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J. S. Beerley Esq



A JOURNAL OF CYCLING.

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

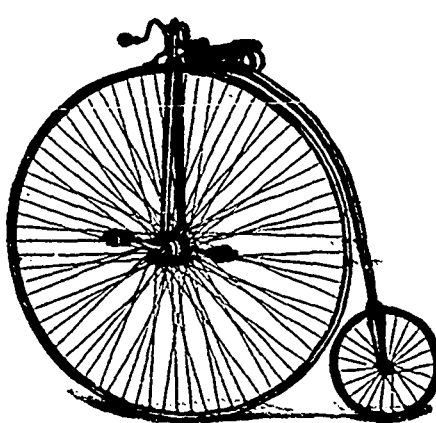
Vol. III.

LONDON, CANADA, JANUARY, 1886.

No. 3.

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A MARVELLOUS TALE.

'Twas the week before Christmas. In Lapland
Town

(Where lived Santa Claus of world renown)
A crowd had gathered from far and near
To attend the sale of Mr. Claus' deer,
For, strange to say, he had advertised well
That on that day his deer he would sell.
The people all wondered how their neighbor
would carry

His Christmas load without deer or lorry,
But that he knew a thing or two
After reading this tale you'll say is true.

'Twas the day before Christmas. Santa Claus
Suddenly left his old Lapland Town!
Whither or when or how no one knew,
Nor did he give them the slightest clue.

'Twas Christmas Night, and the Moon looked
On sleeping city and village and town;
But the Man in the Moon saw the strangest
thing

That ever was viewed by a planet, I ween.
As midnight drew near he keenly peered
To see if Santa and his antlered herd
Were going to visit the world once more
From chimney to chimney and door to door.
Long he listened for the merry jingling
Of his golden bells with the air a-mingling:
Hold! By the light of the Evening Star
What's this I see in the distance afar?
A white-bearded, fur-covered affair!
High-ho! 'tis St. Nicholas at last, I declare!
But where are his ponies with high-perched
head?

And his cosy seat in his little sled?
Faster and faster he flies o'er the earth,
Shaking with laughter and jolly with mirth.
But what is he riding? 'Tis a thing of steel;
By Jupiter, Stars, he's on a Rudge Wheel!
With a curved handle-bar and a clear-sounding
bell,

And a load of presents that nearly fell
As he pedalled away o'er the Rockies' crest:
'Twas a perilous ride, it must be confessed.
But how he flew over hill and plain!
How he worked his way with might and main!
How he skipped across highways and across
corner lots,

Till in the distance his feet were but dots!
And his pile of goodies had run so low
That he wheeled to Fairyland and began to stow
Away in his saddle-bag a fresh store of toys
For American girls and Canadian boys.
And all night long on his tangent wheel
St. Nicholas raced with the envious Deil
Who tried to stop him on his errand of joy,
Jealous because he had been given no toy.

By the break of day, when the Morning Star
Arrived on the scene from her home afar,
St. Nicholas had finished the last of his task,
Disappointed from his wheel, took out a flask,
And drank hearty and long to his Friend of
Steel—

His Lightning Express—his new Rudge Wheel;
He drank to the health of Robinson & Co.,
And advised his friends at once to go
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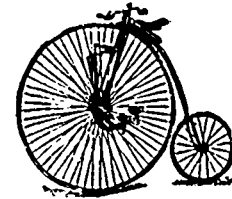
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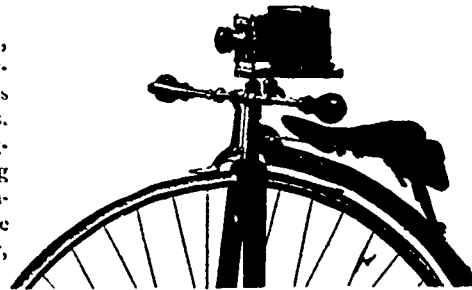
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(These testimonials will appear in my Cata-
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The Canadian Wheelman:

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING.

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

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

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

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

LONDON, JANUARY, 1886.

THE CAREFUL LEARNER

No man knows so well how to be wisely careless as the truly careful man. To be careful is to be wise, and to be careless, under some circumstances and in respect of some things, is to be equally wise. All wheelmen given to observation must have noticed that the over-cautious and extremely careful rider comes oftenest to the ground. He takes just twice as long as his chum to learn to ride, and never, positively never, feels thoroughly at ease in the saddle. He is afflicted by this nervous dread of accident, which has its foundation chiefly in his imagination, and this slow-up, pull-back style of carefulness which is fatal to the comfort of those who practice it. Brother wheelman, never vote lack of confidence in your wheel: if you do, it will resent it and pitch you into all sorts of shapes. On the contrary, if you put full confidence in your strong, easily-controlled machine, it will be proud of you and carry you safely through nine times out of ten. The tenth time is the accident to which we are all subject.

The sacred poet Isaiah says: "He that observeth the wind shall not sow; he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap." Now, the man who has got seed to sow is not to be utterly regardless of the wind, nor the reaper is not to entirely ignore the weather. But the wheelman who is afraid of every small rut in his path, like the sower frightened by every gust of wind, how is he going to ride! Or how is the rider who becomes timorous in every narrow way or at every little declivity, like the reaper scared at every cloud that flits across the sky, to keep his saddle! He will lose his head, or actually go over his head, and no one likes to be out of his depth. Do not misunderstand us; we are not advocating recklessness: he who knows nothing of the careful will come to grief.

To the rider of a month who falls to the side, we would say, be less timid. Put more shove to your feet and you will have fewer tremors in the small of your back. Trust to your wheel and don't be afraid of making it lift you over a brick. To the first season rider who sometimes tries to get ahead of his machine we would say, be less studiously careful and more confidently careless.

Mr. Chas. Richard Dodge, late of Washington, D.C., and formerly editor of *Field and Farm*, has recently accepted the editorship of *Quiting*.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The New York *Wheel* dubs Woodstock the bicycle hub of Canada. This is fame.

John Bell has been honorably reinstated as captain of the Chicago Owl Club, the parties who made charges against him having seen their error and apologized.

Hill-climbing contests are not as general in Canada as they should be. What an attraction a contest on an artificially-constructed hill would be at a C.W.A. meet!

Mr. Thos. W. Eck invariably affixes "Champion of Canada" to his signature. Will Mr. Eck please produce his credentials. If Canada is his country, he has no honor here.

They are making a new street in St. Louis, and the idea is mooted of constructing part of it especially for cycles. The time may come when all roads will have their cycle tracks.

Some western wheelmen have again raised the question of flying starts. 'Tis a dead issue. So long as human nature is human nature, flying starts will be unsatisfactory to racers and spectators.

There is a probability of England being swarmed with fancy riders next year. Annie Sylvester, Prince Wells, Ralph Friedberg, Westbrook and Hacker, and others, are already on the tip-toe of expectation.

Mr. Joseph Butcher, in a letter to the *Bicycling World*, makes the serious charge against McCurdy, the long-distance rider, that in his great race one of his pace-makers rode his wheel while he rested.

A good suggestion is made in an English journal that handicap races should be made from scratch, the riders not to be aware of the time allowance given to each. This would make such races worth looking at.

The official organ of the L.A.W. is credited with being a financial loss to the League. 'Tis not to be wondered at. The L.A.W. does not likely expect to get a first-class official gazette like the *Bulletin* for nothing.

