

The Canadian Wheelman :

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING.

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W. KINGSLEY EVANS, London, *Editor*.
HALL B. DONLY, Simcoe, *Association Editor*.
JAS. S. BRIERLEY, St. Thomas, *Sec.-Treasurer*.

All communications of a literary character or relating to advertising should be addressed to the editor, W. KINGSLEY EVANS, Box 52, London. Those relating to business matters to the Secretary-Treasurer of the Company,

JAS. S. BRIERLEY,
St. Thomas, Ont.

LONDON, AUGUST, 1885.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

With this month's issue, THE WHEELMAN once more resumes its old place as a monthly. The scheme of publishing THE WHEELMAN twice a month during the summer months has proved quite successful; and we hope before another season has passed to have it a permanent fortnightly journal.

The following is a faint idea of the Big Four Tour for 1886: Through Northern Canada, Goderich, Owen Sound, Georgian Bay, Canadian Pacific, barges down Ottawa River, wheel from Ottawa to Montreal, steamer down the St. Lawrence to Saguenay River and Falls, train into Nova Scotia, wheel in Nova Scotia to the Atlantic Ocean, steamer to Boston."

With one or two exceptions, the accounts of the Big Four Century Road Race that appeared in the various journals were exceedingly faulty. Both the *Mail* and the *Mirror of American Sports* represented Editor Snelgrove, of the *Cobourg World*, and ourselves as starters in the race, the displeasing feature being that we were never heard of after the start. If friend Snelgrove felt at all as we were inclined to, he must have been highly amused to read of himself posing as a hundred-mile racer.

Wheel Life and *Wheeling* have been telling their readers wonderful things about the Big Four Tour, the principal feature being that the party comprised "four hundred cyclists in hands of one hundred each, the sensation caused being tremendous. No wonder that such a tour as is thus described should open the eyes of the Britishers; but for the benefit of our English brethren, we would say that the party only numbered one hundred cyclists, or thereabouts, in divisions (not "hands") of twenty-five each.

Every one will learn with regret that Mr. W. G. Ross, of Montreal, ex-champion of Canada, has decided to retire from the cinder path. He is thus spoken of in the *Montreal Gazette*: "Mr. Ross retires at a time when it would be supposed he would be reaping his brightest laurels. He was riding faster than ever before, and had he not been prevented from riding in the C.W. A.

and L. A. W. races, there is no doubt but that he would have swept away all Canadian records from one to five miles, and in the Century road race would undoubtedly have won. The racing track loses a brilliant ornament in Mr. Ross." Mr. Ross has the honor of being the owner of the first established one-mile and five-mile Canadian championships, won in 1883, and also winner of the five-mile championship in 1884.

THE CLEVELAND STAR CLUB'S TOUR.

On Sunday, 16th August, there arrived in London four members of the Star Wheel Club, of Cleveland, Ohio, Messrs. Henry E. Chubb, John J. McTigue, Walter Collins, and Joseph Weitz, who left Cleveland on the steamer City of Detroit on Thursday evening for Detroit, which city they made their starting-point for a long trip through Canada on the "silent steed." They started from Detroit on Friday, and passed through Wallacetown and St. Thomas to London. On Monday morning, 27th, they left for Goderich, from which point they rode through Stratford, Woodstock, Galt, Guelph, Toronto, Hamilton, St. Catharines and Niagara; thence on the American side through Buffalo, Dunkirk, Erie and Ashtabula to Cleveland, making a total of 677 miles, not including small runs. This is the first Canadian tour on the "Star" wheel.

The following are the dates of the tour, with the route and distances: August 14, Detroit to Morpeth, 77 miles; 15th, Morpeth to St. Thomas, 47 miles; 16th, St. Thomas to London, 18 miles; 17th, London to Goderich, 66 miles; 18th, Goderich to Woodstock, 69 miles; 19th, Woodstock to Guelph, 48 miles; 20th, Guelph to Toronto, 60 miles; 21st, spent in Toronto; 22nd, Toronto to Hamilton, 40 miles; 23rd, Hamilton to Niagara, 50 miles; 24th, 25th and 26th, in Niagara and Buffalo; 27th, Buffalo to Erie, 98 miles; 27th, spent in Erie; 29th, Erie to Cleveland, 82 miles. Total, 677 miles. The four were all expert wheelmen, and enjoyed themselves to the utmost. While stopping in London, they expressed themselves as being highly delighted with the roads already passed over; also stating that they never imagined that such beautiful roads existed.

