

THE MEET.

THREE DAYS OF SPORT AND BUSINESS AT MONTREAL.

WE TOLD YOU SO!

It turned out exactly as we predicted. Those who went to Montreal will never regret it, and those who did not have cause for regret the rest of their natural lives. From the Alpha to the Omega of the C.W.A. meet of 1886 it was a success, such as we dread cannot be repeated until Montreal is again visited. The Montreal boys have put the notch so high up that it will needs be a brave club that essays to climb to it. For three days the visiting wheelmen had such a time as they little dreamt of, and such as they will never forget. For three days they were feted, and treated, and greeted, and meet-ed, and cheated out of their sleep, until for very shame's sake they had to make their apology to Morphius, and go to sleep on the way home, as soon as the clutch of Montreal's hospitable hand ceased to be felt. Talk about hospitality, indeed! there's no place on this green footstool where there's so much open, frank, whole-souled and genuine hospitality to the black than in the city of Montreal. Why, the very waiters at the hotels seem to forget to hold out their hands for "backsheesh," and devote themselves to making you comfortable as though their employers actually paid them for doing so. But it was of the hospitality of the Montreal wheelmen that we wanted to speak. It is of a character we have never seen before, and believe it flourishes only in the exact longitude and latitude of Montreal. It strikes the visitor as he enters the town, and keeps up a kind of magnetic influence upon him after he has regretfully shaken the dust of Montreal from off his sandals. It is as unfailing as the meal in the widow's cruise. It suffereth long, and is patient with the quietest as well as with the noisiest (Hurst, of Woodstock, and his bugle, always excepted). It gets up early in the morning, and apparently never goes to bed in the night—at least a section of it was seen going out of the window of room No. 6 in the Windsor at three o'clock in the morning. In a word, the Montreal boys are "the stuff." They not only have the big hearts necessary to wish their friends a good time, but they possess the "know how" and the "get there," two qualities quite as essential, so far as results are concerned. And apparently the wheelmen are only specimens of the Montreal people as a whole. Nothing could exceed the affability, cordiality and courteous bearing of every citizen with whom the visitors came in contact. Even the policemen seemed to think it a pleasure to hear the boys raising the roof of the vaulted heavens, as only a crowd of bicyclists can. These may seem extravagant words of praise of the Montreal people, but these who were there will endorse every word we have said. It certainly is a mystery how so many good fellows have gathered together in Montreal, and how they manage to work together as one man for the purpose of making such a meet as that of the wheelmen a success, but they do it, and they show an example which leaves its impress upon every visitor, and sends him home with a high ideal of what wheelmen should be in themselves and to each other, and with, let us trust, an emulation to cultivate the same spirit in his own circles, and at once promote the interests of the sport and the enjoyment and welfare of its devotees.

GETTING THERE.

Py ones and twos, by road and rail and boat, the wheelmen of Ontario gathered in Montreal during the first part of the week commencing June 27, but the largest number of the visitors came in on the boats and trains on Wednesday and Thursday morning. The Woodstock men came fourteen strong. They, with seven St. Thomas men, and others in smaller numbers from different parts of the west, met in Toronto on Tuesday night, and there took passage for Kingston in a special Pullman, chartered by the Woodstock club. Like sober-minded cyclists, the travellers sat quietly

until bedtime, talking over the prospects of the meet, and relating reminiscences of past gatherings. Bedtime came along in due course, and all retired. To sleep? No! That bugle of Hurst's was there, and Hurst was behind it, and Jack O'Neil, of Woodstock, was there, and Ned Nesbitt, of the same ilk, was not far off, and, while they may have been innocent, they got full credit of keeping every man in that car awake until Kingston was reached, and then, with Sol high in the heavens, sleep was out of the question. At a meeting held on board the boat at a subsequent period it was moved, seconded and unanimously carried: "That the next time the Woodstock crowd wish to hire a car they be allowed to do so, but that they needn't ask us, and that it is the opinion of this meeting that the Woodstock club has the fastest rider, the noisiest bugler, the quietest captain, and the sweetest mascot, of any club in the Dominion."

At Cobourg the travellers were joined by the members of the Toronto tour. The sail down the river was greatly enjoyed, marred only by the determination of the mascot to make the captain turn the boat's head the other way, because every time he came on deck he felt convinced the boat had changed its course. Perry, of Simcoe, would persist in standing near the bulwarks, to find out whether the rapids were wet or not, his knowledge of the properties of water being extremely limited, unlike the St. Thomas men, who knew what water was like. Teetzel, of the latter town, tried to talk English politics with an Englishman on board, and retired from the contest quite well satisfied with himself. With the exception of these few regrettable occurrences, the day's ride was a pleasant one, and when the boat arrived at Montreal at 6.30 it contained a thoroughly satisfied crowd of wheelmen. At the wharf was Mr. J. B. Ostell, the untiring chairman of the Reception Committee, and with him many of the Montreal men, who immediately took charge of the visitors, and escorted them to the various hotels. These gentlemen also met all the other boats and trains, and not a man stepped off a boat or car but was at once made to feel at home by the jolly Montrealers. On Wednesday night no formal entertainment was given to the visitors; their guides, however, escorted them over the city and to the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association's building, which was a revelation to those who had never before visited it, and conveyed some idea of the great source of the strength of all athletic pastimes in the city of Montreal. On Thursday morning many of the guests were up bright and early, seeing what they could of Montreal before the time set for the parade, 9.30 o'clock.

