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THE WHEEL.

BY A MAN WHO WAS NEVER ON A BICYCLE.

See the wheeler with his wheel,
 Silent wheel,
 How many murderous thoughts pass through
 our minds as past he steal.
 As he glides along the pave,
 With the silence of the grave,
 And the crystalline glittering of his nickel
 plated steel
 Bursts upon th' enraptured sight,
 As it flashes dazzling bright,
 Till the gamins with delight,
 (Which the ordinary mortal and pedestrian
 cannot feel),
 Yell out "See the blooming hijit on his
 alti-tool'nous wheel,
 On his lofty, and exalted and velocipedic
 wheel.
 On his his wheel, wheel, wheel, wheel, wheel,
 wheel, wheel,
 On his lofty and velocipedic wheel."

Hear the tinkling of his bell,
 Little bell,
 As it warns the folks to give him room
 before he gives them—Tophet.
 And he dings it all the while,
 With a feeble, vacant smile,
 As he works his number twelves in a rhythmic
 kind of style,
 And the people, Ah! they think,
 When they hear that tinkle tink,
 "Here comes old Darwin's lost one! Here
 comes the missing link."
 And they positively feel
 Like smashing up his wheel,
 And implanting on his pantaloons some
 wounds that wouldn't heal,
 That would cause him to stand upright as
 he takes his mid-day meal,
 And would give him heaps of trouble as he
 sat upon his wheel,
 On his wheel, wheel, wheel, wheel, wheel,
 wheel, wheel,
 On his nickel-plated, highly-polished wheel.

A ROMANCE OF THE ROAD.

Mr. Muffins Midgett, just turned twenty-three, handsome, rich and accomplished, rode out of Hamilton one sunshiny morning in the early part of July in the present year, on a "Special Club" bicycle, intending to ride to Grimsby that day, and return to Hamilton on the following afternoon. A very pretty picture he made as he rode swiftly along, with his neat, well-fitting suit, his jaunty polo cap and his nickel-plated machine. His hair was almost a golden color and it clustered in closely cropped ringlets all over his head. His mouth was shaded by a heavy mustache; the rest of his face was shaved clean. His eyebrows were dark, and his his eyes of that dense, unfathomable blue that is almost indistinguishable from black. It was a pity, everybody said, that he allowed his mustache to grow, for he had such a lovely mouth. It was perfectly shaped, and on a woman would have been beautiful

indeed, but added to his weak chin it plainly said that Mr. Midgett had no more will than a babe unborn. Neither he had; the wind blew him to the right and to the left. Let him make up his mind to one thing and it was the easiest matter in the world to change his purpose as a general thing, but at times he would get stubborn and nothing could or would move him. His father had died when he was a boy of some six years of age, leaving him, an only child, in the care of his mother, who fairly idolized her handsome son. She lived only for him. She sent him to college and gave him every advantage that wealth could give. When he reached his twentieth year she died leaving him his own master with an income of some \$10,000 a year, any amount of debts, extravagant habits, and a determination never to get married. He almost hated the sight of a woman, invariably called them "fickle" and alluded to them as "designing creatures." Whatever moved him to do this, and why this young man whom it was generally so easy to talk down, should persist in his rabid denunciations of the softer sex, no one could tell. It was whispered that while at college he had made the acquaintance of some fair adventuress, who, as the phrase goes, "bled" him to an immoderate extent, and afterwards called him a fool and laughed in his face. But no one could say as to this; he left the cause of his hatred severely alone.

As I said before, Mr. Midgett rode gracefully along East Main Street. His face wore a gleeful expression, and he bent to his work with a grim determination to reach Grimsby in two hours and a half. He pictured to himself as he went along what a time he would have when he got there. In his mind's eye he saw the country hotel with the three-legged dog hopping around on the verandah. In his mind's eye he wandered down over the railway track and lay on the grass in the shadow of a brace of oak trees that grow at the top of the grove. In his mind he lit his pipe and watched the curls and rings of blue smoke roll gently out of his lips and fade away in the air above him, forming as they went all sorts of wierd, fantastic figures. In his mind the latest novel was in his hand, and all nature smiled on him in harmony. The insects' continuous song was music to his ear; in the oak trees overhead the birds twittered merrily. Then he stopped dreaming with a smile and turned his attention to the present. He had struck a sandy road now and it was a little harder traveling. He had just passed the Barton Church; a group of farmers' children had stood near the door playing "ring-around-a-rosy" or something of that sort, and had

greeted him with shouts of merry laughter. Out of his happy heart he smiled back on them. One boy, bolder than the rest, had run out to him, but he had increased his pace a little, and the boy was left standing open-mouthed in the middle of the road. He heard the children's shout of laughter as the youth turned back to join them, and he smiled again in reply. "How happy everybody is to-day," he said to himself, "as for me, why, bless me! I haven't a care in the world." Happy fellow. How many of us would give five, aye ten, years of our lives if we could say as much. Not a care in the world! Heigho!

