

## The Road Race at Hamilton.

[From our Hamilton Correspondent.]

THANKSGIVING DAY was looked forward to by the members of the Hamilton Bicycle Club as the occasion on which they were to show to the world, and Toronto, their wonderful prowess as riders of the rough and uneven macadam. Unfortunately for their plans the sky would persist in adding its quota to the general state of atmospheric dampness which has prevailed the city on the hillside, since Toronto would have its own summer carnival. In consequence the roads were in poor condition for riding. So much so that when the crack of the pistol was heard only the form of the redoubtable F. H. Skerritt was observed to emerge from the crowd at the starting point. It was evident from the look of determination which ever and anon dwelt on the features of Mr. Skerritt that he intended to win the race and for a record, too, we are glad to be able to state that Mr. Skerritt was not disappointed—he did win the race, and but for a few trifling stops for the purpose of going up town to borrow a gun with which to shoot some animal that had tarried on its way to its winter home in the mountain and looked at the strange object on the road, and also sufficient time for dinner—the race was finished in good style. We regret not being able to give the time, as unfortunately the timekeeper forsook his post at dusk, an action which we think merits some censure from the directorate of the H.B.C.

### Ottawa Letter.

DEAR EDITOR,—It is with great pleasure and not perhaps altogether without pride that I contribute my mite toward the success of your paper. The success of a pre-eminently noble sport, such as I believe cycling to be, depends upon the purity of motive, the refined taste and the class of individuals that it can call to its support. It is also true that success depends upon the number and standing of the journals which are its advocates. In wheeling nothing can have such potency, either for good or for evil, as the tone of its literature. Knowing, therefore, those upon whose efforts the welfare of CYCLING depends, I can safely recommend it in advance as a benefit to wheelmen and bespeak for it a hearty reception and a generous support.

Here in Ottawa we are too few in number, although not wanting in quality, to publish a paper of our own, therefore we must avail ourselves of those of our confreres. In ex-

change for this support we perpetrate from time to time in these, the journals of our friends, articles in which the "doings" and "thinkings" of the O.B.C. cannot but take a prominent part. Of course those of our western friends who conscientiously believe that the sun never rises in Ottawa are justified in skipping the aforesaid articles. Their ignorance can be attributed only to their failure to visit us on July 1st, 1890.

The O. B. C. still enjoys its accustomed vigor, and would have had many runs during the past two months had not the weather interfered. Not long ago we finished a run at the Captain's residence, where he and his charming better half (and that's saying a good deal) made us wish that evenings in Ottawa were twenty-four hours long. Next time we will come and stay a week. We were to have had a run on Thanksgiving Day. Some said Peche, some said Aylmer, some Richmond, some nothing. After wasting about six hundred (600) cubic feet of oral music, we decided on Aylmer. Thanksgiving Day was as muddy as Egypt, consequently all that wind was a dead loss. One of our prominent members is totally engrossed in his efforts to nurse into life a moustache that has one foot in the grave, at least there is only an eight of an inch above ground.

Josiah Spilkins is having a new fence—hold on, I am not writing country items for a city paper with a rural circulation; the next thing will be a notice re farmer Jones' cow. It is easy to see that at present there is very little going on in the O.B.C., except expenses, which are immortal.

By the way, Mr. Editor, your heading is a very neat thing, and reflects in a measure the progress of the times, for woman is given the front rank and on a bicycle. The only sarcastic touch in that heading is that you have placed "a mirror" in front of her. If she and her companions keep on they will eventually cross "Jordan," but she should be happy having a man in her wake.

Wishing you, Mr. Editor, and your associates every success, I remain, sincerely yours,

ARTO.

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