

Wheelman Centres.

BRANTFORD.

Allow me, Mr. Editor, to congratulate you, on behalf of the boys from the Telephone City, on the neat and tasty form in which THE CANADIAN WHEELMAN appeared last month, and the thanks of the members of the Association are certainly due to the person who first evolved the idea that it could be made an Association paper.

Outdoor bicycling may be said practically to have finished around here for this season, but we are still making use of the Roller Rink, Manager Secord having been kind enough to offer us the use of his building to ride in every morning during the winter season, and we expect to make good use of it in thoroughly drilling the club in both fancy and demon drill.

Mr. W. G. Hurst gave his wonderful exhibition at the Rink here for two nights before large and highly appreciative audiences. Some of his tricks were simply marvellous, and stamped him as a rider whom even the invincible Dan Canary will have to perform his best tricks to equal.

The boys here are all glad to hear that the Belleville Club has such a large membership, and that they have such bright prospects for the coming year; but they beg respectfully to differ from them as to the city in which the C.W.A. meet for 1886 could most advantageously be held. Belleville is, no doubt, a very large and beautiful city, but it is far from a suitable place for the reception of the meet. It is not central, and, above all, has no suitable track. Just imagine the championship times to be made on an eighth of a mile track! Brantford is not only more central and has a splendid track, but our club ranks far above the Belleville one in the C.W.A., and our turnouts on former meets have been much larger than those of Belleville.

Our boys are not trying to get this meet here to make money, and if there is any surplus due us after paying expenses, it will all go towards giving our visitors a pleasant time on that day.

Everybody is full of new projects and ideas for the next season, and among the probabilities for cyclists around here is a suite of rooms at the track, consisting of a gymnasium, sitting and ball rooms.

There is also some talk of a tour by the members of the club here. The route is not finally laid out, but will embrace about four hundred miles of the best road in the country.

December 10, 1885.

D. H. F. P.

BERLIN AND WATERLOO.

A correspondent from far-off Nebraska writes: The last copy of our official organ came to hand a short time ago, and in perusing its valuable columns I "took in" the remarks of your Woodstock correspondent and decided that he was right in giving the sleepy clubs of our Association a waking up. Go it, Woodstock! and there is no doubt but some of our more backward clubs will see the necessity of helping you "keep up the rep."

As I am a member of "The Echoes" of Berlin and Waterloo, perhaps a short history of that club will be interesting. It was first organized in May, 1884, under the name of the "Lans-

downe B.C.," and was made up of wheelmen of both towns to the number of 10. Our runs during the season were frequent and enjoyable. In May, 1885, the club was reorganized under the name of "The Echoes," and the membership increased to 20. A club-room was fitted up at Berlin, and here we held our meetings, which were well attended and enthusiastic.—During the earlier part of the season the runs were very popular and well attended, but interest in them lessened as the season advanced. Frequent tours were taken by some of the boys, who reported the road-guide as invaluable. By the way, a report of the roads leading out of Berlin and Waterloo was prepared but never sent, for some reason unknown to me. The club was represented by ten men at the annual meet at Woodstock. Later in the season the boys suddenly awakened to the necessity of having more funds in the treasury, and in less than two weeks from the above-mentioned waking-up we presented a programme to our Berlin and Waterloo friends. Our intentions were to provide similar entertainments during the winter, and if other clubs would do likewise, I am certain it would help to pass the long winter evenings in an enjoyable and profitable way.

Hoping you may hear from other clubs that have been quiet like ourselves,

I am, yours respectfully,

WATERLOO.

P.S.—Will tell you about Nebraska roads next time.—W.

Nebraska City, Neb., Dec. 1, 1885.

TORONTO.

