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CYCLING

A Mirror of Toronto Bicycle Club Events and Devoted to the Interests of Cyclists in General.

Vol. 1.

TORONTO, MAY 27, 1891.

No. 13.

A Summer's Cycling Reminiscence.

THE STORY OF A THREE MONTHS' BICYCLING
TOUR THROUGH EUROPE, AND AN ACCOUNT
OF SOME OF THE IMPRESSIONS
RECEIVED.

BY ONE OF THE PARTY.—VII.

When the penetrating rays of the bright morning sun awoke us to consciousness we felt just the same way every cyclist does who has been employing three weeks in abject idleness, and then mounts a wheel and rides till he is in that condition that a man finds himself when he accepts the invitation of a country friend, and spends his vacation on the farm, and is initiated by his host into the mysteries of the modern barn raising bee, or some energetic physical recreation of a similar nature. We were rather—well, we felt slightly stiff, and none of us appeared to be in any hurry to finish our breakfast and desert the entertaining proprietor of the Royal Hotel. The prospective delights of Melrose Abbey and Abbotsford were sufficient inducements to get us a-wheel again about ten o'clock, and we very soon were told by the friendly finger posts, which exist at almost every cross-road in Great Britain, that we were nearing Melrose, that sublime old ruin which now is but the semblance of what was once a mighty church. The 17th of June, the day we were there, was a glorious one, and as we entered the gate which protects the entrance to the ground, and saw the sunlight casting its beams through the roofless ruin, we could imagine something of the inspiration which prompted Sir Walter Scott to immortalize this creation of the twelfth century. We occupied a great deal of the morning listening to our old guide, who had the legends of King David, Edward II. and Robert of Bruce learned to perfection. The Abbey was destroyed at the time of the Reformation, and for some years was not taken care of; this in a measure explains its present dilapidated condition. We were able to obtain some splendid views with our Kodaks, one of which consisted of the party ranged around the tomb of Michael Scott, the wizard; he was such a naughty old man

in his day and generation we did not consider ourselves desecrating any memories of the past in so doing. A beautiful sight in comparison with the old ruins, monuments and inscriptions to the dead within, were the beautiful roses which, permeated with the beauty and fragrance of life, entirely covered the outer wall of the Abbey.

After paying our respects to the proprietor of the adjacent hostelry we mounted our wheels and started for Sir Walter Scott's old home. Langley, in the goodness of his heart, intuitively feeling that we required some mild incentive to merriment, took a header at this juncture, and in his frantic endeavor to avoid closer relationship with the little wheel of his machine served to make the other "ordinary" rider wish that his choice had been a "dwarf," and the propeller of the Safety to experience the feeling that notwithstanding his lack of progressiveness when a hill was met with the little bike was still the more sensible selection. By the time these ideas had made a lasting impression in our largely developed receptacle used for the retention of brilliant thoughts, we were skimming along over the hard gravel road, girded by high green hedges, over which we could just see the fields beyond. The distance to the old home of the "great enchanter of the North" is but three miles from Melrose, so we had soon deposited our wheels with the keeper at the gate, inscribed our names in the visitors' book, which, by the way, is an interesting volume to peruse, and gained admittance to the interior of Abbotsford by payment of the ever necessary shilling. Our guide first took us to the Armory, where we were shown various wonderfully constructed munitions of war; the sight of which made us rather content with nineteenth century existence. The most interesting room of the house is the one into which we were next shown—the library; here we saw the chair used by Sir Walter, the desk he wrote at, and his collection of books, numbering about 20,000 volumes. The drawing room, adjoining the library, the windows of which overlook the Tweed, is a most magnificent chamber, filled with the tokens of affection borne for Sir Walter by the people of his day and gener-

ation. Here we were shown the cross which Mary Queen of Scots carried to her execution, a brooch of Helen McGregor's and the purse used by Rob Roy. These are but a few of the interesting relics of departed celebrities that were shown us here. It seems strange that the present owners of Abbotsford do not honor the memory of the great literary genius who was once its master, by employing a guide that can speak the Queen's English even to a moderate degree of proficiency, the absence of any familiarity with the rudiments of grammar shown by the man who conducted us through the premises was very marked, and seemed decidedly paradoxical.

The sleepy old river Tweed in its circuitous course touches the grounds of Abbotsford, and keeps close to the road we travelled over all the way to Selkirk. Dinner was indulged in at Selkirk, but as we were anxious to reach Moffat that night we did not make a long stay there. We had only traversed a few miles when a rain storm prevented progress for another hour, and after the rain came the wind, and it did blow directly in our faces with so much force that it was with difficulty we got along at all, and to make our travelling still more difficult the hills seemed to multiply, and to be always in front of us with no reverse side. After about five hours of as heavy pedalling as we ever experienced, St. Mary's Loch was reached; the town does not amount to anything, but the little lake nestling at the foot of the hills, itself several hundred feet above the surrounding country, was a sight we shall never forget. Just on the border of the loch and at the summit of a high hill stands a summer hotel, and it was here in the recess of the large bay window of the house we had our supper. I must say we rather envied the guests, the house being so full we could not obtain the accommodation we desired for the night, so, with the assurance that our road to Moffat lay for the balance of the way down hill, we continued on. Riding swiftly along with the setting sun before us we could fully appreciate the perfect panorama of mountainous scenery through which we were passing. On either side of the road towered the heather-clad hills, possessing not a vestige of life save the sheep which here and there were grazing. A few miles of magnificent riding brought us to the Grey Mare's Tail, a rather precipitous descent of over a mile. Why it is given this peculiar sobriquet I was never able to discover, but at all events the coast to be obtained going down was beyond description; we felt pleased, however, that our return journey would not include the

