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VOL. I.

LONDON, CANADA, DECEMBER, 1883.

NO. 4.

Bicycle Photography!  
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Parties having broken machines, can have them repaired and made equal to new, by leaving them at the old reliable

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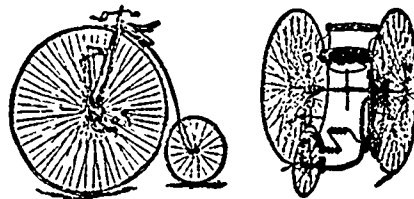
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Save up your spare Cash, and prepare for a good Bargain next March or April.

This will be the time my

**NEW STOCK**

will arrive. I shall adopt

such Improvements as will be practically tested and fully demonstrated at the

— 2 —

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**BICYCLE EXHIBITIONS**

to take place soon, in London, England.

My orders for 1884 will be based

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Working and

Merits of all Improvements

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— GREATEST EXHIBITIONS IN THE WORLD. —

Customers can rely with confidence that my Bicycles for 1884 will embrace the very latest styles and novelties adopted by the leading 'cyclists in Great Britain.

**BE SURE**

And examine my stock before making a purchase.

Satisfaction both in prices and style of wheel guaranteed.

**WM. PAYNE,**

Bicycle Agent, London.

THE WHEELMAN'S WOOING;  
OR  
The Flower of Hawthorne Farm.

A CHRISTMAS YARN.

Written for the "Canadian Wheelman."  
"Fall many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its fragrance on the desert air."

CHAPTER I.

Arthur Gresham was a most popular young man with both sexes; there is no denying the fact, even should anyone feel disposed to do so; and, moreover, he was an excellent wheelman and took a pride in displaying his deftness and skill, and fine, well-put-together figure, as he bestrode his glinting, nickel-plated steed, and traversed the streets of Bedevale, a small but prosperous city, where, as a law student, he was sharpening up his legal weapons preparatory to a career along the intricate pathways of the law, a pathway that is, of all others, one that it is well to traverse with mental weapons keen and ready for the fray at any moment; where foes lurk in ambush to attack the young adventurer, against whom none but the sharpest weapons avail anything, without which the aspirant for a silk gown had better essay some other walk in life.

Arthur possessed weapons, mentally speaking, of excellent metal, and, wise young man that he was, he found that the surest method of grinding those weapons to a pitch of exquisite sharpness was—bodily exercise. Having come to this conclusion, he had cast about in his mind the best and pleasantest way of giving his symmetrical limbs the needful amount of the desired exercise, and had finally settled, to his entire satisfaction, that bicycling was the very thing to do it. Accordingly he had "gone in" heavily for this pastime, joined an excellent club, and at the time this story opens, was acknowledged by the Bedevalians to be one of the most dashing and skillful riders in the place.

Our hero believing, and justly so, that a tour astride his favorite D. H. F. would be conducive not only to pleasure, but to health, determined to make one, unaccompanied, during his summer vacation, and no sooner did those halcyon days arrive than he proceeded to put his theory into practice, and one lovely July morning, having bidden *au revoir* to his friends over night, he mounted his wheel and away he went, intending to be absent just three weeks, and to "take in" all the principal points of interest within a reasonable distance of Bedevale, which place was surrounded by a beautiful country, through which most picturesque scenes of lake, wood and vale had been distributed by nature with a lavish hand.

The sun was just rising as our gallant wheelman topped the little hill to the north of Bedevale, and, with spirits elated by the glorious freshness of a summer morning, his nerves tingling with a delicious sense of the keenest enjoyment, inspired by that grandest of all elixirs, pure air, bowled along the splendid road in the direction of

Maudsley, a little town distant some twenty miles from the scene of our hero's labors amongst the dingy tomes of Blackstone or Chitty.

Now carolling to himself in very lightness of heart, now indulging in a few whiffs of an excellent cigar, the pale blue wreaths of smoke from which curled in the still and balmy air behind him, Arthur glided along.

