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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, MARCH, 1887.

No. 5.

# A TIP FOR YOU!

Have no opinion on Bicycles, Tricycles, Safeties, till you see the New Victors, ready soon.

→ 1405 ←

**MILES • IN • 142 • HOURS!**

RIDDEN BY ALBERT SCHOCK,

On a Victor Bicycle, at Minneapolis, Minn., in competition with most of the great American Professionals.

Mr. SCHOCK writes:—"I am pleased with the VICTOR in every respect. I soon found it a vast improvement on all other wheels ridden by me."

**VICTOR WHEELS ARE BUILT TO RIDE. BICYCLES, TRICYCLES, SAFETIES.**

CATALOGUE FREE.

## OVERMAN WHEEL COMPANY,

182 COLUMBUS AVENUE. - BOSTON, MASS.

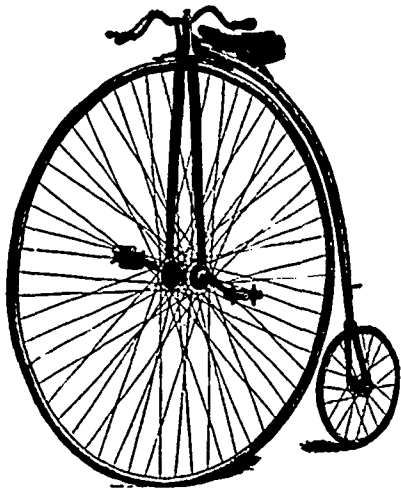
# THE RUDGE

KEEPS PACE WITH *THE MARCH* OF CIVILIZATION!

IMPORTANT NEWS FROM

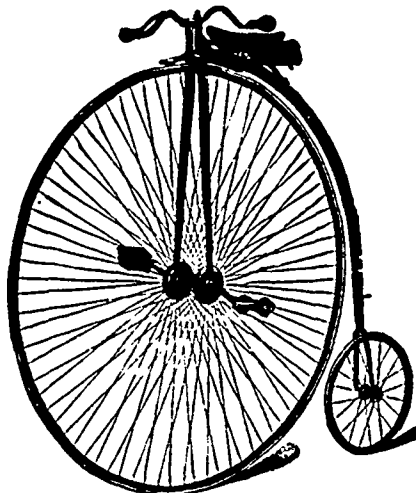
**CHAS. ROBINSON & CO.,**

OF 22 CHURCH ST., TORONTO.



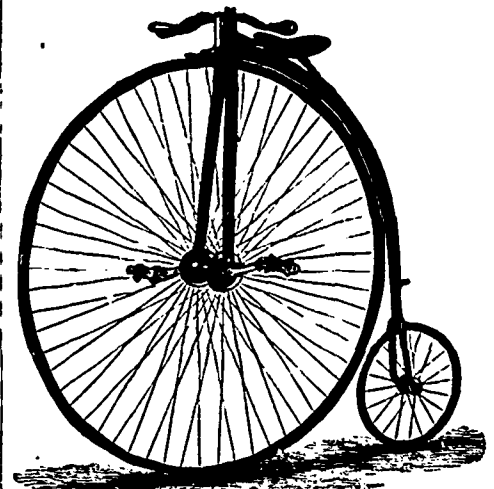
**THE RUDGE No. 1.**  
(Light Roadster.)

This machine represents the acme of excellence in bicycling manufacture, as hundreds of Canadian wheelmen can testify. For 1887 the Standard Pattern, at \$115, will have Spade Handles (or Horn Handles if preferred); Square Pedal Rubbers; Full Front Forks; Ridges' unequalled Ball Bearings to both wheels; Single Tangent Spokes; Lillibridge Saddle & Spring combined, or English Long-distance Saddle, &c., &c., or for \$5 extra Ball-bearing Head and detachable Handle-bar will be added. The Rudge No. 1 has no superior, and we claim it to be the BEST Bicycle made.



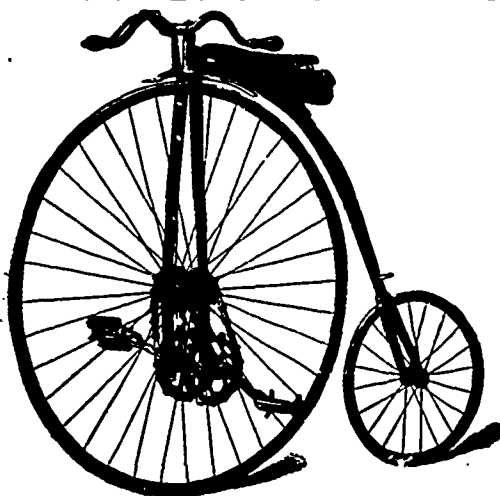
**THE RUDGE No. 2.**  
(Canadian Rudge.)

The above wheel gives splendid value for the money; in fact, it is a high-price machine at a low price, and is guaranteed to be thoroughly reliable. Some of the oldest and most expert wheelmen in Canada are mounted on "No. 2's" and they invariably speak highly of it. The result has been that its sale has greatly increased from year to year. It has the Rudge Ball Bearings to both wheels; Nickelled Cowhorn Handle-bar; U Rim; long distance Saddle, &c. Its price is only \$85.



**THE RUDGE No. 3.**  
(A New Wheel.)

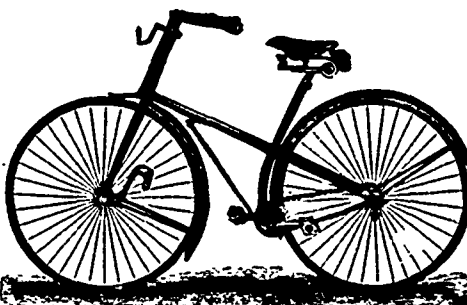
Here is a bicycle that is sure to be very popular with those whose means will not enable them to buy one of the higher-priced grades. It is fitted with the Rudge Ball Bearings to the front wheel; Hollow front Forks and Backbone; Drop Handle-bar; English Suspension Saddle; Cradle Spring; U Rim, &c. The *New York Wheel* says in a recent issue: "It is a remarkably good wheel." We have decided to put its price at the low sum of \$60. Orders should be placed at once for early Spring delivery.



**THE RUDGE SAFETY.**

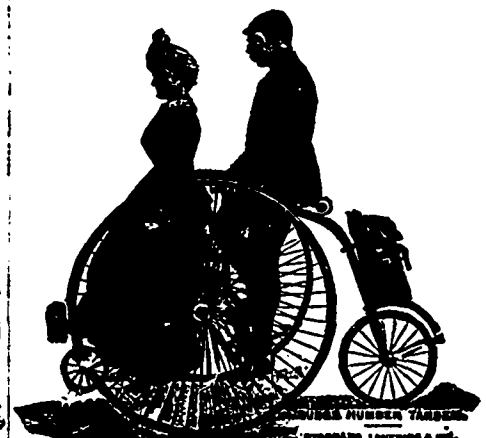
We have sold a large number of this popular machine, and anticipate a much larger sale in '87. It has been still further improved and perfected by New Double Bearings at the foot of the crank extension, and by the Abingdon Chain, which is noiseless and stretchless. The Rudge Safety is a wheel for everyday practical use. Price \$115.

SEASON 1887.



**THE RUDGE BICYCLETTE.**

Rudge & Co. have added a number of important improvements to this make for the coming season, so that, according to an English writer, "It has now reached a high state of perfection." We claim that it is the best of its type, and is perfectly safe, easily mounted and *very fast*. Howell, the champion, will use one in his races. Price reduced from \$120 to \$115.



**THE RUDGE HUMBER TANDEM.**

The Rudge Humber Tandem is the best Tricycle made, price \$200.

