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J. S. Brewster

The Canadian Wheelman

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING.

The Official Gazette of the Canadian Wheelmen's Association, and of the Cyclists' Touring Club in Canada.

Vol. IV.

LONDON, CANADA, OCTOBER, 1887.

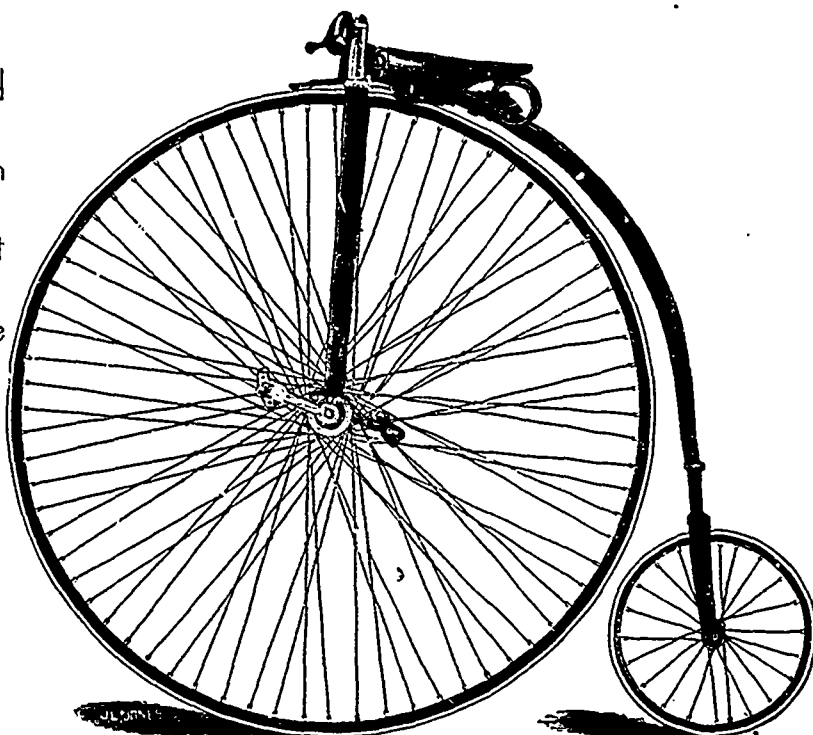
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- (j) 1 Humber Tandem Tricycle, reduced from \$200 to \$150; nearly new.
- (k) 1 Rudge Rotary Tandem Tricycle, nearly new; reduced from \$180 to \$100.
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We are closing out our stock regardless of their real value. Telegraph for what you want before it is gone. It will pay you to buy at the above prices to sell again in the Spring. Machines sent C.O.D., with privilege of examination on condition that consignee pay all express charges.

Chas. Robinson & Co.

THE EVE OF THE BATTLE OF DORKING. 1890

[The following verses appeared in the Christmas number of the *Bicycling Times* of 1880, from the pen of W. McCandlish, and are reproduced as being apropos of the recent experiment with cycles in the manoeuvres of the English Volunteer Corps:]

The wires are cut, the railway lines
Are taken by the foe,
On Dorking heights, our volunteers
Will death or vict'ry know.
We ride this night to Farnham town,
Sir Garnet to implore
On Dorking fair with speed to march
His vet'ran army corps.

Charley Dashwood (the 10th Hussars)
'Cross country rides for life,
We of the wheel, on steeds of steel,
By road, with peril rise.
Farewell, old friends, for glory we
Ride on a high emprise,
For England, home, all those we love,
And fame that never dies.

The night was dark as Erebus,
Through clouds athwart the sky
Beamed pale in fitful gleams of light
The crescent moon on high.
With every screw and every joint,
And bearing running true,
Like spirits of the storm and mist,
From Kingston forth we flew.

Esher we pass at racing pace,
Giving the countersigns,
"Waterloo" and "Trafalgar Bay,"
Quitting the British lines.
Well know we that Uhlan bands
Are scouting far and wide,
And should we meet a prowling troop
There ends our daring ride.

As ghosts in old-world tales of yore
Glide through deserted fanes,
We pass the quiet village street,
Sacred to cycling swains;
Two miles away, the cruel moon
Shines brilliant o'er the lea,
From shadows dark, a Lancer tall
Rides forth, armed *cap-a-pic*.

"Halt! Wer geht da?" the trooper cries,
And two revolvers speak;
Wild rears the horse as back he falls
From his high demi-pique.
No more in Pomerania
That peasant's Frau shall see
The comely face she loves so well,
For stiff and stark is he.

But hark! the sound of galloping
Is carried on the blast,
The pistol shots have raised alarm,
The foe is coming fast.
"By Heav'n, a dozen spears at least
Are spurring on our track.
Ride! ride like h—ll, or all is lost—
We'll never more go back!"

Another mile, a vengeful shout,
Bespeaks the coming band;
In front of all, two Reiters swart,
Wielding the ready brand;

A pistol shot whirrs past my ear,
As down a lane we turn;
A winding lane that Guildford skirts,
Through bracken, bush and fern.

A shot from Frank its billet finds,
Down goes a horseman bold;
Fearful screams from a wounded steed
Warn me that mine has told.
A bullet stray cuts off my step,
Another breaks a spoke;
Frank's cap is gone, and from his thigh
The blood begins to soak.

Two Uhlans more have bit the dust,
But six are close behind;
"Let's off, and fight them on the hill,"
Cries Frank with passion blind.
Hogsback is reached, one frantic spurt
Carries us up half way,
And then we stand and wait the band,
Like hunted boars at bay.

Bright gleams the moon, as boot to boot
The troopers mount the hill,
A deadly fire from ambush we
Pour in with vengeful will.
Confusion dire pervades their ranks
As horse and man go down;
The sole survivor turns and flies
Back into Guildford town.

But Frank is shot; my boyhood's friend,
Dearest and best of chums,
Lies breathing out his spirit young,
As death his soul benumbs.
Oh! curses on the Teuton dog
Who shed his life's pure blood;
And curses on the nerveless aim
That spared me where I stood.

The Lancers chased me all the way
Into Sir Garnet's line,
And bleeding, faint, with sorrow worn,
The phantom fame was mine.
What boots the General's words to tell?
They fell on listless ear;
My heart was on the bleak hillside,
Beside my friend so dear.

Poor Dashwood never reached the camp;
Near Ockham he was shot;
Sir Garnet could not come,
And cruel was the lot
Of those who fought at Dorking field
When England's sun had set,
When German strategy and might
Our untrained valor met.

You know now London, too, was sacked,
How much they made us pay,
How every British ironclad
Rides in a German bay.
But, brothers, think of Wellington!
Of Nelson, Marlbro', Clive!
And brothers, think of vengeance,
For Britain shall survive!

—*Wheeling.*

Europe ought to be happy. They now have every trick-rider in the world. Maltby is the latest addition. He (together with Aginton) has gone all round the world giving exhibitions.

The Canadian Wheelman :

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING.

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PUBLISHED BY THE CANADIAN WHEELMEN'S ASSOCIATION, AT LONDON, CANADA, AND SUPPLIED TO ALL MEMBERS OF THE ASSOCIATION.

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Advertisements and communications, to insure insertion, must be received by the 26th of each month.

LONDON, OCTOBER, 1887.

THE WANDERERS WIN THE RACE.

A large crowd of riders and interested spectators thronged the Kingston road east of Toronto on Saturday afternoon, Sept. 3, to witness the first team road race yet held in Canada. The race originated out of a challenge sent to the Wanderers by the Toronto Club, in which a fifty mile race was proposed for teams of ten men from each club. The club having the largest number of points to be declared the winner, and each rider to count from 20 to 1, according to his place at the finish. The course chosen was from the top of Norway Hill to Highland Creek and return twice, which distance, however, is a shade under 40 miles of a fair average country road.

