

The crack riders of the Queen City have been unlucky this fall. Lavender broke his arm at Buffalo, and then his old-time antagonist, Davies—unwilling to hold an undue advantage—considerately snapped his collar-bone in two. All who know these two flyers will sympathize with them, and trust that they will take the track next spring in better trim than ever.

Thus explaineth The Owl in *The Wheel*:

"That lively paper, the CANADIAN WHEELMAN, is out with a 'fish story' about my intimate acquaintance, Egan, having rescued the queen of Gooseberry Park, N.J., from the rapacious maw of a shark, which piscatorial fiend appears to have eventuated into a catfish under the microscopic investigation of that paper. Now, I do know that no man who respects himself will come back from a two months' vacation without a fish yarn big enough to knock out all others in that line; but I thought this must have been an error, so I am just now interviewing Egan on the subject. While he blushes, as he always does when narrating any of his heroic adventures, he declares that this is a Star story, i.e., the wheel before the rider. He did not rescue the lady from the fish, but the fish from the lady. It was at a straw-ride supper party at Pleasure Bay, and the fish had been fried until it was harmless, and just as the lady was going to eat it, he saved the fish from the lady and ate it himself; for which heroic act he has letters from prominent piscatorial philanthropists extolling him in the highest manner. He begs me to state that he hopes this true history of the whole affair will be accepted by his friends in lieu of the one offered by the Canadian anecdotist."

THE CANADIAN WHEELMAN COMPANY.

The following named gentlemen compose the Canadian Wheelman Company, organized August, 1884, for the purpose of publishing THE CANADIAN WHEELMAN:

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WITH THE CHICAGO TOURISTS IN CANADA.

On Wednesday morning we formed up in the following order for our first start, at the Rossin House, in Toronto:—1st, B. B. Ayers, Commander, and G. H. Orr, Convoy, with the rest of the staff; 2nd, Eastern Division, under command of E. G. Whitney; Middle States, under command of G. R. Bidwell; Western Division, commanded by W. E. Pierce; last and least, the Canadian Division, under P. E. Doolittle. Of course behind all this came the ambulance, a low, covered wagon, with seats running

along both sides, into which all luggage, coats, etc., were deposited.

The first stopping-place was the Half-Way House, and this place was reached in about an hour from leaving the Rossin. After our first stop it was the order of the day for rests every half hour or so, and therefore it was 2 p.m. by the time Whitby was reached, where a very indifferent meal was speedily consumed. Here the "Kazoo Band" was formed by the Boston party, and a trip taken around the town, and the Salvation Army, the Court-house, etc., serenaded with various results.

A late start was made, and therefore it was late when we arrived at Newcastle, and were quartered in the small hotels there. The Newcastle Club met, and escorted us into town with a brass band. This band, assisted by our Kazoo Band, supplied music for the promenade concert held in the evening. An address of welcome was also presented to the tourists, and dancing was kept up till a late hour.

The next morning a start was made at 10 a.m., and Cobourg was made for dinner, which was speedily dispatched. After dining, a small dance was organized among the guests, and nearly everybody participated. The ambulance, containing the coats and other apparel of the riders, was two hours late, and the crowd presented a grotesque appearance as they glided around the room, the Boston men especially, as they always ride through the country in racing costume, which very much resembles a "Greenway" bathing suit.

Another start was made at 4 p.m., and passing through Wicklow and Colborne, Brighton was reached for supper. The Clark House being small the tourists were quartered on private families, who kindly offered their services, perhaps through the efforts of Mr. Bowles, who made heaps of friends. The Boston party and part of the staff had probably the "softest" thing. They were especially invited by Mr. Phillips, who owns the largest and best-equipped house and grounds in the town. Here they were entertained by the young ladies of the town, and as a string band was on hand an excellent time was spent. They left their kind host and his wife, expressing the loudest praise of their treatment.

On Friday the party left Brighton at 9.30, leaving behind five, who by the way were a portion of those who attended the "hop" the night before, to take the train to Belleville. A few miles from Belleville we were met by the B. B. Club and escorted into town. All along the road the people turned out in crowds to see the bicyclists. Here a sail was taken on the bay in the yacht "Atlanta," at the invitation of the Belleville Yacht Club, and an excellent time was had. A vote of thanks was afterwards tendered the B. Yacht Club, and also the Bicycle Club, for their kindness.

