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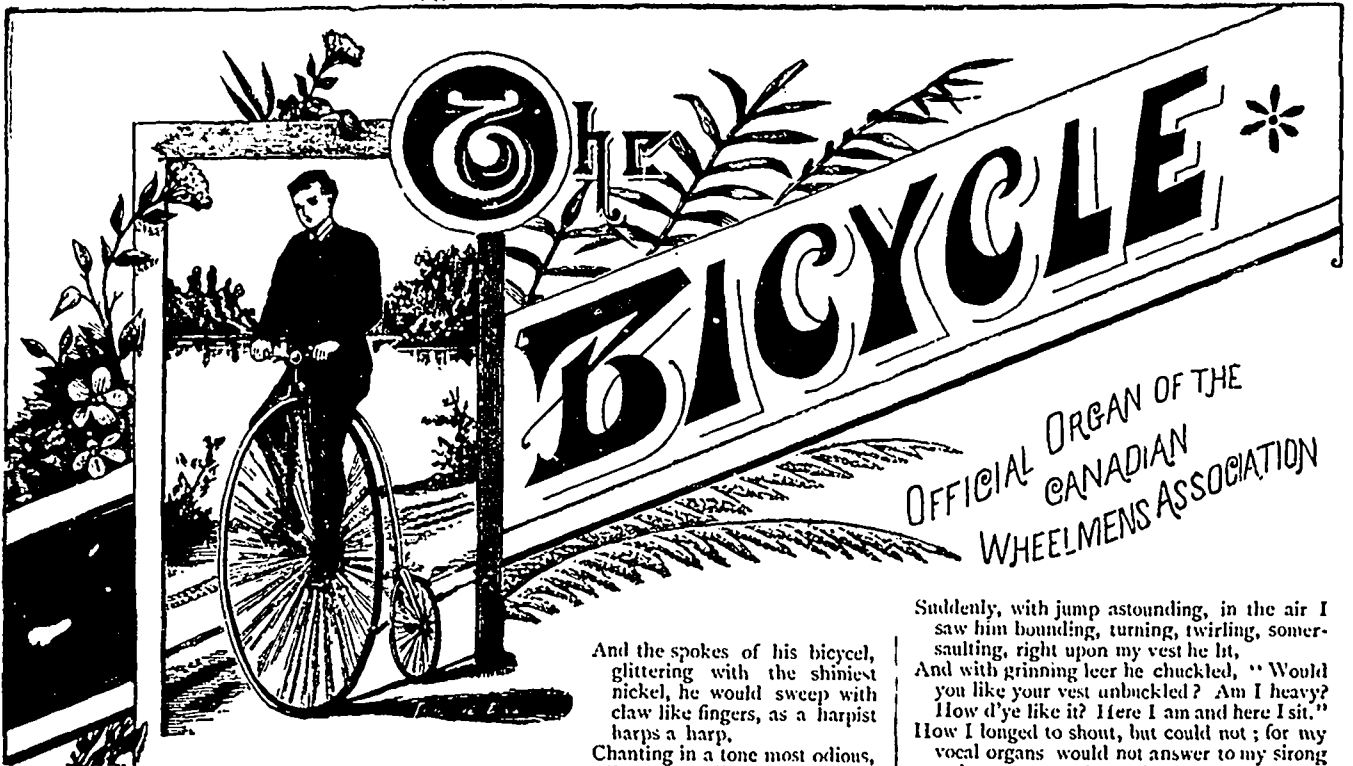
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THE SPIRIT OF THE WHEEL.

A CHRISTMAS FANTASY.

BY SWIZ.

In the sanctum of THE 'CYCLE, resting vertebral cervical, dorsal, lumbar, bones that I call by their dulcet names euphonious, On the sofa I reclined with a cushion under mine head, I had generously dined, and—what all will call erroneous I had sadly overeaten—feasted goose and turkey meat on—and oh! the pudding was a sweet 'un—now, with epigastrium sore, There my weary system resting, longing for a swift digesting, all my inner man suggesting thoughts of Christmas past and o'er; I was wishing that the season would return again—no more.

As I puffed my sweet Havana, thoughts of Lucy and of Anna, o'er my mind in mingled manner, flitted, floated, flopped and flickered, And those thoughts became distorted, heterogeneously assorted—let it never be reported that I had unwisely liquored— But as I lay there reposing, semi-conscious, semi-dozing, with my optics nearly closing, suddenly upon the floor Stood the strangest little being I was ever blest by seeing; how he came there I can never tell you, for I'd locked the door, I had shut and barred and bolted and had double locked the door.

Round his head there shone a halo like the weird light of Saint Malo, which I read of in a tale, oh! many and many a year ago; His eyes gleamed bright like that carbuncle which I "put up" with my good uncle, and his yellow skin was shrunk, all into wrinkles did it go, On a bicycle he rested, and his attitude suggested something slightly Oscar Wildish only just a little more Medieval and æsthetic, but his oculars magnetic such a strange transcendant, glistening, incandescent brightness wore, Such a scintillating, flashing, frost-fire, coal-stove brightness wore.

Thin his limbs and very lanky like a half developed Yankee, for better simile I'll thank ye, and his shoes were pointed sharp,

And the spokes of his bicycle, glittering with the shiniest nickel, he would sweep with claw like fingers, as a harpist harps a harp.

Chanting in a tone most odious, some strange ditty unmelodious, which at first seemed disconnected and no relevancy bore To the words which he was singing, ever on his wheel spokes ringing, and the sound was like the murmur of a distant tarant's roar, as it falls, as Laureate Alfred says it falls down at Lodore.

Nerveless all, I lay and listened, whilst his twinkling eyeballs glistened, wondering if he'd e'er been christened, and if so, what name he bore; And the air grew thick around me, and a deathly stupor bound me, I could neither move nor stir a leg behind nor hand before. "Do I wake or am I dreamin'? Is this thing a devilish demon?" to myself I softly muttered as the moments onward wore; "Is it Nick with all his nickel? truly I am in a pickle," and I felt my life blood trickle cold my glamoured being o'er. Felt my blood like cold ickick freeze my glamoured being o'er.

Then these words he kept repeating, "Yes, you have been overeating, art is long but life is fleeting to the baseborn mortal glutton, Who with mincepic, turkey, gander to his appetite will pander and rejects good wholesome beefsteak and sound muscle making mutton.

I will tell you who I am, sir, and I do not care a darn, sir, whether you believe or whether you incredulous may feel, I assert upon this spot, sir, whether you believe or not, sir, I'm the lurking, hidden genius, I'm the Spirit of the Wheel. See me place upon the treadle my sharp-pointed little pedal, watch me as I touch the saddle, watch me as I ride my wheel."

Round he went with swiftness dashing, lambent flames came leaping, flashing from his bicycle as crashing round and round the room he whirled, Over chair and over table, over manuscript and cable—gram he sped like demon sable from the dark Hadesian world, Went the little imp, so quickly did he drive his bright wheel nickely, till my head swam faint and sickly as I watched the flashing steel, Faster, faster and yet faster, "of the bicycle I'm master, never meet I with disaster, I'm the Spirit of the wheel, Shrieked in glee the little demon, "I'm the Spirit of the wheel."

Suddenly, with jump astounding, in the air I saw him bounding, turning, twirling, somersaulting, right upon my vest he lit, And with grinning leer he chuckled, "Would you like your vest unbuckled? Am I heavy? How d'ye like it? Here I am and here I sit." How I longed to shout, but could not; for my vocal organs would not answer to my strong endeavors to produce a lusty roar. But I moaned in accents lowly, "Get thee gone, thou thing unholy, take thy form from off my stomach and thy wheel from out my door, Get thee gone, thou grewsome, awesome fiend and come back—nevermore."

But he sat the self same place in, gibbering, hideously grumacing, whilst I in attitude debasing, groaned and moaned in anguish sore, There he sat and drummed his knuckles right upon my waistcoat buckles, just above the epigastric region I spoke of before. Oh! the anguish and the groaning, as I lay there faintly moaning, "Is there, is there no atoning for that awful Christmas meal?" "None at all" the demon clamored, as my vest again he hammered, "You must suffer, I will make you, I the Spirit of the Wheel."

Suddenly the load was lifted, and away the demon drifted, as the door was thrown wide open, and I woke and asked the question, "Where's the wheel bestriding devil, where's that grewsome thing of evil? Can it be a dream brought on by unromantic indigestion?" There with countenances beaming, stood two chums. "Why you've been dreaming, far away we heard you screaming, and we rushed to see what ailed you. So you saw the devil, did you! on his bicycle he rid you! well, 'twas naught but Christmas dinner and o'er stuffing that a-ailed you. Had it been the demon surely, just now you'd be feeling poorly, for you'd be "in quod" in Hades and we never could have hailed you"

Now ye gormandizing sinners who o'er eat at Christmas dinners, ye will surely ne'er be winners of a much prized champion's medal, For dyspepsia's torments awful, caused by gluttony unlawful, will prevent your deftly working of the nickel-plated treadle. Take a warning from my lesson; never make too big a mess on Christmas day, but take it easy and consume a decent meal. Then you never, never, never, no, not even "hardly ever" will see such a loathly being as the Spirit of the Wheel, Such a weird fantastic demon as the Spirit of the Wheel.

A RECORD OF THE MONTREAL BICYCLE CLUB.

BY "CLUB DAWG."

"On the second of December, 1878, Chas. J. Sidey and H. S. Tibbs met by appointment at the house of the latter, No. 33 Chomey St., Montreal, and proceeded to the business of forming a bicycle club." So reads the first entry in the minute book of the club.

From this small beginning, and mainly through the indefatigable exertions of these two enthusiasts, the Montreal Bicycle Club, the second oldest on the continent, has reached its present membership of 59 mounted men.

At this meeting a constitution and by-laws were submitted, and it was decided that they should be adopted and remain in force until the annual general meeting to be held on the first Monday in May, and should then be submitted to that meeting for approval or amendment. These by-laws are substantially the same to-day as when first adopted, a striking tribute to the forethought and practical knowledge of the framers. They were signed by the founders of the club, Messrs. Sidey and Tibbs, and by five original members, A. T. Lane, H. M. Blackburn, Ernest Glackmeyer, Geo. R. Starke, and H. W. Becket. All of these gentlemen agreed to "adhere to and be bound by the foregoing Constitution and By-laws, subject to their ratification or amendment at the first annual business meeting, provided for in Rule VII."

On the 9th December, 1878, a notice of formation of the club was published in the Montreal *Herald* and on the 12th copies of this notice were forwarded to the Toronto *Globe*, Quebec *Chronicle*, *Field*, *Bell's Life*, *Sporting Gazette* and *Bicycling News*, most of which papers published notices of the organization of the club.

On the 17th January, 1879, a letter of congratulation was received from the Boston Bi. Club, together with a specimen copy of the *American Bicycling Journal*, of the 2nd February, 1878, containing the proposed By-laws and Regulations of the Boston Bi. Club.

The first annual meeting was held in the Montreal Gymnasium on Thursday, 29th May, 1879, at 8.00 P.M. Present, H. M. Blackburn, E. Glackmeyer, A. T. Lane, C. J. Sidey, Geo. R. Starke and H. S. Tibbs.

It was proposed that C. J. Sidey take the chair and H. S. Tibbs do act as Secretary of this meeting.—Carried.

The rules as framed by the founders were then discussed, and, with slight amendments, adopted.

The election of officers for the

ensuing season was then proceeded with, with the following result:

Captain, C. J. Sidey.
Sub-Captain, H. M. Blackburn.
Secy.-Treas., H. S. Tibbs.

Committee { G. R. Starke,
A. T. Lane.

Nothing of special importance occurred during this year.

A 2 mile race was contested at the Montreal Lacrosse Club's spring games in June, for a gold medal. Won by Secy. Tibbs.

Captain Sidey and Secy. Tibbs, in August, started on a trip to Kingston, Ont., but weather and roads being against them, had to complete their journey by boat.

Sub-Captain Blackburn and Secy. Tibbs rode to St. Eustace on the 25th Oct. (42 miles) the longest known distance for one day's ride in Canada up to this date.

These with our regular club rides on Saturday afternoons formed the club record for 1879.

No official record of the rides was kept, though the members enjoyed many a run to Lachine, Back River, etc.

It might not be out of place to mention here that Mr. A. T. Lane, one of the original members of the club, imported the first bicycle into Montreal about June 24th, 1874, and on July 1st, 1874 had his first ride on Canadian soil. This, to the best of my knowledge, was the first bicycle imported into Canada. It was a 50-inch Coventry with Roller Brake on the hind wheel, and is still in use in Ontario, a fact that speaks volumes for the way the first machines were made.

A special general meeting of the club was held in the Montreal Gymnasium at 8.00 p. m., Thursday, 25th March, 1880, at which the following gentlemen were elected members: A. J. Corner, Angus Grant, A. H. Hatchard, J. D. Miller, J. T. McCall and G. M. Smith; and the following were elected honorary members: J. G. Sidey, D. D. Sidey, Percival Tibbs, C. Bourne and Chas. E. Pratt.

On the 10th April, 1880, Secretary Tibbs addressed a letter to Sir L. Tilley requesting him to admit bicycles and tricycles into Canada free of duty, and the answer received was anything but favorable to the petition, so we are still paying duty on them as carriages, which I think myself is only fair.

The club made an important purchase this spring (1880) being nothing less than a club bike—not a Coventry Club but a machine for the use of the club. I really don't know what make it was, but it was a marvel of strength and possessed the grand qualification of a club machine in that "like a barber's chair, it fitted the fat or the lean." It had wooden handles and treadles, a tire about 21 inches in diameter, more or less, about 30 spokes, each of them nearly

¼ inch in diameter, and great Scott! what a saddle! It was braced up with wood, and large enough to make three of the present size, and yet some of us can look back to the time when we thought no "small potatoes" of ourselves when we were able to push this self-same old bike round the track on the lacrosse grounds, where through the courtesy of the Montreal Lacrosse Club, we were allowed to practice from 6 till 8 A. M., every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings.

At a special general meeting held Wednesday evening, April 28th, 1880, in Secretary Tibbs' house, ten members present, eight new members were elected, and after some other business had been transacted, we were invited to sit down to a bounteous repast, provided through the kindness of Mrs. Tibbs.

The second annual meeting was held in the Montreal Gymnasium on Monday evening, 3rd May, 1880, fourteen members present. An invitation to visit Richmond, Que., was accepted. It was decided to hold the opening meet on the 8th inst., and that the club should assemble at Dominion Square, leaving for Lachine at 3 P. M.

The following were elected officers for the ensuing year: Captain, C. J. Sidey; Sub-Captain, H. M. Blackburn; Sec.-Treasurer, H. S. Tibbs. Committee, A. T. Lane, G. M. Smith.

A junior membership was organized on 19th June, by which boys under 16 were admitted to the club, on payment of \$1.00 but had no voice in the management of club affairs. On the 14th September, at a special general meeting, held at Blue Bonnets, it was resolved on motion of H. S. Tibbs, seconded by H. M. Blackburn, "that the whole active membership do join the League of American Wheelmen."

During the season of 1880, the club turned out 43 times, and covered a total distance of 500 miles; 39 rides were cancelled by that sometimes objectionable individual, the "clerk of the weather."

The total attendance was 170, making an average of 4 to each meet. The largest attendance was 8; smallest, 2. The largest possible, 16.

