

The Canadian Wheelman:

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING.

The Official Gazette of the Canadian Wheelmen's Association and of the Cyclists' Touring Club in Canada.

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A NEW IDEA.

The idea contained in the following extract from a circular issued by Mr. Atkinson, of Port Hope, is a novel one, and we trust may be carried to a successful issue by the energetic Midland wheelmen. The splendid roads in the locality will make communication between the members of the club an easy matter, and such an organization will certainly encourage the practical use of the wheel. The great difficulty, of course, will be to maintain a common interest that will ensure an enthusiastic and progressive club. The following is the extract referred to:

"Arrangements are being made for the organization of a bicycle club to take in the district lying between Whitchy and Colbourg. This is a new departure in the formation of bicycling clubs, and promises from present prospects to have a successful issue. It will be the only club covering such a number of towns and so large a jurisdiction in Canada, and will ere long have on its roll more members than any other club in the Dominion. Every care will be taken to exclude undesirable members, and thus retain the standing of the club. No honorary members will, under present intentions, be allowed to connect themselves, unless active wheelmen, but every cyclist between the points named, Whitchy and Colbourg, are earnestly requested to communicate with Mr. J. E. Atkinson, Port Hope, their views on the matter, preparatory to calling a meeting of wheelmen at some central point. The names of all bicyclists in the district are first necessary, and all are cordially invited to send their names, to the address, immediately."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The records are coming down, but it's the Englishmen who possess them.

What a wail goes up from Montreal in our columns this month! Is the glory of Israel departing?

The *Bicycling World* showed no little enterprise in mailing to its subscribers a special supplement of the Springfield races.

Now that the tournaments are over, the American flyers will devote themselves to record-breaking—if they can. Furnivall's 2.30 will be their goal.

The Springfield tournament is not likely to ever again hold the position among tourists it has in the past. Lynn, Hartford and Roseville are rising to dim the light of Springfield.

Ducker gave positive assurances that the leading professionals and amateurs of England would be at Springfield. They weren't, and no reasons have been given to the public why it could ever have been imagined that they would have been. 'Tis a pity imagination has to be called in to play a part in booming a meeting of cyclers.

Some months ago a cry for "a man" to represent Canada on the racing path arose from these cold types. Now it sounds as though an answer were coming. Fred. Foster, of Toronto, has jumped at once into the front ranks of American amateurs, and his performances at Hartford and Springfield have justified several capable critics in asserting him to be the fastest amateur on the continent. Fred's dare-devil ride over the Lachine road on July 2nd proved to all who saw him that he was "grit and go" from top to toe. His recent successes are very popular in Canada, and we hope are but the promise of faster things.

From the rules of the American Cyclists' Union, just to hand, we learn that that body divides the country into five districts for legislative purposes, and that No. 1 is to be known as the Eastern District, composed of the New England States and the Dominion of Canada. The italics are ours. We were always under the impression that Canada was governed, from a cycling point of view, by the Canadian Wheelmen's Association, and we have just been told by a prominent member of that Association that it is perfectly independent of the United States and the L.A.W. For our own part, we protest against the *annexation of Canada by the United States*. What do our Canadian brethren of the wheel say?—*Cyclist*.

What do we say, dear *Cyclist*? Simply that this is not the first time we have known Mr. H. E. Ducker to bite off more than he could chew.

TRADE NOTES.

The gear about which there has been so much talk this fall is being made by Gormully & Jeffery, and is being put on an ordinary 54-in. American Champion, gearing it up to a 126-in. wheel. This gear is undoubtedly the simplest yet produced, and in a 38-inch Ideal wheel, with improvised forks, and with bearings that consisted only of a hole bored through iron, and with a rider who required the reach of a 58-inch wheel, made a mile in 2.56. What it will do on the large wheel is of course experimental, but its inventors are very sanguine. If it is successful, Gormully & Jeffery will at once put it on the market.

