

### A Wanderer's Return.

DEAR CYCLING,—What wheel are you going to ride this year?

Please excuse the abruptness, and perhaps seeming impertinence, on my part in this query; but, as it seems to be almost as essential these days in opening conversation among bicyclists as remarks on the weather are to more ordinary citizens, I trust you will pardon me.

I have been bewildered for the past few weeks by the multitude of explanations as to why each pneumatic wheel is superior to all the others, and have, as a result, often gone home with my brain in a whirl, and even on one occasion dreamed that I myself was a pneumatic tire, being blown up by a certain representative, till, when just about to burst, wakened to find that it was only my head swelling on account of having been one of the invited guests at the Hamilton Club dinner. But as this was the morning after, I was simply a remnant of departed glory, and a long pull at the water jug did much to remind me of the stern reality of affairs.

The Hamilton boys certainly gave us a royal time, as, of course, might be expected. The *menu* all that could be desired, good musical selections by members and an orchestra, and the toast list, although somewhat lengthy, productive of oratorical efforts on the part of those who responded, which would be hard to excel. The most eloquent perhaps were Mr. Ryckman, of the Torontos, and A. D. Stewart, of Hamilton, the latter of whom seems to with equal ease and grace start a bicycle race, respond to a toast to the honor of Lady Aberdeen or officiate as master of ceremonies to the Mitchell-Slavin Manly Art Combination. Verily a wide range of accomplishments. It also did my heart good to witness "Hobby" and Chandler, of the Torontos, burying the hatchet of newspaper controversy, and each stating officially that all was now forgotten and peace reigned in the realm. Our genial Secretary, Bert Thompson, was called on to respond in behalf of the ladies, and, doubtless, as a champion of the excellent qualities, influence and charms of the fair sex, he is without rival.

The H.B.C. is, like ours, in its tenth year, the election of officers held only one night previous to ours, and, last but not least, the captains of each answer to the name of Hunter; and all I can say is that if they are as well satisfied with their selection as we are, they have reason to congratulate themselves. Our elections were productive of more new blood into the officers' ranks than

for some time past, but the material is of the best, and our prospects for the coming season very promising. It is, however, in any case impossible for an Executive or Road Officer to maintain the standing of a club without the sympathy and support of the private members, and hence it was indeed encouraging to hear the assurances of these essentials on all sides, and a Wanderer never breaks his word.

Ever since the "Hard Times Smoker," at which I was a decided failure from an artistic point of view, my brain has been exerting itself to discover just what I would be a success at, and at last the idea has struck me that perhaps I might go in for tandem-racing, as there is possibly more scope for avoiding labor in it than single-riding, and, knowing your own reputation as a racing man, would suggest that we join, so that in addition to teams from Rudge, Comet, Raglan, Humber, etc., the insurance business might be represented as having in some of its branches a relationship to bicycling and riders. Think it over, please, and advise.

Yours as ever, PUSH-ON.

[We have carefully considered "Push-On's" proposition, and feel just a little afraid that the race would have to be a slow race, as each would be waiting for the other to push the pedals, and in the meantime both fall into the ditch.—EDITOR.]

### A Request.

Editor CYCLING:

Dear Sir,—I have been very much interested in articles which have appeared in different newspapers from time to time regarding the New Century Club, and the doings of the Board of Control. I am, unfortunately, not a member of any of the city clubs, but will certainly join this one.

Seeing that your paper has been running a series of pictures of late, would it not be a good idea to publish the "photos" of the Board of Control, and let us outsiders see who they are and what they are like?

CONSTANT READER.

TORONTO, Feb. 29, 1892.

An international exhibition, including every manufacture connected with athletics and out-door sports is to be held in Holland, continuing from June 1 to September 1, 1892.

If you have a second-hand wheel for sale, advertise in CYCLING. It will only cost you 25 cents for one month.