surmounting of this little elevation. Another hour's ride brought us to our destination; with some little effort we succeeded in arousing the inmates of the C. T. C. hotel, and were soon blissfully dreaming of the events of the day.

(To be continued.)

The Kingston Record Goes.

On the 25th inst., at 12.40 a.m., in presence of E. A. Scott and W. G. McClelland, Dave Nasmith of the Torontos started on his wheel for Kingston to try and break the record of 20 hrs. 40 min., made by W. Shaw of the Wanderers three years ago. He was entirely successful in his effort, arriving in Kingston accompanied by Freddy Whatmough, who paced him from Belleville, at 5.53 p.m. of the same day, making the run in 17 hours 13 minutes, or 3 hours 27 minutes less than the previous record. The weather was fine but warm, and the roads were very dusty in many parts and at this end rough from new gravel, so that it was impossible to make as good time as would otherwise have been made had there been a little rain a day or so before. Deducting 35 minutes for breakfast at Cobourg and one hour for dinner at Belleville, leaves the net riding time 15 hrs. 38 min., or 1 hour and 2 minutes better than Shaw's net riding time.

At Woodstock.

The Wanderers are to be congratulated on the success of their flyers at the Woodstock Meet on Monday. Five entries, and each entry securing a prize, is a good indication for the coming season. The other clubs will have to "get a move on" if they expect their members to carry off any of the C.W.A. laurels on Dominion Day. The following is a list of their winnings at Woodstock:—

One mile ordinary, green,—1, G. M. Wells; 2, Wilson; 3, Pearsall. Time 3.05 $\frac{1}{2}$.

One mile safety, green (7 starters),—1, G. M. Wells. Time 3 11.

One mile safety, open handicap (8 starters). —1, G. M. Wells (50 yds.); 2, H. F. Nash. Time 2.45 $\frac{1}{2}$.

The Comet Cycle Company's works seem specially designed for bringing out racers. Messrs. Fane and Lavender are old champions, and now Marshall Wells is making his mark. First thing we know Horace Pease will win a slow race.

Cycling

A MIRROR OF TORONTO BICYCLE CLUB EVENTS
AND DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF
CYCLISTS IN GENERAL

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F. F. PEARD, - - - F. BRYERS.

PUBLISHERS:

WM. H. MILN - - - CHRIS. B. ROBINSON

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The C. W. A. Road Race.

We are informed that the Race Committee of the Hamilton Bicycle Club proposed a distance of only eighteen miles for the Road Race, which we think is altogether too short, particularly over such a good road as the one between Grimsby and Hamilton. As we understand it the sole excuse for a road race is to show speed combined with endurance, and while the twenty mile race would be all very well to bring out the speed of the riders, yet we think their endurance can only be shown by the longer distance. We trust our Hamilton friends will go carefully into this subject and get the opinions of the interested clubs on the matter before deciding on the shorter distance.

The Pullman Road Race.

Saturday next will witness one of the most exciting road contests in the annals of Western American wheeling circles. On this day the celebrated Pullman Road Race takes place. This contest has become an annual event on Decoration Day, and is looked forward to, and prepared for, many weeks ahead. The idea of organizing such a race as an annual fixture belongs to Mr. R. D. Garden the Manager of the Pope Manufacturing Company's interests in Chicago. He has so successfully carried out his original idea, and the preparations for the race have grown to such proportions that Mr. Garden has this year handed the management over to the associated cycling clubs of Chicago. The race of course is a handicap, the limit being twelve minutes, although it is in reality sixteen, as the pneumatics have been penalized four minutes. The distance from

the Leland House (start) to the Hotel Florence at Pullman, where the finish is to be made, is estimated at fifteen miles, and in this ride every description of road is met with, from the beautifully smooth boulevard to the famous sand hill, which even the pneumatic is unable to surmount. There are over thirty prizes to be contested for this year; three of which go to the riders making the best time, and there are no less than two hundred and twenty-six entries for the race. Van Sicklen, Lumsden and Barrett are looked upon as the probable makers of the fastest time, and it is generally the result that some dark horse, who receives a good handicap, is the one to reach the finish first.

The Pneumatic in a New Role.

