

### "A Tramp Abroad."

For the first time in a year and a half I caught a glimpse of Canada. Last Friday morning on stepping from the train at Port Huron after an all night ride from Chicago. I for a time was lost, for everything seemed so entirely different and Canadian money seemed to have the preference here.

Port Huron is a pretty town of about 15,000 inhabitants, and is as enthusiastic a bicycle town as I ever came across, and I can hardly speak too highly of the treatment I have received at the hands of the 'cyclists, and especially of J. L. Stevenson, of the firm of Anderson & Co., the leading bicycle dealers of this place. Joe, as he is called by everybody, from the "three-year-old" up to the oldest inhabitant, is very popular and a genuine "hustler." He has charge of the bicycle business, and has this season sold two hundred wheels and expects to sell a great many more before fall. Pneumatics are all the "go," and unless you are riding one you are not "in it."

The streets are block-paved, kept in good condition, and very pretty. On Friday night considerable excitement was occasioned by a coasting contest. Nearly every wheel manufactured was represented, but the "Imperial" led them all.

This afternoon, accompanied by "Joe" Stevenson, H. Hubbard, and H. McKay, of this place, I had a very pleasant trip down the St. Clair river to Marine City, a little town twelve miles below here. The scenery is very fine, although the country surrounding the river is inclined to be low and flat. Marine City is not behind its larger neighbours in "bicycular" enthusiasm, and the competition is very keen. A very pleasing and notable attraction in both of these places is the large number of lady 'cyclists, and they could give their sisters a great many "pointers" on graceful positions on a wheel.

My friend the "Senator" invaded the town just previous to my arrival, in the interest of the "Referee," and made a great many friends here. It is to be hoped that he has not forgotten his visit to Port Huron, nor his drive in "Joe's jaunting car."

I had intended taking a trip to Sarnia, just across the river, and renewing "old acquaintance" with the members of the Sarnia Bicycle Club. I am sorry to say I was unable to do so, but then the "tramp's" lot is not a happy one, and time and trains wait for no man.

The Cyclists living in this state are very much disappointed that the C. W. A. meet

is not to be held in Sarnia, and there is no doubt that the "states" would have been very largely represented had it been held in that city; however, they can content themselves with the knowledge that Sarnia will have a "hummer" of a meet later in the season, and that everybody will have just as good a time.

Previous to my departure from Chicago, I witnessed the start of the relay ride from that city to New York. The interest that is being taken in this ride is wonderful, and even in the smallest towns every body is eager for the latest news concerning that event. There was a large number of people of every class present to see the start, and the riders were "heroes" in the eyes of the vast throng as they wheeled their way down Michigan Avenue in the mud. "Ed." Bode, escort to Art Lumsden, who carried the dispatch over the first relay, met with a rather unfortunate accident shortly after starting. While riding on a narrow footpath he turned out of it, and in doing so his wheel slipped suddenly from under him, giving him a severe fall, scraping his side very badly, and also injuring his wheel.

Herb Gittrens, the second courier, also met with a similar accident. He was mounted on an "Imperial," which glided from under him; his crank was bent back over the sprocket wheel, making any further progress an impossibility for a few minutes. With the assistance of another person the crank was at last straightened and he proceeded on his way.

The riders have experienced hard luck all through the ride, and they are to be congratulated on their pluck and good showing in the face of such bad weather as they have contended with from the start.

The next event of interest will be the Pullman road race, and I sincerely trust that the large number of people who favor Palmer will not be disappointed. I would liked to have seen a larger list of Canadian entries, but there is no doubt but that Palmer and Skerret will do their utmost for "the land of the maple leaf."

J. JAY ROSS.

Port Huron, Mich., May 22nd, 1892.

The big Chicago to New York relay race is now a matter of history. It is unfortunate, in a sense, that the weather was so unfavorable, but it emphatically demonstrates the ability of the 'cyclists, even under the worst of circumstances, to perform the feat. Had the weather been at all favorable there can be no doubt that the riders would have been nine hours within schedule time instead of nine hours beyond.