The following is a list of those who attended the rides most frequently: H. S. Tibbs, 38 rides, 462 miles; A. T. Lane, 27 rides, 285 miles; C. J. Sidey, 21 rides, 309 miles; C. A. Whitham, 20 rides, 251 miles; J. D. Miller, 18 rides, 190 miles. Of these and others, several rode daily to and from business, and in addition covered considerable ground apart from the club. The first two scored over 1,000 miles each. The longest club rides were: 1st July, 32 miles, 5 attended; 31st July, 36 miles, 4 attended; and Disraeli, the "Club Dawg," covered the whole distance "like a man,"

There were only two races contested during 1880, a 3 mile handicap, on 5th June, and a 3 mile championship on the 2nd October, both under the auspices of the Montreal Lacrosse Club. The first was won by G. M. Smith, (1.55 handicap) and the second place in this race being disputed, was rode over by Lane and Tibbs, the former being allowed 1 min. and winning easily.

The 2nd prize in this race was a silver medal, presented by Capt. C. J. Sidey. The 2nd Race, (2nd October) was won by L. H. Johnson, the then Champion of America; H. S. Tibbs, a fair second. In the winter of 1880-81 some of our members not being satisfied with summer riding, began to cudgel such brains as they possessed to find some way of enjoying the wheel on the snow; with the result that some three riders, Lane, Tibbs and Miller, found themselves "astride their pig-skins," one fine Saturday afternoon, with the mercury away down among the twenties below. They had substituted a runner for the back wheel, but they did not find the ride turn out a success, owing to the tendency of the runner to slide off sideways and run them into the fence, or bring them up "all standing" in the snowbank. However, they found it was practicable, to a certain extent, and with a double runner, shaped somewhat like an inverted V or with a runner having a flat surface, so as to prevent it from sliding off the "hog's back," a very enjoyable ride can be had, even in the dead of winter.

In January 1881, our committee began to bestir themselves and put things into proper shape for the coming season.

They decided to issue printed member's tickets; to have the rules printed with a list of officers immediately after the annual meeting; to advertise the rides or "fixtures" every week in the *Star*, committee to meet weekly to arrange same; to provide all officers with whistles and badges, denoting rank; to offer a prize to the member covering the greatest number of miles with the club during the coming season, exclusive of winter riding, and another for most frequent attendance at morning practice, muster-roll to be called at 6.30 A. M., (afterwards changed to 6.15 A. M.) by senior officer present and attendance reported to Secretary; and another (a medal or belt) for 1 mile club championship, to be competed for monthly during the season, winner to hold and wear the belt or medal in all cases until the decision of next race. About this time Secretary Tibbs mooted the question of amalgamating with the Montreal Lacrosse and Snowshoe Clubs, with a view to obtaining use of gymnasium, club room and grounds. This was a most important move and entailed a certain amount of

risk as it quadrupled the subscription and we were assured by many timid well-wishers of the club that if we raised the subscription from \$2.50 to \$10.00 per year, we would never receive any additions to our ranks, and probably lose many of our present members. However, after considerable discussion, at a special meeting held 2nd. February, a draft of an agreement with the executive of the gymnasium was read and signed by ten of the members present; and shortly afterwards by nearly all the active members of the club. In fact, I think we only lost some three members, and, as after events proved, it was the wisest move we could have made. Why, when one thinks of the advantages accruing from the increased subscription, the wonder is that we should have hesitated at all. For \$10.00 per annum we have membership in the Montreal Lacrosse, Snowshoe and Bicycle Clubs; the use of the spacious grounds on Sherbrooke Street, the only grounds in Canada with a regularly measured cinder track, (5 laps); the use of a well-equipped gymnasium, with a competent teacher to conduct classes during the winter, a reading room with large library, chess room, two bowling alleys, shooting gallery and billiard room. There is not another city in the world that offers the same advantages for, perhaps five times the money.

The agreement mentioned above was submitted to the executive of the gymnasium, accepted by them, and we became full-fledged members, each and all of us, bound over to pay his \$10.00 per year, and, as some of the doubting ones assured us, we had started on the broad road to destruction. But we have not reached that point yet.

It was this Spring we adopted our distinctive badge, the Shield surmounted by a Beaver, with the letters M.B.C. entwined on Shield, and 1878, (the date of our organization,) below them, to be worn on our helmets.

The 3rd annual meeting was held in the gymnasium, on Friday evening, April 1st, 1881. Captain C. J. Sidey in the chair.

After the minutes of the previous meeting had been read and confirmed, and the retiring committee's report had been adopted, the following officers were duly elected for the ensuing year; Chairman, C. J. Sidey, (re-elected); Secy.-Treas., H. S. Tibbs, (re-elected); 1st Lieutenant, A. T. Lane; 2nd Lieutenant, J. D. Miller; 3rd Lieutenant, G. M. Smith; 4th Lieutenant, C. A. Whitham; 5th Lieutenant, G. deSola.

Mr. Miller moved "That a vote of thanks be given to the Hon.-Secy. for his able conduct of the duties of his office, since the formation of the club," seconded by Mr. A. T. Lane, and

carried unanimously. Mr. Tibbs replied in a short speech, to the effect that as long as he remained in Montreal he should endeavor to foster the best interests of the club as carefully and as heartily as in the past.

After a vote of thanks to the chair, the meeting dissolved.

And now, that we had a new badge, a handsome uniform, and good-looking (?) fellows to wear them, nothing would do us, but we must have our "pictur took," so a committee of one was packed off to interview Mr. Martin and get his price for a composition photo group. This proving satisfactory, nineteen of our members, with "Dizzie" the "Club Dawg" agreed to be photoed. The photograph depicts our noble nineteen assembled on the grounds before the pavillion with Capt. Sidey and Secy. Tibbs comparing notes in the centre; Dizzie is gazing affectionately up at his master's back, and the rest are scattered around "promiscus like." Twelve machines are shown, four of them having riders. The likenesses are all good and the general effect of the group is very fine. The original picture is now hanging on the walls of our gymnasium, through the liberality of Mr. Martin, he having presented it to the club.

This summer, the first sign of opposition to 'cycling appeared, in the form of a resolution passed by the Park Commissioners excluding bicyclers from riding in the Mountain Park. Messrs. Sidey and Tibbs were appointed a committee to obtain legal advice on the subject and waited on Mr. R. D. McGibbon for his advice on the subject, with the result that they were assured that the Park Commissioners had overstepped their authority in passing any such resolution. Armed with this opinion they waited on the Park Commissioners and requested them to remove the interdict. After considerable discussion, a compromise was effected, allowing bicyclers to have the use of the Park up to 10.00 A. M.

The club agreed to this, without in any way waiving their right to the use of the Park at any time of the day, when they considered that should an accident occur at certain parts of the Park roads, the results might be very disastrous, and would undoubtedly damage bicycling in public opinion, although the bicycler causing the accident might have been entirely blameless.

The *Montreal Witness* takes up the cudgel for the steel steed in this wise.

The battle of the Centaurs and Lapidæ was as nothing to the contest which has been inaugurated between our modern Centaurs and the horses. Bicycles are cheaper than horses and can be more easily stabled. Our athletes have shown that they can do better traveling than the fleetest race horses. Being within the reach of many who cannot afford horses, they are destined not only in many ways to take the place of these useful animals, but to

be used much more than horses ever were.

For riding purposes, such is the case already in England, where men go to their business daily by this method, and are enabled thereby to live in the country instead of in town. In London it is not an uncommon sight to see a man on a bicycle, threading his way through such a crowded thoroughfare as Cheapside or London Bridge, and clerks in large establishments have a place to lean their bicycles near their hats. In view of these facts we were much amused the other day to see that bicycles were to share the fate of dogs, and be ordered off the Park. That magnificent preserve, which is more or less nailed up to pedestrians, seems to be regarded as a place only intended for aldermanic broughams.

The reason given for suppressing bicycles is that they might frighten somebody's horse.

It might, perhaps, be fair to ask if it might not be equally sensible to suppress skittish horses.

Why should horses go upon the park which would not be safe upon the streets and country roads? Until the bicycle is suppressed on common thoroughfares it seems nonsense to drive it from the park for the sake of dangerous horses.

Between horse and bicycle we fear the horse will have to fight a losing battle.

During the season of 1881, which opened on April 15th and closed on December 26th, the club turned out for 64 rides, as against 43 in 1880, and covered a distance of 868 miles or nearly double that ridden (500) in the previous year. As a general rule, the weather was very favorable to us, and J. Pluvius, Esq., deserves a vote of thanks for being so conspicuous by his absence, excepting during the latter part of the season, when he ungenerously blocked us out of every Saturday from 22nd Sept. to 29th October, inclusive. Had it not been for that, I believe the club would have run up at least 1000 miles, as it is on the Saturdays, we rely to get in our heavy work.

The total attendance of 33 members was 419, an average of 6½ to 4 in 1880; and the aggregate distance covered was 4683 miles.

Secy. Tibbs won the mileage prize with a score of 522 miles, Bugler and 2nd Lt. Miller running him very close, indeed leading from the end of August till October, when he dropped off; scoring in all 561 miles.

Lt. Trotter came next with 419; Capt. Sidey 4th, with 415 miles, and would have been third, but that he left before the end of the season, (of which more anon.) Lieutenant Lane came 5th with 274 and Lieutenant Smith 6th with 268½ miles.

The best scores exclusive of the above, was C. A. Whitham's 202 miles; and the others who covered over 100 miles were Messrs. F. C. Holden (who has since won considerable fame as a racing man,) 182½; J. Darling, 159; H. Plow, 150; A. J. Corner, 142; J. Webster, 136½; R. Campbell, 128; Lt. deSola, 113; and Lt. Baylis, 110;

There were, during the season, 68 morning practices on the lacrosse grounds, attended by 37 members, with an aggregate of 536, average nearly 8.

The largest muster was 17, on the

20th Sept., the day before our annual race meeting.

I subjoin the score of the best:

Lt. Miller,	50,	late 7,	net 43,	wn'g prize.
Secy. Tibbs.	53,	" 20,	" 33,	2nd.
Lt. Lane.	37,	" 8,	" 29,	3rd.
Capt. Sidey.	28,	" 0,	" 28,	4th.
Mr A. Grant.	25,	" 3,	" 22,	5th.
Lt. deSola.	23,	" 2,	" 21,	6th.
Mr. F. M'Calloch 2d,	" 4,	" 20,	" 7th.	
Mr. H. Plow.	24,	" 8,	" 16,	8th.
Mr. R. M'Calloch 17,	" 5,	" 12,	" 9th.	

It will be noticed that 6 officers lead the score in the mileage and 4 in the practices, a proof of the extraordinary sagacity displayed by the members of the club in the selection of their officers.

The 34 committee meetings were well attended, as will be seen by the following list:

Capt. Sidey missed 5; (2 held since he left); Secy. Tibbs missed 0; Lt. Lane missed 1; Lt. Miller missed 9; Lt. Smith missed 15; Lt. deSola missed 9; Lt. Trotter missed 5 since his election in August, on the resignation of Mr. Whitham, who gave up his post on account of press of business.

The longest club ride, and indeed the greatest distance covered in Canada in one day by any member of our club, came off on Dominion Day. 50 miles from the club house to St. Vincent de Paul, thence to St. Martins, St. Laurent, Lachine and home.

Messrs. Miller and Tibbs alone covered the whole distance, picking up a detachment of the club at St. Laurent.

The trip proved a most enjoyable one, albeit the day was very hot.

The largest muster was on the 21st Sept. the day of our races, when 18 rode in procession from the club house to the grounds.

Racing received considerable more attention in 1881 than in previous years.

Competitions were established for the club mile championship and belt; the first of which was held on the 6th June, at the lacrosse grounds, won by G. M. Smith in 4.06; F. C. Holden 2nd; J. Trotter 3rd; Miller and Tibbs had an "awful" smash up; the former riding clear over the latter, and coming a terrible cropper on his head. Seeing this, Mr. Lane, who made the 6th starter, sympathetically gave up.

Mr. Miller had, some three weeks previous to his meeting with this mishap, taken out an accident policy. The fact of his drawing \$10.00 per week, while unable to attend to his daily avocations, caused quite a boom in accident insurance and proved quite a windfall to the enterprising agent, who, providing himself with a list of the members of the club button-holed every man jack of them with a most remorseless energy; and, what was more to the purpose for him, "scooped in" most of them.

The second competition for the

club mile championship was also held on the lacrosse grounds, on the 13th June, and was also won by G. M. Smith, F. C. Holden alone contesting the prize with him.

Winner's time, 3.57; a very close race.

The third was held at the Thistle Society's Sports on the lacrosse grounds, on the 27th August, and was won by F. C. Holden against A. T. Lane 2nd; and G. M. Smith 3rd; in 3.50.

The fourth was held at Blue Bonnets on the 20th October and was won by F. C. Holden in 4.00; Lane 2nd; Arthur, 3rd. Track very heavy.

The fifth and last was run off on the 19th Nov., on the lacrosse grounds; when after a very closely contested race, Holden again came off the victor in 4.45, Smith 2nd; Lane 3rd. Track frozen and very rough. Thus F. C. Holden, although at that time only a junior member, having won the majority of the competitions, became the champion of the M. B. C. for 1881.

A road race, [handicap] was contested on the 25th June, from the club house to Lachine Toll and back to McGill College gates, 17 miles; 4 starters, J. D. Miller, [4 min. handicap] F. C. Holden, and G. M. Smith, [2 min. each and C. J. Sidey, [scratch.] Holden got first to the toll gate, but was caught and passed by the other three on the return. Smith winning in 1hr. 24 min. 35 sec.; Sidey second, time 1hr. 25min. 37sec.; Miller third, time, 1hr. 39m. There are two hills to climb and two to ride down each way, and they have to be ridden with a good deal of caution, being steep and rough. The back-bone of Holden's machine snapped in two above the step, just as he was entering the city, and he was brought home in a carriage, very grimy, but, as usual, smiling.

The chief event of 1881 was our first annual race meeting held on Wednesday, 21st Sept. The programme of events was as follows;

Ten-mile handicap, club. Starters, J. Robertson 7 min. handicap; H. Plow, 5 min. handicap; A. Arthur; 5 min. handicap; R. Campbell, 3 min. handicap; P. Barclay, 2½ min. handicap; G. deSola, 2 min. handicap; J. Trotter, 1 min. handicap; C. J. Sidey, scratch.

Sidey won easily in 45.40, Barclay second, 50.30; G. deSola 3rd, 54.30.

First prize a silver cup presented by P. Tibbs, Esq., one of our honorary members; second, Gold scarf pin; 3rd, silver scarf pin.

1 mile, open. 1st prize, diamond and gold medal; 2nd prize, set of gold studs. Three started, J. G. Hay of Woodstock, J. Moodie, Jr., of Hamilton and G. M. Smith, of ours. Hay won 1st and 3rd, Smith took second heat, and Moodie was second in each heat; fastest heat, 3.48.

The boys race, 704 yards, or two rounds of the track, was very well contested and was won by E. Hannaford in 2.10, D. Holden, 2nd; C. Archibald 3rd. Six started.

The slow race, [club,] 200 yards, was a very slow affair, as indeed, it generally is. Sidey, Trotter and Lane starting, they all fell, Lane gave up, Sidey rode in quickly, taking second prize, Trotter first.

The 2 mile oven, 1st prize, diamond scarf pin, 2nd gold locket was won by F. C. Holden of ours in 7.52 against Hay of Woodstock, Moodie of Hamilton and W. Winter of Newcastle, Eng. Hay second by half one.

