

Mr. R. F. Smith, the hon. sec., is just the man for the position, and as the secretary, he is a "dandy."

"M. B. C." writes: Mr. W. McCaw, better known amongst the boys as "Sandy," was married last month. He was elected captain last spring, but had a bad fall on July 4th, which severely injured his knee-cap, and laid him out for about six weeks. He has not been able to ride since, but he sent in his resignation about a month after the accident, when Mr. J. R. Scales was elected to succeed him. Joe has become quite a favorite amongst the boys.

"1878" sends a clipping from the *Montreal Star* of Sept. 11th, 1884:

"Over seventy bicyclists and nearly a dozen tricyclists turned out last night for the Chinese lantern parade. They met at the club-house about 8 o'clock, with their machine decked out with flags and Chinese lanterns. Some also had Chinese parasols attached to their vehicles, with lanterns hanging from them, and the appearance of the party was very picturesque. Fireworks were discharged all along the route taken, and some amusement was caused by several of the lanterns taking fire. The procession broke up at Phillips Square, having been the best of this nature that has ever taken place in Canada."

OTTAWA.

The season's riding can be fairly judged past now. Every bicycle fellow one meets has a wonderful tale of riding at his tongue's end, and that, I take it, is a sure sign. How elastic memory is in the matter of record-breaking! Is it any wonder that they do occasionally dwindle in public, when so many are broken in private? Our yarns, however, all treat of road-riding. We have no track here, which is, of course, a hindrance to the growth of the sport. Public imagination in such matters is, at best, a sluggish thing, and it is only the livelier quality that sees in our whirling wheels suggestions of green woods, birds, and other things besides nickel-plating and blue serge, and, not grasping the full meaning of the innovation, they look on bicycles as pretty, but rather dangerous, toys. The advent of "Safeties" to our midst is doing much towards opening the public eye in the matter, and the bearded bread-winners, who straddle "Safeties" to get the better of their livers, are getting the better of existing prejudices at the same time. All honor, then, to the "Safeties!" Not so graceful, so *spirituelle* as the larger breed, I know, but the divine law of compensation declares itself here in immunity from headers, and other practical advantages, so that those who do not care to take risks can still whirl themselves away from the noisy, dusty streets to where cow-bells tinkle and ozone is cheap.

Our club-rides during the past season have been increasingly well attended, the average being well over two-thirds of active membership. But the real benefit of the club-work is not by any means represented by this average; rather is it exhibited in the small parties of five or six wheelmen that may be seen any afternoon riding country-wards, happy in comradeship the club has fostered. Street parades have been held once a month throughout the season, and an exhibition of club-drill was given in the Roller Rink on the occasion of Westbrook and Hacker's performance here. Latterly the club energies have been directed to the establishment of club-rooms, and we

now luxuriate in cosy apartments in the Scottish Ontario Chambers. Bicycle literature lies on the table, bicycle pictures adorn the walls, amidst which stimulative surroundings it is felt we shall bear the wildest blizzard and the stiffest frost nap with the composure of souls that live in a pleasant past and a hopeful future. But stop! Do not imagine for a moment that we are about to lapse into that enervating, cigarettish languor that too often characterizes club-rooming-it. We have guarded against this evil by holding weekly meets in the Drill Hall, while a fancy drill-squad is arranging for nightly practice in the Roller Rink. So you see we still live and love our wheels, and that beast of a thermometer will have to come right down off its nail to chill the enthusiasm of

Yours very truly,

OTTAWA.

ST. JOHN, N.B.

The interest taken in bicycling in this city during the last season has made quite a stride. The club now numbers over forty as compared with twenty the year before. Much of this credit is due to the push and energy of our very popular captain, W. A. MacLachlan. Although the streets through the city are rough, the country roads are in fine condition, and the club has had many successful runs.

Messrs. MacLachlan, Robertson and Turnbull represented St. John B. C. on "The Moose-head Bar Harbor" tour in July last. A 5-mile road race was held on Thanksgiving day, H. C. Page being the winner in 18 47. The course—which was in good condition—was 2½ miles out the Main road and return. A club-room has been opened for the winter, and judging from the attendance the club will have many new members next season.

Arrangements are being made for the proposed "Blue-nose" tour to be held next July. The American party will be under the leadership of F. A. Elwell, who has so successfully conducted the "Down East" and Bermuda tours the last few years. The tourists will assemble at Grand Falls, and after visiting the many places of interest, including the Falls—the largest in America with the exception of Niagara—will wheel to Fredericton, where they remain two days, enabling the party to view this beautiful city and its surroundings. From Fredericton the tourists will take the steamer down the picturesque St. John river to Westfield, where they will disembark and wheel to St. John. The roads taken by the tourists are good, and the most inexperienced wheelmen will find no trouble in keeping up. We hope that some of our Canadian friends will avail themselves of this opportunity to have one of the pleasantest trips of the season. We would be pleased to see any wheelmen visiting this city, and every effort will be made to make their stay with us enjoyable.

JIM.

A correspondent of the *Bicycling World* writes: "Has it ever been suggested to take instantaneous photos of close finishes in bicycle races? The camera could be focused on the tape, and by 'taking' at the proper time, it seems as though dead-heat questions could be settled beyond dispute. A photographer took all the finishes at the Chicago meet with great success, not, however, with the idea of using them in evidence."

TO THE END OF THE WORLD.

What would we not give to be able to interview at this moment Mr. Thos. Stevens, the intrepid English bicyclist, who on his two-wheeled steed has ridden across Europe from Calais to Constantinople, and waxing bolder by success, has pushed on through Asia Minor to Persia. He is now at Tabrees, and from thence he is going to push on through Afghanistan to India. Burnaby's ride to Khiva is nothing compared with this bicyclist's tour to Herat. To what visions of terror he must have given rise in Asiatic villages as he sped noiselessly through a wondering population! To see a wheel running away with a man on top of it must have suggested thoughts of Shaitan and the Afritz with which the Eastern imagination has peopled the invisible world. But how the world shrinks and what a prospect does the adventurous cyclist open up before the eyes of wheelmen! If a bicyclist can trundle his way over Ararat and the Himalayas, what corner of the world will be left unvisited by the silent riders of the iron steed? We shall have tricycling parties to Tibet and bicycling tours to Peking. Who knows but that before the next century dawns it will be recognized that the inventor of the bicycle has done more to revolutionize the religious, moral and social ideas of mankind than all the philosophers of our time.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

A ROMANCE.

BY T. W. E.

A cyclist, "tired" of single life,
Soon took a mental "header"
O'er a resolve to win a wife—
To woo a girl and wed her.

"No 'Safety' on my lonely way,
Dangers appear at random;
I'll ask her now to name the day,
And journey on in 'tandem.'"

He "spoke" to her in accents low:
" 'Star' of my life," he said,
"Wilt thou be mine, for weal or woe?"
She blushed and hung her head.

"Were't olden time, and I a knight
In 'Royal Mail' attired,
I'd 'Challenge' 'Victor' in the fight
For heart and hand desired.

"But in 'Columbia's' land we live,
A land of mutual pride;
Thrice blessed to me if it will give
You to me as my bride."

"This 'Extraordinary' news,"
She said, in sweetest tone,
'Tells me of love; I'll not refuse,
Because you have my own."

And then the blushes seek her face
Beneath her "Ideal's" view;
It seems there must, in that swift race,
Be "records" broke anew.

[kiss]
"You'll not beg 'Rudge' me one sweet
Now we're engaged?" he said;
I need not tell you more than this—
Suffice it, they were wed.

--The S. W. Gazette.