

others to deal with. It may be said, however, that the record of the Toronto Bicycle Club in the past is a sufficient guarantee that in the present instance the members acted to the best of their knowledge, both for the interest of the sport and that of the Association.

A Visit to Coventry.

EDITOR CYCLING,—I have very much pleasure indeed in complying with your request to write a few lines for CYCLING, which may possibly be of interest to some of our Canadian wheelmen :

Landing in Liverpool from S. S. Teutonic on the 22nd March, I immediately started for the centre of the bicycle industry, Coventry, to place further orders for our machines. One great difficulty, however, seemed to stand in the way of completing these orders and that was to get Dunlop tires, so great was the demand for them. A visit to the Pneumatic Tire Co.'s factory was suggested in the hope that a personal interview might have some influence with the genial manager. Needless to say I was only too pleased to have an opportunity of visiting their establishment to witness for myself the progress of the new industry.

The first impression one gains from a distant view of the premises, is that of a gentleman's private residence with its pretty front garden and lawns. Coming nearer, however, this impression is removed; every foot of ground to the left and rear of the main building being occupied by huge temporary shops, while the lawn was a mass of wheels, sent to be tired. Mr. Sinclair, a French gentleman hailing from Tipperary or somewhere in that neighborhood—judging from his musical brogue—kindly showed me through the factory. Some 500 hands in all were at work, and every place was crowded. The Company claim to have a capacity for attaching 3,000 tires per week, but this could only be done by working considerably overtime and probably 2,000 would be near the average turned out. I was informed that they had orders for some 47,000 tires and with everyone clamoring for them on account of the approaching Easter holidays.

It was amusing to see the efforts of the different makers, endeavoring "by hook or crook" to secure the completion of their orders before those of others. Some coaxed, others scolded, and still others did both by turns. Mr. Sinclair, however, was able to handle them all, and that without losing his head. To give some idea of what a gold-

mine the Company has, I may say that I learned they paid last year a dividend of £8 on shares which originally cost £1, and will this year doubtless pay £25 per share, and this in addition to the royalty to Mr. Dunlop. The Company now have factories at Dublin, Coventry, London and Birmingham, besides granting permits to some of the larger manufacturers to make their own tires. It is claimed that ninety per cent. of the pneumatic tires in use are Dunlop's, notwithstanding the fact that scores of other makes are claimed to be "the only perfect tire on the market." I have a vivid recollection of some of these "tire fiends" (as they are called), and often wished I could have taken some of them by the throat and strangled them. However, after spending some ten days investigating the merits of the various tires, I am thankful to have escaped with my life, though still sometimes haunted in my dreams by some more than usually vociferous "fiend," chasing me with an enormous tire, which he inflates by means of an electric engine.

While in Coventry, Mr. Hazlewood (of the firm of Warmon & Hazlewood) with his good wife very kindly drove me to Kenilworth, Warwick and Stratford-on-Avon, on which occasion I enjoyed some of the most beautiful scenery in England. The drive from Coventry to Kenilworth is locally described as being only equalled by that from Kenilworth to Coventry. Mrs. Hazlewood takes a very great interest in the antiquities of the places, and is a mine of pleasant information in regard to them.

On our drive we passed a public house having a great reputation for home-brewed ale. A gentleman from Yorkshire visiting one of his fox-hunting friends hearing of this celebrated hostelry mounted his horse early one morning and rode over to the place. Stopping in front of the door, he called out the landlady and told her what he had heard, and to bring him a quart. This drank off, hardly taking his lips from the pewter, looked at the measure a second and asked her to bring him another, which he also gulped down, smacked his lips and pronounced it very good. He then asked her to call the hostler so that he could dismount and go in and have some.

Coventry was until recent years the centre of a thriving ribbon business, but the Continent has almost killed the English trade. Fortunately the cycling industry sprang up and many of the buildings formerly occupied for the weaving of ribbons have been turned into bicycle factories. One is struck by the difference in appearance of the employees