

FRED. WESTBROOK, of Brantford, after passing under the wire, at one of the St. Thomas races, was presented with a beautiful bouquet by a young lady admirer, with the following clipping from THE BICYCLE pinned on the heart of a sunflower: "Fred. Westbrook, of Brantford, is an awfully fast young man."

The masher of the Hamilton Club has been cured of his bad practices and has become a good little boy. A week or two ago, he kissed his hand to an affected young lady in the country and she called out "you awe wheel naughty!" He has got over his sickness by this time but says he'll never do it again—any more breaks like that would paralyze him.

TORONTO, October 16.—A meeting of bicyclers was held to-night and a new club, the "Wanderers," was formed. They have resolved to join the Canadian League, and have started with a large and active membership. At the close of the open meeting the following gentlemen were elected officers: President, Lieut.-Col. Otter; Vice-President, P. D. Ross; Secretary, G. H. Orr; Captain, T. H. Robinson; Lieut., Geo. E. Cooper. Committee, Messrs. Cooper, Robinson, Fitzgerald and Duff. They have started well, and intend to make this club one of the leading clubs in the Province. The fee includes the club badge, which is a neat silver monogram.

ON Wednesday, the 11th inst., at Red Bank, N. J., a case was tried which is of interest to bicycle riders. A farmer named Thomas Hines sued Henry Campbell, of the First National Bank, for frightening his (Hines') team and causing them to run away and wreck the carriage. According to the evidence, Miss Mary Hines was driving to her father's house on Tinton Falls when she met Campbell on a bicycle. The team became frightened, and when Campbell blew his whistle of alarm Miss Hines lost all control over the animals, and they ran away, smashing the carriage and breaking the harness. Campbell refused to make good the loss, and Hines brought suit to recover damages. Councillor Charles H. Trafford represented the plaintiff, and claimed that according to New Jersey law bicycle riders used the public highways at their peril, and were responsible for all damages arising from animals being scared at sight of the machines. The defendant was represented by his brother, Corporation Counsel, W. H. Campbell, of Long Branch. He held that bicycles were recognized vehicles of travel, and that animals being frightened at them were accidents for which there was no redress. A verdict was given for \$25 damages for Hines. The case will in all probability be carried to the Supreme Court as a test one.

THE BUGLER.

In bugeling mind him who can, the ladies call him sweet.

Shakespeare, revised.

About a week ago, or, to be more exact, on the 8th of this month, three members of the Simcoe B. Club, rode over from that place to this city, getting here early in the afternoon. The trio was led by genial Hal. Donley, the editor of the *North Simcoe Reformer* (he's a good Grit—about the only one I ever met!), and the droll Will Perry and handsome Harry Carter, who, by the way, was formerly of Hamilton, were in his wake. About four o'clock we chartered a hack, and with my business manager and a mutual friend, went for a drive. And a jovial sextette we were. Perry the giant kept us all roaring by his droll witticisms, and Donley made an able second. We drove out in the country and down to the Beach, stopping at various farm and other houses on the way to purchase (who dare say *hooked*?) apples and other refreshments, got tea at a country hotel and were back in Hamilton by half-past eight. In the morning the three left for home with the expressed determination of coming back to see us some other time. I might remark parenthetically that all the Simcoe boys are very fond of ginger ale. Don't say I told you, but, as the New York *Star's* "Man about Town" would say, "I'll give you a pointer on that."

But the man who drove our hack was a character. If you can imagine a New York ward politician, as I see them pictured in *Puck*, transported into Canada, you will get as good an idea of him as if I took a whole column to describe him in. I don't know what his name is but he's a queer fish—very.

And how he could make us go the way he wanted to when his wish conflicted with ours. His manner was gentle but determined. I tell you, confidentially, he's mistaken his vocation. He was never born to be a hack-driver; not he.

I heard one on Charley Hull, Detroit *Chaff's* genial business manager, the other day that is good enough to print. The manager of a dramatic company brought his show to Detroit to play for a week. He was new at the business and didn't know what a large circulation *Chaff* has. Hull, of course, "buzzed" him for an ad. After he had spent half an hour in puffing up the paper, its immense circulation, and the advantages to be secured by using it as an advertising medium, the theatrical manager quietly remarked, "My friend, I'm new at the business, but I'm too old a bird to be caught by 'Chaff'!"

HULL: —!!!—!!—!***
—!!!—!!

Speaking of *Chaff* reminds me that Breezee has recently enlarged it from 8 to 12 pages. So far he has let politics severely alone but he announces now that he purposes to discuss that knotty question from an independent standpoint in future. Of course it will be a success. Everything *Chaff* undertakes is a success. All the same I wish him joy in his new departure; wish it because he has worked hard and long to make a name for his paper and because he is an honest, whole-souled, kindly man and one of the nicest fellows you will meet in a day's march.

SPOKES FROM THE HUB.

Well where would they come from? hence the heading

Running on coned bearings, and these not needing attention, I have occasion and frequent opportunity to look about and gather such facts as present themselves.

The Boston Club opened the club record with 102 miles in a day. The Mass Club came next with 118. Then the Boston Ramblers not to be outdone by older clubs raised the record to 120, and now the *Aeoli* of Worcester have gone 136 miles within 24 hours.

Surely honors are fleeting, and imitation is the sincerest flattery.

The Crescents' annual dinner at the Brunswick, on the 4th instant, was a pleasant success as indeed is everything this excellent club does.

I have been very lively lately attending various runs and meetings. The meeting of the League officers was held at the Vendome on the 20th, of which I will give you a few notes next month.

Papa Weston and Captain Hodges have returned to the bosom of their families and right glad they are to see them. The former is full of ideas gathered from "over there," and says the tricycle is all the rage. Of course the *Victa* Howard is the best. Why cert'nly,

The Yale is increasing in popularity around me. Well I don't mind that whoever, as it is just my sort.

I hope next month to be well lubricated for the winter season, when I shall be able to run more smoothly.

Juvenis rides an Extraordinary, and "downs" all the boys, or hills. That is going down.

Parsons has hard work to "look happy," although he rides with a tooth-pick in his mouth. Try a cigar, brother.

The Boston Club take a regular weekly run to their out of town headquarters on the southern side of the city. A good run, good roads, good feed and pretty girls.

HUB.