But the time was coming when he was to have a care in the world. It was not so very far distant either. About a hundred yards ahead of him a small plank bridge spanned some trivial stream, and just next to it on the side he was approaching was a deep rut in the road caused by the heavy wheel of some wagon that had made it cave in. "How happy I am to be sure," he said again. Then he took his eyes from the road before him and raised them up to the great blue dome overhead. Here and there a cloud flecked the sky; a vagrant bird was fluttering in the east; in the woods over on the right an occasional shot told that some sportsman was after game. He saw and heard it all and smiled again, and then—and then the big wheel went down into the rut, the machine stopped short and he went head first flashing through the air, like a comet through space, and falling helpless and senseless on the planks at the other end.

When Mr. Midgett opened his eyes he was lying on a large old-fashioned couch in a large old-fashioned room. The window was open and the fresh country zephyrs came softly in through the vines that were trained up on the outside, he could catch a glimpse of the blue water of the lake lying as calm and peaceful as if it were a sheet of glass. A few fishermen's boats were scattered along the shore, and here and there great fishing nets could be seen hung up to dry on ugly, uncouth reels.

"Where the dev—," he began, and then stopped. The door had opened and a young lady was approaching him. She was a tall, well-built girl with dark, almost black, hair, great earnest brown eyes, a pretty, though rather sensuous, mouth, and a pure, fresh complexion. He regarded her with a puzzled look in his eyes. She spoke first.

"Good afternoon," she said, "do you feel better now?" She had a very pretty voice, low, sweet and thrilling.

He looked at her for a moment. "Better," he said in a puzzled tone, "better." Then

for the first time he became conscious that there was a pain in his head and that it was all bandaged up. "I—I fancy so—I really don't know though," he said, "have I been sick?"

She laughed, a liquid, musical laugh that reminded one of running water; it was cool, refreshing. "I hardly know whether you were sick or not, but you had a nasty fall. Papa and I found you lying in the middle of the road senseless, and we brought you home. Your bicycle is out in the yard. It is not broken, but some of the wires are a little twisted."

"The bicycle! Ah, yes, I remember. I was going to Grimsby. How long have I been here?"

"Oh, not long. Only since this morning. We thought at first your skull was broken, but my brother says not. Your head was so swollen that it was impossible for papa and I to tell, but Johnnie knows all about these things, and he says you will be all right in a day or two. You must be very quiet though." She drew a chair over and sat down beside him. "You must have been paying a good deal of attention to your road to fall as you did," she continued in a manner intended to be half-sarcastic.

He smiled. "To tell the truth I don't think I was. I thought the road was clear and was sitting on my machine indulging in a day-dream, when I suddenly took a header. I remember falling against something hard, but where or what it was I cannot say."

"Why, it was just at that little bridge near the water-works. Your bicycle got caught in a rut by the side of it. Do you know it was just an accident that we escaped driving over your machine." (Good gracious! What a state it would have been in if we had.) This last with a merry laugh.

Mullins laughed too. "I'm very glad you did not," said he, "because if you had, it's altogether probable that you would have gone over me as well. I have no desire to become a gory corpse just yet. Just fancy being mangled by a wagon!"

"Oh! it wouldn't have hurt you much, and then you wouldn't have known anything about it."

"Yes, that's one consolation," in a rather grateful tone. "It's not a very pleasant thing to think of though."

"No, not the pleasantest in the world—but will you excuse me? I have to go and get tea ready."

When she had left the room Mullins settled down on the lounge and tried to go to sleep. But he couldn't. The girl's bright face was before his eyes, her low voice and her silvery laugh were ringing in his ears. "What in all the world is the matter with me," he thought, "I never felt this way about any girl before. Bah! Cursed hypocrites!" But try as he would he could not drive her image from his mind. At last he gave it up and lay there thinking about her. Far down in the west the sun was sinking slowly. A bull-frog came out of a marshy spot and sent a few warning notes

out on the evening air. The cows were "coomin' home," and their gentle lowing came to his ear and had a singularly soothing effect upon him. "I wonder what her name is," he said to himself, "Is it Katie, or Annie, or Mary?" Then a snore. For the first time in his life, perhaps, he had gone to sleep thinking of a girl. Half an hour afterwards the door opened and the bright face of the farmer's daughter looked in to the room. A smile played around the corners of her mouth as she saw his somnolent condition. She walked lightly across the floor and gazed at him for a moment, then turned away with a half-smothered sigh and went down stairs.