The customs authorities in Germany and France are investigating every balloon tyre that enters these countries. Somebody has obtained the idea that contraband goods may be imported within the recesses of the inflated tyre. So the zealous customs official is more to be feared now as a tyre destroyer than the harmless looking, yet insidious carpet tack.

Notes.

One of the contestants in the Pullman Road Race on the 30th inst. will ride a safety geared to 77½ inches; this leaves no possible probable shadow of doubt as to the flatness of the country.

A GOOD TIME COMING.

One enterprising English cycle agent advertises as follows: "I beg to announce that I will guarantee the Pneumatic Tyres, on any make of machine sold by me against puncture or cuts of any description, for twelve months."

An automatic pacemaker will shortly be introduced on the English market. It is in the form of a watch, to be affixed to wrist or handle-bar, has a pointer which can be set to oscillate at any particular rate, as, for instance, fifteen miles per hour, and the rider, by pedalling in time with the pointer, knows he is travelling at the above rate. It is provided with a ready means of adjustment for pace and gearing.

The opinion is expressed by one of our English exchanges that all types of Pneumatics—Dunlop, Clincher, or Smith—drag uphill, unless the pace is fast enough to keep up the "fly-wheel action."

The Toronto's Trip.

Last Saturday afternoon saw thirty members of the Toronto Bicycle Club sitting on the deck of the Chicora waiting for the arrival of the Queen's Own, who were to accompany them to Niagara. At 4.15 the soldiers were all-aboard, the whistle sounded, and we soon found ourselves under a full head of steam. The weather being rather cool on deck, most of the boys went into the cabin, and some paid their soldier friends a visit, coming away satisfied that "a soldier's life is not an easy one," as a great many of them were very weak in the knees and had difficulty in keeping their hats on their heads. After having steamed across the lake we arrived at Niagara about 7 o'clock, and were at once seized by a camera fiend, who would have a picture of the party.

The picture being taken we mounted our wheels and made for Niagara Falls, arriving there with a little trouble about 9.30—the roads being very rough in places—where a good supper awaited us, and to which ample justice was done. We put up at the Park-side Inn, on the Canadian Side, one of the finest hotels we have had the privilege of patronizing for some time; it is situated close to the Falls, and one can view them from the windows. After supper the boys went out to view the Falls by moonlight, some paying a visit to the American side. About 12 p.m. we retired, agreeing to postpone the usual pillow fight as the majority felt very tired, and wished to have a good sleep.

Sunday was spent in going to Church in the morning, and viewing the places of interest in the afternoon. In the evening a few of the boys went to Church, and, judging from the hour they arrived back to the hotel, must have been seeing some young ladies home.

We awoke Monday morning with the sun streaming in through the window, immediately arose and donned our uniforms, had breakfast, prepared for our ride to St. Catharines, and after settling our "little bill" we bid our host good-bye about 9.30. The ride was much enjoyed by everyone, as the pace was easy, all keeping in a bunch. Frequent stoppages were made on the road as many of the riders took "a peculiar dryness," which had to be quenched by something. We arrived in St. Catharines at 11.30, having dinner at the Grand Central Hotel, and at 2 o'clock again mounted our wheels and proceeded on to Niagara-on-the-Lake, spending some time there, and at 5 o'clock boarded the Cibola for home. The trip over the lake

was one of pleasure, as we had singing and dancing all the way home. The Cibola arrived in the city at 7.30, and bidding one another good-bye we made for our respective homes, thoroughly satisfied with our trip.

Wanderers at Woodstock.

We are home again after one of those trips to which all of us look forward with pleasure, and the reality is seldom very far short of the anticipation. Woodstock certainly had on its holiday attire, and that ever lively place looked particularly gay on Monday morning, the streets being crowded with people from the surrounding districts, to say nothing of the Grenadiers, who—next, of course, to Charlie Walker—seemed to run the town.

Our quiet little party of seven went up on Saturday as a sort of advance guard, and all would have gone well had it not been that Taylor's cash would not balance by 50 cents. on the train, and having sworn that he was robbed, accusing everyone in the car—never realizing that there are more ways of losing money than by having your pockets picked.

The balance of our members arrived next evening about 6 o'clock, having ridden all the way from the station with only one dismount. The Captain claims to be able to go the whole distance without one.

The races were very successful, and we have no cause for complaint, winning five places out of a possible five, Wells taking three firsts and Nash and Wilson each a second.

The western clubs were well represented, London having the greatest number of riders, with Hamilton next, the latter, however, winning the largest representative prize, owing to twelve of the London Club being ruled out through not having uniforms. We had thirty two in line, which, considering that there was no intention to compete, was a fair showing.

PUSH ON.

Dr. Doolittle, the T. B. C. surgeon informs us that, finding that so many of the bicycle accidents happen on the asphalted streets, he has, in order to be convenient, removed to the corner of Sherbourne and Shuter Streets, where he has laid in a special supply of lint, vaseline, and arnica, and will be pleased to administer them when required.

