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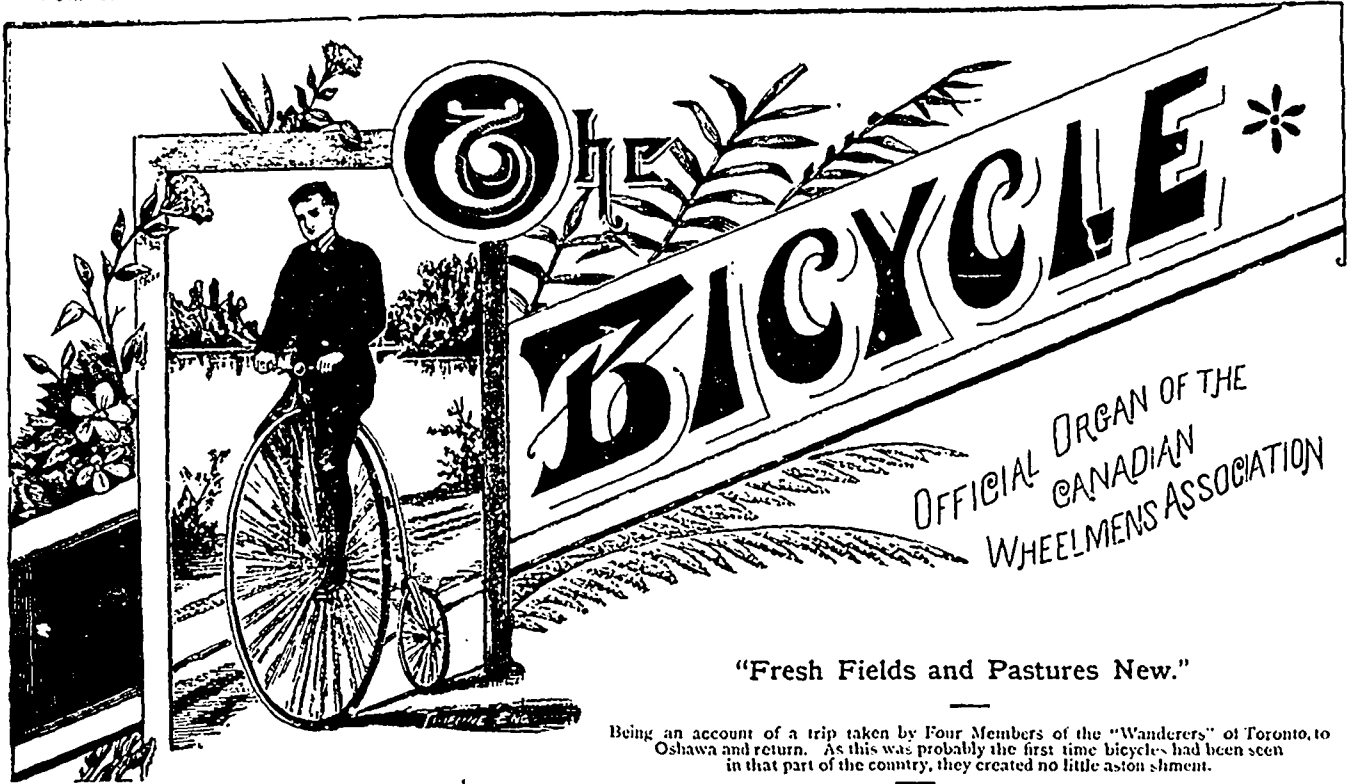
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"Fresh Fields and Pastures New."

Being an account of a trip taken by Four Members of the "Wanderers" of Toronto, to Oshawa and return. As this was probably the first time bicycles had been seen in that part of the country, they created no little astonishment.

My Love! My Wheel!

My love! my wheel! when you and I,
In other days, rode free together,
Beneath the cloud-flecked azure sky,
In languid dreamy summer weather.
The while our course, like errant feather,
Erratic was, and made us feel,
That nothing could our rambles tether,
My love! my wheel!

My love! my wheel! we rolled along,
Past mossy banks and shady hollows,
We crossed the brook, whose silv'ry song,
Is heard o'er all the course it follows.
We whirled past barns where twittered swallows;
Past orchards where I had to steal;
Past fishing stream where school boy wallows,
My love! my wheel!

My love! my wheel! when moon was up,
We wandered o'er dale and hill,
Past fairy-folk in lily cup,
On, by the dear old water mill.
I ne'er could pass without a thrill
Of joy, for childhood's woe and weal;
How glad it looked—it looks so still,
My love! my wheel!

My love! my wheel! you know the day,
When, at a quaint old rustic gate,
Standing, flower-crowned, like Queen of May,
I first beheld my darling Kate.
Ah! what a charming *tele-a-tele!*
It settled me for after life;
Now I can cry in tones elate,
My love! My wife!

Yet, dear old wheel, I'll ne'er forget,
The happy days we spent together,
When you were all to me, my pet,
In languid, dreamy summer weather.
The while our course, like errant feather,
Erratic was, and made us feel,
No bounds our wanderings could tether,
My love! my wheel!

W. C. NICHOL.

Before the time appointed, the "Big Four" had assembled all prepared for a three days run. The place of meeting was the "Guns" in the Park, the date, Saturday in August, 1880, and the time two p. m. The "Big Four" consisted of "White Eagle," called so because his resemblance to that Big Injun was something remarkable.—Second, the "Don," who is something great when mounted on his tall 56.—Third, "Fitz," so called for shortness, and fourth and last myself. The weather which had been splendid all morning, darkened in the afternoon with prospect of rain. Mounting our machines we rode down Yonge to King, and out that street to the Kingston road, here the rain started in a regular form, and to save our machines, we retired to a shed where we had a fine view of the Don River. We remained here for half an hour, and the rain stopping, we walked up the slight hill, and drove ahead through the mud. At the toll-gate we noticed a "Weather Bulletin," and on dismounting found that the weather for the next 24 hours was "Local Showers." We were evidently in one of those localities with a shower attached to it, for it started to rain while we were halting there. Taking the planks, we had a fine run of 3 miles to the Woodbine. It was here Don had his first fall, he was leading us up to the hotel in grand form, when suddenly an old lady, apparently about eighty years old, turned a corner pretty sharp and got in front of him. Don was running at the rate of about 12 miles an hour, and was going too fast to stop. He had his choice of running over the woman or of taking the ditch; he chose the latter, and running off the sidewalk he lit on his head in the soft mud and water. The old lady heard the noise, and turning round began to rate Don for running his "confounded scissors grinder" on the planks. We picked Don up and carried him, all limp and muddy, into the hotel. When he was fully recovered, we made another start, and walking up a hill about a mile long, and ran along the Scarborough Heights. The scenery at this point is as pretty as can be found around Toronto. While riding along this road, you can look down the slope and see through the trees, the beach and blue waters of Lake Ontario. The weather had brightened up, and by the time we had reached the top of the heights, the sun had made its appearance. Dismounting we could see the whole of the city, and about 10 miles of this road we were to travel; we started again, and throwing our legs over the handles, glided down the Scarborough grade, our strange appearance making people run out to watch us, and farmers working in the field to stop and gaze at us with open mouths; on we went, winding past houses and gliding past horses, drawn up on one side of the road, until we reached the bottom of the grade, where placing our feet on the rubber, we spun along the smooth gravel road, ringing our bells as we passed houses, bringing out the occupants to see us whirry along. The sky by this time was entirely clear, and when we had reached the top of the Highland Creek hill, the sun was just setting. At the bottom of this hill we could see the inhabitants of the neighborhood come and gaze up at us in astonishment. We coasted this hill in great style and wheeled up to the hotel abreast; about 30 persons were there, who had turned out to see "them things"



Climbing the Hill.

