

## PARAGRAPHS PER PETE.

## REV. DR. WILD'S OPINION OF CYCLING.

The Rev. Dr. Wild made the following remarks in the course of a recent sermon in Bond street Congregational Church. The reference is to the Wanderers' Club-house:

"On Wilton avenue, a little west of this church, is a bicycle club-house, and a neat one it is. I was coming by there last Friday night and saw a number of young gentlemen inside and out pleasantly passing the evening one with another. I was led to compare notes. I can remember when I was a boy that the amusements of young men chiefly consisted in that which was brutal and destructive, such as prize-fighting, dog-fighting, cock-fighting, and any other kind of fighting that was brutal. I am glad that these young men ride these bicycles, creating a new industry while serving themselves with pleasure which is comely, and healthy, and dignified, too; they benefit society; their pleasure has engaged thousands of men and artisans to make and repair these machines; that is what our pleasures should always do. We never ought to enjoy ourselves at the destruction of good enterprises. Anything that is lawful, and that chimes in with man's physical and moral and spiritual interests, will always boom up trade somehow. You have an instance there."

It occurs to me that it would be a good idea to invite Dr. Wild to sermonize the Toronto wheelmen, the latter marching to church in a body. What do you think of it, "Chaplain" Orr?

## THE LANTERN PARADE.

I failed to see the Chinese Lantern Parade of the Toronto Bicycle Club on a recent Saturday evening, but am told by several onlookers that it was one of the most unique and attractive processions they had ever seen; that the long column of moving fire, overshadowed by the deep green of the trees, made up a spectacle highly dramatic. It certainly served as an excellent advertisement for the races on the following Monday, which were attended by between two and three thousand people.

## THE RACE MEET

Was an unqualified success. Not only were nearly all the events highly interesting contests, but the excellent management by which the programme was completed sharp on time pleased the immense audience, who were overheard bestowing many encomiums on the T.B.C. The number of entries were extraordinarily large, and the interest only ceased when the last race was run off.

## HANDICAPPING.

Some of the events again proved the difficulty of properly adjusting handicaps, even by an experienced handicapper. In one or two of the races the scratch men were simply ruled out of all chance of victory by unduly heavy handicaps. It is a knotty question to solve, however, and I for one will not attempt it.

## THE OLD RELIABLE.

H. B. Donly was again on hand as an officer. He has attended every bicycle meet in Toronto with but one exception, and of course makes an efficient judge or referee. I nominate him as our Professional Canadian Umpire, under salary. Who'll second the motion?

## ODDS AND ENDS.

Mr. Carden, of the Torontos, is in England. There will be some bicycle races at the Toronto Exhibition. The track is, as a rule, unsuitable for bicycling, so that fast time cannot be made. Mr. Charles Robinson has our congratulations on becoming the father of a bouncing baby boy. That's where he gets ahead of PETE.

It appears from the prints that the Ilderan Club "did Canada" on the train. A wheel trip by cars is something we never did like; you can make better time on a train but such a run will not harden the muscle to any great extent. The road from Cobourg to Belleville is excellent, and much smoother and more enjoyable riding than any railway ride in Canada could possibly be. Too bad you missed all this road, but suppose the races at Round Island Park made up for the 75 miles not ridden. The Syracuse Club takes some pride to itself in stating that every step of the road was ridden—and one of the party had been riding the wheel but a single month.—*Bicycling World*.

## A MARINE VELOCIPED.

It is claimed that Mr. Fred. F. Campau, of Detroit, has invented a marine velocipede that will make a mile in a minute and a half, or about forty miles an hour. The wheels are fourteen feet in diameter. Properly speaking, they are double wheels, two on each end of the shaft. Between each double wheel is a 20-inch space. This is to be boarded over, and the entire wheel covered with canvas, so as to make it water-tight. Paddles are to be placed on the outside of each wheel. The length of the shaft between the wheels is eleven feet. This shaft does not turn, the wheels revolving on "sleeves," and the motive power consists of cog-wheels, operated by a simple system of cranks and levers. The wheels are constructed of wood. Attached to the shaft, and projecting straight out thirty-one feet, are what look like the thills of a waggon, only they join at the ends. On these are to be placed a platform, on which passengers will be carried. Near the end of the thills will be placed the steering apparatus, which will consist of a small boat-shaped affair, worked by cords from the platform. It is calculated that a weight of about 1,000 lbs. will not submerge the wheels more than fifteen inches. The circumference of the wheels is forty-four feet, and operated by a lever they will make 100 revolutions in a minute, and will cover 4,400 feet in the same brief space of time. The machine Mr. Campau has now on hand is to carry from fifteen to twenty persons with ease and without danger. It suggests possibilities of formidable competition with passenger steamers. A public trial of the flyer is promised about two weeks hence. There is a bare possibility that a practical test will not absolutely sustain and justify all Mr. Campau's statements and expectations.