Toronto Bicycle Club.**The Club Road Race.**

ORGANIZED



1881.

Club House—Cor. Church and Alexander Sts.

OFFICERS

President	W. H. COX.
Vice-President	CHAS. LANGLEY.
Secretary	JAMES WOOD.
Treasurer	C. J. W. LOWES.

ROAD OFFICERS:

Captain	W. ROBINS.
1st Lieutenant	JAS. MILN.
1st " Safeties	F. B. ROBINS.
2nd " Ordinaries	C. W. HURNDALL.
2nd " Safeties	J. B. LAIDLAW.

J. H. Sinclair . . . Club Reporter.

Matter appearing in this column is furnished and paid for by the Toronto Bicycle Club, consequently the proprietors of this journal do not hold themselves responsible for anything contained therein.

RUNS.

SATURDAY, MAY 30,—Liverpool Market.

Leave Club House, 2.30.

SATURDAY, JUNE 6,—Lambton Mills.

Leave Club House, 2.30.

SATURDAY, JUNE 13,—Highland Creek.

Leave Club House, 2.30.

SATURDAY, JUNE 20,—20-mile Road Race.

Leave Club House, 2.30.

SATURDAY, JUNE 27,—Long Branch.

Leave Club House, 2.30.

EVENING RUNS.

Every Tuesday and Thursday.

Leave Club House, 7.15.

The officers particularly request that every member attend the evening runs, and guarantee the runs will be of the pleasantest nature, no scorching being allowed.

CLUB NOTICES.

The regular monthly meeting of the Club will be held in Club House, 494 Church St., on Monday evening, June 1, 1891.

Important business will be up for discussion, so that a full attendance is requested.

The Treasurer desires to call the attention of members who have not yet paid their fees for 1891 to the fact that the names and fees for C. W. A. membership must be in at once, in order to keep up our membership standing with the Association.

J. WOOD.
Hon.-Sec.

Of course all were delighted with the result of the Road Race—the club on account of the new material brought to the front, the Juniors because they won, and the Seniors that they did not have ten men on and lose by six points—a not unlikely result had the whole team been present. It is just as well, however, for the Junior team to remember that, with the exception of one or two, the first team were out of training and that Hurndall was mounted on a wheel he had never ridden previous to the race. The next race, on the 20th of June, will no doubt show a different result.

New Club House.

In a few days the Club will be settled in the new Club House at 346 Jarvis Street, and we have no doubt that the building will prove a permanent residence for the Torontos for a number of years; for as increased accommodation is required there will be no difficulty in providing it by adding to the present building, as there is plenty of land in the rear, which, for the present, will make a good tennis court. The Committee have been a considerable time in making up their minds, but when they did it fortunately happened that every member of the Committee, and we believe every member of the Club is satisfied with the selection.

CHALLENGE.

The Championship Team of 1890 hereby challenge any two teams, of ten men each, selected from the other members of the club, to a twenty-mile road race over the course as ridden on May 16th. Said run to take place on the afternoon of June 20.

W. ROBINS,
Captain.

The team for the C. W. A. road run on July 2 will be chosen from the result of this run.

We are informed that Captain Robins prefers the frisky street car to the bicycle when going home at noon, because the exercise of the latter takes away his appetite. We think Mrs Keeler has every reason to be grateful that Highland Creek is twenty miles instead of ten from Toronto. What would be left if he had twice the capacity he displays whenever he takes a run out there.

Spray from the Falls.

The boys are very anxious to know where the Statistical Secretary spent his evenings.

Rumor has it that "Jimmy" Miln has not found anything to cover that "dry spot."

F. B. says he got to bed very early on Sunday night. The others don't believe him.

The Captain thinks there are about sixteen roads from Niagara town to the Falls, and the Club rode over them all.

C. M. Webb was the scorcher of the party and made the boys hustle—to give him all the road and considerable of the sidepath.

We wonder if Jim Stanbury dropped the ticket which he received from the hotel-keeper into the slot directed. If he did, what was the result?

We hear that Bugler McMahon has a rod in pickle for the proprietor of the American Hotel.

The boys are all delighted with their trip generally, and are especially loud in their praise of the reception accorded them at the Park Side Inn by Mr. De Lacy. The hotel is now fresh and clean, meals everything that could be desired, and the situation directly opposite Queen Victoria Park, the best that could have been chosen.

Our old friend Howard Irish has been confined to the house for the last three weeks, his illness being brought on, he says, by over study. It may be that new cushion-tired Rational has something to do with it. Better to have stuck to the safety, Howard.

Peterborough Notes.

This is to be a lively season for the riders of the steel steed in Peterborough. The bicyclists of last year have been augmented by a large number of wheels and a strong, vigorous club will keep things moving in wheeling circles.