We also handle the Rudge Royal Crescent Tricycle at \$150.

The Boy's Ideal Bicycle at from \$32 to \$46.

Boy's Velocipedes, \$6, \$8 and \$10.

SEND 3 CENT STAMP FOR OUR NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

**The Canadian Wheelman :**

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING.

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

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

Subscription Price to Non-Members. . . . \$1.00 per annum.

All communications should be addressed to THE CANADIAN WHEELMAN, London, Ont.

LONDON, MARCH, 1887.

THE LONDON A. A. A.

In all probability London will be the next city in Canada that will be able to boast of an Amateur Athletic Association. Although the matter has been agitated for some time past, it has at last been recognized by London's influential men that such an organization was greatly needed, and they, in conjunction with a large number of young men who take a deep interest in athletic sports, held their first meeting on Friday, 25th February, and elected officers. Suitable grounds are to be secured as soon as possible, and it is the intention to have the sports entered into as soon as the season opens. It is needless to say that such an organization will be the means of bringing London once more into prominence as a great cycling centre, as a first-class track is to be laid, and the pioneer club, the Forest City, will boom once more in good style.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Whether the meet for 1887 be held in Brantford, Toronto or Woodstock, it is certain to be successful, all three of the places mentioned being situated near the centre of wheeling activity in the Dominion.

It is near the time when the clubs must be awakening, and we trust that one of their first acts, after they have fully stretched themselves and rubbed the sleep out of their eyes, will be to renew their membership in the C.W.A.

THE BICYCLE IN WAR.

Now that the balloon has received a definite status in the British army, it is not unlikely the War Office will turn its attention to the claims of the bicycle. Regularly organized bicycle corps are attached to the French army, and in recent manoeuvres have done all such work as the carrying of orders and despatches, and did it with more speed and punctuality than mounted troopers. In some cases bicyclists have accomplished journeys of 50 and 60 miles a day for six or eight days in succession. At this rate a bicyclist is not only more efficient than a horseman, but cheaper; for a bicycle costs originally less than half the cost of a cavalry horse, wears as long, is far less expensive to keep, and is much less likely to be put hors de combat by a stray bullet.

THE L.A.W. MEET.

It was definitely decided at the recent officers' meeting that the next meet of the League of American Wheelmen will be held at St. Louis. The wheelmen of that western city are famous for their hospitality, and those who attend the meet may feel assured that the entertainment will be second to no previous meet. Following is the programme as now outlined :

First Day, Friday, May 20.—9 A.M., board of officers' meeting; 11 A.M., general business meeting; 4 P.M., leave on steamer down Mississippi River to Montesano, at which resort take supper; after supper, re-embark for trip further down the river. Steamer is provided with a large ball-room, and night will be spent on board. Grand League ball. Return to St. Louis before morning.

Second Day, Saturday, May 21.—Parade at 10.30 A.M.; wheel to Forest Park and other resorts; after dinner, League races; afternoon, tour to St. Louis resorts; banquet, 7 P.M.; leave St. Louis at 12 midnight on special steamer, arriving in the morning at Clarksville; leave at 10.30 for tour of twenty miles over the famous Clarksville belt road, returning to St. Louis in the evening by steamer or rail. Next day, road race over Clarksville road; dinner, and return to St. Louis.

REX'S MUSINGS.

If I want to commence where I left off in my last letter, it will be to write about who and what I saw at the Montreal Carnival. The Boston Bicycle Club, with E. C. Hodges at the head, were there in their private car, the "David Garrick," in which they lived during their stay in Montreal. It is needless to say that they enjoyed themselves to the utmost extent, if appearances count for anything. Mr. A. T. Lane had the party in hand, snowing them winter sports.

"It's a cold day when he gets left" is a very poor maxim to apply to friend Lane, for it seems to be the opposite, that is, "It's a cold day when he gets ahead." He was right along when all the sport was going on, and was one of the noble troop of snowshoers to storm the ice palace. No one could have done more towards helping visitors to enjoy themselves than "Tommy" Lane.

Among the visitors at Montreal was Mr. E. P. Baird, the noted bicycle racer, and one of the Baird Bros. who owned and published the *Cyclist and Athlete* when it figured as the L.A.W. organ. Mr. Baird is to take up his residence in Montreal—for a while, at least.

No doubt everyone is anxiously awaiting to hear the result of the annual spring Board meeting, and know where we are to enjoy the annual meet of '87. It is rumored that in the event of the city that makes the bid for it not being provided with a good, fast racing track, a great number of wheelmen are desirous of giving the annual meet to Woodstock again, as we would be assured of having good racing. Time will tell.

Feb. 24, 1887.

"REX."

The famous Sir Chas. Dilke is re-elected president of the Chelsea Bicycle Club of London.

THOMAS STEVENS ON ROADS.

Thomas Stevens has been warmly received in New York. At a dinner given him by the Citizens' Club he thus held forth: "The Alkali flats in the great American desert offer as good wheeling as the sand-papered roads about Boston, while the fertile lands of Iowa at the time of year in which I reached them were churned into an almost impassable state. In Ohio, where politics is the staple article of food, I met a gentleman from New York, and we there fell into the hands of a wily politician, who steered us into his political meeting, and before we knew it had us posing before his constituents as 'gentlemen who had ridden from the extremes of the continent to witness the success of the cause.' In England the horses pay no attention to a bicycle, but in France the horses became restive before the machine. There is in France, however, no specimen of what is known as the great American road hog. The French driver, instead of shouting, 'Get out of the road with that thing,' takes off his hat and apologizes for the stupidity of his horse. General Boulanger is justly proud of his artillery, but I found that one American wheelman could throw an entire French battery into fusion. In case of foreign invasion, the Citizens' Club would doubtless do great execution. About the only difference between French and German roads is that the former are swept once a day, the latter once a week. In Turkey the people kissed my feet to get me to ride for them. In Persia every other man offered to buy my machine, and wanted me to ride and show them how the thing worked. Thus the Yankee-like Persian differed from the straightforward Turk. In India I found 1,600 miles of the best road in the world, built by the English Government and called the 'Grand Trunk.' In China the bicycle was only an incumbrance. There are no roads in China. The rivers are the only highways. In one city the mob stoned me. Finally, by many relays of soldiers, I was handed over to the English consul and took the steamer for Japan. The roads in that country are excellent."

RIDING ON THE ICE.

A correspondent sends us the following: "Noticing your remarks in *The Cyclist* re riding a tandem on the ice, I thought it might prove interesting to know how a 'Rover' behaves on the ice. As I have no step, I found it no easy matter to mount by the pedal. Then I found that the theory does not hold good that india-rubber does not slip on ice, for I can assure you that it does. I found that if I was not extremely careful a side slip was a certainty, which is no joke. On several occasions I came down as I sat, and had no time to partially dismount; but it was by no means a success. Like yourself, I was surprised that it was not much easier work than a fairly good road. As to comparative speeds of skaters and machines, I was nowhere with our fastest skaters, but our best men are fast—such as a straight half mile in 1m. 20s., so you may judge I was no use."—*The Cyclist*.

The attention of readers of THE WHEELMAN is directed to the advertisement of Messrs. Goold & Kacoles in another column.

## TORONTO TITBITS.

## THE TORONTO CLUB ELECTION.

The annual meeting for the election of officers brought out the members of the T. B. C. in full force. Their popular president, Mr. A. F. Webster, occupied the chair. Mr. Webster resigned as president, and Harry Ryrie, C. Langley, F. Veigh, R. T. Blachford and Dr. P. E. Doolittle were nominated for the office, the election for which will take place at the next meeting. The balloting for the other officers resulted as follows: Vice-President, R. T. Blachford (re-elected); Secretary, A. S. Bowers (re-elected); Treasurer, W. H. West; Statistical Sec., W. Robins; Captain, W. H. Cox (re-elected); 1st Lieutenant, F. J. Brimer; 2nd do., C. F. Lavender; 3rd do., W. H. Thomas; Bugler, F. Burden. Committee of Management: F. Veigh, H. Ryrie, E. E. Horton and C. Langley; Surgeon, Dr. P. E. Doolittle.

