

Wheelman Centres.

TORONTO

The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year,
When I stow away my faithful wheel
On the top of a wooden bier
In the coal shed.

But in the glad spring time, old wheel,
When the frog from his lair doth hop,
When the birds sing their opening song
From the summit of the highest tree top,
I'll yank you down.

I'll polish again the handle-bar,
I'll clean up the spokes so bright,
That they'll glisten like the polar star
On a wintry, frosty night,
And proceed to take my first header.

CLUB ROOMS. — Committees of both our Toronto clubs have been house and room-hunting with the assiduity of a young married couple. The Wanderers have secured a fine room in the Arcade, and have furnished it with a poker, an oil painting of George Orr's poodle, a billiard table and a piano. There is an alarming rumor to the effect that a professional quartette has been formed, with Capt. Riggs as bass; Tom Lahr as tenor; Daniels as baritone, and Fred Foster as time-beater. I have received formal instructions to deny it. The Victoria street policeman says that a revolution of the surrounding inhabitants has been averted thereby. The Toronto Club, as I have said, are also looking for winter quarters. They have a big nest-egg in their cash-box, and it is wise to expend some of it in furnishing a suite of rooms.

THE WANDERERS' CUP. — The five mile handicap race last Saturday, for the Wanderers' handsome silver cup, resulted in F. Strange winning it for the second time. The starters and their distances were: Foster, scratch; Fane, 440 yds.; Daniels, 1 200; Greenfield, 1,300; Strange, 1,760; Robinson, 2,100; McDowell, 2,200. The race was an exciting one, Strange running about 100 yards ahead of Foster, who finished only half a wheel ahead of Robinson. The time was about 17 minutes. Foster was severely handicapped, and the task of making up the distance was too much for even such a fast rider, as he put on his best speed the whole distance.

PETE.

RACES AGAINST TIME

The hardest thing in the world to beat when held by honest and capable men, is the watch. It is never out of condition, and it does not wait upon a horse which swerves, tumbles, or breaks. It goes steadily forward, indifferent to excuses, and without a grain of charity in its action. Just think of the courage required of Maud S. in her struggle against the watch at Cleveland! The first quarter was trotted in 32½ seconds, and the second quarter in 31½ seconds—a 2.07 gait—making the time at the half mile 1.04½. Had she been competing with another horse, the bruising 2.07 clip would have told upon him, and he would have been eased a little to recover his wind, thus allowing the great mare to slacken her stride also. But the long hand of the watch was not tired in

the least. It did not hesitate, and Maud S. actually increased in pace, trotting the third quarter in 31 seconds—a 2.04 gait. Down the home-stretch she had to persevere, because there was no evidence of faint heart on the part of the watch. She crossed the score in 2.08½, and thus beat time by a full half-second. The second half-mile was trotted faster than the first half. This effort required the utmost poise on the part of her driver, and imposed a far greater strain upon the chestnut queen than would have been done by a contest with the fleetest horses that the world has ever seen. In a race, horses are eased after a very sharp brush, and not much attention is paid to time. But when the watch is chosen for an antagonist, lagging is out of the question. It is a desperate drive from start to finish, calling for every ounce of force held in reserve. The powers of endurance are thoroughly tested in flights like the 2 14 of Goldsmith Maid, the 2.13½ of Rarus, the 2.11½ of St. Julian, and the 2.10 of Jay Eye-see.—*Turf, Field and Farm.*

A MICHIGAN MOSSBACK

As an example of the feeling that has to be contended against in certain quarters, the *Bulletin* clips the following from the *Adrian (Mich.) Weekly Press*:

"It is about time to agitate, by law, the propriety of forbidding the use of bicycles. They are prolific of any amount of injury, and no good to any one. We don't believe in sumptuary legislation, but the bicycle nuisance begins to make a suffering public cry aloud for some redress. Still, if people want to break their necks on a bicycle, we suppose that great American privilege should be granted, but a decent regard for the comfort of others should restrict the sport to some private park instead of the public highway."

