

they are rightfully battling for their rights? Is it not worth the 50 cents to merely be a member of such an Association as the C. W. A.? Hundreds join the C. T. C., and are glad to have the privilege without expecting to obtain a title of benefit, direct or indirect. We pay our membership fee of \$1 each year to the L. A. A. with pleasure and willingness, not because we hope to make anything by it, for we don't, but merely for the sake of being upon its membership roll. And, then, when we pass from the poetry to the prose of this matter, do we not find that the C. W. A., with its small membership fee, has done as much if not more than older, larger and wealthier bodies that ask twice as much. Does our questioners ask us to think the work done by our Association is rescuing from a state of chaos our racing records and championships and placing them upon a permanent and substantial basis? Supposing there had never been a C. W. A., how many champion bicycle riders would there be in Canada to-day? We opine there would be one in every club. Would we have a single valuable record in the whole Dominion? In fact, wouldn't everything pertaining to bicycling be in a confusion that would be an utter disgrace to the wheelmen of Canada? Is it nothing, we would ask, to travel through this Province of ours, and, upon going into a strange town, find cordial greetings and friendly hands stretched out when we pronounce the magic letters C. W. A.? Calculating and dross, indeed, must be the wheelman who counts his 50 cents into one side of the scale and finds it balancing the warm friendships he may make through its instrumentality in the other. Is it nothing, when one wants to take a day or a week's or a fortnight's spin among the wheelmen of Canada, and over its magnificent highways and around its picturesque shores, to be able to put our Guide-Book in your pocket, content in the accurate descriptions of the roads given therein, and certain that your path has been marked out for you on a neat map, and your creature comforts attended to by a system of recommended hotels and local consuls, all provided for 50 cents per year by a provident Association, that gets for its pains the cool, business-like question, "Does it pay?" Shame on the spirit that gave it birth! It is discreditable to the fair fame of Canadian wheeling; incompatible with its history, and entirely out of keeping with that generous fraternal feeling that has grown to be the distinguishing characteristic of the bicyclist wherever you find him in this broad Dominion of Canada.

#### C. W. A. ELECTIONS.

The elections for officers for the year 1885-6 are now being held, ballots having been sent out by the Secretary on the first of this month—Nominations are as follows:

##### DISTRICT NO. 1.

For Chief Consul.—W. A. Karn, of Woodstock, and John G. Hay, of Woodstock.

For Representatives.—R. N. Ballantyne, of Stratford; C. H. Hepenstall, of St. Thomas; J. G. Hay, of Woodstock; W. A. Karn, of Woodstock; T. Roether, of Port Elgin; and W. E. Tisdale, of Simcoe.

The District is entitled to one Chief Consul and five Representatives.

##### DISTRICT NO. 2.

For Chief Consul.—T. J. Campbell, of Toronto.

For Representatives.—R. J. Blachford, of Toronto; H. Ryrie, of Toronto; R. J. Bowles, of Brighton; H. C. Goodman, of St. Catharines.

##### DISTRICT NO. 3.

No nominations.

##### DISTRICT NO. 4.

For Chief Consul.—J. H. Low, of Montreal. For Representative.—W. G. Ross, of Montreal.

##### DISTRICT NO. 5.

For Chief Consul.—A. J. Darch, of Winnipeg. For Representative.—M. W. Matthews, of Winnipeg.