The sweet notes of the robin fluted from the roadside trees; the hoarse cawing of the crows could be ever and anon heard; the bobolink uttered his cheery notes as he flew from one tall mullein stalk to another; and nothing but peace appeared to reign in the quiet country through which the wheelman sped.

Burns never made a truer remark than when he said:

"The best laid schemes o' mice and men,  
Gang aft aley."

Arthur was looking forward to three full weeks of the purest enjoyment, planning in his own mind the fun he would have in such and such a place; the nice girls he would flirt with in another, and the jolly reunions he would have with old chums in still another, when the truth of Burns' lines was made apparent. Possibly, Arthur's thoughts wandered away too far from the immediate business in hand, for as he was descending a slight declivity at a rapid rate, his wheel ran against a treacherous stone, and before he could do anything to save himself, he had pitched head-first into the road where he lay without sense or motion.

CHAPTER II.

"Oh! woman, in our hours of ease,  
Uncertain, coy and hard to please,  
When pain and anguish wring the brow,  
A ministering angel thou!"

"Father, the sick gentleman is ever so much better this morning," said dainty little Marion Hawthorne, the sturdy old farmer's daughter, to her father, one morning, some ten days after the incidents related in the last chapter. "He understood me when I spoke to him, and, father, he actually said he was hungry."

"Well, make 'im a bowl o' beef tea at once and put some life into 'im," replied old Hawthorne, a thoroughly honest old farmer of the English stamp, but most decidedly 'grumpy'; make 'im some beef tea and gi' it to 'im; we don't want no dead men round here; and Marion, look thee here, lass: doant'ee have too much to say to the young chap; he's one o' them city sprigs, and there's no trusting 'em," and he sallied forth to superintend his laborers in the field.

Marion Hawthorne was an anomaly. Born and bred in the country; she still possessed all the grace and refinement of a city girl of the best society. Denied, by the death of her mother, whilst she was still an infant, that care in her younger days which is almost essential to the formation of pure womanly character, Marion had, nevertheless, given full sway to her taste for reading and literature generally, gradually educated herself to a pitch of perfection scarcely to be credited by those who were acquainted with all the facts of the case, till now, at

the age of eighteen, she is introduced to the reader, a charming, intelligent, well-formed and vivacious girl, with dark sparkling eyes, pouting lips whose hue would put the brightest cherry to the blush, and cheeks which the pure country air delighted to utilize as a garden for the production of the most bewitching roses.

All that is piquant and charming, let the reader picture Marion Hawthorne to himself to be, and she flourished, a beautiful flower, seemingly a rare exotic amongst the coarser blossoms growing around her.

It is, perhaps, needless to state that the subject of Marion's remark, which opens this chapter, was our unfortunate hero, Arthur Gresham, who had been found with his broken machine beside him, lying insensible in the road, a stone's throw or so away from Farmer Hawthorne's dwelling, and having been carried into the house and placed in bed, he had never regained consciousness till the moment of which we are writing, when, much to Marion's joy—for it must be confessed she felt no little interest in the handsome stranger—he had come once more to his senses and—had asked for something to eat.

Very pale he looked as he lay in the snowy sheets of the wholesome farm-house bed, with the cooling breeze blowing through the open window upon his brow. Very different indeed was his appearance to what it had been on the morning when he had set forth upon his expedition but a week and a half before. But he was decidedly better this morning than he had been since he was picked up in the road, and the fact that he had asked for food was taken by Marion to be an excellent sign, as indeed it was, and when fussy little Doctor Spunkins called a couple of hours later and found his patient sitting up greedily causing a bowl of strong beef tea to disappear, with Marion sitting beside the bed casting furtive glances towards her well-favored but involuntary guest, he nodded his head with a sage and pleased air, and feeling Arthur's pulse, pronounced him to be fifty per cent. better.