## HURST IN ENGLAND.

The *Cyclist* says: "Harry Etherington deserves the thanks of the lovers of trick-riding for getting Hurst, the Canadian, added to the performers at the recent Stanley Show. Hurst is one of the cleverest riders of the ordinary machine we have seen, and his show was much appreciated. Mr. Etherington guaranteed him £5, and that sum has been made up by subscriptions from exhibitors." Hurst is expected to return to Toronto soon, when his club, the Wanderers, will, no doubt, "recept" him.

## THE TORONTO CLUB SOCIAL.

The T. B. C. boys enjoyed a pleasant social evening at their elegant rooms on Wilton Ave., on the 28th of January. An interesting programme of songs, glees and cycling experiences by members of the club and others, was contributed. It is likely that similar gatherings will be held in the future.

## THE BIG FOUR TOUR.

George Orr has a letter in *The Wheel* in reference to the Big Four tours, in which he suggests that two contingents be formed of future parties—a fast one and a slow one, the former to wait each evening until the rear column advances. The first can enjoy fast riding; the second such of nature's beauty consistent with slow pedalling.

## STEVENS INVITED.

Before leaving Chicago, Stevens was invited by telegraph to stop over an evening in Toronto and be banquetted by the combined clubs. His engagements, however, prevented him accepting at the present time. He writes me from New York, under date of Feb. 14th:

"I am very sorry to say that it is impossible for me to come to Toronto at present, or to fix any time in the future when I shall be there. It is entirely problematical. I appreciate very highly, though, your good intentions, and you may consider me with you in spirit, even when not there in the flesh.—Sincerely,  
T. STEVENS."

Should he be able to come at some future time, he will no doubt be accorded a brilliant reception.

## SOME TOURS.

Bert Brown and Harry Grenfell intend taking a wheel tour through the States as early in the spring as the weather will admit. They will likely skirt the shores of Lake Erie. Bert is mounted on a Star, the only one, I believe, in Toronto. A party of Philadelphia wheelmen

will take in Toronto on a wheel journey next summer also. I hope to wheel to Yorkville inside the twenty-four hours, and thus beat the record (of a policeman!).

## EX-PRESIDENT WEBSTER.

The Torontos are lamenting the retirement of President Webster from the office which he has held for several terms. Mr. Webster combines the qualities of being a high-minded, level-headed, public-spirited gentleman, in the fullest sense of the latter word, with that of an enthusiastic wheelman, and nature, Providence and the T. B. C. members intended him to be their president for years to come; but business and private responsibilities have compelled him to resign. All his club friends hope to see him back again in harness; and that leads me to remark that that dread leveller of humanity,

## MATRIMONY,

is causing sad havoc in the ranks of the T. B. C. The ex-President above referred to is "on the list;" so is ex-Treasurer Lawson and ex-Vice-President Lailey and ex-Lieutenant Tubby, and many others. Where will the infection end? Already there are dark rumors of other noble leaders of the Wilton Avenue band capitulating, and, if in order, I would respectfully move that a "Club Minister" be appointed to deal with any widespread outbreak. I wonder when Cupe's lightning will strike  
PETE?

## A LETTER NOT INTENDED FOR THE PUBLIC EYE.

The following extract taken from a letter written to Mr. J. H. Shurman, of Lynn, by Mr. A. L. Atkins, explaining why Rowe wanted to join the Springfield Club has now become public property. It shows how very careful a man should be not to put anything in black and white that he does not care to be brought up against him. Speaking of the assistance needed by Rowe, Atkins says he does not want money,—

"But what he does need is the assistance of the management of the Springfield races, so that they can manipulate the racing so that the whole gang of racers won't be able to get at Will at once; so that if there are heats to be run off he won't be placed so he will have to run Furnivall and English and Webber in his heat, and then have to race them over again in the final, but the management will fix it so he has a snap in his heat, and so save his strength for the final. There are a hundred other ways that the management will (and have agreed beforehand) help him. The Englishmen all get these favors, and so stand a better chance than our Americans do. Why should not Will be allowed to stand on an even footing with them? I have been connected with three tournaments at Springfield and one at Boston, and know that a rider who stands in with the management is o.k. in his races. I joined the Springfield Club at the same time—what for, do you suppose? for same reason that Will does, so as to play them for suckers during the tournament. Will comes here in May next, to stay and train until fall. He must be friends with all the boys here in order to use them during the tournament. As you know, Will does not race entirely for glory, and under his changed circumstances he has to do a little different than he formerly did. He is very much hurt at your unjust criticism of his actions. If you make a track at Lynn, Will will race on it just the same, if he does belong to a Springfield Club. Why don't your men kick because Will is a Thorndike man? I repeat, he cares nothing for the Springfield Club, except to make use of them in his racing at their tournaments,—play them for

suckers. Of course, we do not care to have them know our reasons for joining, but make them think we are Springfield men, because if they knew our real reason for joining, I am rather afraid they would not want us. You boys are too touchy about Will; he is a Lynn cycle man, clear through to his backbone, and your unjust suspicions about him, which you men have showed several times during the season, have hurt him more than you know. Why can't you trust him as he trusts you, and let him act for what is his best interest. He won't do anything that you will be sorry for.  
A. L. ATKINS."

## TRADE NOTES.

We would advise our readers to send a 3-cent stamp to Messrs. Charles Robinson & Co., 22 Church street, Toronto, for a copy of their new illustrated catalogue.

The St. George's Engineering Company issue a guarantee with all their machines. In considering the value of such a thing, it will be well to remember that the St. George's Engineering Company, although not a limited liability company, is perhaps the richest firm in the trade, the proprietors being worth half a million pounds stg.—  
*The Cyclist*.

Messrs. Charles Robinson & Co., 22 Church street, Toronto, have been appointed sole Canadian agents for the Lillibridge Saddle and Springs; the Harrison Double and Single Alarms; Loudon's Cement, and Illiffe and Sturmeys' cycling publications.

The first edition of the tenth annual catalogue of the Pope Mfg. Co. is ready for delivery. It is a convenient pamphlet of fifty pages, containing illustrated descriptions of the machines made by this company for the season of 1887, viz.: the Expert, the Light Roadster, the Standard-Safety, the Semi-Roadster, and the Racing Columbia Bicycles; and the Two-Track, the Ladies' Two-Track, the Tandem, and the Racing Columbia Tricycles; and the description of the numerous cycle sundries, altogether requiring the use of forty-eight finely-engraved woodcuts. The presswork is clear and perfect, and the catalogue is by far the most comprehensive in the cycle line of trade. Catalogue sent free on application.

The exhibit of Rudge & Co. at the recent Stanley Show was the most attractive of them all, their new No. 3, the improved Bicycleette, and the Royal Crescent Tricycle being among their many new features. Chas. Robinson & Co., of 22 Church street, Toronto, are their Canadian agents.

In another page will be noticed a fine engraving of the world-renowned "New Rapid," which has so quickly come to the front, and is, without doubt, one of the strongest and best-constructed wheels made. We are informed that the orders for these wheels are something enormous. However, the St. George's Engineering Co. are equal to the occasion, they being the richest firm in the trade, and having every facility for turning out wheels in large quantities. T. Fane & Co. were very wise to secure the sole agency for such a fine wheel. Their (T. F. & Co.'s) trade being so much increased, they are compelled to move into larger premises, and are advertising a large clearance sale of new and second hand wheels, to take place April 2nd. Wheelmen should make note of this opportunity. No doubt the wheels will go very cheap.