At 2.16 the teams formed up, says the *Globe*, and although the Toronto Club, the challengers, were before the race considered the sure winners, the result not only surprised them but also the friends of the Wanderers, who could not have hoped for a more decisive victory. The officers of the day were: Starter and referee. T. Fane and J. Lawson; scorers at Norway, Messrs. Yorke and Ryan; at Highland Creek, Messrs. Lalor and Henderson. The Toronto team consisted of Captain W. H. Cox, A. Webster, C. Whatmough, W. H. Thomas, J. King, W. West, C. H. Robins, A. C. Bowers, M. F. Johnston and C. Lavender; while the Wanderers' team on the scratch consisted of Captain G. H. Orr, F. Foster, D. Nasmith, Bert Brown, J. Conway, A. Daniel, F. Strange, E. A. Fletcher, G. Tove and G. Dean. The riders were given cautionary advice, and on the word "Mount!" the whole twenty moved off at a rapid pace along the road, the many colors and pleasing contrasts making a pretty picture. At the Halfway House, three miles from the start, the riders were well strung out, and from there to the finish many exciting trials in speed were indulged in by the riders. Refreshments were served along the road, and were eagerly taken by the thirsty racers. The Wanderers were easy victors by 25 points, which is a large majority for such a race. The result is remarkable from the fact that three of the Wanderers were disabled and lost much time in being fixed up. Bert Brown, one of the

fastest, broke his machine while riding in third place, and after losing over fifteen minutes in obtaining another, gained on everybody, and finished eighth. George Dean broke down on the first lap, and had to walk four miles to obtain another wheel, losing an hour of time. George Orr lost fifteen minutes in fixing his wheel. As will be seen by the following figures, the Wanderers won by bunching their riders after winning first and third place :

Name.	Wanderers. Points.	Torontos. Points.
1 F. Foster.....	20	
2 F. Johnston.....		19
3 D. Nasmith.....	18	
4 A. Webster.....		17
5 C. Lavender.....		16
6 G. Tove.....	15	
7 J. Conway.....	14	
8 B. Brown.....	13	
9 G. H. Orr.....	12	
10 E. Fletcher.....	11	
11 C. Whatmough.....		10
12 J. King.....		9
13 W. H. Cox.....		8
14 A. Bowers.....		7
15 F. Strange.....	6	
16 A. Daniel.....	5	
17 W. West.....		4
18 G. Dean.....	3	
19 W. Thomas.....		2
20 C. Robins (did not finish)		0
	117	92

The actual time for the first man, F. Foster, was exactly, from start to finish, 3h. 17s., which is very fast, owing to the quality of the road. After the race, 60 Wanderers sat down to tea at Bates' hotel, and a pleasant evening was spent.

Mr. C. F. Lavender was counted as first man, but Foster, as usual, never likes to see anyone ahead of him, and won the race, spurring past Johnston when about 200 yards from the finish.

Two of the Toronto's best men, Davies and Brimer, could not ride, which placed this club at a disadvantage. The Wanderers were in the same fix, owing to the sickness of Fane and the absence of many good men from town.

Although both clubs had riders stationed along the road to look after the racers, they were annoyed at the interference of some disinterested riders who were stationed at the foot of the hill, and took occasion to mislead many a rider coming down the hill.

THE AMERICAN TEAM IN ENGLAND.

The American team have changed their minds regarding the length of their sojourn in Europe. The latest announcement of "Senator" Morgan was to the effect that unless Dick Howell cared to make another match with Ralph Temple, the team would shortly leave for home, instead of remaining there till spring. Socially and financially, however, the trip is stated to have been a thorough success. Temple has been the most successful of the trio, having won thirty-five first prizes, seven seconds, two thirds and made two dead heats. Among those whom he has beaten are Howell, English, Lees, Battensby and W. Wood. Howell is the only one who has lowered his colors at his favorite distances, while in their first series of races Temple beat the Englishman once, deadheaded him and was once beaten by him. He has ridden a mile in 2m. 35½s., and half a mile in 1m 13 1-2s.

With the Clubs.

THE N.B.C.

The Newmarket Bicycle Club gave a most successful chinese lantern parade on the 5th ult., all the active members taking part, each wheel being festooned and elaborately decorated with lanterns arranged in great variety of design. The procession, headed by the Captain sailing a yacht, and accompanied by a brass band and masqueraders mounted on foot, presented a very attractive appearance, and filled the streets of the town with throngs of citizens.

The club has fixed a date for a ten mile team race, which will come off ere this edition of THE WHEELMAN is printed,—the stakes being a club supper, to be furnished by the losing team, and a silver cup presented by the club to the man making fastest time.

Newmarket, Sept. 26, 1887.

RACING AT BELLEVILLE.

The Ramblers of Belleville have at last decided the, to them, all-important event of the final ownership of the "Corby Challenge Cup," a \$50 cup presented to the club by Henry Corby, Esq. (he of I X L fame), the President. This happy event was consummated Sept. 7th on the Belleville Driving Park.

The contestants were W. R. Greatrix, twice already winner of the cup; L. B. Cooper, who had won it once, and W. A. Lingham, a very fast colt. The race was won by Greatrix in the fair time, considering the strong wind, of 19.22¼; Lingham a fine second, Cooper having dropped out at the end of the third mile, owing to want of training and a bad "header" just before the start. Greatrix having made a slight boast of his victory, Cooper has "called him" for a race for a \$50 medal given by the loser, to be gone for October 6th, at Peterboro', and there is blood in Cooper's eye.

FINE ROAD RACE.

Capt. Dean, of the Ramblers of Belleville, on the opening of this season announced that he would present a handicap medal for competition for the first six who were the most regular attendants at club runs. The field resolved itself into Messrs. Pease, Gibson, Clarke, Bonar, Lingham and Wilson, who started in the order named on their 20 mile road course, being a measured course through the streets of the city (said streets having been badly broken up by waterworks and laying pipes through them). The finish was, W. A. Lingham (who had one minute on Wilson, scratch), 1st; time, 1h. 42m 10s; Wilson, 2nd; time, 1h. 46¼m. The race caused a great deal of enthusiasm, the streets being lined with people to see the affair, and the popular Willie received an ovation on his very fine race.

Messrs. Chas. Robinson & Co., 22 Church st., Toronto, make a most important announcement in this issue of THE WHEELMAN, viz., a reduction of 70% off the 'st price of their stock of new Rudge machines, in order to close it out. It would pay to buy some of them in at the low prices advertised in order to retail in the spring, when they will sell readily at their full value.

PITHY POINTERS FROM PETE

THE RECENT ROAD RACE.

The fifty-mile road race, run on the 3rd of Sept., resulted in a victory for the Wanderers. I have been requested, however, by a member of the Toronto Bicycle Club to explain that the latter club were averse to the holding of the race on the above date on account of their three leading riders, Messrs. Davies, Brimer and Doolittle, being unable to take part—on account of illness in the case of the two first named. At a special meeting to discuss the matter it was decided to take part in the race in any event, although knowing they could not win for the reason above stated. It will likely be a yearly event, however, and it is to be hoped the Torontos will not be handicapped by the loss of their best men when the next race takes place.

A BIG TRIP.

A party of University students, belonging, I believe, to Stratford, left here for England on the 12th of Sept., where they propose touring on bicycles for a year through England and the continent. I envy them their opportunity, as my recollections of the lovely turnpikes of England, the white chalk roads of France, and the hard, clean Italian routes, are ever reminding me of the glorious possibilities of such a trip by wheel.

OUR RACERS.

Mr. Harry Davies, the Toronto Bicycle Club's leading racer, has completed a very successful season of bicycling racing. Commencing with the Toronto Athletic Club games, on June 18 last, when he won the one mile handicap from scratch, lowering the Canadian record of 2.58 (made by Davies when he defeated Clarke last fall) to 2.55, he has won eight races, the most important being the one mile Canadian championship at Brantford on Dominion Day. The others were the three mile handicap on June 18 (when the Canadian record was lowered by 27s.), the three mile lap race, half mile open race and one mile open race at the C.W.A. meet, and the half mile open race and two mile lap race at the championship meet of the Michigan Division of the L.A.W. at Detroit a few weeks ago, on which occasion he defeated Nicholson, the three mile League champion. Mr. Davies had entered for the recent Cleveland races, but was prevented from attending through a severe illness, which also kept him from entering the lists on the civic holiday, much to the regret of his friends. He was also unable to attend the great American fall meets at Hartford, Newark, Lynn (Mass.), and other racing centres. He has every reason, however, to be proud of his achievements prior to his illness, and an even more brilliant record is probably in store for him next season.

Fred Brimer had a worse shaking-up with his tumble at the Toronto Bicycle Club races than was thought. One of his knee-caps troubles him, and so long as that continues he will be unable to use his wheel. Foster is in fine mettle. His club—the Wanderers—did the handsome thing the other night by presenting him with a purse of \$75 as an acknowledgment of his success at the Cleveland meet.

AN UNLUCKY WHEELMAN.

