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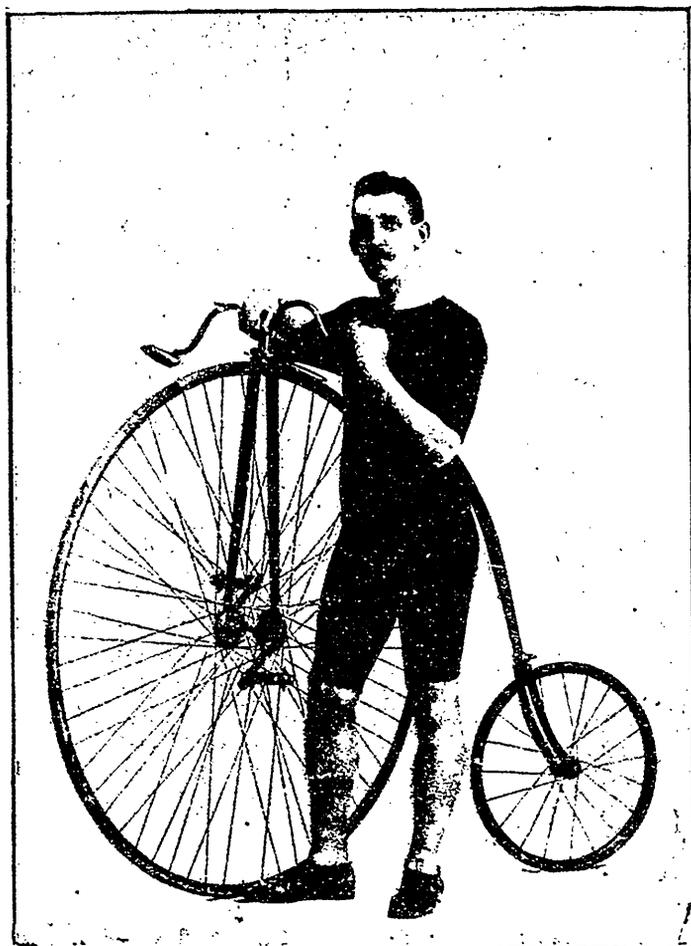
CYCLING

A Mirror of Wheeling Events—Devoted to the Interest of Cyclists in General.

Vol. II.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 31, 1891.

No. 3.



W. GEO. McCLELLAND,
TORONTO BICYCLE CLUB.

Canadian Flyers—9.

W. GEO. MCCLELLAND.

Of the many racing men who have come to the front in this Canada of ours none are more familiar to wheelmen generally than W. G. McClelland, or "Big Mack," as the stalwart rider is known to his brothers of the wheel. Our first acquaintance with him was some three years ago, when he sat astride the safety and was looked upon as a leader by that section of the club; but the "Rational" fever caught the lad, and purchasing a Rudge, he left his first love for a more elevated position, from which, although he has had many a tumble, he yet oftentimes looks down with pride upon his companion of the windy tire. "Mack's" career as a racer has been a brilliant one, from the first time he tried his mettle (outside of ordinary road scorching) at the great fifty-mile team race, ten men a side, between the Wanderers and Torontos, Sept. 27, 1890, when he captured second place against the field, and demonstrated his ability as a road rider to be of no mean order. In the spring of this year, when the Juniors of the T. B. C. met the Champion Road Team aforesaid, he again rode a good second on his Rational, a pneumatic wheel taking first place. Then again on Dominion Day, in the C. W. A. road race at Hamilton of twenty-five starters, he was the second ordinary to finish, and well to the front. At the Civic Holiday races of his club, at Rosedale, he made his appearance on the track, and in his first race, the two-mile novice, broke the record for green race in Canada, winning also, later in the day, the Club Championship Cup (ordinary) and the Boustead Gold Medal (five-mile ordinary), trophy in existence since 1882, and the second time ever won by a member of the Club, and it has been held by some of the fastest men in America. At this meet "Mack" won every race he had entered for.

Then he got the pneumatic craze very badly, and when the time came for the much-talked-of team track race between the old opponents, Wanderers vs. Torontos, "Mack" found his old safety training of advantage, and covered the distance, ten miles, inside of thirty-one minutes, coming home with the bunch. Then, like Alexander, he looked for other worlds to conquer, and, going with Smith, Hyslop, and other fast men to the Montreal races, Aug. 29, he rode a game race on a strange wheel (his own being lost on the way down), and took second place in the five-mile ordinary handicap. It was at

the great race between Hamiltons and Torontos over the Grimsby course, Sept. 7, however, that he demonstrated to his friends his abilities as a road rider; for in spite of a bad tumble, which damaged his wheel and left him last man, nothing daunted, he fixed up, and passing thirteen men took sixth place, and third of his own team. What his position would have been, without the mishap, it can easily be seen. On Sept. 14, in a field of six starters, at races at the Exhibition grounds, he won first place in two-mile handicap from scratch.

