

these papers, and to add the hope that they may have found something to interest and instruct in the pages devoted to "A Summer's Cycling Reminiscence."

Hamilton Letter.

HAMILTON BICYCLE CLUB ANNUAL ELECTIONS AND DINNER.

James A. Laidlaw, president; G. R. Lloyd, vice-president; W. J. Hobson, secretary (re-elected); J. G. Gauld, treasurer; John Hunter, captain; F. H. Skerrett and F. L. Thurston, first lieutenants; B. Arnedt and W. G. McAndrew, second lieutenants; W. G. McAndrew, bugle major; D. Muir, standard bearer; W. Salvini Hemphill, musical director.

The above are the officers elected at our tenth annual meeting. All the officers, except the first and second lieutenants and captain, were elected by acclamation at the last meeting. There was a keen contest for the office of captain between R. B. Griffith and John Hunter, which resulted in the latter being elected after an exciting contest.

The club has selected most efficient officers, and there is no doubt that we will prosper in the future as we have in the past.

Wednesday, March 2nd, will long be remembered by members of the H. B. C., for on the aforesaid evening what may very properly be termed a "family reunion" took place, and it was pleasing to see "the lion and the lamb lie down together." Never in our history have we had the pleasure of being honored by such able and eloquent representatives as were present from the Torontos and Wanderers, and it is gratifying to know that the kindly feelings expressed by these representatives to our club are heartily reciprocated.

Among the able representatives present to respond for sister clubs were noticed: A. P. Taylor, president, and T. C. Thompson, secretary, of the Toronto Wanderers; W. H. Chandler, vice president, and Secretary Ryckman, of the Torontos; A. Perry, Ramblers; D. J. O'Brien and W. E. Kraft as guests.

After the toast of The Queen had been honored, the chairman proposed The Hamilton Bicycle Club, and A. D. Stewart responded. He made a splendid speech, referring to the honors won by A. W. Palmer, F. H. Skerrett and the champion road team, and the success of Salvini Hemphill's opera. He also referred to the death of W. E. Rutherford.

Mr. Ryckman, in responding to the toast of the C. W. A., made the finest speech of the evening. His remarks were listened to with rapt attention, and he received an ovation on taking his seat.

Messrs. Philp, Robertson, Griffith and James spoke for the officers retiring.

A. W. Palmer and F. H. Skerrett replied for The Racing Men, and promised to excel their brilliant performances of last year.

The other toasts were responded to as follows: Officers-Elect—J. A. Laidlaw, G. R. Lloyd, J. G. Gauld, John Hunter, F. L. Thurston and W. J. Hobson. Old Members—F. R. Close, R. R. Simpson and C. W. Tinling. The Ladies—J. W. Bowman and T. C. Thompson, of the Wanderers. New Members—J. W. Morton. Guests—W. E. Kraft. Sister Clubs—Messrs. W. H. Chandler and A. P. Taylor had the pleasure of expressing the good wishes of their respective clubs, and they did so in most eloquent addresses. A. Perry, secretary of the Ramblers, also replied to this toast. Across the Sea—W. Salvini Hemphill, D. J. O'Brien. Our Patroness—The Countess of Aberdeen. This toast was received in grand style; cheer after cheer was given for our worthy Patroness, who always enquires after "her boys."

At the close of "the feast" three cheers and a "tiger" were given for each of the Toronto clubs, and the most enjoyable annual dinner of the H. B. C. was over, and I am quite certain a great many regretted parting with their Toronto brethren. *Hobby.*

Did you ever run across one of those real, deep-dyed, unadulterated bicycle cranks, one of the kind who spends most of his time around a cycle store or in his cycle suit, and talks of nothing but wheels and wheelmen and things appertaining thereto? You will find 'em in every city. If you go into a store to purchase an oil-can he'll advise you which brand to buy and then button-hole you and talk like an automaton. He knows the merits and demerits of every wheel, can tell you why so-and-so didn't win his last race and why the other fellow did. He can expatiate learnedly on how a wheel should be geared, the best position to ride in, the faults of every rider in town and instruct you so minutely about any particular route that you ask about that your brain grows dizzy. He's an oily-tongued mortal and in his own opinion a sage, but he who harkens and gives heed to his wisdom generally wishes in the end that he hadn't.—*The Wheel.*