At the Toronto Industrial Exhibition, Messrs. T. Fane & Co. made a fine display of wheels, but among the most prominent to be seen were the "New Rapid" and "Club Safety." We understand that this firm have been awarded a special diploma for the "New Rapid." Owing to the wonderful strength of the wheel it is simply impossible to buckle it in the ordinary course of things, and we are satisfied that for the roads of Canada this machine will fill the bill. They also exhibited a very good wheel for boys, which is of their own manufacture, and will be known as the "Boys' Comet." The reputation Messrs. Fane & Co. have obtained will convince intending purchasers of getting full value for their money.

No wonder that Burley B. Ayers was greeted with as loud applause as could be expected from so small a gathering at the last League meeting. And no wonder he was announced as "all right." He stands out prominently as a man who labors hard and well for the good of the League and the sport. He has not sought the bubble reputation in ornamental work, nor has he, we believe, sought any personal gain. Among many drones, among many that pretend much but accomplish nothing, he is really benefiting the sport. There is no man who has put in more hard, honest work for the good of the League than Burley B. Ayers. He is a fair and most considerate official. He treats the cycling press with uniform courtesy. He believes what is worth giving to the public is worth as wide a circulation as possible. Mr. Ayers, we respect you and wish thee well.—*Bicycling World*.

Wheelman Centres.

MONTREAL.

The boys here have not been doing just as they ought to do of late, and as I feel mad with them, and would like to take a bunch of them by the hair but cannot, I must carry my woes to somebody, and so have chosen to inflict on you a portion of my grievances.

Since 1878, I doubt whether there has been a duller summer for bicycling in Montreal than has this past one been. In other years we generally saw at least half a dozen races at different times at picnics; this year outside of the spring and fall games of the M.A.A.A. and our own meet, there has not been a single track race. We had our annual handicap road race to Valois, 15 miles, in which the record was beaten by the two scratch men. For this race the entries were very limited, and the starters much more so, for out of a membership of about seventy six actually managed to come to the starting point, and several of these only after a great deal of persuasion. It is pretty hard on Montreal boys, yet it is true, with one or two exceptions, that if before starting in a race each man is not positive of winning a fine gold medal, there is no starting in him. No, thanks! he don't want to be beaten and make a show of himself for nothing. In getting up a race here, the committee-men have to assure each competitor of their ability and certainty of coming in for first place. All this means that we ought to be extremely proud of our racing men, for I believe that in all Canada they stand at the head of that praiseworthy crowd of racers known as pot-hunters.

The small field of entries in the road race is the result of an experiment of giving neat silver badges as prizes, and a fine medal in the event of the record being broken. This year there were only four prizes offered against six or seven in former years, their value ranging from a gold medal down to gold pins. The result of the experiment is plain by comparing the lists of starters; this year there were six, formerly ten to fifteen.

The boys are taking just about as much interest in the welfare of the club as they do in racing matters. Our regular weekly meetings had to be stopped some time ago for want of quorums. There was some excuse for it, as the boys were all out of town; but now the fall is with us, and everybody is again in the city, still the M.B.C. cannot get enough members together to hold a meeting, a quorum for which is fifteen members, five of whom shall be committee-men. There is no possible means of getting them together, not even by advertising a free ice-cream feed for all attending meetings on Thursday nights in the Montreal Gymnasium, for they do not even trouble themselves by reading in the evening papers the fixtures or each ensuing week.

Since the evening of July 3rd the above has been the state of things here. I believe that our boys felt so bad over parting with their western brethren that they have not yet recovered from their sadness; or else the quantity of ice that lay around the G.T.R. station froze them up and sent them off hibernating while summer is still with us. I think I have hit the right nail on the head when I think that it must be the great quantity of prizes, both firsts and seconds, that our boys won at the meet that are now overpowering them, and so make them rather satisfied with racing.

If our club manages to exist until next July, at the present rate of living maybe some of our boys will be rested enough to give the western boys a good rub. I hope so.

GROWLINGS.

Montreal, Sept. 20, 1886.

The *Cyclist* tells of a new sport engaged in by the ruralists. It consists in the collection, right across the road, of a ridge of stones about one foot high, carefully masked with dust; or it may take the form of a buick placed on the highway and artistically covered with a handful of new hay. When the game is ready, the merry vil-lagers lie and wait for the first cyclist who comes along, and in his tumble they get their pleasure.