as we, or our machines were called. Going into the hotel, "White Eagle" gave the order "tea for six," although there were but four of us, yet we were hungry enough to finish a supply for eight. It took them half an hour to get supper, and the best sight we had seen since we left the city, was our friend John, bearing a large dinner bell out on the verandah ringing for the other two. It took a long time to convince him how matters stood, and when he did, he took the joke and charged "White Eagle" with the "other two." The tea was immense, and by the time we had torn ourselves away we were ditto. Proceeding out on the veranda, we found the crowd still examining our "ma-h-eens," and one old man explaining "how when he saw them coming down the hill he thought they were four of them city swells, as had broke down in their rig and were riding in on their carriage wheels." We gave the crowd an exhibition of our skill: "The Don" and "White Eagle" distinguishing themselves by running full tilt into each other and falling all in a heap. After a little more fancy riding we mounted again, and riding along seemed to go without the least effort. We found the next 5 miles about as good a road as we had ridden over. We reached the Rouge hill with Fitz leading. Starting down we found it very muddy, and about the centre of it, Fitz struck a stone and over he went. Don was second, and he ran over him and his machine and fell in a heap. "White Eagle" and myself ran into them simultaneously, and in less time than it takes to tell it we were all piled up on the road. There was an awful silence for a moment, and then we all seemed struck with the same idea, the question, "are you hurt?" came from us all in the same breath. Then the funny side struck us, and we all joined in the laugh. None of us were hurt, but our machines seemed like one mass in the road. To make matters worse it got as dark as pitch. On examination our bikes were found all right, except Fitz's handles which was broken short off at the head. We were in a bad fix, not knowing where or how far it was to the next hotel, where we intended to spend the night. However we started to walk down the hill over the bridge, and up the other side, it being too dark to see to ride. At the top we met a farmer, and on asking him where we were, he informed us that it was two miles to Secker's Hotel. Those two miles were the longest two I have ever walked. After we had gone about three quarters of a mile, (to us about 5,) we met a boy who informed us that Secker's was three miles from there. We did not kill that boy, but there was a strong inclination on the part of "White Eagle" to do so. Another twenty minutes walk brought us into Dumbarton. Here we were told that "Secker's" was



The Girl Don left behind him.



only half a mile. We started out again, and in about a quarter of an hour we saw a light which told us that it must be Secker's. Five minutes more we were standing at the door of a large brick hotel, Don knocked and Mrs. Secker came to the door, she opened it cautiously and looked out, but immediately closed it on sight of Don; she did well, for Don was a sight. In our fall he had managed to split his coat up the back, and it hung about him like a summer pea jacket. We were all more or less covered with mud, and perhaps resembled tramps. After a lot of parleying we managed to explain our plight to Mrs. S. and she immediately let us in. We were so tired that we ran our machines into the bar and went up-stairs to bed. Next morning we were up at nine, and after breakfast we settled our bill, oiled our machines and fixed Fitz's handle, we started. It was a fine sunny morning, and as we rolled along, we felt as if we were good for seventy-five miles that day. We reached Pickering in about twenty minutes, and taking the planks we whirled through that town at a great speed. At the other side of the town, Don who was turning around to get one last look at a Pickering young lady, struck a stone and took a "cropper" in great style. He was not hurt, and came up smiling as usual. It was here we started to coast down an immense hill, but about half way down we had to dismount to let a horse past, which had been getting up on its hind legs and trying to fall back into the buggy ever since it first sighted us. A little further on we met a minister who said he would undertake to lick "White Eagle" and myself for two cents, for scaring his horse with our "darn wheelbarrows" as he called them. We walked up the next hill which was a very long one indeed, and started off for "Whitby," which place we soon sighted; wheeling along we rushed through that town ringing our bells and surprising the natives quite a bit. We now struck the worst four miles of road yet experienced, the road between Whitby and Oshawa. We would walk up one hill and coast down the other, and so on till at last we coasted into Oshawa, at exactly 12 o'clock; we drew up in front of the hotel in fine style, entered and ordered dinner, which was got up regardless. At the table we formed the acquaintance of Messrs. Bongard, Reid and Dingle, of the Oshawa Bicycle Club, who made a bet that they could beat us to Bowmanville and back a total distance of 18 miles, they to ride in a horse and buggy. We started at one p. m., and the road

being very good we easily managed to beat their horse, which was occasionally taken with the "Back Stagers" on the way. We reached Bowmanville, and after having some refreshments at O. B. C.'s expense, we started for Oshawa, and after an hour's pleasant ride, we reached there about 5 p. m. After supper we had an extended walk through the town, in which we soon made a host of acquaintances, Fitz taking especially to a blind patent music dealer, (?) who, afterwards told Fitz that he thought his machine was the best, because it looked so bright. Don had left us early in the evening to go and see a "cousin." We retired about 9 p. m., Don joining us about eleven. In the morning at about 10, we started for home, after having said good bye to all our new acquaintances and the O. B. C., who are by the way about as jolly a crowd as could be found. Don having bid an affectionate farewell to his "cousin." We passed through Whitby and Pickering and drew up at Secker's at half past eleven, having done the run from Oshawa in an hour and a half, the distance being eighteen miles. Here we had dinner, and after bidding Mrs. S. good bye, we left for Toronto, passing through Dumbarton, and over the Rouge bridge, without once dismounting. Walking up the hill, we started along the stretch of road which is probably the best between Oshawa and Toronto. Passing over the Highland Creek hill, we made the Half-Way House, 8 miles from Toronto; here we took a rest of 5 minutes and refreshments, then mounting our machines, we made some fast time to Ben Lamond. It was here that White Eagle sighting a team, offered to race the man down the hill to the "Woodbine." They started down the hill, White Eagle coming in first by half a length, after a very close



FAREWELL TO OSHTAWA

and exciting race. Taking the sidewalk for the next three miles, we spun into the city after having one of the best and most enjoyable trips of the celebrated "BIG FOUR."

G. H. O.

TORONTO, Jan. 25th, 1883.

After Picking Himself Up.

I'm a rather bicycle Young Man;
A rut in the road Young Man;
A battered and shattered
And uniform tattered
Thrown-over-the-handles Young Man.

Canadian News.

Latest Bicycle Gossip from all parts of the Country.

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

AYLMER FORKS.

My Dear BICYCLE:—

Being a regular reader of your now familiar pages, I cannot but extend my congratulations to editor, manager, and all concerned in the great improvement, monthly exhibited in the "get up" of "our" paper, and as the official organ of the "Canadian Wheelmen's Association," it is a credit to that body.

Pardon me if I make a correction in the "meditations" of "Crank." Perry Doolittle the father of us "Aylmerites," as regards the bicycle, has not taken up his residence in Toronto. Our captain is pursuing his studies at "Trinity Medical School," and with a right royal welcome will be come amongst us again about the first of April.

The "Aylmer Bicycle Club" now in existence nearly a year, has some twenty-five members, and is a permanent organization, we have all the necessary officers and a small committee of management. Our uniform adopted at the first meeting, and worn during the past season consists of Navy Blue Canvas Shoes, Stockings and Shirt, Fawn Grey Pants and Coat. Our Badge of a shaded red ribbon stamped in gold, with a Bicycle and the name of the Club, and in addition thereto, we hope soon to wear one bearing the magic letters "C. W. A.," as at our last meeting it was proposed and carried that our club join the association at once.

I presume I give the experience of other clubs in stating that we find it hard work to keep the members together and hold meetings regularly during the winter season, but we have lately hit upon a plan which we trust will do its work well. Our club is blessed with some half dozen married riders, who have its welfare at heart, and in weekly rotation welcome us to their homes on stated evenings. We hope thereby to cultivate feelings of good will, friendship and sociability, and have our members realize that it is something to belong to the "A. B. C."

Yours truly,

WALLET.

AYLMER, 22nd Jan., 1883.

THE LONDON FELLOES.

My Dear BICYCLE:—

"Gee Whitaker but ain't the Bicycle getting tony," remarked the janitor of the F. C. B. S. rooms, on bringing his optic orbs to bear on the January number of your paper; and truly it is a remarkably fine edition.

Wishing to begin the New Year with a good record, Bugler Cameron and Sec. Keenleyside left London about 12 a. m. New Year's Day, with the intention of riding to Lambeth and return. In the teeth of a stiff head wind, and over a road in some parts fair, but in others up to the pedals almost in snow, and with one enormous hill to master, they concluded that bicycle riding in winter was N. G., and it was only by sheer stubbornness that they reached Lambeth. Here they found gathered around the bar room fire, the *élite* of the village. The under porter of the grave yard, the sexton of the village school and the wet nurse of the barnyards were there discussing the chances of the various candidates for Municipal honors. The

arrival of the wheelers however drew the attention of the crowd, and a hot discussion followed as to the price, speed, etc. The men with an alleged diamond breast pin and no shirt collar and almost too full for utterance, disclosed with a prefix too powerful for publication in the religious columns of THE BICYCLE. "That it took a mighty smart man, a man like these boys here to ride one of them Cyclopedias." After having a glass of milk all round, it was decided to go on to St. Thomas. The road bending here, they would have the wind abast the beam.