Mullins got rapidly better. In a week he was as well as ever—except in one particular, he couldn't banish the face of pretty Nellie Carson from his memory. He had tried, and tried hard, to do so but it was no use. He knew now what his perceptions failed to reveal to him the first day he saw her—that he was deeply in love with her. "I'm a fool," he said to himself when he made the discovery, "a fool, a regular idiot." Then he lit his pipe and had a reflective smoke. "No use," he said at the end of half an hour, "I love her." That was the end of it. All his resolutions, all his years of continued abuse of woman-kind vanished into thin air. He blew a cloud of smoke from his mouth and watched it curl upward. "So go all my resolutions," he said in a half-comical, half-regretful tone. Then he sighed and went into the house. In the morning he had made up his mind what to do. "I swore I'd never marry—and I won't," savagely, "I'll go away this very day," and he did. For a year he stayed away. He went to New York and all over the States, but no matter where he went or what he did, he could not rid himself of thoughts of her. At the end of a year he came back to Hamilton. That was six months ago. The other day I clipped the notice of his marriage to her out of an evening paper, and gave a philosophical laugh as I thought of the old saying that resolutions were always made to be broken.

W. C. NICHOL.

RACES.

On the Cards.

20 September, Springfield, Mass., 5-mile, 2-mile, best two in three; 1 mile, 3 prizes, best two in three; 1/4-mile dash, slow race, 100 yards, 1 mile, without hands; 1/2-mile for boys under 15 years of age, 3 prizes to each race.

22 September, St. Thomas, Ont., Exhibition grounds, 2 o'clock p. m., St. Thomas Bicycle Club. Open to all amateurs. \$125 in prizes. Mile race, best two in three; 2-mile race for those who never won a race; 5-mile race; hurdle race, club drill, not less than eight members, 15 minutes; fancy riding. Entries free, to J. S. Brierly, secretary.

26, 27, 28 September, Haverhill, Mass., bicycle races in connection with the Essex County fair. W. H. Moody, Lock Box 272.

7 October, Montreal, Bicycle races in connection with fall games of the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association. Championships of Canada. One mile and 5-mile races. Chairman sports committee, box 1, 138, Montreal.

Worcester, Mass., 5th September, the bicycle races in connection with the New England Fair. Races called at 3 o'clock, and comprised a 2-mile, a 1-mile, and a 1/2-mile race, each in heats, best two in three. Below we give time and names of winners in each heat:

TWO MILE.

1st heat. F. Moore, Birmingham, Eng., 6m. 51s.; W. Hendee, Springfield, Mass., 6m. 53s.; W. A. Norton, Natick, 7m. 4s.

2nd Heat. F. Moore, 7m. 20 1/2s.; W. Hendee, 7m. 21s.; W. A. Norton, 7m. 21s.

ONE MILE.

1st Heat. F. Moore, 3m. 21s.; A. D. Claffin, Newton, 3m. 21 1/2s.; W. R. Pitman, New York, 3m. 25 1/4s.

2nd Heat. F. Moore, 3m. 21 1/2s.; A. D. Claffin, 3m. 21 1/4s.; W. R. Pitman, 3m. 29s.

HALF MILE.

1st Heat. F. Moore, 1m. 35 1/4s.; J. M. Wattles, jr., Canton, 1m. 39 1/4s.; W. R. Pitman, 1m. 40 1/4s.

2nd Heat. F. Moore, 1m. 31s.; J. M. Wattles, 1m. 38 1/2s.; W. R. Pitman, 1m. 38s.

Buffalo, N. Y., September 6th.—The second annual tournament of the Buffalo Bicycle Club at the Driving Park. The following is a list of races and riders as they passed under the wire. One mile dash, Club members only: 1st, F. Heagre; 2nd, F. W. Parsons; 3rd, J. B. Newman; 4th, Chas. F. Hotchkiss; 5th, R. W. Rummoll; 6th, J. R. Williams.

Three mile straightaway for the championship of the club, and a gold medal valued at \$100, to be contested for at each annual tournament, and to become the property of a member only after being won three times. Mr. Milley held the medal last year. Won by C. K. Alley, time 9m. 5 1/4s.

One mile in heats, best two in three. First Heat—1st, V. C. Place, Greenville, Pa., 3m. 1s.; 2nd, — Barnum, Rochester; 3rd, F. Westbrook, Brantford, Ont.; 4th, C. P. Forbush, Buffalo. Second Heat—V. C. Place, 2nd, F. Westbrook, 3rd, — Barnum, 4th, C. P. Forbush.

Slow Race 100 Yards—the Starters were as follows: J. B. Newman, Buffalo, W. J. Curtis, Rochester, J. R. Williams, Buffalo, Perry Doolittle, Aylmer, Ont., R. H. James, Buffalo, R. A. Punnett, Rochester, — Perkins, Rochester. By the time 50 Yards had been covered only Curtis and Perkins were left to fight the battle which was nip and tuck, and Perkins tuck it only by a foot, time 5m. 42s.

