

	Score.	Race.			Total.
		1	2	3	
1 Stephenson .....	8	9	5		22
2 Harbottle .....	0	8	7		15
3 Smith .....	10	0	2		12
4 Miln, J. ....	0	7	4		11
5 Hyslop .....	7	0	3		10
6 Logan .....	0	10	0		10
7 Syms .....	0	0	10		10
8 Parker .....	4	5	0		9
9 Moyer .....	3	0	6		9
10 Gullett .....	9	0	0		9

We are inclined to favor the racing board's method of scoring as fairer, because if the other plan were adopted a rider might easily contest in three races, and not score sufficiently high in any one of them to bring him within the first ten of the final. Such, in fact, is actually the case in regard to one rider—and he is not a bad rider either—who stands fairly well according to the racing board's score, while under the other method he is left out of the first ten entirely.

The directors of the Toronto Bicycle Club are meditating an increase of the initiation fee to \$10.

### Rochester Notes.

#### IN MEMORIAM.

Died at 9 o'clock on Thursday night, Oct. 13, 1892, the West End Bicycle Club, of Rochester, N.Y. This club was organized some seven years ago, and rapidly rose to be the foremost club in western New York, at one time numbering over 200 members. Internal strife and factional disputes caused a division in the club, and from its membership sprang the Crescent and Lake View clubs. Since then the club has had a struggle for existence. This club has successfully conducted more meets and public enterprises of a sporting nature than any two other clubs in this city, but now it has voted to disband. From its ruins there will spring a social club.

The Genesee Club of this city are very anxious to meet any or all of the Buffalo clubs in a team race of six men, over the Buffalo-Rochester course. Three years ago such a race was run, and was won by the West End Club. As there is a prospect of a race between the Press Cycle Club and the Ramblers, the Genesee Club are anxious to put a team into the race. CRANKSLINGER.

Rochester, October 16, 1892.

Messrs. Humber, Cripps & Goddard, of Nottingham, have built a Nelson racer weighing 19½ lbs.

"I didn't think your friend, Stitchitup, was a sculptor?"

"Neither he is. What made you think so?"

"Well, I just now overheard some remark he made about the large number of 'busts' which pass through his hands."

"Oh! I see. He's foreman in a bicycle depot; that's why."—*Ex.*

Speaking of the recent Columbian parade in New York, the *Wheel* says:—

"The part played by the cyclists in the Columbian parade in New York on the night of the 12th inst., was hardly calculated to elevate cycling to a very lofty altitude in the minds of the two millions and a-half spectators who viewed the display. Accustomed as we are to the horse-play and tomfoolery prevalent in a greater or lesser extent at nearly all our cycle meets, we were yet wholly unprepared for the unexpected outburst of boisterous indecorum and downright caddishness which characterized the parade and brought down a running fire of abuse, jeers, ridicule and hisses all along the line of march, and produced a feeling of mental disgust in nearly every man who had hoped and aimed for a high and influential order of things."

Four cyclists had walked out to Eniskerry, and becoming footsore on the return journey, craved a lift from the driver of a hearse. Two of them got up on the box seat, and the driver suggested that the other two should wait for the mourning coach, which was following, but they evidently thought that a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush, and elected to take an inside seat. It was dark when they reached Dundrum, and the driver stopped at Doyle's to liquidate. The inside passengers were half frozen, and the biggest of them, who wore a long, white waterproof, kicked open the door at the back and shot out feet foremost. Had a bomb-shell burst in the midst of the crowd of loafers who were hanging round, they could not have received a greater shock. They fell back gasping against the wall at the sudden and unlooked-for appearance of the "corpse," and not until the other passengers got out did they realize that it was not a visitation from the other world.—*Irish Cyclist.*

#### LOCAL OPTION.

This term should be applied to the choice every intelligent person has between Burdock Blood Bitters, the natural and certain remedy for dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, headache and bad blood, and the various imitations offered by unscrupulous parties as being "just as good." There is nothing else as good as B. B. B. It is an honest medicine and has made remarkable cures right in our own town.