The first few miles out were ridden in grand style, the road being comparatively free from snow, but after that their troubles began in earnest, the snow storm that had been threatening all day coming on, the wind freshened and blew a perfect gale, and truly misfortune like twins seldom come single, for here also began the snow drifts, and they were compelled to dismount and trudge along on foot for nearly a mile. However after resting for a few moments on a barbed wire fence, they again mounted and rode on. By this time the wind had shifted, and was now driving the blinding snow full in their faces, which greatly enhanced the pleasure of the ride. Five stakes were reached at last, and here was found a select gathering of the leaders of fashion, many of them, also suffering from a rush of benzoin to the head; a short rest was taken, also a glass of milk, and then a start made for St. Thomas. The absurdity of the situation striking the secretary he was heard murmuring.

The shades of noon had fallen fast,
As through a country v. llage past,
Two youths who rode mid snow and ice,
Two Cycles with this strange device—Dinner.

The big hill was reached, and with legs over the bottom was soon explored, and the ascent commenced on foot. While resting on the top of the hill, an old lady taking pity on their short pants, offered to lend them her shawl. "Shawl we take it" snickered the bugler. After making three ineffectual attempts to walk a five foot picket fence, the old lady was seen gilding gracefully down the hill on a bob-sleigh, looking heart broken. After dinner, Mr. Brierly, the secretary of the C. W. A. was visited, and the afternoon spent in discussing bicycling subjects, and the evening train taken for home. Total distance ridden, 50 miles.

The annual meeting of the F. C. B. C. for the election of officers for 1882, was held on the 8th January, with the following result:—President, Geo. Burns, Jr.; Capt., R. Burns; 1st Lieut., W. M. Begg; 2nd Lieut., C. H. Wallace; 1st Bugler, J. B. Wagwan; 2nd Bugler, Geo. W. Cameron; Sec. Treas., C. B. Keenleyside.

I wish to suggest to "Crank" that he at once got the line,

"You wouldn't consider it a surprise too wouldn't you dear Editor," of his last months letter, photographed and hung in a conspicuous place in the rooms of the various bicycle clubs as a proof of the superiority of his gigantic intellect over that of our poor sinners, who can't make head or tail of it. We intend having it set to music.

I would also like to correct an impression given by a paragraph in Mr. Doolittle's account of the Buffalo trip. The man from London positively states that when he entered the cherry orchard it was not with the intention of stealing, he says he intended to buy some cherries for himself and the others, but found the family all out except the dog, and the way that dog out and covered the ground between the house and the cherry trees, would have made the heart of an ordinary tramp sink within him. In fact, chasing *caters* was that dogs strong point.

The F. C. B. C. Carnival was a big success.

Perry Doolittle and Frank Morrison were up to the Carnival.

Mr. Hay and another Woodstock bicyclist were in town the other day.

Doolittle's second annual tour around the Lake Erie is receiving the attention of the F. C. B. C.

Wheelmen visiting London are always welcome at the head quarters of the F. C. B. C.

The new painted special British is greatly admired.

Mr. Geo. Burns, Jr., President of the F. C. B. C., gives a Club Supper on the 5th Feb'y.

Yours,

MACHINE.

LONDON, 23rd January, 1883.

THE WHEELMAN'S PARADISE.

My Dear BICYCLE:—

The above is the title given to Goderich last summer by one wheelman, and endorsed by every other who has visited the place. The old Italian proverb, "see Naples and die," might be appropriately rendered. "Get a bicycle and see Goderich before you die."

Acknowledged by summer visitors to be the prettiest town in Canada; its beautiful situation, together with its splendid gravel roads and charming glimpses of scenery, to say nothing of the proverbial beauty of its young ladies, all combine to render it a very Paradise to bicyclists. Not only are all its streets gravelled, but also all the approaches from the surrounding country. The run from London, via Lucan, Exeter, Brucefield and Bayfield, 66 miles, is one of the finest day's ride to be had in Canada; good gravel roads all the way and no hills worth mentioning. Should any ambitious cyclist however, wish for a choice selection of hills on which to test his climbing powers, he can come from Brucefield via Clinton, the distance that way is some 4 miles shorter, but would be as much longer if the hills were rolled out. If any of your readers wish for any information regarding that Alpine piece of road, they can ask Arabi Pasha, who has been over it and can speak from experience. On arrival in Goderich, the visitor finds himself on the "Square," which however will be more apt to give him the impression of a circle, being octagon in shape, and having the eight principal streets radiating from it. In the centre stands the Court House, surrounded by a fine patch of green, with numerous shade trees, giving it quite a park like appearance. The distance around is about $\frac{1}{2}$ of a mile, forming a beautiful course. Leaving our head quarters the British Exchange, and taking a run down West Street to the lighthouse, we find ourselves on the edge of the bank, some 140 feet above the lake with a splendid view over the blue waters of Lake Huron, the harbor and the Maitland River which here flows into the lake. A run up town and down to the end of North street and around by the jail, brings us to the river bank where we get a grand view of the beautiful valley of Maitland, with its wooded banks and the river winding its way through the flats far below, till it reaches the lake. Continuing our way round we came to the G. T. R. Station at the end of East Street, where we came upon another fine reach of valley and river over a mile in length, with the village of Maitlandville lying down in the hollow to our left. The river is here spanned by the New Maitland Bridge, a handsome iron structure, open to the public last Dominion Day. A fine Sunday trip is out to the Point Farm, Mr. J. J. Wright's beautiful summer resort, 6 miles north on the Lake Shore Road, leaving town by the Maitland Bridge, we pass through the village, then to the left up Dunlop's Hill, a long stiff climb, testing the staying power. The rider is however rewarded for his trouble, by the view on reaching the top, when he will probably stop to get his wind, and may take in the view at the same time. Then four miles of good gravel road until we reach the farm, where we

(Continued on Sixth page.)

THE BICYCLE.

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Make checks, drafts and money orders payable to J. H. Eager, to whom subscriptions, applications for advertising space and all communications relating to THE BICYCLE'S business department should be sent. All matter intended for publication in this paper should be addressed personally to the Editor. We cannot undertake to return rejected M. S., and will not publish items for news sent us unless accompanied by the name of sender as a guarantee of good faith.

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

To Correspondents.

ANON, Ottawa.—“We are seven,” M. S. lost by printer. Can you manage to re-write for us? Too good to lose.

H. L.—1. Yes. 2. *Bicycling World and Wheel.* 3. It would take up too much time for one thing, and we have not the necessary space. 4. Not of enough general interest to make it worth our while.

S. S. C.—What difference does it make? It's six of one and half-a-dozen of the other. Turn it up the other way and you'll probably see where you made the mistake.

R. N. P.—Have answered you by mail. Make a note of objections raised next time you write.

A Foxy Affair.

Recently in New York City a Bicycling Tournament was held in which prizes offered by Mr. Richard K. Fox, a well known New York sport and journalist, were competed for.

There is no secret about the manner in which Mr. Fox has made his money. He is the editor and proprietor of the *Police Gazette*, a “weekly sporting and sensational journal,” which he took hold of years ago when it was a worthless sheet, and turned in to one of the best paying newspaper properties in the world. There was a certain amount of ability required to do this. Mr. Fox is a quick-witted Irishman, who recognizing the depraved taste of modern humanity, pandered to it. He filled his paper week after week, with accounts of rapes, incests, abortions and murders; whatever criminal news came to ears, he welcomed greedily, and between this sandwiched smutty anecdotes and paragraphs with double entendres. In a word, he made his paper a cesspool for all that was low, bestial and lascivious. The pictorial department of the sheet quite equalled the letter press. He illustrated his smutty anecdotes and rapes in the highest style of the xylographic art. He plastered his paper plentifully with pictures of seminude, women in every conceivable pos-

ture and of every degree of beauty. He held up kinds of vice as enjoyable, instead of disgusting. He illustrated the beastly orgies of prostitutes and their wretched companions in bagnios, as the essence of earthly bliss, and turned the indecent rivals of New York's French Balls into an Arabian night's dream.

The stage too, has suffered from the echerous hands of the proprietor of this hebdomadal publication. Wood cuts of events behind the scenes that never existed except in the salacious imagination of the wretch that inspired them, have time and again appeared, and the written rot that accompanied them, was in keeping with the pictorial putridity it explained.