Arthur's name and address were procured, and a boy dispatched to Bedevale, to inform the wheelman's friends of his condition and whereabouts, and in the evening the old uncle with whom he lived came hurrying out, anxious and alarmed, but only to have his fears dispersed by the good account given of his patient by the genial little doctor.

"I don't blame him," said the jovial little fellow, "if he *does* remain ill with such a nurse as Miss Hawthorne to look after him," and he bowed to the young lady in question. "Be hanged if I wouldn't almost consent to be an invalid myself if it were only for the pleasure of having so charming an attendant."

"Yes, Miss Hawthorne," broke in Arthur's uncle, "I can never thank you sufficiently for what you have done, for, though no one has told me how attentive you have been, I see traces of your care everywhere;" and he glanced towards a handsome vase of beautiful, freshly-called flowers standing near Arthur's bedside.

(Continued on Page 30.)

## The Canadian Wheelman.

A Monthly Journal, devoted to the interests of 'Cycling, etc.—The only one published in Canada.

PUBLISHED AT LONDON, CANADA, ON THE 20TH OF EVERY MONTH.

Terms: \$1 a Year in Advance.

Advertising Rates on Application.

W. KINGSLEY EVANS, Editor.  
J. B. DIGNAM, Business Manager.

### CHRISTMAS GREETING.

It is now about five months since our journal was first thought of, and we are pleased to hear and know that, since commencing, so much progress has been made in this short period, and for which we tender our sincerest thanks to those who have so perseveringly worked for us in our good cause, by furnishing us with news, correspondence, subscriptions, congratulations, etc.

Although the present season of the year is anything but beneficial to the pleasures of out-door bicycling, still, during the winter months no one is at a loss for amusements when so many attractions abound, besides the old familiar Club rooms where everything, no doubt, will soon be discussed and talked over to make next season's touring and sport better than ever, and even now there are Canadian tours arranged for next season, which, it is to be hoped, will bring forth a new era in bicycling.

We hope to receive a good share of encouragement during the coming season, which we intend to reciprocate by improving our journal as much as possible.

We cannot close the present joyous season better than by wishing all of our readers, bicyclists and otherwise, "A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR."

### ROAD DRIVING.

A great deal of discussion has arisen on the article published in our last issue, headed, "Important to Bicyclists," with reference to how a rider should act when meeting fractious horses on the road, and it has generally been decided that if you intend dismounting (which is not peremptory by any means), do so before coming close up to the horse, as the mere action of dismounting while passing close by invariably frightens the animal, but in the event of not dismounting, all that can be required of you is to keep as near as possible to the side of the road (even for the sake of your own convenience, if the horse should happen to bolt), and slackening up, ride by easily, and you can then feel perfectly satisfied that no blame can be attached to you in any way.

As a rule, the drivers make a big fuss, which usually ends in a loss of time and talk on their part, and in case of accidents—which are mainly due to their own crankiness—the wheelmen are unreasonably blamed.

### THE FOREST CITY BICYCLE CLUB.

Before the CANADIAN WHEELMAN is again issued, the end of the present year of the Forest City Bicycle Club will have come to an end, and the new management decided upon, and it is to be sincerely hoped that all the members will fully consider everything that is necessary to re-establish the Club on a strong and secure basis, and use their own good judgment in appointing those on the Management Committee.

Financially, the Club is on as good a footing as any club in Canada, but the members do not seem to look at the matter seriously enough, and they allow other clubs not half as well situated, to take the lead in every particular.

It might only be added, that, at the meeting which will be held on the first Monday in January next, every member of the Club who takes any interest in the sport whatever, should make it a point to be in attendance, and in the event of not being present, he can only blame himself if dissatisfied with the officers for 1884.

### THE C. W. A. MEDALS.

Mr. T. H. Robinson, the jeweller, of Toronto, writes us that the order for the Association Medals, won on the 1st of July last, has at last been placed in his hands, and he is now actively engaged in working on them.

