

Some Frenchman has just been developing an old water velocipede invention, a description of which indicates a similarity to Hazlett's marine bicycle, except that it is propelled by paddles instead of a screw.

It is said that the secretary of the Bicycle Union, Mr. W. Pye English, will resign his position at the close of the present term, his legitimate business demanding all his attention.

The Cincinnati *Times-Star*, which has a column or two on wheel matters every Friday, thus speaks of Secretary Frank M. Smith, of the Portsmouth (Ohio) Bicycle Club: "Mr. Smith had the misfortune to be shot in his left knee during the late war, and he still suffers from the wound to such an extent as to prevent him from making a mount in the usual manner. so he is obliged to place his right foot upon the step and swing on to the saddle without starting the machine, meanwhile grasping the handle bar with his left hand—a very difficult feat. After he has seated himself in the saddle he bears down on the pedal and off he goes. All this is done with great rapidity of course, and greatly amused the local bicyclers, who will now be attempting to do likewise, merely as an accomplishment."

The Chicago Bicycle Club has voted to have a perpetual challenge five-mile medal, open to all members, valued at \$50.00. The loser of every race must add a bar, with inscription of when raced for and by whom won. The medal can be raced for every thirty days, if wanted.

The Lowell Bicycle Club have elected the following officers:—President, Paul Butler; Captain, F. A. Fielding; Lieutenant, Edward Ellingwood; Secretary, Henry Dunlap; Treasurer, W. N. Sawyer; Buglers, J. C. Ayer and R. H. Duckworth.

The Kentucky Bicycle Club gave an entertainment at the Exposition Rink, Friday Ev'g February 23, which brought out a large crowd and proved very attractive. The main feature was the race between Louisville, Chicago and Cincinnati, a dash of five miles. The race was won by Newton Crawford, of Louisville, in a little over eighteen minutes. Mr. W. R. Crawford, who was entered from Chicago, has made the same distance in sixteen minutes and seven seconds, and Friday night he showed himself the fastest rider, but fell twice, breaking his machine, and had to withdraw from the contest. Cincinnati was never in the race.

An English Ferryman ends up his list of tolls thus: "Asses and bicycles, 6d." This is rather rough.

We have received a sample of cloth for the new Bicycle Touring Club uniform, together with illustrations for style of cut, etc. The cloth is a fine dark grey check of good weight and texture. It is being adopted by many English Clubs.—*Bi. World*.

It is reported that the professionals, W. J. Morgan, champion of Canada, Wm. M. Woodside, champion of Ireland, J. H. Canary the well known fancy rider, and Maggie Wallace, with L. A. Miles as manager, and Bronson Wallace as advance agent, will make a tour of the East and West. They will ride in all the principal towns, and will give medals for amateur competition.

Capt. Everett, of the Boston Club, who rides a Coventry Convertible, has made an attachment for an auxiliary seat for a child, which he uses with good success. Mr. Bassett of the Chelsea Tricycle Club, who rides the single form of the same machine, has also an attachment of a different kind for the same purpose. The former throws the extra weight midway on the machine, but the latter has put the greater portion of it on the driver.

THE FINAL MEET.

An Extravaganza,
In one wild stanza.

When the last solemn day of judgment shall break,
And all the world's collected races quake,
On a sixty-inch, and translucent with zeal,
Shall be seen the guardian god of the wheel
To the numberless multitude assembled there,
This is the mandate that he will declare:
Come, all ye bicyclists, be blest on my right;
Go, you faint-legg'd ones, and sink from my sight.

D.

C. W. Nairn of the *Cyclist* is reported to have said that he will never again ride a bicycle, but will use the tricycle in the future. The *Tricycling Journal* says, "Another good man gone right."