The 1 mile handicap foot was won by C. J. Paton in 5.02½, D. D. McTaggart 2nd, in 5.03. Five started.

J. Trotter had a walk over for the Fancy Riding Tournament and wound up a very good exhibition by attempting to stand erect on his saddle, from which exalted position he tried to sit down on the spokes of his machine, and succeeded beautifully.

The 1 mile green, [club] was won by H. McCulloch in 4.32, M. B. Davis 2nd, S. M. Baylis 3rd.

Baylis and Arthur collided at the start, but for which they would doubtless have made it warm for the rest.

The one-legged race, [club,] 704 yards, was won by F. C. Holden easily in 1.55. Prize, cup, presented by Messrs. Lunn.

The 100 yards, (foot) was won by G. H. Woods, of the Montreal Fire Brigade, (now a member of the Shamrock Lacrosse Club.)

The club drill was much applauded 12 riders taking part in it.

The field officers were Col. Whitehead and Messrs. Percival Tibbs and W. L. Maltby, judges; D. E. Bowie, Esq., starter; T. L. Paton, Esq., time-keeper; H. S. Tibbs, Esq., lap scorer; J. D. Miller, Esq., bugler and clerk of the course.

The meeting attracted a most respectable audience, albeit it was held in the middle of the week.

In the evening a dozen or so members entertained the visiting wheelmen at supper at the "Princess Louise," St., the only place which could be secured on short notice.

A 2 mile race was given by the Montreal Lacrosse Club at their spring games, won by F. C. Holden (250 yds. handicap), H. S. Tibbs, 2nd, by 100 yds.

The 3 mile championship of Canada was won by F. C. Holden in 12.14½ at the meeting of the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association, 1st October.

A. T. Lane won a good race and silver cup at Terrebonne on the 7th September, against Smith 2nd and Holden 3rd, time, 3.28; distance about 1635 yards.

Several other races were given by various societies at their picnics dur-

ing the season but none of them were very important.

Messrs. Trotter, H. Plow, G. Plow and A. Arthur went to Sweetsburg, Que., and competed at a race on the "Course au Trot" there. A writer under the nom de plume of "K. K." writing an account of the trip to the *Bicycling World* avers, but with what truth I dare not say, that Mr. Trotter got off his machine during the race, oiled up, and tightened a few loose nuts, and then, remounting, came in first in something under 7.10, but there is always someone who will sneer at a successful man.

During the season our club received visits from Messrs. Greater of Louisville, Ky., Winter of Newcastle, Eng., Leming of Chicago, Ill., Moodie of Hamilton, Ont., Hay of Woodstock, Ont., Hayley and Carruthers of Kingston, Ont., and Noble, Campbell and Herbert Judge of Quebec, Que.

The Kingston couple joined the M. B. C. as non-resident members, of which we have only one other, Mr. Blackburn of Toronto. our first and last Sub-Captain.

Moonlight riding was not an unmitigated success this year, as most nights when the "silent friend of the Gas Company" was due, she was not only silent but invisible.

The excursions on Saturday, staying over till Sunday night or Monday morning, were very enjoyable; there were several of these during the season.

On Aug 13th to 15th to Terrebonne via St. Vincent de Paul, which Messrs. Sidey, H. Plow, H. S. Tibbs and J. D. Miller attended, covering 38 miles in all; this proved so enjoyable that another trip was arranged for 27th to 29th, but as it rained hard at starting time only Trotter and Miller faced the journey, covering 46 miles as they visited the race-course near Terrebonne on Sunday.

On 3rd to 5th Sept. we started, ten strong, for Bont de l'Isle, Reptinguy, Lechenaie and Terrebonne: but five left us at Longue Pointe and the rest, Sidey, Tibbs, Miller and H. Plow and Whitham were left to complete their journey alone, getting as far as Back River (Petoquins) on return journey by Sunday evening, where they stopped over, but during the night, a heavy rain-storm put the roads into such a condition, that they were forced to make the trip home from there by buggy, Monday morning.

"Oh! they had horses, good and true,
As ever pulled in traces;
They drove to town, a glorious crew,
But amongst them some hard cases."

On 17th Sept. Messrs. Sidey, Tibbs Lane, DeSola and Miller, with their wheels and Mr. J. W. Davis as spectator attended the L. A. W. meet at Boston, and received the most gener-

ous hospitality at the hands of Boston's Club men.

Sidey and Tibbs went down ahead of the others and witnessed the races at Beacon Park, on Saturday, 28th May. On Sunday the others arrived and the whole party rode out to Waltham with about 60 others, 12½ miles in 1 hour and 5 min.

On Monday they joined in the parade of over 800 wheelmen and attended the dinner, meeting and exhibition of fancy riding and drill in the evening.

On Tuesday, at the invitation of the Boston Bi. Club, they rode out to East Milton and put up at the celebrated "Blue Bell," when they were introduced to a "plump and pleasing person" as the hostess of that snug little inn. After refreshing the inner man, they returned to Boston, which they reached just in time to settle their bill at the "Vendome," and "scoot" for the station. Shortly after their return home, strange rumors got around about their conduct while in Boston; which if true would not fit any of them for the position of superintendent of a Sunday school.

It was reported of one of the gallant six, that he imagined that he was standing on a bridge at midnight, and persisted in informing everyone in the hotel of the fact, at the top of a by no means despicable pair of lungs, and in a very unmelodious voice, and was only quieted by the captain knocking him down with one of the "Pelican's" shoes, which, in the confusion of the moment, he mistook for a club and no one could blame him for the mistake, either.

Of another, it was reported that he narrowly missed being present at the grand parade, Monday morning, owing to his fruitless searches after a certain long John Collins, and when he got back from his hunt, hot, breathless and *dry*, the sight of his face was a study.

Lots of other little incidents were mentioned, but I am happy to state that they are not believed in now to any great extent, as the conduct of the "big six" ever since their return, now some 19 months, has been most exemplary.

We had this fall sincerely to deplore the departure of Capt. C. J. Sidey for Europe. Capt. Sidey was one of the founders of the club and a hearty well-wisher of it, and a right good fellow.

One of our most pleasant remembrances, however, of the season of 1881, though tinged with regret as to its course, was the farewell supper tendered Capt. Sidey, and to which some 26 members sat down, the evening before his departure; in spite of which and its somewhat somenolent effects a dozen or so struggled down to the depot to give him a right royal send-off next morning and when the

train moved off more than one of them on the platform felt a little lump in his throat and a funny feeling about his left ribs.

Dear old Sidey, he will be remembered by all the old M. B. C.'s as often as they get "astride their pigskins," and by none more so than by the "Club Dawg." His absence has since greatly been felt, especially while away on any of our little excursions, when his great musical abilities always served to pass away the time most enjoyably.

His steady, even-tempered, "canmy" disposition, pre-eminently fitted him for the position of captain; while his genial manners and gentlemanly demeanor attracted the admiration of all he came in contact with.

The riding of 1882 began early enough, several members turning out on the 2nd January for a short ride,

It proved so cold and dusty that they were not tempted to repeat the trip, and shortly after, snow fell and stayed and wheels were put by until the spring.

About the middle of February our representative on the Board of Directors for the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association, Secy. Tibbs, reported that he had secured the use of the large gymnasium hall for practice, for one night in the week. This was afterwards extended to two nights per week and judging from the attendance, this privilege was greatly appreciated by our members, particularly the beginners. The sight presented in the hall on practice nights was indeed a moving one. A dozen or so unfortunates might be seen staggering blindly around in a circle supporting machines which were almost turned inside out by the frantic efforts of the riders to balance the wheel by their bodies; instead of obeying the oft repeated injunction, to "turn the wheel gently in the direction you feel yourself falling." "But," asked one of the tyros, "what are you going to do when you feel yourself falling in a hundred directions?" I have never heard any really satisfactory answer to that myself.

In one corner might have been seen a learner, taking his first lessons in "place the toe of the left foot on the step, give three short hops with the right and glide easily (*h*) into the saddle" and as his machine was lifted off him and while he was being dusted down, his instructor could have been heard growling in a most disgusted voice "oh! well, if you will jump."

In another corner a more advanced rider was being initiated into the mysteries of dismounting by the step or "over the handles" while deftly threading their way through the maddening crowd came several of last season's riders, followed by the longing eyes of intending "pedal pushers."

And then, when after a few nights

practice, the "art of equilibrium" is mastered and we ride around the hall a couple of times "all by ourselves," what pride, what joy, is ours, and with what glee we relate the adventures that befell us in our perilous journey of, perhaps 100 yards or so; how we had to shear off suddenly, to prevent X from knocking us over; and when Y and Z had that fall in the far corner we were almost on top of them but we turned out of the way and got past without dismounting. Ah! well, there are some joys that are vouchsafed mankind once only in a lifetime, and "learning to ride a bicycle" is one of them.

"Long years ago, fourteen may be," "Club Dawg" remembers how, mounted on an old "boneshaker" with both feet touching the ground and one elbow leaning against a friendly wall, he essayed the "silent steed," and how his heart thrilled with exultant joy, when he discovered that he could make as many as two whole revolutions of the wheel without taking his feet off the pedals; consequently, when introduced to the modern bicycle, he found it a comparatively old acquaintance.

The main question that seemed to be troubling the beginners, after they were able to ride around the hall with ease, was, "will I be able to turn out for the opening meet?" But alas! they were doomed to experience the immense and fearful difference "twixt tweedledum and tweedledee," or in other words, "twixt riding in a circle in a comparatively small hall, with its smooth floor guiltless of obstructions, and riding in a macadamized street, where one discovers for the first time what a prodigious fascination every dot-gast-d (as Mr. Spoondyke would say) stone, rut or hole, has for a bicycle.

While due allowance must be made for the disposition of all men (bicyclers not excepted) to magnify their office, yet I would not have the uninitiated run off with the idea that "learning to ride a bicycle" is as easy as "rolling off a log."

My experience has been that it takes at least four weeks of real, earnest practice, before a rider becomes properly "hardened, gets his 'ball bearings' in good running order and acquires sufficient confidence in himself and mastery over his machine, to make riding a pleasure.

The 4th annual business meeting was held in the club house on Thursday evening, 9th March, 1881, when, after the minutes of the previous meeting had been read and confirmed, the retiring committee's report was read and unanimously adopted.

Ballotting for officers resulted in the following being elected:

H. S. Tibbs, Captain; J. D. Miller, Secy.-Treas; J. Trotter, 1st Lt.; A. T. Lane, 2nd Lt.; G. M. Smith, 3rd Lt.; G. deSola, 4th Lt.; J. A. Muirhead,

5th Lt.

Lt. Trotter was afterwards appointed standard bearer, while our genial and painstaking secretary was further honored by being elected chief bugler. The new committee set to work at once to prepare matters for the ensuing season, a report of which I may forward to you at some future date.

As mentioned before, our Club now numbers 59 mounted men, including junior members. The following is our muster roll.

F. C. Holden, W. F. Cochrane, R. Campbell, D. Kinghorn, P. Barclay, J. B. Holden, H. MacCulloch, L. D. Ross, J. Robertson, W. Starke, A. P. Murray, J. Webster, C. A. Whitham, S. M. Baylis, A. Arthur, J. W. Davis, C. Delmege, D. W. Allan, W. J. Farquharson, C. A. Merrill, J. Cassils, D. Walters, J. Darling, D. M. McGown, C. A. Lawford, J. T. McCall, R. MacCulloch, L. J. Smith, Jno. Low, W. C. Bessey, D. McIntyre, — Lavigne, H. Joyce, M. B. Davis, J. deSola, G. R. Starke, A. Grant, N. Bowman, J. F. Reddy, W. Goldstein, A. G. Ferrier, D. J. Evans, F. MacCulloch, E. Brush, E. W. Wand, W. G. Ross, R. Darling, Jno. Magor, E. C. P. Guy, C. A. Lamothé, H. Shaw, G. B. Pierson and the seven officers already mentioned.

The sizes of machines used are as follows: 48 inch, 3; 50 inch, 14; 51 inch, 3; 52 inch, 24; 55 inch, 2; 54 inch, 9; 56 inch, 2; 58 inch, 2; and the names: Sanspareil, 14; D. H. F. Premier, 9; Special Royal Canadian, 7; Royal Canadian, 5; Pilot, 4; Howe 4; Berkshire, 3; Club, 2; No. 0 Premier, 2; Matchless, 2; Tumbulake, 1; Stanley, 1; Duplex Excelsior, 1; Florence, 1 London, 1; Meteor, 1; D. H. F. Challenge, 1.

These are our By-laws.

1. NAME.—That the club be called the "Montreal Bicycle Club."

2. MEMBERSHIP.—That the membership of the club be open to any amateur proposed for election by one member, seconded by another; and balloted for at any properly constituted meeting of the club; a majority of two-thirds of the members voting required for election. Every candidate to ride with the club previous to election unless the committee decide otherwise.

3. LIABILITY OF PROPOSER.—That the proposer of a new member be liable for his first year's subscription if not paid before the 1st of June.

4. HONORARY MEMBERSHIP.—That at any meeting of the club, honorary members; (whether bicyclists or not); may be proposed, seconded and balloted for; two-thirds of those voting required for election; but it is understood that honorary members have no voice in the management of the club, and are not liable for the usual dues.

5. UNIFORM.—That the uniform of the club be dark blue—braided patrol jacket, knee breeches, fore-and-after cap, ribbed stockings and canvas shoes, and that all members shall wear the uniform when riding with the club.

6. BADGE.—That the badge of the club be a silver shield, with a beaver and monogram M. B. C. thereon, to be worn on the front of the cap by every member.

7. COLORES.—That the colors of the club

be dark blue and white.

8. **SUBSCRIPTION.**—That the annual subscription for members resident in Montreal, be ten dollars, to include all the privileges of the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association, and for non-resident two dollars and fifty cents; and that, in addition, all active members shall subscribe one dollar annually to the League of American Wheelmen; payable on the first of May in each year; and that any member in arrears after the first of June be debarred from all privileges of membership till his dues be paid.

9. **OFFICERS.**—That the management of the club be vested in the hands of a committee composed of seven officers, viz., Captain, Secretary, (who shall also act as Treasurer,) and five Lieutenants; to be elected annually at the annual meeting; four of whom shall constitute a quorum.

10. **SENATORSHIP.**—That the seniority of officers be as follows: Captain, Secretary, 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th Lieutenants; these last determined by the number of votes by which each is elected.

11. **VACANCIES.**—That in the event of a vacancy occurring in the committee, the remaining officers shall elect a member to fill the same until the next annual meeting.

12. **ANNUAL AND MONTHLY MEETINGS.**—That the annual business meeting of the club be held on the second Thursday in March, in the club house, at 5 o'clock p. m. That a meeting be held on the second Thursday in each month during the riding season at the same place and time.

13. **ORDINARY MEETINGS.**—That every assembly of the members, at which are present at least four officers, shall be a properly constituted meeting of the club, at which members may be elected and business transacted.

14. **SPECIAL MEETINGS.**—That on the requisition of six members, or of a quorum of the committee, the Secretary shall convene a special meeting, giving not less than three days notice in two daily papers and on the notice board, of the date, place and objects of such meeting.

15. **OPENING MEET.**—That the opening meet be held on the Saturday following the annual meeting, or on any more convenient subsequent day that the committee may fix.