It has always been a source of wonder to us that men can be found who have any social relations whatever,—children perhaps, willing to earn a living by drawing such pictures as this paper publishes. But there are such pictorial procurers, and week after week they prostitute the talent God has given them for the sake of the few dollars paid them by this man. Six or seven years ago, the plague of illustrated indecency reached such a pitch that the legislature interfered, but step by step the *Gazette* has been regaining lost ground, and to-day it boasts of a larger juvenile constituency than ever. Grown men and women pass by this shameless sheet. It is youth that buys it, and is secretly corrupted by it.

The paper has an enormous circulation. It reaches every hole and corner in the States, and its proprietor rakes in a small fortune every “settling-up” day with the News Company from his weekly sale.

And it is this man, the editor and proprietor of this vile sheet, who is patronizing wheelmen and “encouraging” their sport! Encouraging! Bah! It is simply nothing more nor less than a scheme to advertise his hebdomadal cesspool and bring it favorably to the notice of people, who should hesitate to soil their hands with him in kicking his dirty carcass out of doors. But let us take it as “encouragement.” Let us say that this man has the bicycling interests truly at heart. Is he the kind of a man wheelmen should let encourage them? This man who has made his money by corrupting and poisoning the pureness and innocence of youth; this man who makes a living by acting as a panderer to all the baser passions and depraved tastes of mankind. Is this the man whose encouragement we appreciate and feel thankful for?

No!

Whatever else may be said of wheelmen, let it be said at least that they are gentlemen and have gentlemanly associates and gentlemen to superintend

their races. We are surprised and pained that wheelmen should have permitted themselves to be drawn into Mr. Fox's advertising schemes. But it is too late now for anything but regrets. It is done and cannot be undone, and it is useless to bring the matter up except to point a moral with. But should Mr. Fox again desire to “encourage” bicycling, let wheelmen tell him honestly and squarely, that they want neither him nor his encouragement; that such men as he, and such papers as his, are disgraces to our civilization.

Mr. Green of Shelby.

For many years past we have been laboring under the idea that there was not a perfect idiot in the universe. But it seems we were mistaken. A Mr. Green of Shelby, Ohio, has introduced the following “amendment” to Section 6980 of the Revised Statutes, and after a perusal of it, we fancy wheelmen generally will agree with us in thinking that Mr. Green about fills the idiot bill.

“And any person using or riding a bicycle, tricycle, or velocipede, upon or along any public road or street, shall, on seeing any person driving or riding any horse or horses thereon, from any direction, toward him, dismount at least twenty-five feet away from such horse or horses, and pass the same on foot, or permit the person managing the same to ride or drive past him while so dismounted; and any person using a bicycle, tricycle or velocipede, and failing to comply with the provisions of this section in regard to the same, shall be liable for all damages sustained in person or property, in any manner, by reason of such person failing so to do; and shall also, on conviction of failing to comply with the provisions hereof regarding bicycles, tricycles and velocipedes, be fined not less than one, nor more than five dollars; but no person using an engine bicycle, tricycle or velocipede, shall be required to wait or suspend his business to permit persons to pass, as herein provided, beyond a reasonable time.”

We do not suppose for one moment that the “amendment” will be admitted. Ohio statesmen we take it, are too sensible a people to have anything to do with such a piece of rampant idiocy, but we understand that the League is taking steps to strongly oppose the bill if necessary. The amendment proposed is utter rot, and Ohio wheelmen should present Mr. Green with a leather medal, for being the champion jackass of the Buckeye State; and not only of the Buckeye State, but as far as we know, of the whole American continent.

Somebody in France has made a steam tricycle, for which he claims a wonderful speed

Bicyclers in England have been utilizing their bells for the performance of popular musical airs, by putting two or more of different notes on each machine. In this way, they successfully interpret while riding “Home Sweet Home,” “Blue Bells of Scotland,” “Rule Britannia,” “Auld Lang Syne” and other tunes. This is a good idea. Why not in Canada too?

The Bugler.

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

I am truly delighted to find that the honor of owning the world's greatest idiot, don't be long to Canada. The United States claims him. Such an utter ass as this man Green, of Shelby, Ohio, whose drivelling idiocy is reproduced in another column, I have never heard of. As the *Bicycling World* says, "if such an absurd act could be passed, it would kill bicycling in Ohio, as the provisions are such that no one could ride with any comfort outside of his garden path." But it will not be passed. If it is I will be very much surprised, and set down the whole Ohio legislature as a pack of sublime fools.

My London correspondent calls attention to a mistake in "Crank's" last month meditations in this paper. The fault does not rest with "Crank" but with the printer. As written the line read "you would be surprised too, wouldn't you, dear Editor," etc. The printer set it up "you would be surprised too, would't you," etc. The proof-reader marked in the missing "n" in "wouldn't," and the printer changed it as it appeared. The error was unnoticed until the whole edition had been run off, and then of course it was too late to correct it.

But the proof-reader was responsible for numerous mistakes last month. On the Editorial page he changed "poetic imagination" into, "public imagination"; he made the printer spell precious, "prescious" and on another page transferred a challenge from M'dlle Louise Armaindo to one from M'dlle. Louise Armadillo. These were not all, but I can recollect no others at this writing. I don't know whether it is that I write such a villainous fist that my writing can't be made out, or what. But certainly the proof-reader mangles my manuscript in a horrible manner.

Some little idiot living in Toronto, writes me an anonymous letter in reference to my remarks last month on "cads of the wheel." His letter runs:

"There is nothing I admire so much as journalistic independence, but it seems to me you go too far. There is an off-hand sarcastic, "if you don't like it lump it" sort of air about your writing, that to me is very distasteful. I know you well enough to know that you would not have said what you did, if you had not believed it, and personally I admire you and your honesty and consistency, but it seems to me your remarks on wheelmen not acting as gentlemen were entirely uncalled for. And it seems to me, too, that you have no business to put such things in the C. W. A.'s Official Organ."

This is all bosh. The point raised was a good one, and was and is only too true. There is not one mounted wheelman out of fifty who will miss a chance of insulting a country girl when he meets one, and it surprises me that other wheel papers have not taken the matter up before now. Farmers are "down" on bicyclers anyhow, and the stories their daughters tell only add fuel to the flame. It never hurts a man to act like a gentleman. If wheelmen would appreciate this fact when riding in the

country, and instead of kindling bucolic anger, try and propitiate it, they would soon succeed in laying a great deal of the antagonistic feeling that now exists towards them in the dust. As to my speaking about it here, a pretty kind of paper this would be if I was afraid to speak my mind honestly, and give wheelmen good advice when they need it. I do all in my power to help the wheel interests along, at the same time I will never fail to speak, severely if need be, of a fault when I find it. Let the little Toronto idiot put this in his pipe and smoke it. He is a cur anyhow, or he would sign his name to his letter like a man. I have a contempt for people who write anonymous letters, and I would take considerable satisfaction in kicking this dirty little whelp out of my office door if he ever dared to show his sneaky face in it.

Wheelmen generally will miss with me this month, the witty, jingling verses that have so many times graced the first page of THE BICYCLE over the *nom de plume* of "Swiz." These verses had grown to be an institution of the paper, and their keen wit and merry catchy metre, made them universally admired. The author, Mr. Fred Swire, for many years has "resided" in Hamilton, but left here recently and went to Toronto as editor of *Grip*. While I know him well enough to know that his old love, THE BICYCLE, will never be forgotten, I know too that his literary work is heavy and for the present at least, he cannot spare time to write for me. As a writer of humorous verses and sketches, Mr. Swire has not an equal in Canada, and few in America. "Swiz" has grown to be almost a household word in this country, for the quaint conceits and rollicking jovial verses that have emanated from his pen are innumerable, and have been copied far and wide. All those who know the man and his genial, kindly nature, will I am sure, wish him, as I wish him, every success in his new field.

The Hamilton Club.

A complaint has been made that this paper devotes none of its space to local news in the shape of notes of the doings of the home club. We have not done so for the simple reason that there was no news to chronicle. There was a time, at no very distant date, when there were plenty of items to be picked up, but of late, the club seems to be petrified, and has managed to get itself into an utterly worthless shape.

Why is this?