It was four o'clock when we left Belleville, and after wheeling over excellent roads Napanee was reached. About three miles out, however, the Napanee Club met us and escorted us into town. Supper was served at the Cornell House. In the evening the entire party, numbering some 70 wheelmen, were invited to witness a performance of the Pauline Markham Company. A good time was spent here at our expense and at the expense of the actors, who received a good many compliments and other expressions of opinion. After the show the Boston party, being joined by a few of their kind, "painted" a considerable portion of the town as well as the hotel, and it was very early in the morning before the last Boston man had retired.

Saturday was the last day of riding in Canada, and consisted of the run from Napanee to Kingston. The whole distance could be made without a dismount, as the roads were excellent. At Kingston the local club met and escorted us to the hotel with the usual band, and the same old "Yankee Doodle."

This was all of our wheeling in Canada, and proved to be the best outing ever enjoyed by many of the tourists. Fine weather and the wind in our backs helped us all the way along, and not an accident occurred worth mentioning. The Canadians who accompanied the tourists were as

follows:—Messrs. Orr and Doolittle, of Toronto; Brylton and Scott, of Woodstock; MacIntosh, of London; Trimble, of Napanee; and Hamlin, of Oshawa.

COMING TO THE FRONT

WHAT ABILITY AND GRIT HAS DONE FOR A YOUNG MAN.

There is no other paper in the country that has made such rapid strides as *The Through Mail*, of Bloomington, Illinois. Eight months ago it was purchased by Mr. F. E. Huddle, its present editor; and notwithstanding the fact that it was apparently in a dying condition, he has, by indefatigable labor, already run its circulation well up into the thousands, and given it a name bounded only by the oceans. It is quoted everywhere that newspapers are published in North America, and sold by newsdealers everywhere. Mr. Huddle has made it a popular and powerful journal, and lovers of fun seem to prefer it to all other publications in the field of humor. It is refined, and sometimes sublimely pathetic, showing a versatility exhibited by few writers. It has given Bloomington a name all over the country, and the citizens must, indeed, be proud of it and its proprietors and editor. The subscription price is \$2.00 per year in advance, and no family should be without its cheerful influence. It is clubbed with THE CANADIAN WHEELMAN at \$2.00 per year. Subscribers for this paper should avail themselves of this opportunity to secure it, as the clubbing offer is only good until December 31st, 1884.

SELLERS' TROPHIES.

Sanders Sellers, the young Englishman who came to this country to take part in the Hartford and Springfield bicycle races, should be content with his series of victories. He landed in New York on the 6th of September and went direct to Hartford. Three days later, he rode in the races at Charter Oak Park, in one of which he beat all previous records, professional and amateur, making a mile in 2 39. In this race, besides securing the world's championship, he took a \$100 diamond stud as a prize. Within a half hour he started in another race, the five mile open, which he won in 15.48, taking a costly Colt double-barreled shotgun as a prize. The next day he rode in a half mile race at Albany, winning at ease in 1.23, and taking a handsome gold badge. At Springfield he won Tuesday's ten mile race in 31.04 2-5, breaking the record and taking the Springfield Club cup. The next day the young Briton rode against the American champion, Hendee, the two mile race, which he captured, his prize being a silver tea set. Another victory on the same afternoon was the half mile dash, which he did in 1.18, winning a handsome pottery umbrella rack. On Thursday he again vanquished Hendee in the mile race, which he won in 2 45 2-5, his prize being a \$50 marble clock, and on the 19th he took a \$100 prize by winning the five mile open race in 16.06 2-5. He has won every race in which he has entered with the exception of the ten mile record race on Thursday. He started in this race, but after winning the second half mile dropped out. Sellers' victories have not been easy ones, for he has had the best amateurs of America and England to compete with. During the fortnight preceding his sailing for this country he won prizes aggregating £165 in value. If he keeps up his racing he will have enough prizes to stock several stores.

Now they say it was a bicycling tourist who left his spare shirt at a C.T.C. hotel, and when he got home, at the end of his tour, wrote to the chambermaid, asking her to send it by parcel post. That ingenious damsel had plied her needle on the shirt, however, and deftly converted it into a garment for her own use; and, upon receiving the wheelman's letter, she replied to this effect:

"Dear sir, I hope you won't feel hurt; That I was wrong, why, none can doubt it; I've made a shift of your old shirt, You'll have to make a shift without it!"

—Wheeling.