His closing record for the season was in the great "relay race" from Hamilton to Kingston, in which he covered his allotted ground, from Highland Creek to Whitby, fifteen miles—to use his own words—"over the worst road I ever seen," in fifty-six minutes. It is only fair to say that in all the races in which "Mack" has competed he has been mounted on either a Rudge Rational or a Pneumatic of same make, and is a strong advocate of that mount as being ahead of all—"bar none."

From this short sketch it can be seen that in "Mack" the Torontos have a rider whose record is "away up," and whose future is promising, both on road and track. As a friend he is a good 'un, in the Club a jovial fellow, and on a tour I want no better company than this big wheelman of the T. B. C.

BRUCE.

The subject of our next article on Canadian Flyers will be Mr. James Miln, of the Toronto Bicycle Club.

Liverpool is about to fall in with the new fashion and organize a grand lantern parade and procession in compliance with the request of a deputation from a committee composed of members of the cycling clubs in that city. The Lord Mayor of Liverpool has extended his patronage to the proposed display, which will take place on the evening of Monday, Dec. 14th. Riders will be expected to appear as far as possible in fancy costume. It is stated that the War Office has been approached with a view to the cyclist members of the Volunteer Corps of the city taking part in the parade, the deputation having expressed a wish that the Liverpool lantern parade shall benefit the cause of charity. It is expected that the Stanley Hospital will, in accordance with the Mayor's suggestion, become the recipient of £100, partly from collections made along the route.—*The Wheelman.*

Cycling

A MIRROR OF WHEELING EVENTS—DEVOTED
TO THE INTERESTS OF CYCLISTS
IN GENERAL

EDITORS:

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PUBLISHERS:

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DECEMBER 31, 1891.

Presents which have been, or are likely to be, Distributed.

To President Hill, a pleasant term of office.

To Vice-President Beament, the presidency for 1892-3.

To Secretary Donly, pointers on road-racing.

To Sam White, the amount he was out on the sale of "Push On's" photos.

To Billy Hyslop, the mile championship.

To A. W. Palmer, the road championship of America.

To "Alphabet" Smith, the three-mile championship.

To "Push On," a glimpse of his picture in CYCLING.

To Dr. Doolittle, a case of medals.

To Jack Laidlaw, the correct score of the Wanderers-Torontos ten-mile track race.

To Horace Pease, "Twinkle, twinkle, little Star."

To E. Y. Parker, a pump with windmill attachment.

To the Wanderers' At Home Committee, the most successful yet.

To Billy Hunter, the captaincy of the Wanderers.

To Marshall Wells, the duty of proving that Lavender's pneumatic is as fast as the Dunlop.

To "Ack." Webster, a geared ordinary.

To Harry Harwood, a new watch

To Jimmy Miln, the captaincy of the Torontos.

To Art. Taylor, the office of Chief Centurion of the new C.C.R.C.

To Jim Kernahan, a new wheel.

To Howard Irish, a new yell.

To Harry Love, a larger dog.

To W. H. Miln, a larger box.

To Havelock Walsh, some of the finest "snap shots" to be found.

To C. W. Hurndall, an "elliptical billiard ball."

To Eddie Scott, a mustache.

To Jimmy Sinclair, another pair of "fifties."

To the Forest City Bicycle Club, a new track.

To the bicycle dealers, a prosperous season.

To all, A Happy New Year.

S. CLAWS.

The Christmas number of *Bearings* has come to hand, and is one of the finest specimens of the printer's art. The paper is as usual filled with items of interest, and we are not surprised to learn that the circulation is increasing at the rate of 300 per week.

The Century Road Club of America has 320 members.

A wheelman crossing Girard Ave. bridge, Philadelphia, after dark and without a lantern must carry his wheel.

Bicycling News has a very fine portrait of Holbein. It might easily be taken for Fred Foster.

Bearings is talking up a relay race between Chicago and New York.

The wheel used by Holbein in his road-work weighs forty-three pounds, and is a Swift.

The Queen's Rifle Volunteer Brigade (Edinburgh) will have a cyclists' corps numbering fifty.

Bicycling News of Dec. 5 contains a page illustrating some of the new tires at the Stanley Show.

Bidlake, the English tricyclist, is learning to ride the geared ordinary.

The daily average attendance at the Stanley was 10,000.

The entries of professionals and amateurs (?) were accepted indiscriminately for the Melbourne (Australia) B. C. races.

Starley Bros. are building their 1892 machines with the handle bar standard cut off just above the steering centres, similar to the machine ridden by Charlie Lavender last year.

The St. George's Engineering Co., who have hitherto refused to manufacture light machines, have at last succumbed to the popular craze for scorching wheels, and in their catalogue for 1892 announce "New Rapid" No. 6, weighing 34 pounds.

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.—XVI.

