

Canadian News.

Latest Bicycle Gossip from all parts of the Country.

TO CORRESPONDENTS—Write your letters on one side of the paper only, and make them as trenchant as possible. All matter intended for this department should be addressed to the editor. No attention paid to communications unless accompanied by name and address, not necessarily for publication but as a guarantee of good faith.

AYLMER FORKS.

My Dear BICYCLE:—

Being a regular reader of your now familiar pages, I cannot but extend my congratulations to editor, manager, and all concerned in the great improvement, monthly exhibited in the "get up" of "our" paper, and as the official organ of the "Canadian Wheelmen's Association," it is a credit to that body.

Pardon me if I make a correction in the "meditations" of "Crank." Perry Doolittle the father of us "Aylmerites," as regards the bicycle, has not taken up his residence in Toronto. Our captain is pursuing his studies at "Trinity Medical School," and with a right royal welcome will be come amongst us again about the first of April.

The "Aylmer Bicycle Club" now in existence nearly a year, has some twenty-five members, and is a permanent organization, we have all the necessary officers and a small committee of management. Our uniform adopted at the first meeting, and worn during the past season consists of Navy Blue Canvas Shoes, Stockings and Shirt, Fawn Grey Pants and Coat. Our Badge of a shaded red ribbon stamped in gold, with a Bicycle and the name of the Club, and in addition thereto, we hope soon to wear one bearing the magic letters "C. W. A.," as at our last meeting it was proposed and carried that our club join the association at once.

I presume I give the experience of other clubs in stating that we find it hard work to keep the members together and hold meetings regularly during the winter season, but we have lately hit upon a plan which we trust will do its work well. Our club is blessed with some half dozen married riders, who have its welfare at heart, and in weekly rotation welcome us to their homes on stated evenings. We hope thereby to cultivate feelings of good will, friendship and sociability, and have our members realize that it is something to belong to the "A. B. C."

Yours truly,

WALLET.

AYLMER, 22nd Jan., 1883.

THE LONDON FELLOES.

My Dear BICYCLE:—

"Gee Whitaker but ain't the Bicycle getting tony," remarked the janitor of the F. C. B. S. rooms, on bringing his optic orbs to bear on the January number of your paper; and truly it is a remarkably fine edition.

Wishing to begin the New Year with a good record, Bugler Cameron and Sec. Keenleyside left London about 12 a. m. New Year's Day, with the intention of riding to Lambeth and return. In the teeth of a stiff head wind, and over a road in some parts fair, but in others up to the pedals almost in snow, and with one enormous hill to master, they concluded that bicycle riding in winter was N. G., and it was only by sheer stubbornness that they reached Lambeth. Here they found gathered around the bar room fire, the *élite* of the village. The under porter of the grave yard, the sexton of the village school and the wet nurse of the barnyards were there discussing the chances of the various candidates for Municipal honors. The

arrival of the wheelers however drew the attention of the crowd, and a hot discussion followed as to the price, speed, etc. The men with an alleged diamond breast pin and no shirt collar and almost too full for utterance, disclosed with a prefix too powerful for publication in the religious columns of THE BICYCLE. "That it took a mighty smart man, a man like these boys here to ride one of them Cyclopedias." After having a glass of milk all round, it was decided to go on to St. Thomas. The road bending here, they would have the wind abast the beam.

The first few miles out were ridden in grand style, the road being comparatively free from snow, but after that their troubles began in earnest, the snow storm that had been threatening all day coming on, the wind freshened and blew a perfect gale, and truly misfortune like twins seldom come single, for here also began the snow drifts, and they were compelled to dismount and trudge along on foot for nearly a mile. However after resting for a few moments on a barbed wire fence, they again mounted and rode on. By this time the wind had shifted, and was now driving the blinding snow full in their faces, which greatly enhanced the pleasure of the ride. Five stakes were reached at last, and here was found a select gathering of the leaders of fashion, many of them, also suffering from a rush of benzoin to the head; a short rest was taken, also a glass of milk, and then a start made for St. Thomas. The absurdity of the situation striking the secretary he was heard murmuring.

The shades of noon had fallen fast,
As through a country v. llage past,
Two youths who rode mid snow and ice,
Two Cycles with this strange device—Dinner.

The big hill was reached, and with legs over the bottom was soon explored, and the ascent commenced on foot. While resting on the top of the hill, an old lady taking pity on their short pants, offered to lend them her shawl. "Shawl we take it" snickered the bugler. After making three ineffectual attempts to walk a five foot picket fence, the old lady was seen gilding gracefully down the hill on a bob-sleigh, looking heart broken. After dinner, Mr. Brierly, the secretary of the C. W. A. was visited, and the afternoon spent in discussing bicycling subjects, and the evening train taken for home. Total distance ridden, 50 miles.

