

Canadian Flyers—8.

FRED FOSTER.

The subject of this sketch, although for the past year or so not appearing much on the racing path, is probably the best known flyer Canada has produced. Starting in 1885, he astonished everyone by coming out at the Bank Sports and defeating Messrs. Lavender and Davies. During the same year he won the Five-mile Championship at Woodstock, as well as some eight or ten first places in all parts of Canada.

In 1886, on the 24th May, he captured the Five-mile Provincial, as well as the Half-mile Dash at Woodstock. On July 1st, 2nd and 3rd, at Montreal, he won six first places, including one Championship and Ten-mile Road Race. In September, in Hartford, Pittsfield, Springfield and Lynn he appeared with all the crack American and English riders, and defeated such men as Crist, Rich, Gaskell, of London, DuBlois and a host of others. During the circuit in handicap and open events he won nine first, two second and two thirds, and was unplaced only once through a fall.

In 1887, on the 20th May, he won the One-mile and Five-mile (open) Races, in the latter defeating Messrs. Crist, Campbell and Davies. On July 1st, at Brantford, he won the Five and Ten-mile Championships. In August he won several races, and at Cleveland won four open races—all on the programme. The mile race was won in 2.42, then very fast time.

In 1888, at Woodstock, he ran almost a dead heat with Windle, and defeated both Kluge and Campbell. In Baltimore, in June, he again ran second by a few feet of Windle, in 2.42. On June 21st, in a handicap race, on the T. L. C. Grounds, he won by half a lap from scratch, defeating Davies and a number of Toronto fast riders. In Belleville, on July 1st, he won three Canadian Championships, namely, the One, Five and Tricycle races.

Besides the above he has won a number of local and outside events.

Upon the road he proved himself a very fast rider, and in the Toronto-Wanderers' Fifty-mile Race, in 1887, he took first place from nineteen other riders.

Personally Mr. Foster is very popular. In his racing days he was looked upon as a sure winner always, and was noted for his excellent "head work" during a race. Lately, increasing weight does not make him look the trim, well-trained flyer of the past, yet,

only last summer, at Hamilton, though out of condition, he rode a mile under 2.42 with champion Carman. During his career he has accumulated an immense collection of medals, plates, and general prizes, and although practically retired from the ring, he may yet be heard from, if it is only to pull down some of his odd 180 pounds.

Since 1883 Foster has been an enthusiastic member of the Wanderers, and always raced under their colors.

WANDER "OR."

The subject of our next article on Canadian Flyers, will be Mr. W. G. McClelland, of the Toronto Bicycle Club.

My First Mount.

My first machine was a wooden affair,
An affair, by-the-bye, which I hired;
A ramshackle thing under which the earth shook,
And made the stones fly every turn the wheels took—
Steam rollers were then not required.

But, oh! how I loved that old ricketty mount,
Though he didn't like me at my best;
He turned, and he twirled, and he twisted around.
And never was quiet till he'd run me aground,
And banged himself down on my chest.

And while yet I strove to master my nag,
On a friend I just happened to drop—
A friend whom I'd treated but coldly of yore,
Still he didn't allude to the fact, for what's more,
He was only a wooden clothes prop.

I stood the machine up against an old wall,
And placed myself snugly on top;
Then gaily shoved off at a swaggering rate,
Which finished ere long in a wobbling state,
As I reached my old friend, the clothes prop.

I flung my arms round him and held him so tight.
While I brought the machine to a stop,
Wheeled it back to the wall and started again,
And pedalled away with might and with main,
Till I found I could part with the prop.

My steed didn't seem to object to me now,
Though he rattled (the fault of the maker),
The next thing I found that the pace I could mend,
And so, by the aid of my old wooden friend,
I soon learned to ride the boneshaker.

—H. L., in *Bicycling News*.

They are going to have a curious race in France. The distance will be 10 kilometres. After riding for five minutes all the competitors will dismount at the report of a pistol. Back tires will then be punctured, and the riders must then, without any assistance, repair their tires and go on. The man who finishes the distance first, if his tire remains properly inflated, shall be declared the winner.—*E.r.*