With sixty-two miles additional to place to our credit on the log-book, we found ourselves at the close of the following day enconced in the principal hotel of St. Germain, tired out, but delighted with the day's ride. Our way had led us through a beautiful stretch of undulating country, providing just enough hill-climbing to vary the monotony of the level. We were nearing Paris, and naturally enough rather in a hurry to get there, so did not spend any time of consequence in Saint Germain. We did prolong our stay somewhat, on account of the landlord of the hotel endeavoring to profit by our apparent inexperience, charging us just double the tariff rates, notwithstanding our appetites were in their normal condition. McLean had to go to the chief of police and air our grievances before the hotel bill was cut in two. With the gratification of knowing that we had saved another mortal from wrongdoing, we bade the somewhat irate innkeeper *au revoir*, and, pushing our wheels before us, commenced the ascent of the gigantic hill lying between Saint Germain and Versailles: which effort occupied our undivided attention for one hour and a half. We arrived in Versailles shortly after, just in time to escape a very severe storm, which, within the space of half an hour, turned the highways into miniature rivers, and had the effect of making us feel satisfied that we were under cover. By the time we had finished our *dejeuner* the sky was again almost cloudless, and we sallied forth to the old palace once occupied by Louis XIV. The magnificent pictures contained in this palace are alone worth crossing the Atlantic to see. We had a most intelligent guide, an old Englishman, who took us through the various galleries and pointed out the paintings of special import. We felt the contiguity of Paris, and, restless to get a wheel once more, we again made the mistake of leaving many of the beauties of Versailles to be seen later on. Ten miles of riding through towns of small consequence and we have the Eiffel Tower, it seems to us, close at hand. We are now at the gate of the city, and, after a few questions by the *gend'arme*, are privileged to enter the gay capital, although this

particular part of Paris did not impress us as being either very gay or beautiful. We do not begin to appreciate the magnificence of Paris until we approach the Place de la Concorde, not far distant from which rises the majestic and imposing Eiffel creation. Without much difficulty we found our elegant and handsomely appointed apartments in the Latin Quarter, and before nightfall we all felt as much at home as four persons could who were wrestling with a dialect which they were yet hardly on speaking terms with.

Nearly ten days flew away before we could make up our minds to leave Paris. How pleasantly those days in the French capital were passed! One month of life in Paris would hardly give sufficient opportunity to thoroughly see the Louvre. A few days' visit to this enormous Art gallery gives the traveller but a faint conception of the treasures contained therein. We employed many of our mornings here. The afternoons would sometimes be devoted to riding over the splendid boulevards or in the Bois de Boulogne, possibly in the palace and garden of the Luxembourg. The opera, of course, held out great inducements to McLean and Peard, and at each of the three performances given during the week these worthies were always to be found. The party was again dissolved in Paris: McBride carrying out his original idea of visiting the Rhine, Langley taking a mysterious jaunt through the wilds of Germany, McLean and Peard returning to England. We took the train for Dieppe the evening of the last day of July, and were again fortunate in having a pleasant trip across the Channel. While on the steamer we got into conversation with one of the progressive representatives of the United States, who had taken one whole day to see London, and donated a portion of twenty-four hours to the inspection of Paris. When we expressed our sympathy for him in having to return to America so soon without being able to see anything well, he quickly replied that he expected to be in England about two months, but considered he had seen everything worth seeing both in London and Paris in the short space of time given to each!

(To be continued.)

The Wheelman (Dublin) thinks "some of the tire inventors must be lineal descendants of Ananias." We would rise to explain that the present is a season of inflation as regards tires, and probably also as regards liars.

London Letter.

DEAR CYCLING,—I fancy I owe the readers of your paper an apology for not having written you a letter for your last number, and thus leaving you in the dark as to the state of affairs in London. But, perhaps, before they have finished perusing this letter, they will come to the conclusion that I owe them another apology for writing a letter and putting no news in it.

On account of the large number of other entertainments taking place during this month, the F. C. B. C. have decided to postpone their annual entertainment until the latter part of January or the beginning of February.

Some of our members are quite sad of late—that is, since the election trial developments. They say that had they known of the pigs' feet and beer in the colored school-house they would have been on hand; and they feel quite offended at both candidates for not inviting them. No doubt, in the event of a new election the enterprise of the F. C. B. C. will show to the front and succeed in obtaining a fair share of what is going for the bibulous members thereof.—Yours truly,

W. G. OWENS.

London, Dec. 17, 1891.

Next Season.

Pedestrian (rushing to a cyclist whom he has seen take a header, turn six times in the air and stretch on his back): "My dear fellow! Are you killed?"

Cyclist: "Most certainly not. What do you suppose I played the 'Companion of Thord' for a week for?" C. U. S.

Mr. C. A. Palmer, of the St. George's Engineering Co., writes thus of the present handle-bar fad:—We make them simply because riders, for no reason at all, think they are better with fantastic curves in them. As a matter of fact, they make the handle-bar heavier on account of longer tubes, and weaker for the same reason. A brake makes them still much weaker, on account of the extra length of plunger and tube, all for no purpose, as the handle and the hands of the rider are only in the same position that they would be if the ordinary curved handle-bar were lowered two or three inches into the tube,

Toronto Bicycle Club, Ltd.

ORGANIZED
1881.