'Tis with pride we learn that Canada, through the medium of the Montreal Bicycle Club, can claim the first Chinese lantern parade. What the Montreal boys don't know about wheeling few American clubs can teach them.

The Star riders who toured through Canada last summer say, in the *Star Advocate*: "The Canadians were very hospitable, and we wish to thank them for the many kindnesses shown us; we will gladly reciprocate whenever opportunity may offer."

Rowe, it is obvious, is a good man, but should he visit England next year we shall expect to see him finish behind our best men. We should unhesitatingly pin our faith upon Webber (in default of English) in a 20-mile race either in England or America.—*Bicycling News*.

It is likely that the opportunity for faith-pinning will be afforded next season.

The English *Bicycling News* bows how small a soul it possesses and what the nature of its professed fraternal feeling towards American cyclists by leaving uncorrected in a letter from Mr.

Ducker a few mistakes of grammar that crept into that gentleman's communication. Such action is beneath contempt.

The kindly disposition manifested by the English papers towards America and American riders is well illustrated by the following extract from the *Bicycling News*:

"The record manufactory at Springfield is still in full blast, and we have again to announce further upsets on the path. Mr. Geo. M. Hendee, having turned his attention to tricycling riding, made 'world's records,' as a matter of course— $\frac{1}{4}$ mile, 42s.; $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, 1m. 21 4-5s."

It is felt by many that the year 1886 should see the adoption of an Association uniform by the C.W.A. The kindred organization of Great Britain and the United States have each a distinctive dress. The possession or wearing of the uniform would not of course be compulsory, but if adopted by a majority of the members of the Association would add greatly to the appearance of the Association meets. Were a neat costume adopted, new clubs would be very likely to accept it as their uniform, and in the case of unattached riders, their difficulty about selecting a suitable riding dress would be solved for them.

The anathemas of the Montreal Bicycle Club have been hurled upon the devoted head of THE WHEELMAN for mentioning as a novel idea the recent Chinese lantern parade of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club. We must confess that we are no longer in ignorance of the fact that the Massachusetts Club merely copied an example set by the Montreal Club a year ago. No one could have occupied the editorial chair of THE WHEELMAN since the issue of the December number without learning that much. Letter after letter has arrived from members of the energetic Canadian Club pointing out our error, and asking that credit be given where credit is due. We give it with the heartiest pleasure, and wouldn't object to making a similar error in regard to several other Canadian clubs if it would result similarly in awakening their members to a realization of their duty to THE WHEELMAN.

Perhaps some of our friends will take exception to the last remark, and claim that they owe no duty to THE WHEELMAN—that they are diligent in their payments to the C.W.A., and that there their duty ceases, and those of the editor of THE WHEELMAN begins. Friend that thinkst so, thou'rt wrong. Your duty to THE WHEELMAN is a part of your duty to the organization of which you are a member. The C.W.A. is a band of brethren of the wheel, joined together for mutual advantage, and every member of the Association is supposed to do what he can in the interest of his fellows generally. THE WHEELMAN is one of the instruments adopted by the Association to advance its work, and it is every member's duty to personally endeavor to make it better serve, with each succeeding month, the purpose for which it exists.

Cyclists are full of schemes. An English wheelman proposes a winter excursion to Holland for a run on the frozen canals, and another wants to go on a long-distance tour on the Great Canal of Russia, 4,792 miles long, so as to reach the Chinese frontier before Thomas Stevens gets there.

STRAIGHTAWAY FOR FORTY DAYS.

Karl Kron, in his book, will say: Physically, a man is apt to be at his best during the ten years which bring him to middle-age at thirty-five. Of his possible seven decades, that is distinctly the one during which, under normal conditions, his average health and vigor will most nearly approach the ideal standard. Health may not always ensure happiness, but it is certainly a chief condition thereof; and whoever puts it in peril by continuous overwork during those "ten healthiest years," with the idea of thus winning leisure in which to enjoy himself later, seems to me to act foolishly. "As we journey through life, let us live by the way," is a maxim that has ever been to me a sufficient excuse for "going slow" and making the most of the pleasures of the passing hour. These theories I have often advanced against Philistine acquaintances, whose all-absorbing efforts to "get on" forced an indefinite postponement of all thoughts of pleasuring, and I have warned them that the bodily machine tends to run less and less smoothly when once it reaches the down-grade, beginning at the half-way point on its appointed course. It was somewhat exasperating, nevertheless, to have the truth of this physical law so promptly demonstrated upon my own person; but my thirty-sixth year was not allowed to end without bringing to me an attack of illness—for the first time since my childhood. But within three weeks after this brief prostration by malarial fever, I started to wheel 400 miles, and no reminder of the fever kept me company during that pleasant autumn journey. The first annual tour through Canada of the Chicago B. C., the previous July, had shown me that I could be sure of finding 300 miles of such roadway between Detroit and Niagara; and an illustrated report of some Washington men's ride to the Natural Bridge (*The Wheelman*, Aug., 1883, pp. 323-331), had made me eager to try that longest and best-macadamized track in the Union, which stretches from the edge of Pennsylvania for 150 miles south, through the Shenandoah Valley, to Staunton, in Virginia. My fortnight's ride in Ontario began at the Crawford House, in Windsor, opposite Detroit, Monday, Oct. 8, 1883, at 4 A.M., and ended at the Revere House, in Prescott, opposite Ogdensburg, Sunday, Oct. 21, at 9.30 P.M. I do not believe that the "weather probabilities" of so extended an outing could be bettered by changing the season of it. I think I chose as good a time of year as possible for the exploration of that particular 1,400 miles of territory. I should account a man very lucky who could go over it without experiencing an aggregate of discomforts at least as great as my own. The intensely cold air, which characterized my week's passage across Pennsylvania, supplied an admirable exhilaration which could not have been had in summer; and if the rains which preceded made mud, they also laid the dust and stiffened up the sand ruts,—those two banes of touring in very dry weather. The rain-storms indeed never once proved prohibitory to daily progress, and the happening of four of them within eight days did not prevent my fortnight in Ontario from being much the fastest one in my entire wheeling experience. I may as well confess here that one reason for such swiftness was a lack of temptations for

tarrying. It was by no means an unpleasant country to ride through,—it was far less monotonous and uninteresting than a traveller by train would imagine,—but all I wanted to see of it could generally be seen well enough without leaving the saddle. There were few salient points or noble outlooks where I longed to linger. There was small sense of loss or regret in continually moving on. From Tecumseh on Lake St. Clair to Kingsville on Lake Ontario; along the shore of this for 100 miles till in the region of St. Thomas, where a turn was made cross-country for 50 miles to Lake Huron and its shore skirted for a dozen miles to Goderich; then another inland stretch of 190 miles to Toronto, and a shore road along Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence for 230 miles to Prescott: such is the outline of a course that supplied me a pleasing variety of scenery, but "without prejudice" to a rapid passage through it. If the waters of the lake, in sunshine or in moonlight, made a pretty section of my horizon, I was not forced to halt in order to enjoy the spectacle. Its attractiveness was increased, rather by the constant change implied in rapid motion. No hills worth mentioning were met for the first 100 miles; and the roadway, without being absolutely straight, was a very direct one, having few abrupt turns or angles. Cleared and cultivated lands extended back from it on each side, for a ½ mile or ¼ mile, with a fringe of woods behind them, against the horizon. In the hillier, rougher and less fertile regions which I traversed later, I found similar conditions generally prevailing, in a somewhat modified form; that is, there was usually a stretch of open country near the road, with a wooded background. It seems to me that very little of my riding was "in the woods," and almost none of it in heavily-timbered forests. I think, too, that hardly any shade-trees had been planted along the wayside. Beneath the blazing sun of midsummer, therefore, a "tenderfoot" tourist through Ontario might perhaps consider its roads a trifle too much *al fresco*: but, on the whole, as I have said, to a cyclist who wants the peculiar pleasure of pushing himself at a swift pace across a wide stretch of country, "Talbot Street" offers far greater attractions than any 500 mile thoroughfare in the United States.