The Peterborough Bicycle Club met recently and organized for the season, a good number of wheelmen being present and all evincing enthusiasm in the sport. The meeting was held in the Olympic Club rooms, George Street. Mr. R. B. Rogers occupied the chair, and the following members were elected to office:—President, R. B. Rogers; Vice-President, Alex. Gibson; Sec.-Treas. J. E. Dolan; Captain, F. J. Might; 1st Lieut., R. J. Fife; 2nd Lieut.,

Jas. A. McGill; Whipper-in, Wm. Fraser; Standard Bearer, Colin Brown; Bugler, H. Holland; General Committee, Jas. McKim, H. Holland, C. Brown.

The club will hold regular weekly runs throughout the summer, and after the P. A. A.A. gets the Ashburnham track in good repair races will be held regularly through the summer.

Let a Sleeping Dog Lie.

To the Editor of CYCLING:

DEAR SIR,—I notice in the issue of the 13th inst. of your excellent periodical that you suggest that the Canadian Wheelman's Association should be prepared to bring a bill before the Legislature at the next session to define and regulate the rights of wheelmen upon the highway. Do you not think, Mr. Editor, that it would be better to let a sleeping dog lie? All that wheelmen wish, I suppose, is the same rights upon the highway for their wheels that the owners of other vehicles have. Have we not this already without legislation? Of course wheelmen must be alert to see that no bill passes the House until they have expressed their wishes respecting it with all the force that they can give. But it is quite possible that no further legislation will be attempted, for some years at any rate, if we do not stir it up ourselves; and as wheeling is becoming more popular, we shall, by reason of our increased numbers, be able to exercise a greater influence upon legislation the longer it is put off. In the meantime, let us be careful that we do not arouse public feeling against us by any negligent or rash use or assertion of our present rights. Yours truly,

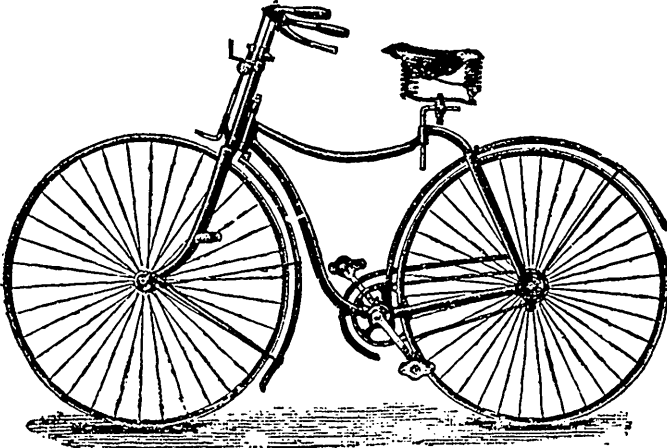
R. S. NEVILLE.

In a recent letter to the *Referee* Willie Windle says: "Woodstock, Ont., is one of the few places where you are made to feel at home from the time you set foot in the city until you leave it, and no expense is spared to make you feel that you are 'all right.' And such prizes, too! First class, and the track the same."

The body of Baron Drais, who invented the original of the bicycle, "the hobby horse," was removed the other day from an obscure resting place, and given burial among the tombs of illustrious Germans at Carlsruhe. A funeral cortege of about four hundred persons of both sexes, mounted on bicycles of all classes, and wearing the uniform of their respective clubs, followed the body to the grave.

SEASON 1891

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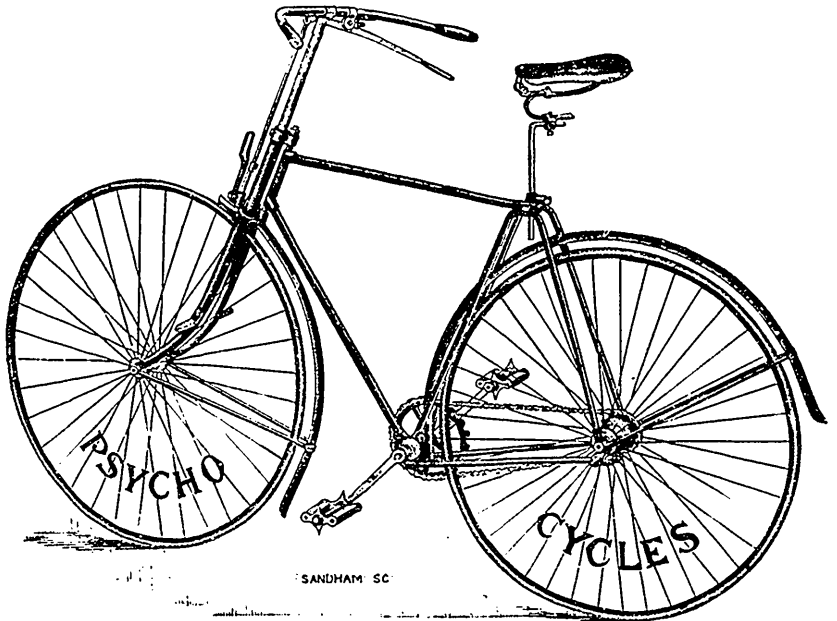
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The Juniors Win.