INCORPORATED
1891.

Club House: 346 Jarvis Street.

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Vice-President	C. E. LAILEY.
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H. C. PEASE - Club Reporter.	

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CLUB NOTICES.

The regular monthly meeting of the T.B.C. will be held in the club house on Monday evening, 4th January. A large attendance is requested, as matters of importance will be brought up for discussion. J. WOOD,
Hon. Sec.

The members of the House Committee of the Toronto Bicycle Club have very great pleasure in announcing that Messrs. Miller and English have consented to give our friends and members with their ladies an evening with the stereoptican, exhibiting views of cycling and other sports, familiar scenes, etc., interspersed with a "Spice Box," by Comedian Pease, and songs and readings by well-known artists, in the Concert Hall of the Y.W.C.A. new building on Elm Street, near Yonge Street, Tuesday evening, January 12, 1892, to which all our friends are invited. Cards, which are to be shown at the door, and which admit gentleman and two ladies, can be had from members of the Committee, and at the Club House any evening. We hope to see the hall crowded that evening, and we can promise all who attend a rich treat.

Chicago Letter.

Old Santa Claus has paid his annual visit for 1891, and as a result the air is full of joyous sounds produced by the rising generation, aided by tin horns, whistles, trumpets, drums and the to-be-dreaded instrument which has caused so much mental agony and painful language during the past ten days—the calliope. This word has changed somewhat in its pronunciation since I arrived in this "go-ahead" part of the country, and is now pronounced kal-e-ope. It is no wonder that it changed, as this thing of torture is enough to make a dead man change his position in his coffin. This addition to the list of "musical" instruments is about eight inches in length, half an inch thick, of wood, and has on the uppermost edge, or mouth-piece, a number of holes, and when blown into produces sounds more unearthly than the celebrated steam instrument once owned by the late P. T. Barnum. It's no wonder he died. If I remember rightly, the Wanderers once had one of these valuable articles in their club rooms, which was operated upon by "Prof. Bosie" Read, and as the members did not appreciate the beautiful music that issued therefrom "Bosie" learnt to play "spoof." Poor fellow! but such is fate. To illustrate the popularity of this soul-stirring invention, I will relate a little incident that occurred on State Street the other day. A prominent lawyer had patiently endured the ear piercing selections played by a juvenile vendor directly under his window for three long hours, and as he was about to be taken to an insane asylum the brilliant idea flashed through the remnant of his brain to buy the boy out. He at once descended to the sidewalk, and after much discussion agreed to buy the entire stock for \$1.50 on condition that the boy did not sell any more within three blocks. The bargain was closed, and the purchaser returned to his office where he sat enjoying peace and quietness—for fifteen minutes. Just as he had collected his scattered thoughts he heard the most unearthly, heart-rending noises ever let loose in civilized countries; and upon looking out of the window discovered about one hundred of the most wretched looking specimens of humanity peering up at him, every one trying to blow his calliope louder than his competitors, and beckoning for him to come down and buy them out. At latest advices he was in a critical condition, but by locking him up in a padded room in the Auditorium tower there is hope of his being able to have one more chance to discover "Is life worth living."

What a queer winter this has been up to

the present—very mild, lots of rain, a little snow, and a green Christmas. How different to the good old Canadian winters, with plenty of the "beautiful," the jingling sleigh bells, the hearty "up, up" of the snow-shoers, the "whizz" of the toboggan, and the ringing clink of the skater's steel blade as it comes in contact with the ice. Then there is hockey and the good old game with "besom and stanes," all out-of-door sports, to say nothing of ice-boating, while here we get very little skating, hockey is unknown, curling indulged in but little, and snow-shoeing, tobogganing and ice-boating are very seldom heard of. The winter pastimes are confined to indoor baseball, bowling, "smokers'" receptions and card parties. The latest in the way of a "smoker" was given by the Lincoln Cycling Club, and termed a "hard-time smoker." This idea originated with that well-known hustler, "Billie" Herrick, and took place Saturday night, Dec. 19. Every person who attended had been duly notified that if his appearance did not indicate "hard times" in a manner to satisfy the reception committee he would be given an opportunity to so fix his attire that there would be no possible doubt that he had gone through "hard times" with the assistance of the aforesaid committee and a hickory paddle. But only in the case of Newman, the century fiend, who went home without his nether garments, and "Birdie" Munger, who found it necessary to have his coat made over by having it ripped up the back seam, did it require any alteration in the apparel of the guests. Such a gathering it would be hard to duplicate, but every one enjoyed himself to his heart's content, and some of the guests easily out-rivalled Toronto's departed but not forgotten team, the celebrated "Dixie" and the notorious "Doc" Sheppard, in appearance. Herrick is certainly original in his ideas, and has made the Lincoln Club famous for its entertainments by his "German" and "hard-times" smoking concerts, and it would be difficult to find a more popular wheelman than "Billie" Herrick.