THE RECORDS.

The following table from the *Mail* shows the best Canadian records in existence:

Distance.	Time.	Made by
½ mile.....	1.31 4-5Low
¾ mile, without hands	1.42 2-5Williams
1 mile.....	2.58 3-5Clarke
2 miles.....	6.29 2-5Foster
3 miles.....	9.52Foster
4 miles.....	13.37Clarke
5 miles.....	16.06 3-8*Clarke
6 miles.....	20.29 2-5Davies
7 miles.....	23.50Davies
8 miles.....	27.12 1-5Davies
9 miles.....	30.35Davies
10 miles.....	33.43 4-5Davies
20 miles.....	1h. 11.53Davies
50 miles.....	3h. 07.22Clarke

Tricycle Record.

1 mile..... 4.18 3-5A T Lane

Safety Bicycle.

1 mile..... 3.19 4-5T Fane

* Clarke is credited with 16.00 3-5 Sept. 5, 1884.

A STAR QUARTETTE IN CANADA.

In August last four members of the Star Bicycle Club of Cleveland—Messrs. Chubb, McTigue, Weitz and another—took a tour through Canada, which is pleasantly described in the last number of the *Star Advocate*. They started from Windsor, and the writer says: "Dusk brought us to Buckhorn, 71 miles since 11 A.M. In the morning we were fresh and lively, and ready for a good day's work. Our route led us over 23 miles of good roads, but on the last few miles we were filled with grave anticipations, as the natives would exhortingly tell us that we 'wouldn't run them things so nice when we came to the sand,' and, sure enough, we didn't; we would ride awhile, then dismount in a hurry and push the wheel to rest it; it was ride a little and then push; finally we got through to Wallace town, 14 miles, where we were told that bicyclists never attempt to ride the road we had ridden. The next six miles, to Iona, is good, and from Iona to St. Thomas the land is undulating and the finest riding imaginable—one continuous succession of hills not too steep to climb, and just steep enough for excellent coasting. We would coast down one and half way up another, when a few strokes would bring us to the top, and the fun would be repeated. This lasted nearly the whole distance, 13 miles. Arriving at St. Thomas, we coasted Kettle Creek hill, a perfect gem for coasting, a quarter of a mile long, with a hard even grade and nearly straight. It was our intention to have taken an early supper (59m.) and gone on to London, 18 miles, but being welcomed by such distinguished wheelmen as Messrs. Brierley and Hepinstall, we concluded to remain until morning. Mr. Brierley, president of the C.W.A., escorted us around the city, showing us, as only a wheelman can, the points of interest, and here we noticed the absence of all prejudice against the Star. The St. Thomas wheelmen, and, in fact, all others, rode with us, and treated us as if we rode 'ordinaries'; and I think some of our American cranks might study with advantage the good-fellowship of our Canadian neighbors. At London we were waited upon by several members of the Ariel Touring Club, and after supper Mr. Meyers and Mr. Evans, editor of THE CANADIAN WHEELMAN, came for us, to see the city from the wheel. Our schedule for Monday, the 17th, called for Goderich, 66 miles. This was said to be the finest road in Canada, but there is a mistake somewhere, as it was the worst we rode over, excepting the sand."

Messrs. Charles Robinson & Co., of 22 Church street, Toronto, has a member of their staff who is strongly addicted, like Silas Wegg, to "dropping into poetry." He makes the Rudge his theme in this issue of THE WHEELMAN, the result being a stirring tale of Santa Claus and his Christmas ride. This enterprising firm write us that they are preparing their Spring Catalogue, which will contain some novelties for 1886, early announcements of which will be made in THE WHEELMAN.

The Westfield, Mass., bicyclists have formed a class for Bible study among themselves, to meet in their club-rooms on Sunday afternoons.

C. W. A. OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.



The Canadian Wheelmen's Association,

ORGANIZED SEPTEMBER, 1882.

President—Mr. JAS. S. BRIERLEY, *Journal*, St. Thomas, Ont.

Vice-President—Mr. W. G. EAKINS, *Mail*, Toronto, Ont.

Secretary-Treasurer—Mr. HAL. B. DONLY, *Reformer*, Simcoe, Ont.

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Seaforth.—E. C. Coleman.
Walkerton.—D. Traill.
Paisley.—A. G. Beaman.
Cargill.—W. D. Cargill.
Tilsonburg.—R. C. H. Wood.
Drayton.—Joseph Powell.
Elmwood.—Moses Wildfang.

DISTRICT NO. 2.

Toronto.—W. A. Capon, 183 King St. east.
Newcastle.—Eli F. Bowie.
Hamilton.—Percy Donville, 121 John St.
Thorold.—J. Dobbin.
St. Catharines.—A. N. Lindsay.
Brighton.—R. J. Bowles.
Niagara Falls.—John Robinson.
Port Colborne.—Thornton Hayek.
Newmarket.—Thos. C. Watson.
Markham.—Jay J. Ross.
Richmond Hill.—Theo. G. Law.

DISTRICT NO. 3.

Ottawa.—F. M. S. Jenkins.
Brockville.—A. L. Murray.
Napanee.—Alex. Leslie.
Kingston.—Wm. Nicol.
Belleville.—R. E. Clarke.
Carleton Place.—Alex. T. Taylor.
Cornwall.—H. Turner.

DISTRICT NO. 4.

Montreal City.—A. T. Lane, P.O. Box 967.
" " J. T. Gnaedinger, St. Peter Street.
" " J. R. Scales, 234 St. James Street.
Sherbrooke City.—R. N. Robins.

Mr. W. A. Karn, C.C. No. 1 District, has appointed the following Hotel Headquarters:

Arlington House.....Port Elgin.
Lorne "Elmwood.
Hicks "Mitchell.

TRICYCLES.

The year 1885, now nearly gone, has been, so far as tricycles go, a year of experiments. No one type of machine has led the market, and new forms have come in for trial. Two years ago the loop-frame machine was the popular one, then the two-track shared honors with it, and last year the T-frame was the favorite. This year the small-wheeled handle-bar steers have come in, and we believe they have come to stay. With so many different kinds in the market, it is hard to tell which possesses the most advantages. All have their good points and all have weaknesses. He who can assemble the one and reject all the others will be fortunate. We believe the machine of 1886 must have small drivers, a large steerer, handle-bar automatic steering, and a strong and simple hand-brake.—*Bi. World.*

THE COMING GRAND TOUR.

