

## Canadian Flyers—3.

MARSHALL WELLS.

Perhaps in Canada there is no more popular cyclist than he whose well-known and pleasant features are easily recognizable in our photographic frontispiece of to-day.

G. M. Wells, or familiarly, as we like to name him, Marshall Wells, of the Wanderers' Bicycle Club, has, in this, his first season on the track, proved himself worthy of being classed in the front rank of American flyers. Making his maiden venture at Woodstock on May 25th last, he surprised and delighted his host of friends by the brilliant manner in which he acquitted himself on that occasion. Both the novice ordinary and safety races were mere play events for him, and he pranced away from his field like a race-horse from street-car animals.

But who would have thought of his beating Palmer, the already budding star of the Ambitious club? 'Twas in the one-mile handicap race, with Dorntge, of Buffalo, at scratch, and Palmer and Wells both on the 40 yard mark. Dorntge was an indefatigable hustler, Palmer was a gritty and speedy mover; but Wells! Well, Wells was simply out of sight. Not only was Palmer afforded an excellent long distance rear view of Marshall's "Comet," but Dorntge, he who has since shown himself the equal of Murphy, Berlo, and almost Windle, found the distance increasing between himself and the clever Wanderer. This was Wells' first race meet and in many respects his greatest. A series of unfortunate circumstances, of which his innate modesty forbade him to speak, followed by an attack of ill-health, prevented a fulfilment of the brilliant predictions inspired by his performance at Woodstock.

In the Safety Championship races at the C. W. A. meet, Wells was grievously handicapped, in that he rode a solid-tyred machine, while all other competitors had the advantage of pneumatic mounts. Still he pushed Palmer in the mile and Skerritt in the half-mile event so closely that to beat him both made records which are still chalked on the Canadian board. Also both these flyers had the additional advantage of having trained on, and being perfectly familiar with, the track upon which they won their laurels.

At races in Dufferin Park shortly after, Wells again rode second to the conquering Palmer, but the swift Skerritt, the plucky Hyslop, and other young giants, tailed away to the horizon. He immediately after mounted a rational ordinary, and with comparative ease won from a field of speedy pedallers.

His next appearance was at the Civic Holiday races in Rosedale, where, mounted upon a recently procured pneumatic, his augmented host of admirers hoped to see him perform deeds worthy of himself, hopes that were shattered. Just before the race the news carrying dismay that "Wellzy's tire is bust" was rapidly mouthed from one to another. The intrepid Wells! Did he seek a seat beside that pretty young lady in the grand stand, and leave his races to other contestants? He borrowed a roadster wheel; he started in the half and one mile events; he did not win of course, but he gave the winner the schooling that made him known as a rider outside his own club. He pushed him over the mark, and Hyslop made his record of 2 44. Of course the grand stand was not aware that Marshall Wells was not riding a racing wheel—hardly would it have known the difference had he bestrode a waggon tire. But the grand stand loved Marshall none the less, and cheered him for his plucky and his pretty riding. •

A fitting finale of his season of glorious promise was the magnificent race ridden by Wells in the big inter-club contest. Here an exhibition of clever head work, equalled by a wonderful combination of energy and speed, was only excelled by that last grand and glorious cyclonic sprint at the finish that carried Wells to the front an easy victor, and the champion of ten champions of the silent steed. In 30.58 he created the Canadian record for the distance.

No more gentlemanly nor fair rider ever pushed wheel to the fore than he who keeps the nose of his favorite "Comet" well in the van of whatever company he is travelling with. His many friends will watch with kindly eagerness the future performances of one who will carry the names of Marshall Wells and the Wanderers' Bicycle Club to yet greater fame in the cycling world. G.

The next in the series of articles on Canadian flyers, will be Wm. Hyslop, of the Toronto Bicycle Club.

A reverend preacher in America has declared that people who ride cycles on Sunday are riding into hell. We once heard of a sailor who had been getting into wrong trains, and at last he thought he was all right. With many oaths, and generally thick language, he was telling the people in the compartment of the trouble he had had. "Young man," said a journeyman preacher in the corner, "you are going to hell." "Then, damme," said the sailor, "if I aint got into the wrong train again."—*The Wheelman*.