**The Canadian Wheelmen's Association,**

ORGANIZED SEPTEMBER, 1882.

*President*—Mr. W. A. KARN, Woodstock, Ont.  
*Vice-Pres.*—Mr. J. D. MILLER, Montreal, P.Q.  
*Sec.-Treas.*—Mr. HAL. B. DONLY, Simcoe, Ont.

CIRCULAR.

All Local Consuls of No. 4, Midland Division, C.W.A., are particularly requested to send in *at once* their reports of non-C.W.A. wheelmen in their consulate to the undersigned.

Do this promptly, now, boys, and oblige

Yours fraternally,

W. P. WAY,

C.C. No. 4, Box 965, Belleville.

APPOINTMENTS.

TORONTO DISTRICT, NO. 3.

The following are the appointments for this District for the current Association year.

CHAS. LANGLEY, C.C.

Place.	Consul.	Address.
Toronto.....	W H Cox....	Walker House*
"	C H Riggs....	"
Newmarket..	T C Watson...	Royal (recomm'd)
Acton.....	Chas Gibbons..	....
Drayton.....	J W Powley..	....
Palmerston ..	A Knowles....	Queen's Hotel
Aurora.....	J J Ross.....	Royal Hotel
Owen Sound..	D L Harrison..	Coulson House*
Markham....	....	Franklin House

\* Allows 25 % off regular rates.

OTTAWA DISTRICT, NO. 5.

The following are my appointments for District No. 5 for the current Association year.

F. M. S. JENKINS, C.C.

Place.	Consul.	Hotel.
Ottawa.....	Major Walsh...	....
Cornwall....	H Turner.....	....
Brockville...	J W Splan....	....

BOARD MEETING.

The annual spring meeting of the Board of Officers was held in the Walker House, Toronto, on Friday, Feb 25, there being present: President W. A. Karn, Woodstock; Secretary Donly, Simcoe; and Messrs. Gnaxinger, Montreal; Way and Foster, Belleville; Langley, Orr and Ryrie, Toronto; Woodroose, Woodstock; and Brierley, St. Thomas. The report of the Sec.-Treasurer stated that over \$100 remained in the treasury after all liabilities were paid. The report of the Editor of THE CANADIAN WHEELMAN, Jas. S. Brierley, showed that no funds had been drawn from the Association for the support of the paper since last June, and the prospects were that in the future it would be self-sustaining. Mr. Way proposed several important changes in the Constitution, altering the Association year from July 1st to June 30th to January 1st to December 31st. After a lengthy discussion it was deemed wiser not to entertain the proposition, although in several particulars it met hearty approval from the members present. The system of supplying cloth for Association uniforms from the Secretary's office

being found clumsy and laborious, it was decided that Mr. C. Langley, of Toronto, should take charge of that department of Association work, and consequently in the future all applications for cloth should be sent to him. The Secretary will continue to supply buttons, yarn, etc. Applications for the meet for 1887 had been received from Brantford, Woodstock, and an unofficial one from Toronto. It had been supposed that Belleville also would have been an applicant, but its representatives stated that no proper accommodation for the meet could be provided by them this year. They expressed the hope that in 1888 they could ask for the meet with full confidence in their ability to make it a great success. It was decided to accept the offer of Brantford, providing certain conditions were complied with, Messrs. Karn and Donly being constituted a committee to negotiate with the members of the Brantford Club, and in the event of failure to confer with the Toronto and Woodstock Clubs.

A JUBILEE C.W.A. TOUR.

Editor CANADIAN WHEELMAN:

DEAR SIR,—I would suggest to the managing officers of the C. W. A. that they organize a C. W. A. tour over some of our Canadian roads during the Jubilee year. It would help the C. W. A.; it would introduce a number of its members to each other; and would give vent to our patriotism.

Yours truly,

SNOOKS

GOOD RECORDS.

Editor CANADIAN WHEELMAN:

DEAR SIR,—I enclose you a list of distances ridden by a few of the members of our club during the season of 1886. I would remark that these can all be verified from daily journals kept by themselves during the season.

	Miles.		Miles.
C. J. Wade.....	2025	F. O. Hyde.....	1200
R. McFarlane....	1645	— McBain.....	740
C. P. Smith. ....	1495	A. J. Watson....	1035
J. McFadden.....	1422		

Yours truly,

MARK WADE,

Pres. Stratford B.C.

Stratford, Feb. 17, 1887.

Editor CANADIAN WHEELMAN.

DEAR SIR,—Imagine my amusement at the report in the *Mail* of Feb. 26th of the meeting of the Board of Officers of the C.W.A., and the quaintly-humorous manner in which the presence of one member was mentioned as *G. S. Gaaxlinger*. Only imagine what agony this will be to the Montreal contingent; how the nickname will adhere to the unlucky Fritz; and how the M.A.A.A. rooms will ring with laughter at a name being found for the great unnamed! This name must be the return made by the Toronto men for the "*bouncing*" they suffered at the hands of the said Fritz and his band of M.A. A.A.'s, who sent the western party on their way home from the meet with the rattling cheers and "ice" lunch on Saturday, July 3rd. The *Mail's* article is something like the average newspaper portraits of prominent characters, fairly bristling with errors. The Sec.-Treasurer loses the well-

known "Hal," but gains an "e" in the surname. Friend Brierley receives a very fair position thrust upon him; and as for the Belleville delegation, their own mothers would hardly know them under the characters of J. Foster and G. Way. The boys all know that there were *two* correspondents for the said *Mail* on the board, and how these errors crept into the report will be a mystery. TORV.

Belleville, Feb. 27, 1887.

LARGE WHEELS.

Editor CANADIAN WHEELMAN:

DEAR SIR,—I noticed in a bicycle paper published on the other side a statement where a rider met a man from Canada mounted on a 96-inch wheel, at least he met him at the Falls, and the rider of the gigantic wheel said he was from Canada. Now, while most people would laugh at this as incredible, still before this I have never mentioned what I saw of this strange wheel before, and take this opportunity of writing my experience.

I am a member of the Wanderers' Club of Toronto, and one day was riding towards the city when a terrific storm suddenly arose. A flash of lightning nearly blinded me. Taking refuge in a wayside inn, I complained of bad eyesight, and the landlord advised glasses. I am not sure but what I did try more than half a dozen pair of strong ones (to keep the wet out) before I started out again after the storm abated. Riding along, I espied ahead of me a rider mounted on a terribly large wheel, which seemed to be 8 ft. high, and taking him for a stranger, I endeavored to catch up to him. Harder and faster I rode than in any of the numerous races I have tackled, but it was of no use; the strange rider kept ahead of me just the same distance.

Soon we arrived on the block-paved streets of the city, and on at the terrible pace we went. In my endeavors, by shouting and pointing ahead, to attract the pedestrians' attention, I only observed that they all looked at me as if I was some extraordinary attraction, and nobody even looked at the rider ahead. Around the corner of Yonge street we went at a fearful pace, and past the club-rooms we flew, where I heard a murmur from the crowd of riders gathered outside to the effect that "— got them again," and straight for the lake headed the mysterious rider on his wheel now as high as the housetops. I just arrived on one end of the wharf as he rolled off the other, and as I fell senseless on the pier, I perceived the big wheel and rider heading straight for the Falls.

Now, sir, what I would like to know is, Is the rider that I saw and the one seen over there the same? It is a question which I have hitherto been uncertain about, owing to my withholding till now this remarkable story. O.