### Literary Notes.

The April issue of *Outing* is enlarged to nearly double its former size, and its compound title is wisely simplified to the expressive *Outing*. A new and tasteful cover and increased illustration of the best sort gives it comeliness, and its table of contents is substantial and alluring. Four serials are begun in this first number of the volume. Julia Hawthorne contributes four chapters of a strong novel, entitled "Love or a Name," which will deal largely with modern politics, and whose hero is a young man of brains and good-breeding, engaged in practical life in New York. "A Modern Tramp," by Mr. E. C. Gardner, author of "Homes, and How to Make Them," is an illustrated serial in which the problem of summer homes is pleasantly and helpfully considered. "The Flag of the Seven Upright Ones" is a striking tale of Swiss democracy, by the famous novelist Gottfried Keller, translated by Miss Frances A. Shaw. The fourth serial is entitled "Across America on a Bicycle," and begins the story of Mr. Thomas Stevens's journey across the continent. It is full of life and incident, and is happily illustrated by Mr. W. A. Rogers. An entertaining paper on the Charcoal Burners of the Green Mountains is profusely illustrated by the author, J. R. Chapin; and a delightful article describing a vacation in Canada with birch and paddle is illustrated by the frontispiece,—a striking picture drawn by Henry Sandham, engraved by H. E. Sylvester, and printed in two colors. The departments are full, and of great interest, presenting a variety of novel features.

Through the kindness of Sec. E. R. Shipton, of the C. T. C., we are in receipt of the last edition of the Cyclists' Touring Club Hand-book and Guide. It is compiled in a different way to our Canadian Hand-book, inasmuch as it does not contain a description of the roads, merely showing the names of the various consuls, who are supposed to be competent to furnish all information as to roads, and recommended hotels, repairers, etc. It certainly must prove an invaluable acquisition to British tourists, and reflects great credit on its compiler, Ernest R. Shipton.

The "Comet," the new Canadian Roadster, manufactured by Fane & Co., of Toronto, seems to meet with special favor. Do not forget to call on this firm before purchasing.

### THROUGH A SNOW-SHED WITH A BICYCLE.

Thomas Stevens, who begins in *Outing* for April an account of an adventurous trip across the continent on a bicycle, gives the following description of going through the snow-sheds of the Central Pacific Railway across the Sierra Nevada summits:

East of the summit is a succession of short tunnels, the space between being covered with snow-shed; and when I came through, the openings and crevices through which the smoke from the engines is wont to make its escape, and through which a few rays of light penetrate the gloomy interior, are blocked up with snow, so that it is both dark and smoky; and groping one's way with a bicycle over the rough surface is anything but pleasant going. But if "there is nothing so good but that it can be made better," there is also nothing so bad but that it can get a great deal worse; and before going far, I hear an approaching train, and forthwith proceed to occupy as small an amount of space as possible against the side, whilst three laboriously-puffing engines, tugging a long, heavy freight train up the steep grade, go past. These three puffing, smoke-emitting monsters fill every nook and corner of the tunnel with dense smoke, which creates a darkness by the side of which the natural darkness of the tunnel is daylight in comparison. Here is a darkness that can be felt: I have to grope my way forward inch by inch, afraid to set my foot down until I have felt the place, for fear of blundering into a culvert; at the same time never knowing whether there is room, just where I am, to get out of the way of a train. A cyclometer would not have to exert itself much through here to keep tally of the revolutions; for, besides advancing with extreme caution, I pause every few steps to listen; as in the oppressive darkness and equally oppressive silence the senses are so keenly on the alert that the gentle rattle of the bicycle over the uneven surface seems to make a noise that would prevent me hearing an approaching train.

This finally comes to an end; and at an opening in the sheds I climb up into a pine tree to obtain a view of Donner Lake, called the "gem of the Sierras." It is a lovely little lake; amidst the pines, and on its shores, occurred one of the most pathetically tragic events of the old emigrant days. Briefly related: A small party of emigrants became snowed in whilst camped at the lake, and when, towards spring, a rescuing party reached the spot, the last survivor of the party, crazed with the fearful suffering he had undergone, was sitting on a log, savagely gnawing away at a human arm, the last remnant of his companions in misery, off whose emaciated carcasses he had for some time been living!

The Overman Wheel Company's catalogue has come to hand, and is certainly a specimen of the enterprise of the firm, being very handsome. It contains a description of the Victor bicycle manufactured by the Overman Company, which is pronounced by experts to be one of the best machines on the market.

The *Wheel* of April 3rd contained a full illustrated description of the Big Four Bicycle Tour.