The winter of our discontent arrived on the C.P.R. train from Winnipeg a week ago to-day. When the first B.S. fell on old Mrs. Earth, twenty-six members of the Torontos and fourteen of the Wanderers rummaged among their bureau drawers and brought forth their old 6-ply bicycle stockings; whipped them over the back of a chair half a dozen times to get the Kingston Road dust out of them, and then pulled them on; donned a blanket coat, and lo! a snowshoer stood revealed. A bicyclist is a genuine sport. He manages to fill every chink of his spare time with pleasure of some sort; and the man whose legs are accustomed to pedalling his way over the country is just the person to propel a pair of snowshoes over the snow. There's one enthusiastic wheelman here, however, whom nothing can stop except a railway train or a policeman. Winter and summer, spring and autumn, rain and shine, mud or slush, he disdains to walk and pushes through any obstacle on his Xtraordinary Challenge. I refer to Mr. Robt. Tyson, the Osgoode Hall shorthand reporter. I've been told he keeps his wheel in his bedroom, and occasionally gets up at night to have a spin up and down the hall, so as to keep in practice, but I won't vouch for its accuracy.

Chas. Robinson & Co. inform me they have never recovered the Oxford club stolen from them last fall.

Lavender is still in England.

I hear many a flattering remark about the improvements in THE WHEELMAN. So say we all.

Hurst is about leaving for the States on a professional fancy bicycle riding tour.

George H. Hill has been exhibiting down east.

A high old Christmas to you!

PETE.

MONTREAL.

A two-line remark in the last WHEELMAN about the Montreal Bicycle Club had the desired effect, and a couple of the gentlemen connected with that organization rise to remark that the club is neither dead nor sleeping.

"Montreal" writes as follows: My December number of THE WHEELMAN has just reached me, and while glad to see that it is as well edited and as readable as formerly, I must confess I fail to understand the general rejoicing running through the communications, unless, indeed, it is that they now get for nothing what before cost \$1.00 per annum. But I did not intend to open this letter with a "growl" when I commenced. No. I wanted to have something to say about one of your editorial notes beginning, "Lost, strayed, etc.," and ending with "Montreal Bicycle Club."

We are "hibernating" at present with a vengeance. There is a tremendous snow storm at time of writing, but you can let your head last summer was not our season for "hibernating" to any great extent. Our club mileage was larger than ever before, our rides better attended, and more members came to our weekly meetings and gave our committee the benefit (?) of their advice. I will try and stir up our hon. sec. to send you figures.

I want to have a whack at another editorial—"A Novel Parade." You state that the Massachusetts Club, in holding a Chinese lantern parade, have added another chapter to the possibilities of wheeling. Well, so they have, but it is chapter No. 2, for the Montreal Bicycle Club (don't walk all over my coat collar if I say, as usual) have added chapter the first in that line. As long ago as September, 1884, our club had a Chinese lantern parade, attended by some 90 riders, all the machines being more or less decorated with fancy lanterns, as the taste or inventive faculties of the riders dictated. It was a very pretty sight indeed, and we have it under consideration to repeat it in the coming season with even greater success.

I hope this letter may have the effect of stirring up some of our literary members to send you more news about our club; but if it don't, I will perhaps inflict another epistle on your patience.

"A Member," after speaking of the lantern parade, says: The members of the Montreal B.C. Club presented Mr. S. McCaw (ex-captain) with a handsome silver tilting-pitcher on the occasion of his marriage on the 25th Nov. As our silent steeds are put away for this season, some 20 or 25 of the boys tramped over Mount Royal with the Snow Shoe Club, Wednesday evening, Dec. 2nd. The boys are having a large club picture taken at Messrs. Notman & Son's. There being some 55 or 60 men in the group, Mr. Notman has signified his intention of exhibiting it in London (Eng.) next year, at the Colonial Exhibition.

Messrs. Crispo, Darling, Knedinger, Robertson, and some others of our prominent racing men, may be seen in the Gymnasium three times a week, going in heavy for something heavy.

Messrs. Tibbs, Lane, Miller and Ostell are still to the good, and deserve the thanks of the boys for their long and still continued services to the club.