

during my journey I found two very steep, long hills that I thought it prudent to walk down. If you are overtaken by a wet day, take a rest; it is double labor riding on a wet road and under a waterproof. I endeavored to map out my day's work each day before starting, making inquiries at the hotel as to the state of the road; and I used to settle in my mind a moderate or a full day's journey, so as to feel quite independent. If you keep to the old coaching roads you will pass plenty of villages with telegraph offices, and by the afternoon, when you can see your way to settle upon your destination for the night, stop at the next telegraph office and send a telegram ordering your bed and a dinner.

Don't take a companion with you; he will be heavier or lighter than you are, and the one will push the other in speed. If you are not good company to yourself, don't undertake a journey at all. Nothing can be more enjoyable than the sense of freedom and independence of all conventionality that one experiences in travelling on a fine bright autumn day upon a good road. If you keep your eyes open, you will make a more intimate acquaintance with nature than you may hitherto have done; and it is remarkable to an observer the number of things there are—animate and inanimate—to interest as one goes along. You are in no hurry, and can afford time to watch a party of sportsmen walking over the stubble up to their birds, or it may be worth while to stop even after a race butterfly, or flower, or for some ripe blackberries, which are very plentiful this year, and re-reshing. Altogether, a journey on wheels will be found a healthy tonic to the mind and body, and the fatigue at the end of a day, after going twenty-five or thirty miles, is no greater than walking eight or ten miles.

My journey of over 200 miles took me eight and a half days. I arrived home thoroughly fit, sound in nerve, lighter in body, and not much lighter in purse; and I hope other heavy men will follow my example.

UNSOCIAL WHEELMEN.

Sociability is a virtue which all mankind are not endowed with. The animals horses, for instance, are widely different in their dispositions. Some have gentle, mild, and even loving dispositions, and others are cross and ugly in all of their ways, and of a consequence are hated by their owners and receive more hardships at their hands. Mankind is not unlike the horse in this respect. As a general thing, we have found wheelmen a very social and gentlemanly class, and it is often said among them: "We seem to be bound together in a union or brotherhood as one; even as the spokes of our wheel centre at one point, so do our friendships." Now and then we find a cyclist of the hog species, and for one of the social, jolly good fellows to be in his company for a short run it is anything but pleasure. He is not at home; it's not his element to wheel with the bristle-backed kind, and at the first opportunity he will leave him to enjoy his own company as best he can. Sometimes we can but pity these unsocial human beings; they don't seem to enjoy their own company or that of their fellow-creatures. Then, again, we think there's no need

of their being so; if they are by nature a little related to the "grunter," they have the power to restrain this miserable, hateful disposition. Our sympathy does not last long when we see them cultivating this inhuman faculty by their persistent hoggishness. We think we are best off without their company, for "in beholding we become changed."

We have wheeled in company with those who were all the time finding fault. The roads were either too sandy, rutty, rocky, hilly, muddy, or dry, or the weather too cold, hot, windy, wet, or foggy. When they were not growling about the weather they were about something else.

Some are always having trouble. It would seem that they were born to be tormented. — This is not the case; they make their own trouble. We think it is best to suit ourselves to circumstances rather than try to make them suit us by fault-finding, which we can never do; it only makes things worse. If the roads are bad, so we cannot make ten miles an hour, we must do the best we can, and let it go at this. If a wheelman rides right, he will always see enough to make his rides enjoyable, whether his pace is four or twelve miles an hour. — *Star Advocate.*

Wheel Tracks.

Wheeling is commencing to boom in earnest now.

Woodstock has been unanimously chosen for the C.W.A. meet of '85.

Cornwall has a bicycle club now, with Mr. W. J. Wallace as Secretary.

If you want to procure a first class machine, consult our advertising columns.

It is stated that Sellers, amateur champion of the world, will not race this year.

W. B. Everett & Co., of Boston, are now the American agents for Singer & Co., Coventry.

Asa Dolph, the Ohio flyer, has joined the professional ranks. He ought to make a good one.

Woodside, the professional, will not go to England this season, all reports to the contrary, etc.

Karl Kron claims that "bicyeler" is the word that should be applied to one who rides a bicycle, not "bicyclist."

Brownson Wallace, manager of Westbrook and Hacker, acrobatic riders, paid London a visit on the 10th inst.

Maltby, the fancy rider, of Boston, has succeeded in riding on one wheel with everything detached but the pedals.

Canadian wheelmen who intend joining the Big Four Tour should make application at once to the manager, 56 Kinzie St., Chicago.

George D. Cameron, one of the oldest riders of London, and late president of the Ariel Touring Club, has accepted a position in Buffalo.

J. A. Muirhead, C. C. of No. 1 District, is with the 7th Fusiliers, who have been called to the front on account of the North-West rebellion.

J. L. Fitzgerald, of the Ariel Touring Club, has returned from an extended Southern tour, during which he visited the New Orleans Exposition.

John Keen, the English racer, intends taking in Springfield this year, and also bring his water cycle with him. Fred. Wood, another flyer, also promises to put in an appearance.

The following Canadians have been selected as judges and timers for the Big Four Century road race: S. G. Retallack, of Belleville; Perry Doolittle, of Toronto; and W. Kingsley Evans, of London.

Henry W. Williams, Esq., a Boston patent solicitor and president of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club, is probably the most accomplished road-riding wheelman in the country. He mounts his bicycle nearly every pleasant day during the cycling season, and has already ridden on Columbia bicycles 13,500 miles, 7,500 miles of which were ridden without a single fall, save one of slight consequence, caused by the stupid carelessness of another rider. — *Boston Journal.*

Westbrook is now giving exhibitions in double fancy riding, and his feats are thus extolled by a correspondent: "Westbrook and Hacker gave a wonderful bicycle exhibition at the rink on the 18th, and I doubt if another team can be found who will equal their grace and daring. A few of their many feats were: Hacker standing erect on Westbrook's shoulders while wheel was balanced on chairs; Hacker standing on Westbrook's shoulders, swinging Indian clubs, while wheel was in motion; Hacker doing a head stand on back of Westbrook's neck, while balancing, and many other daring feats."

What cyclist will not remember his first ride by lamplight? Possibly he was on his regular run home, as we were, of three miles into the country, up hill and down, on a dusky highway. At first there was a feeling as if some unseen hand carried the light for us, and for a wonder held it where it would do the most good. Then, as we left the region of street lamps and houses, the darkness grew more intensely black, and our good little star of the evening seemed to shine with increased brilliancy, and conjured up no end of ghosts far ahead or on either side, clothing great rocks in the vague middle distance with spectral habiliments that disappeared on closer inspection. The road some distance ahead often showed a dense black bank directly across it, as if it was land's end, and some unknown depths were just beyond, but we felt rather than saw the incline, and soon the mysterious gulf disappeared as the strong light flashed down the other side of the hill as we gained the top. — There was confusion of lines and uncertain light as we coasted down the first lamp-lighted hill, and we more than half wished we had walked. But on striking smoother wheeling again everything was serene. The dazed and startled appearance of chance pedestrians, and their "Why, hello! I couldn't make out what Jack-o'-lantern it was coming!" were amusing, but this, like all first experiences, came to an end as we safely, and about as quickly as by daylight, wheeled into our own gateway, and dismounted. — *S. W. Gazette.*