

## Canadian Flyers—5.

F. H. SKERRETT.

F. H. Skerrett, the subject of this sketch, is twenty-two years of age and a member of the Hamilton Bicycle Club, under whose colors he has done all his racing.

His first appearance on the track was at the Fall Races of the Hamilton Club in September, 1890, on which occasion he had no difficulty in winning the novice race. His success in this led him to think seriously of going in for racing, and he accordingly ordered a racing wheel, which was to have been delivered in Hamilton early in May, and in time for the Woodstock races on 24th, but for some reason it did not arrive, and he went to Woodstock handicapped by riding a road wheel, and though he rode in two races was not placed. However, in the tandem race with his partner, A. W. Palmer, he got second place.

His next appearance, on the track, was at Hamilton, on the occasion of the C. W. A. Meet, when he met the best riders Canada could produce, and, though he won only one race, his close finishes in others with the champion Palmer stamped him as a rider hard to beat. The half-mile race on the 1st July will not soon be forgotten by those who were present. It was the greatest struggle ever seen on the Hamilton track, Skerrett and Marshall Wells riding a dead heat on the first trial; in the run off, however, he proved his superiority by winning easily in Canadian record time of 1.17.

Notwithstanding his exertions on the 1st he furnished one of the surprises of the day on the 2nd in the great road race, finishing third in the remarkably good time of 57½ minutes for the 18 miles, and beating the hitherto invincible Nasmith of Toronto. To say that the Hamilton Club were pleased with his riding in this race is putting it mildly; he and Palmer were the heroes of the day.

At Sarnia, on 19th August, he rode second in the one and two mile open races, and at London, on October 8th, won the three minute class race easily, and finished second in the mile open, beating Carman, the Canadian high wheel champion; he was also a member of the Hamilton team which won the team race on the same day. The only other race of importance in which he competed was the 40 mile team race on the road, between the Hamiltons and Torontos, in which he finished fifth, in 2 h. 8 m.

Always ready to help and encourage his club mates in racing matters, even when to

do so is to lessen his own chances of success, he is, and justly so, a most popular member of the Hamilton Club, who feel that much of the present popularity of the sport in Hamilton is due to such disinterested riders as Mr. Skerrett, who, above all, is an amateur and rides, not for the value of prizes he may win, but because he is fond of the sport, and does what he can to encourage it. A.

## Trip from Chatham to Detroit, Boat and Wheel.

Leaving Chatham at 7.30 a.m. you proceed down the river Thames—a startling contrast to its old namesake in England. Nevertheless, viewed from the deck of the trim river steamer, on a beautiful, bright morning in the early part of September, you get some of the finest glimpses of river scenery in Canada. The peculiar charm to this part of the river is the great number of sudden twists and curves as the steamer proceeds on her way, cleaving the placid waters, thus causing the banks to be submerged, much to the astonishment of sundry calves, ducks, and other creatures, who are standing knee deep in or floating calmly on the water.

After about an hour's travelling the scene all at once changes. Old Sol has been at work and the mists have all cleared, and you now come upon a vast expanse of prairie, which stretches on one side of the river as far as the eye can see, and merges into a great marsh as it slopes toward Lake St. Clair. This is known as the "Flats," and is a perfect "hunter's" or sportsman's paradise. Here, in the season, duck and other winged game abound; and every here and there one sees in the distance small buildings or shanties—evidently securely boarded up, and awaiting the opening of the "season" and the arrival of their tenants. After a short distance more of river you come in sight of Lake St. Clair. This lake, as you are no doubt aware, forms the connecting link between the river St. Clair and the Detroit river. It is a charming little lake of some thirty-three miles in length, and its waters have the most peculiar color of any of the waters of the great lakes, being nearer a very pale green than any other color, thus giving you the idea that it is not a very deep lake.

As the steamer proceeds on her journey, you soon come in sight of the Detroit river and also the great boats that ply up and down this great river, of which the combined tonnage that passes over its waters in a season exceeds the tonnage which enters the ports of Liverpool and London together by some three millions of tons. [These figures are