The *Scientific American* sometimes surprises us by giving description and illustration of the most impracticable and unscientific inventions. The latest of these is a bicycle, from the axle of which two men are suspended, and who propel (?) themselves by swinging back and forth! Will wonders and *miracles* never cease?

## Wheelman Centres.

### TORONTO.

#### THE WANDERERS.

As spring draws nearer, the prospects of the old club grow brighter and brighter. This year the membership has increased from the 35 limit of 1885 to over 60 paid-up members, and most of them good riders. A glance over last year's record of the club shows, as usual, that we head the list, and starting on our sixth season we hope to rush things in our usual style.

Last season we were represented at all the large tournaments in the States, and the record of our Fred Foster is well known to every rider in Canada. In Canadian race meets, wherever our men have competed we have brought back more than our share of the glitter. This year we will place probably more racing men "on the turf." Hurst, the world-famed fancy rider, now in England, owes his agility on the wheel to the club. When a beginner, many a member has helped him on his wheel, and the club feels proud of having turned out such a rider. On the L. A. W. tour the club was represented by Geo. Orr, and although a Canuck he was appointed captain through Virginia; also, on the other side of the line Geo. Terry made a good score.

This winter the club has sustained a club-room, which is second to none in the city, and many a pleasant evening has been spent there by visiting brethren. This year a change will probably be made in the club suit towards getting back into the old uniform. The annual meeting will be held the first Thursday in March, and as there will be a close run for officers, excitement runs high.

Although the club has had one or two losses in membership, through the forming of a new club in '84, they are now bracing up, and are welcoming back any old members. At a late meeting held, 12 members were admitted, among them two who were once old members.

Our club picture was on exhibition in the Canada department of the Colonial Exhibition, and they say that it attracted lots of attention. We have several copies of this picture left, and will part with them to decorate club-rooms at any time. In almost every club-house in the large cities of the States the picture may be seen.

Well, I suppose we will all meet at Ottawa, or wherever the meet is going this year, and you can depend on seeing a good supply of Wanderers as usual, for where the fun lies there you'll find "A WANDER'OR."

Toronto, Feb. 15, 1887.

### BRANTFORD HEARD FROM

In Brantford, we are exceedingly sorry to see that, in spite of the admonition and advice of the Woodstock scribe and of the warnings of "Pete," the Toronto humorist, the various clubs have sadly fallen off in their monthly offerings to the columns of THE CANADIAN WHEELMAN. Brantford can readily be excused, as it has been snowed under for several months back, and is just now emerging from its winter hibernation.

We may fairly say, however, that the backbone of winter is broken, and already the wheelmen are burnishing their wheels and longing for the spring.

Amongst the many queries which we hear repeated very often are: "Where is the meet to be held this year?" "Will it be at Brantford?" Before this is in print that question will have been answered. But if the directors of the Association think fit to bestow it upon Brantford we are not going to object, and we will also do all in our power to make the meet of 1887 a grand success, both financially and fraternally. Our track has now settled for nearly a year, and is quite ready for the final coating of cinders and rolling, for which purpose the directors have reserved \$300, and when that is expended the track will be in splendid shape.

Brantford is one of the prettiest little cities in this province, and is especially well adapted for the meet, being central, and having good railway and hotel accommodation.

The outlook for the coming year in cycling seems to be much brighter than last year. We will have the new Road Book shortly, I suppose, thanks to the zeal and perseverance of the compilers, and with the roads of 1887, which will be much better in most places than last year, should give an impetus to more road-riding and touring. The Americans, the ministers and others come over here in order to get several weeks of touring each year, but when do we hear of a Canadian tour? The L. A. W. have a touring branch; why cannot the C. W. A. have one also? The writer can well remember starting about the first week in July last, with two other enthusiastic wheelmen, to try the much-talked-of sandpapered road from Hamilton to St. Catharines, which popular superstition says is freshly swept from dust every morning. The calendar informed us that it was full moon that night, so we determined to start at 8.30 and enjoy the spin by moonlight. We started with a wetty road and an uncertain light, which made headers come sure and often. We had made some eight or ten miles before the ruts gave out, as also did the light, not to give place to moonlight, but to inky darkness. About this time we struck some fresh gravel; the wheel of the leader sunk deep in it, and the little wheel revolving around the big one, his head also struck gravel with a force that nearly knocked the wind out of him. Alternately we walked and rode until we had rolled up a score of about fifty miles, when, meeting a benighted countryman, we asked him how far it was to Grimsby. He informed us 12 miles. This rather discouraged us, as it is only 25 miles in all from Grimsby to Hamilton. Still we travelled on about 10 miles further, and seeing several lights in the distance, and knowing, of course, that it must be the long-wished-for, hoped-for Grimsby, we merely asked a stranger "How far it was to Grimsby?" out of idle curiosity. He told us 13 miles! One looked for his revolver, another for a club to brain the fiend, but he had vanished into the outer darkness of the night. We went about eight miles further, when we met a team. We dismounted, got on again, went 50 yards further, met another team, dismounted again, got on again, and met another team. This time we dismounted and kicked ourselves to see if we

were awake, or dreaming, or what. We concluded that these teams were nightmares, and so did not dismount for the next one, but the team did. It went into the ditch, and the driver got out rather hurriedly and unceremoniously over the dashboard. After having straightened his rig out for him, he informed us that there had been a big meeting at the camp ground that night, and some 5,000 people were coming home. We can certify that each of the 5,000 people had a rig, and that we passed each rig. When we arrived at Grimsby we were tired, to say the least. We have often been what we supposed was tired before, but we concluded that we had only been a little fatigued. After a good supper, although it was now past 12 o'clock, we started on the last two miles to the camp; arriving there, and finding the gate locked, we had the pleasure of lifting our machines over a ten-foot fence, with barbed wire along the top.

We then started down the sidewalk for the hotel. After walking several miles on this, we called a halt, and held a council of war to determine whether we were not walking on some sidewalk that went around the park, and if so to determine how many times we had been around the park. On a vote being called, it was decided we were on the right track if we only kept it up long enough, which we did, arriving at the Lake View House about 1.30 A.M. We told the proprietor to have us called for the 8 o'clock train, and when we awoke about 12 noon, he informed us that he had nearly battered down the door, and had thereby awakened all the guests in the house except us. After dinner, we took a stroll around the grounds to look for that unending sidewalk, but could find only some 150 yards of it.

MORAL.—Never try unknown sand-papered roads on an inky dark night until you see whether they have been freshly gravelled or not.

"C."

### TO GO IT ALONE.

LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN WILL RECOGNIZE NO OTHER ORGANIZATION.

Secretary-Editor Bassett, of the L. A. W., has announced the result of the mail vote on Dr. Blackham's resolution, which was carried by 30 to 30, with one scattering. The resolution reads as follows:

"Whereas, the L. A. W. requires pure amateurship as a qualification for membership, and, therefore, should have full control of the question of amateurship,

"Resolved—That the L. A. W. hereby asserts its supreme and sole jurisdiction over legitimate amateur cycling athletics in the United States of America.

"Resolved—That it refuses to acknowledge any division of this jurisdiction.

"Resolved—That the racing board and membership committee be instructed to ignore any action or pretended action on the part of any other organization claiming to affect the amateur standing of any wheelman for acts done, or omitted to be done, in connection with cycling in the United States of America. Nor shall the record of such action be admitted, even as collateral evidence, in cases before the racing board or membership committee.

"Resolved—That if any wheelman has been suspended or expelled by our racing board or membership committee on account of said pretended action of any other organization, they are hereby restored to full and unblemished amateur standing."

## WHEEL ETHICS:

"Tell me, O Wheelman, ere you ride away,  
I asked, "where have you been this Sabbath  
day?"