Two mile dash—Open to all Amateurs, 1st V. C. Place, Greenville, Pa. time, 6m. 15s. 2nd C. H. Smith, Rochester; 3rd D. N. Milley, Buffalo, 4th Perry Doolittle, Aylmer, Ont.

Toronto, September 11th.—Annual Tournament of the Toronto Bicycle Club at the Exhibition Grounds. The first race was not started till nearly 6 o'clock, and the ring was illuminated by the Electric Light.

Heat Race—five heats, best 2 in 3; prizes, \$20, \$10, \$5. F. Westbrook, Brantford, 1; W. Johnston, St. Catharines, 3; J. Moody, Jun., Hamilton, 0; P. Doolittle, Aylmer, 2 out.

The heats in this race were sandwiched between the other events. In both heats Westbrook came in a winner, and in the second heat Doolittle, who seemed to have second place within his reach, unfortunately fell and sprained his wrist, thus allowing Johnston to slip into his shoes. Between Johnston and Moody it was a pretty close rub.

Handicap race, three miles, prizes, value \$10 and \$5. F. C. Holden, Montreal, 1; F. Doolittle, Aylmer, 2; J. K. Johnson, St. Catharines, 3; J. W. Smith, Toronto, 0.

Doolittle was at the scratch, and conceded nominally one minute to Johnston and half minute each to Holden and Smith.

Slow race, quarter mile: prizes, value \$10 and \$5. J. Moody, Hamilton, 1; F. Westbrook, Brantford, 2; F. C. Holden, Montreal, 3; J. K. Johnson, St. Catharines, 0; P. Doolittle, Aylmer, 0.

Two-mile race, for the Amateur Championship of Canada; gold medal, presented by Ald. James B. Bonstead; to be won three times in succession before becoming the property of the winner. F. Westbrook, Brantford, 1, B. Hoch, Toronto, 2.

New York, September 2nd.—Fifty mile Bicycle race on the grounds of the Manhattan Athletic Club, with the following result: V. C. Place, Greenville Pa., fifty miles, 3h. 27m. 11 1/2s.; B. G. Sanford, Ixion Bicycle Club, fifty miles, 3h. 25m. 45s.; L. Hamilton, N. Y. Bicycle Club, fifty miles, 3h. 29m. 23 1/2s.; W. J. Smith, New York, and A. R. Ives, Brooklyn, withdrew at 30 miles.

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 full name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

ST. THOMAS SHAVINGS.

MY DEAR BICYCLE:

All hail, latest and most welcome addition to our wheel literature, for are you not to be the exponent of Us—with a capital U?—the exponent I presume of our wide Dominion, but more particularly of Ontario, that highly favored Province, whose roads are considered perfection by some of our American 'Cycling consins, but methinks either distance must have lent enchantment, or—preserve me from the American roads. I don't know, however that we in St. Thomas have much cause to grumble for some of our roads are really excellent. Take the one from here to Aylmer for instance, as pretty a run of twelve miles as you could ask for, barrin' the hills, which are very well in day time, but at night—well shut your eyes, legs over and commence to pray for the repose of the soul of any unfortunate team that may be in the way. Then the London road is a very fair one, eighteen miles. These three places, London, St. Thomas and Aylmer are the three points of a triangle, each at easy riding distance from the others, and thus a spirit of comradeship has grown up among the three clubs. We were thinking of enlisting upon brother wheelmen to assist in forming an Ontario League at our first annual meet, on Sept. 22nd, (at which, by-the-way we hope to see the genial face of THE BICYCLE,) but learning that Toronto was taking similar action, we have deferred the matter pending the result of the meeting in that city on the 11th.

May every success, and no obstacles meet THE BICYCLE; may its paths lie in pleasant and smooth places; and may no cloud ever darkened the horizon to cause the shadow of its wheel to grow less.

CRANK.

SIMCOE SPOKES.

On the 1st of July, among the other attractions provided for our entertainment by the celebration committee, a bicycle race, or as the bills more pretensionously called it—"The Grand Bicycle Tournament," occupied a very prominent place. At that time there was not such a thing as a machine in town, and the greater part of our people knew nothing about a bicycle save by repute. Now we have eight passable riders, all equipped with good machines, and bidding fair to grow into a large and prosperous association.

A meeting will be held at an early date for the organization of a club. We have invitations to send delegates both to St. Thomas

and Toronto. A decision between the two places will be made.

If any of our riders are entitled to carry off the palm of being called best, the honor certainly belongs to Mr. H. A. Carter. He is mounted perhaps as well as any rider in Canada, on a full-mekel Special Club machine. He has had one long ride of 121 miles, and has made several trips to neighboring villages. His uniform, lamp, bell and machine are all in harmony; the best to be had.