In London, a place that is only about half the size of Hamilton, there is a bicycle club that stands head and shoulders over the Hamilton organization. It has regular weekly meetings and nightly practice in large club rooms that have been secured. Our London correspondent finds enough items to furnish us with a lengthy and well written letter every month. And the Hamilton Club stands idly by with its hands in its pockets, and grumbles because as much space is not devoted to it and its affairs.

The cause of the difference between the two clubs,—the prosperity of the one and the disgraceful state of the other,—is apparent at a glance to any one who knows anything of the affairs of either. In London the members work together with a singular unanimity of purpose. The officers are energetic and enthusiastic; they love their club and the wheel,

and do everything in their power to advance their own interests and the interests of wheelmen as a body.

And in Hamilton?

In Hamilton there is no unanimity of purpose; the officers are not energetic, they do not try to advance their own interests or the interests of their brothers of the wheel. The whole club is broken up by petty jealousies and bickerings, by constant recriminations and back bitings; of late the club has not been fit to call a club, and its officers have not been fit to call officers.

The Hamilton Club as it is now is worthless; it is worse than worthless, it is hurtful. Those members who would be enthusiastic and energetic have their enthusiasm and energy checked by the incompetency and tardiness of the others. It would not be a difficult matter to get together a board of officers who would infuse some life, some spirit into the club and save it from utter ruin. Then let those few energetic members that the club can boast of, put their heads together and see what can be done. The first thing is to get capable officers, the second to join the C. W. A. Then let all the clubmen work together for their club's advancement, for in that lies the secret of a club's success.

Chicago Chat.

MY DEAR BICYCLE:—

Canada's wheel paper looks splendid, and Chicago boys all admire the taste and skill with which it is made up.

I notice in it a good many Boston notes from "Hub," and think it quite time that Chicago should be noticed in your columns too.

I have taken two or three trips through Canada, but never saw a wheel there, and had in a measure made up my mind that Canada would never be a great wheeling country; but to read about the mammoth Montreal Bicycle Club and to hear our "Steno's" report of wheeling in London, and more than all, the official organ of the C. W. A., convince me of my error.

Chicago is flat and coasting is entirely foreign to our natures. We start out from the centre of the city, and ride four or five miles to our homes on a dead heat—just *pv* over the sand-papered boulevards without changing our gait. We have in Chicago four clubs, which in age rank as follows: Chicago Bi. Club, Ariel, Hermes and Owl Wheeling Club. The C. Bi. C. have an elegant club and state room, in which they give dances bi monthly. The club numbers thirty-five solid men. I will tell you something about the officers in another letter.

The Ariel Club has about 15 riders. It is rather an exclusive concern, being composed of sons of wealthy men of the South side.

The Hermes Club is a lively club of minors, who are now coming to the front in fine style. They hold the two fastest riders in Chicago, and are now getting up a tournament for the 22d Feb., in the Exposition building. A Few Louisville riders are to come up and try our mettle.

The Owl Wheeling Club was organized last fall, and promises to be a fine organization when the season opens.

Speaking of the races, reminds me that a year ago this time, two of Chicago's best riders, Capt. Miller and Lt. Conkling, went to Louisville to race Jenkins and Schrimpler, 50 miles. They were both badly beaten. Now Louisville responds, and we will pit Crawford and Sturgis, of the Hermes Club, and Valentine of the Chicago Club, against the Louisville men, and see if we can keep the honors in our own city.

We have a splendid $5\frac{1}{2}$ lap track, with good curves, and fast time will be made. Will give you particulars of the race next time.

Yours,

CHIC.

CHICAGO, Feb. 6th, 1883.

(Continued from Third page.)

have about a mile of mud or dust road, as the case may be, interspersed with patches of ordinary, rather trying to the patience, and eliciting numerous "cursory remarks." On arrival at the house, we are however repaid for our trouble; piling machines, we at once make for the beach, and enjoy a refreshing dip in the cool waters of the lake. Being by this time reminded that we feel hungry, we walk to the house to interview the genial 'Joe' on the prospects of dinner, and spend the intervening time in a climb to the top of the tower, some 250 feet above the lake, whence we obtain a view unsurpassed in Canada. After an ample dinner, and a good rest, we again mount saddles for home, where we arrive as the shades of evening are closing in. Another fine afternoon's run is around by Smith's Hill and Manchester to Bewmiller, where we cross the river and home by the Huron Road about a dozen miles of good going with some fine bits of scenery thrown in.

And now having described our town and surroundings, a word about ourselves. In the language of the gentle Wordsworth, "we are seven," only the mystic seven, but we hope to fill up the dozen before this season closes. That seductive youth Perry Doolittle rode in here one morning in July, and his extraordinary performance, coupled with his insinuating eloquence, induced

Your correspondent to invest in, the first bicycle owned in.

Goderich. After wrestling with the diabolical thing for a week, and getting more or less damaged in the interval, besides undergoing all the chaff of the irrepressible small boy, he at last succeeded in keeping his perpendicular and at once awoke to the conviction that his life hitherto had been "flat, stale and unprofitable," but that, after all, he had not lived in vain. Six others soon fell victims to bicyclopedia, and there are indications of its breaking out again in an aggravated form this season. So much for a virtuous example. Your newsy and interesting paper is much liked by those who receive it, and if it is not still more widely circulated, it won't be the fault of

Yours truly,

HURONIAN.

The Moral is—?

On New Year's Day, riding comfortably to the park in Brooklyn on my Facile,—which bore me as smoothly and gently as a combined cradle and rocking horse might do,—I met a number of wheelmen leaving the park. Among them was a young man afoot, in ordinary clothes, the machine he had been riding following in charge of another. A damaged hand, and ugly cuts on his forearm and one side of the head, showed that it had gone ill with him. Five days afterwards, as I am informed, he suddenly died, and examination revealed extravasation of blood on the brain, of course caused by the blow of the f-l. The case reminds me of one not many months ago in Ohio, in that (if I recollect the details exactly) a rider fell on the path in attempting to avoid a child, injured his nose visibly, but kept about, making little of it, the character of the injury revealing itself afterwards, however, by sudden death.

Search of files would reveal more cases of death of from the wheel, and certainly more of injury than one would suppose, and the number of uncounted minor hurts is doubtless large. I have myself known of hands put on enforced vacation for weeks by no more extraordinary mishap than jumping a little too far in mounting, and the number of close "calls" from harm which just miss being answered, it is not worth while to estimate. The only wonder is that mishap and fatalities are not more frequent than they are, as it is that so few

young children escape the staircase and the other cruel giants which bang their tender bones; but Nature is kindly, and the human frame does stand great abusing. Probably the proportion of hurts per bicycle is not greater than that per horse, and it may be smaller; all the same the steel horse is one of mulish heels and uncertain tricks.

The moral is, whatever else you extract from it, care is the first duty; but he who never felt a wound is as likely to jest at care as at scars, and the risks are secretly if not openly dear to many a rider. The acrobat who stretched his rope a foot from the ground would get derision instead of dollars, and the wheelman who, like him, goes out for show, and is happy according as he thinks he draws looks of mingled wonder and admiration, will continue to abjure care because it is not recklessness. No doubt this class of riders will continue. I bid them God-speed, and hope misfortune will keep behind them without overtaking. For the path and the exhibition course, the highest and airiest wheels are appropriate; but for practical use the qualities of severe utility should be studied, provided we ride for the sake of riding and not to please and astonish lookers on. The wheel has passed its day of value as a trick and a toy especially; it must hereafter hold its use by what it can do. The drift of events is in that direction. For example, nickel is less fashionable than formerly, because fashion is made by experience to stand second to utility; in like manner, the question of survival between bicycle and tricycle, between the several patterns of each, and between the several details of construction, must be gradually decided upon the rule of practical utility. As nobody who cannot use a machine buys one, and nobody buys one except to use, the things which admit the best use will hold out longest. Comfort, convenience, ease and safety, will certainly receive more and more consideration, as they should. I am not in the prophecy line, and I don't expect to see the ordinary bicycle go out, as being dangerous, for everything is dangerous and the possibilities are always against us; but I do expect to see danger less readily accepted—certainly less preferred—hence forward, and safety more thought of and more thought worth having.

JULIUS WILCOX, in *Bi. World*.

Migma.

The Louisville *Commercial* states that several young ladies of Denver, Col., ride daily about the streets of that city on bicycles, in jaunty Mexican trousers, sack coats and low shoes.

