

CRANE'S CORNER.

DEAR WHEELMAN:

That your venture may be a successful one is my hearty wish.

There is considerable risk involved in riding out upon the almost unknown fields of bicycling literature, but with a keen look out ahead by the Editor and a steady hand on the financial lever by the Business Manager, I have no doubt the CANADIAN WHEELMAN will come around to the standing point of its second year with strength increased by its twelve months breasting of the headwinds which it can hardly fail to meet.

Since the final header of the late lamented "Hamilton Bicycle," Canadian Wheelmen have been sadly in need of an organ and they should certainly give your enterprise unstinted support.

Since the "meet" in London, the St. Thomas riders have not taken combined action in any matter worthy of note. They have been doing a fair amount of riding individually, but club rides have not been attempted. It has proved too difficult a task for the boys to all leave their work at any certain time to make club runs very enjoyable affairs. There is no lack of enthusiasm however in the St. Thomas Club, even if it does not display itself in large gatherings.

Our captain, Hepinstall, is a whole host in himself, and is ably supported by Harry Scott, the energetic Secretary of the Club.

Scott and Lindop went down to Niagara Falls the other day and rode from there to Niagara, taking dinner at Queenston. They report the scenery delightful, but the roads decidedly rough. Morley, our 60 inch man (that is, our 60 inch machine man, for Jack is considerably over five feet high—(wonder if he objects to being called a machine man?) has been spending his holidays down Chatham way, surprising the natives of his old home.

The girls down there think more of Jack now than ever before, and that's saying a good deal. By the way some of the boys are rather envious of the handsomely embroidered colors Mr. J. wears on his handlebar. The latest accession to our ranks is Mr. Wright, Dry Goods Merchant, who has purchased a beautiful "Special British."

Wishing the WHEELMAN lots of wheel and little whoa.

CRANE.

The St. Mary's Bicycle Club of St. Mary's Ont., expect to attend the Springfield tournament with about forty men. It is a live club and shows the right spirit in attending the only Springfield tournament this year; they know a good thing and are bound to see it.—*Springfield Gazette*.

This is one on the *Gazette*. St. Mary's is a small town, supporting only seven bicyclists, but we agree with the *Gazette* that they are a live club as every member turned out to the "meet" in London, July 2nd.

A bicyclist who spends all his money for a machine may truly be said to be broken on the wheel.

THE WANDERERS, OF TORONTO, AT HAMILTON.

On Monday, August 12th, the Wanderers, to the number of twenty, united with the Hamilton Bicycle Club for a day's outing. Arriving by the boat in the morning, the Club was met by a committee of the Hamilton Club and escorted to the St. Nicholas, where, after having dinner and a short rest, the Club set out for the "Gore," where the "Blues" were found mustered to the number of fifteen. The clubs were then marshalled into line by Captains Domville and Robinson, and intermixed, the gray and black of the Wanderers making a pleasing contrast with the blue and scarlet of the Hamilton Club. The bugler sounded the "mount," and a short run was made around the principal streets, attracting considerable attention. At three o'clock the road to Burlington Beach was taken, and after about an hour's dusty riding, that well-known resort was reached, without any serious accidents, except the usual number of "croppers" which were indulged in by both clubs. Bugler John Sanky, jr. for the H.B.C. and Lieut. Geo. Spurt for the Grays, especially distinguished themselves for their graceful evolutions in the dust.

It was the intention of the clubs to have supper at the beach, when heavy clouds overspread the sky, and their appearance being quite formidable, the officers in command thought it advisable to return by the train at 6 p.m. The Ocean House was taken possession of, and with the secretary of the Wanderers at the piano, the house was nearly shaken down with the songs of the wheelmen. After an hour's singing, the clubs were enlivened with a political speech from Lieut. Cooper, which fairly "took the house."

The return trip was made in the train, and a general rush was made from the station to the hotel to prepare for the evening's entertainment.

THE HALL

was held in Mr. Domville's magnificent residence, the grounds being nicely hung with Chinese lanterns, etc. Both inside and out of the house was magnificently decorated, and much praise is due Mr. and Mrs. Domville for the excellent manner in which everything was prepared. Dancing was indulged in by many of the wheelmen until an early hour in the morning, and thoroughly enjoyed by all the participants. As all the gentlemen were in bicycling costume, there was no embarrassment which might have been felt had there been any "swallow-tails" in attendance.

The Wanderers, who were represented by Capt. Robinson, Lieuts. Cooper, Fitzgerald and Duff, Secretary Orr, and Messrs. Littlejohn, Fischer, Dickey, Hamilton, Gemmel, Daniels, McKee, Foster, Anderson, Thompson, Douglas, Hurst and others, left on the morning boat, expressing many thanks to the Hamilton Bicycle Club, who had done everything in their power to make the trip enjoyable.

The H.B.C. was represented by Capt. Domville, Lieut. Gitchell, Secretary Tinning and Messrs. Fearman, Grant, Closa, Sweet, Rutherford, Duncan, John Moodie, jr. and others.

Riding on a Wheel.

Whisking through the woodlands,
Flashing over bridges;
Darting past the orchards,
Coasting down the ridges;
Whirling o'er the meadows,
Glint of polished steel,
Bless me, this is pleasant,
Riding on a wheel!

With a rubber tire,
Tireless I ride;
Passing men and horses,
Silently I glide;
Pretty, pretty maidens
Watch me as I pass,
Wave their kerchiefs to me,
Sitting on the grass.

Rustics in the furrow
Stop the plow and stare
At the flying figure
Silent as the air.
Timid village ladies
Anxiously observe
That there must be danger
Going round the curve.

Every one is looking
At my silent flight;
Hardly do they see me,
Ere I'm out of sight;
Down the hilly roadway,
With a bugle peal,
Bless me, this is pleasant,
Riding on a wheel!

—Our Continent.

Bicycle Races!

WESTERN FAIR,
LONDON, - ONTARIO.

OPEN TO ALL!

Wednesday, October 3rd.

1-mile Dash, best two in three heats.
1st Prize, Gold Medal.
2nd " Silver "

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

Club Drill for eight members.
Prize, Eight Badges.

Thursday, October 4th.

Three-mile Race.
1st Prize, Silver Medal.
2nd " Badge.

Consolation Race. One Mile.
1st Prize, Silver Medal.

THURSDAY EVENING.

Parade of all Wheelmen present, and Club
Drill.