16. **COMMAND.**—That the club, when out riding, shall be under the command of the senior officer present, who shall lead; and that one of the Lieutenants shall act as whipper-in.

17. **POSITION.**—That no member while riding with the club, shall be allowed to pass the officer in command without his permission.

18. **BADGES, ETC., OF OFFICERS.**—That all officers be provided with whistles and badges denoting rank; but only the leader and whipper-in shall use whistles or other signals when out with the club, unless in case of emergency.

19. **SIGNALS.**—That the signals from the officers in charge be as follows: viz.

From the leader, 1 whistle, mount and ride single file. When mounted, 1 whistle, single file; 2 whistles, double file; 3 whistles, dismount; 4 whistles, four abreast; 6 whistles, ride at ease. From whipper-in, 1 whistle, decrease speed; 2 whistles, increase speed; 3 whistles, dismount.

20. **OTHER CLUBS.**—That no member be allowed to join any other bicycle club in the Island of Montreal.

21. **EXPULSION.**—That any member violating the By-Laws or guilty of any misconduct, may be expelled from the club by the votes of two-thirds the members present at a special meeting to be convened as in By-Law 14.

22. **ALTERATIONS.**—That no alteration in, or addition to these By-Laws be made, except at a special meeting to be convened as in By-Law 14; such addition or amendment to be subject to confirmation or rejection at the next annual meeting.

Of Club songs we have quite a number. First and foremost we have a ditty

entitled "The Bicycle," by "Fire-Fly"

The shades of night were falling fast,
As out of Montreal there passed
The M.B.C., a pretty sight,
Well mounted on their steeds so bright,
The Bicycles.

With magic speed they haste along,
Passing the time with joke and song;
And soon they reach St. Luke's steep hill,
Down which they guide with wondrous skill,
Their Bicycles.

No sign of life, no gleam of light,
As a stray cottage meets their sight,
Not even a faithful watch-dog's bark,
But sail go coursing thro' the dark
The Bicycles.

'Neath darkening shade of elm and beech,
Blue Bonnets' Hall they quickly reach,
With hand on brake or feet at rest,
Like lightning grassed, still onward pressed,
The Bicycles.

The "natives" turned to look, as rung,
The bells that on the handles hung,
When entered into fair Lachine
The Club, each on that weird machine
The Bicycle.

In Hanna's cosy inn they sat,
And passed an hour in merry chat;
Remembering the return is steep,
'Tis long they in their saddles leap.
The Bicycles.

The homeward way not long they found,
And soon are waft in slumbers' sound,
In dreams, still dreaming as a vicar,
The handles of that strange device
The Bicycle.

Would you rub off vile business rust;
And sleep the sweet sleep of the just;
Or wish your length of days to count,
Just take a holiday and mount
The Bicycle.

THE M. B. C. "BUNTHORNE" (A. A.)
AND "GROSVEENOR" (J. A. M.) DUET.
BY "HUNGRY TOMMY."

GROS. (Dancing.)
Our Montreal Club young man,
Is a decidedly "tony" young man,
Tho' his uniform nobby,
Makes him look like a "bobby"
On top of a wheel, young man.

BUN. (Dancing.)
A "diaphanous" exp young man,
A blue canvas shoe young man,
A neat braided suit,
And a whistle to boot,
A Montreal Club young man.

GROS. (Dancing.)
He's proud of his Club young man,
The second oldest Club young man,
Since the year seventy-eight,
Its record does date,
Its too utterly ancient young man.

BUN. (Dancing.)
We've a "D. H. F." young man,
A "Club" and "Challenge" young man,
A "Premier" and "Howe,"
"Pilot" horned like a cow,
But no "Columbia" young man.

GROS. (Dancing.)
There's "Kanuck," the glass-eyed man,
The "Pelican" too, young man,
And "Jingling Johnny,"
And "Hungry Tommy,"
And "Freddie" the "Flying Dutchman."

BOTH.

Conceive now if you can
This M.B.C. young man,
Whose notion of fun
Is a thirty mile run,
With another M.B. young man.

THE MODEL BICYCLE.

BY "K. K."

Now all ye jolly bicyclers that love the steed
bicyclicular,
Come lend to me a moment, your elongated
articular,
While I to you unfold some rather queer
particulars,
About the very model of a model bicycle.

It was built upon a plan that was really quite
stupendulous,
The skill required in mounting it was utterly
prodigious,
If we should try to ride it now 'twould surely
make an end of us,
For it was the very model of a model bicycle.

Its name appears to be so hazy and mystical,
That guesses on this subject are quite apt to
be sophisticated,
Try "British Challenge" "Mustang" "Club"
or else more capricious,
Just call it the very model of a model bicycle.

It was stated by its owner with the most
extraneous authority,
That it could not be taxed beyond its carrying
capacity,
But in making this remark he must be lacking
in veracity
Though it was the very model of a model
bicycle.

It first appeared in Montreal, in a way some-
what mysterious,
And caused so much commotion that affairs
looked very serious,
With this commotion everyone did bother us
and weary us;
Have you seen the very model of a model
bicycle?

The wheels might be described as being pier-
practical,
The saddle mounted on a spring a little too
classical,
Its owner always spoke of it in terms econ-
omistical,
As being the very model of a model bicycle.

Its Roller Brake was certainly a marvel of sim-
plicity,
And stopped the whole machine just as quick
as electricity
Does to the latest telegrams and war news give
publicity,
Oh! it was the very model of a model bicycle.

Its construction, tho' peculiar, yet admits of
great rapidity,
Still people did not rush to buy, with unusual
avidity,
Tho' its rider would describe, with remark-
able lucidity,
This antiquated model of a model bicycle.

A Philistine did state, in a moment of cap-
riciousness
(But I think that his remark had a savor of
maliciousness),
That the spectacle presented was not one of
great auspiciousness,
Tho' it was the very model of a model bicycle.

To describe this great machine with an air of
great profundity
And in a manner quite devoid of ought like
vain jocundity,
Would require imagination of most singular
fecundity,
For it was the very model of a model bicycle.

(Continued on page 10.)

THE BICYCLE.

Official organ of the Canadian Wheelmen's Association,
and the only bicycling paper published in Canada

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

At 51 North James Street, Hamilton, Canada.

TERMS.

One copy one year . . . \$1.00.

Advertising rates on application.

Edited by . . . W. C. NICHOL.
Business Manager, . . . J. H. EAGER.

WHY NOT?

From our English exchange, the *Cyclist*, we learn that English wheelmen give amateur dramatic performances in the winter months to keep club members together and as a pleasant method of killing time when the weather precludes every possibility of cycling. This is a good idea. It may not prove very remunerative, for the public do not, as a rule, care about patronizing amateur theatrical performances, but almost every man has the idea that there is dramatic genius of no mean order lurking within him, and cyclists, possibly, are no exceptions. There is no reason, then, why Canadian wheelmen should not follow the examples of their English brethren and become embryo Booths, Barrets and McCulloughs.

A variety programme sandwiched between the legitimate parts of the performance, would be a pleasing novelty and would enable sundry members of wheeldom to exercise their vocalizing talents and try their hands at "clog" and "eccentric" dancing. It might not be out of place to introduce "Rolling home in the morning" in this part of the performance. No doubt several wheelmen could sing this beautiful and pathetic song with a pathos and air of realism that might lead some people to suppose that the singer was rehearsing his own experience. But there are a great many other songs as well that wheelmen could do justice to. From a "Patsey Hoolihan's 'Father's teeth are stuffed with zink' songster," kindly lent us for the occasion by THE BICYCLE'S business manager, we extract some pure and fragrant gems of genius that cyclists can sing before cultured audiences with a certainty of securing most hearty applause. Mr. Hoolihan's sangster contains a fly page on which is printed an "Ode to Patsey Hoolihan." This germ of a blushing intellect commences

"Almighty poet, hail"

Now, to be almighty, one must be able to do everything and Mr. Hoolihan cannot do everything. He cannot even write poetry. Therefore Mr. Hoolihan is not almighty. That is to say he is not if we are to take what appears in his song-book as a fair

evidence of his poetic ability. It may be that Mr. Hoolihan is a great and glorious poet but that his inspiration leaves him when he comes down to the common-place song-writing. Although a delicate aroma of public imagination hangs around the songs, just as the lingering odor of fine perfume is always noticeable in a lady's handkerchief, still Mr. Hoolihan writes with a wild and reckless disregard for grammar, for metre and for rhyme, which to say the least of it, does not come with very good grace from the man who is addressed as almighty. The chorus of the opening song reads as follows:

Pretty lips, sweeter than sugar or plum,
Always look smiling, never look glum,
Seem to say, come away kissie, come, come,
Neumy, neum, neumy, neum, neum, neum, neum.

The tender, soulful beauty of this fragrant stanza is something too pure and precious for gross minds like ours to contemplate. We must leave it to itself in all its peerlessness and investigate number two, the chorus of which reads:

O Mary Ann, O Mary Ann, I'll tell yer mar,
She little thought when you went out you'd go so far,
O Mary Ann she little knows the girl you are,
O Mary Ann, Mary Ann, yah! yah! yah! !

If there ever was a time in the writer's life when he felt like bending his knee to a vast intellect; when he felt like worshipping a brain power that perhaps has not its equal on earth, that time is now. The man who is capable of concocting such a line as "O Mary Ann, O Mary Ann, I'll tell yer mar," in all its dainty sentiment and subtle thought, is one whom we can look up to as possessing far more than the ordinary power of understanding. Tennyson has no business to be Poet Laureate when this true spirit of poetry is roaming the earth.

Number three is good enough to print in its entirety. It is called

GYPSY BALLAD.

Do you love the Gypsy Maid,
So full of life and free?
Wilt thou, youth, in turn allow
The gypsy to love thee?

Chorus:

Tra-la-la,
The gypsy she loves thee.

Ah, no! the young gypsy maid
Must love none but her kin;
Not one of all these gay youths
Can she dare hope to win.

Chorus:

Tra-la-la,
For it would be a sin.

So, sweet youth, a long farewell:
May you know nought of care;
I only wish your fair love
As good as you are fair.

Chorus:

Tra-la-la,
For there's none to compare.

It is easy to see at a glance that the gypsy maid must have felt very badly indeed. It is not every girl who will cast off a man of whom she can truthfully asservate, "Tra, la la, for there's none to compare." Indeed, we scarcely know which to admire most extensively—the noble self-sacrifice of the gypsy maid or the captivating qualities

of the youth to whom she tra-la-laed. We do not know when we have read a song that moved us so deeply, any more than we know when we shall read another like it. And if a mere reading produces such a profound impression, what must we expect when sung with all the feeling and expression that a good vocal rendition of it would lend. It does not require any great stretch of imagination to fancy the whole audience in tears over the gypsy's self-sacrifice and broken heart and we can even imagine that the singer is almost compelled to stop his song, by the great sobs that rise in his throat, when he thinks of the woes of the fair one, so realistically depicted by the composer.

These are only a few out of twenty or thirty in the book, but from them bicyclers can see what an enjoyable evening they could pass, by playing say "The Merchant of Venice" and by having a variety entertainment in the court scene to amuse the judge, while his brother players stand nervously around wondering vaguely what their cue is and "what in thunder they're to say when they get it."

MIGMA.

J. S. Dean of Boston has been appointed B. F. C. Consul for the State of Massachusetts. He will immediately nominate a Consul for Boston.

Two members of the Melbourne, Australia, Bicycle Club, made a five hundred mile journey in that country last October, being out about eleven days.

A English firm has sold a tricycle to Solykoff, H. H., the Moharana Sahib Bahadur of Oudypore, India, and the *Cyclist* adds "We shall have Cetywayo on the tricycle next!"

Five members of the Tremont, U. S., Bicycle Club, made individual runs of from twelve to twenty-eight miles on the 17th of Dec., and reported the wheeling as good as the sleighing.

Lient, Griffiths, the tall man of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club, who has been cramping his legs on a 60-inch machine during the past season, will commence the spring campaign on a 62-inch.

The Missouri Bicycle Club held a grand tournament on the 13th Dec., and introduced some novel features, such as a race between a bicycle and a "bone-shaker," a race between Allin's "big" (lying) wheel and the little "Decker," and tricycle riding and races by four young ladies.

A late song is entitled "Where is Heaven?" We don't exactly know, but we rather fancy it's around THE BICYCLE office when the business manager gets a letter from—O well, never mind who. We won't give you away, Eager.

When you hear one of THE BICYCLE'S composers making the air of the composing room blue with curses, it doesn't mean that his wages have been reduced; it doesn't mean that a "galley" of type has just been "pied"; it doesn't mean that the "devil" has poured coal-oil over his plug of chewing tobacco, nor does it mean that one of the boys has put a handful of "pica quads" in his working boots. But it does mean that he's got the Boston letter in his "take" and is giving vent to his feelings in language that is forcible and expressive if not polite.

THE BUGLER.

In *bugling*
 Mend him who can ' The ladies call him sweet,
 —Love's Labor Lost, revised.

The Christmas number of the *Spirit of the Times* comes to me with a couple of jingling verses printed in it, called "The Wheel," which are credited to the *Laramie Boomerang*. Considering the fact that these verses were written especially for the first number of THE BICYCLE and originally published in it, this is a rather cool proceeding. But I am not surprised at it. The *Laramie Boomerang* has long borne an unenviable reputation for stealing good matter and passing it off as original and it would be surprising indeed if it passed THE BICYCLE over. I have no objection in all the world to supply matter for those imbecile sheets whose editors have not brains enough to supply it for themselves, but I certainly like to receive credit for my work.

The gifted but unappreciated Mr. Jenkins, editor of the marvellous *Wheel*, propounds the conundrum in a recent issue of his paper, "Does it pay?" If this has reference to the marvellous *Wheel*, I can answer emphatically that it does not.

There are a great many cads amongst bicyclers. I am referring now to those individuals who have no more sense or good manners than to insult girls that they meet in the country. A great many wheelmen think that they can do this with impunity just because they happen to be mounted on their machines. If on foot it would be the last thing that would enter their minds but when riding they seem to think they must do something to make themselves liked and respected by the country people. Bicyclers complain of the treatment they get from farmers. I wonder if it ever struck them that they are responsible for a good deal of it themselves? Country people have feelings as well as town people, and when bucolic maidens tell their fathers of the insults they are subjected to at the hands of wheelmen, it don't raise riders any appreciable extent in the father's estimation. A man can be a gentleman when mounted on a wheel just as well as he can when on foot, and while it may be well enough to laugh at these things it is a disgrace to the wheel fraternity to put the theoretical humor of them into practice. Possibly those wheelmen who have mothers and sisters may appreciate the true inwardness of their conduct by reflecting that they would not like them insulted and that it's a decidedly poor rule that won't work both ways. The logic of which is, that if wheelmen insult the wives and daughters of countrymen, why should not countrymen insult the wives and daughters of wheelmen?

But two wrongs don't make a right and those cads of the wheel who are in the habit of doing this ought to stop it.

Mr. Brierley's suggestions, for amendments in the by-laws of the C. W. A., to be found in another column, meet with my heartiest approval. I have all along expressed myself as against the club and unattached member rule as it now stands and I think Mr. Brierley's suggestions about fill the bill. That Mr. Brierley, "Hub" and myself are not alone in our ideas of change, a glance at my London letter will show. Wheelmen generally seem to be of the same opinion and I hope to see the change effected in July next. It will boom the C. W. A. if it is done. At the same time I would like Mr. Boussted to write me a letter for publication, setting forth his ideas for having the association on a club basis. If my recollection serves me aright, he was strongly in favor of that when we argued the matter over in THE BICYCLE office.