The honor of owning the first bicycle in the town belongs to Mr. Frank Marlatt, a lad of some seventeen years. He rides a 48-inch wheel in a highly creditable manner.

Another rider of note is Mr. W. Y. Wallace, who sits on top of a 52-inch Club machine. He handles it splendidly, and has already made good time, being strong, active, and well-fitted to put a machine through.

The Hercules of the corps is Bob. McKin, a short, thick-set, jolly good boy, with a leg the size of a barrel, pure muscle, tipping the scales at 175 lbs. In time I expect him to make a "crack."

In striking contrast to McKin comes Joe Rippon, slight, dandified, a regular lady-killer but a tip-top fellow, and one who will eventually make a good rider.

Mr. C. A. Austin, who, in days of yore, was a champion velocipidist, is another member. Having sold nearly all of the boys their machines, he concluded to purchase one for himself. He is progressing well as a rider.

Will Perry, or as he is more familiarly called "Large," must not be forgotten. Without him nothing in Simcoe would be complete. He is a small giant in stature, and a capital hand to lead in a "chorus." The happy-go-lucky manner in which he received the accidents incidental to learning to ride the "dod-gasted machine" drew from all the opinion that he would make a good rider, and these prognostications bid fair to be realized.

Last comes "Irish" Donly, correct name Hal. B. He bestrides a 52-inch wheel, and was making capital progress when his riding was cut short by the appearance of a brace of felons on his right hand. He was out again recently, however, for the first time in three weeks.

In addition to these we hope to be able in a short time to welcome others. One other at least will shortly be added to our list—Mr. Geo. A. Mills who has a machine coming from England.

GEO. DAVIDS.

Bicycling Brevities.

THE Ixion Club go to the Springfield races, taking their wheels with them.

THE WALKER HOUSE, of Toronto, will be an association hotel if Tibbs of Montreal, or Eager, of Hamilton have anything to say about it.

AT the Lurgan (Ireland) athletic sports, held August 19th, W. M. Woodside won the one-half and four-mile handicap races, from scratch.

W. F. SUTTON, of the London Scottish Bicycle Club, is credited with riding one hundred and ninety-three and a half miles, on the road, in 18h. 55m.

H. L. CORTIS, England's champion bicyclist, was entertained at a farewell dinner at the Holborn Restaurant, London, England, August 17th, by the Wanderer's Bicycle Club.

THERE is only one 56-inch wheel in the Hamilton Bicycle Club. This is owned by A. T. Duncan, who does some good riding on it. The rest of the machines run from fifty to fifty-four.

THE finest road around Hamilton for cycling purposes is the one leading to the Suspension Bridge. It is a stretch of some thirty-five miles, and members of the Club have gone over it to the Bridge several times.

THE HAMILTON CLUB has been disorganized, but is now all right again. Several of the members have been visiting Grimsby lately for several weeks. Must be some great attraction down there, eh, boys, how is it?

THE UNIFORM of the Montreal Bicycle Club is much admired in Toronto. The suit is a dark blue one braided with military braid, a polo cap with gold monogram adorns the head, and blue stockings and low shoes complete the striking attire.

A LARGE attendance of 'Cyclists at the championship races in St. Thomas on the 22nd cannot be too strongly urged. Reduced fares are obtainable over all railroads in consequence of the Southern Counties Fair being held at the same time. A correspondent writing in reference to this adds: "I'm afraid, however, that the man with the most check will get the cheapest rates for his wheel"

BICYCLING IN OHIO.—The League of Ohio Wheelmen, being the only State organization in the National Association, held their second annual meeting at Columbus, O., Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 28th and 29th. Two hundred and fifty members were present. On the last day the contest for prizes took place and resulted thus: Citizens' prize, half-mile dash, D. G. Porter, Dayton; announced time, 1m. 26 $\frac{3}{4}$ s. Gold badge, one mile dash, Robert Knight, Delaware; time, 3m. 49 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. Diamond badge, championship race, one mile, Frank Lankin, Norwalk. Columbia bicycle, five miles, Lewis Pease, Columbus; time, 19m. 22s.

THE BICYCLE,

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Bicycling and Bicyclers.

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Business Manager, . . . J. H. EAGER.

"We Salute You."

It has become one of the un-written laws of journalism that every new paper shall print a salutatory article, and that is why, though it needs no introduction, that THE BICYCLE is just now doffing its hat, and, with a cordial smile on its face, holding out its hand for a hearty grasp from all.