Geo. K. Barrett, the celebrated Chicago racing man, has "gone and done it." That is to say he suddenly turned up at Alton, Ill., on Dec. 21st, and was quietly married to Miss Georgie Ambridge also of this city. The event was a surprise to everyone, as he was supposed to be down East on business. His object in keeping the affair secret was to avoid any objections on the part of the young lady's parents. May good luck be with them through life.

The firm of Harris & Ross is now out of

business, owing to a breach of contract on the part of a third partner. This is an evidence of hard luck, as both active partners labored hard to establish their business, even working from 7 a.m. until oftentimes 1 a.m. The business is now in the hands of a receiver and will be settled in a few days.

On New Year's morning the ceremony of laying the first mile stone by the Century Road Club of America will take place in Lincoln Park at the North Avenue entrance, after which a photograph of the members will be taken. The stone is five feet in length, ten inches square, and will be sunk to the depth of three feet. It will be perfectly plain, having only the inscription, "Chicago, 2 miles," surmounted by the club badge, 100. This will be the first of a series to be laid between Chicago and Waukegan, a distance of forty miles, which will be completed before the beginning of the riding season. It is the intention of the Century Club to lay stones on all the principal roads in America, and the above ceremony will mark an important event in the assistance of road improvements in this country. The club now numbers over 330 members, and bids fair to roll up 1,000 names on the list before the close of the season of 1892.

Tom Eck, the professional, who is an old Newmarket, Ont., boy is in town on his way to Omaha to look after the six-day race to be held in that city next week. He was accompanied by Wood the Englishman. Battery D armory on Wabash Avenue has been secured by Eck for the great six day tournament to be held here the week of Jan. 16th to 24th, 1892. It will be eight hours a day, and the fastest professionals known will participate. I asked Eck his opinion on such a tournament in Canada, and he stated that he could not obtain a proper building, but he intended looking into it more thoroughly.

The season of '91 is about over, and it has been a brilliant one for cycling. Trusting that that of '92 will be more so especially to Canadian wheelmen, I wish you all, fellow cyclists, a bright and prosperous New Year, even though I am

A TRAMP ABROAD.

Dec. 26, 1891.

The Wanderers held their second smoking concert of the season on Thursday, 17th Dec., and which was a decided success. Their rooms were crowded to the fullest capacity. The programme was an excellent one, comprising some first-class talent. After the concert refreshments were served, thus closing a very enjoyable evening for the members and their friends.

Wheel and Camera.

—
ANGLI.
—

How often has the cyclist as he wended his aerial flight o'er hill and dale wished for the pencil of an artist that he might carry home with him little glints of shady nook, of rippling stream, or scenes of pleasant memory? To such who, like myself, have not the talents of a Knowles, O'Brien or a Fraser, the camera opens up a vista of enjoyment hitherto unknown and enables any humble cyclist to make his little or great outings a never-ending source of pleasure and delight. The craze, if it can be so called, took possession of my soul in the summer of '90, and I became the owner of the magic-box which, like Pandora's, was to yield me many precious gems. I well remember with what pride I slung it over my shoulder, and, mounting my safety, rode home to show its workings in the bosom of my family, and day after day for a week fired, like many another babe in photo garments, what proved only blank cartridge, and with what regrets, I heard from the professional to whom I entrusted these as well as some eight or more snaps of the Civic races of that year, that there was nothing but a memory for my good money in wasted plates. But I took a fresh grip, bought some developer from the "feller" who sold me the machine, and next day took aim at a group of the hands of a Front Street store, and lighting my red light in the sacred recesses of a closet in a bed-room, consulted my guide, "The Amateur Photographer," (which, by the way, is a first-class little book to have by you), got my trays arranged and drew the slide, took out the plate, immersed it in water, then into the tray for developing, poured over it the developing agent, and very soon found the picture coming up before me, and recognized in it the face of a well-known wheelman with his usual bland smile thereon gazing from the depths; how my heart swelled within me, I had got what the "profesh" failed to get, a picture from one of my shots. To this day I wonder if that fellow didn't spoil 'em.

A word here on developers. I have tried pyro, Eikonogon, hydro, etc., but have used for more than a year the following formula which produces good, clear, crisp negatives, and is clean and easy to work. Any dealer in photo supplies can furnish it: Hydrochinon, 160 grs.; bromide potassium, 30 grs.; sulphate soda, 2 oz., avoirdupois; to this add 20 oz. water and keep in glass-stoppered bottle and call it No. 1; soda hydrate, 100 grs., dissolved in 20 oz. water and cork tightly,

call this No. 2. For use, one-half of each. I have tried films but have discarded them for glass plates which have only one fault, that of weight, but against that have many advantages. I have a strong preference for Cramers in all grades, but the Crowns, or fastest, I find give best results, as they are lightning if you wish to take an object in motion, and, with a small stop, can be timed for anything from an interior to a landscape.

But I am digressing. On my trips I carry my camera, which is a Waterbury, 4 x 5, on a safety carrier suspended from the handle bars in front and have it enclosed in a square of wadded cloth to prevent scratching. In this way I find no trouble, and have lost very few plates from rubbing, and then it was the holder that was in fault. Before me, as I write, is an album containing over one hundred pictures, nearly all of which have been taken while wheel and camera have been close companions.