G. A. Caton, of Newburgh (a member of the Napanee B.C.), was in town the other day with

his American Safety. While talking to me he received a telegram that his place of business had been burned in the recent Newburgh fire. "That means a \$5,000 loss for me," he exclaimed, "as my insurance lapsed a month ago." A hard blow to a young man; but the enterprising wheelman is the one to get on his feet quickly after a header—in business, or in riding.

A CHATHAM ENTHUSIAST.

I met J. D. Lamont at the Chatham station the other morning. He has his eye on the Detroit races shortly to be held, and is practicing for them. Mr. Lamont is an enthusiastic wheelman, and has communicated it to his fellow-Chathamites to such an extent that they have a flourishing club there. *Apropos* of the Detroit meet, the *Free Press* of that city, in a recent issue, advised their home club not to let the Canadians scoop them as they did at a former meet.

FATHER AND SON.

A living evidence that cycling need not be confined to young men alone is seen in Mr. Lindsay, sr., of St. Catharines—a gentleman well up in years—his son, Albert, being one of the leading members of the St. Catharines Club. I was at Grimsby Park before the season closed, and was surprised to see Mr. Lindsay, sr., wheel into the grounds on his tricycle. "Where did you wheel from?" I asked. "Oh, from home," he replied. "We left there early this morning." The distance is about twenty miles, and the road not of the best, yet Mr. L. covered it in three or four hours. I complimented him on his achievement, considering his weight and age, but he answered that such a run was nothing unusual for him.

THE T. B. C.

The Toronto Bicycle Club added nearly \$300 to their bank account as the net result of their recent races, and have a total of \$500 to their credit. They are about vacating their premises on Wilton Avenue, and a committee was appointed to arrange for the rental of a house farther up town. They will probably have the matter settled before this appears in print. A number of new members were proposed at the last club meeting, and its prospects were never more brighter or its success on a sounder foundation.

BICYCLING IN PETERBORO'.

Mr. W. R. Greatrix, captain of the Peterboro' Bicycling Club, was in the city during the Exhibition. His town now boasts of twenty-five wheels, and the number will be largely increased, no doubt, next year, inasmuch as the captain is an enthusiast and an expert wheelman. He is agitating for the building of a track, in which case the C.W.A. will likely be invited to hold its annual meet there. Belleville has its eye on the big meet, too, by the way. Capt. Greatrix has a novel idea, viz., to hold a C.W.A. cycling camp after the pattern of the large English camps. The suggestion is a good one.

A LONG TOUR.

He is the wise wheelman who does his touring in the early fall months when the air is bracing and full of ozone, and when the sunshine is welcomed in midday. Messrs. W. H. West, W. Robins, S. King and A. S. Bowers, of

the Toronto Bicycle Club, have returned from an extensive trip to a point several hundred miles below Quebec. They first wheeled to Kingston, then took the boat to Montreal and Quebec, and there mounted their wheels again for the run east. They had a jolly time, and are enthusiastic over their outing.

SOME VISITORS.

Two or three members of the Williamsport, Pa., Bicycle Club did our town the other day, and were taken in hand by some of the Torontos, who showed them around the city, and otherwise dispensed Canadian hospitality.

Sept. 23, 1887.

PETE.

IS THIS WORTHY OF AN AMATEUR?

The *Toronto Mail* says: "A peculiar case will come up at Ottawa at the next Assizes, the session of which will be of interest to the holders of championship prizes. The St. Andrew's Society of Ottawa have instructed their solicitors, Messrs. Scott, McCracken & McTavish, to enter an action against Mr. A. C. Campbell, of this city, for the recovery of a gold medal valued at \$200. The facts of the case are as follows: In 1885, the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Louis Railroad Co. donated a gold medal to the St. Andrew's Society of Ottawa, to be presented at their annual games to the winner of a two mile bicycle race—the medal to be won two years in succession before it became the property of the winner. At the annual games of the society in 1885 the medal was won by Mr. Campbell, to whom it was given, with the understanding that it must be won again before it became his property. In 1886 the annual games of the society did not take place, as the day upon which they were advertised to come off was very wet. The committee, however, went to the grounds; in case some of the competitors turned up, but none did so, and the games were declared off that season. At the annual games this year, which came off a few weeks ago, the gold medal in question was won by Mr. R. Sproule, of Ottawa. The committee requested Mr. Campbell to give up the custody of the medal to Mr. Sproule, but he refused, stating that he had held the medal two years in succession, and that the society had forfeited the right to offer the medal again for competition in consequence of there being no annual games the year before."

It is always best to know who you are cussing before you allow the vials of wrath to be opened; *vide* a certain Morristown, Pa., cyclist while riding on a road near that place, overtook a party in a buggy who would not (or *did* not) give him room to pass. The cyclist took to the mud and sand on the side of the road, and as he ground past he let fly his choicest Billingsgate. After having expended his wrath in a final *d—n* at all chuckle heads and road hogs, he turned to see the effect, and found he had been tirading his minister, Tableau, and total collapse of cyclist.

Ducker always did seem to have a faculty for getting into disturbances. No sooner is he landed in Buffalo than his printers strike on him.

C. W. A. OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.



The Canadian Wheelmen's Association,
ORGANIZED SEPTEMBER, 1882.

President—Mr. J. D. MILLER, Montreal, P.Q.
Vice-Pres.—Mr. W. P. WAY, Belleville, Ont.
Sec.-Treas.—Mr. HALL. B. DONLY, Simcoe, Ont.

Members desiring their addresses changed will please send both their old and new address to the Secretary, at Simcoe. All complaints in reference to the non-delivery of the paper should be sent to THE CANADIAN WHEELMAN, London, Ontario.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.

Brantford Club, add 1:
E 0766, H J McGlashan

THE BRANTFORD MEET.

STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES.

The Executive Committee met in Brantford last month and finally wound up the business in connection with the last annual meet. The following is a detailed statement of the receipts and expenditures, showing a profit of \$200, which has been equally divided between the C.W.A. and the local club.

RECEIPTS.	
Gate.....	\$728 00
Grand Stand.....	80 00
Booths.....	25 00
Privileges.....	5 50
Prize sold.....	9 00
Badges, Score Cards and Entrance Fees	54 00
	\$901 88
DISBURSEMENTS.	
Band.....	\$ 60 88
Prizes—Silverware.....	185 59
“ Medals.....	78 00
Printing— <i>Courier</i>	23 00
“ <i>Star</i>	6 00
“ <i>Mail</i>	10 00
“ <i>Globe</i>	10 00
“ WHEELMAN.....	12 00
“ P. Ryan.....	7 00
“ Toronto Lith. Co..	26 00
“ <i>Telegram</i>	37 50
“ <i>Expositor</i>	33 75
Wismer & Harris (Prizes)....	50 00
Special Police.....	7 00
Surveyor.....	3 00
Help.....	3 00
Rent of Grounds.....	50 00
Bill Posting.....	11 80
Park & Co., Photos of Prizes..	7 60
H. B. Donly, Expenses and Printing.....	7 58
Sutherland, Stationery.....	6 25
Wm. Grant, Ribbons.....	20 81
C. R. Fitch, Sundries.....	31 00
Watering Track.....	5 00
Fixing.....	5 00
Refreshments for Band.....	2 00
J. Simmons, Sundries.....	4 00
	\$701 88
Balance.....	\$200 00

APPOINTMENT.

Montreal, 6th Sept., 1887.

Editor CANADIAN WHEELMAN:

DEAR SIR,—I have this day appointed Clarence R. Fitch, Esq., of Brantford, Ont., Chief Consul of Niagara District, No. 2, vice W. E. Tisdale, resigned; and A. N. Lindsay, Esq., of St. Catharines, Ont., as Representative for same District, vice C. R. Fitch, promoted.

Fraternally yours,

J. D. MILLER,
President C.W.A.

ROADS AND ROADS.