On the 16th inst. about four hundred wheelmen were down the Kingston Road to witness the struggle between the first and second teams of the Torontos, over the twenty mile course from Norway to Highland Creek and return. Everything went off well except that a couple of riders (members of the Torontos), who should have known better, bothered the racers quite a little by riding in among them. It is needless to say, however, that they were soon left a long way in the rear. Following is the score.

	SENS.	JUNS.	TIME.
Nasmith	17		1.17.48
McClelland	16		1.20.22
Robins, F. B.		15	1.22.05
Bulley	14		1.22.22
Macdonald		13	1.22.37
Hurndall	12		1.23.49
Bendelari		11	1.25.19
Lowes		10	1.26.13
Begg		9	1.27.55
Miln, J.	8		1.28.20
Gullett		7	1.29.15
Whattmough	6		1.30.00
Love		5	1.30.36
Lee		4	1.31.27
Miln, W.		3	1.33.17
Wood, Robins, W. (equal)	1½	1½	1.37.30
	74½	78½	

Ottawa Letter.

DEAR EDITOR, — Just previous to the receipt of your telegram, announcing the withdrawal of the Davis Bill, I had prepared a letter for CYCLING. That letter contained a great deal of good argument and vigorous invective that now must be forever lost to wheeling literature.

Since then, having been very busy and a part of the time absent from town, I have not found time to contribute to your valuable paper.

It was Peterboro' that received the honor of my presence. It is a splendid town. The boys are pure white, for I hunted them up and found out their hospitality before night. Wouldn't it be a good place for the C. W. A. meet some day in the near future?

The O. B. C. has arranged a trip to Brockville, Prescott and Ogdensburg, on the 24th; about twenty-five expect to take it in. Sorry to say the writer is "not in it," owing to a previous engagement. Wheeling seems to be booming here; a large number of new riders are daily engaged in "making breaks." One of them flew off the handle and stuck in

the mud the other day. How calmly some of us older riders gaze upon their helplessness, how we remember when WE did the same thing; we smile pleasantly, inwardly tickled at our inexpertness of long ago and rejoice that "we are not as other men." Crash! flap! — — — that new car track. Our dignity is in the mud. The bicycle is a great leveller, taking a back seat only in the presence of Death, the dead level. When a man, spinning along the asphalt, takes a header he scarcely knows whether he was struck by a dead level, or a lead devil, or both. Wheeling is spreading among the ladies in Ottawa, which fact makes us all rejoice; thus the propaganda is bearing fruit; may it so flourish, sending its rootlets so deeply into the very nature of the fair sex, that within a few years every lady, not physically incapable, shall own and ride a wheel.

A word to wheelmen, and then this epistle must close, as time is precious this particular day. Say! If you wish to have "some fun" get a camera. There is more innate cussedness, cross-eyed unmanageableness, and unalloyed misery in a camera than there is mischief in the cage of monkeys at the "musee." During the first month or two your attention can brook no other claimant. 'Tis a soul-engrossing pursuit. You desire particularly to get a picture, say of your best girl, or some other chap's best girl. A position is chosen, the camera, which is a detective instantaneous concern, adjusted, all is ready; then you suspect that perhaps you have forgotten some one of the halfdozen little adjustments, you examine them carefully—the sun goes behind a cloud—you look resigned, annoyed, or swear, according to habit, the subject gets uneasy—suddenly the sun blazes forth in all its splendor; taking a hasty look at the machine, like a man playing the last card on which his fortune is staked, you press the button, then heave a sigh of relief. Rushing in impetuous impatience to your impromptu dark room, immured therein you, not imprudently, make sure of the absence of all light except your red one, and with trembling fingers remove the plate and place it in the tray and proceed to develop. It turns darker and darker, a figure shows up like a dim spectre shading off at the edges into empty space. After due manipulation the plate is developed and fixed, and you emerge to get a good look at it. What on earth can be wrong? It is a splendid photo of a lady whose misfortune it had been to be run over by a steam road roller. You go to your particular friend among the professional photographers of your

town and he tells you that you forgot to adjust the focus. You thank him, swear at yourself, and promise to be more careful. The next time you leave the time exposure business turned on and expose a thirty-five sensitometer plate about two minutes. The plate, of course, has traces of focusing. After a while you get a picture, you are proud of it, show it to all your friends, give all the girls copies, and your little brother smashes the negative.

In time you become expert, and talk photography like a fiend and your happiness is unbounded, and there is not one amateur in a hundred that would deny that the consummation is worth many times the amount of trouble incurred to attain it. Yours truly,

OTTAWA, May 19, 1891. ARTO.

Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star.

The Ramblers' Bicycle Club held its regular monthly meeting Tuesday evening last at the club rooms on Main Street, and it proved to be the best attended meeting held this year. The boys showed their appreciation of their fellow member, H. C. Pease (who left for Toronto on Wednesday), by presenting him with a club badge set with a diamond and also a "Knox" hat, which Mr. Pease was compelled to wear the remainder of the evening and which was the cause of no end of amusement.