### SAMPLE COPIES.

We have been mailing sample copies of the CANADIAN WHEELMAN to all parties in Canada, whose names we happened to secure, not for the purpose of forcing the paper upon them, but hoping that they would become more or less interested in it, being the only paper of its kind in Canada, and also as a polite invitation to subscribe if they found the paper worthy.

There is no end of discussion in the States over the financial results of the Springfield tournament. The Springfield Club is claiming that there was a deficit of \$1,300, and it is alleged that at a late meeting of the Club the members were assessed fifteen dollars per head to meet the shortcoming. On the other hand it is claimed that the Springfield Club pertinaciously withhold their balance sheet, and that in reality they have a big balance on hand. A western paper states that they cleared \$22,000. At all events the Springfield Club intend holding another tournament next year.

The December number of the *Wheelman* contains the announcement that that ably-conducted magazine is to be consolidated with *Outing*, under the title of *Outing and the Wheelman*, which no doubt will produce a magazine meriting the patronage of everyone who takes an interest in out-door sports. We wish them every success.

### Anything and Everything.

Tetotalism is on the increase. There are 30,000 bicyclists in the United States who never smile.

Now is the time to take your machines to W. A. Brock's and have them thoroughly overhauled. Remember the address—375 Clarence Street.

The *Western Cyclist* appears this month as newy as ever. It follows the Canadian tourists as far as Goderich, and is loud in its praise of the Canadian roads.

It is said that W. G. Ross, the Canadian champion will not race next year, except possibly, at the championship meeting of the C. W. A. He can't spare time to train.

The last number of the *Cyclist* (Coventry) comes to hand, full of information for Bicyclists in all parts of the world. We always look forward to receiving the *Cyclist* with pleasure.

Through the kindness of the author, we have received the book entitled "Lyra Bicyclica," by J. G. Dalton, Boston, which justly merits all the praiseworthy notices which it has received.

No living thing moving on the face of the earth by its own muscular exertion can overcome distances at our pace. We can only be passed by "through express trains," on first-class railroads.

Why should bicyclists not take a flying start? They are made to start from the scratch, being pushed off by an assistant. If a flying start were allowed, we'd soon get nearer to the horse record.

The *New York Sun*, whose columns on Sundays contain examples of the best productions of the day, clips often from the *Wheelman*. No higher compliment, nor one better deserved, could be paid.

The Belleville Bicycle Club is going to have a first-class hall about 200x60 feet, in connection with their Club room, which is being neatly fitted up. All wheelmen happening in that city will be cordially welcomed.

A horse became frightened at a truck near the Decatur depot last week and ran away, throwing the driver out and tearing the buggy to pieces. Still the trucks run on. Suppose a bicycle had caused the smash-up, when would we have heard the last of it?—*Sunday Journal*.

A basket of flowers was presented to Mrs. Cooper, who plays the leading part in the *New York Opera Troupe*, which lately visited Toronto, by the members of the Wanderers' Bicycle Club, of Toronto. Mrs. Cooper is the wife of Lieutenant George Cooper, of the Wanderers.

Now has come the season of the year when the wheelman enjoys the last few remaining spins allowed him before Jack Frost, Esq., upon his cycle of ice, leaves the tracks of his passing wheel upon our roadways in the form of snow and slush, and general discomfort to the wheel world.—*Sunday Journal*.

## Canadian Wheelmen's Association.

All amateur bicycle and tricycle riders everywhere are cordially invited to join the Canadian Wheelmen's Association. The admission fee is \$1. When clubs of five or more members join the fee is half that sum per man, but there must be a rule in the club's by-laws to the effect that every active member must become and remain a member of the Association as long as he is an active member of the Club. Fees must be remitted with applications. Make checks, drafts, or P. O. money orders, payable to Hal B. Donly, Simcoe, Ont., and address all communications to him. Write names of applicants plainly, with Christian name in full, putting surnames in alphabetical order; give full address, and write on one side of a separate sheet from letter of advice. Applicants should notice names as published in THE CANADIAN WHEELMAN, and notify the Secretary if any errors are made. Wheelmen generally should notice the names also and inform the Secretary-Treasurer (confidentially) if any professional or otherwise objectionable person applies. Information regarding the Association will 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. Certificates will be issued to applicants at the expiration of two weeks from the date of publication of their names in the CANADIAN WHEELMAN.