The marvellous *Wheel* has added another leading light of the literary world to its corps of gifted contributors, in the person of "The Owl" whose peculiar contributions commenced in a recent number. I am glad to see that the gifted but unappreciated Mr. Jenkins, editor of the marvellous *Wheel* is not sparing any expense to fill his paper to the brim with interesting matter. Mr. Jenkins' charming diction the ease and grace with which he mangles quotations from the *Bicycling World* to suit himself, and his ruthless exposure of the names of gentlemen, given to him confidentially, who have contributed to his paper over *nomes de plume*, have long been sources of unalloyed delight to me, and I hardly know how to express my unlimited regard for him as an honorable man, and admiration for his genius as an editor. But he says it costs more to pay postage on the *Wheel* than it does to print the whole edition of THE BICYCLE. Now this is cruel. If he keeps on at me in this way he will bring me down in sorrow to the grave and make me wish I had never learned to reverence and admire his journalistic manliness.

The *Scientific American* is getting funny. It describes and pictures a marine bicycle in a late issue and says "it is probably called a bicycle because there are no wheels about it." The *Scientific* is getting quite frisky in its old age.

Perhaps, when this number is off the press, it will be rather late in the day for me to wish my readers a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, but I do it all the same, and as Rip Van Winkle would say, "may you all live

long and prosper." My wishes for a Merry Christmas you can keep until next time, and as the new year is just dawning as I write it is not too late for me to wish you a happy new year, and I venture to add the hope that it do you some good.

I have many papers other than bicycle publications on my exchange list. One of the neatest of all I get is the *Portfolio*, a well-printed little sheet of sixteen pages, published by the young ladies of the Wesleyan Female College of Hamilton. The *Portfolio* contains a vast amount of instructive and entertaining reading matter, and its funny column is immense. Some of the bright flashes of scintillant wit that find a resting place in that department are simply the acme of saturnian humor. The *Portfolio's* essays on the seasons are elegantly written and command the earnest attention of the intellectual reader. The poetry, too, is sublime, and the grand depth of thought into which the editor wades at times is so profound as to be postively irresistible. The *Portfolio*, I am reliably informed, exchanges with the marvellous *Wheel*. The facility with which these two perfect productions have found out each other's address so that they may gaze in æsthetic admiration at each other's perfectness, is something to marvel at. But it is a matter of surprise to me that two such wonderfully brilliant literary efforts should exist on the American continent.

Mr S. S. McClure of the Boston Ramblers, and editor of the *Wheelman*, is lying seriously ill with typhoid fever at the Boston City Hospital.

A Cincinnati court has decided that the word "damn" is not a profane one. This takes all the fun out of the business. Now, when a bicycler takes a header, instead of saying "Blank that blank, blank, blankety blank of a stone to blank" he will serenely murmur, "struck a snag, by gosh!" in a tone of voice and with an expression on his face that would lead a casual observer to suppose that the average wheelman is endowed with super-human patience.

Washington advices state that several larcenies of bicycles have occurred in that city in the following manner:—A young man in a neat fitting bicycle costume follows a bicycle rider until the latter dismounts to enter a house or store, leaving his machine outside and unprotected, when the thief walks confidently up and after deliberately adjusting his waistband preparatory to mounting, springs into the saddle and coolly rides away. The stolen bicycles are almost immediately sold by the thief.

E. B. Sturges, Esq., president of the Scranton, (Penn.) Bicycle Club, and F. J. Connell are touring in the South of France and Italy. They started one morning lately—on tricycles—to run from Nice to Monaco for breakfast, but got lost on account of their inability to "parlez vous" properly. They followed the index finger of every Frenchman they met, and got pretty thoroughly mixed. They are insane on the subject of French roads, which they say could not be smoother—especially about Nice—if cemented.

(Continued from Page 7.)

But now as I have about exhausted my vocabulary,
I am forced to make an end of this simple tin-
tinabulary,
Or else some irate member of our glorious
constabulary
Will arrest me and the model of a mode
bicycle.

"HUNGRY TOMMY'S" ADVICE TO WOULD BE BICYCLERS.

If you really think you'd like for to learn to
ride a bike, then borrow a machine,
It really doesn't matter, if you come down
with a clatter, such sights are often seen,
Then if you should break it, then surely you
can take it down to Lane & Co.,
Who'll fix it in a trivet, with a hammer and
a rivet, and charge a dollar or so.
Then Mr. Lane will say,
As you take your wheel away,
If you should break it again my dear young
man, which I should be sorry to see,
Then bring it back again to me young man,
then bring it back again to me.

If you're eager for to shine in the bicycling
line, as a fancy rider rare,
You must get up all the pranks of these fancy
mounte-banks, and show them everywhere
You must lie upon your handle, and from your
pedal dangle, and if you would but strive
To pedal with your toes while standing on
your nose, at an angle forty-five.
Then everyone would say
As you steer your mystic way,
If this young man ain't satisfied quite with
plain riding good enough for me,
Why what a very singularly fancy kind of man
this fancy kind of man must be.

And if you're fond of pots, or of medals, there
are lots of men to try your speed,
You must get upon the track, and at the pistol
crack be sure and take the lead,
At the finish courage muster and come in with
a huster, and so you'll win your race,
The others they'll look blue and so indeed
would you if you'd been in their place.
Then the fellows that got left would say
As from the track you stray,
If this young man so ver, fast is, (a long way
too fast for me.)
Why what a most exceedingly fast young man
this fast young man must be.

"OUR TRIP TO THE ANCIENT CITY."

BY "JIMUEL."

Air—"King of the Cannibal Islands."

If you haven't heard the news of late,
About our mighty trip, so great,
Pray listen to me and I will relate,
Our trip to the Ancient City.
With twenty wheels,
All brisk as eels,
So bright and gay each rider feels,
With banner fine
And bugle too
You bet we were a jolly crew.
With our
Uniforms so plain and neat,
Nothing small about us save our feet,
A jollier lot you'll seldom meet,
On a trip to the Ancient City.

Our Capitaine was full of fun,
And perpetrated many a pun,
For which he surely deserved the run,
On our trip to the Ancient City.
Old "Jumbo" with his friendly "Mait"
Both roamed the boat till very late,
To try if they
Could find a bait
But Alas! opposed to them was fate,
With our etc., etc.

And "Hungry Tommy" was there likewise,
"Our Growler" swore he cast sheeps' eyes
At sundry piles of tarts and pies,

On our trip to the Ancient City.
He felt so gay
And full of play
That he was eating all the way.
And he felt quite sore,
And loud did roar
When he found that he could not eat some
more.
With our etc., etc.,

Our Bugler he was full of wind,
And out of his bugle contrived to grind
Many doleful tunes of a doleful kind,
On our trip to the Ancient City.
And "Johnnie A,"
Found lots to say
With his "bewitching eyes" of gray,
The rest of the boys played many a lark,
And "oh! me Lawd," cries Georgie Starke,
With our etc., etc.

The "Pelican" that son of Mars,
Couldn't come by boat, so came by cars,
But he sent along some fine cigars
To smoke at the Ancient City.
Poor "Bunthorne" stayed
At home, but he
Was missed as little as could be.
Whenever a rider felt ill at ease,
He'd call in the aid of our two "M. D.'s"
With our etc., etc.

When on the Terrace we went to drill,
Our "Noble Twelve" displayed great skill,
But "Jingling Johnnie" got an awful spill,
On our trip to the Ancient City.
He felt so queer
We all did fear
That he his royal pants might tear;
But he jumped right up
And with a spring
He mounted astride his old pig-skin.
With our etc., etc.

On Saturday night we all were led
To the dining hall, where a gorgeous spread,
With Captain Campbell at the head
Was laid in the Ancient City.
'Twas toast and song,
It was not long,
In singing, "H. T." came out quite strong,
And all the crew,
Both gray and blue,
Did vow that the dinner was quite "100-100."
With our etc., etc.

On Monday aft, at five o'clock,
Down to the Montreal wharf we walk,
And after considerable fuss and talk,
Bid adieu to the Ancient City.
A rousing cheer
By voices clear
From the Quebecers throats we hear,
With echoing swell
Our answering yell
Did give them a taste of the Boston "Well."
With our etc., etc.

CANUCKS' AWHEEL.

This is how it happened. A friend and
myself spent part of our holidays last year by
taking a wheel trip to Niagara Falls and we
had such a good time that I determined to do
it over again with a still larger party and to
make Buffalo our objective point. With this
intent I spoke to the members of the neighbor-
ing clubs who all responded so heartily that I
expected a party of fifteen at least but when
the time came we found our numbers reduced
to six. Our London friends were to come
down to Aylmer by train Monday morning;
St. Thomas to wheel down to breakfast, and
the start to be made from Aylmer, picking up
the Brantford boys the second day. So at
6.30 Monday morning a cloud of dust, feet,
etc., was seen sailing into town from the west,
and seated majestically a little ahead of the
dust was our friend Hepinstall, sole representa-
tive of St. Thomas. At the train we met
our friend Keenleyside of the 'Tixer, who rep-
resented London. After breakfast had been

disposed of we drew up in line for the start;
and here perhaps it would be as well to make
our bow and introduce ourselves.

First as originator of the party this is us.
Our name is Doolittle, but as the name is very
suggestive, in all but our eating capacity which
is enormous, any further remarks will be
unnecessary. This man on our left hand is
Jumbo. You will readily recognize him by
his big feet, crooked legs and ankles, huge
capacity for noise and expansive countenance,
which reaches behind his ears since he had
his head shaved. Next in order comes the
man whom the Hamilton *Spectator* calls Mr.
Keenleyside. His chief peculiarity lies in
the fact that he ashamed to be seen walking
on the street in his short "close." And this,
ladies and gentlemen, with the bland and
taking smile and shapely legs—beg pardon,
limbs—that is the masher, otherwise Mr.
Frank Morrisoi. of the Aylmer Bi. Club,
and although we have not got them with us
yet we will here introduce our Brantford
friends.

This slim little fellow who takes his meals,
and large ones too, six or seven times a day,
is the kid who is taken in charge by this last
but not least man of our party, papa, who has
the peculiar failing of not being able to pass
any place from an ice cream parlor to a cherry
orchard without buying or taking something.
At home they call the kid Harry Fair and
papa goes by the name of Fred. Westbrook.

And now having made our bow we mount
and ride away, some of our boys going as far
as Springfield with us. About four miles out
the first tumble of the trip was taken in some
soft gravel by—well, it was not reported in the
papers—the result being a bent crank; but
Jumbo got a rail between the end of the crank
and the hub, and Presto! it was straight as
ever. Jumbo has had lots of practice in that
kind of work. Again we mount and soon
reach Springfield over a good to fair road part
clay. Here we leave the boys who cannot
take in the trip and away we go again. The
next six miles to Brownsville are rough clay
with a slight rain shower thrown in or rather
poured in by way of variety. From Brownsville
we get a fine gravel road and Jumbo's counten-
ance, which had lengthened several degrees
since leaving Springfield, experienced a com-
plete collapse and looked like a full moon in
June. A line spin of two and a half miles
brings us to Cullodea, where Newsy, who had
nothing to eat since leaving London at five
A. M., began to feel a goneness inwardly and
moved that a short stop be made for refresh-
ments. After biscuits and milk have been
disposed of we again mount, the road contin-
uing favorable as ever, and at the end of two
miles we have a half-mile coast than which
there is none finer on any country road.
Weight being an advantage we were handi-
capped by Jumbo's feet who shot ahead at a
glorious pace. About two miles further on we
turn off this good road which leads to Ingersoll
and get a middling to poor one to Mount
Elgin, three miles. Here we walk up a hill
into the village, and are repaid by a fine coast
going out. About two miles out we see a
swamp ahead and on our left a fine farm-
house and as it is about noon and eight miles
to the next town, Jumbo, as being the most
cheeky is sent in to take stock of the place.
Walking up to the kitchen door where he
finds the family all at dinner he asks in his
blandest manner if he can get a little milk for
himself and friends as the are very thirsty
and hungry and have ridden a long
distance. A girl is dispatched for the milk but
no invitation is thrown out for dinner even
when one of the hungry ones outside shouts
"dinner for four." Still the farmer had the
graciousness to refuse pay for the milk. After
getting through the swamp Jumbo and I were
sent on ahead to order dinner at Norwich
making the town four minutes ahead of the
others. But dinner is soon on the table and we
rather astonished the natives by the way we
cleaned that board. After an hour's rest we
start on again and soon make New Durham

the only item of interest being our stealing some apples whose very sourness atoned for our sin in taking them. After New Durham comes a fine side-path for a mile and a half and two miles and a half of sand that has to be walked, then a patch of good road for a half a mile and we are in Harley. Five miles of fair road brings us to Burford where Jumbo tries to fan himself with a fence-rail by letting his little wheel get in a crack in the sidewalk and your humble servant, feeling in a gushing mood, frantically embraces a picket fence from the same cause. No serious damage done to the fence in either case. But Brantford is only nine miles and it is six o'clock so we push on over a fair to middling road, then down a long winding hill with good coasting spots then a short stretch and we are coming into Brantford, when we meet the Brantford Bi. boys just starting out to meet us. A hot supper awaits us, thanks to our Brantford friends and our machines are stowed away for the night. Our masher had declared positively on starting that he was going to bed at nine o'clock every night as this was his first trip and he wanted all the sleep he could get. A lady and her father, who, by the way, is a fine violin player, were invited in and he and the daughter of the house gave us some splendid music which had the effect of bringing the masher out of bed post haste, and—well, he did not get to bed again till one o'clock. But he had made a mash and was consequently happy. When we went to look after our wheels next morning behold! every one of them was as clean and bright as a new pin. Our first day had been cloudy and cool with but little sunshine, still next morning Newsy's face looked as if he had been introduced to and been kissed by a whole regiment of pretty girls and here we laid aside our helmets for cool, shady, undressed felt hats which we found on the market and which were more fitted for comfort than elegance. We left Brantford a little after nine o'clock and made Hamilton for dinner over a fair to poor road, six miles of plank, then rough stone with but little side-path. Jumbo had a slight accident before reaching Ancaster and had to take the stage with his wheel into Hamilton, seven miles. From Ancaster to Hamilton is nearly all down the mountain. The scenery is grand but the road is too strong for coasting. At dinner our masher again showed up his hand on the Irish servant girls and made two or three conquests. After dinner we took a stroll through the city and went into the White Elephant restaurant to see the alligator that had just arrived. There we saw a huge box bearing all the marks of travel from Florida, with a hole in the lid for pouring water down to the animal. After having a lemonade we asked them to show up the crocodile. A gallon or two of water was poured down to the Saurian, and then, with an injunction not to get too near the side of the box as we might get splashed, the bolt was turned, the lid lifted, and sure enough there was a gaiter. And it was found in an alley, too! Perhaps we were not sold. Perhaps it was partly owing to the peculiar expression of our countenances, or it might have been the hats, but as we strolled down the street we heard the conundrum propounded by one newsboy to another, "is them clowns," and Jumbo's ready answer was, "them is." Left Hamilton at 3.30 p. m., making Stoney Creek, (six miles) in good shape; and just here let me relate a little incident of our last year's trip which may suggest some practical thoughts to our C.W.A.