When cyclists, in the course of a year or two, have discovered how very superior the roads are in France, Switzerland and Italy to those in England, and how easy and jolly a thing it is to ride abroad visiting cities as old as Verona and as beautiful as Venice, there will arise a need for a new kind of Bradshaw which will give in a very small bulk the routes from London to all the principal cities of Europe, with what the English Bradshaw does not give added—namely, the name of some inn or hotel at each place passed, and the prices, just as *Bedecker* does in his handbooks. The cyclist will have many advantages over the ordinary traveller, because he carries less luggage, and can visit places—a waterfall, a ruined castle or abbey, a quiet lake, a gem of blue set in the Alps—without the bother and expense attendant upon the ordinary methods created by the present system of "going abroad." At present, even cyclists are too little aware of how much may be done, and at how small cost in a fortnight's holiday, when they bring to their aid in running about a bicycle or tricycle. Of course the bicyclist can run the faster, but he is at this disadvantage—he cannot carry as much luggage with him as is actually necessary for a run on the continent, while the tricyclist, on his machine, may carry enough for all his wants—of course those wants being of a modest character. Perhaps at no distant time the bicyclist will only need to carry a tooth-brush and a comb about with him—all other necessities being supplied by the hotel-keeper, on the same principle adopted by Captain Marryat. In the new "Cyclists' Bradshaw" how curious it will read, "To Venice from Chiasso, by Como, Milan, Brescia, Teschiera, Verona, and Padua, seven days, probable cost, \$3."—*London Standard.*

A SPORTING OPINION.

While contemplating the long and exceptionally brilliant array of unparalleled achievements this season placed to the credit of amateur and professional cyclists, and noting the additions constantly being made to the list, the average reader must feel disposed to heartily join with the sorely-tried preserver of records in fervently praying for a "let-up" on the part of the over-ambitious propellers of the nicked steeds.—Surely they should remain content with the marvellous performances so far accomplished, and willingly give their overworked machines a much-needed rest till the season of 1886 opens. The feats performed by Amateur Rowe and Professional Woodside since our last issue, together with nearly all the unprecedented achievements chronicled since the Springfield tournament, have, it must be remembered, been done in trials against time, under conditions of weather, track and surroundings altogether favorable to the performer, and that, while constituting technical records, in actual merit they fall short of slower performances accomplished in races between men. This fact should be given due consideration in comparing the time made, as it will be in making up the records at the end of the year.—*Clipper.*

The head of the firm of Singer & Co., Coventry, is expected in America shortly, to look up the matter of establishing an American branch.

Wheelman Centres.

BRANTFORD.

Allow me, Mr. Editor, to congratulate you, on behalf of the boys from the Telephone City, on the neat and tasty form in which THE CANADIAN WHEELMAN appeared last month, and the thanks of the members of the Association are certainly due to the person who first evolved the idea that it could be made an Association paper.

Outdoor bicycling may be said practically to have finished around here for this season, but we are still making use of the Roller Rink, Manager Secord having been kind enough to offer us the use of his building to ride in every morning during the winter season, and we expect to make good use of it in thoroughly drilling the club in both fancy and demou drill.

Mr. W. G. Hurst gave his wonderful exhibition at the Rink here for two nights before large and highly appreciative audiences. Some of his tricks were simply marvellous, and stamped him as a rider whom even the invincible Dan Canary will have to perform his best tricks to equal.

The boys here are all glad to hear that the Belleville Club has such a large membership, and that they have such bright prospects for the coming year; but they beg respectfully to differ from them as to the city in which the C.W.A. meet for 1886 could most advantageously be held. Belleville is, no doubt, a very large and beautiful city, but it is far from a suitable place for the reception of the meet. It is not central, and, above all, has no suitable track. Just imagine the championship times to be made on an eighth of a mile track! Brantford is not only more central and has a splendid track, but our club ranks far above the Belleville one in the C.W.A., and our turnouts on former meets have been much larger than those of Belleville.

Our boys are not trying to get this meet here to make money, and if there is any surplus due us after paying expenses, it will all go towards giving our visitors a pleasant time on that day.

Everybody is full of new projects and ideas for the next season, and among the probabilities for cyclists around here is a suite of rooms at the track, consisting of a gymnasium, sitting and ball rooms.

There is also some talk of a tour by the members of the club here. The route is not finally laid out, but will embrace about four hundred miles of the best road in the country.

December 10, 1885.

D. H. F. P.

BERLIN AND WATERLOO.

A correspondent from far-off Nebraska writes: The last copy of our official organ came to hand a short time ago, and in perusing its valuable columns I "took in" the remarks of your Woodstock correspondent and decided that he was right in giving the sleepy clubs of our Association a waking up. Go it, Woodstock! and there is no doubt but some of our more backward clubs will see the necessity of helping you "keep up the rep."

As I am a member of "The Echoes" of Berlin and Waterloo, perhaps a short history of that club will be interesting. It was first organized in May, 1884, under the name of the "Lans-

downe B.C.," and was made up of wheelmen of both towns to the number of 10. Our runs during the season were frequent and enjoyable. In May, 1885, the club was reorganized under the name of "The Echoes," and the membership increased to 20. A club-room was fitted up at Berlin, and here we held our meetings, which were well attended and enthusiastic.— During the earlier part of the season the runs were very popular and well attended, but interest in them lessened as the season advanced. Frequent tours were taken by some of the boys, who reported the road-guide as invaluable. By the way, a report of the roads leading out of Berlin and Waterloo was prepared but never sent, for some reason unknown to me. The club was represented by ten men at the annual meet at Woodstock. Later in the season the boys suddenly awakened to the necessity of having more funds in the treasury, and in less than two weeks from the above-mentioned waking-up we presented a programme to our Berlin and Waterloo friends. Our intentions were to provide similar entertainments during the winter, and if other clubs would do likewise, I am certain it would help to pass the long winter evenings in an enjoyable and profitable way.

Hoping you may hear from other clubs that have been quiet like ourselves,

I am, yours respectfully,

WATERLOO.

P.S.—Will tell you about Nebraska roads next time.—W.

Nebraska City, Neb., Dec. 1, 1885.

TORONTO.

The winter of our discontent arrived on the C.P.R. train from Winnipeg a week ago to-day. When the first B.S. fell on old Mrs. Earth, twenty-six members of the Torontos and fourteen of the Wanderers rummaged among their bureau drawers and brought forth their old 6-ply bicycle stockings; whipped them over the back of a chair half a dozen times to get the Kingston Road dust out of them, and then pulled them on; donned a blanket coat, and lo! a snowshoer stood revealed. A bicyclist is a genuine sport. He manages to fill every chink of his spare time with pleasure of some sort; and the man whose legs are accustomed to pedalling his way over the country is just the person to propel a pair of snowshoes over the snow. There's one enthusiastic wheelman here, however, whom nothing can stop except a railway train or a policeman. Winter and summer, spring and autumn, rain and shine, mud or slush, he disdains to walk and pushes through any obstacle on his Xtraordinary Challenge. I refer to Mr. Robt. Tyson, the Osgoode Hall shorthand reporter. I've been told he keeps his wheel in his bedroom, and occasionally gets up at night to have a spin up and down the hall, so as to keep in practice, but I won't vouch for its accuracy.

Chas. Robinson & Co. inform me they have never recovered the Oxford club stolen from them last fall.

Lavender is still in England.

I hear many a flattering remark about the improvements in THE WHEELMAN. So say we all.

Hurst is about leaving for the States on a professional fancy bicycle riding tour.

George H. Hill has been exhibiting down east.

A high old Christmas to you!

PETE.

MONTREAL.