Editor CANADIAN WHEELMAN:

DEAR SIR,—An article in your Sept. issue, "Advice to Wheelmen," by Col. Pope, concerning roads, reminds me of some roads I encountered on a recent trip—Thamesford to Ingersoll. I was recommended to try the Governor's Road to Campbell's Corners, thence south $3\frac{1}{4}$ miles over what a map says is the "Ingersoll, N. Oxford, E. Nissouri, E. and W. Zorra gravel road." As there is a toll-gate on this road (bicycles, however, pass free), I presume the road company desire to encourage travel over it. With this in view, no doubt, they improved it last year by placing a lot of boulders, all sizes, on it; some of those on top were then broken. The average stones there now lying around loose would have hard work to get through a six-inch ring, to say nothing of a two-inch one. About two miles of the Ingersoll end are unridable. I have met with this kind of road occasionally elsewhere. Of course, I chose another route on my return to Thamesford. This place is quite a large village, with mills, stores, etc.; but though the track of the W.O.P.R. goes through the village, no trains stop there. It is said there has been some "unpleasantness" between the village corporation and the C.P.R. No doubt after a few differences have been adjusted the station will be built. In pleasing contrast to the road with the long name, is a stretch of four or five miles of the 10th concession, Nissouri, passing Kintore on the way to St. Marys, laid with fine gravel. I have met with no finer road for delightful wheeling, but there is a little rough wheeling over the Thamesford end to get to it.

Judging by the handsome residences along this line, the farmers must be prosperous. I found them on the road generally friendly and hospitable. Good roads being the "highways and arteries of local commerce"—as the London *Free Press* of a recent date says—it is quite as important for the general public as for wheelmen that they be made good and fit to travel on.

Yours truly,
TOURIST.

The other day, a bicycle was seen leaning against a little stone church in New York. A tricycle stood by its side, and fifteen more bicycles were stacked on the church green. Their owners were attending the marriage of a wheelman and wheelwoman inside. Presently out came the bride and groom, both in fresh club colors, and wheeled away on their marriage trip of two hundred miles.

NOTES FROM THE WANDERERS.

Notwithstanding the talk that our club would not join the C. W. A. in force, I guess our list now tops, by a large majority, any other club in the "old reliable." We never do things by half, you know. For instance, although we are recognized as having won everything—name, prizes, etc.—wherever we have been, that a club could win, nobody has disputed or tried to say that we have not done it in a good-natured and open manner. However, when the Toronto Club here took exception to our claiming such honors at Brantford, and when they thought the only way to settle the point as to which club had the best riders, was to come out in the papers with a sort of professional challenge for a road race, they never thought they were going to experience such a defeat as they did get. They claim that two of their best men could not ride, but we take no stock in that, as, out of our club of nearly two hundred riders, many a good man was away and others did not think it necessary for them to get in trim for the race, as the team we sent out was considered good enough.

Messrs. Foster, Brown and Toye are shortly going to start for Detroit, and will take part in the races there. Fred Foster was made a handsome present from the club lately. He won with ease the one and three mile Exhibition races. Out of four of these races, the Wanderers captured three first and one second prize. The manner in which Foster won the fifty mile road race is wonderful. Unlike many others, he did not practice much, and so great was the opinion that a certain safety rider would win, that he was counted out, so he was, as he was the first to count out of the crowd.

Many interesting photographs adorn the walls of our club-house, the scenes of this year's tours and meets.

The other night some forty riders, accompanied by one of the club buglers, did up the fair grounds in good style.

Our register books show many a visitor who has been in to see us. Come again.

The sleekness and general healthy appearance of our club dog, "Nigger," as he lazily walks around the house sniffing good-naturedly the stocking-clad legs of his friends, is an indication that at last he has taught every dog in the neighborhood the respect due to one of his importance.

A good season of winter amusements is going to fill in the long months this year, and preparations for concerts, etc., are in progress now.

The manly and striking form of our daring tandem tricycle rider was seen flitting around the Exhibition the other day on his hard-to-balance machine. The stoutness of his figure at present is accounted for by the amount of wind necessary for propulsion or the lemonade such as can only be purchased at the Fair.

Well, time, space and lack of news compel me to desist, hoping that "Pete" will some day forget that the Wanderers ever had a

"CHAPLIN."

Ex-Amateur Wood defeated Richard Howell in the race for the 20 miles bicycle championship of England, at North Shields, Sept. 3.

ONE HUNDRED MILE ROAD RACE IN ENGLAND.

Full details have come to hand of the 100-miles cycling race, won at Biggleswade, on Saturday, Sept. 24, in 6h. 46m. 47s., by one Hale, of the Gainsboro' Club. The race was a trial, not on a track, but on ordinary country roads, in Bedford county. The course was measured by milestones, going over one macadamized road and returning over another. Forty-seven began the race, but only thirteen finished. The winner used a safety machine. He did his first fifty miles in 3h. 14m. 45s., and his second fifty miles in 3h. 32m. 2s., 20 minutes ahead of the second. The third and fourth, each on a safety, were four minutes behind the second. They did the first fifty miles in a dead heat, and the fourth was only a half second behind the third at the finish. Hale's rate of speed was nearly fifteen miles per hour. Whatever may be the comparison on a track between the safety and the tandems, it would seem that the lofty machines are rivalled in speed by the more handy safeties, when on the road. The record was not beaten on this occasion, nor did any men of especial celebrity compete. It, however, may be assumed that really good riders can now travel something like one hundred miles along a good road in seven hours, a rate about equal to that of the average continental railway train. To rival this rate of speed for the same distance, a man driving would require eight relays of fast trotting horses.

ADVENTURES OF A CYCLER.

TALE OF A JUMPED BOARD-BILL AND A SLEUTH-HOUND AMATEUR DETECTIVE.

On Monday, Sept. 12th, a dashing-looking young gentleman with a safety bicycle arrived in the city, says the *Hamilton Times*, and put up at the Royal Hotel. He registered as H. Belden, St. Louis, Mo. In appearance Mr. Belden is a distinct blonde. His hair, rich and warm in color like a summer sunset, curls prettily about his massive alabaster brow. His dainty moustache is much the same in hue. Mr. Belden slipped quietly away from the Royal on Tuesday and went to the St. Nicholas, where he registered as H. Belden, Terre Haute. It was not until last evening that his disappearance from the Royal was noticed. Harry McIntyre, the night clerk, who is a young gentleman of an inquisitive turn of mind, inquired what had become of the occupant of room 47. Nobody being able to answer the conundrum, he went out to discover for himself. He went to the St. Nicholas and learned that Mr. Belden had been stopping there, and likewise learned that he had been trying to dispose of his bicycle to Mr. Hogan, of the St. Nicholas. Accompanied by detective Doyle, Mr. McIntyre went to the St. Charles, and learned from Mr. Hogan that he had allowed Belden \$8.50 cash and \$3.50 in drinks on the bicycle. Then the professional and amateur detective went to Wynn's saloon, on King street east, where they found Belden holding up the bar. When he saw them he made a sudden exit, but not soon enough to prevent himself from being nabbed. He was taken before the

police magistrate, to whom he protested that he intended to pay his hotel bills, and that his impetuousness was not chronic, but only temporary. The affair was settled by Belden agreeing to hand over his bicycle to Messrs. Hood, of the Royal, as security for his board bill, and the Hoods to pay Mr. Hogan the \$11.70 which he advanced to Belden. The cycle is a good one, worth over \$100, and the Royal people are not anxious, now, for its recent owner to settle his bill. Poor Belden's troubles were not ended with the loss of his silent steed. He was arrested and locked up on a charge of vagrancy, his only visible means of support having disappeared with his wheel. It was ascertained that Belden was recently in St. Catharines, and was known there as Henry Shaw.

A WONDERFUL BICYCLE.

A special cable to the *Post-Dispatch* of St. Louis, dated London, September 10, says: "A number of gentlemen interested in the adaptation of cycles to military purposes, assembled at Hanwell on Thursday afternoon to witness some trials and experiments with a bicycle which has been constructed by Wilkins & Co., of Holborn Viaduct. The bicycle, which in its general outward appearance resembles the machine of the familiar safety type, was put through a series of most extraordinary tests, with results which greatly astonished and amused the on-lookers. Starting from the centre of the town, a man rode the machine over half a mile or so of road to the bank of the River Brent, where, dismounting, he proceeded to blow into a couple of small bags attached to the handles. The inflation occupied about a minute, and then the rider, having thrown his bicycle into the water, dived after it, swam across and landed on the other side. He then rode over three or four miles of very rough and varied country, including ploughed fields and swamp meadows, and having recrossed the river, regained Hanwell by some very rough lanes, lifting his machine over closed gates. Altogether, he covered a distance of about five miles, and his time was little more than 41 minutes. Subsequently, a few well-known cyclists who were among the visitors tried the machine, and rode over the most uneven ground, up and down short and sharp hills and over bricks and other obstructions in a manner that greatly surprised the military men and others who were present."

AN AMERICAN VIEW.

