furnished the entire Club with club Colors (cardinal and navy blue), and now a scheme is on foot whereby the lady friends of the Club are going to supply a banner, and when the ladies undertake to do a thing you may depend upon its being well done—so says the Toronto correspondent.

Harry Gemmel, of the "Wanderers," the plucky little rider who accompanied the Chicago tourists through their Canadian trip, is going to leave for the Northwest shortly. He will take his bicycle with him and no doubt will astonish the "Injuns" of that far off land by his agility on the wheel. They are sorry to part with Harry as he is one of the nine who helped form the present large Club.

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