

very little of architectural interest, and then rode on to Stuttgart.

Monday, Sept. 8.—Walked out to a little village called Degarloch, where we had breakfast, and afterwards saw a grand review and sham fight by the German troops, and was surprised to see how little respect was paid to the interests of the peasantry. The troops marched or rode over the fields without paying the slightest attention to the damage they were doing to the crops. One instance in particular I noticed, where a detachment of four or five guns took up their position in a field of cabbages and destroyed nearly an acre of the crop. In the afternoon we visited Rosenstein and Wilhelma, the seats of the king, at both of which places there are some very fine pictures, and the grounds of the latter place are simply beautiful.

The next morning we rode on towards Fruedenstadt, and reached a little village with a very long name, Pfalrafenweiler, about six o'clock, and put up there for the night. During the evening several of the villagers sent to the hotel to ask if we would be kind enough to say what hour in the morning we intended to start out, and the next morning when we mounted our machines there were between two and three hundred people collected to see us ride off, who lined both sides of the road and saluted us as we passed.

Reached Fruedenstadt about ten o'clock Wednesday, and then rode through the valley of the Murz as far as Appenheims, where we stopped for dinner. We then rode on to Gernsbach, and then over the mountains to Baden, a feat of which Strad, my companion, is very proud, as it is the longest and steepest hill he ever climbed, consisting of a long, winding hill, about three miles long, with a surface like concrete. When we reached the top I put my legs over the handles and did not take them down until I reached Baden, a distance of four or five miles. The scenery through the valley of the Murz is decidedly the grandest I have yet seen, and in many respects reminds me of that in the northern part of Canada.—*Toronto Mail*.

#### ENGLAND ON WHEELS.

UP AND DOWN THE ISLAND ON BICYCLES AND TRICYCLES.—HOW TRADESMEN AND HOLIDAY-MAKERS UTILIZE "THE MACHINE."

*English Letter in Philadelphia Press.*

Canterbury, Oct. 6.—All the world's a wheel, and men and women merely wheelers; that is, to drop simile, all good English people are cyclists, from royalty down, if, as American papers assert, the Prince of Wales is an expert bicyclist. In London, the foot-passenger, after he has successfully dodged an omnibus or a hansom on High Holborn or the Strand, must keep a sharp lookout for the two-wheelers, rotaries, kangaroos, fa-ciles, extraordinaires, and the innumerable other cycling machines, which almost run over him before their riders ring their bells in warning.

Anyone who gets up early enough can see the workman going to his work on an old bicycle which, probably, has changed hands as often as a second-hand coat, and was bought by its present owner for a few pounds; or else the milkman, who, with jingling cans, goes his rounds on a tricycle, heralding his coming by the unearthly

cry known only to the brotherhood. At 9 A.M., or thereabouts, the streets begin to fill with flocks of young clerks riding, or wabbling, Americans would say could they see them, to their offices. Next come the more sedate of the profession, pedaling on sociables, and carrying the mysterious black valise, which is to a certain class of Londoners what a green bag is to Philadelphia lawyers. Then there is a lull, interrupted by the arrival of the butterfly brigade, or the gaily-attired cyclists, who wear jockey caps and striped coats, and sometimes have rackets strapped to their backs, and who are going to tennis or cricket matches. On Saturday, about 1 o'clock, if there is a half holiday, the procession returns from the city in the same order.

#### TRADE ON WHEELS.

And about that hour every day but Sundays come the newspaper agents with their afternoon editions, wheeling frantically up the street, throwing off bundles to small boys waiting at convenient corners, and who are raced by 'Arry and his 'Arriet, who 'ire a machine for their 'oliday houting; or else by the sausage man, who is by far the superior of his Philadelphia brother, and whose red tricycle, with its basket front full of sausages, can, at a distance, hardly be distinguished from that of his newspaper rival. Their races are sometimes fine, but the noise is awful, for the crashing of their chains can be heard above the rattling of omnibuses and hansoms. Late in the afternoon there is a more solemn and orderly detachment, composed of the members of clubs going out for a run, and tea at Kew or Richmond or Epping Forest. They are all in so-called uniform, that is, each man wears what suits him best so long as he makes his costume conspicuous.