At the last monthly meeting of the Boston Ramblers, Mr. W. C. State, was elected second bugler. The admission fee was raised from \$2 to \$5, and the quarterly assessment from fifty cents to \$1.

S. H. Ineson, Treasurer of the Bicycle Touring Club, has absconded with about £300 of the club's money. The sensation in English bicycling circles is great.

A grand bicycle meet will take place next May at Vienna, Austria. There will also be a monster meet at Prague in the same month.

Romeo Bisini and A.olfo Cardille, members of the Rome Bicycle Club, started for Aquilla, on November 25th, and in spite of bad weather and roads, arrived in fourteen hours, having accomplished one hundred miles. They returned the same distance in eleven hours, having still less favorable weather.

Two new tricycles will be brought out this spring in Paris, both of entirely new model. Great speed is expected of one.

A correspondent of *Sport Velocipedique*, mentions a new method of arranging a racing saddle. The spring is dispensed with, and the point of the saddle rests directly on the backbone. By this means the rider is enabled to take a larger machine than usual. It is found best to place a piece of rubber between the saddle and the backbone. Behind the saddle there are two iron supports, about two inches apart, and fastened by rollers to the two halves of a split ring which encircles the backbone. In adjusting the saddle, it is necessary to place it at the same inclination that a saddle placed on a spring would have when bearing the weight of the rider. This arrangement is said to work well on a good track, as the saddle is free from oscillations caused by the elasticity of the ordinary spring. These oscillations, in a long race, are very fatiguing to the rider. When tried on ordinary ground, this form of spring (?) gave much better results than were anticipated.

According to *Le Veloc Belge*, the Minister of Public Works of Belgium, in a recent circular addressed to dealers in and manufacturers of bicycles, ask them to place at his disposal bicycles of every description, as he intends to experiment with the employment of the wheel in the telegraphic and postal service. The experiment should be tried with young postmen, who are much more able to learn to use the wheel than older persons. It seems likely that, with two week's practice, they could ride when on duty, at a speed of six or eight miles an hour, according to the character of the road. For postmen, however, the tricycle is the more suitable machine, as they must deliver packages as well as letters.

The same paper says: "The sporting papers of England and France often consider the question of the invention of the velocipede. It has been lately shown that in 1693, Ozanam, member of the Academy of Sciences of Paris, gave a description of a carriage, in which a person could have a comfortable seat, while a servant mounted behind moved the carriage by working with his feet on two pedals. So it is to France that the honor of the invention of the velocipede belongs.

Several members of the Chicago Bicycle Club are projecting a big tour through Canada early in the summer, taking also in their route some of Michigan, New York and Ohio, the time to cover about ten days riding.

H. S. Tibbs, of Montreal, has been following the advice we gave last month and distinguishing himself on the amateur stage. Mr. Tibbs played Paternoster in "John Dobbs," and Lieut. Brown in "Slasher and Crasher."

John S. Prince is soon to make a Western tour to do some racing in Louisville and Cincinnati, and possibly in Chicago. Among other events projected is a series of races with Charles H. Jenkins, of Louisville, for ten, twenty and twenty-five miles, to be run on three successive nights, best two in three, for \$500. Amateur races at various distances will be held in connection with these main events. Mr. Prince will leave for Louisville as soon as satisfactory arrangements can be perfected.

C. J. Young, who has just recorded himself as the twenty-six hours champion, has challenged any bicyclist in New England to a race of from ten to fifty miles, at \$100 a side. He prefers to race with Prince, provided the latter will allow him thirty seconds in ten miles, or one minute in twenty miles.

Prince has issued a challenge to any jockey in America, (Charles LeRoy preferred,) to a six days' race, ten hours each day, he and another bicyclist to alternate each other every hour, and the horsemen to charge horses, as often as he pleases, and run, trot, canter or pace them as he chooses.

There will be some warm "dusting" in *la belle France* next season, for several men mean stern business, since I hear that they have gone in for light racers, an intend training for every important event on an entirely different principle from last season.

Racing costumes in France are very much behind our country, but they will gradually improve with the times.

Several costumes I noticed at the different meetings were very "old-maidish," and consisted of long pantaloons and stockings, very loose, and likewise a jacket to match, with no end of "scarf" wrapped round and round their waists, which must have been decidedly unpleasant for taking active exercise, such as bicycle riding.

The majority of the Parisian "cracks" wear worsted tights and jockey caps, and the jerseys with the monogram of their club worked upon the breast of the latter, which I should think was a tip from their champion, who introduces all improvements in the way of dress from our side of the channel.

I shall not be surprised to see one or two more of the English division taking part over there next season.

But I should advise them to be fairly good hands at trick riding, for the tracks are anything but pleasant, and also to beware of.—*Bicycling Times.*

Dedicated by the author to the "Noble Six Riders," who accompanied the tour from Aylmer 'o Buffalo. With apologies to Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan.

If you want a receipt for that popular mystery Known to the world as a Buffalo tour, Take all the remarkable people in history, Rattle them off to a popular cure. The pluck of young Newsy a-tackling the trip Genius of Latmuch discussing the hash, The humor of Hep-ing (in giving them lip,) Coolness of Morrison trying to mash, The science of Westbrook in winning no fear, Wit of O'Little who wrote with a will; The pathos of Harry (can I have some beer, Styles of the kid on "Clifton House Hill," The dash of Jumbo, as he cried suicide, Narrative power of a Reenlyspide. Statue of Brock, Welland Canal, City of Brantford, St. Thomas and London, Village of Aylmer and Mr. O'Little, Take of these elements all that is fusible, Melt 'em all down in a pippen or crucible, Set 'em to simmer and take off the scum, And a Buffalo tour is the residuum, Yes, yes, yes, yes, A Buffalo tour is the residuum.

MACHINE.

The New York Races.

FROM the *Spirit of the Times*, which never allows wrong-doing in sporting matters to be winked at through erroneous idea of charity, we reprint the account of the late bicycling events in New York. We showed it to Prince, and he cordially endorsed the Spirit's comments on the character of the event in which he participated, and said frankly that he was heartily ashamed of the whole affair and regretted having entered.—*World.*

NEW YORK CITY.—26 and 27 January, at the American Institute Rink; track on cement floor, nine laps to the mile, with tolerably easy corners. Referee, F. Jenkins; timekeepers, H. Plummer, S. Austin, P. J. Donohue and W. Harrison, under the supervision of E. Plummer.

Professional 26-hour race—W. C. Young, Boston, Mass., 257 miles 100 yards in 22h. 20m.; W. J. Morgan, Canada, 249 miles 196 yards in 22h. 20m.; J. Wilson, Boston, 217 miles 782 yards in 19h. 30m.; W. M. Woodside, Ireland, 193 miles 19h. 59m.; W. Oliver New York City, 75 miles 1173 yards in 10h.; T. Harrison, Boston, 61 miles 1173 yards in 6h. 33m.; G. Gaisel, New York City, 50 miles 196 yards in 7h. 20m. 32s.; F. H. Hart, Boston, 16 miles 487 yards in 2h.

With the exception of a few unimportant exhibitions at 6 hours or 12 hours per day for a series of days, professional long-distance bicycling in America has found its limit at 50

miles, and we have, therefore, a chain of new records from 51 miles to 257 miles, inclusive, also of hourly performances from 4 hours to 23 hours. These times and distances are however far behind the records in England, where 262 miles 938 yards has been ridden in 18 hours.

Our new bests-on-record are now as follows.

Four hours, T. Harrison, 54 7-9 miles; 5 hours, W. C. Young, 67 1/2 miles; 6 hours, 79 7-9 miles; 7 hours, 93 2-9 miles; 8 hours, 105 miles; 9 hours, 116 miles; 10 hours, 127 5-9 miles; 11 hours, 139 1/2 miles; 12 hours, 148 miles; 13 hours, 161 2-9 miles; 14 hours, 171 5-9 miles; 15 hours, 182 5-9 miles; 16 hours, 191 miles; 17 hours, 202 1/2 miles; 18 hours, 210 miles; 19 hours, 219 5-9 miles; 20 hours, 231 5-9 miles; 21 hours, 244 1-9 miles; 22 hours, 253 5-9 miles; 23 hours, 257 miles 100 yards.

AT AMERICAN INSTITUTE BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY, 27 JANUARY, 1883. TRACK, 9 LAPS TO THE MILE. 26-HOUR BICYCLE RACE. TIMES OF THOSE MILES WHICH ARE FASTER THAN PREVIOUS AMERICAN PROFESSIONAL RECORDS.

