

The Canadian Wheelman :

A JOURNAL OF OYOLING.

The Official Gazette of the Canadian Wheelmen's Association and of the Cyclists' Touring Club in Canada.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

They are using the electrical timing apparatus in English races now.

Does anybody know anything about a young man named George Hendee?

The programme of the Meet was very handsomely printed, at the *Expositor* office, the cover being quite a work of art in its way.

Where was Ottawa, anyway? A meet without Mothersill and Jenkins, and a tricycle championship race without the former, looked unnatural.

Read the annual report of the Secretary, and then say if you know of a more prosperous and successful sporting organization on this continent.

Year by year the success of the annual Meet is maintained. It seems impossible for the C.W.A. to strike an unappreciative town or an unpropitious day.

'Twas very creditable to the Overman Wheel Company that Victors were ridden by the two men first in at the Clarksville road race. The name is appropriate.

Two members of the Montreal Club acted as meet reporters for the Montreal *Herald* and *Gazette*, and sent their papers very interesting accounts of the day's doings.

St. Catharines, Stratford and Ottawa will be applicants for the Meet of 1888. No chance of our Meet going a-begging, you see. Shouldn't wonder if Belleville should chime in at the spring meeting also. Eh, Brother Way?

Did you notice how fond the Brantford Mayor and Aldermen were of talking about the pretty girls of Brantford? Looked a trifle as though the girls were on their hands, but it may have been pure sympathy for the benighted foreigners.

Woodside was nowhere beside Howell, and no wonder. He expended all his wind before the races. Our American friends are still sanguine that Rowe is the champion of the world, and 'tis certainly a pity that he and Howell can not be got together.

The Wanderers having laid claim to the possession of a large number of championship

trophies, the Torontos issued a newspaper challenge for a fifty-mile ride. The Wanderers say they will accept if the challenge comes in the proper way.

Financially and numerically the C.W.A. is stronger to-day than ever. New life seems to have been infused into it this year, and it seems destined to grow and strengthen with the revolving years. So long as its present Secretary-Treasurer has the handle-bar in his hand, no fear need be felt for the C.W.A. wheel.

Hal. B. doesn't like Ducker Way's appointment to the Vice-Presidency, not that he doesn't think that Mr. W. would make the best and jolliest V.-P. we ever had, but he is afraid that the work in the Midland Division will suffer. We don't believe it. You cannot keep Way from working, unless you bury him, and then we believe he would dig his way out.

The decision of the Board of Officers to suspend all affiliated clubs from membership who do not carry out the rule requiring them to enroll all their members in the C.W.A., will have a salutary effect. Some of the strongest clubs, whose members participate very largely in C. W.A. races, and take no inconsiderable number of prizes supplied by the Association, are the greatest offenders in this respect. They may have acted in the manner they have either through carelessness or from an opinion that the Association would not venture to enforce the rule against such strong and influential clubs. But the Association cannot afford to know the strong from the weak,—for just so soon as it does not only will it depart from the path of justice, but will destroy the allegiance of the smaller clubs and unattached members. We have one rule for all. Now let it be enforced, let the chips fall where they will.

Messrs. Foster and Davies are guilty of a high crime against the C.W.A. We cannot believe that they fully appreciated the degree of obloquy they were drawing upon themselves, and upon the Association, by the loafing tactics they adopted in the five mile championship race, but that is slight palliation for the fact that two of Canada's fastest riders—one of them said to be the fastest amateur on the continent—should have disgusted their friends and the thousands of spectators who had gathered to see them race, by acting as though they were pot hunters, and not sportsmen,—by acting as though the object they had in view was the capturing of the prize, no matter by what trickery, rather than a laudable intention to determine which was the better man upon the wheel. It was a pity that their scheme could not have been nipped in the bud by a refusal to allow them to finish the so-called race, but it is not likely that the Racing Board will allow the rules to longer go unamended in respect to such practices. The sport in Canada has been remarkably free from jockeying, and this first attempt to introduce it should, by force of compulsion, be the last.

"The knee-breeches boom in Chicago has burst. The young men had the courage, but they didn't have the legs."—*Call*. "The Philadelphia boys have the legs, but they lack the courage."—*Ex*. If Philadelphia and Chicago will waive the clause in relation to competitors being "boys," I'll back Vassar College to fill the other requirements of the "boom."—*Owl*.

PETE'S PORTION.

Toronto, June the Jubileeth, 1887.

I ask for the sympathy and tears of Canadian wheelmen. Were your vision to penetrate the distance between us, you would behold a sad, sad sight—my once manly form ignominiously laid lengthwise on a patent spring bed; my infinitesimal feet bolstered up, and my Adonis-like face disguised for at least two days to come. The club statistical secretary's report on my condition reads as follows:

- 1 blackened optic.
 - 6 missing molars.
 - ½ of ear detached from main body.
 - 1 homelase wound on stomach.
 - 1 lame leg.
 - 2 toes with undue curvature of spine.
- Cause: Baseball.

There you have it, Mr. Editor. I fought in the famous baseball battle last week between the never-to-be-nonplussed nine of the Wanderers and the triple trio of the Torontos. By the time victory had perched, the green sward was dotted with the striking uniforms of the fallen, and at 10 p.m. the baseball wing of the General Hospital was full to overflowing. The surgeons hope to pull us through by Dominion Day.

A JOLLY TIME AHEAD.

A return match will likely be played shortly. A good suggestion has been made to hold a cyclist's picnic down the Kingston Road somewhere, open to all club members and unattached riders, when the conflict will take place.

THE UNATTACHED ARMY.

It is a matter of surprise to me that so many wheelmen, very narrow-mindedly, and selfishly, I think, wheel the summer months away without joining a club or in any way associating with the boys. To my knowledge there are scores of riders in Toronto alone who are old maids of the wheel—enough to form a third club were they to organize, say as "The Unsocialables."

A FUNNY SYNDICATE.

Here's something rich. It appeared in the Toronto *Telegram* a few days ago:

TEN GENTLEMEN—TO JOIN ADVERTISER IN forming a syndicate to purchase for their own use the best American bicycle manufactured, at wholesale; no speculators need communicate; references exchanged; will advise a place of meeting after all communications are received. Address Box 149, TELEGRAM.

Imagine ten chaps owning a bicycle among them! Will they all ride it at once, I wonder? Ten ladies owning ten babies might as well join in the purchase of one baby carriage.

SUNDAY RIDING.

A correspondent in one of our evening papers deprecates the Sunday riding carried on by some of the members of the Wanderers. The question is an open one, and very strong advocates on both sides would no doubt be found. I, for one, am dead against it, and think that a general use of the bicycle for pleasure-seeking on Sunday would lose for us the respect we now have of the people at large, and help to degrade the sport as well. PETE.

THE COMPLAINT OF A DEALER.

To the Editor.—I gather from my business correspondence that wheelmen generally look upon agents as full-fledged sharpers ever ready to take advantage of the innocent cyclist. If a wrench is accidentally omitted from a tool-bag, a lengthy screed is received charging the seller with fraudulent intent; if an oil-can is missing, the proof of highway robbery is positive; and if there is an oil-cap wanting, the wicked, wicked agent is beyond all hope. I repudiate the insinuations as far as the firm I represent are concerned, and my defence will apply to the other cycling dealers as well. We have a different idea of business ethics, and decidedly object to be looked upon as sharpers and our every transaction as being studied to defraud and deceive. DEALER.