Kenneth Brown, in the *Wheelmen's Record*, writing of a trip through Ontario, says: "On the market-place at Brantford was a band of the Salvation Army. They alternately kneeled and prayed in a loud voice, and got up and sang, accompanied by a band. The band consisted of a big drum, but the prayers and the band made up in quantity what they lacked in quality. Indeed, when the band became excited it sounded like the crack of doom, but most of the spectators regarded this amateur crack of doom as the cracking of a joke. The Sunday on which we rode in Canada was a hot one, and heat produces thirst; glad, indeed, were we when Ham-

ilton hove in sight, and at the first saloon we dismounted. The door was locked, and when I shook it there came from within a sound of shuffling of feet, a door slammed, and then all was quiet. At the next one we succeeded no better, and we were in despair till we saw a soda fountain in a drug store. We entered, but were told that the soda fountain did not run on Sunday. Sadly we mounted and rode till we came to a pump. Will pumped and I pumped, but we soon found that this did not run on Sunday either. At last we got some milk at a hotel, so I think that it is an assured fact that cows do give milk on Sunday, probably through some oversight of the government."

IT WAS ALIVE.

A little item appeared in print a few days ago about a Boston coachman who drove home with a paper-bag of crackers, and left his passengers at the grocery. It was recalled by an incident witnessed last week on Massachusetts street. A bicyclist was wheeling along leisurely toward Richmond avenue, keeping well to the right of the street. In the opposite direction was coming a carriage—on the box a figure in a tall hat, bright buttons and other insignia of a coachman. On it came like a thing of life, looking neither to the right nor left. In the left hand was a long, straight whip, projecting horizontally beyond the side of the carriage several feet. The carriage was to the left of the centre of the street, yet not a move was made toward turning out for the wheelman, who was riding close to the curb. Passers-by became interested to see the outcome, wondering whether the man on the wheel would scoot across the street, jump the curbstone or ride straight ahead and get the projecting whip across the face. Just as he met the whip up went his hand like a flash, and—zip! it had lost its whip. The wheelman carried it five or six rods, and then dropped it and continued his leisure pace. The coachman painfully dismounted, and his face actually had an expression on it as he went back for his whip.—*Buffalo News*.

The Wanderers have received the trophy won by them in the recent fifty mile team road race with the Torontos.

BY CHANCE.

They met by chance: a wayward fate
Till then had kept them wide apart.
He had no thought of love or hate;
She hardly knew she had a heart.

They met by chance: the sinking sun
Cast lengthening shadows on the ground.
The long June day was nearly done—
The twilight dim was gathering 'round.

They met by chance: a fateful chance,
That brought them nearer—nearer still;
Each gave the other a startled glance—
Each felt a momentary thrill.

They met by chance: a swift, sharp pain
Unnerves them when they think of that!
They trust they'll never meet again—
The cyclist and the brindle cat!

—*Somerville Journal*.

THE FIRST LONG-DISTANCE RIDE ON RECORD.

As a matter of comparison with latter-day performances, the following extract from the cycling number of the "Badminton Series" will be read with interest. Taking into consideration the vast difference between the machine of 1873 and that of 1887, the record is by no means one to be laughed at. The patterns of 1873 were but a small remove from the crude bicycle, and hence the performance is wonderful:

"One of the first of such performances (long-distance) was a trip undertaken by certain members of the Middlesex B.C. from London to John o'Groat's house, the most northern point of the British Isles. The four tourists were Messrs. C. Spencer, Hunt, Leaver and Wool, and the ride was begun on June 2, 1873. The machines were of the most approved type, although, of course, very unlike the vehicles of to-day. The four adventurous riders were accompanied for a few miles by their friends, but they soon distanced their escort, and, pressing on, reached Buckden in the evening, having rather injudiciously ridden sixty-five miles the first day, this being a very notable performance at this period. On the 3rd the party rode on, and, after encountering a rustic who upset one of their number, they eventually reached Newark, the second day's journey being 43 miles. On the 4th Wentbridge was reached, the distance covered being 47 miles. June 5th proved wet and windy, and the wayfarers suffered accordingly, only accomplishing 23 miles, and reaching Wetherby very much exhausted. The 6th of June was more favorable, and the party covered 47 miles ere resting for the night at Darlington. On the 7th Newcastle was reached, distance for the day 32 miles. 8th, Alnwick, 34 miles; 9th, Dunbar—the roads and weather being favorable, the riders went 55 miles; 10th, Edinburgh only, in very bad weather, 28 miles; 11th, Birnam, a journey of 70 miles, some part of it, however, being represented by the ferry across the Firth of Forth; 12th, Cingusie, a good ride of 60 miles; 13th, Moy Inn, 40 miles; 14th, Dingwall, a distance of 23 miles; 15th, Helmsdale, 17 miles; and on the 16th, fifteen days from the start, the party reached John o' Groat's House, and thus brought to a conclusion the first long-distance road ride on record. This, of course, attracted a great deal of attention at the time, and did much to bring home to the observant public the real value and capabilities of the bicycle."

HER KIND OF RACE.

It was on a Michigan avenue car yesterday. An oldish woman, having three or four parcels on the seat beside her, listened for awhile to a conversation between two men on the opposite seat, and then leaned forward and asked:

"Were you talking about races?"

"Yes'm," replied one.

"Going to be in town?"

"Yes'm."

"What kind of races?"

"Horse racing, ma'am."

"Oh, it is? Wall, that's all. If it's hoss racing I don't keer to hear any more about it."

"What kind of racing did you want to see?"

"Who? Me? Oh, I kinder belong to the church, and don't believe in any sort of racing; but if they've got to race, and if I've got to be there, I like to see about a dozen fellers hop on to them boyckles and go tearing and ripping—hip—hurrah—around a track—hi-a-h-h-h!"

And she breathed hard and wiped the sweat off her nose, and when everybody laughed she said she begged their pardon and hoped they wouldn't lay it up against her.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Wheel Tracks.

The total membership in the L. A. W. is 11,039.

Only wheelmen capable of maintaining a pace of ten miles an hour are eligible to membership in the Denver Ramblers.

Among the wheelmen of Germany the ankle motion is practically unknown, most of them riding with the pedal held in the hollow of the foot.

The L. A. W. Racing Board, by unanimous vote, has reinstated Willie Haradon, of Springfield, Mass., and Clarence H. Smith, of Detroit, Mich., as amateurs.

Louise Armaindo, the lady bicyclist, was married a few weeks since to a Mr. Burnett, a prominent real estate owner of Eau Claire, worth, it is said, some \$200,000.

Ralph Temple, of Chicago, won a mile race, and W. J. Morgan, both of the American bicycle team, a fifty-miler, against Welsh competitors, at Swansea, Wales, Sept. 3.

E. E. Miller, of Canton, O., rode to Rochester, N.Y., a distance of 252 miles, in three days. The first day he covered 117 miles, the second, 60, and the third, 75 miles.

It seems impossible in these days to hold a profitable tournament. The Cleveland races were as successful in every way as any can hope to be, yet the management lost money.

The fall tour of the lady tricyclists at Marblehead (Mass.) will bring out a large company. This is the third time that the north shore has been honored by the fair ones' choice.

President Kirkpatrick is gathering information in regard to the road laws of the different States. This is the preparatory step in the great work of road reform that Kirkpatrick so warmly advocates.

The Cyclist Touring Club had on Jan. 1st, 1887, 261 members in the American Division, which heads the list of divisions, barring the British Isles, and of the 261, 50 are residents of New York city.

In a recent hill-climbing contest, held near Leicester, England, three competitors tried for the prizes—two men on rear-driving safeties, and one on an ordinary. The two safeties went up and the ordinary failed.

Frank Dingley, of Minneapolis, will represent the Gormully & Jeffery bicycle in the great world's championship road race from Boston to Chicago in October, in which all the leading bicycle manufacturers will be represented.

While in Cleveland last month, W. A. Rowe said that the Cleveland track was the finest in America with the exception of the Springfield, and his statement was backed up by the rest of the cracks who were there.

A correspondent asks *Wheeling* a most difficult question: "Could you kindly tell me the object of the C. T. C.?" If *Wheeling* can answer this, we propose to go to it for information as to who struck Billy Patterson.—*Wheelmen's Record.*

Winter is coming on, and maybe the debating societies can help us out on the question, "Which is the fastest man, Rowe or Howell?" There seems to be no better way of arriving at a conclusion.—*Wheelmen's Record.*

The New Yorkers have started a subscription to help defray the expense attending the passage of the "Liberty Bill," already some \$90 has been pledged, and there is no doubt before snow flies there will be more than enough to cover the original cost, which was over \$1,000.