Miles.	H.M.S.	Miles.	H.M.S.	Miles.	H.M.S.
W. C. Young.....	118	9 08 57	188	15 35 15	
51	3 41 45	119	9 13 55	189	15 41 40
52.....	3 46 15	120	9 18 34	190	15 46 01
T. Harrison.....	121	9 23 02	191	15 51 50	
53.....	3 51 10	122	9 27 40	192	16 00 00
54.....	3 55 55	123	9 32 30	193	16 04 50
55.....	4 01 10	124	9 44 40	194	16 09 40
56.....	4 05 45	125	9 49 00	195	16 15 30
57	4 10 50	126	9 53 30	196	16 21 25
W. C. Young.....	127	9 57 50	197	16 26 50	
58.....	4 16 43	128	10 02 30	198	16 30 50
59.....	4 21 25	129	10 07 40	199	16 35 35
60	4 25 50	130	10 12 35	200	16 47 00
61.....	4 30 18	131	10 16 10	201	16 53 30
62	4 34 45	132	10 21 25	202	16 57 30
63.....	4 35 20	133	10 27 50	203	17 02 20
64.....	4 44 27	134	10 32 45	204	17 07 50
65.....	4 49 34	135	10 37 40	205	17 13 10
66	4 54 17	136	10 42 35	206	17 18 30
67	4 59 00	137	10 47 50	207	17 24 00
68.....	5 04 12	138	10 53 15	208	17 50 35
69.....	5 08 45	139	10 57 45	209	17 57 40
70.....	5 13 20	140	11 02 11	210	18 03 00
71.....	5 17 55	141	11 08 25	211	18 09 30
72.....	5 22 59	142	11 12 25	212	18 15 00
73	5 26 20	143	11 18 25	213	18 23 20
74	5 31 40	144	11 23 30	214	18 29 10
75.....	5 39 00	145	11 28 45	215	18 35 20
76.....	5 43 00	146	11 31 50	216	18 41 00
77.....	5 48 30	147	11 40 20	217	18 46 00
78.....	5 52 35	148	11 50 40	218	18 50 50
79.....	5 56 40	149	12 00 45	219	18 55 30
80.....	6 00 50	150	12 04 25	220	19 02 00
81.....	6 04 50	151	12 09 55	221	19 07 00
82.....	6 09 10	152	12 14 40	222	19 11 50
83.....	6 13 77	153	12 19 25	223	19 16 50
84.....	6 17 35	154	12 24 15	224	19 21 40
85.....	6 21 30	155	12 28 50	225	19 26 30
86.....	6 25 50	156	12 33 50	226	19 32 15
87.....	6 30 05	157	12 38 45	227	19 37 35
88.....	6 34 50	158	12 43 20	228	19 42 55
89.....	6 39 35	159	12 49 00	229	19 47 45
90.....	6 43 45	160	12 54 10	230	19 53 05
91	6 48 35	161	12 58 40	231	19 57 05
92.....	6 53 12	162	13 08 50	232	20 03 45
93.....	6 57 45	163	13 13 20	233	20 13 25
94.....	7 02 25	164	13 18 25	234	20 18 05
95.....	7 07 10	165	13 23 40	235	20 23 45
96.....	7 11 10	166	13 29 05	236	20 28 55
97.....	7 16 07	167	13 34 45	237	20 33 15
98.....	7 20 30	168	13 40 25	238	20 39 10
99.....	7 26 00	169	13 46 25	239	20 45 02
100.....	7 31 14	170	13 51 40	240	20 50 25
101.....	7 36 50	171	13 57 00	241	20 55 10
102.....	7 42 00	172	14 02 30	242	21 00 05
103.....	7 47 00	173	14 07 43	243	21 04 42
104	7 52 45	174	14 12 10	244	21 09 10
105	8 00 05	175	14 17 15	245	21 14 50
106	8 04 10	176	14 22 25	246	21 19 00
107.....	8 08 20	177	14 28 00	247	21 24 50
108	8 12 40	178	14 33 00	248	21 30 15
109	8 16 55	179	14 40 25	249	21 36 05
110.....	8 21 50	180	14 46 00	250	21 41 45
111.....	8 27 10	181	14 51 00	251	21 47 15
112.....	8 31 50	182	14 56 25	252	21 52 50
113	8 46 57	183	15 02 20	253	21 58 10
114.....	8 51 05	184	15 08 20	254	22 03 30
115.....	8 55 25	185	15 13 20	255	22 09 00
116.....	8 59 59	186	15 21 05	256	22 14 50
117.....	9 04 27	187	15 29 45	257	22 19 59

26 January, professional match, 25 miles—J. S. Prince, Boston, 1h. 32m. 20 4-5s.; W. Woodside, Ireland, 1h. 34m. 42 3/4s. The affair was for an advertised stake of \$400, but this money was all imaginary, and the men received a stipulated sum for their services. They had agreed to wear and compete, and were forced to do so or forfeit their salary, but each was willing to make the job as easy as possible. Woodside was elected in the 26-hour race,

starting a few minutes after the end of 25-mile race, and, of course, would not tire himself more than was avoidable. So both strolled around at their leisure, passing and repassing each other occasionally to amuse the fools, until the last mile, when Prince went on and won by 100 yards. A gang of half witted striplings, who had known Woodside last year when he was an amateur, amused themselves and annoyed every one else by perpetually cheering and howling at the Irish-American, just as if it had been a real race; and seven reporters of seven daily newspapers, each of whom knew facts, went home and deliberately reported the procession as a genuine contest.

C. W. A.

Amateur Wheelmen everywhere are cordially invited to join the Canadian Wheelmen's Association. The admission fee is \$2.00 or \$1.00 for every five members, or traction thereof of a club whose entire active membership joins. Provided such club has a rule of its by-laws that every member must be and remain a member of the Association as long as he is a member of said club. Make checks, drafts or postal money orders payable to Jas. S. Brierley, St. Thomas, Ont., and address all communications in regard to applications for membership to him. Write names of applicants plainly with first name in full, giving full address and on one side only a separate sheet from letter of adv. cc. Applicants should not use names as published in THE BICYCLE, and notify the Secretary-Treasurer (confidentially) if any professional or otherwise objectionable person applies. Information regarding the Assoc. can be sent to any address on application to the Secretary-Treasurer. Every member should endeavor to extend the influence and benefits of the Association by inviting desirable wheelmen to join.

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

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

ST. THOMAS, Feb. 1st, 1883.

No applications for membership in the C. W. A. have been received since last publication of THE BICYCLE. This is due to the general apathy in wheel circles throughout Canada. Most Canadian Clubs have signified their intention of joining the Association at their next meeting.

JAS. S. BRIERLEY,
Sec.-Tres. C. W. A.

The Meditative Crank.

"In cycling meditation fancy free."

"All quiet along the Potomac" otherwise Kettle Creek, not a very euphonious name for our serpentine stretch of glistening is it? But, its the best we've got. Everything in the wheel line issodead, you could imagine the last trump could not resurrect it. But bide a wee, in the spring the young men's fancy will lightly turn to thoughts of wheel, and in the spring the young man's wheel will lightly turn him topsy-turvey.

I think the editor of THE BICYCLE should be reprimanded for allowing a correspondent in the last issue to cast reflections on the St. Thomas Club, through its representative in the Buffalo trip last year. Our Club can't help it if one of its members wears big feet, they didn't make them. It's too late in the day to begin a "big feet" crusade, and kill off all bicyclers with pedal appendages over eighteen inches long. The editor of THE BICYCLE must live.

However, the aforesaid editor is to be complimented on the Christmas edition of his publication. The Cover is an improvement, it gives that finished appearance which every good machine should possess. The interior of his paper is well written, always excepting some alleged meditations, and I trust the publishers are meeting with their deserts, in the shape of necessary shekels to keep the machine oiled and good running order. Adieu, more anon.

CRANK.

Tips on Training.

Taken from Cortis, Hillier, Blaikie, Keen, Prince, Stall and other good authorities.

It is injudicious for any one under 18 years to do much racing.

Over-training is worse than no training at all.

Never take violent exercise immediately after a meal.

Hard road riding is not conducive to speed. It produces close, heavy muscle, unsuitable for path work.