Then the cyclist replied from his lofty perch,  
With gracious mien, "I have been to church;  
I have been to church, though, strange to tell,  
I have heard neither parson nor tolling bell.

"Twas a volunteer choir, and the rapturous notes  
That fell on my ear, as the tiny throats  
Seemed bursting with praise of the Maker's name  
Thrilled with such joy I was glad that I came.

"And the air was so pure, so fresh and sweet—  
Though I sat on a softly-cushioned seat—  
That I almost thought of going to sleep;  
Nor was the sermon too dull or deep.

"I remember the text, too, 'God is love,'—  
'Twas everywhere written, around me, above,  
On the stately columns that rose at my side,  
To the vaulted arch so blue and wide.

"Upreaching to the very Throne of Grace—  
'Twas a grandly solemn, sacred place,  
And I almost forgot how cold and drear  
Is the earth, sometimes, heaven seems so near."

Thus I hold that pure worship has no part  
In the *time* or the *place*, but springs from the  
*heart*.

CHAS. RICHARDS DODGE.

## "TO THE HOME OF THE TOBOGGAN."

## "KEEP THE TRAIN A' MOVERIN."

The Boston Bicycle Club men have been to Montreal. They are sure of that, and as a proof thereof, they exhibit a single eye-glass, which now adorns the left optic of each and every one of the twenty who made up the party. The good car, "David Garrick," carried the men to and from "the home of the toboggan." It was their house while they were away. A good cook, good waiters, plenty of provender and lemonade (?) and jovial company made life on board the "Garrick" an elysium of six days' duration by the clock. The party arrived home last Sunday, at 3 P.M., over a day and a half behind the schedule time. We interviewed the gentlemen as soon as we conveniently could, and so glad were they to see us that they tried their level best to land us in the second story of the club-house, by "bouncing" us through the ceiling. After this gentle reception we endeavored to elicit some information *in re* the trip, but each and every man believing himself *the* only one who could do justice to the occasion, we found it rather hard to disentangle the details. Whether Mayor Beaupré or the Marquis of Lorne rode down a certain "Park slide" with seven others, a distance of (estimated) from two to ten and a half miles, we could not evolve. Whether Dick Tombs did pay duty on his snowshoes, or whether the lemonade administered to the custom-house officer was so seductive to the palate of that functionary as to obscure and cloud his official conscience, "deponeth sayeth not." Who won the famous snowshoe race, and whether the winner did beat the train in a spurt of some ten

miles or odd, we failed to find out. Who produced the best "imitation" of every known article from a dyspeptic frog to a Webster dictionary, bound in calf, we failed to decide (they *all* claimed that honor). One thing we did find out, and that was that more fun and enjoyment to the square second was compressed into the time they left Boston, and their return thereto, than was ever experienced by any one of them before. The Montreal men and clubs treated them royally. They were recipients of marked courtesy at the hands of the city officials. They have nothing but praise and good words to speak of their reception. Such a memorable trip, the inception and management of which is due to President Hodges, deserves a longer notice, but as justice cannot be done by devoting pages of the *World* to the subject, the historian and the artist of the party, Messrs. Donahoe and C. W. Reed, will put their impressions on paper, and that in turn will be put in type, and a special book printed and distributed among the members of the party, as a memento of the Montreal trip of 1887.—*Bicycling World*.

## THE CLUB LIAR.

"Yes, it is curious," remarked the Captain, as the ginger ale bottle went around the second time, "how much a person will drink when he's on the road with a bicycle."

"Seems to me, I've heard somebody say that it wasn't healthy to drink while riding," chipped in the New Member.

"That's just what I used to think when I began riding," continued the Captain, "but I soon got over that notion. The first season I ever rode, I'd go by pump after pump and never touch a drop of water, although sometimes I'd be actually suffering for it. I don't do that way any more. Now I stop and drink just when I feel like it. Some of the drinks I've had from 'the old oaken bucket' at an old farmer's well have tasted mighty good, I tell you. It beats ginger ale all hollow."

"One of the best drinks I remember ever tasting was a pitcher of sweet milk, cool from an old spring house," remarked the Racing Man.

"Excuse me, gentlemen, for interrupting you," interposed the Club Liar, "but your talk reminds me of a little run I took last summer, and a very peculiar party who went with me. Our course lay along through the southern part of the state. My companion was about as odd a case as you would ever see. He was an old bachelor, and no maiden lady of fifty could have been more set in her ways, or more fussy and particular about little things, than he was. His personal habits were a great deal more regular than his cyclometer. He would eat at certain times, and drink at certain times,—always taking an exact quantity, no more, no less.

"He had to have a change of clothing just so often. That made it necessary for him to carry a great bundle behind his saddle and one on the head of his machine. In fact, he loaded his wheel down, till it looked like a delivery waggon. But he was the most particular man with his wheel that ever rode. It was enamelled all over, yet every time he would stop he would take a clean rag and wipe it off as carefully as

though it were a silk hat, and then he would clean out the bearings with benzine and oil it all over, and if there happened to be a scratch on the tire he would cement it up. Oh! he was a little too nice to live. There was only one thing that seemed to worry him—the little country drug stores all kept such villainously strong benzine, and he hated the smell of it. So did I, for that matter. But he washed his bearings out regularly, all the same.

"About noon the second day we wheeled into an elegant little town, where the old chump was overjoyed at finding a drug store that kept the modern deodorized benzine. That made him happy. He said he hoped to be shot if he ever used any more of the glue factory brand, as he called it. I told him I hoped he would be, too, for I had smelt about enough to last me the rest of my life. It seemed that he ought to clean his bearings out enough now to last the rest of the trip, and I told him so. But he said he had a better scheme than that. He proposed to drill a small hole near the top of each fork of his machine, and fill them—they were hollow, you know—with benzine. Then he could plug up the holes, and whenever he wanted to clean his bearings, he could lay the wheel over on one side and pour the benzine out. Well, he fixed it, and we started off. The scheme worked very nicely. During the afternoon we fell in with some tourists coming up from Kentucky, and we travelled the rest of the day with them. We all stopped at the same hotel that evening, and while 'chumpy' was taking a bath, I went in to play pool with the clerk. We had just finished the first game when one of the Kentucky boys came, and, calling me aside, said excitedly, 'We've just got on to the greatest snap! It's kinder mean in us not to call you before, but we saved a little for you. It was too good to save much.' 'What do you mean?' I asked. 'Mean? why that queer old pill has got the hollow forks of his machine filled with the finest whiskey you ever tasted!'

"Now go on with your conversation, gentlemen," said the Club Liar; "sorry I interrupted you." But a gloom had fallen over the other members. They did not seem disposed to talk; finally, one by one they stole away, leaving the Club Liar alone.—*Wheelmen's Record*.

WILY.—A friend of mine, who nearly always wears knickerbockers, appeared in the street the other day in long trousers. I stopped him and asked the reason of the sudden change. "Keep it dark," he whispered, "for the sake of cycling, but I am looking for a boarding-house." "Well," said I, in amazement, "what's that got to do with your shorts?" "Just this," he answered; "you see the landlady, if she saw my knickerbockers, would say, 'He's a bicyclist, and consequently has an awful appetite'—and away would go my chance of getting that room. No, I'll wait till the agreement is all made before I let her know that I tone up my digestion with a good spin."

St. Louis is now further along in her arrangements for the L.A.W. meet, in May, than the other cities have heretofore been on the 1st May; Western drive does it every time.



## Wheel Tracks.

Cornelius Vanderbilt is a recent purchaser of a bicycle.

"Daisy" will contribute to the League *Bulletin* hereafter.

Sanders Sellers will race again this year. He wants to meet Furnivall.