A two-line remark in the last WHEELMAN about the Montreal Bicycle Club had the desired effect, and a couple of the gentlemen connected with that organization rise to remark that the club is neither dead nor sleeping.

"Montreal" writes as follows: My December number of THE WHEELMAN has just reached me, and while glad to see that it is as well edited and as readable as formerly, I must confess I fail to understand the general rejoicing running through the communications, unless, indeed, it is that they now get for nothing what before cost \$1.00 per annum. But I did not intend to open this letter with a "growl" when I commenced. No. I wanted to have something to say about one of your editorial notes beginning, "Lost, strayed, etc.," and ending with "Montreal Bicycle Club."

We are "hibernating" at present with a vengeance. There is a tremendous snow storm at time of writing, but you can let your head last summer was not our season for "hibernating" to any great extent. Our club mileage was larger than ever before, our rides better attended, and more members came to our weekly meetings and gave our committee the benefit (?) of their advice. I will try and stir up our hon. sec. to send you figures.

I want to have a whack at another editorial—"A Novel Parade." You state that the Massachusetts Club, in holding a Chinese lantern parade, have added another chapter to the possibilities of wheeling. Well, so they have, but it is chapter No. 2, for the Montreal Bicycle Club (don't walk all over my coat collar if I say, as usual) have added chapter the first in that line. As long ago as September, 1884, our club had a Chinese lantern parade, attended by some 90 riders, all the machines being more or less decorated with fancy lanterns, as the taste or inventive faculties of the riders dictated. It was a very pretty sight indeed, and we have it under consideration to repeat it in the coming season with even greater success.

I hope this letter may have the effect of stirring up some of our literary members to send you more news about our club; but if it don't, I will perhaps inflict another epistle on your patience.

"A Member," after speaking of the lantern parade, says: The members of the Montreal B.C. Club presented Mr. S. McCaw (ex-captain) with a handsome silver tilting-pitcher on the occasion of his marriage on the 25th Nov. As our silent steeds are put away for this season, some 20 or 25 of the boys tramped over Mount Royal with the Snow Shoe Club, Wednesday evening, Dec. 2nd. The boys are having a large club picture taken at Messrs. Notman & Son's. There being some 55 or 60 men in the group, Mr. Notman has signified his intention of exhibiting it in London (Eng.) next year, at the Colonial Exhibition.

Messrs. Crispo, Darling, Knadlinger, Robertson, and some others of our prominent racing men, may be seen in the Gymnasium three times a week, going in heavy for something heavy.

Messrs. Tibbs, Lane, Miller and Ostell are still to the good, and deserve the thanks of the boys for their long and still continued services to the club.

Mr. R. F. Smith, the hon. sec., is just the man for the position, and as the secretary, he is a "dandy."

"M. B. C." writes: Mr. W. McCaw, better known amongst the boys as "Sandy," was married last month. He was elected captain last spring, but had a bad fall on July 4th, which severely injured his knee-cap, and laid him out for about six weeks. He has not been able to ride since, but he sent in his resignation about a month after the accident, when Mr. J. R. Scales was elected to succeed him. Joe has become quite a favorite amongst the boys.

"1878" sends a clipping from the *Montreal Star* of Sept. 11th, 1884:

"Over seventy bicyclists and nearly a dozen tricyclists turned out last night for the Chinese lantern parade. They met at the club-house about 8 o'clock, with their machine decked out with flags and Chinese lanterns. Some also had Chinese parasols attached to their vehicles, with lanterns hanging from them, and the appearance of the party was very picturesque. Fireworks were discharged all along the route taken, and some amusement was caused by several of the lanterns taking fire. The procession broke up at Phillips Square, having been the best of this nature that has ever taken place in Canada."

OTTAWA.

The season's riding can be fairly judged past now. Every bicycle fellow one meets has a wonderful tale of riding at his tongue's end, and that, I take it, is a sure sign. How elastic memory is in the matter of record-breaking! Is it any wonder that they do occasionally dwindle in public, when so many are broken in private? Our yarns, however, all treat of road-riding. We have no track here, which is, of course, a hindrance to the growth of the sport. Public imagination in such matters is, at best, a sluggish thing, and it is only the livelier quality that sees in our whirling wheels suggestions of green woods, birds, and other things besides nickel-plating and blue serge, and, not grasping the full meaning of the innovation, they look on bicycles as pretty, but rather dangerous, toys. The advent of "Safeties" to our midst is doing much towards opening the public eye in the matter, and the bearded bread-winners, who straddle "Safeties" to get the better of their livers, are getting the better of existing prejudices at the same time. All honor, then, to the "Safeties!" Not so graceful, so *spirituelle* as the larger breed, I know, but the divine law of compensation declares itself here in immunity from headers, and other practical advantages, so that those who do not care to take risks can still whirl themselves away from the noisy, dusty streets to where cow-bells tinkle and ozone is cheap.

Our club-rides during the past season have been increasingly well attended, the average being well over two-thirds of active membership. But the real benefit of the club-work is not by any means represented by this average; rather is it exhibited in the small parties of five or six wheelmen that may be seen any afternoon riding country-wards, happy in comradeship the club has fostered. Street parades have been held once a month throughout the season, and an exhibition of club-drill was given in the Roller Rink on the occasion of Westbook and Hacker's performance here. Latterly the club energies have been directed to the establishment of club-rooms, and we

now luxuriate in cosy apartments in the Scottish Ontario Chambers. Bicycle literature lies on the table, bicycle pictures adorn the walls, amidst which stimulative surroundings it is felt we shall bear the wildest blizzard and the stiffest frost nap with the composure of souls that live in a pleasant past and a hopeful future. But stop! Do not imagine for a moment that we are about to lapse into that enervating, cigarettish languor that too often characterizes club-rooming-it. We have guarded against this evil by holding weekly meets in the Drill Hall, while a fancy drill-squad is arranging for nightly practice in the Roller Rink, so you see we still live and love our wheels, and that beast of a thermometer will have to come right down off its nail to chill the enthusiasm of

Yours very truly, OTTAWA.

ST. JOHN, N.B.

The interest taken in bicycling in this city during the last season has made quite a stride. The club now numbers over forty as compared with twenty the year before. Much of this credit is due to the push and energy of our very popular captain, W. A. MacLachlan. Although the streets through the city are rough, the country roads are in fine condition, and the club has had many successful runs.

Messrs. MacLachlan, Robertson and Turnbull represented St. John B. C. on "The Moose-head Bar Harbor" tour in July last. A 5-mile road race was held on Thanksgiving day, H. C. Page being the winner in 18 47. The course—which was in good condition—was 2½ miles out the Mar-11 road and return. A club-room has been opened for the winter, and judging from the attendance the club will have many new members next season.

Arrangements are being made for the proposed "Blue-nose" tour to be held next July. The American party will be under the leadership of F. A. Elwell, who has so successfully conducted the "Down East" and Bermuda tours the last few years. The tourists will assemble at Grand Falls, and after visiting the many places of interest, including the Falls—the largest in America with the exception of Niagara—will wheel to Fredericton, where they remain two days, enabling the party to view this beautiful city and its surroundings. From Fredericton the tourists will take the steamer down the picturesque St. John river to Westfield, where they will disembark and wheel to St. John. The roads taken by the tourists are good, and the most inexperienced wheelmen will find no trouble in keeping up. We hope that some of our Canadian friends will avail themselves of this opportunity to have one of the pleasantest trips of the season. We would be pleased to see any wheelmen visiting this city, and every effort will be made to make their stay with us enjoyable.