## THE SHALL HAVE MUSIC WHEREVER HE GOES.

A young west-end athlete, who possesses ingenuity as well as muscle, has made a hit by inventing a simple contrivance by which an organette can be played by the movement of a bicycle wheel. He tells me he first got the idea from a musical German friend and immediately commenced experimenting. He showed me the evidences of his success. The box or instrument made fast to the steering gear on the yoke or neck of the machine, and the crank is connected by a rod to the pedals of the wheel. Without any extra exertion whatever, he can now grind out music by the foot, yard or mile. As he rode away on his shining wheel, the notes of that gay, but awfully threadbare tune, "The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring," floated out behind him on the air. The ingenious bicyclist says his invention will do entirely away with the ear-splitting alarm whistle that warns man and beast of the approaching wheelman, as well as help beguile the cyclist's time when on a long journey.—*Philadelphia Times*.

## AN ENGLISH OPINION.

The most conservative of English papers, the *Cyclist*, says: "The N.C.U. has an opportunity of giving general satisfaction, and paying a compliment to America also, by sanctioning, as we hope they will, the proposed match between Illston, the English amateur champion, and Temple, the American professional trick-rider. The American rider, Temple, is so unlike our English idea of a professional, that it would be a hundred pities were the N.C.U. not to give permission, as they did in the Keen vs. Cortis match. Birmingham, as the *locus in quo*, is interested in the match, which we hope may be arranged. Cyclists are strong enough to risk A. A. A. displeasure."

Isn't going to a place on wheels a round-about way of getting there?

## CROSSING NIAGARA ON A BICYCLE.

On the afternoon of Saturday, August 13, Alphonse King of New York accomplished the feat of crossing the Niagara River, below the Falls, on a water bicycle. One trip was made from the American to the Canadian shore in 4 m. 30s., and, contrary to expectation, the rapids did not capsize the novel craft. The apparatus consisted of two long zinc cylinders for buoyancy, and the propelling power was a bicycle wheel with small paddles attached. When mounted on the machine the tubes sank so low in the water that King appeared to be riding a regular wheel across the gorge. He wore a high hat, a Prince Albert coat and rubber leggings, the latter being the only protection from the water. A boat-load of reporters, rowed by Tom Conroy, went along to rescue King in case he capsized. The current carried him diagonally in the direction of the Whirlpool Rapids, but he had sufficient control of the bicycle to succeed in the performance. Several thousand persons, including Prince Devanwongse and the other Siamese visitors, saw the feat. Dr. John A. Lanigan, on behalf of Buffalo admirers, presented King with a costly gold medal.

## THE STREET CAR OUTDONE.

The *Buffalo Express* says: "Recent visitors to Cleveland speak in terms of the warmest praise of the new line of bicycle carriages recently established as a substitute for the historic 'bus on Euclid avenue. The vehicles are mounted on running gear whose springs absorb a larger proportion of the jar than any other form of public conveyance in common use. They are luxuriously upholstered, have double swelling sides, and the handsome exterior of a private carriage. They seat sixteen persons comfortably, and as no standing room is afforded overcrowding is impossible. Electric buttons at each seat, which ring a bell under the driver's feet, do away with the old-fashioned bell-rope. While these vehicles work well over any pavement, they are especially adapted to the smooth asphalt streets, upon which the motion of the wheels is scarcely felt, and the passengers enjoy a degree of comfort hitherto unobtainable on the basis of a five-cent fare. One of these carriages was brought to Buffalo a few weeks ago to run experimentally on Delaware avenue, but owing to a defect discovered in the running gear only two trips were made. Mr. Chas. G. Canfield, representing the Bicycle Carriage Introduction Company of Cleveland, is now in the city, and in the course of a day or two the carriage will again be placed on the Delaware avenue route, to demonstrate to Buffalonians that the 'bus is hopelessly a back number in the line of public conveyances. Negotiations are pending for the formation of a new company to operate these bicycle carriages upon all the firer streets of the west side."

## THE BICYCLE MAN.

A messenger fleet,  
As he came down the street,  
Upset a young girl as he ran;  
She jumped up from the dirt,  
Saying, "Nobody's hurt,  
He's only a bicycle man."

At the new hardware store,  
A man stood in the door,  
And the goods all around he did scan;  
The clerks, small and great,  
Said, "Oh, he can wait,  
He's only a buy-sickle man."

On a sweltering day,  
When the girls "melt away,"  
They will work very hard—with a fan,  
But they scream with delight  
When he comes into sight,  
The sweet, cherub-icicle man.