Mr. Pease's stay in Buffalo was only one short year, but during that period he had made more friends than most people would in five years. He is a good artist, and his etchings and paintings are among the finest in the club house. It will be a long day before Pease is forgotten in Buffalo. After the meeting adjourned the boys retired to Frank Dahman's (the favorite resort), where a most enjoyable evening was spent, Pease adding much to the entertainment by his comic recitation.—*Buffalo Correspondent in the Referee.*

"How do you get along on your cycle?"

"Well enough when I'm on the cycle, but when the cycle is on me I don't get along at all."

W. J. LUGSDIN

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LAMBTON MILLS.—Scott's Hotel. Every accommodation for Wheelmen. \$1.00 per day.

COOKSVILLE.—Jas. H. King's Hotel. Special attention to Wheelmen. \$1.00 per day.

OAKVILLE.—Oakville House. M. H. Williams, Prop. Would be pleased to have Wheelmen call and see me. \$1.00 per day.

HAMILTON.—Royal Hotel, cor. James and Merrick Streets. \$2.50 to \$4.00 per day. Special rates to Wheeling parties.

EAST

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LIVERPOOL MARKET.—Secker's Hotel. Travelling wheelmen receive every attention. \$1.00 per day.

PICKERING.—Gordon House. James Gordon, Prop. Wheelmen's patronage solicited. \$1.00 per day.

NORTH

THORNHILL.—Green Bush Hotel. J. C. Steele. The favorite house for Wheelmen. \$1.00 per day.

NIAGARA FALLS, CANADIAN SIDE.—Parkside Inn. F. DeLacy, Prop. It is situated directly opposite Queen Victoria Park and adjacent to the Clifton House. We have every accommodation, and offer special rates to Wheelmen.

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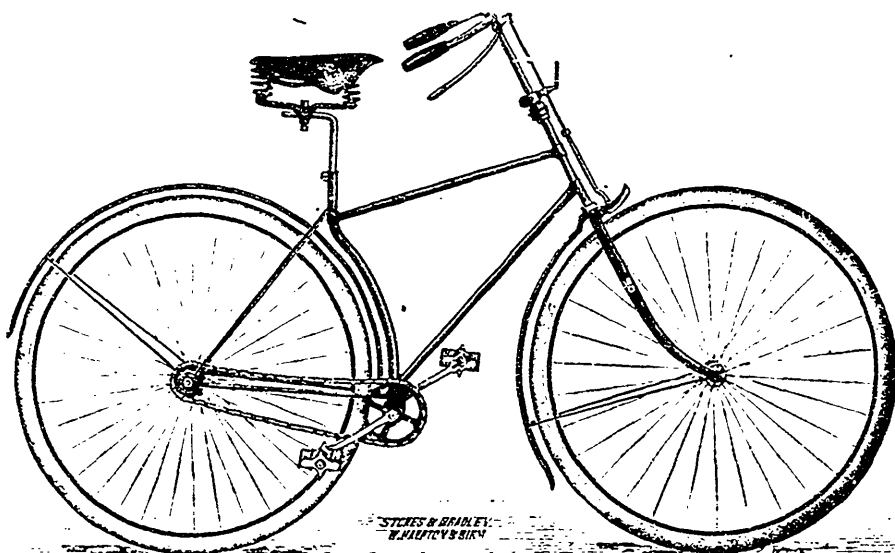
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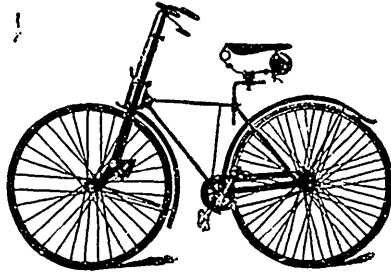
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WEST TORONTO JUNCTION,
MAY 9TH, 1891.

DEAR SIR,—As per your request for my opinion of the BRANTFORD BICYCLES, I would say that my Bicycle has given me excellent satisfaction, and is practically as good to-day as when I received it two years ago. The first year I had it I rode it considerably but kept no track of the distance covered; the second year I covered 1,100 miles; this year I expect to cover fully as many miles as last year. Add to this the fact that it has cost me for repairs just ten cents since receiving it, and you need not wonder at my being so well pleased with it. My weight has been about 150 lbs. in the last few years, so that you can see the wheel has stood a very fair strain during this time. Over and above this I have always found it very easy running, although I hear of other wheels that are difficult to keep in easy running order. I can cheerfully recommend the BRANTFORD BICYCLES to anyone desiring to purchase a wheel.

Yours very truly,

PETER MYERS,
ENGINEER.

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FOR SALE—Eagle Bicycle, 52in, new last August. Write J. S. McBride, Kingston.

50 INCH WARWICK ORDINARY for Sale, in good condition. Apply Russell's Jewelry Store, 9 King St. West.

A BEAUTIFUL imported safety for sale, almost new, all ball bearings. Address 173 Front Street E.