TRADE NOTES

It is worthy of remark that both the first and second man in the Speedwell 50 miles road ride bestrode "New Rapids"

The Coventry Machinist Company's new safety will have the name of the "Club Tourist," and is likely, we hear, to take the public fancy.—*Wheeling.*

Mr. M. F. Johnston, of Toronto, has won a large number of prizes this year. He attributes it to the firmness of his "New Rapid" wheel, and claims that no other wheel would stand the test he has put that to.

Owing to the business push of Charles Robinson & Co., of Toronto, and to the merits of the machine they handle, the Rudge is now to be found in all parts of the country, and their claims that it is one of the most reliable and high-grade bicycles made, would seem to be borne out by the large business they have done during the season just closed. They now advertise their winter line of goods, such as snow-shoes, toboggans, mocassins, blanket-suits, etc. They have issued a winter catalogue, which will be sent upon application.

TWENTY-TWO MILES IN AN HOUR.

W. A. Rowe, of Lynn, Mass., made 22 miles in 59m. 46s. on a bicycle at Hampton Park, Oct. 25th. He covered 22 miles 150 yards in one hour. He began to beat his own records at four miles, and now holds everything from ¼ mile to 22 miles inclusive, besides the hour.

"THE OWL" BREAKS LOOSE.

There was once a *Singer* named Rudge, who a *Rover* and *Traveller* would be, so he took passage on one of the *Royal Mail* steamers of the *Cunard* line, and after one of those *Extraordinary Rapid* passages which *Challenge* the world to equal, he landed on *Columbia's* shores. Here he met an obliging native named *Humber*, who induced him to purchase a *Mustang* of the *Standard* type, and set out in search of *Kangaroos*, which he declared in this country were of the purest *Ideal* brand, and a hunter for them could not expect to become a *Victor* unless armed with a *Special Club* made for the purpose, which made the hunter almost *Invincible*. Thus armed, he started on his *Star* engagement as a *Premier* slaughterer—But why continue? This must have already set every chestnut bell in the club ringing, and a muttering sound like "rats" from outraged member warns one that to continue might bring serious or fatal results.—"THE OWL" in *Wheel*.

ROWE LOWERS THE MILE BICYCLE RECORD.

The one mile bicycle record for the world has again come to America, after being kept by England since August 24, when Percy Furnivall put it at 2m. 30s. Geo. M. Hendee made an American record of 2m. 31s. on the last day of the Springfield tournament a month ago. On Oct. 23 Wm. A. Rowe, of Lynn, put it down to 2m. 29 4-5s. on the Hampden Park track. Rowe and Hendee both withdrew from the promateur ranks and rode as professionals, with professionals as pacemakers that they might have better pacing than the available promateurs could give. Rowe, in his mile ride, had W. M. Woodside, G. M. Hendee and H. G. Crocker for pacemakers, and they carried him around in good shape. His times were: Quarter mile, 37 2-5s.; half mile, 1m. 14 2-5s.; three-quarters mile, 1m. 50 1-5s.; mile, 2m. 29 4-5s. The last two times are world's records, and now Rowe holds the world's record for all distances from a quarter of a mile to twenty-one miles and for the hour.

ONE VIEW.

The promateurs are to be confined to races among themselves, but the Pope Manufacturing Company controls Rowe, Hendee, Knapp and Burnham, undoubtedly the best men in America. These four men are not to be allowed to race against each other, but are to be scattered around at various meetings to down all comers from the ranks of rival manufacturers. It is tolerably certain that every promateur race will fall to the lot of one of these men, and their less speedy rivals will be defeated time after time. It does not stand to reason that the employers of the defeated men will stand this state of affairs long, and in consequence they will withdraw their patronage. The only hope for this class that I can see at present is that some of the second-raters of last season will develop unexpected form, good enough to down the Pope Company and its flying employes, and this seems extremely improbable, as, with the exception of the performances of Rowe, Hendee and Knapp, we have heard of no startling time this season. If things continue as they have begun, the season of 1887 will find the four fast men forming "Promateur Class, Pope Manufacturing Company, managers and proprietors."—*Providence Journal.*