

Wheelman Centres.

MONTREAL.

The coming season is to be the crowning one in the annals of our club, as the fourth annual meet of the C.W.A. is to be held here on Dominion Day. Montreal, the commercial metropolis of Canada, and possessing the oldest bicycle club in the Dominion (and one of the oldest in America), should long since have been host to the Canadian Wheelmen's Association. I am sure our western brothers know that it was not for any lack of hospitality that our invitation to them was not sent for either of the two preceding years. Until now we have been laboring under the very heavy handicap of not having an A No. 1 track—one on which something better than our annual race parades by local riders could be given to the public; and not possessing one, our committee decided that it was better for both parties for us to withhold our invitation until we were in a position to cope with and run the meet in a manner to reflect nothing but credit on all Canadian wheelmen. This year our boys hope to see, and will welcome most heartily, wheelmen from every province in the Dominion and from the United States to do our town and test the possibilities of our new quarter-mile cinder-track, second to none in Canada, and on which, even in its new state, last year very good time was made by some of the boys here.

Any and every wheelman who contemplates vacations the coming summer cannot do better than note down immediately in a sketch of his town that the four best days of his holiday can be spent in Montreal from Thursday, July 1st, to Sunday, July 4th. If a racing man, his duty calls him tenfold, for we have yet to show our cousins down in Springfield, Mass., who may have heard, yet are not certain, of the existence of a legislative bicycle body in Canada, that we have such an Association, and taking into consideration the population of our country and length of the riding season, an Association that can vie with any other in the world under the same restrictions. Probably in the past we have been treated by our American cousins according to our dues, for who have we amongst us that we can hold up as a fit man to compete for the championship of the world? A few years since Canada had a man who in the mile race came but a very few seconds behind Hendee. Let him or a better man come forth and champion our cause on July 1st, so that we may know whether we can again hold our heads on a level with our contemporary cycle unions, and whether the Canadian Wheelmen's Association can justly claim a share in the management of the world's championship races.

My heart's first desire is that this year may see the finest C.W.A. meet given; my second, that we may earn our proper position as an Association back again, and not be left out in the cold any longer; and my third is to have the pleasure on July 1st of seeing all the faces belonging to the names that fill the pages of our CANADIAN WHEELMAN with their exploits on the track and the road.

Fraternally yours,

April 19th, 1886.

MONTREAL.

SIMCOE

Since last month's WHEELMAN was issued, there has been a revolution in bicycling. All have become alive to the fact that the wheeling season is here, and have accordingly brought out their machines and polished them up for immediate use. Most of the club have agreed to wear their bicycle uniforms all summer for six days in the week, and if other clubs would do the same thing, the farmers from the back townships would soon stop taking a person in a bicycle uniform for a member of the Salvation Army. I think we can claim the first Association uniform to have appeared on a member of our club. Our secretary came out in his about the 15th of the month, and if they all look as well as his the Association may feel proud of having made such a *first* selection. We held our first club run on

Good Friday, leaving Simcoe at 1.30 P.M. and going to Waterford and back, 16 miles. The annual meeting of the club for the election of officers was held on Friday evening, April 2nd, when the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Hon. President, Geo. W. Wells; President, W. S. Perry; Sec.-Treas., A. R. Dobson; Captain, W. V. Wallace; Lieut., A. W. Donly; Standard-bearer, George R. Cook; Bugler, A. Miller. Mr. W. A. Tisdale, our last year's secretary, wished to be relieved of the position, saying that he wanted to see the honors of the club distributed. A vote of thanks was tendered him for the very efficient way in which he had filled his office, and for the interest he had taken in the welfare of the club.

Simcoe, April 26, 1886.

B.

WOODSTOCK.

We took our first club run of the season on Good Friday. Thirteen riders turned out under charge of Capt. Karn. Beachville and return was the extent of the run. Among the attractions for the 24th is the expected visit of the Dufferin Rifles of Brantford, who will bring a troop of friends with them. The track is being put in fine condition, and the records should be knocked out of sight. I must apologize to our standard bearer, Mr. Jas. Scofield, for omitting his name from the list of club officers for this year. "Jemmie" is so well known, however, both at home and abroad, that there is little danger of his being forgotten.

Hoping, Mr. Editor, to see yourself and every other bicyclist and bicycle enthusiast from Windsor to Quebec here on the 24th and 25th. I remain, etc.,

Woodstock, April 23, 1886.

BICYCLE.

PETE'S LITTLE SAY.

MY BEDROOM.

Burning midnight oil (at 38c. per gal.)
April 15th.

Spring, Spring, youthful Spring,
What rich delight your coming doth bring!
What screams of water and seas of mud
(Where you hear the dull and sickening thud
Of the unfortunate baker who is tossed o'erhead,
And is carried off to his straw-tick bed);
What biting winds you shoot from the sky,
What blimy fragrance in your breath doth lie;
What lovely songs from the tree-tops tossed,
What Roman noses nipped by frost!
What glorious runs o'er dale and hill,
What vigorous brushing after a spill!
What—what d'ye say, O gentle Spring?
You ask me to let up on my rhythmic jing.
Let 'o, certainly, if you wish it. No offence,
I hope.