JIM.

A correspondent of the *Bicycling World* writes: "Has it ever been suggested to take instantaneous photos of close finishes in bicycle races? The camera could be focused on the tape, and by 'taking' at the proper time, it seems as though dead-heat questions could be settled beyond dispute. A photographer took all the finishes at the Chicago meet with great success, not, however, with the idea of using them in evidence."

TO THE END OF THE WORLD.

What would we not give to be able to interview at this moment Mr. Thos. Stevens, the intrepid English bicyclist, who on his two-wheeled steed has ridden across Europe from Calais to Constantinople, and waxing bolder by success, has pushed on through Asia Minor to Persia. He is now at Tabrees, and from thence he is going to push on through Afghanistan to India. Burnaby's ride to Khiva is nothing compared with this bicyclist's tour to Herat. To what visions of terror he must have given rise in Asiatic villages as he sped noiselessly through a wondering population! To see a wheel running away with a man on top of it must have suggested thoughts of Shaitan and the Afritz with which the Eastern imagination has peopled the invisible world. But how the world shrinks and what a prospect does the adventurous cyclist open up before the eyes of wheelmen! If a bicyclist can trundle his way over Ararat and the Himalayas, what corner of the world will be left unvisited by the silent riders of the iron steed? We shall have tricycling parties to Tibet and bicycling tours to Peking. Who knows but that before the next century dawns it will be recognized that the inventor of the bicycle has done more to revolutionize the religious, moral and social ideas of mankind than all the philosophers of our time.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

A ROMANCE.

BY T. W. E.

A cyclist, "tired" of single life,
Soon took a mental "header"
O'er a resolve to win a wife—
To woo a girl and wed her.

"No 'Safety' on my lonely way,
Dangers appear at random;
I'll ask her now to name the day,
And journey on in 'tandem.'"

He "spoke" to her in accents low:
" 'Star' of my life," he said,
"Wilt thou be mine, for weal or woe?"
She blushed and hung her head.

"Were't olden time, and I a knight
In 'Royal Mail' attired,
I'd 'Challenge' 'Victor' in the fight
For heart and hand desired.

"But in 'Columbia's' land we live,
A land of mutual pride;
Thrice blessed to me if it will give
You to me as my bride."

"This 'Extraordinary' news,"
She said, in sweetest tone,
"Tells me of love; I'll not refuse,
Because you have my own."

And then the blushes seek her face
Beneath her "Ideal's" view;
It seems there must, in that swift race,
Be "'records" broke anew.

"You'll not beg 'Rudge' me one sweet
Now we're engaged?" he said;
I need not tell you more than this—
Suffice it, they were wed.

--The S. W. Gazette.

Wheel Tracks.

A 24-hour road race is talked of for next season.

It is believed by many that Rowe will beat 2.30 next year.

Hodges, of Boston, is spoken of as the next president of the League.

Rhodes, the Dorchester rider, is said to have covered 6,000 miles this year.

A Wisconsin man has been fined for keeping a bicycle. It belonged to a neighbor.

Burnham, who has been recuperating in Maine, has returned home, much improved in health.

They have it down fine in Great Britain. A line is drawn between grass, dirt and cinder roads.

The *World* says the horse 'Capt. McGowan' trotted 20 miles in 58.25 at Boston, October 31st, 1865.

The value of W. A. Rowe's prizes during his short racing career are said to amount to over \$2000.

Munger was booked to leave Boston on Monday for Detroit, thence to New Orleans to spend the winter.

Francis P. Prial has severed his connection with the *Wheel*, and Fred. Jenkins once more assumes the helm.

The English papers are in a furore of excitement over the purchase of a Kangaroo bicycle by Lord Francis Cecil.

"Gone over to the United States" is the way the English cycling press announce the marriage of wheelmen nowadays.

Woodside and Brooks will ride bicycles against Anderson on horses, at Madison Square Garden, New York, during Christmas week.

Master Willie Sidney, a four-year old infant of Indiana, is attracting much attention by his excellent riding on a diminutive machine.

Canary is engaged until March, 1886, and will give exhibitions at the Theatre Royal, Bristol, during the run of the Christmas pantomime.

An English tricyclist, coming in from a ride on a tandem with his wife, said: "If they had gone a step farther, his children would have a step-mother."

Java is the latest place to take to the wheel, and Humber & Co. have just sent two machines out there. This shows the spread of cycling all over the world.

The Springfield Bicycle Club has once more shown its allegiance to the L.A.W. by discarding its neat uniform of black and adopting the uniform of the L.A.W.

At the game supper of the Springfield Bicycle Club, the club presented their president with \$500, as a token of esteem and regard for his good work for the club.

Our friends and patrons will have to be indulgent with us this month, both for our tardiness and the many errors—cause, the darned printer. Drunk. — *Southern Cyclist*.

Of the fourteen professional bicycle championship runs in England this season, Howell has scored nine firsts and two seconds; Wood, three firsts and six seconds; H. O. Duncan, two firsts and one second.

In these days of wonderful feats on the wheel, it must not be forgotten that, seven years ago, C. Terront, on an indoor track, covered 366 miles in 26 consecutive hours—an average of 14 miles per hour.

"America has six amateurs who can ride twenty miles in the hour every day in the week," says an eastern paper—Wm. A. Rowe, Geo. Weber, E. P. Burnham, S. G. Whittaker, F. F. Ives, and N. H. Van Sicklen.

Pierre Lallemand, the inventor of the bicycle, is working in the repair shop of the Pope Manufacturing Company. He is announced to give an exhibit at the coming carnival of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club.

The City of London T.C. grasp time by the forelock with a vengeance. They have made these fixtures for 1886: Club dinner, Jan. 15; club races at Crystal Palace, June 5; garden party at Merton, July 10.

Mr. W. W. Stall is building for a man out in the uncivilized sections of western Massachusetts a six-foot bicycle wheel, which will weigh some fifty pounds. It is for some sort of a patent extra speed developer bicycle.

A few countrymen were taken in at the Springfield meeting by some fresh youths who made a business of betting that Mr. So-and-So would come in head first, generally taking a slow rider. While new, the catch worked well.

Hendee was evidently in earnest when he declared his intention of forsaking the path. He should have stopped last year. The trouble with Hendee is, that by his constant racing he has worn himself out. Perhaps a year or two of rest would make another man of him.

Messrs. Westbrook and Hacker, the fancy riders, have lately attained considerable notoriety from the excellence of their performance. The best feat is Westbrook's mounting, dismounting, and doing other various things on the bicycle, Hacker the while standing erect on his shoulders.—*N. Y. Wheel*.

Following is the leading individual mileage of the Montreal Bi. Club: J. H. Robertson, 739 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles; Capt. J. R. Scales, 547 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles; First Lieut. H. Joyce, 545 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles; ex-Capt. William McCaw, 512 miles; Bugler F. W. Crisp, 493 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles; T. Morrison, 469 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles; A. J. Darling, 460 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles; L. Rubenstein, 452 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

It is told "in the yard" at Harvard that President Elliot has received a letter of inquiry from a young man in Nebraska, who wishes to know the correct pronunciation of the word "bicycle." There is some feeling in regard to the matter among the students, the strict academics clinging to "sickle," and the advanced athletes are firm for "cycle."