We stopped at Hamilton over night and ran to Stoney Creek for breakfast. There being no bicyclers in the place we had no one from whom to get information, so we rode up to the new hotel on the right hand side and ordered breakfast. After waiting three quarters of an hour we heard the tinkle tink of that bell whose music charms the soul or rather the stomach of a hungry bicyclist, and rushed into the *Galle a Manger* and found the *Menu* to consist of a little frizzled and very much fried fat pork, tea, a fresh loaf of bread

and some raspberries. While we were eating, a country doctor came in also. Chum did not care for fruit and consequently retired from the fray much the worse for wear but I made a spirited attack on the bread and berries, and as the last slice of bread disappeared from the plate I felt moderately satisfied. The doctor called for a little more bread if you please, and, as I was leaving the room I saw,—well, don't ask me what I saw, for I am not good at conundrums, I read somewhere lately that in excavating the ruins of Pompeii they had come upon an oven and in it some bread three thousand years old. I believe that story. I used to think that bread never got very old but I have learned something since. The landlady remarked that "the bread is a leetle old, doctor, but it is the best we've got." We were informed a little farther on that if we had gone to the opposite hotel we would have had an excellent meal.

After leaving Stoney Creek we turn to the left and take the lake road, a good dirt one for six or seven miles as the main road is being laid with fresh stone and is unrideable. And now, after we have regained the main road and are about three miles out of Grimsby, a thunder shower, which has long been threatening, begins to loom up rapidly and we forge ahead at a lively pace to try and beat it into Grimsby. Fortunately, there is a lovely sidepath, and aided by the wind, which now blows a half gale, our wheels scarcely seem to touch the ground at all. Our fast men soon distanced the rest, and had the satisfaction of seeing the last couple sail in through a cloud of dust three seconds ahead of the storm. Supper was ready and quickly partaken of, and as we regained the piazza we saw one of the grandest sights of the whole trip. A dark mass of clouds rolling on to the east; the mountain rising majestically in the South, the sun shining brilliantly beneath the last edge of the storm and tinging it with a deep, lurid glare, and a beautiful double rainbow, the most brilliant I have ever seen, resting on the base of the mountain on the one hand and on lake on the other. My faculty is eating, not describing so you will have to let your imagination fill in the soft touchings of harmony which make a perfect picture, and you have a scene which is not surpassed by the thunderings of Niagara or the awful grandeur of the Jungfrau, and which will never be forgotten.

The mount was made just as the sun was setting in a blaze of glory in the west, and the rain having effectually settled the dust, we spun along at a fine pace, making Beamsville, (six miles) at dusk, with thirteen miles yet to St. Catharines. But we had started for St. Catharines and were bound to make it, so away we sped through the gathering darkness. Jordan, (six miles), was made in good season, the road being good with one long hill, at the bottom of which a beautiful view is to be obtained when you have daylight to see it. The afternoon's ride and especially the lively pace of the last twelve miles were beginning to tell on our fresher riders, and a good rubbing down was in order for them, which did them a great deal of good. During the last seven miles it was so dark that it would be impossible to give any idea of the country, although it must have been pretty good as we none of us took a header. Two long hills would be excellent coasting in daylight. Arrived in St. Catharines at 10.30. Met one of the Bi. boys at the hotel who told us that their club had intended coming out to meet us but that a report from one of the Hamilton papers led them to believe that we would not arrive until next day. Tired and sleepy, yet pleased to think that we had been able thus far to carry out our programme, we retired to sleep the sweet refreshing sleep that comes only in sound, vigorous health to tired humanity.

Left at 10.45 next morning. About six miles out we found a well growing among some cherry trees, and we suddenly found that we were very dry. Left the well and part of the cherries. Just as we enter St. Davids we

get a grand view of Brock's Monument, standing boldly out in relief on the bluff and suggesting thoughts of heroism and patriotism. From St. Davids we turn to the right and pass up through a long, sandy ravine through the mountain. About half-way up a tunnel under the railway invites us to call a halt under its cool depths. Pushing on to the top we get a good, level road for five miles which brings us to Drummondville where dinner is ordered. Newsy has somehow been left behind and looking up the road we see him tearing along like a whirlwind. The reason for this unseemly haste was the fact that he had gained by right of discovery another cherry orchard, but on taking possession found it infested by an enemy in the shape of a huge bulldog who disputed his right to the territory and put him to rout.

We had to wait about an hour for dinner. But such a dinner; Eating is my strong point and if had about two columns to spare, I might electrify you with my eloquence on that subject; but I forbear. But if you want a good, old-fashioned dinner that will make you eat till you hurt yourself, just try the International. You get it all for thirty-five cents and only one mile from the Falls where you pay a dollar for not half so good a meal. But one cannot eat forever so we mount and soon reach the Falls where, in descending the hill to the Clifton House, one of our party had a severe tumble, but as he had not "the slightest recollection of it" we will let it pass. At the Clifton House we find a card from Mr. G. R. Alley of the Buffaloes, who has been sent by his club to meet us and escort us to that city, stating that he is waiting for us at the International, American side. After a short look at the Falls which are so familiar to all, we had the novel sensation of riding over the Suspension Bridge with the wind blowing half a gale. We find our friend Alley waiting for us; introductions are exchanged and we soon start on our way for Buffalo. This part of the road we find very good; a considerable portion of it running along the bank of the river, affording a beautiful view.

Arriving in the city we were taken to the Park, where we found the club waiting to receive us. A finer lot of fellows than the members of the club, never pushed a pedal or took a header over a curb-stone. We were treated to a good, substantial lunch after which we took a run through the delightful park drives. Returning at 8.30 to the boat-house we found a sumptuous banquet awaiting us, and as the run had sharpened our appetites we did full justice to it. After we had eaten all we could hold and then a dish of ice-cream put down to fill up the chinks, we were called upon to make a speech but being too full for utterance our speech was the proverbial after dinner one in style and general excellence. Then followed a very interesting one from Mr. Munroe, Consul L. A. W., who gave an account of the Chicago meet. Then three cheers and a tiger for the visiting wheelmen, which was heartily given by the whole club. Then we returned the compliment to "our hosts" and although there were not many of us yet Jumbo is proverbial for genuine ear-splitting howling and the rest of us are not lacking in lung power, and the way we ripped up the stillness of the night was enough to awaken the seven sleepers, and we meant every inch of howl, too.

Then wheels, and away we went down town, where a good, comfortable hotel, Broxel's, was found for us and we were safely stowed away for the night. Next morning we found H. L. Duillard, the jovial kid of the Buffaloes, waiting to show us round the city. We were first taken to the office of Mr. F. F. Williams, who had kindly obtained for us a permit to the city hall and in company with him we proceeded there and had a good view of the city. Then a short stroll around and dinner. Mr. Duillard and another gentleman whose name I have forgotten were on hand, wheels were taken and we were introduced to some of the asphalt pavement of the city. Then the

park was again visited and then the parade house where we were refreshed with something very like a sugar-coated snow-storm with milk dressing. Next the driving park was inspected and then the boat house, where we stowed away a good supper and met the club. Then came a little exhibition of fancy riding in which Jumbo's feet played a conspicuous part; in fact the boys decided that he was the only and original than whom a more curious comical kuss never kicked a wheel along with legs over. Then a run to the Parade House where we were again refreshed. Papa and the Kid gave a fine exhibition of double riding and the Buffalo Club, under the able captaincy of Mr. Gard, gave a drill exhibition, which, with the electric light flashing through the nickeled wheels was simply grand. As we expected to take the morning train home we here took occasion to thank the boys for their kindness and hospitality to us, and to invite them to return our visit. Then wheels were again mounted and we soon found ourselves at the circle where a dismount was called and Captain Gard made a fine speech, thanking us for having visited their city and asking us to do it again. Then a break was made for the nearest soda water fountain and ice cream soda with maple syrup was quickly set out and more quickly disposed of. Then good-byes and hand-shakings were the order of the evening and then our hotel was hunted up for us and we went to bed feeling that we had one of the grandest times of our lives, and we slept so soundly that—well, we lost our train. As the next train did not leave until noon, we took a stroll down to the docks where we met our friend J. R. Williams, brother of the club president, who told us that he would like to see us at that same place at 10.30. We then went down to the lake and enjoyed a plunge in its billowy bosom, and returned to find Mr. Williams and another wheelman waiting for us, with a tug at our disposal. A trip up the river was taken and objects of interest pointed out; then right about and away we steamed out into the lake. The kid has seated himself majestically on the bow with his feet hanging over, when a large wave came along and breaking on the bows deluged him in spray much to his delight, as water is his natural element. But train time was drawing near and we were forced to return. After thanking Mr. Williams for his kindness, we got our wheels and boarded our train, where in solemn council it was resolved: That bicycle touring is a decided success and that this has been the finest trip of our lives. That Canadian roads are good but that Buffalo park riding beats everything we have ever tried. That we are a pretty good lot of fellows, but that the Buffalo B. Club takes the cake every time for genuine sociability, freeness, benevolence, and all the other virtues, and that President F. F. Williams is a brick and his brother is another. That Captain Gard is another, and Consul Munroe and Sec. Alley are others, and so are all the rest, every mother's son of them. That when they attempt to do a thing they do it and that they not only do it but do it well; and that a general invitation to American Wheelmen to visit our part of the country is hereby extended; and that—but here is Alymer and good bye.

Do. O. LITTLE.

SPOKES FROM THE HUB.

I must thank THE BICYCLE for the pains it took last month to have my spokes as they were written, and while I should enjoy visiting you very much, I must decline to soil my hands with the compo.

He has shown a truly repentant spirit and I forgive him and then I

fancy I do not write as plainly as I should. In fact, I am convinced of it by the receipt of a postal from a friend in San Francisco, with whom I correspond, informing me that after a long struggle with my letter, he understood it.

With two inches of snow on the ground things cyclical are exceedingly dull, and there is little to report, except gossip and talk around the club fire.

The Massachusetts Division of the L. A. W. held a slimly attended meeting Nov. 27th, and transacted a little business.

Actually voted to purchase 100 guide boards, although it is generally believed that they will never be used.

They also voted to petition the League for funds, although in Hub's opinion this was an unwise move, as it will tend to make the States think that Massachusetts wants to run the League.

The way they should have gone was to send their bills for legitimate expenses to the League treasurer, as the question would have been brought up when he came to audit the bills, and the League would see that they must pay or the M. div. would cut loose.

The all absorbing topic of conversation is the Prince-Frye contest and the non-action of the racing load in regard to the latter's application for sanction of the race.

You have no doubt learned by this time that though Mr. Frye didn't get it, he decided to race Prince whether or no.

He did so and beat the pro. in the prettiest race I ever saw. It was exciting from the word go and was won by about a foot.

Prince was completely done up at the finish and there can be but little doubt that he was fairly beaten.

And now the *Herald* shows its ignorance by saying that Frye will not race Prince again as he does not wish to affect his amateur status.

Amateur status indeed! Well, I should smile! Why, Frye is just as much a pro. as anybody can be.

The *Herald*-man is not the only one who don't seem to know much, but quite a few known League officials think Frye ought to be considered an amateur, or at least reinstated.

I announced myself as in favor of allowing these men to meet, because I thought it would be eminently proper, but now that Frye has raced with his eyes wide open he ought not to be allowed to be an amateur.

It is a pretty state of things we're coming to in the States, and I am glad to know that the C. W. A. has got sense enough to stick to a good rule and not let dealers, manufacturers and pro's run it.

No one objects to any one doing

what they can to promote the interests of wheelmen, but it does seem a pity that those who engage in the sport as a pastime should not be allowed to run their Clubs and Associations.

There is one dealer, and that is Papa Weston, who don't use his business in any way outside, and when away from his shop he is Papa merely, and as a result is respected by all the boys.

By the way I wish "Bugler" would call around at the Boston's club house some Saturday and take a chop with me.

For you know that we have a 'cycle "chop" club and a jolly time we have at its gatherings.

I will introduce him to London W., Papa Weston, Capt. Hodges, the Colonel's law department, Handy Andy, the renegade from the *Wheel*, Juvenus and lots of other fellows who know how to enjoy life and have a good time.

Oh! I tell you it gets pretty hot in that dining room at times, and the discussions which take place are earnest and pleasant.

Papa is purveyor to the club, and who ever knew an Englishman who don't know what a good chop is?

The Ramblers are hunting for bugles and flags at the skating rink.

The Crescents are living very quietly since they were divorced from the Mass. club.

The latter I never hear of except when the League has a meeting.

I met one of their members the other day who remarked "To—— with the League. I would belong to the—— thing only the club pays my dues."

He further remarked that "it looks to me as though Pope was running the League."

"Well," I replied, "he can if he wants to, and I trust he will get some benefit from it, as it is no good to any one else."

I was talking to London W. the other day and was surprised to hear him say that he was writing an article in defence of the League.

Did you ever! How can he do such a thing! Why, with the exception of Hodges, he has been kicked more than any one.

Hendee won the two mile race at the Institute building, Thanksgiving day, with great ease. He certainly is a flyer. But if Ahl gets into good training I fancy he will give the champion a pull.

By the way, this race wasn't properly sanctioned by the League, so Hendee cannot, if the rules are enforced, compete in the championship race next year.

I wish the BICYCLE a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

HUB.

C. W. A.

Amateur Bicyclers everywhere are cordially invited to join the Canadian Wheelmen's Association. The admission fee is \$2.00, or \$2.00 for every five members, or fraction thereof of a club whose entire active membership joins. Provided such club has a rule in its by-laws that every member must be and remain a member of the Association as long as he is a member of said club. Make checks, drafts or postal money orders payable to Jas. S. Brierley, St. Thomas, Ont., and address all communications in regard to applications for membership to him. Write names of applicants plainly, with first name in full, giving full address and on one side only of separate sheet from letter of advice. Applicants should notice names as published in THE BICYCLE, and notify the Secretary-Treasurer if any error is made. Wheelmen generally should notice the names also, and inform the Secretary-Treasurer (confidentially) if any professional or otherwise objectionable person applies. Information regarding the Association will be sent to any address on application to the Secretary-Treasurer. Every member should endeavor to extend the influence and benefits of the Association by inviting desirable Wheelmen to join.

The rules of the Association are given in full in the first number of THE BICYCLE, and may be obtained post free by sending ten cents to the office. It is important that every member should be familiar with these rules.

All clubs and unattached wheelmen should subscribe to THE BICYCLE, which, as the official organ of the Association, will contain all important notices to members.

APPLICATIONS.

Editor THE BICYCLE:—

The following names have been proposed for membership in the Canadian Wheelmen's Association and are sent to you for publication.

JAS. S. BRIERLEY,
ST. THOMAS, Dec. 28th, 1882. Sec.-Treas. C. W. A.

CLUBS.

FOREST CITY BICYCLE CLUB, London.—R. Burns, C. H. Wallace, W. M. Begg, C. B. Keenleyside, Geo. D. Cameron, J. B. Digman, R. Miller, Geo. Burns, Jr., J. W. Simpson, Wm. Payne, W. Chisholm, Jas. Lamb, Stanley Williams, Geo. McIntosh, J. Shaw, E. Hodgins, J. Bilton, W. Logie, Jas. Reid, J. Riddell, Geo. Lilley, Geo. Forsythe, A. E. Griffith, W. Skinner, W. Trebley, H. O. Brunton, J. A. Carling, Fred. Carling, Alex. Reid, J. McCarty, W. Worthington, I. Dawson, G. C. McLean, W. H. Cooper, C. Mountjoy, L. Fitzgerald, R. Patton, F. S. Peters and Frank Adams.