A tour in the autumn of last year with two other wheelmen is especially interesting to me, having taken some thirty odd shots I have twenty-six good results. Journeying eastward on a bright, sunny morning we paused to rest at a well-known spot, and, unslinging my box, I caught two forms as they wheeled past beneath the sign which adorns the front of that old stopping place for city riders "The Halfway House." Then away we go, and as each familiar spot comes into view a pause and it is engraved firm as light itself upon our little squares to appear when called upon at leisure. Then later on our trip we caught pictures of scenes made memorable by childhood's sweetest hours, spots more dear than any of later years, and lasting as the mind. Many times since have I, while tired and weary of life's conflict, gazed upon these glimpses of our trip, and for the time forgot all else but them and their associations. A little scene of this trip comes often before me. One of the party objecting to the writer's not figuring in any of the sketches persuasion prevailed, and holding the camera as instructed between his two hands in front of the body that he might the more readily see the object in front, with finger ready to press the button, he unconsciously brings the box against his manly bosom, and as the shutter falls I see his breast heave as he takes a full breath, and thus doing moves the machine and the result may be imagined, for what should have been one of the best of the trip was spoiled, Mac says, by my being in the landscape. Why, of course.

Wheeling wants all racing men registered.

Club Life.

The *Scottish Cyclist* of Nov. 11 contains some very pertinent remarks on club life, and comparing the present with 1881 says:

"There was more solidity in club officialdom of that day than is generally found in this; because the senseless inclination to habitually scorch on club runs which finds favor to-day was absent then, for the best of all reasons—few could do so. It was hard to get up a scorching pace on the 50 lbs. ordinary of 1881, but now the veriest duffer can, by the help of a longer pocket than his fellows, lead better men than himself. Sensible men abhor scorching, so leave clubs mainly to boys and youths. The spread of the pastime has had its dark as well as its bright side for clubdom. It is not so long ago since the wearer of the badge of a prominent club could be relied on to act as a gentleman. His clubfellows resented anything which brought discredit on them, even by implication, and the punishment for a misdemeanor was severe. To-day the most particular club could scarcely detect their black sheep, since where there were only ten wheelmen we have now a hundred. Then every man knew his neighbor, now you have a wide acquaintance if you know one in every ten, and, though you see the cad, his name is not within your ken."

Treasurer Hunter, of the Wanderers, has offered for competition in the snowshoe division a handsome medal for a series of races.

"There are 25,000 agents owing allegiance to the L.A.W.," says an old country exchange. Correct you are, friend; every member of the League is a Road (Improvement) agent.

The peculiar but clever Joe Pennell has knocked a thundering good advertisement for himself out of the Russian police. They arrested the journalist and confined him for 36 hours. As a rule when journalists fall into the hands of the police, so far from advertising the fact, they get their brother pressmen to keep it dark. Not so Pennell. He wired it all to the papers, and some of the organs of opinion are actually saying that we must know more about it. Pray, heaven, it may not be the cause of a bloody triangular war between Russia, America, and England. It seems that the Russian police supposed that Joe was an emissary of some foreign power, perhaps the devil himself. We congratulate the lucky cyclist on not having been sent into Pennell servitude, which in Russia means more than plank bed and frugal repasts of skilly and water.—*Irish Wheelman*,

Athenæum Bicycle Club.

OFFICERS:

J. P. EDWARDS	President.
W. C. MEREDITH	Vice-President.
J. H. EDDIS	Sec.-Treasurer.

OFFICERS OF THE ROAD:

J. P. LANGLEY	Captain.
A. BYRON	1st Lieutenant.
A. ECKLEY	and "
L. ROBERTSON	3rd "

The regular monthly meeting of the club will be held at the club rooms, Public Library Building, on the third Thursday of each month at 7.30 p.m. sharp.

T.B.C. Mystery Box.

On Thursday evening, the 24th inst., the members of the T.B.C. spent a most enjoyable evening at their club rooms, the occasion being an entertainment given by the humorous Pease and Miln, who had provided what they styled a "Mystery Box; or, The Hidden Christmas Tree." At 8.30 the club house was crowded with members and their fair friends. Messrs. Pease and Miln then came forward, and after a few remarks by Mr. Pease the lights were mysteriously lowered and by a knock on the box with Mr. Miln's magic wand the lid suddenly opened and red flames emerged from the box to the astonishment of the guests. The lights were again raised and the presentation of Christmas gifts commenced. Some were found to be useful articles while others were characteristic of some peculiarity of the individual, and when such were produced they created great laughter. For example, one member who is taking a great interest in pneumatic tires, was presented with a pair of "black puddings," the donors stating that he might get a few hints from them, being filled with something more substantial than wind. After presenting over fifty presents, more or less funny, the mystery box closed amid continued rounds of applause. The rest of the evening was spent in dancing and showing their friends through the club house. Refreshments were served at intervals down stairs. The party broke up at a reasonable hour, every one going home feeling grateful to Messrs. Pease and Miln for the pleasant evening furnished by them.