The attention of our readers is called to the advertisement of T. Fane & Co., drawing attention to their great 50-mile amateur race, which is announced to take place on Wednesday, the 16th Sept., at the Rosedale Athletic Grounds, Toronto. This firm ought to be heartily encouraged in their endeavors to promote cycling in Canada, and they deserve special commendation for undertaking this 50-mile race. The prizes are of the finest, and if every thing is favorable (weather included), we predict that a large number of wheelmen will witness the first Canadian 50-mile ride.

At present there are six active cycle clubs in Chicago, and about one thousand bicycle and tricycle riders, all told. The clubs are: The Chicago, with a membership of about 70; the Dearborn, with about 30; the Hermes, 20 (being restricted to that number); the *Aeolus*, with 19; the *Owls*, with 18; and the *Armory*, with 15.—*Chicago S. and T. Journal*.

PLEASANT RE-UNION.

COMPLIMENTARY SUPPER TO CAPT. EVANS AND STAFF-SERGEANT ROGERS BY THE OTTAWA BICYCLE CLUB.

(*Ottawa Citizen*, July 30, 1885.)

The Ottawa Bicycle Club entertained two of its members, Captain T. B. Evans and Staff-Sergt. Maynard Rogers, who served respectively in the Midland Battalion and the Sharpshooters, to a complimentary banquet last night, at the "Queen" Restaurant, in recognition of the services rendered by them on behalf of their country. The idea was a happy one, but in no respect was it less so than the occasion. When the usual enjoyable preliminaries had been disposed of, the chairman, the president of the club, and chief consul, Mr. Mothersill, proposed the toast of "The Queen," which was responded to in the usual loyal manner.

In proposing "The Guests of the Evening," the chairman paid a glowing tribute to the bravery and self-sacrifice of our citizen soldiers, who left their homes in such a trying season of the year to maintain the integrity of the Dominion and vindicate law and order. He said they were all aware of the object for which they had assembled around the festive board, which was to recognize the services of and to do honor to two of their brethren who had just returned from the North-west. It was scarcely possible to eulogize too highly the spirit which had induced their guests to enter the ranks of the army which had been enrolled to suppress the late rebellion; but it was scarcely necessary for him to enlarge upon the subject, as the two gentlemen were known to all, and that was all that was requisite to understand the motive which actuated them in volunteering their services. Their sterling qualities were well known, and it was with the greatest pleasure that they had met to do honor to Captain T. B. Evans and Staff-Sergeant Maynard Rogers.

The toast was drunk amid the greatest enthusiasm and "They are jolly good fellows."

Captain Evans, on rising, was greeted with applause. He said he could assure them that it gave him great pleasure to be present and to know that they were remembered while away. He thought it was a pity that there had not been a bicycle club up there, as had they been enabled to travel a distance of 200 miles in a night and landed into Big Bear's camp at the dawn of day, that worthy would probably have thought the Manitou had struck him, and the rebellion might have been concluded sooner than it was. As all knew, the trip had been a pretty hard one, and during their marches he had met a good many bicyclists, who, he found, were enabled to withstand the fatigue most remarkably well, chiefly, as they averred, on account of the exercise they had obtained on the wheel. They had had a great many varied experiences, from travelling in waggons to being stuck on the Saskatchewan while sailing in steamboats, and on this account consuming about ten days in traversing 200 miles of water. Capt. Evans resumed his seat amid warm applause.

Sergt. Maynard Rogers said he could scarcely tell them how glad he was to be with them again. Like Capt. Evans, he often thought of the club when he came across a good trail,