Grant Bell, of Minneapolis, Minn., met with a serious accident Dec. 1st. He arose from his bed while yet asleep and walked through a window, falling a distance of twenty-five feet. His spine was seriously and permanently affected.

Bell was noted for his speed on a rink track in Minneapolis and his skill in taking the corners, and on this track he defeated all comers.

Negotiations are pending for the purchase of *Outing* by Mr. Poultney Bigelow, of New York. Mr. Bigelow was formerly a writer on the New York *Herald*, and there will be associated with him such men as Theodore Roosevelt, of New York, and Mr. Cleve Dodge. A new company will be organized, called the "Outing Company." The offices will be at 120 Nassau street, N.Y.

"In recognition of the able manner in which Mr. H. D. Corey managed R. Howell, who accomplished such wonderful times on the Rudge bicycles and tricycles while in America," Mr. Geo. Woodcock, of D. Rudge & Co., Coventry, presented Mr. Corey, just as he was leaving England, with a "Genuine Humber" tandem tricycle, built by his firm. The machine is valued at \$275.

Says the *Bicycling World*: The sports at Montreal will be on as large a scale as ever the coming season. Wheelmen who go to the carnival should not fail to look in on "Tommy" Lane, who is headquarters for cycling and sporting information, and for sporting goods of every kind. If you want a *bona fide* Canadian toboggan or snowshoes, send to Lane, and you will be well served.

The largest light roadster in the country is ridden by S. L. Cromwell, of Brooklyn, a 14 year-old boy who will make his mark in the cycling world. It is a 59-inch, and young Cromwell rode it 100 miles in 9.45 on Friday, the 27th ult. In a few years Dr. Beckwith's 62-in. wheel will have to retire to second place, as from present indications, the boy will soon ride the largest wheel in America.

The clubs of Toronto will join this winter in preparing for a grand two-days' tournament, to be held next year. At least so says a correspondent of THE CANADIAN WHEELMAN. He also states that wealthy Torontonians will offer valuable prizes as a bait for American fliers. Please it, old man! Think you that our true amateurs would journey to Canada for anything less than their expenses and a guarantee? Preposterous!—*N. Y. Wheel*.

An English wheelman says he remembers a steam tricycle that made its appearance in 1881. It was shown at the Stanley Show, Holborn, and was tried by a cyclist on the Greenwich road. The police sighted the machine, however, and brought it and the rider to court. There the justice decided that it was a locomotive, and must not travel at a greater rate of speed than four miles per hour, and with a man walking in front with a red flag and lantern, at that.

"There were 135 new members passed through the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association during last month," says the *Montreal Gazette*. "For ten dollars, membership is obtained in the Montreal Snowshoe, Lacrosse, Football and Bicycle Clubs and the Tuque Bleue Toboggan Club, for which the aggregate of fees is over \$15. To this add the benefits of the club-house, reading-room, gymnasium, billiard-room, bowling-alley and shooting-gallery, with the privilege of joining the Hockey Club, Fencing Club, Cinderella Social Club, and the Dramatic Club."

MAKERS' AMATEURS.

English cyclists are seriously considering the propriety of abolishing the distinction between amateurs and professionals and place them all on the same footing. The League of American Wheelmen is not yet prepared for this step, but at the rate things are going it will soon be necessary to do one of two things—either professionalize the so-called makers' amateurs, or else amateurize all the professionals. As matters now stand there is a distinction, but it is not always a difference. There is little to choose between a professional who races for money prizes, stakes and purses, and an amateur who is paid salary and expenses for making records that will advertise and help sell machines. We do not object to the maker getting all he can out of the record-smashing, nor to the amateur realizing some financial benefit from his superior racing abilities; but we think such riders should not be classified as amateurs.—*Mirror of American Sports.*

A bicycle rider got his wheel tangled in the street car track, and landed on his face with a tremendous crash in a mud-puddle. Several of the spectators came to his assistance, and as he arose one asked: "Are you hurt?" "Hurt! no," was the injured answer. "I always get off that way!"

Chas. Robinson & Co., Toronto, are doing a large business in snoeshoes and toboggans.

TRICYCLE SPRINGS.

A correspondent of the *Bicycling World* says that having actually ridden six or eight hundred miles on the spiral spring and some thousand on cradles, he finds more side play to the spiral than the cradle. The spiral is made in weights as well as the cradle, and either one may be had stiffer or lighter as desired for effect. His own experience was that while both are good, easy springs, the cradle is better as regards being detached from the saddle, allowing of adjustment in various ways, wanted by the spiral, and is not so liable to breakage as is each of the collection of comparatively weak supports in the latter. If one desires a steadier spring, ride one of full weight.

257 AND 259 MILES.

The twenty-four record was broken twice in one day, first by W. H. Huntley, of Newton, Mass., and afterwards by L. D. Munger, of Detroit, Mich. Huntley started first, at 2 P.M. on Friday, November 20, and riding over a selected course, he finished twenty-four hours later, with 257 1-16 miles to his credit. Munger started at 5 P.M., and rode under great disadvantage. His leg was in bandages, and being unable to bend his knee to its full limit, his pedals were unequally adjusted. He scored 259 27-32 miles.

The firm of tailors that supply the I.A.W. uniforms has so far received 766 orders.

Bicycles! Tricycles!

LARGER STOCK THAN EVER.

WATSON & PELTON,

Wholesale and Retail Importers.

YOUNG AMERICA,
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BRITISH SPECIAL,
BRITISH TRICYCLE.

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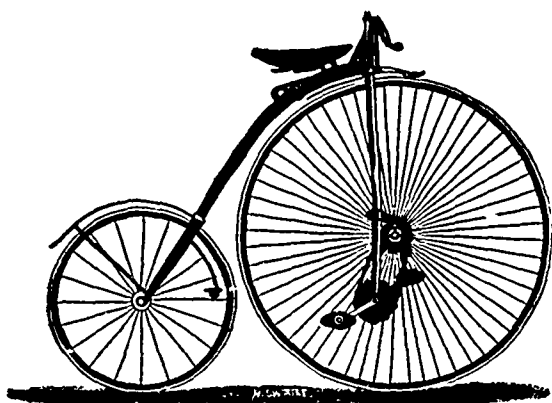
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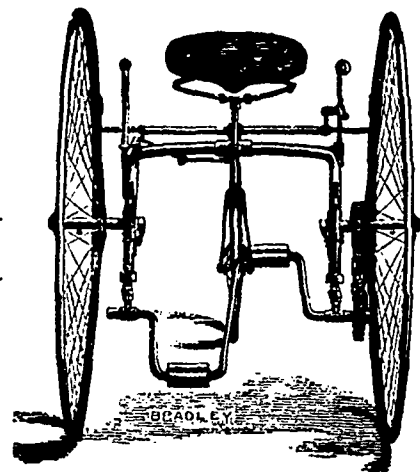
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SAMPLE ROOMS—53 St. Sulpice St.
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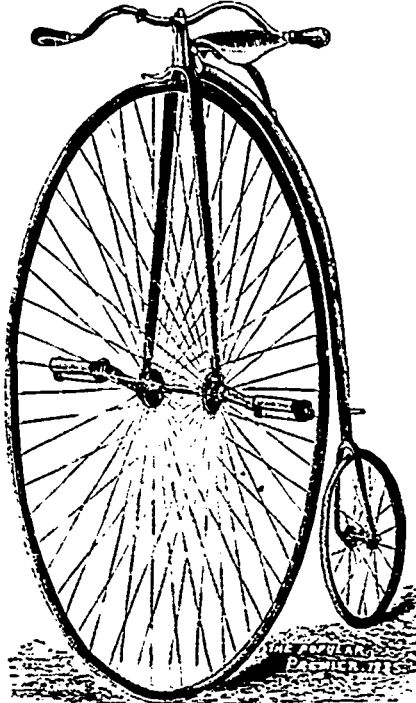
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BRANTFORD.