It is not at any time an easy matter to successfully start a paper. At the beginning there is always a feeling of doubt as to the reception that will be tendered the new-comer, unless it is felt that it will fill a vacant place and satisfy a universal want. It is with this feeling of comparatively assured success that THE BICYCLE comes out to-day to greet its readers in all the glory of new type, and cheered by the inspiring beams of the autumn sun that shine through the window as these lines are written.

The time has come when Canada needs a bicycle paper. Each day brings recruits to the bicycling ranks. All over Canada clubs are springing into existence, and for sometime past there has been a constantly growing feeling for a National Association and for a paper that will devote itself to telling the news of the bicycling world. Both voids are filled at once. We have now an Association of Canadian Wheelmen and an organ that will compare favorably with any bicycle paper published.

As a matter of course this number is necessarily incomplete. In the next issue we shall have a thorough system of Canadian correspondence and letters from the principal American cities, and if the support we should have is given us, the paper will soon be enlarged and changed from a monthly to a weekly. Canadian wheelmen should

feel it a duty to give us their hearty assistance. Let them remember this: THE BICYCLE'S future depends entirely on themselves. Give us your hearty co-operation and we will return it a hundred times over.

All that can be done to render this paper worthy of every bicyclist's support we shall endeavor to do. No pains will be spared to make each department as complete as possible. We propose to institute an "Answers to Correspondents" column, and shall be pleased to hear from any one in need of information. We are also anxious to establish a bureau of statistics, and to that end solicit correspondence from every district. If brains and energy can make a paper go, then we have no doubt that THE BICYCLE'S future career will be one long succession of brilliant triumphs.

Bicycling in Canada.

Bicycling in Canada is now an established institution and not one of an ephemeral character; as such it must force itself upon the attention of the public, and the record of the success it has met with in the past augurs well for the future of this most healthy and exhilarating of all sports and exercises.

Five years ago the history of Canadian bicycling could have been written like the famous chapter on "Snakes in Iceland." "There are no snakes in Iceland," so "There are no bicycles in Canada." To-day there are upwards of twenty-five well organized clubs in existence (besides a score of unattached riders) with a constantly growing clientele and a constantly growing effort to attain perfection in riding on the part of members. To-day, too, we have a Canadian Association that brings bicycling devotees together and bands them in friendly and harmonious bonds. The growth has been a rapid but healthy one. Everything so far has been done on a sound, business-like basis. The house has not been built upon sand but upon rock, and being built upon rock it will last. It did not sweep over the land like the æsthetic craze did over England—here to-day and gone to-morrow—but came on surely growing daily, ever onward, ever upward. The natural outcome of this has been the healthy organization and condition of affairs that exist to-day.

Taken merely as a sport it must be allowed a high place. Practice it in the open air and it exercises all the muscles of the body and calls for a quick eye and a keen calculation of distance. It is essentially an effort of skill, and in the acquisition of this skill consists in a great degree the pleasure of riding. It is an exciting and exhilarating exercise without that severity that occasions fatigue, unless carried to excess. Indoors it stands unequalled as a means of developing the muscles and bringing all the parts of the body to a high state of perfection, and while the same cool, calculating eye is not required, as in the out-door exercise, a steady hand and head are needed to guide the machine in safety over its course. To those, therefore, who are of a nervous temperament it offers a means at once sure and simple of overcoming to a great extent, this impediment to an enjoyable life. The constant effort to steady the nerves will have a soothing effect upon them; any physician will tell you this.

Too much cannot be said in praise of bicycling. It stands pre-eminently over every known sport or exercise for strengthening and developing the human form. It aids the weak and assists the strong; it enables one to go from one town to another with comparative ease, and in a great measure takes the place of a horse and conveyance. You who are able to get a machine and have not done so yet, take the advice of one who through its means has grown strong and vigorous, and get one at your earliest opportunity.

Bicycling Brevities.

THE cheapest BICYCLE yet manufactured. This one—\$2 a year.

J. S. PRINCE is to have charge of the new Beacon Park Bicycle Track.

Two new riders for Hamilton this week, Domville and Tinting. Both mounted on Club machines.

WE have heard it remarked that Westbrook, of Brantford, is an awfully fast young man—on his wheel.

A MEETING of the Hamilton Club will be held on Wednesday evening of this week. Full attendance of members requested.

R. F. STALL, one of Boston's fastest amateurs, broke his wrist recently, which will prevent him from riding for some time.

CANADIAN WHEELMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

MEETING OF DELEGATES AT TORONTO, CONCERNING ITS FORMATION.

Minutes of Meeting

Who were Present and What They Said.

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS.

(Special Report to THE BICYCLE.)

In response to an invitation from the Toronto Bicycle Club, the following delegates assembled in the office of Boustead & Gibbs, on Monday evening, the 11th inst., to consider the advisability of forming an organization of Canadian Wheelmen :

H. S. Tibbs, Montreal.

F. Westbrook, Brantford.

Perry Doolittle, Aylmer.

