

to meet Nasmith on the Goderich road which is just as level as the Grimsby road.

The last team race was brought on solely by the amount of "blowing" indulged in by one or two of the "Mountaineers," and was certainly not thought of two days before the challenge was written. The talk of the Torontos taking advantage of their opponents on account of training is all rot. They were willing to race on the 12th, but on the Kingston road, as it was impossible for several of the team to be absent from business the whole day. The fact of the matter is—the Torontos are always in trim for road riding, on account of their regular runs all season, for they do not take the train at the first station out.

Thanks are tendered to the Wanderers for the loan of wheels. This would lead one to believe President Phillip was rather in error when he made the statement in my hearing that each member of the Hamilton team rode his own wheel.

I do not see why "Hobby" should have any hard feelings towards the members of the T. B. C., but I am certainly pleased to learn that he intends (and I hope his intentions have been carried out) to bury them.

With acknowledgments to "Hobby," I beg to subscribe myself LOBBY.

TORONTO, Sept. 19, '91.

Meandering of the Wanderers.

My epistle this issue, Mr. Editor, will, I am afraid, be rather void of interest, for in truth the weather of the past few weeks has not been conducive to active bicycling, and our movements have consequently been somewhat lethargic. However, we are still in existence, and as a sort of "John Collins" to our laxing energies held the annual century run last week, the course being to Newcastle, 50 miles east, and return.

With Lieut. Harstone in charge, twenty (without counting myself) left the Don bridge at 5.30 a.m. (and certainly the temperature at that hour belied my statement as to the weather being warm) for it was exceedingly cold, and so dark that we could not see well what was in store for us.

As the day wore on and the rider wore out, however it got warmer, till by noon the sun's rays were decidedly like unto one form of mankind's futurity.

The hot, dry weather of the past few weeks had also made the roads very poor, being both dusty and strong, particularly as far as Oshawa. Beyond that they improved some-

what, though it was no cinder path ride at any point. However, Newcastle was reached without any mishaps, and Bowmanville on the return journey for dinner.

After doing justice to the bill of-fare and taking a good rest, the last portion of the ride was begun. Nothing occurring of any note for some time, when "Short" Thompson, in order to introduce some form of variety, took a dive into a barbed-wire fence, from which he was extricated in a most beautifully perforated condition. Naturally, at this stage, there was not very much scorching indulged in, so that, before the gleam of Toronto's electric lights were in view, darkness had thrown its veil over nature, and then expressions far more eloquent and descriptive than my definition of night floated out on the air, as every little while some one, after struggling along blindly for a time, returned as it were to the earth from whence he came.

At last, however, the Don bridge was again reached, and on the roll being called fifteen responded, including all the "Mafia," the remainder having stopped at Whitby.

This is probably the last long run of the season, the next event of interest being the prospective road race between the President and Vice-President, to which the pneumatic sporting editor of *Toronto Mail* referred a short time since in his "breezy" column of bicycling events.

In my opinion the odds are in favor of the President, for certainly his "home trainer," which he acquired in the early part of the summer, should be of great assistance to him, while the Vice is badly handicapped through lack of any such advantages. However, time will tell, and possibly before your next issue the latter will have again demonstrated the fact that he is no slouch, even in such fast company as that of our President.

By the way, in case you should require my photograph and history for any issue they can be obtained from Sam White at Hamilton, who is the only one in Canada privileged to keep them for sale.

PUSH ON.

Whitby Record Goes.

On Saturday, the 26th inst., Dave Nasmith, of the T.B.C., had another successful trial at the Whitby record of 2 hrs. 11 min., made by himself early in the season on a cushion-tired Comet. Mounted on a Comet safety, clincher tire, he started from the Don bridge at 3.50 p.m., and reached Whitby at 5.50, making the 30 miles in 2 hours exactly.