ST. THOMAS BICYCLE CLUB, St. Thomas.—C. H. Hepinstall, Arthur Wood, James S. Brierley, W. White, O. Boughner, H. Scott, E. Fitzgibbons, E. Heal, W. Reiser, R. J. Old, H. Eakins, Chas. Scott and E. White.

SIMCOE BICYCLE CLUB, Simcoe.—Geo. W. Wells, H. A. Carter, H. B. Donly, R. J. McKee, J. A. Rippon, W. S. Perry, E. A. Tisdale, C. A. Austin and W. S. Wallace.

UNATTACHED.—J. B. Moore, Seaforth.

CANADIAN NEWS.

LATEST BICYCLE GOSSIP FROM ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Write your letters on one side of the paper only, and make them as trenchant as possible. All matter intended for this department should be addressed to the editor. No attention paid to communications unless accompanied by name and address, not necessarily for publication but as a guarantee of good faith.

THE LONDON FELLOES.

MY DEAR BICYCLE.—Your former correspondent, Mr. A. Pasha, is no more. He was murdered by the incensed foot-ballist from the (late) Railway City. They met on the 9th December, A. D. 1882, in the room of the Forest City Bicycle Club. Weapons, soft gloves. After fighting two rounds, during which Mr. Pasha had slightly the best of it, the crank was observed to spit over his little finger, (that is, his smallest finger) for good luck, and tightening his grip on the buckskins, the advanced to the attack. Throwing his arms over his head, and circling them in the hair, he broug Mr. Pasha a thump on the

nose and following up his advantage, he soon had the unfortunate scribe reduced to a funeral. Crying "sneaky music please" Mr. Pasha succumbed to the awful slugging of his opponent. In response to his dying request, the "sneaky music" struck up the Dead march in "Saut" with variations, from the "Merry War." With the fall of Mr. Pasha the Baby City was avenged and the balance of the evening spent pleasantly.

The Forest City Bicycle Club have joined the C. W. A. and were delighted to find that they were No. 1, and they now take pleasure in inviting and recommending the wheelmen of Canada to join the National Association, as a better, or more useful association could hardly be conceived of; and if the cyclists of the Dominion rally to its support as they should, the association, by spring, will be in most excellent working order. Some fault is found with the constitution, especially regarding fees. The idea that unattached riders will be willing to join and pay \$2.00, when club members pay but 40 cents is rather absurd; and that the high fee for unattached riders will have the effect of fostering clubs, is also rather erratic. The unattached will receive less benefit than the club member. Then why tax him more heavily? If a uniform rate were agreed upon, say 50c. or \$1.00 all around, the Association may be assured of the support of the vast majority of the riders in Canada, or at least Ontario.

A letter received from Chicago by the Secretary of the "Forest City," says that a large party of American riders from Chicago and Detroit intend making the tour of Ontario, from Windsor to the Falls, next summer, and wish the Canucks to join them. The Yankees say that for roads Canada certainly excels. (Excelsior, or as J. Burr. Plumb (?) says "Canada's best is the world's best.")

As bicycling is rather out of season, the "Forest City" has invested in a set of boxing gloves (slugs) and any amount of sport is had in pummelling each other.

Snowshoeing and skating are also extensively indulged in.

Wishing every knight of the wheel in Canada from Pelee Island to the North Pole and from Cape Breton to Vancouver Island, all the compliments of the season, I am,

Yours,
MACHINE.

London, Dec. 25, 82.

TORONTO LOCK-NUTS.

The Wanderers has been formed a little over two months, and although started late in the season can boast of about 25 members, and 20 bicycles.

The boys are well pleased with their uniforms which are of grey cloth, trimmed with black. A grey and black hat and black stockings complete the suit.

The badge is a neat silver monogram made up of the letters W. B. C.

We have been making arrangements and think we shall succeed in obtaining a suitable place to practice in during the winter.

Our next meet will probably be in the shape of a dinner, and I hope that this "meat" will turn the whole club out in force.

Our Vice President, Mr. Ross, is talking of riding next year. If he can learn to ride as well as he can row, he'll make things hum.

The "Cap" has fully recovered from the effects of running over a dog. He advises all riders not to tackle a dog over a foot high.

Lieut. Geo. Cooper was seen around town lately enveloped in a linen duster with a fur collar on. He is talking of putting runners on his wheel and making an ice-boat out of his "blawsted" machine.

The "Crank" or Don was noticed tearing around the bay on his bicycle last week. He says nothing can catch him when he's on ice. I suppose he managed to overtake and catch that bad cold that's bothering him so now.

The Wanderers' song, "Rolling into Oshawa," seemed to take in Weston, the last time they were out there. But that is nothing to wonder at, when we are led by the nickel-plated voices of Davies, Alexander, Fitz and Co.

"WANDERER."

TORONTO, Dec. 25th, 1882.

WOODSTOCK WARBLINGS.

MY DEAR BICYCLE:—As yet we have no club organization in Woodstock, but there is no reason why we should not. I think we could muster together as many as fifteen lovers of cycling in active exercise. Considering that we have amongst us the late amateur champion of Canada, together with those four expert amateurs who are aspiring for honors at their wheels, I fail to see why we should not call a meeting a once for the purpose of organizing a club and keep pace in this healthful exercise with other towns around us. Now that we have a Canadian Association of Wheelmen and an authorized journal—THE BICYCLE—(which by the way is well deserving the name,) I have no doubt that the interest in bicycling will increase very rapidly, and will soon become a more general sport among the young men of our country.

In the meantime I will do all in my power in Woodstock to assist the Association in carrying out their intentions, viz.: the establishment of a bicycle club in every town in Canada.

Yours truly,
SPOKES.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"Will you hear this letter with attention as you would hear an oracle?"

—Shakespeare.

EDITOR OF THE BICYCLE:—

In your last issue you offered the use of your columns for the discussion of the proposed Constitution and By-laws of the C. W. A. The subject is an important one, and demands immediate attention. It should be thoroughly ventilated during the next two months, so that at the Spring meeting of the Board of Officers a revised Constitution may be prepared which will reflect the opinions of the majority of Canadian riders, and will belikely to meet with approval and confirmation at the general meeting on July 1st, 1883. If this is not done, and the matter is left in abeyance until the eleventh hour, the result will be a mass of conflicting ideas presented to the meeting, which it will not have time to digest, and a Constitution may be evolved which will need constant revision. Kindred organizations are in existence, from whose experience we may learn what pitfalls to avoid, and what measures to adopt, and the fault will be ours if we cannot decide on a Constitution which will need but little subsequent alteration, and will achieve the end of doing the greatest good to the greatest number.

The first question which arises is—Of what shall the Association consist? What shall be the basis of its organization? Shall it be an Association of clubs for the benefit of clubs, or of wheelmen for the benefit of wheelmen, individually and collectively?

Let all due deference, consideration and encouragement be shown to Clubs, but not to the virtual exclusion from the benefits of the Association of unattached riders, who will soon be numbered by hundreds throughout Canada. The present Constitution is really prohibitory to the great unattached, so it levies on them an annual fee of two dollars, while members of a club pay only forty cents; but as a compensation for this difference the unattached member is allowed to vote in person at general meetings while clubs can only send one representative for every five members. This last rule will tend to weaken one of the chief objects of the Association, i. e., the gathering, together, at

least annually, of all Canadian Wheelmen.—Under a clause limiting the voting power to one in five, the incentive for Clubs to send their entire membership to annual meetings is materially lessened.

Unlike mutual insurance and benevolent societies, the meetings of a cycling association are not merely intended to furnish an opportunity for legislation—a committee of a dozen delegates could legislate—but are supposed to be meetings of the wheelmen of a country for the purposes of information, comparison and closer fellowship; and the demonstration, by outward and visible signs, of the power and numbers of the disciples of the wheel.

The strongest argument on behalf of the discrimination in favor of clubs, is that the tendency to form clubs is strengthened thereby. I doubt if it is, for in many places where there are but five or six riders, all may be perfectly eligible men for our association, but all may not care for connecting themselves so closely together as the formation of a local club would require. But granting that this tendency to form clubs would exist, what then? Does that strengthen our Association, more than if those members joined individually? I trow not, for they will be practically disfranchised and lose correspondingly their interest in an association in whose conduct they have so little voice.

The changes I would suggest in the constitution are these:

1. That a uniform annual fee of fifty or seventy-five cents be charged each member, whether club or unattached.
2. That every member present at the annual meetings be entitled to vote, but that no proxies or delegates be allowed.
3. That all applicants for membership, residing in towns where clubs are in existence must be members of the local club, providing such club belongs to the Association.
4. That in place of holding the championship races in the autumn, as at present provided, they be held on the same, or following day, as the annual meeting.
5. That at all parades the captain of the local club shall be the marshall.
6. That at all parades clubs have precedence in order of numbers of riders present.
7. That every county be entitled to a representative on the Executive Board for every fifty members or fraction thereof over twenty-five, in said county.

Would not these changes, if carried out, simplify the workings of the Association?

The suggestions are made in that belief, and in the hope that a warm discussion will be provoked.

Whether the constitution be altered or not, the C.W.A. will prosper if every lover of the sport will do what in him lies for its advancement, and if, though

"Our wheels are a thousand, our hearts are one."

Respectfully yours,

JAS. S. BRIERLEY,
Secretary C. W. A.

Dec. 18th, 1882.

English wheel papers are joining in useless efforts to influence legislation against street railways, or, as they are termed over there, tramways. The fact is, that while they are in many respects nuisances and spoil our highways for bicycles and cause some swearing on the part of drivers of carriages, the benefits the general public derive from ready and cheap conveyance between local distances where walking would be out of the question, far outweighs the annoyance to the other classes of vehicles, and if submitted to a popular vote the question of their continuance would be decided in the affirmative by ten to one.—*Bicycling World*.

THE MEDITATIVE CRANK.

"In 'cycling meditation fancy free."

I see the newspapers throughout the Province are terming the Forest City Bicycle Club the youngest and strongest one in the Dominion, and verily they speak the truth. I had the pleasure of visiting its rooms the other night, and a veritable surprise awaited me. You wouldn't consider it a surprise, too, would't you, dear editor, if, shortly after being introduced to thirty or forty young men, you were expected to stand up and let their best boxer knock you around at his own sweet will? That is how they took this stranger in, and entertained him despitely. But one of the number afterwards amply atoned for the sins of the rest, by favoring the company with a few notes on the piano of a new opera called "Pinafore."

The Londoners, however, certainly understand the secret of making their Club a success. They keep constantly on hand a well assorted stock of energetic officers, who have procured good rooms and furnished them elegantly, and thus provided a place where the members of the Club can always depend on finding during the Winter evenings—congenial companionship and amusement.

I see Perry Doolittle, the father of the Aylmer Club, has taken up his residence in Toronto. A better example to isolated wheelmen in small towns of what a single man, with his heart in the work, can do for the advancement of 'cycling, could not be found than the one furnished by Perry Doolittle in Aylmer. Three or four years ago, before an imported bicycle had travelled the soil of Ontario, Mr. Doolittle rode one of his own construction, and from that day to this he has been a leading spirit in western wheel circles. In the town of Aylmer there are now about thirty wheels, organized into an active club, whose influence and membership is not confined to Aylmer alone, but extends for many miles around.

Racing events in Ontario during the season just past were not productive of as much interest as if they had been under the control or sanction of some body competent to hold championship races. But even as it was several young riders showed plainly what stuff they were made of. Fred Westbrook, of Brantford, can undoubtedly show his little wheel to any Canadian rider in a one mile race, and if he rides next year I opine the best American wheelmen will also behold the same edifying spectacle.

The Canadian record for one day is still comparatively low, but next year the century men across the border had better look to their laurels. What was the longest ride made in Ontario?

Hepinstall, of St. Thomas, rode 102 miles one day last October—and I have yet to hear of a longer.

For Winter riding some western 'cyclers have made their small wheel stationary, and placed a runner underneath it, but I have not heard how the plan works. Love of bicycling must certainly be inventions' mother-in-law.

Compliments of the season to yourself and family.

CRANK.

Mlle Louise Armadillo as sent the following challenge to the Chicago *Herald*, under date of Dec. 26th, '82:

"I hereby challenge any man in America to ride a bicycle 26 hours, or a six-days bicycle race, twelve hours daily, even up, for \$250 a side and the long distance championship of America, to take place in Chicago three weeks from the signing of the articles of agreement, and to show that I mean business only, I have deposited \$50 in the hands of Mr. J. O. Blake, President of the League of Chicago Wheelmen. This challenge is open for three weeks, and if not accepted in that time I will claim the long-distance championship of America."

"Respectfully,

"Mlle LOUISE ARMADILLO,
Champion Lady Bicyclist of the World."

A correspondent of the *Bicycling Times* mentions two very light bicycles which he saw in the establishment of M. M. Clement & Co., in Paris. One was a 52-inch and weighed but sixteen pounds all complete, nearly everything hollow, and the front wheel had two hundred and eighty spokes. The head, neck, forks and bearings were all in one piece. Another weighed but eighteen and a half pounds, was a 50-inch, completely hollow, with three hundred spokes in the front wheel, and one hundred and forty in the rear wheel.—This latter machine had been thoroughly tested, having been ridden 2,000 miles. The same writer, says a rider, Ernst Roquent, of Paris, has, like Scuri, mastered the unicycle and takes long spins of twenty miles.

Mr. S. T. Clark of Baltimore, will leave New York for England, per steamship, "Britannic" 8 January. His purpose in going is to complete the specifications of what will be the most perfect light roadster ever imported into the United States, and to have dies for drop forgings made, in order to put the Rennyson patent safety "detachable handle bar" before the public, so that riders may have the advantage of this valuable appliance when they wish it. He will also attend the Stanley and other exhibitions of bicycles and accessories, and secure the latest approved novelties for his firm's trade.—*Exchange*.

A CHRISTMAS TRAGEDY.

PART I.—CLIPPED FROM THE PAPER.

(Condensed Extract from the *Sometown Morning Star* of December 26th, 1879.)

Yesterday afternoon, about five o'clock, when Dr. Ryan Chesley was driving into the city his horse shied at something lying by Gardner's crossing, about half a mile out of the limits. The doctor stopped his horse and got out to see what the object was, when he discovered it to be the body of a man lying on his right side with a bicycle beside him. At first the doctor thought the man had been thrown from his wheel and stunned, but a cursory examination revealed the fact that he was dead. The doctor left the body and rode in to town where he informed the police of what he had discovered. A wagon and a posse of policemen were sent out and the body brought in. It was then discovered that a foul murder had been committed and that the murdered man was Mr. J. W. Larche, a son of our much respected Mayor. Two cuts were found in his back. They had apparently been made with a sharp instrument, and either of them would have resulted fatally. The whole affair is shrouded in mystery. Robbery was not the motive, for nothing of value was removed from his person. Mr. Larche was the Captain of the *Sometown Bicycle Club*, and was beloved and respected by everybody. He was a genial, kindly-natured young man, and as far as known, had not an enemy in the world. Deceased was only twenty-two, and had given evidence of those qualities that would insure his success in life. His family have the sympathy of the whole community. As yet no clue has been obtained to the perpetrator or perpetrators of the dastardly affair.

PART II.—THE CORONER'S INQUEST.