J. S. Brierley, St. Thomas.

W. Payne, London.

J. H. Eager, Hamilton.

J. K. Johnston, St. Catharines.

McBride, Toronto.

Mr. Boustead, President of the Toronto Bicycle Club, being present, was voted to the Chair. Mr. McBride briefly stated the object of the meeting, and the chair called upon Mr. Tibbs for the views of the Montreal Wheelmen.

Mr. Tibbs stated that owing to the shortness of the notice received it had been impossible to call a meeting of the Montreal Bicycle Club, but that the Montreal Committee was in favor of forming an organization similar to the League of Ohio Wheelmen, subordinate to the League of American Wheelmen.

Mr. Brierley, while disclaiming any desire to exclude the Montrealers from the benefit of the Association to be formed, at the same time advocated the formation of a Provincial League of Ontario 'Cyclists. Doolittle and Payne supported Mr. Brierley's views. Messrs. Eager, Westbrook, Johnston and McBride thought it would be more desirable to form a Canadian National Association, independent of the League of American Wheelmen.

Moved by Mr. Stearns, seconded by Mr. Eager, that this meeting proceed to the formation of a Canadian organization. Mr. Brierley, seconded by Mr. Doolittle, moved in amendment that the organization be a Provincial one for Ontario Wheelmen. The amendment being voted on was lost, and the original motion carried

Mr. McBride then moved, seconded by Mr. Westbrook, that the name of the Association be the Canadian Wheelmen's Association. Carried.

The following gentlemen—Messrs. Golding, Eager, Tibbs and Doolittle were nominated a committee to draft the Constitution and By-Laws of the Association, to be printed in THE BICYCLE, and submitted to the various Clubs for adoption. The meeting then adjourned.

CONSTITUTION.

the rights of wheelmen, to encourage and facilitate touring, and to establish Canadian Championships.

3. This Association shall be composed of amateur Wheel Clubs and unattached riders who may become members upon payment of dues and approval of committee of membership.

4. The Officers of this Association shall be as President, a Vice-President, a Secretary-Treasurer, Chief Consuls, one from each Province, and Representatives, one for every fifty members (or fraction thereof) in the Province, and the Officers shall

mittee on rights and privileges. This Committee shall sort and count the votes, and make return of the same to the President on or before the twentieth day of May; the person obtaining the largest number of votes in each Province for Chief Consul shall be elected, and the persons receiving the largest number of votes as representatives shall be elected. The President shall on or before the first day of June declare the result of the election. On the same day as the annual meeting (provided for in By-Law No. 7) the Chief Consuls and representatives so chosen shall meet and elect from their number a President and a Vice-President, and from the membership of the Association a Secretary-Treasurer.

21. When objection is made to the name of any candidate, the committee on membership shall report it, with the fact of objection, to the president or the board of officers, who shall act thereon; and any rejected applicant may learn the grounds upon which his name was rejected by applying to the committee on membership, through the secretary; and any candidate or member of the Association may take an appeal from the action of any meeting of the board of officers, in the method provided for in section 11, by depositing

more members of the Association or by any member of the board of officers, his name shall be suspended on the roll of members by the secretary, and his case shall be considered without unreasonable delay by the committee on membership, and they shall have power to reinstate or expel him subject to the approval of the board.

28. Every member shall have the right to apply for and receive from any chief consul, representative, or consul for his Province or district, such aid and information as may be in their power to give, and all circulars and other publications of the Association or its officers, upon the terms provided therefor.

29. Members shall extend and accept mutual hospitalities, companionship and assistance, whenever practicable and appropriate, and the production of a membership ticket or badge shall be sufficient introduction.

30. Every member shall receive from the Secretary a card of membership bearing his name and number, signed by the President and Secretary-Treasurer, good for the Association year; these cards to be given up upon suspension or resignation from the Association. The loaning of a card shall be sufficient cause for expulsion.

31. The Association badges shall be furnished members who deposit with the Treasurer a sum fixed as the value by the Committee on membership, but shall remain the property of the Association, to be given up on demand of the Secretary.

32. Each unattached member shall pay to the Treasurer of the Association, on or before the first day of June in each year following his admission to the Association, the sum of two dollars, and each Club shall pay two dollars for every five members (or fraction thereof) on their membership roll as a membership fee, and shall forward therewith names and addresses, and the membership numbers of old tickets, and thereon shall receive new tickets for that year, provided they be entitled to them otherwise, and subject to the conditions contained in the rules of the Association. Any members failing to comply with the terms of this rule for the period of thirty days shall forfeit their membership, and their names shall be stricken from the rolls, and they shall return their badges to the Secretary.

AT the Southport (Eng.) A. A. Society sports, F. R. Marriott won the one-mile handicap tricycle race from scratch in 4m. 7 3-5s.

