

bags under tarpaulin and through casks, run 300 yards with bicycle, mount and finish lap in the saddle, dismounting opposite pavilion. Third lap: Run to centre of Oval, put on coat and bell-topper and ride to scoring-board at the south end, then across the Oval and over the water jump, round the flag, on to the track, and finish. Enormous crowds witnessed this extraordinary event, and the obstacle amateur champion for 1886 is the hero of the hour in Adelaide cycling circles.—*Bicycling News*.

The members of the Nashville Bicycle Club are now contemplating a tour by wheel to Niagara Falls the coming season. The party will probably consist of ten or twelve of the best riders in the club, and they want to be able to start some time in June. The route, as proposed now, is from Nashville, by Gallatin, to Mammoth Cave, remaining there one day; thence to Louisville; thence to Indianapolis, Fort Wayne, Toledo, Cleveland, Erie, Buffalo; thence to Niagara. After remaining at the Falls a few days, they propose to go over into Canada and make a short tour on Canadian soil.

One of the young men about town—and it may be unnecessary to say he disliked the wheel—was talking with a wheelman the other evening, when he remarked, "I wouldn't ride a bicycle, it seems so boyish." "Oh, it does?" answered the cyclist; "well, since you are a good billiard-player, pray tell me if rolling balls on a green cushion is as boyish as riding a wheel." "Oh, but billiards requires skill." "Yes, I see; but if you think that bicycling doesn't, just step outside and try to mount my wheel, and see if you are not soon convinced that riding is an accomplishment." He subsided, but a few days later was around wanting to learn to ride.—*Spectator*.

A New York cyclist was lately in Boston, and while in one of our club-rooms, preparing to take a spin over our good surfaces, was asked by his Boston friends where he would like to go. "I should like to go to whiskey straight," said the Gothamite. "I don't know any such place," said the Bostonese. "Don't know where it is? It's somewhere near Boston," was the response. "There's certainly no place of that name about here," asseverated the local cyclist. "Well," returned the nonplussed New Yorker, "it's something like that name, anyway. It's some straight drink." "Oh," exclaimed the Boston man, "perhaps it is Jamaica Plain!" And he hit it right.—*Bicycling World*.

Rev. J. H. Watson, a prominent clergyman of Hartford, Conn., is a very enthusiastic tricyclist. After having ridden his Columbia two-track for some time, he was asked to write something about cycling, and he rapidly penned the following unique article: "B's for Clerical Bonnets." Brethren beloved! Bicycles besit busy biblical brain-workers; bring bounding, blooming buoyancy; banish biliousness; baffle bronchitis; build bones, biceps, brain; brew bright blood; blow balmy breezes before befogged brains; broaden bigotry; bid burdens begone; benefit bank accounts; bestir besetting business; brighten barren, bewildering byways. Benevolent bi-hops believe bicycles beneficial. Brother bipeds! buy bicycles before becoming balky,

bald-headed, broken-winded. Be bold! By brief battle bravely bestride best-bearing beast.—*Boston Globe*.

Writing us on Nov. 18th, Messrs. Hillman, Herbert & Cooper say: "We think it not out of place to inform you of two phenomenal orders which reached us by the post of Monday morning last: the one being from a doctor at Adelaide, South Australia, aged 84, for one of our 'Premier' safeties, and the other from a rev. gentleman in London, aged 76, for a direct steering tricycle of our make." This is worth noting, but we can beat the above instances, as we have a letter in our possession from a gentleman who tells us that he is 96 years of age, and that two years before—i.e., at the age of 94—he learnt to ride the *bicycle*, and beyond the mounting and dismounting found no difficulty, and enjoyed the pastime immensely. We may add that this mount was an "Extraordinary." This letter was written in 1883. We do not know if the gentleman is living still.—*The Cyclist*.

Detroit has a bicyclist who promises to make the speedy ones hustle. The fastest recorded time for a mile is 2.51 2-5, and at Cleveland, last August, F. N. Spranger, jr., covered a mile in 2.49, and without previously having any training. At that time the Cleveland papers referred to Spranger as the "fair-haired Detroit boy with his little spurt." The best time for a mile of Van Sicklen, the lightning Chicago wheeler, is 2.48; so it will be seen that Mr. Spranger gets over the ground with the best of them. He recently covered a mile at Adrian, on a rough track, in 2.57, and up to that time the Michigan record for a mile was 3.05. It was not till the latter part of August that he developed speed. He possesses a fine racing machine, and next season will go to Springfield, Mass., and Hartford, Conn., the wheelmen's paradise, and take part in the speed contests. Doubtless he will be heard of there to his credit.—*Herald*.

Mr. Fourdrinier, of the *Bi. World*, always a favorite with the ladies, and some time since announced by *Wheeling* as the handsomest of English cycling scribes, thus writes of Stevens' account of the Nautch dance: "Thos. Stevens has shown a decided talent in written descriptions. His portrayal of the Nautch dance, published in and written for the Boston *Herald*, is worthy the pen of a Bayard Taylor. He says the Nautch dance is not naughty; on the contrary, is decorous and refined. When he gushes forth thusly, we wish we were there, too: 'Now they imitate the spiral movements of a serpent, climbing around and upward on an imaginary pole; again they assume a charming posture, their dusky countenances half hidden in seeming coquetry behind the muslin mantle, the large red fan waving gently to and fro, the feet unmoving, but the undulating motions of the body and the tremor of the limbs sufficing to jingle the tiny ankle bells' Just count us in as an admirer of decorous and refined Nautch dancing."

The Overman Wheel Company has commenced suit against Gormully & Jeffery for the infringement of the Bown ball-bearing patent. The claimed infringement applies to all of the better grade of machines having adjustable ball-bearings. They are sued for the amount of \$20,000.

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