Invitations are out for the Wanderers' "At Home," to be held in the Horticultural Pavilion, on January 15 next. The affair promises to be on a grander scale than ever.

DEAR EDITOR,—The effects of the header have almost passed off, and I am able to again scribble off something for the columns of CYCLING, but I have been out of humor so long that I am afraid I will have some trouble in "scattering my collected thoughts," as Mark Twain says. For the past two or three weeks I have been helping my pal, the Scotchman, study deviltry, and have not been paying much attention to club matters, or news pertaining to wheeling. Things around the club house have been moving along about as usual, and the billiard table is kept busy, but there is a death-like stillness in the card room, thanks to the action taken at the last regular meeting.

The fine weather which has prevailed this season has enabled many of the boys to continue wheeling, and it is a common thing to see them mounted on their wheels testing their speed on Jarvis Street. It was intended to have a club run on Christmas Day, but the weather turned soft and it had to be postponed, and now may be held on New Year's Day.

The great question troubling the boys just now is, What wheel shall I ride next season? Of course every one feels that he will not be in it if he don't ride a pneumatic, but there are so many pneumatics in the market now that it is difficult to decide which is best. There are some good features about all of them. Of course every firm thinks their own the best, but we certainly think they are all worthy of investigation. Another thing that many are thinking of just now is the Wanderers' "At-Home," which is to be held on the 15th of next month. All who attended this entertainment last year are desirous of doing so again, and are looking up their dress suits to see if they are in good enough shape to again appear in public; but the boys are bound to be there, if possible, for they are fully aware of the fact that our neighbors well know how to conduct an "At-Home," and consequently don't want to miss it.

Hoping all will have a good time, and wishing all the boys a Happy New Year, I am yours, etc.,

CLUBUS LIARUS.

Tom Lalor, an old and popular wheelman, has taken charge of the cycling manufacturing and repairing department of the Charles Stark Co. As a mechanic he has no rival in Canada, besides being a thorough gentleman, and well versed in racing and club matters. The Charles Stark Company have largely extended their manufacturing and repairing branches this Spring, having added a large plant of new and expensive machinery. Mr. Lalor will have sole charge of these departments.

A Good Walk.

Mr. H. W. Harwood, of the T.B.C., does not lay any claims to record as a cyclist, but thinks, after a recent performance of his, that he is somewhat of a walker. He left Tavistock at 10.20 one muddy morning, carrying his "grip" and overcoat, and proceeded to walk to Woodstock, a distance of $14\frac{1}{2}$ miles, which town he reached at 1.05 p.m., covering the distance in 2 hrs. 45 min. Harry says the road is quite hilly, and he did not have even a farmer's waggon to pace him.

Trade Notes.

Messrs. H. P. Davies & Co. have, for the coming season, placed with the Rudge Co. the largest order for wheels ever received by an English manufacturer from Canada, to the extent of 950 wheels. They are also building a large quantity of their own wheels at their factory.

We have been favored with a copy of Frank S. Taggart's first annual catalogue, and it is without doubt the handsomest catalogue of its kind ever issued in Canada. It consists of 208 pages, giving a full list of his "Swift" bicycles, guns and jewellery. The "Swift" is manufactured by one of the oldest bicycle firms in England (The Coventry Machinists Co., Ltd.), and is considered one of the best wheels on the market. It is an old favorite in Canada, and when the new patterns for 1892 arrive we are sure Mr. Taggart will do a good business with the "Swift."

An old friend in a new dress, and an article that has come to be one of the indispensables of an editor's desk, comes to hand in the Columbia Daily Calendar for 1892. The Calendar is in the form of a pad containing 367 leaves, each $5\frac{1}{2} \times 2\frac{1}{8}$ inches; one for each day of the year, to be removed daily, and one for the entire year. The day of the week, of the month, and of the year are given, and each slip bears a short paragraph pertaining to cycling or some kindred subject. At the bottom of each leaf is a blank for memoranda, every leaf being accessible at any time. The stand is an entirely new departure, being made of sheet metal finished in ivory black, and is very compact. At the close of the year the stand will be available for another pad. This is the seventh issue of this now well-known Calendar, yet all the matter is fresh and new, having been carefully collated from leading publications and prominent writers, most of it being specially written for this purpose. It comprises notable events in cycling, opinions of physicians and clergymen, hints about road making, and numerous other topics. Address, Pope Manufacturing Co., Boston, Mass.

The Hartford Wheel Club announce their tournament for 1892 will be held on Sept. 4 and 5.

Shoes laced with stout elastic are capital to ride in. There is no risk of laces coming untied; and the elastic can be secured, so that the foot may be slipped into the shoe without undoing it. The effect is easy, comfortable, and perfectly safe from catching.—*Exchange.*

Academy of Music.