Century runs are becoming very popular with the members of the Star Club of Cleveland. Ten have already been made, and two riders, A. R. Scott and Robert Buck, have made 175 miles in twenty-four hours, and expect to better 200 before the close of the season.

"Handsome" Bob Cripps is still in the hospital in London. It will be a month yet before the poor fellow will be able to put his foot to the ground. It will be remembered that he severely hurt himself a month ago by the breaking of a heavy plate glass window.

The probability seems to be that Buffalo stands the best show of gaining the grand tournament which Springfield seems to have lost, while Indianapolis has acquired the well-known *Wheelmen's Gazette*, which has for so long been the pride of the "town of the tournament."

Forty-six miles in 4h. 23m., or on an average of over ten miles an hour, is considered fast time for a road race in America! Certainly their roads do want improving, judging by this. What a long time ago did ten miles an hour for five hours sink into insignificance in this country!—*Bicycling News.*

The prominent riders of the west appear to be Percy Stone and Ehler. Both of these riders give promise of being able to do something handsome in the future. At present they may be reckoned on for a 2.50 gait on one of our good tracks. If Stone adheres to his resolution of not overworking himself, he may do some good work.

Twenty-one miles in the hour—The first man to do this great feat in England was Jules Dubois, the Frenchman, who rode that distance and 498 yards in addition on the Coventry track, on Wednesday, August 24th. He made two miles in 5m. 27s. (record), and from that distance upwards to 25 miles (70m. 24 4-5s.) he holds all records for bicycle.

The New York State Division, triumphant over the Legislature Park Bill, will not stop there, and are now making preparations to force every Highway Commissioner to comply with the law in regard to the placing and maintaining of sign-boards at highway crossings. Thus will the tourists be benefited and the L. A. W. will undoubtedly score another point.

It is not often that a magistrate finds himself in the prisoner's box on the charge of assault, but such was the case of A. J. Edwards, a local magistrate of Waltham Abbey, England. It appears that Edwards deliberately struck at and hit some wheelmen as they were quietly passing him on the highway. He was fined promptly by the presiding judge, and sent on his way a sadder but a wiser "Beak."

Dubois, riding at Coventry, Eng., recently, made 21 miles, 498 yards, within the hour.

Whittaker has developed wonderful speed during his training at Roseville, and will shortly challenge Rowe.

The Gormully & Jeffery Co. will enter Whittaker and Dingley in the Boston-Chicago road race. Dingley will be one of the dark horses.

Woodside defeated Howell in a ten mile bicycle race at Leicester on Saturday, Oct. 1; time, 32 minutes. Temple, at the scratch, won a mile handicap in 2.45.

The Detroit Bicycle Club intends having a first-class gymnasium this winter in addition to the club-rooms, and is now considering two propositions to supply the want.

Frank E. Dingley, of Minneapolis, lowered all the world's bicycle records from 51 to 100 miles inclusive, in a race against Knapp, of Denver, at Lynn, September 22. Time for 100 miles, 5h. 38m. 44 1-15s.

Hal Greenwood on his little Star enters the Boston-Chicago road race, he will be one of the most interesting elements in the contest. With bad roads, a hilly course, and ordinarily good attention, he can take that race.

The race for the 50 mile bicycle championship took place at Leicester (Eng.) on Sept. 24th. Howell retired at the end of the tenth mile; Woodside's machine broke while leading in the 43rd mile. The race was won by Dubois, a Frenchman.

Alphonse King rode his water bicycle across the Delaware River, from the Walnut st. wharf, Philadelphia, to Camden, N. J., Sept. 28, the distance, about a mile and a quarter, being covered in 19m. 10s. A high wind was against the making of fast time.

W. S. Turner and O. S. Palmer, of Grand Rapids, Mich., passed through London, Ont., last week for Buffalo, intending to wheel back to Detroit *via* the south shore of Lake Erie through Cleveland. They were the guests of the Forest City Bicycle Club.

Thomas Stevens will go on the lecture platform again in October, with a lecture greatly improved, both in subject, matter and delivery. He will not go to England at once, as reported, but will fill his American engagements first. Already these are quite numerous.

"Karl Kron" (N.Y.) has written and published, at his own expense, the most ridiculous book of the season. It is entitled "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle," and contains 10 pages of rank egotism and nonsense to every line of genuine interest or information. There is not the faintest reason why any one should buy or read it.—*Phila. Press*.

Kentucky papers tell of a bicyclist of that State who was chased for three miles by a bull which had caught sight of his red lantern. There are two lessons to be drawn from this painful incident. One of them enforces the danger that besets the use of a single wheel as an evening motor, and the other emphasizes the necessity of raising the standard of intelligence in the Kentucky breed of bulls.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

The question of a contest between the bicycle kings of the world, Wm. A. Rowe, of Lynn, and Richard Howell, of Wolverhampton, Eng., has been settled. As the English champion has refused to come to these shores this fall, the backers of the American have sent him abroad, where he will hold himself in readiness to meet all comers. He will indulge in no open races, but will confine himself to matches.

The Brantford *Telegram* says: "Mr. Clarence R. Fitch has been appointed by the C.W.A. Chief Consul for District No. 2 (Niagara), in connection with the Canadian Wheelmen's Association. This is the first time that a consul has been appointed from Brantford, and as there are only three in the Province of Ontario, it says much for the popularity of Mr. Fitch among his fellow-members of the C.W.A."

Your correspondent lately took a trip through Canada on his wheel, and all the time was in the Queen's domain he only saw two American-made machines. Two-thirds of the wheelmen were mounted on Singer's wheels. The old 'Xtraordinary, that the average wheelman here in the States would not take as a gift, is very popular there; so is the Kangaroo, and other machines that have gone out of date over here.—*Bicycling World*.

Let well enough alone: Many scribes are urging the officials of their States in which they happen to reside to at once pitch in and secure a law like unto that just passed by the New York government. We ask, that, so long as cycles are looked on by the authorities as vehicles, and are governed in the use of highways in common with all other carriages, what's the use of special legislature? No! do as "Brer Rabbit" used to do in such cases, "lay low and say nuffin."—*Bicycling World*.

Mr. L. H. Copeland, of the Northrup Mfg. Co., seems to have come the nearest to utilizing steam for use on the tricycle. The original engine was attached to a Star bicycle, and was run quite successfully on the Pacific slope some two years ago. Common petroleum is used for fuel, and a double engine, capable of speeding up to 3000 revolutions per minute, with two-horse power, only weighs some seven pounds. Lately some very satisfactory experiments have been made on an ordinary tandem, developing a speed of about eight miles an hour over corduroy and rough dirt roads.

The bicycle was lately introduced into Phoenix, Arizona, and there, as in many other places, its advent was obnoxious to the few. A petition was at once gotten up, which read: "As the lives and property of the citizens of Phoenix are in danger," etc.; and the usual exclamations against the terrible bicycle following. We are aware that the bicycle has been looked on as a horrible engine in destruction of human life, but we never viewed it as being peculiarly dangerous to property. Evidently the Arizonian mind, on seeing the first bicycle, thought it some form or contrivance with cyclonic tendencies, or an invention in which dynamite and giant powder formed the chief components; or perhaps the Arizonian who conceived and drew up the petition had been indulging too freely in Arizonian whiskey?

The Detroit Club prides itself considerably on the entries received for the races. Racers of such note as Wilhelm and Foster have not honored Detroit heretofore. Bert Brown, of Toronto, is considered a dark horse. Those who have seen him ride say that in Canada he is second to Foster only.—*Detroit Free Press*.

We always had our doubts as to the nationality of Aginton, but we are now satisfied that he is an American. When we hear that he puts the figures of attendance at two exhibitions at Melbourne, Australia, at 22,000 and 60,000, we smile complacently and let the darned Britishers climb on to those figures if they can. Another staggerer told by this gentleman is that Maltby can ride a bicycle at the rate of fifteen miles an hour.—*Bicycling World*.

An English contemporary printed some very offensive remarks about the American cycle papers a short while back, and the only one praised—the *L.A.W. Bulletin*, to wit—replies as follows: "The criticism is harsh and unmerited; American cycling papers are as well edited and conducted as is the news of any of the English circulations of our papers are proportionately wheel papers, and they are much better printed. Moreover, we believe that the larger than those of England when we consider the much larger number of riders they have on the other side."

