

first firm to import bicycles into America, and he will be remembered by all who knew him as a quiet, modest and very pleasant gentleman.

The N. Y. correspondent of the *American Wheelman* says: "A. B. Rich tells me that this is positively his last year as a bicycle racing man, as next season he will devote himself entirely to trike racing. I think this is a wise move on his part, as up to date not a man has shown himself competent to defeat Rich on a trike, with the exception of Sam Gideon, brother of the ex champion, Geo. D. Gideon. This same Sam Gideon is far away the best three-wheel racer in America, and with proper training, on a good track, can make the record tremble, if he does not alter it." The same correspondent says: "I have been shown a new machine built upon the lines of the Star, which will shortly be put upon the market, complete and ready for the rider to mount, a semi-roadster, weighs just twenty-eight pounds. By a simple pressure of the rider's foot, it can be geared up to eighty-five or down to twenty-eight, or to any intermediate point, a dial plainly visible from the saddle enabling the rider to place it at any gear he may desire between these two points. This is going to revolutionize racing somewhat next season, as the present form of the Star, weighing at its lightest about forty pounds, and minus speed gearing, has proved no mean competitor for the vertical-forked racing wheels."

A novel suggestion comes from a correspondent who appears to possess an ambition to shine as a hill-climber. He says that racing men obtain prizes and records for their performances on the path; but the road-rider climbs hills without any tangible memento of the feat. To climb hills is a noteworthy achievement, and since Alpine tourists adopt the custom of branding their alpenstocks with the names of the mountains they have scaled, it is proposed that road-riders shall paint or gild their cycles with the names of all the most notable hills which they have climbed. We have no objection. Our correspondent is at perfect liberty to label his tricycle with such words as "Maswell," "Reigate," "Chingford," "Petersham," and the like. But whether any accession of dignity will result is open to argument; and although a real veteran may possess a creditable list of hill-climbing records, the average expert cyclist does not keep a cycle long enough for it to collect a series of such records ere he sells it for another. Beyond this, the same objection obtains as led the N.C.U. Council to resolve not to adopt an official badge: the best men, the most desirable wearers of the badge, won't adopt it—and the genuine crack-riders of the road, like those of the path, won't condescend to crack up their feats by any such displays. Good wine needs no bush, and good riding requires no label.—*Wheel World*.

SCENE, a wayside North Shore hotel; *dramatis personæ*, a party of wheelmen, several of whom had put up at this hostelry for the night a few weeks previous; time, morning, when about to settle bills.

*Spokesman for party*.—"Why, how's this? You have gone up thirty per cent. on the prices you gave when we stopped here before."

*Hotel Proprietor*.—"Yes, I know it. I hadn't seen you feed them."—*Record*.

#### ENGLISH RECORDS NOT ACCEPTED.

Furnivall's mile in 2.30 and Gatehouse's tri-cycle records will not go, as notice has been issued that the N.C.U. records' committee refuse to pass the following claims for record:

Bicycle (path)—Furnivall, at Long Eaton track, August 24, 1886: Quarter mile, 37s; half mile, 1.15 4-5s; three-quarter mile, 1.51 1-5s; one mile, 2.30. A. P. Engleheart, at Coventry track, Aug. 6, 1886: Four miles, 11m. 14s; five miles, 14m. 11-5s. J. E. Fenlon, at Paignton track, Aug. 5, 1886: Eight miles, 23m. 28 3-5s; twelve miles, 35m. 14 3-5s.

Tricycle (path)—G. Gatehouse, at Long Eaton, August 24, 1886: Quarter mile, 40s; half mile, 1m. 21 4-5s; three-quarter mile, 2m.; one mile, 2m. 41 2-5s.

The reasons why these records were rejected have not been given, but will doubtless be forthcoming in reply to public clamor.

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The way in which racing men and all fast riders lean over their handles, as we admit they are right in doing, cramps their chests, confines their bone-case within its narrowest limits, and gives no fair chance to their heart and lungs to work freely. Just look at a lot of cyclists alongside of a set of scullers, cricketers, or boxers, and notice the striking difference in the development of the upper part of the bodies of each. There are, of course, exceptions to the general rule, for some cyclists are good all round athletes, but most of them are sadly lacking in their top. And yet they ought to be as good above as they are below for in cycling, as in all other sports, it is wind and heart that fail first. We speak of racing. It is plain, then, that cycling needs some other sport to supplement it, and the one we urge on cyclists is sculling, wherever it is possible. Rowing will not do: it develops the two sides of the body unequally. Gymnastics and boxing should, of course, be practised in the evening in towns; but wherever a river is within outing distance, thither on half and whole day holiday should cyclists resort, and, pulling a long, sweeping stroke, develop their chest and arms with a pair of sculls, equally and equably, in single or double sculling boats, and sculling fours and eights, if they can but get them.—*Cyclist*.

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Rowe comes out and authorizes the *Lynn Bee* to say "that he stands ready to make a match with Howell at any time, and for an amount sufficiently large to furnish ample pecuniary inducement for the Englishman to visit the United States, if he feels satisfied that he can win the stake and the world's championship." We clip the following from *Sporting Life*, London: "David Stanton, seeing it announced that Rowe (the American champion) has ridden 22 miles in one hour, is prepared to match himself against him, from 200 up to 1000 miles, from £100 to £200 a side, to ride either in this country or in America." A Leicester gentleman called at our office yesterday, and stated that he was prepared to match Dick Howell to ride Rowe, or anybody in the world, any distance from one mile up to twenty, for from £100 to £500 aside. First come first served.

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