A Coroner's inquest was held on the body on the morning of the 27th. Dr. Chesley testified to the finding of the body; he also gave his medical opinion of the wounds. The blade of the knife with which the murder had been committed was four and a half inches in length. It was sharpened on both sides and tapered to a point. The blows were struck downwards as if the person who struck him had been above him, or at any rate on an equal height with him when the stabbing was done. That these blows had been given while riding on his bicycle, an examination of his machine showed. Blood had spurted from the wounds and fallen on the backbone and smaller wheel. The logical deduction was that the murderer had been on a bicycle too. Death had been instantaneous.

Further information was elicited from various witnesses, showing that the murdered man had gone from home that morning to a neighboring village. He had gone there on his bicycle, had stayed there all day and was returning when killed. As far as could be found out he had left there alone. Jules Wittmack, a German farmer, testified that he had passed him on the road about a mile on the other side of Gardner's crossing. He was then alone. No person had seen him since, as far as could be ascertained, until he had been found by the doctor. Medical testimony went to show that he had been dead fully an hour before found. No clue could be obtained to the murderer or murderers, and a verdict of "death at the hands of some person or persons unknown" was rendered.

PART III.—TOLD BY ROBERT

Lynch, Barrister, and Secretary of the *Sometown Bicycle Club*. Compiled from personal investigations; from the diary of Miss Lilly Moor, and from the posthumous papers of Richard T. Larche, cousin of the deceased.

There was no handsomer man in all *Sometown* than Jim Larche. He was tall, well built, had a well shaped head covered with closely cropped, curly auburn hair; clear cut regular features, a lovely silky mustache and a pair of equally silky side-whiskers. His

mouth and chin were rather effeminate, but he had a bright pair of dark blue eyes, that flashed with intelligence and vivacity and showed the ability to do and dare. He had plenty of money too. He dressed well, talked well, danced and walked well. He was jolly, good natured and agreeable; had a cheery smile and fascinating manners. Was it a wonder that he was everybody's favorite?

All the girls liked Jim; he was just such a fellow as they would like. His kindly courteous nature, his frank smile and winning way, and his readiness to put himself to any amount of trouble to please them made him dear to the female heart divine. I do not think I over estimate matters at all when I say that not a girl who knew him would have said "nay" to him had he propounded the eventful question to her; certainly very few would have refused the chance to "love, honor and obey" him for life, if he offered it. But though he liked all the girls in a sisterly way, there was only one who had the power to make that great mystery we call the human heart, beat faster in his bosom. That was Lilly Moor, a pretty little miss of some nineteen summers, who lived with her father in a dear little picturesque cottage on a quiet back street in *Sometown*. Lilly, I think, was the prettiest girl I have ever seen. A tall, finely developed girl with an oval face, large dark eyes and a wealth of rich chestnut-colored hair. She had plenty of lovers, but Jim soon distanced them all. His cousin, Dick Larche, had been her favorite until he came along, and then it was all up with Dick. In the vulgar but expressive idiom of the day, his "goose was cooked." Although Dick knew this he did not give up hope. He could not. "If I can't have her," he said to himself, "I swear Jim never shall." He ground this out through his teeth in a blood-curdling manner. "But I will have her," he continued. "If Jim comes between us let him beware." This was in the summer time. Summer is lovers' Paradise generally, and Jim took advantage of lovely moonlight nights for long strolls with his sweetheart; for boat riding on the river, when he would ship his oars and lay back in the boat letting it drift idly along with the gentle current, and for making love as steadily and as hard as he knew how. And of course she learned to love him. How could she help it? His nature was one that would win the heart of any woman. So one day it came about that when Jim dropped down on his knee in the orthodox manner and spoke the orthodox words, she blushed prettily and answered "yes," and Jim caught her in his arms and said "my darling" and talked a great deal of the nonsense that lovers do talk when they have it very bad; and he kissed her, not once, not twice, but half-a-dozen times and felt that he was the happiest man in all civilization.

This was in the latter part of September. On the first of November the engagement was "given out." That is to say, Lilly told a couple of her friends about it in the strictest confidence and then of course everybody knew it. When Richard heard of it he was in agony. It was told him down town one evening by his cousin, "Congratulate me, Dick," he said, "Lilly and I are going to be married!" It came on him suddenly and he felt it, but only for an instant. Then the Judas smile came on his lips and the Judas words came from them. "Dear old man, let me give you every congratulation, I wish you every joy." Then he had gone away to his room and locked himself in. He sat down by the window and looked out on the calm beauty of the autumn night. The trees were stripped of their clothing and the branches looked bare and bleak, yet strangely, sadly beautiful. Down by the fence a row of evergreens stood and far beyond them he could catch glimpses of the light and brightness of the city. The moon was struggling to show itself through a splash of grey clouds that came straggling across the sky's blue face. The whole scene was beautiful but dreary. But in his present mood he took no

thought of what was before him. Thoughts of Jim and of Lilly filled his mind. He was deeply in love with the girl; madly, passionately. He loved her with all the fervor of his strong nature and he was willing to sacrifice anything, even life itself, for her. But he could not bear the thought of another having her. He wanted her for himself. And he told himself that he would have her. "If I can't I swear that Jim never shall. I'll kill him first!" The words came from his lips before he thought them. But he caught their purport as they fell. The thought had been lurking in his mind all along though he had not dared to face it. Now that he was face to face with it he kept it before him. For an hour or more he sat there arguing the subject with himself. "Yes," he said at last, even that. Then he arose and went to bed and slept soundly. But he had fully made up his mind that if necessary he would kill his cousin to prevent his marrying Lilly.

Christmas Day dawned bright and fair. Early in the morning Jim arose, oiled his bicycle and made preparations to ride to Snakeville. It had been a uniformly mild winter and to-day there was no snow on the ground. There had been a rather sharp frost the night before and the morning was a cool, bracing one. Jim, as he rode along, felt light of heart and as happy as a bird. Some catchy tune came to his lips and he hummed the jingling verse that accompanied it and fancied that the quiet buzz of his wheel was a merry orchestral strain that chimed in with his song. No premonitor of the fate that was in store for him ere the day's close came to him. It seemed to him that he had never been so completely happy, so entirely free from care or worry as he was now. Everything was prospering with him; even the course of his true love had run smooth. And a week from to-day he would be married. Married! There was bliss in the word. "Dear little sweetheart," he said to himself, "how I love you!" At last he reached Snakeville. It was eleven o'clock when he got there and at half-past two he started to return. The pale, wintry sun was shining down as he left the village. It shone upon the tall spire of the little village church and seemed to cover its glittering surface with a veil of gold. The door of the sacred edifice was open as he went past, and he could catch a glimpse inside of a large stained glass window in the far end through which the sun-beams fell, filling the church with a glory of colored light. Two or three peaceful groups of children were strolling through "God's acre," stopping now and then to look at the tombstones that bore the name of many a departed one who had gone let us hope to a better land. A half smothered sigh came from his heart to his lips as he passed it all. The sight of the children in all the ruddy health of glorious youth, wandering through the city of the dead, in his mind, somehow, connected itself with the fine, "In the midst of life we are in death." Somehow, the words seemed to haunt him. They rang in his ears and made him feel gloomy and sad. "Who knows," he thought, "which one of us shall see the light of another day?" But he cast his gloomy thoughts away with a slight effort. He told himself he had no right to feel miserable now when he was so near his marriage with Lilly. And was not to-day Christmas day when all the world should be light of heart and gay? This was the day of days; the day that Christ was born! He reverently bowed his head as this thought came into his mind. Then he thought of his little love at home, and his heart bounded with joy as he did it. Along he went, whirling the wire wheel under his toe and growing quite happy again thinking of his sweetheart. He felt at peace with all the world and never wondered if all the world was at peace with him. So he went along. Time was flying apace and the shadows which fall early in winter were deepening slightly as the afternoon wore away.

A turn in the road brought him within a hundred yards of Gardner's Crossing and face to face with Richard Larche, who was riding leisurely along. For a few moments the twain stopped and chatted and then Dick turned his machine around and rode back with his cousin. He had been expecting this all day. Ever since he had heard that Jim had gone to Snakeville he had made up his mind that he would meet him as he came back and kill him. There had been no hesitation about it. He had made all his plans deliberately and well to escape detection. He never counted on the aftermath. He saw only this. He loved Lilly. Jim was the only obstacle to his winning her. Jim must be removed. That was all. No thought of Lilly's blighted life, if she loved Jim truly; no thought of the sorrow to the family; no thought of the poor mother whose heart would break under the terrible affliction. None of these. Only the one awful, horrible thought that Jim must die. There was no feeling of revenge about it; no feeling of jealousy. The matter stood simply that Jim was an obstacle in his path and that the obstacle must be removed. He saw no way to do it except by murder and he had made up his mind that if murder had to be done he would do it. He needed nothing to keep his resolution up. He had definitely made up his mind and it was as unalterable as were the laws of the Medes and Persians. He had planned it all beforehand and he knew just when and where he would strike. So when he met Jim the Judas smile on his lips was mingled with a look of fixed determination. They rode along together and Dick took the knife from his breast and held it in his hand ready to strike. Jim was on the outside and Dick quite close to him a little behind. Gardner's Crossing was reached. Dick raised the knife and drove it through the air into his cousin's back. It sank with a dull thud. He pulled it out quickly and repeated the blow. Without a cry, with nothing but a half-moaned "Lilly," the victim fell to the earth—dead. A moment before living, breathing; full of life and hope, and vigor. Now, nothing but an inanimate lump of clay. Truly, "In the midst of life we are in death."

Now that it was too late he began to reflect on the consequences of his crime. He had dismounted from his bicycle and stood there beside the body with the knife, dripping with his cousin's life blood, in his hand and for the first time since he had contemplated the possibility of murder, he counted the cost and began to feel sorry for what he had done. There was a certain admixture of joy with this feeling, that could hardly be called remorse, caused by the fact that he saw nothing now to prevent his marriage with Lilly. "Girls," he argued, "forget their old loves in no time. I never saw a woman yet that was constant. Now that Jim is out of the way it will all be plain sailing for me." He tried to comfort himself with specious arguments of this sort, and to a certain extent he succeeded. The awful horror of his true position had not come to him yet. But it would come soon. He placed the knife carefully in his bosom, remounted and rode away. He was terribly nervous now. Great drops of perspiration gathered on his forehead and rolled slowly down his face. The reaction was coming. The iron will that had supported him so long was beginning to shake at last and he felt himself filled with a nervous dread and horror that he could not overcome. He could not sleep that night. His cousin's dead body was ever before his eyes; his cousin's dying moan was ringing in his ears. He began to realize the awful deed he had done and to speculate on the chances of discovery. But the days wore on and as no clue was found, he began to feel more secure. His great crime was ever before him; sleeping or waking his thoughts were filled with that but he thought he could bear it as long as he was undiscovered. He would wait three months, he told himself, and then recommence his attentions to Lily and

in time marry her. Now this was a very nice programme but in laying it out he forgot to make provision for the important consideration of Lilly herself and what she would have to say about it. It happened that Lilly had been very much in love with Jim and his death had almost killed her too. In her grief she had solemnly vowed never to marry and to remain constant to his memory and she was a young lady who had the remarkable faculty, in a woman, of sticking to her intentions. So when Dick commenced to come around again, she told him gently but firmly that she proposed remaining faithful to Jim and that no power on earth would induce her to change her decision. "I like you very much," she said to him "but I shall never marry either you or any person else—never. My mind is made up and I shall not change it. It is utterly useless for you to try and persuade me." She had said this in a quiet manner that carried its own weight and put him in despair. He had committed a deliberate murder for the sake of winning this girl and now he found out that his crime had been for naught. He never thought of trying any underhand means to obtain her. He might have abducted her but such an idea never entered his mind. He knew she meant what she said so he left her. And not only her but Sometown. Way out west, in a Californian mining town, he was last heard of in July, 1882. The papers contained an Associated Press despatch at that date, which told that he had been killed in a gambling hell.

Sometown is a thriving city now. The flash of the polished bicycle spokes can be seen almost any afternoon and swains with their sweethearts wander beside the river and the old, old story is told time and time again since Jim Larche died, but there are a great many there who will never forget the tragedy of that Christmas tide and wonder who it was that had black, murderous thoughts in his heart that day instead of good-will towards all mankind. Lilly Moor is still alive. She is Lilly Moor still and she always will be, for she can never be faithless to the memory of the handsome, kindly youth, who died on Christ's day at the hands of an assassin.

QUIZ.

WILMOT'S FANCY RIDING.

Another exemplification of the possibilities of the bicycle in the direction of fancy riding was presented at the Olympian Skating Club rooms in the Mechanic Association building, Boston; recently. Mr. W. D. Wilmot, the "snow man," having stopped conquering winter, has been getting himself into fancy condition, and on this occasion treated the public to many new tricks as well as new versions of some old ones, and did all exceedingly well, and won almost continuous applause from the spectators and a handsome \$25 gold medal from the Club. Commencing with one pedal riding, Wilmot quickly changed his position and assumed all manner of difficult positions on his machine, vaulting, coasting at full speed while hanging by his toes from the handle bar, riding on pedal and step with folded arms, leaping into the saddle with both feet at once, and then coasting while kneeling on the bar with arms folded, catching two bags from the floor and regaining the saddle again, kneeling on the bar and holding the bags at arm's length, and many more equally difficult and good. The side-saddle

riding, with hands off, was very good, especially when cutting a circle with the body on the outside, leaning in,—a very difficult and dangerous feat, requiring fine balancing.

In standstills, Wilmot had an excellent line, including sitting and lying on the pedals and balancing with the body standing on the pedals, spokes and tires in fully a dozen different ways, standing astraddle of the head of the machine, standing on front of machine, facing toward the little wheel, and again with his back to it, walking down the spokes and picking up his handkerchief and regaining his seat,—in fact, walking all around and over the machine without once touching the floor. The excellent thing in all these standstills was, that after once standing still, Wilmot did not step on to the floor, nor did the machine leave its position until he had gone through a list of some twenty or twenty-five difficult tricks. In riding on one wheel Wilmot rode very fast; and this, we think, was a slight fault, as, according to our idea of the act, speed will keep the rider from toppling over front, while in going at a slow pace the rider exercises considerable more skill in keeping his centre of gravity. Another new line that the exhibitor brought out was riding on the steps of two machines, bringing them to a standstill, and then standing in the saddles with arms folded; and then, to cap this, riding on one machine, leading two others, one in each hand, stacking all three, and standing erect on the saddle of the centre machine.—*World*.

A dealer in or agent for kerosene stoves has been exhibiting its utility and cheapness by riding on a "sociable" tricycle with one about the streets of Paris, stopping from time to time to experiment in the presence of a quickly assembling crowd, after which he distributes his advertising circulars, and then moves on to another locality.

Lewis T. Frye has issued a challenge to John S. Prince to race him ten miles for the professional championship of America, and a purse \$600, and expresses a desire to have the event occur the twentieth of the month at the Institute Fair Building, Boston. Frye has left a deposit with his challenge, and Prince will not be slow to cover it and respond.

Fred. Westbrook, of Brantford, goes to England in the Spring to try his racing powers with the English flyers. He tells us that he has already entered in fifteen races. Wish you success, old man.

One of the features of next month's BICYCLE will be a handsomely illustrated account of a trip made by the "Big Four," of Toronto. It was originally intended for this issue, but want of space compels us to hold it over.