A novelty in the way of road races was recently enjoyed at Atlanta, Ga. A 20-mile road race, which was witnessed from first to last by a moving grand stand made up of an engine and a train of platform cars with seats on same. As the railroad and the highway were in sight of each other nearly the entire distance, a splendid opportunity was given the people on the train. This is the first instance on record when anything of the kind in connection with a bicycle race was ever tried, so Atlanta can score a "new departure." The first three men were H. Durant, Ed. Durant and Homer Reed. Time, 1.28.

The Y.M.C.A. Bicycle Club is an organization lately formed here, and at present numbers 15 members. A rather peculiar law in their by-laws is the prohibition of Sunday riding. I think this a law with them that will not see many summers, as the majority of wheelmen here deem Sunday the pleasantest day to ride. The roads are free from heavy trucking and clear weather generally predominates. I suppose my readers have heard of the city ordinance in Toronto, Canada, which prohibits cycling in the streets on Sunday, but New York riders could never endure anything like that. *Dum vivimus, vivamus.*—*Philadelphia American Athlete*.

The new rule of the N.A.A.A., which goes into effect Oct. 7, will rather put a damper on cycling race meets if recognized by the L.A.W. The general public has become imbued with the idea that only in witnessing professional events can they get the worth of their money, and as a consequence are inclined to insist upon the same being included in meet programmes. Under these circumstances, it would seem hardly fair for the rule to be applied to cycling. It seems rather a queer proceeding all the way through to declare an amateur a full-fledged pro, simply because he contests on the same day and track with the latter.—*Bi. World*.

In one of the amateur events at Attleboro' the other day the starters all started off so slow that the wheels barely revolved. A well-known pro. stood by, and as he witnessed these tactics he sarcastically remarked: "Look at them; those are amateurs, *pure* amateurs, those are," and then turning away with a sneer of contempt that was not without cause, "Time limit, gentlemen, will put a quietus on these tactics."

The Rhode Island Division League of American Wheelmen held its second annual meet on Sept. 20, at Narragansett Park. W. A. Rowe, of Lynn, won the professional quarter mile dash. His opponents were S. G. Whittaker, of Chicago, and T. P. Hollingsworth, of Indianapolis. Whittaker was second. Time, 36s. The three above mentioned and A. M. McCurdy, of Lynn, contested for the mile professional race. Rowe was 1st, Whittaker 2nd, and Hollingsworth 3rd. Time, 2.52. Rowe also won in the three mile lap race, Whittaker was 2nd, and McCurdy and Hollingsworth divided 3rd money; time, 11.04½. A number of interesting amateur races ended the day's sport.

In Kirk Monroe's brain was conceived the first idea of a national organization. By him the scheme was talked over with Kingman Patnam, both of the New York club. This club and the Bostons issued a joint circular inviting clubs to meet at Newport and organize. As the Boston was the senior club in the land, they were allowed to sign the roll of membership first, then came the New York, Massachusetts, New Haven, Essex, etc. E. C. Hodges, of the Boston Club, commanded the first parade, through invitation of Mr. Monroe, who had been elected commander. *There were present at this, the first meet of the L. A. W., May 30, 1880, representatives from 31 different clubs.*

One of the best photographs we have ever seen, in which cycling bore a chief part, was one sent from Canada the other day of a friend's juvenile son and heir. The little chap is mounted on a bicycle-steerer, with a very big wheel in front, and two small ones in the rear. He is in the act of turning the machine sharply, and the artist has cleverly imparted a suggestion of riding in a high wind by the arrangement of the loose sailor necktie, which apparently flutters in the breeze. All the details are wonderfully well worked out. The picture is sharp and clear in its outlines, with the peculiar softness which transatlantic photography always possesses, and the whole is quite a triumph of the art of the camera.—*Bicycling News.*

Uncomfortable Saddles—No. 1557 writes: "To those of your readers who find their saddles uncomfortable, especially for long rides, let me recommend the following plan, which I have found very successful: Procure from a saddler a square foot of the thickest felt, such as is used for making 'humnahs' for placing under saddles for horses (I would suggest the darkest shade). Place this, just as it is, on the saddle, and secure it by a short strap passing over it, and under or through the saddle-springs. I am over 13 stone and 46 years of age, yet rode, a few days ago, with perfect ease and comfort, on my tricycle with my saddle so covered, 64 miles in the day, against a very strong wind and under a hot sun. It improves with use."—*C. T. C. Monthly Gazette.*

An enthusiastic member of the Detroit Bicycle Club attempted to enter Canada last evening with his pockets full of compressed histories of Canadian wheelmen in general and the Canadian champion in particular, in the form of a hand-bill. He was ordered into the office by a customs officer, and requested to disgorge. The examination then began. After a search of the scattered parts of a superannuated scale, the package was finally weighed. This not proving satisfactory, the bills were counted. Only 2,000! Next in order came the examination of tariffs, and after a half hour of this exhilarating exercise, it was decided to call the matter "labels," and duty to the amount of \$2, chargeable thereon, the package being worth \$1.50. There it is that the Windsorites will have to be left in ignorance of the doings of their favorite wheelman, and one more convert added to the cause of commercial union.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Why is not cycling popular at the Universitie of Oxford and Cambridge? Well, the reason is not far to look for. It is not "*swell*" enough. The undergraduates at Oxford and Cambridge are undoubtedly a mixed lot; but the vast majority of them are gentlemen, and, in after life, after contact with the world and a wearing down of angles, turn out, in many cases, first-rate fellows; but no one can deny—and we trust no Varsity man who reads this will feel offended at our saying so—that there is a very strong feeling of "priggism" rampant even amongst men who are gentlemen, just as they are emerging from boyhood to manhood. A few men, with money enough to indulge in more expensive pastime than cycling, set the example, and "the men" follow like a flock of sheep. Ten years later, or in less time, when, as barristers, doctors, clergymen, or what not, they want recreative exercise, they will welcome cycling with open arms; but when the peach bloom of early manhood is on the cheek a certain class of Englishmen follow only fashion. It is not the "fashion at present. *Voila tout!*—*The Cyclist.*

A wheelman remarked lately that he did not believe that the people who abstained altogether from active exertion got along as well during the intense heat of the week as those who kept up their regular habits of exercise. "My leisure," said he, "comes in almost the hottest part of the day, but I take a spin of eight miles or so almost every day and get up a glorious perspiration. When one is dressed for it, a few degrees of additional heat don't make much difference, and on a wheel one nearly always gets a breeze. After a bath in water just from the hydrant, a rub down, and the assumption of dry clothing, I come down stairs feeling, like one of the neighbors, fifty per cent. better than if I had been sitting in the shade fanning myself all of that time. It seems to me that my plan is better than that of the poor fellows who choose the cool of the evening for their exercises, and then, without a change of clothing, sit upon a piazza until they get chilled. Moreover, the plunge into cold water is as much fun as the spin. It is never too hot to take one's daily exercise, in this climate, at any rate."—*Buffalo Courier.*

The cycling editors of the Omaha *Chronicle* are evidently not of "minds with but a single hought," or if it is one mind that produced

the following paragraphs, in the same issue and column, then the owner of the mind must be a very Pooh Bah, who as chief editor thinks thus and so, but as president of the club cannot consent to any other view of the matter than this and that. Listen to item No. 1: "Cycling matters were never so unlively in Omaha as they are at present. The only professionals in the city are Prince and Ashinger, and if they have any racing in view they are managing it very quietly. The members of the Wheel Club—upon whom the future of cycling in Omaha just now depends—are not doing much to strengthen their organization at home or advertise it abroad. It is to be regretted that there is not more genuine 'git-up' in the Wheel Club." Then to squib No. 2: "It is plain to be seen that the boys are improving in riding, and we are justly proud of the number of wheelmen in our city. The public seem to take more interest in wheeling, and we are looking for a much larger and more flourishing club next year."—*Bicycling World.*

"You might think," said a bicycle rider of note, "that only the legs would be exercised by riding a wheel, but it is a fact that a beginner feels the effect first in his shoulders and back. The muscles of the trunk, particularly about the sides and abdomen, are also used a great deal. Although the action of the legs appears to be similar to their action in walking, it is found that six muscles in the calf, not used at all in walking, are brought into play. You can work those muscles by rising on your toes, but in walking they are not exercised. The speed attainable on ordinary roads in a ride of four or five hours, taking it comfortably, and not trying to make a record, will average about eight miles an hour. It is a good horse that will keep up that gait. Expert riders can out-travel any horse that ever wore shoes in a twenty-four hour journey, but that, of course, is a feat of endurance. For practical, reasonable travel, the bicycle is superior to a horse on good roads, and is by no means a plaything or an athletic's apparatus. It is a business and pleasure vehicle, and ought to be considered in the road laws."

