

Canadian Flyers--13.

FRED BRIMER.

Fred Brimer, whose photograph forms the frontispiece of this issue, is probably as widely known throughout the bicycling fraternity as any wheelman in Canada, and to all his acquaintances it is needless to mention as favourably.

We may fittingly class him among the veterans, and a review of his victories on the path will necessitate carrying our memories back to the season of 1885, in which year he made his first appearance at the Toronto Club Meet, winning second place in the one-mile club race, being at that time one of their members.

He did not appear again until the following season and again at the Toronto Club Meet, winning first in one mile open 3.40 class and half mile club handicap, with twenty yards on scratch man, M. F. Johnston.

In the fall of same year he followed up by winning first in Toronto Club Road Race against a large field of starters. At Port Hope on July 1st, 1887, he won first in two mile open, and the following March, at the Toronto Club Meet, first in half mile open against such men as Foster, Johnston, and Campbell of Niagara Falls.

Such a performance gave evidence of a brilliant future, but a bad fall at the offset of one mile handicap (open) on the same day displaced him not only in that event but prevented his appearance again that season, from which time he confined himself to road riding, showing ability in this line by several creditable performances.

In June, 1888, he won from scratch the twenty mile handicap road race of the Torontos in 1 h. 30 m. and the following October the final and series. In Feb., 1889, he was elected to the captaincy of that club, filling the position for one year, when he joined the ranks of the Wanderers and has since been amongst their most active and enthusiastic members.

Owing to practical retirement from racing circles his name has not been seen of late amongst the list of competitors, but an evidence of his old time speed was his performance in the ten mile handicap road race of that club in June, 1890, covering the distance with no training whatever in 38 minutes.

As member of the Wanderers Executive, Representative or Chief Consul for Toronto District of the C. W. A., he has in all capacities proved himself a valuable addition to any club and a just and fitting tribute to his

worth and record is the recent appointment of him to the position of Chief Centurion for the Century Club of Canada, A. P. T.

A Tragedy in Black;

OR, THE FATE OF BILL.

From out the darkness of the night
There comes a whistle shrill;
I see the gleam of cycle light
Of oaken-headed Bill.

The merry whistle of the wire
Strikes swiftly on my ear,
As also strikes his bloated tire
Upon a bottle near.

Then comes a burst of thunder sound;
And Bill—O, where is he?
I vainly search the road around
For his anatomee.

Such was the wreck of brother Bill,
Which gave his friends much pain;
He coasted blindly down a hill—
He never smiled again.

—Sandy Hook, in *The Bearings*.

Quite a number of the club men have been taking holidays during the last two or three weeks, the effects of intimate acquaintance with "la grippe," A. P. Taylor, J. Stanbury and H. Irish having recently been victimized.

The *Scottish Cyclist* says: "Almost anybody can ride a bicycle, but a good many of those who do ride, should not." This is particularly true of fools. One fool on a bicycle can make more trouble on a crowded thoroughfare than six runaway four-in hands.

The man who can always ride his wheel slowly, and never indulge in a turn of speed, hasn't yet come to light, but there are a good many who put speed foremost, and seldom, if ever, take a rational turn and wheel along for miles at a medium pace. If only these "wild speed" men could once be induced to take a run without rounding their backs and gasping for the pure fresh air through which they skim, we think they would more often do it. To sit your machine comfortably; to ride, as you can, without exertion; to inhale the air in long, deep draughts, and to arrive at your destination without fatigue, and even then with the knowledge that without an excess of pace you have left many a horse far behind—these are a few pleasures of cycling which many gain and many miss.—*Wheelmen's Gazette*.