One of our heavy riders had occasion, the other day, to leave his bicycle by the side of the road, while attending to some business, and, fearing that some one would meddle with it, fastened the following card upon a post against which his bicycle was leaning, "The owner of this bicycle weighs two hundred and thirty pounds and is a heavy hitter. Will be back in fifteen minutes." When he returned he found his bicycle gone, but on the card was written, "The man that stole your bicycle rides fifteen miles an hour, and will not be back at all."

Boston Bubbles.

The sun is shining brightly as I write, and the prospects are that we shall soon have good roads and plenty of riding.

The Boston Club opened the riding season on March 1st, with 8 members out. The roads were very soft and the riding hard.

The Ramblers followed the matter right up, and on the fourth turned out seven men.

The most important change in wheeling matter here is the accession of Mr. J. S. Dean to the editorial management of the *Bicycling World*. He has many friends who will undoubtedly help him should he need it.

Mr. C. W. Fourdrinier takes Mr. Dean's place as Editorial contributor. He is a very graceful and bright writer, and will be a valuable addition to the paper.

At a meeting of the C. T. C., formerly the B. T. C., held at the Boston Club House, Mr. Henry W. Williams of the Massachusetts Club was elected State Consul for Massachusetts vice, J. S. Dean, resigned.

The Boston and Massachusetts Clubs, held a joint delegates meeting the other night, to nominate a ticket for State League Officials.

These two Clubs talk of a joint run soon; indeed, ever since Mr. E. C. Hodge's manly speech at the Mass. Club Dinner, a better feeling has prevailed between the two clubs.

It is better so, as there was no good to result from enmity.

The Bostons will wind up the season with a ladies reception, and it is said that they will not wear their uniforms.

Well, why should they wear them when not on the wheel. In fact, it always seemed very inappropriate to wear dusty and greasy riding suits to social gatherings.

Trike, Trike, Trike, is all we hear of now a days, and unless I am much mistaken, we will see many of these wheelers on the road before fall.

The Crescents have been keeping very quiet, but will no doubt be heard from ere long.

Mr. A. D. Claffin, of the Massachusetts Club, is quite ill, which is probably the reason that they have had no called runs this season.

The Howard Club will hold a race meeting this spring, at Beacan Park, and some fast time is expected.

The Boston Club are talking of taking a trip to Montreal, as they are all anxious to renew the acquaintance with the Montreal Club, formed in Boston, in 1881.

If they do go, they will make it lively for the Montrealers.

I will try and give you more interesting matter next letter.

EKO.

"They Were Seven."

I met a man well mounted once,
(On a fifty four he said,
The air was thick with curls, (of smoke)
That clustered round his head.

"Of fellow bicyclists," said I,
"How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven coves," he said
"Started, including me."

"And where are they I pray you tell?"
He answered "Seven were we,"
But two of us collided, fell,
And smashed machines, diyon see?"

"And one who on the foot-path rode,
Was nailed by the police;
And one rode back to his abode,
To study "Ancient Greece."

"What happened to the other two
That you are here alone?"
"Why one of them run o'er a dog,
And so got badly thrown."

"And one got down to have a beer,
And said he thought he'd stay,
If I would call for him again,
Upon my homeward way."

"Why, then of course, you're only one,
By the account you've givin',"
"That's where you're wrong, old man" he said
"I tell you we are seven."

"But what with accidents and dogs,
Police and 'Rubs" said I,
"Your meet now numbers one alone,
Now then said he you lie."

And then he turned and rode away,
As quickly as might be,
I yelled full loud, "you're only one,"
He bellowed, "Seven are we."

ANON.

OTTAWA, March 15th. 1883.

Clinton Headers.

Last year R. Holmes, of the *Clinton New Era*, was the only person who could ride a bicycle here; this year there are four others who are riding, and the prospects are that there will be more.

Nearly all the towns in this country have riders, and an effort is being made to induce them to form an association,

All the roads in this vicinity are fit for riding, but are yet a trifle rough. This should be a section where bicycles might become as plentiful as flies in June, for there are a number of splendid level thoroughfares.

R. H.