The muscles should be limber and elastic, in order to stand the rapid contraction and expansion that is required of them.

It is all-important to ride with the same *reach* and the same *throw* of crank, whether on the road or on the path, as the feet thereby get accustomed to work in one circle, and are much less liable to slip off the pedals when going at full speed.

Remember a race is as often won by the head as with the legs, and to lose your head is often to lose the race.

Drinking at various intervals of the day should be rigorously abstained from.

The object of dieting is not to starve or stint, but to eat what can be easily digested, and is not conducive to the excessive accumulation of flesh.

The best racing shoe is a regular professional pedestrian or running shoe, laced to the toe. The lacing may be adjusted to vary with the feet, insuring a sure fit when you want to use them.

In using rat-trap pedals, the soles of the shoes should be provided with slots or blocks attached to fit on the pedal bars and keep the foot steady.

Some racers prefer the rubber bar pedal, in which case the sole should be very thin, allowing the foot to grip the bars, as it were.

Grip pedals are becoming a necessity, and we advise our racers to try them.

The largest size machine which should be ridden in a race is one on which the rider may raise himself clear from the saddle with pedals at the lowest point. The smallest one should allow the leg to be just straightened, with toe level to heel.

You want a flat, hard, thin saddle for racing and very little spring; and you don't want much spring on the roads. Throw most of the weight on the pedals.—*John Keen.*

Many falls have occurred in consequence of a competitor striking the step of his leader. A racing machine should never have a step.

Use moderation, and don't rush into hard practice at once. Make haste slowly.

The perfection of preparatory training is plenty of *pedestrianism*. A good pedestrian will make a good racer. This rule does not hold for *runners* generally, but applies especially, and almost invariably, to *walkers*.

Walk one special mile a day in from eight to ten minutes, taking pains to cut the pace daily. Walk daily, from three to fifteen miles at speed, say, with good ground, at the rate of five miles per hour; twelve minutes to the mile. This speed can be attained by practice, and finally held for the longest distance mentioned, over everything, up hill and down dale. This practice is invaluable, as being accessible through the winter, preparatory to getting out the machine with spring.

The upright position in racing is the most graceful; but the most successful racing men are the most awkward looking riders, especially when doing a spurt.

The position must be such as to allow full play to the lungs. This is accomplished by grasping the handles overhead and bending the elbows out, at the same time throwing the weight forward and seemingly pressing backward on the handle bar.

This last is an important tip, as it rests the back, loins, and shoulders, by placing the

weight on the bar, and at the same time takes just so much weight, and consequent drag, from the back wheel and places it in the best position on the machine.

The handle bar should be at least twenty-six inches long, but twenty-eight inches is better for anything over a fifty-four inch wheel.

In no case should track work be indulged in within an hour and a half after meal.

Should a man actually have no time for track work in preparing for a race, let him give strict attention to his diet alone, and his chances will still be good for carrying off the prize.

Let no one who has heart disease, or any other organic trouble, enter the racing lists. Although such a one might with impunity take long and severe rides or tours, for many years *the excitement of the trial, combined with the exertion*, will in most cases result in injuries, if not fatally.

The general predilection is in favor of a short throw; but, for myself, I prefer to have it as long as possible, without giving the feet any tendency to fly off the pedals, and causing the wheels to wobble unduly, when spurring at topmost speed. I don't think it should ever be less than four and three fourths for a fifty-six inch machine, and a shade longer for anything higher.—*Cortis.*

This is short as ever used in America. Our racers use about five-inch generally, except on a small wheel, when four and a half is sometimes used.

Some care must be observed in not reducing the weight too speedily or injudiciously, as it is apt to enervate and weaken the system.

In a hard race, where the wind seems almost gone, relief may sometimes be obtained by bending the head back, thereby opening the throat and increasing its capacity for receiving and delivering the breath. Some small thing, such as a quill, is frequently carried in the mouth for the purpose of inducing the saliva to flow more freely, which prevents the dry and choking sensation frequently felt in the throat and mouth during severe exercise. A small, hard substance held under the tongue will accelerate the action of the glands, or the tongue kept in motion between the lips will answer the same purpose. The last method is the very safest, as it is impossible to swallow the tongue in case of accident.

One twenty minutes before the race is called, the rider should be well rubbed, first with a coarse towel and then by hand, to induce circulation and limber and relax the muscles. Nothing makes the muscles more elastic than heat. Great care should be taken not to get chilled.

The object of dieting is not to starve or even stint anything that is easily digested and is not conducive to the excessive accumulation of flesh; therefore, all kinds of vegetables containing a large quantity of starch or saccharine matter must be either avoided or partaken of sparingly, also quantities of water. Good, new cooked meats—beef and mutton preferred—are to be considered the staple articles, with eggs, either soft-boiled or dropped, on toast (dry) soups and fish; light vegetables, such as lettuce and celery. Potatoes should be baked only, and not more than one or two a day indulged in. Butter in quantities should be avoided, although it is by no means necessary to discard it entirely.

New bread must not be eaten; use the homemade article, and let it be at least two days old.

The use of good ripe fruit in moderation, in the morning just before breakfast, cannot be recommended too highly, as it serves all the purposes of physic, without any of the evil effects of the latter. Oranges, figs and grapes are the best fruits for this purpose. They act as a relish, and tend to keep one from getting tired of the limited diet of a man in training.

If you are well trained you will not need anything to moisten the mouth except in very long races, and then don't suck a lemon, as it will turn your stomach sour.

A good lemonade, drank without ice after the finish, is very grateful and beneficial.

A man will succeed better in athletics who totally abstains from all liquors, even to light beers, ales or wines. Tobacco must be shunned entirely, and plenty of rest must be taken after sufficient work being done to insure sound sleep.

Early rising is a delusion and a snare. Get up when you wake and do your exercising during the afternoon, when the muscles have settled in place and everything is working smoothly.

In the non-riding season, plenty of pedestrianism, as before mentioned, interspersed with such particular exercises as mentioned below, will keep a man in first-rate order till the opening of the season.

Muscular exercises flushes the part engaged in it, and so depletes the brain.

One of the quickest known ways of dispelling a headache is to give some of the muscles a little hard, sharp work to do.

A good house exercise is to stand with the hands on something about the height of the waist, and jump from one foot to the other, quickening the movement and imitating the motion of the pedals as much as possible.

To develop the leg below the knee—Stand erect, with head high, chest out, and shoulders down, keeping the knees well sprung back, having the feet about three inches apart, with the toes turned slightly outward. Now, slowly raise the heels until they are high off the floor, and the whole weight rests on the soles and toes. Now drop slowly down. Repeat fifty times. Increase by degrees. Vary by holding a dumb-bell.

Another way: Stand erect as before. Start off at an ordinary pace of walk. Just as the foot is about to leave the ground, press hard with the soles and toes. Keep on as far as possible and increase distance by degrees.

Other ways: Run on the toes. Hop on one foot. Jumping. Walk up hill on the toes.

To develop the muscle running down along the outer side of the shinbone.—Stoop down as low as possible, the feet being but a few inches apart, and, the heels never being allowed to rise off the floor, lift a weight from the ground. Stand on one foot, first holding the other clear of the floor, and then draw it up as near as possible to the front of its own ankle; then open it as wide as possible. Walk on the heels, with the toes drawn up high.

Work for the front thigh.—Stand erect, with the head and chest high, and the feet about six inches apart. Bend the knees till the head has dropped vertically six inches. Rise to the perpendicular. Repeat. Stand as before. Stoop lower. Vary by holding dumb-bells.

Other ways: Hold one foot far out, either front or back. Stoop on the other foot. Frequently stooping as low as possible, and raising again, first without weights, and then with them.

Fast walking and running strengthens the legs. Slow walking is of little or no avail.

Work for the under thigh.—Stand upright. Touch the floor with the fingers, with knees unbent. Fasten a weight to the ankle, raise the foot as high up, backward and outward, as possible. Repeat. Run with one foot thrown high behind.

Work for the sides of the waist—Hop straight ahead on one foot, then on the other. Try till you can cover half a mile. Walk on a railroad track, using balance pole.

Work for the abdominal muscles.—Lie on the back. Take a full breath. Draw the feet upward, keeping the knees unbent, until the legs are vertical. Lower them slowly. Repeat till tired. Then keep the legs down and draw the body up. Sit on one of a pair of parallel bars, place the feet under the other. Drop the body back till it is horizontal.