THE PARADE.

The parade was announced to start from Dominion Square, the little park in front of the Windsor Hotel, and a large crowd was gathered at the appointed time to witness the mount and departure of the wheelmen. Capt. Horace Joyce, of the Montreal Bicycle Club, was marshal of the parade, and shortly after 10 he gave the order to mount. The Montreal Club, in its handsome suit of dark blue, held the place of honor, and quickly springing into the saddle led the way, followed by the Montreal Juniors, a new club of young men, dressed in the neat C.W.A. uniform. Then came the "remnants" of the Forest City Club, once the pride of the west, and now represented only by Mr. Kingsley Evans and a few others, who, "among the faithless, faithful only are." Following them came seven members of the St. Thomas Club, clad in C.W.A. cloth, and under the command of Captain A. E. Domville. The St. Thomas Club felt proud in having more members present, in proportion to its size, than any western club. Simcoe, Toronto, Ottawa, Kingston, Belleville, Sherbrooke, Victorias (Montreal), City Club (Montreal), Wanderers, Woodstock, and unattached, made up the remainder of the parade. The number attached to each club was reported as follows:

Montreal.....	53
Juniors.....	11
London.....	5
St. Thomas.....	7

Simcoe.....	4
Toronto.....	10
Ottawa.....	4
Kingston.....	1
Belleville.....	1
Sherbrooke.....	6
Victoria.....	4
City.....	11
Wanderers.....	10
Woodstock.....	15
Unattached.....	23
	165

This made some 165 men on parade. In single file they started in response to the call of Bugler F. W. S. Crispo, of the Montrealers, and paraded as follows: Windsor street to St. James, Place d'Armes square, Notre Dame, Gosford, Craig, St. Denis, St. Catherine, St. Hubert, Sherbrooke, Dorchester road, Dorchester street to Drummond, and to Victoria rink, where the parade was dismissed. By reason of the crowded state of the streets single file had to be maintained the entire distance, although an escort of mounted cavalry endeavored to keep open a wide path for the wheelmen. The parade was headed by a band in a waggon, a feature regretted by many.

THE ATTENDANCE.

The attendance at the meet was certainly disappointing to those who had anticipated a large gathering of wheelmen. Compared with former gatherings at annual meetings of the Association, the number in attendance was small, but still the representation of western wheelmen was as large as could reasonably have been expected, considering the distance Montreal is from the majority of the cycling centres and the expense and time necessary to attend the meet. Had all the towns done their duty, a very large attendance would have to be recorded; but it does not certainly say much for the clubs of Brantford, Belleville, Stratford, Hamilton and Kingston, in times past among the most enthusiastic in the Dominion, that they were unrepresented, or represented by only one or two. However, there were enough western wheelmen present to make the Montrealers feel that their efforts on behalf of cycling, and of the C.W.A. were thoroughly appreciated, and that the men of Ontario for the most part endeavored to apply the golden rule.

AT THE WINDSOR.

Mr. Horace S. Tibbs, father of bicycling in Canada, ex-president of the Canadian Wheelmen's Association, and good fellow generally, now ably fills the important, and, let us trust, lucrative, position of treasurer of the Windsor Hotel Company. In that capacity he was furnished by the meet with an opportunity of displaying on a larger scale than formerly his well-known hospitality. The Windsor—the leading hotel on the continent—threw open its doors to the wheelmen at greatly reduced rates, and from Manager lies down to the call-boys every one connected with the hotel did what they could to enhance the pleasure of the wheelmen. On Thursday evening, after the annual business meeting of the Association, the management of the hotel tendered a complimentary hop to the visiting wheelmen. The pleasant affair was held in the "Ladies' Ordinary," and was enjoyed to the utmost by those of the wheelmen who tripped the light fantastic. The Montreal Club brought its sisters and cousins to the ball, fair ones all, and the wheelman who couldn't enjoy himself in such company was happily not in Montreal that night—he was the man who didn't go! The Montreal men could not do too much for their guests, and the entire affair was on a par with the completeness of the festivities of the day before and after. After the dance, no little amusement was created by "Mr. Smith of Woodstock," sometimes known as "Tizzy," introducing himself to the young French Liberals, who were leaving the banquet of the *Club Nationale*, and conveying to them his deepest sympathies with them in their desire to "boom Canada." Although not a Liberal, he was magnanimous enough to join with them in booming Canada, and his generosity was evidently heartily appreciated, espec-