

The Canadian Wheelman :

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING.

The Official Gazette of the Canadian Wheelmen's Association and of the Cyclists' Touring Club in Canada.

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THE RECORD WAR.

An unseemly and rancorous war of words over the records made at the Springfield tournament has been a much-to-be-regretted feature of the last two months' cycling events. Several of the leading English papers declined to accept the records without further evidence of their authenticity than was at first furnished, and this refusal naturally excited the ire of the American papers, who felt that the good faith of American wheelmen had been impugned. Recriminations followed, and a far from edifying spectacle of bitter taunts and mean insinuations flying across the Atlantic has been presented. To the unbiased view of an outsider, it would appear that the Englishmen are altogether in the wrong, and are deserving of all they have received in the way of tongue-lashing from the American papers. As representatives of the gentlemen wheelmen of England, the English papers would have displayed greater courtesy, less jealousy, and far more brotherly feeling, had they said nothing against the American records, but quietly accepted them as necessarily genuine when endorsed by the gentlemen wheelmen of America until such time as evidence might be furnished to show that fraud or carelessness had existed.

Common justice, as well as friendly sentiment, should have taught the Englishmen to consider the Americans innocent until they were proven guilty; but their action in reversing this procedure and holding the records as false until proven true has had the boomerang effect of making the world believe that those so ready to assail the motives and acts of others are not themselves above suspicion.

We have carefully followed the discussion on this subject, and have seen no reasons advanced that throw a serious doubt on the Springfield records. To say that "records had to be made at Springfield," simply because an advertisement of the Springfield Club announced that records had always been broken at Springfield, is no argument, but a dirty insinuation for one wheelman to make against a body of brother cyclers. But this and similar others have formed the sum total of the pleadings of the English papers against the records. THE WHEELMAN, as representative of Canadian cyclers, who look to England with a feeling almost filial, and would hold her honor and credit as their own, would fain commend instead of blame the position taken by the Englishmen in this connection,

and it is with regret that it has to acknowledge that its brethren across the Atlantic have lowered themselves in the eyes of the cycling fraternity of this continent by their cavilling, puerility and puerile conduct in this matter of the records.

THIS SETTLES IT.

Should a male cyclist bow to a female cyclist when they meet? Aye, that's the rub, and so diverse are the opinions on this all-important question that the columns of the *Bicycling World* are not wide enough for the disputants. A discussion somewhat similar once waged between those who claimed that a horse, in running, raised the off front foot and the right hind one together, and those who denied this assertion. It was settled, at last, by some brainy fellow coming along and suggesting that the debaters look at a horse running and see how he lifted his feet. Similarly, the man with brain gigantic who writes this paragraph would suggest that the gentleman in doubt as to whether he should bow to a sister cyclist should first look at the aforesaid sister. If she bows, then he may lift his cap, if he's not a boor, and can ride well enough. And if he doesn't bow, let him, like the Levite of old, pass by on the other side.

THE WHEELMAN.

From all parts of the Dominion we are glad to be able to record the receipt of expressions of approval of the new mode of issuing THE WHEELMAN. In this number will be found communications from four or five of the principal cycling centres of Ontario, and although it will be difficult to find much news of interest to record during the winter months, we trust that the work so well begun will be continued until the spring-time, when of course there will be no excuse for lack of items. We would ask that the secretaries of clubs make it a point to let us have a communication about the 20th of each month. By this means, better than any other, the interest in THE WHEELMAN can be maintained, and the greatest amount of good it can accomplish be attained.

A NOVEL PARADE.

The possibilities of wheeling are as a tale half told, but the Massachusetts Club has lately added a new chapter to the story. A few weeks ago the club had a Chinese and Japanese lantern parade, which, according to a correspondent of the *Wheel*, was dazzling in its effect. If it was half as pretty as the enthusiast proclaims, this novel idea of the Massachusetts Club should find many imitators. Which of our Canadian clubs will be the first to try the experiment? Here is how the *Wheel's* correspondent describes the scene:

"It was a weirdly-beautiful sight, oriental in its loveliness, and, viewed from a distance, seemed not unlike a myriad of will-o'-the-wisps; the twinkling lights darting hither and thither, ever ceaseless in their erratic movements. Imagine a line of upwards of four hundred bicycles and tricycles, pendant from every one of which hung gorgeously-brilliant paper lanterns of every line

known to the art of the Orientals; while ever and anon colored fires, looming from the handle-bars of the cycles, suddenly illuminate with dazzling brilliancy the surrounding space. A bicycle would seem a machine capable of but slight ornamentation in the way of fragile lanterns, yet many bore a score of the twinkling lights, and one had forty-three. The latter was a feature of the parade. It was an ordinary bicycle, about which was rigged the outline of a yacht, the lines, spars and yards, formed by strings of lanterns, and at the mast top floated a pennant bearing the word 'Puritan.' The tricycles afforded unlimited opportunity for decoration, and the riders fairly excelled themselves in the artistic arrangement of the colored light. Some were wholly enclosed in a bower of colored light, while hoops and crosses and umbrella frames formed bases for innumerable designs. A unique effect was produced by arranging an arch of the colored lanterns behind the rider, casting about his head a halo of Japanese glory."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Lost, strayed, stolen or hibernating—the Montreal Bicycle Club.

A movement is on foot to establish a club in Hagersville. May it succeed!

Winnipeg wheelmen, waken! Write THE WHEELMAN while winter wages war 'gainst wheels.

Mr. Harry Etherington indignantly denies that he got a free passage across the ocean. That settles it.

The English papers are arguing in favor of longer cranks. Wonder if they know the captain of the Brantford B.C.?

Mr. W. G. Ross, of Montreal, first C.W.A. champion, is spending a couple of months in Florida and Central America.

Wheelmen will be glad to know that the A. L. Pilkie, lately arrested for forgery in Woodstock, is not Alf. Pilkie, who won the green race in the first C.W.A. meet in London.

What one friend of THE WHEELMAN has to say: "I am well pleased with the way the paper is now issued, which is the only proper way, if the Association fees have to be raised to do it."

Messrs. Webster, Ryrie and Chandler, of the Torontos, have decided upon making a bicycle tour through England, Scotland, and the northern part of France, next spring, leaving about the middle of April.

Who will get up an American tour for Canadian riders for next season? We should reciprocate, and there is no danger that our American cousins will not give a hearty welcome to a Canadian "Big Four."

The Marquis of Lorne has taken out a patent for improvements in cycle construction, and a contemporary sarcastically remarks that it always held that the Marquis would do something some day.

They call it a silent wheel, and yet it is always making rim marks on the road.—*Bicycling World*.

Silent, indeed! It spoke enough to tire you, and its bawls are always for oil.

The *Western Cyclist* announces that "Corey hill, in Brooklyn, has a national reputation for