From way down in Rhode Island comes the following funny story: There exists great rivalry in the matter of road record among certain few in the town from which the story comes, and so every effort is made to add figures to the cyclometer. Not long since one of the record-breakers came down sick, and when he abandoned his saddle for his bed the cyclom registered 1073 miles. His rivals inwardly were gleeful, but outwardly they carried long faces, and one and all proceeded to the bedside of their fellow-competitor, and offered their condolences, while they privately chuckled over the thought that a good motto for them was, "make hay while the sun shines;" in other words, *pile up the miles while the sick man is on his back.* Well, those fellows pasted "1073" in their hats, and then chuckled gleefully and began to ride to catch up, before the unfortunate wheelman got well again. One or two of the more magnanimous ones, who were ahead, refrained from taking any mean advantage, but the others put in their best licks. It was their grand opportunity. Four days later the gang dropped in on their sick man. He was

"getting along quite well, thank you," and had even been riding a little. They gave him assurances of their distinguished consideration, expressed the hope that he would hurry up and get well, lest he might drop too far behind in his record and spoil the fun, and then departed, poking each other in the ribs with ill-concealed and shameful satisfaction at the helplessness of the fallen hero. As they passed out they glanced at the cyclometer. Great Scott! it had jumped up to 1593! They looked again, unable to believe the evidence of their eyes. There was no mistake about it, though. The depraved cyclometer of the unfortunate victim of slow fever had gone up 520 miles in four days! The men, who had been riding like mad, gasped for breath; the magnanimous chaps, who had not been riding at all, tore their hair. Then the whole crowd went out into the green fields and passed resolutions, the tenor of which deponent desireth, in the interest of good morals, not to divulge.—*Bicycling World.*

We confess to being obtuse in not seeing the unfairness in the following incident taken from the *Cyclist*: "In the safety bicycle race at the Shields Sports a condition of the race was that machines weighing less than forty pounds were ineligible. In spite of this, Tom English insisted on riding his racer safety, which weighs little more than thirty pounds actual weight, his mode of making it scale forty pounds being to strap a bag of lead behind the saddle. Of course, this unfair proceeding was objected to, and the case has been referred to the N. C. U. authorities for settlement. When their reply arrives, it will doubtless be of great interest to "pot-hunters." From our standpoint we can only see that the metal and rubber in a machine must weigh so and so. English's machine weighed just ten pounds less than the rule allowed. Now, what possible difference can it make whether the ten pounds be placed on the saddle or distributed evenly over the entire surface of the machine? The result is exactly the same so far as the extra dead weight of the bicycle is concerned. The additional friction and resistance would be precisely the same whether the weight was in one spot or flung round "promiscuous like." We, also, shall look with interest for the decision of the N. C. U. in the case.—*Bicycling World.*

The following, taken from the *Spectator*, is so thoroughly in accord with our own ideas that we reproduce it *verbatim*, with the hope that the men who look on round shoulders and crooked elbows as grace personified, may learn to do better: "I wish wheelmen could all be brought to see themselves as others see them, when riding. The habit of constantly leaning forward, when in the saddle, is a most ungainly and ungraceful one, and can hardly fail to be productive of a confirmed stoop in the shoulders. Suppose it does take part of the weight off the back wheel, and make riding somewhat easier? The advantages which result from an erect and graceful position, and consequent increased expansion of the chest, will much more than compensate for the additional labor, if any is actually required. This matter was forcibly brought to my notice a few days since by witnessing the advent of a baker's dozen of cyclists into Garfield Park, Chicago. They came up the boulevard from the south, in

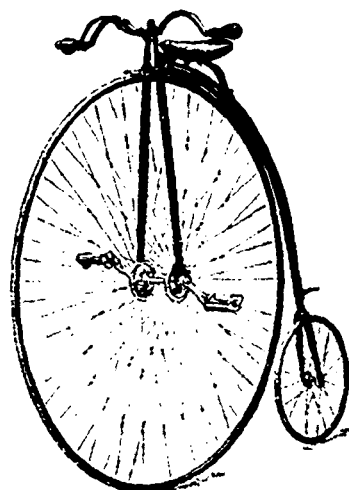
single file, and the last mother's son of them seemed determined to see how far forward he could lean without taking a header, although there was no scorching going on at that time. If St. Louis wheelmen could add to the accomplishments they now boast, the additional grace of an erect and pleasing position in the saddle, they would be—well, pretty near irresistible."

J. A. Lewis, secretary-treasurer of the Missouri Division, had a delightful experience at Interlaken, Switzerland, and thus pleasantly tells of it to the reporter of the *St. Louis Post-Despatch*. When he reached the place there was no wheel ridden there, but he heard that a local mechanic had made one. He went on a hunt for him, and found that he had sent to England for a rim and bearings, and then made the rest himself. Lewis wanted to hire the wheel. The fellow was afraid. Ab saw by its movement under his hand that it was a daisy, so he was the more determined to get it, for the roads around Interlaken are beautiful. He asked to be allowed to try it. The owner consented, and wanted to hold the wheel for the mount, he said, for the street was rough. But Ab suddenly shot into the saddle with the pedal mount, whereupon the owner shouted to him he could have it, and made signs showing he believed the American to be Dan Canary in disguise. So Ab got it, and felt like a king. The next morning the party were to drive sixteen miles to the top of the mountain. Lewis said he would ride with them on the wheel. The native driver laughed at the idea of keeping up with the horses. But the wheelman fell in behind and kept up till within a few miles from the top, when the dozen miles of climbing had told on the rider's legs and he was about "dead." So were the horses, and everybody was walking. But they beat Ab to the top by a few minutes. Although surprised at the cyclist's endurance, yet the driver ridiculed Ab's proposition to give him half an hour's start and beat him back to the hotel, which lay thousands of feet below in the valley. The driver cracked his whip and started. Lewis let him get forty minutes ahead, and then throwing his legs over the bars began the longest coast of his life. The road was cut out of the solid rock and kept scrupulously clean, laborers being at work on it every little distance. So he swept around curve after curve, the home-brake working to a charm. It was about sunset, and the laborers were returning to their homes. As the wheelman shot by them like a flash, they only had time to cry, "The scout! the scout!" believing him to be from the army, by whom the bicycle is extensively used. But the scout never stopped, and flew on and on until four miles from the hotel, when he put his feet back on the pedals, and beat the driver in by ten minutes. The only thing about the ride he regrets is that he forgot to time himself.

Wife.—"Well, Ned, what do you think Charlie wants now? He asked me to-day if I wouldn't help him tease you to buy him a bicycle." *Indulgent Father* (who once had ambitions himself).—"Bicycle? Nonsense! The boy can't have it. Tell him to go up in the attic and fall down two flights of stairs. It will be just about the same thing, and will save me \$100."—*Somerville Jour.*

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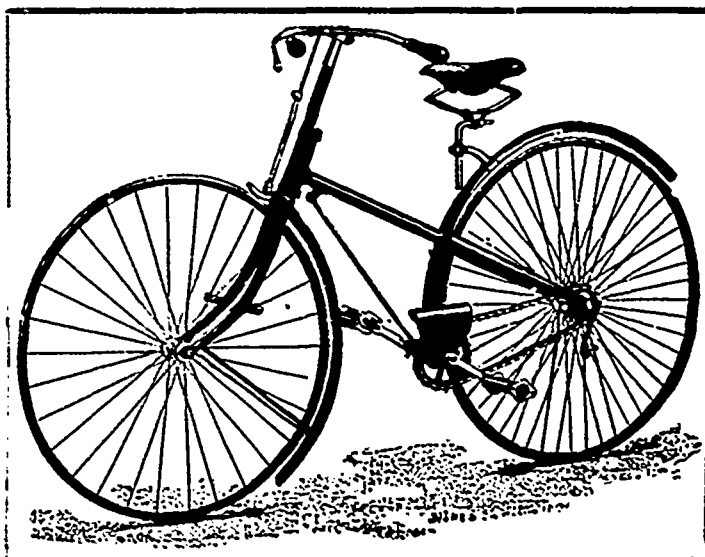
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