Burley Ayers is working the transportation end of the meet with his usual energy.

Professionals, as a rule, in winter are like angels. They have nothing to wear and less to eat.

Over 75,000 wheels have been sold in the States since the appearance of the first one ten years ago.

Mr. H. E. Duckler says that he is positively "done" with cycling. He will manage no more tournaments.

The New York club will award prizes again this season to members who distinguish themselves in road work.

To say that cycling is at fever heat in the "Gate City" is putting it mild. Everybody is riding or learning to ride.

The New York Athletic Club is looking round for a first-class amateur racing man to send to England with their team of athletes.

The L. A. W. is losing its grip in Louisiana. From indications, Massachusetts will not show as large a membership for 1887 as for last year.

W. Brown, an English racing man, entered in the races in the Melbourne Bicycle Club in Australia, and before his record was discovered won over £600 in prizes.

The Orange Wanderers, of Newark, N. J., have lost one of their most earnest workers in the person of E. P. Baird, who has removed to Montreal, where he has become manager in an electric clock company.

The St. Louis Ramblers has disbanded. A committee of three was appointed for the purpose of winding up the affairs of the club, there being considerable money left in the treasurer's hands.

The number of miles ridden by the English long-distance cyclist, G. P. Mills, during 1886, was 6,430. In July his mileage was 1,187; in August, 1,382. He rode over 100 miles at a stretch sixteen times, and over 200 miles seven times.

The A. C. U. shows signs of dissolution. There seems to be a palsied, lukewarm state of things on the part of those who were its most ardent supporters. The implacable attitude of the board of L. A. W. officers at the late meeting shows that the treaty, patched up by the powers that were, is held by the flimsiest possible bonds.

Chas. E. Slick, of Johnstown, Pa., writes: "We have in this town a unicyclist who is seen every day upon the toboggan slide on one wheel. He has the advantage of the tobogganists. He rides up the steps and deliberately coasts down the slide; he therefore makes about three trips to the tobogganists' one."—*L. A. W. Bulletin*.

Mr. C. T. Guernsey will start July 1st from Buffalo, N. Y., to ride to Macon, Ga. The distance is 1,200 miles, and he hopes to cover it in 22 days. He will remain in Macon about five weeks. He requests that information be sent to him regarding route, quality of roads, hotels, etc. He will go first to Cleveland, then to Cincinnati, Chattanooga, Memphis, Atlanta, to Macon.

A bicycle handle has been patented by Mr. Robert Rodes, jr., of Nashville, Tenn. Combined with the bicycle handles are curved levers pivoted thereto, having hooks on their shorter arms, which are received in holes formed in the under side of the cross arm, to which the handles are jointed, the invention being an improvement on a former patented invention of the same inventor.—*Invention*.

Rev. Sylvanus Stall, who is known to many wheelmen as the projector of the clerical tour of '84, '85 and '86, is arranging for a cycling trip to Europe, which will include the Scandinavian Peninsula. The reverend gentleman has recently had his name in the papers for refusing to marry a man who had been drinking. Let us hope that he will find many followers in this stand for what is eminently right.

Bicyclist Stevens writes from Chicago *en route* for New York to say that the proposition of the Toronto wheelmen to honor him with a banquet is highly appreciated, but his engagements will not enable him to accept the invitation. "I hope, however," he adds, "to see something of Toronto before long, and shall remember your intention to do me this honor, and appreciate it just as much as if I could have visited you now."

The efforts of the Pope Manufacturing Company will not hereafter be confined wholly to the manufacture of bicycles and tricycles. Engines, type-writers and sewing-machines are among the announced objects of the corporation, as set forth in its new charter. The officers of the company are as follows: President, Albert A. Pope; Treasurer, Edw. W. Pope; Directors, Albert A. Pope, Edw. W. Pope, Chas. F. Joy, Chas. E. Pratt, and Henry D. Hyde.—*Boston Globe*.

No higher compliment has ever been paid the New York State Division than a recent application to Chief Consul Bidwell from a gentleman representing fifty wheelmen in St. Johns, New Brunswick, who said they were willing and anxious to join the L. A. W., but would only do so provided they could get in the New York State Division. This application shows that the New Brunswickers know a good thing when they see it, and want to share in it.—*L. A. W. Bulletin*.

FitzFunkington had made up his mind to leave cycling alone this winter and go in for football, but the following circumstance somewhat checked his desire for mud, kicks and misery. He went into a football shop with the remark, "Do you keep a full supply of football requisites here?" "Yes, sir," replied the tradesman; "we keep everything in that line—arnica, arm-slings, ambulances, leg-slings, court-plaster. Is there anything else you require?" FitzF. will stick to his cycle for the future.

We clip the following from a German newspaper: "Two members of the Radfahrer Verein Bremen undertook a tandem tour on the ice,

accomplishing the distance of 54 kilos. (33-9-16 miles) in two hours. The riders experienced considerable difficulty in steering, to avoid holes, etc., in the ice, when travelling at a high rate of speed. They consider they have the record for the distance on ice. The machine used was an "Invincible" tandem with one-inch tires, the latter giving good surface, and preventing the slipping of the wheels.

A young lawyer in New Jersey was called upon to defend an equally young client from the suit of an irate horse-owner for supposititious damages resulting from the cyclist having scared the horse. The young lawyer, in the course of his argument for his client, happened to use the word "disparagement," when he was interrupted by the judge hastily rapping him to order and delivering the following caution: "You jist stop using them Latin words in this here court, or, by gosh! I'll fine ye six shilling for contempt. Go'ing with the case!"

Frederick Jenkins writes to *The Wheel* advocating winter riding in words which we thoroughly agree with, and we are glad to find someone on the other side of the Atlantic holding such healthy ideas and backing us up when we heartily recommend cyclists to heed not the weather, the mud, the short days, and the frost. He complains that there is a disposition on the part of the American press to encourage riders to vaseline their machines "and sigh for the gentle zephyrs of the spring," and, looking around us, we can do the same; for, with the exception of one or two of us and C. W. Nairn, we know of no London pressman who has been seen lately on the road. Fred Jenkins recommends warm clothing, and evidently appreciates a ride over the frost-bound road from his glowing descriptions. F. J., we are with you in this.—*Bicycling News*.

A New York journal, published in August, 1819, has the following account of a hoax which caused great talk at the time: "Some mischievous wag, on Saturday last, caused printed handbills to be distributed, announcing that on Monday, at five o'clock precisely, a velocipede would start from the head of Chatham Square and proceed to St. Paul's Church in less than two minutes, and that it would afterwards be exhibited in the Park. Notwithstanding the rain, on Monday the people began to collect at an early hour, so that before five o'clock Chatham street was literally crowded from one end to the other. Every window from the basement to the attic was thrown open, and filled with the beautiful heads of ladies and children exposed to the incessant searching mist, which robbed their lovely tresses of every curl which the morning's industry had created. But female fortitude and curiosity combined are not to be shaken by wind and weather. For more than an hour did the throng continue to increase, until it was almost impossible to pass the street with or without a velocipede. In the meantime the Park was also crowded, and the City Hall exhibited the appearance of a gala day." Even allowing a great deal to the imagination which forms the leading feature of American reporters' work, there can be little doubt that, even at that time, the hobby-horse created a vast amount of interest wherever it went.

Hendee is on his southern trip in his new vocation as a bicycle drummer. Another chance to make records.

The Springfield Club will hereafter probably admit non-cyclists as associate members, and the initiation fee will be reduced from fifteen dollars to seven.

F. Wood will ride Rowe or Hendee either in Australia, England or America, on any track, barring Springfield, for \$1,000, or a sweepstake with Howell.