PITMAN took a third prize at Worcester, in spite of protests. Como L. A. W., what's the use of "bucking the tide?"

THE Montreal races in October are sure to be a grand success with Tibbs and the "Club dawg" at the head.

NOTICE.

The announcement on the Editorial page of the subscription price of this paper is in error. It should read \$1.00 per year.

A TELEGRAM from Boston on the 15th says that the three, six, seven, eight, nine and ten miles amateur bicycle records were beaten at Beacon Park, yesterday afternoon by Frank Moore, the one-mile and twenty-five-mile champion from England. The ten miles were made in 33m. 34s., which is 2m. 7s. better than the previous record. Referring to Mr. Moore, the *Bicycling World* says:—"Frank Moore, the young English flyer, who is so gallantly winning glory and medals from our own racing men, shows what proper training will do. Personally he appears to be a modest, good-natured man, and he races fairly and with a determination to win; and we have no sympathy with those small minds who occasionally are heard to carp at his success because he is a foreigner. We wish sincerely that some of our

men might beat him, but as long as he shows himself the best man it is as mean as it is useless to whine about it."

MR. FRED. JENKINS, an old bicyclist and editor of the *Wheel*, is about to move to Philadelphia. New York wheelmen will miss him as much as his old stand at 791 Fifth Avenue, which will be torn down when he leaves. We wish him success in his new field, but we don't think he will make a good Quaker.

MESSRS. DUNCAN and Rennie of the Hamilton Bicycle Club recently wheeled it from this city to Albany, N. Y., a distance of about 330 miles in 6½ days.

FRED. WESTBROOK and Perry Doolittle are expected to go to the Springfield and Montreal races. We wish them success.

NEW JERSEY TOURNAMENT.—A grand bicycle tournament will be held during the fair at the New Jersey State Agricultural Society at Waverly, N. J., Sept. 22nd. The following events, "Sanctioned by the L. A. W.," are open to all amateurs:

1-mile race, N. J. championship, open to residents of New Jersey

only, and to be won twice before becoming the property of the winner. Best two in three heats.

2-mile handicap race, limit 250 yards.

5-mile scratch race.

½-mile dash, distance post 50 yards, best two in three heats.

1-mile handicap race, valuable gold medals to first and second in each event; competitive fancy riding (single) prize a L. A. W. pin. Entrance fee, \$1 for each event.

Entries close Sept. 18th, with Fred. Jenkins, No. 791 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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Special Cambrian, Excelsior Tricycle, Humber Tricycle.

Bicycles that we keep in stock:

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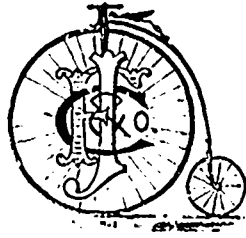
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SUNDRIES:—Lamps—King of the Road, (large and small size,) and The Captains' Hub-Lamp. Bells—Automatic Alarm. price, \$2.85; Harrison's Double Gong, \$1.50; Stormont's Chime, 1.50. All parts of Bicycles kept in stock.

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and "CHEYLESMORE" and "SPECIAL CLUB" TRICYCLES.**

SPECIFICATIONS.

CLUB BICYCLE.

Patent Rubber suspension spring; the "Club" hollow front forks and steel back ditto, elliptical backbone, Stanley head with improved long centres and deep neck, adjustable double ball bearings to front wheel, patent dust-proof cones to back wheel, improved patent hollow felloe, 1 in. and $\frac{3}{4}$ in. best moulded red rubber tyres, steel hubs with patent lock-nutted spokes, front wheel grip brake, 26 in. handle-bar (horn ends) painted in two colors.

SPECIAL CLUB BICYCLE.

Improved patent rubber suspension spring; fluted hollow front and back forks; elliptical backbone; Stanley head with improved long centres and deep neck, adjustable double ball bearings to front wheel, adjustable single ball bearings to back wheel, improved patent hollow felloe, $\frac{7}{8}$ in. and $\frac{3}{4}$ in. Hancock's patent non-slipping rubber tyres, patent detachable cranks; steel hubs with patent lock-nutted spokes, front wheel grip-brake, 24 in. to 26 in. handle bars (horn ends); painted in two colors.

CHEYLESMORE TRICYCLE.

(DOUBLE DRIVER)

Open fronted, double driver, patent automatic clutch action, hollow steel tube frame, ball bearings to driving wheels and crank shaft, steel hubs, with patent lock-nutted spokes. All the bright parts nickel-plated and polished. Double spoon brake applied simultaneously to both driving wheels. Painted in two colors. Horn handles, $\frac{3}{4}$ in. and $\frac{1}{2}$ in. best moulded tyres. Width, 3 ft. 2 in.

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