In the cool of the evening, novices and the timid and modest come forth, and in the quieter streets and squares wheel gently to and fro. They make little stir, save when they try to run down an inoffensive old lady or one of the numerous infant gymnasts with whom London does so abound. Still later, when the twilight has faded and the stars are out, there is a sound of twinkling bells on Oxford street, and many lights like bright fire-flies flit down the broad thoroughfare. The pleasure-seekers are returning. And thus ends the day's cycling in the city.

(To be continued.)

#### OUR ENGLISH VISITORS.

We have nothing but words of praise and congratulation for them. They crossed the ocean at our invitation to contend with us for the mastery in the greatest tournament of the wheel ever instituted. We hoped to show ourselves their superiors in muscle and training, and we should have done so, if they had not defeated us. That is plain, and that is all there is about it. Some of the spectators at the races were disappointed at some of the results. This was natural, but throughout the whole programme there was nothing unfair or dishonest. Our English friends were gentlemen. We are glad that they carried off a fair share of the prizes. As we think of it now, we should have been rather sorry if they had not done so. We are certain that they will carry home with their

trophies a kindly feeling towards us, and a determination to come again and bring more of their friends. Howell, Sellers, Leeming, Chambers, Illiston, Gaskell and James are men whom we shall remember with pleasure, and we shall watch their future successes, as related in the English cycling papers, with renewed interest. That they should carry home from our American tracks a new record is something we can be proud of even if we were defeated. You see we are determined to make the best of the situation, any way. The English riders were fairly entitled to all the credit they won, and it is a satisfaction even to have been outridden by such men.—*Wheelman's Gazette*.

#### Literary Notes.

The November number of *Outing* brings the magazine into new prominence in the added space given to yachting matters. This form of out-door pleasure is represented, in several articles of unusual interest, by a full record of nautical events, and by the "Yachtsman's Song," words and music by L. F. Abbott. "A Winter's Cruise in a Cat-Loat," by J. H. S., is a practical paper, timely and entertaining. "A Memorable Voyage" is a sea-sketch of great interest, by Frank H. Converse. "A Scamper in the Nor'-West," by J. A. Fraser, profusely illustrated by the author, is the leading article, and gives the reader some fascinating glimpses of the shores of the "big sea-water" of Superior. Mr. Fraser succeeded in obtaining a sketch of the interior of the old church of St. Joseph's on Madeline Island. This has never before been permitted by the Franciscan friars, and the readers of *Outing* have a treat in this picture and that of the quaint old altar-vessels. Another capital illustrated paper is "Wheeling Among the Aztecs," by Sylvester Baxter. This gives some delightful glimpses of the ancient city of Mexico and the pleasant environs that tempt the wheelman to his steed. It is a clever article, with the rush of progress in it, and the echo of the railway train that has lately reached the city of the Aztecs. "Ride!" is a ringing wheel story in verse, by President Bates. "About Tennis," by R. B. Metcalf, gives some useful hints upon this popular game. A charming sketch, "Maud," and a story, "Stolen—a Bicycle," are among the other attractions of this number. The editorial department discusses "Art and the Bicycle," and "Physical Education in College," among other topics of the hour; and the "Amenities" department has a laughable fishing sketch, "An Eel." The records supplement a dashing description of the Hartford and Springfield meets, by Mr. F. C. Penfield. The price of *Outing* together with THE CANADIAN WHEELMAN is \$2.25 per annum.

"WHEEL SONGS," by S. Conant Foster, has received a great many deserved press notices. As stated in these columns before, it is a quarto volume of 80 pages, bound in pale blue cloth, with ornamental bicycling design in white and gold, containing sentimental and humorous poems of bicycling, with nearly fifty illustrations, and is for sale by the publishers, White, Stokes & Allen, No. 182 Fifth Avenue, New York. Price \$1.75, postpaid.