The managers of two great German sewing machine factories contemplate the building of cycles. One employs something like 1,200 hands; the other half as many.

Captain Miller, of New Orleans, together with Mr. Ingram, of Columbus, Ga., will try and cover the distance, on bicycles, between New Orleans and Portland, Me., in thirty days' riding time.

Mr. C. Stuart Nairn, son of the well-known London editor of the *Cyclist*, is in America. He is at present in Boston, the guest of the Rev. Dr. Courtney. He hopes to permanently settle either there or in New York city.

We sincerely trust that the annual meeting of the Board of Officers of the C.W.A. that takes place in Toronto to-day will be in marked contrast to the late and similar meeting of our national organization.—*Bicycling World*, Feb. 25. It was.

If any one were to ask us what is the drest thing we know of, next to a Wild Earthman, we should say an English wheel-paper about this time. Now, let our contemporaries across the pond rise in their wrath and hit us back.—*Bicycling World*.

There is no city in the country that utilizes the tricycle as much as Washington. Parcel deliveries, laundry men and stores use it for the purpose of carrying light wares and parcels. Washington streets and climate admit of this use beyond any city in the world.

An important case has just been decided. The plaintiff sued the Holborn Cycle Works for damages caused to himself and friend by the breaking of a tandem axle. The machine had been hired for the specified purpose of a tour in Wales, and owing to a flaw in the metal the accident happened, and besides damage to dress, etc., the plaintiff had to pay railway carriage, etc. The judge held that the machine was lent for the purpose of a tour in Wales, and had not fulfilled that purpose. Verdict for the plaintiff. This is a somewhat weighty decision.

The feature in London (Eng) cycling circles has been the *Wheeling* sandwich-board man's entertainment. This event duly came off on the 13th ult., when two hundred and thirty of the most wretched specimens of humanity whom out-cast London could produce trooped in to the high tea provided by the subscribers to the fund. After the tea, beer and tobacco, practically *ad libitum*, were forthcoming, and a smoking concert of the very best class to be found in London, followed. Several leading actors and a host of talent from the crack Bohemian club attended, and so great was the desire to be present, that

Low, the promoter, refused half a guinea for a ticket. His idea was to make the men feel at home, and not to make a show of them, and in this he succeeded admirably: All the cycling papers were represented, and in addition such important English organs as *Truth*, *The Bat*, *St. Stephen's Review*, *Era* and *Stage*, so that the "go" of the thing was bound to attract public notice.

The *American Wheelman* has collected the opinions of leading riders on the question of abolishing the amateur law in America. The majority are in favor of total abolition. Fred Russ Cook says: "For God's sake abolish the amateur rule, and let us look upon one another as men and not as criminals;" and W. W. Stall says: "D—n the rule." We like F. R. C. Really in England to-day some of our racing men are regarded as subjects by the unco—10 guinea—gude of amateurism. Mr. Aaron, editor of the *L. A. W. Bulletin*, sends in a sensible reply, which is as follows: My firmly-grounded theory is as follows: Admit all honest and well-behaved wheelmen to the L.A.W.; put all races on road or track on a class basis; allow each contestant to choose the value of his prize, whether it be a ribbon or a 10-dollar bill. Let race-promoters be compelled (if their events have League sanction) to name two classes of prizes, thus: One mile, 2.50 class, Championship of Missouri; 1st prize, diamond pin, or \$35 in cash; 2nd prize, gold medal, or \$20 in cash; 3rd prize, silver medal, or \$10 in cash. Let all promoters or others who ride or work in the interest of cycling for pay be classed as professionals. Such men as Col. Pope, Abbott Bassett, L. S. C. Ladish, E. M. Aaron, George M. Hendee, et al., will do wonders to elevate the professional branch of the sport.—*Wheeling*.



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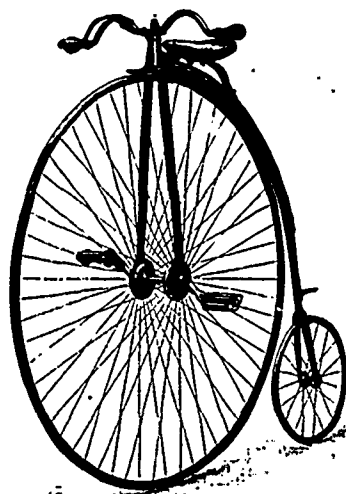
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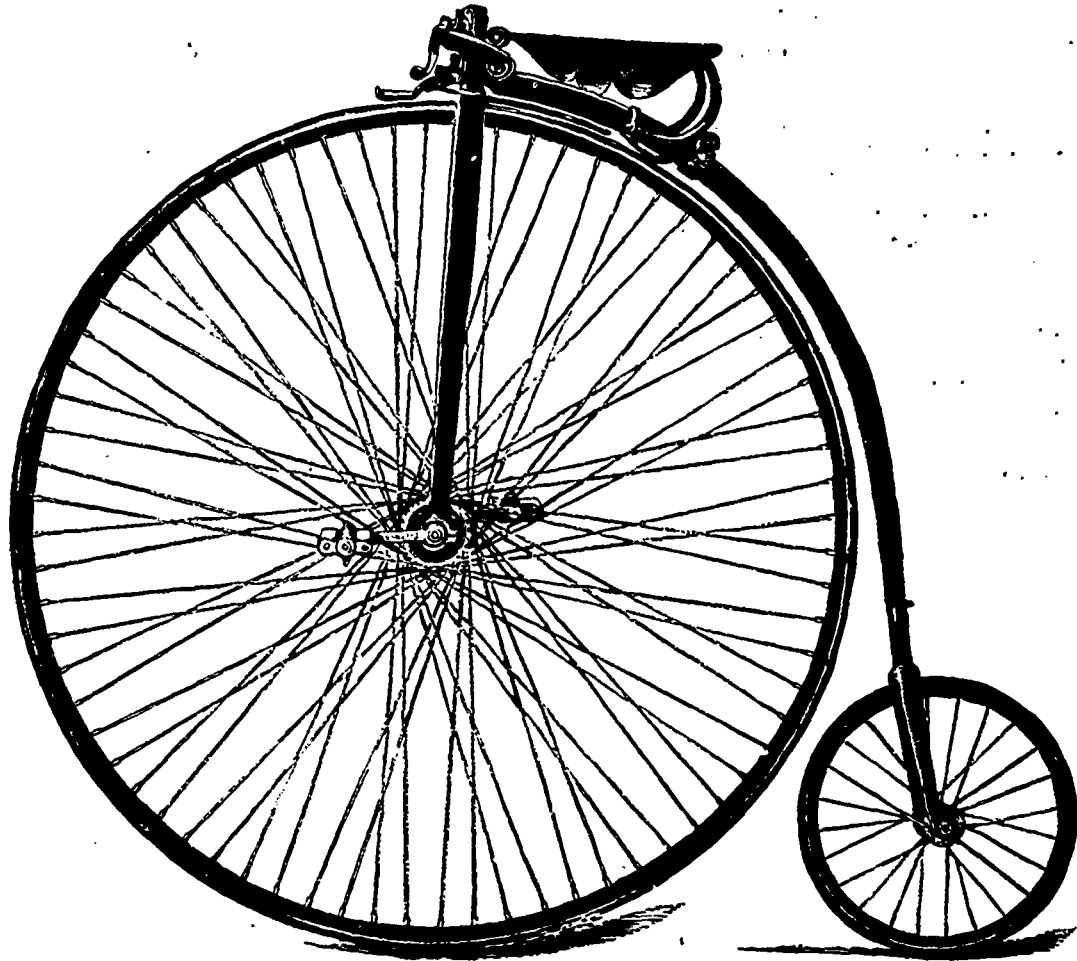
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