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54 INCH No. 1 Rudge, all ball bearings, been used 4 months, as good as new, cost \$150, will sell for \$65.

54 INCH Bicycle, in good order, strong and well made—a bargain—\$22

52 INCH Good Bicycle, almost new, all ball bearings, cost \$125 last fall been ridden 5 months, will take \$6

NO 2 COMET, 52 inch never been on a road, been used for trick riding—in use 1½ months—will sell for \$47.

RUDGE, No. 2, 50 inch, in good order—a bargain—\$30.

EXPERT COLUMBIA, 50 inch, all ball bearings, all nickle plated, lamp and bell attached, cost \$125—price \$60.

NEW RAPID—all ball bearings—as good as new, but requires Cleaning—cost \$125, price \$47.

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Items of Interest.

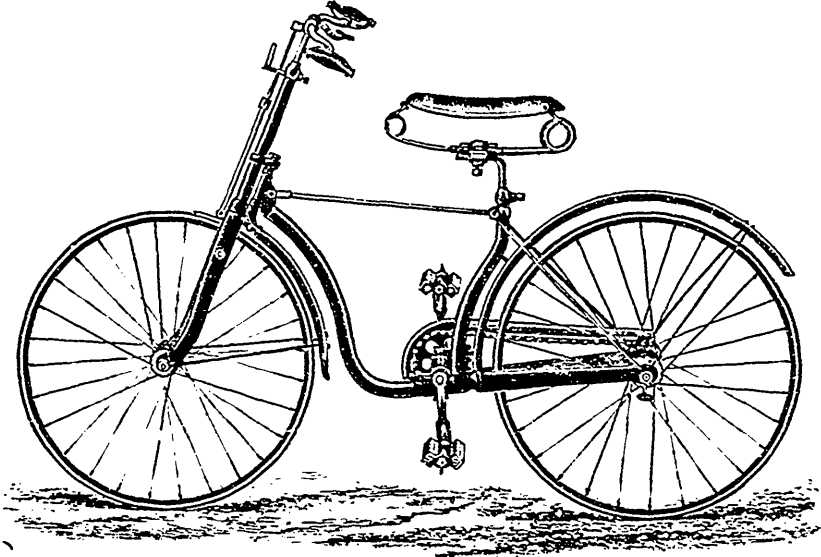
Never judge of the graceful qualities of a wheelman by the amount of nickle-plate on his machine.—*Ex.*

Jack Dring in collaboration with Tacagni will shortly startle the world with a patented pneumatic tyre combining the simplicity of the Clincher system with the special advantage and lightness of the Dunlop rim—*Bi. News.*

The best mount, to my way of thinking, is made from the left side of the safety. You should stand well into the machine, between the saddle and handle-bar on the left side, grasping the handles firmly, and holding the machine upright. In this position you should take a step or two forward, pushing the machine till the right pedal is beginning to descend. You must then place your right foot upon it, and spring lightly into the saddle at the same moment, meeting the other pedal with your left foot as it comes round, and rising a little to settle your skirts in place. It is an affair of practice, and can quickly be learnt, but the balance should be acquired first.—*Ellen Le Garde, in Wheelman's Gazette.*

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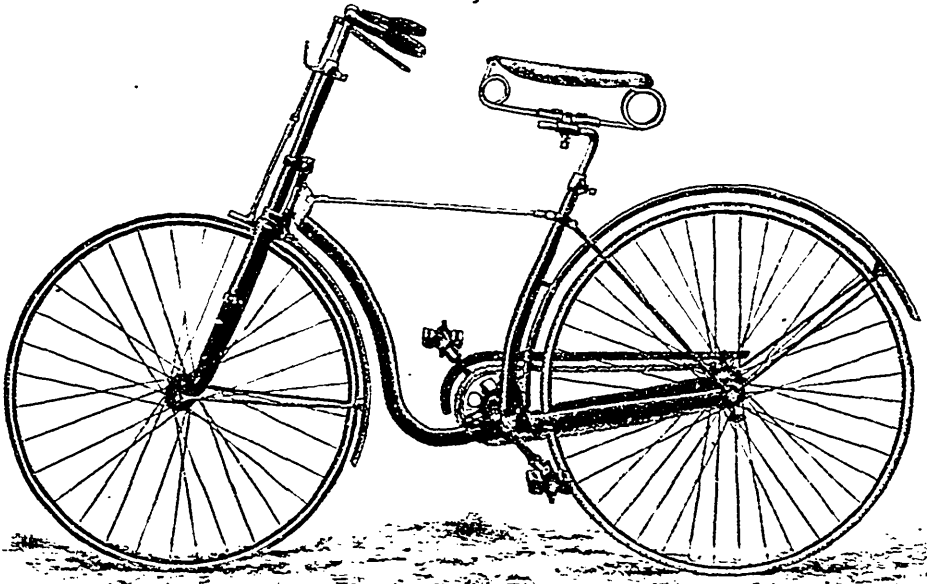
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