The annual meeting of the F. C. B. C. for the election of officers for 1882, was held on the 8th January, with the following result:—President, Geo. Burns, Jr.; Capt., R. Burns; 1st Lieut., W. M. Begg; 2nd Lieut., C. H. Wallace; 1st Bugler, J. B. Wagwan; 2nd Bugler, Geo. W. Cameron; Sec.-Treas., C. B. Keenleyside.

I wish to suggest to "Crank" that he at once get the line,

"You wouldn't consider it a surprise too wouldn't you dear Editor," of his last month's letter, photographed and hung in a conspicuous place in the rooms of the various bicycle clubs as a proof of the superiority of his gigantic intellect over that of our poor sinners, who can't make head or tail of it. We intend having it set to music.

I would also like to correct an impression given by a paragraph in Mr. Doolittle's account of the Buffalo trip. The man from London positively states that when he entered the cherry orchard it was not with the intention of stealing, he says he intended to buy some cherries for himself and the others, but found the family all out except the dog, and the way that dog out and covered the ground between the house and the cherry trees, would have made the heart of an ordinary tramp sink within him. In fact, chasing *caters* was that dogs strong point.

The F. C. B. C. Carnival was a big success.

Perry Doolittle and Frank Morrison were up to the Carnival.

Mr. Hay and another Woodstock bicyclist were in town the other day.

Doolittle's second annual tour around the Lake Erie is receiving the attention of the F. C. B. C.

Wheelmen visiting London are always welcome at the head quarters of the F. C. B. C.

The new painted special British is greatly admired.

Mr. Geo. Burns, Jr., President of the F. C. B. C., gives a Club Supper on the 5th Feb'y.

Yours,

MACHINE.

LONDON, 23rd January, 1883.

THE WHEELMAN'S PARADISE.

My Dear BICYCLE:—

The above is the title given to Goderich last summer by one wheelman, and endorsed by every other who has visited the place. The old Italian proverb, "see Naples and die," might be appropriately rendered, "Get a bicycle and see Goderich before you die."

Acknowledged by summer visitors to be the prettiest town in Canada; its beautiful situation, together with its splendid gravel roads and charming glimpses of scenery, to say nothing of the proverbial beauty of its young ladies, all combine to render it a very Paradise to bicyclists. Not only are all its streets gravelled, but also all the approaches from the surrounding country. The run from London, via Lucan, Exeter, Brucefield and Bayfield, 66 miles, is one of the finest day's ride to be had in Canada; good gravel roads all the way and no hills worth mentioning. Should any ambitious cyclist however, wish for a choice selection of hills on which to test his climbing powers, he can come from Brucefield via Clinton, the distance that way is some 4 miles shorter, but would be as much longer if the hills were rolled out. If any of your readers wish for any information regarding that Alpine piece of road, they can ask Arabi Pasha, who has been over it and can speak from experience. On arrival in Goderich, the visitor finds himself on the "Square," which however will be more apt to give him the impression of a circle, being octagon in shape, and having the eight principal streets radiating from it. In the centre stands the Court House, surrounded by a fine patch of green, with numerous shade trees, giving it quite a park like appearance. The distance around is about $\frac{1}{2}$ of a mile, forming a beautiful course. Leaving our head quarters the British Exchange, and taking a run down West Street to the lighthouse, we find ourselves on the edge of the bank, some 140 feet above the lake with a splendid view over the blue waters of Lake Huron, the harbor and the Maitland River which here flows into the lake. A run up town and down to the end of North street and around by the jail, brings us to the river bank where we get a grand view of the beautiful valley of Maitland, with its wooded banks and the river winding its way through the flats far below, till it reaches the lake. Continuing our way round we came to the G. T. R. Station at the end of East Street, where we came upon another fine reach of valley and river over a mile in length, with the village of Maitlandville lying down in the hollow to our left. The river is here spanned by the New Maitland Bridge, a handsome iron structure, open to the public last Dominion Day. A fine Sunday trip is out to the Point Farm, Mr. J. J. Wright's beautiful summer resort, 6 miles north on the Lake Shore Road, leaving town by the Maitland Bridge, we pass through the village, then to the left up Dunlop's Hill, a long stiff climb, testing the staying power. The rider is however rewarded for his trouble, by the view on reaching the top, when he will probably stop to get his wind, and may take in the view at the same time. Then four miles of good gravel road until we reach the farm, where we

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