Dec. 31, Jan. 1, 2—Tony Farrell.
Jan. 4-9—J. S. Murphy.
Jan. 11, 12—Lizzie Evens.
Jan. 14, 15, 16—George Wilson's Minstrels.

The police of Aberdeenshire, Scotland, are trying all manner of mean tricks in order to trap the unwary cyclist and have him fined. One mode of procedure is when meeting a cyclist to turn and walk back, expecting that the cyclist, knowing they were aware of his approach, would fail to ring his bell. Several wheelmen were captured in this way.

FOR SALE, WANTS, EXCHANGE.

Two insertions..... 25 cents.
Four "..... 40 "

FOR SALE—50 inch Referee Rational, new—reversible ball head, spide handles—cost \$130 will sell for \$100 Apply office of CYCLING, 5 Jordan Street.

FOR SALE—52 in. Comet Rational, cushion tyre—in perfect condition—cost \$135, will sell for \$75 cash. This is a bargain. F. Morphy, 141 Yonge St.

FOR SALE—Psycho Pneumatic, weight 40 lbs., Dunlop tyres—used two months—easy terms of payment, satisfactory reasons for selling. Address, "Bicycle" Drawer 33, Hamilton.

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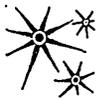
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THE TEST TELLS THE TALE

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Must Ride the Goat.

There are a number of bicyclists in Denver who are unable to join any of the clubs which make their runs in daytime, and have therefore organized a bicycle club to be known as the "Owls of the Night."

The wheelmen composing the club last summer made a run together to Colorado Springs and then ascended Pike's peak at night. All of the runs are to be made at night, and several novel features of club life are to be introduced. The club intends to have once a year a big feast, and following it at 12 p.m. will start out upon a long trip and make a century in the fifteen hours following.

They will have a club house wherein everything will be upon the unique and weird order, designed to impress the members of the club. The admission to the club will be performed through the initiation of the members by the means of weird and fantastic ceremonies.—*Ex.*

Items of Interest.

The English press are greatly agitated over the probable appearance of Windle, Zimmerman, Rich and Murphy on their tracks next year. Windle, however, says he is not going.

The declared value of exports from Birmingham and Coventry to the United States for the year ending Sept. 30th, 1891, was \$621,664.99. Looks as though the Yankees rode English wheels somewhat.

The English 24 hour road record stands at 336 miles; the Dutch, 255; the Scotch, 244; and the Irish, 242; the difference in each case being fully accounted for by roads, weather and pacing conditions.

According to the definition of the National Cyclist Union the new Crypto Geared Ordinary will come under the safety head. *Bicycling News* suggests that the definitions be altered so as to allow of the C. G. O being classed as an "ordinary."

Not long since a certain rider of this city received in change from a restaurant keeper a twenty-cent piece, which the man said could readily be passed for a "quarter" "Dead easy," replied the cyclist. Two days later the cyclist informed the restaurateur that he had indeed passed the "twenty" for a "quarter." "Where did you pass it?" "At this desk, when paying for my dinner yesterday."

The police of Bay City, Mich., are still after the sidewalk-rider's scalp. They recently managed to catch a bicyclist riding on the Eighth Street sidewalk. He was hustled into the waggon and driven toward the police station, but was permitted to alight at his home and come to the police court later, where he was fined \$2. On account of the criticism of local newspapers, the police have declared a boycott on the reporters, and keep their arrest register out of sight.—*Referee.*

A novel idea is the one adopted by a Racine wheelman named Hopkins. Terry Andrae claims that Hopkins has a ten-pound weight under his saddle when riding his cushioned Humber around town, and if he has a long distance to travel *he takes off the weight* so as "to make the machine run easier!" Terry suggests that Hopkins ought to take the weight along with him, so that it could be thrown out as an "anchor" when descending steep hills. This would be going back to old principles, when the "drag" was used on carriages.—*Bearings.*

High gears are all right for the hardy scorcher, and the slow, apparently easy motion has a fascination for the novice, who is often of such slight physique that a gear much higher than his size of the "ordinary" wheel would be tiresome and injurious. There are other reasons why high gears are not universally desirable. "Some riders are natural pluggers," says a writer in *Wheeling*, "while others are fast pedallers and dislike hard work. From a wide experience I think that for all-round riding, especially where the ordinary roadster safety is used, a gear varying from 56-inch to 58-inch is the correct one. For the road scorcher one from 60-inch to 63 inches will be found the most suitable; for very long distances, 60 inches for preference. It is a great mistake to imagine that because a man uses a high gear he can travel faster. This in many instances has been proved altogether wrong. When a man is tired he can generally pedal fast down hill. It is the uphill work which puzzles him. Men in thoroughly good condition, with their muscles trained to stand hard plugging hour after hour, can ride high gears; but, as a general rule, it is a disadvantage to any but such men, and even to them the high gear may be a questionable advantage. It is always better to be moderate in your view, so it is better to have a gear an inch or two too low than choose one which is above your powers to propel. A high gear means incessant hard work."—*Bearings.*