"Bicycle," of Woodstock, has unanimously elected his honorable self and your humble Pete as grandad to THE WHEELMAN's correspondents. This are honor-heaped upon me. Only yesterday I was nominated as god-papa to a cherub without wings or short clothes; last week I was asked to play the cello for the Wanderers' Bicycle Club (th'ir bugle is laid up with asthma). What next? Look here, old boy from Woodstock, what do you think of this idea? Have a new office created in all the bicycle clubs, viz., THE WHEELMAN scribe, at a salary of six postage stamps, a steel pen and a monument? There's Lindsay of St. Catharines, and Hurdman of Ottawa, and Lesue, of Napanee, and Cooper, of Belleville, and Chandler, of Newcastle, and Macbush, of Stratford, and Coleman, of Seaton, and a lot of others who will be blackballed if they don't come to time), who ought to write up their respective localities from month to month.

Alas, alas, and once more alas (three alasses in all)! Lloyd Harris of Brantford, advertises his 60-inch wheel for sale. Earthquakes and hailstones! what's the matter? How we'll miss the big manly fellow away up in the clouds. And will he—no, no, no—yet perchance he may. Horrible Thought!—sell his great white plug too! Away with the thought! I know a shortsighted man who was greatly alarmed at Woodstock when Lloyd headed the procession.

"Bless m' stars," says he to me, "what's that on that machine? Can't see nothing but a pair of legs." Poor fellow! his eyesight ran out before it reached the topknot of the rider.

Oh, Harris, oh, Harris! don't sell your old wheel;

"Tw'll be as the loss of a friend;

If you're no more to be seen on the Queen's highway,

Time might as well come to an end!

Everybody that could hire, beg, steal or own a bicycle went a-spinning on Good Friday. I'll wager we will not have a better day for the purpose this season, barring, perhaps, a trifle too much dust. But it makes a soft bed. A soft fall turneth away bruises. The Wanderers (who, by the way, are awakening with new vigor—and a new suit) made a club turnout of thirty-three. The route lay along the Kingston Road to the Half-way House, where we demolished anything but a half-way dinner. A few of the party went on to Whitby or Montreal, or some village down east, while the rest of us returned. Coming along the sidewalk, in single file, we met a policeman. With instinctive reverence, we all dismounted and did him obeisance. He was immensely pleased, and, pulling out a book, began to take notes:

Riggs.

Daniel.

Br—

"What 'ye doing that for?"

"Again 'th' law."

"But we're outside the city limits—on the outskirts," sobbed the captain, as he wept a big weep.

"Well, if you promise not to tread on her skirts again you can go."

We went, and along the centre of the road, too. The only other adventure we had was the meeting of a Don valley bovine, with cowhorn handlebars on her head. The captain gave her his card and invited her to leave our pathway. She stood and thought it over. In the meantime, locomotion of wheels slackened. We were all getting ready to dismount, when she gave us a wicked wink and wobbled away. That cow has no respect for fellows high up in life.

Why the Torontos didn't have a big run I do not know. Perhaps they did, but, if so, it was done very quietly.

PETE.

Toronto, April, 1886.

TOURING.

Mr. B. B. Ayers, tour-master, L.A.W., in a letter to the president of the League, defines the scheme lately devised and adopted by the Touring Board for the conduct of tours. He says: "The country was divided into touring districts, Eastern, Middle, Western and Southern, according to the regular geographical division of the United States. Canada was included in the Middle Division. Each division to have a marshal, with immediate charge of the touring interests of the division, leadership of his division party in the annual tour; he to give tourists general information concerning prospective tours of individual wheelmen or parties over routes in his division, and have charge of the editing of the tour-map of his division. The duties of the marshals will be generally centralized in the chief marshal, who will, in addition, personally lead or superintend the annual tour. A bicycle touring map of the United States will be compiled by the Board, to be in divisions as above, or in one map like a railroad folder, as may develop to be best. The map will be accompanied by touring descriptions with rail and water connections, and best lines to take between given points. The annual tour was set for the two weeks following Monday, 6th Sept., 1886, and is substantially over the following route: Niagara Falls and Buffalo to Canandaigua Seneca Lake, Central New York, Elmira, Northern New Jersey and the Orange riding district to New York city; thence ocean steamer to Old Point Comfort, Va.; thence to Staunton, Va.; from Staunton down the Shenandoah Valley via Luray Cave to Harper's Ferry; thence north to Hagerstown, Md., Gettysburg, Pa., York, Pa., and Reading, Pa., to Philadelphia, or via the Lehigh Valley to N.Y. State.