A. T. LANE, - Montreal.

ROYAL CANADIAN No. 2.



This machine has been greatly improved since last season, but price remains the same.

SPECIFICATION:—Hillman's new pattern ball-bearings to front wheel and adjustable cones to back, direct spokes, HOLLOW FORKS, BENT HANDLE BARS and LONG-DISTANCE SADDLE. Finished in Harrington's black enamel. *Price, \$65.00.*

Subscriptions received for all Cycling Publications.

50 SECOND-HAND MACHINES

For Sale Cheap!

A FEW BARGAINS!

Premier Sociable

Balls to all wheels, king of road lamps, new tires.

COST \$190, for \$110.

IN GOOD ORDER.

Rudge Racer

51 inch. Balls at both wheels and pedals. Only used a few times.

COST \$115, for \$75.

Popular Premier

51 inch. All nickel-plated but fellos. Ball bearings to front wheel. *Aeolus* ball pedals. King of road lamp. *Nickel-plated*. Hill & Tolman Automatic Gong.

In very good order.

FOR \$70.

Special British Challenge

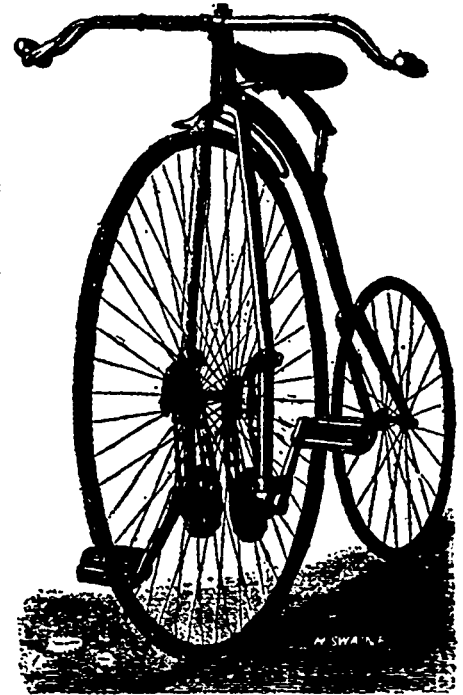
52 inch. Balls to both wheels. Half plated. Too high for late owner. Not run 100 miles.

—\$75.—

And 50 more Bicycles

ALL JUST AS CHEAP.

THE KANGAROO.



THE PERFECT SAFETY.

Editor of "*C. T. C. Gazette*" says it is the "best of the whole bunch." It is the original machine, and the vital parts are patented, and all copies of it are wanting in one important particular. *Price, \$105.00; Ball Pedals, \$5.00 extra.*

Send 3-Cent Stamp for largest and most elaborate Bicycle Catalogue ever published in Canada.

42 Pages—62 Engravings.

STILL THEY COME!

At the Toronto Bicycle Club Sports, September 19th, 1885, six out of seven of the events were won on the

INVINCIBLE BICYCLE,

including the five miles open.

- | | | | | | | |
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| 1. | Foster | - | - | - | - | Invincible. |
| 2. | Davies | - | - | - | - | Invincible. |
| 3. | Clarke | - | - | - | - | |

— A T T H E —

INTERNATIONAL INVENTIONS EXHIBITION,

London, England, August, 1885, the Surrey Machinists Company.

HAVE BEEN AWARDED A GOLD MEDAL!

Highest award for the INVINCIBLE MACHINES. Also at the Industrial Exhibition, Toronto.

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UNQUESTIONABLE & ACCEPTED RECORDS MADE ON COLUMBIAS

THE 24-HOUR ROAD RECORD - - 255¹/₈ MILES

—BY—

ALFRED A. McCURDY on a Columbia Light Roadster,

OCTOBER 26, 27.

WORLD'S RECORD - $\frac{1}{4}$ Mile - WM. A. ROWE, .36 1-5	WORLD'S RECORD - 10 Miles - WM. A. ROWE, 28.37 4-5
WORLD'S RECORD - $\frac{1}{2}$ Mile - WM. A. ROWE, 1.12 4-5	WORLD'S RECORD - 11 Miles - WM. A. ROWE, 31.37 4-5
WORLD'S RECORD (AMAT'R) $\frac{3}{4}$ Mile - WM. A. ROWE, 1.55 1-5	WORLD'S RECORD - 12 Miles - WM. A. ROWE, 34.32 3-5
WORLD'S RECORD " 1 Mile - WM. A. ROWE, 2.35 2-5	WORLD'S RECORD - 13 Miles - WM. A. ROWE, 37.24 3-5
WORLD'S RECORD - 2 Miles - WM. A. ROWE, 5.21 3-5	WORLD'S RECORD - 14 Miles - WM. A. ROWE, 40.25
WORLD'S RECORD - 3 Miles - WM. A. ROWE, 8.07 2-5	WORLD'S RECORD - 15 Miles - WM. A. ROWE, 43.26 1-5
WORLD'S RECORD - 4 Miles - WM. A. ROWE, 11.11 4-5	WORLD'S RECORD - 16 Miles - WM. A. ROWE, 46.29 2-5
WORLD'S RECORD - 5 Miles - WM. A. ROWE, 14.07 2-5	WORLD'S RECORD - 17 Miles - WM. A. ROWE, 49.25
WORLD'S RECORD - 6 Miles - WM. A. ROWE, 16.55 3-5	WORLD'S RECORD - 18 Miles - WM. A. ROWE, 52.25 1-5
WORLD'S RECORD - 7 Miles - WM. A. ROWE, 19.47 2-5	WORLD'S RECORD - 19 Miles - WM. A. ROWE, 55.22 2-5
WORLD'S RECORD - 8 Miles - WM. A. ROWE, 22.41 4-5	WORLD'S RECORD - 20 Miles - WM. A. ROWE, 58.20
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Chicago, October 16, 17.

19 out of 22 First Prizes, 30 out of the entire 40 Prizes taken on COLUMBIAS.

4 MILES PROFESSIONAL RECORD - - - - -	11.29 2-5
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7 MILES PROFESSIONAL RECORD - - - - -	20.25 3-5
8 MILES PROFESSIONAL RECORD - - - - -	23.23 4-5
9 MILES PROFESSIONAL RECORD - - - - -	26.19 4-5
10 MILES PROFESSIONAL RECORD - - - - -	29.12 2-5

BY W. M. WOODSIDE, AT SPRINGFIELD, OCT. 24 & 26.

Notwithstanding the above excellent result of "Good Men upon Good Bicycles," of more practical value to the 90 and 9 wheelmen is the fact that the majority of the American Wheelmen purchase Columbia Bicycles and Tricycles, because they are pre-eminently road machines, with an ease of running and durability which have faithfully stood the test of eight years upon every grade of road, and under all supposable conditions.

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