### Applications Received to Date.

TO WANDERERS CLUB, OF TORONTO. (Add 21.)

- 428—S. G. Curry, Toronto.
- 429—O. Shan'z, Bertin,
- 430—W. Gemmel, 78 Grenville street, Toronto.
- 431—W. A. Capon, 498 Yonge street, do.
- 432—J. S. Hara, 64 Oak street, do.
- 433—W. D'Espard, do.
- 434—G. E. Williams, do.
- 435—H. J. Galbraith, 31 Maitland street, do.
- 436—R. R. Martin, 25 Grosvenor street, do.
- 437—David Carlyle, 157 Seaton street, do.
- 438—Fred Capon, 498 Yonge street, do.
- 439—George Gooderham, do.
- 440—Alexander Pringle, do.
- 441—W. M. McKay, do.
- 442—A. S. Patterson, Patterson, Ont.
- 443—R. Patter-on, Whithy.
- 444—G. Birchull, 51 St. Vincent street, Toronto.
- 445—J. W. Joseph, druggist, do.
- 446—Norman Porter, jeweller, do.
- 447—L. McBrien, Toronto.
- 448—John Craib, Somerville, Ont.

### Transfers.

F. J. Morphy—From Toronto Bicycle Club to Wanderers.

A. J. Boyd—From Toronto Bicycle Club to Wanderers.

H. B. DONLY, Secy-Treas. C.W.A.

The Secretary informs us that the largest club in the C. W. A. is now the Wanderers, of Toronto. Wake up, Montreal.

The C. W. A. grows apace, but not fast enough to suit us. There are on the register of the Association, at present, some 450 names. It is supposed that there are in Canada upwards of a thousand wheelmen. This is not as it should be. Every man who rides a bicycle or a tricycle should belong to the Canadian Wheelmen's Association. The advantages to be derived are many, the cost only nominal. We know of several large clubs in this immediate vicinity who have so far resisted all efforts to get them into line. Let them send in their applications at once to Mr. Donly. Perhaps they may say there is but little use to join at this season of the year, but in this they are mistaken. It is the intention of the editors of the Hand-Book to include in it a complete list of all the members of the Association. All wheelmen joining before the end of January next will appear in this list. Thus, by joining now, members will be eligible for office and will be entitled to vote in the elections to be held next spring.

One of the prime objects of the C. W. A. is to facilitate touring; for this purpose the Hand-Book is to be published. It is greatly to be desired that every portion of the Province of Ontario be represented in it, and that full descriptions of the roads, to and from all the leading towns and places of interest in the Province, be fully described. In order to accomplish this the C. W. A. must have consuls in every town, village or city in the Province. Before consuls can be appointed the Association must have members in these places. In every locality where there are already members, a consul has been named. Riders, where there are no C. W. A. members, will readily see the importance of coming into the Association at once, in order to give their towns representation in the Hand-Book. With energetic consuls in all Ontario towns, to help them, the editors of the Hand-Book will be able to turn out a work that will be of incalculable advantage to wheelmen who do any touring whatever.

It is earnestly to be hoped that those gentlemen who have been appointed consuls will make their reports for the Hand-Book just as comprehensive as possible, and that they will be just as prompt in filling them out and returning them to the Secretary, as possible. Upon them, to a great extent, depends the success of the book.

Woodstock, Dec. 12, 1883.

I have thus far made the following appointments for Consuls in my district:

- London—J. A. Muirhead.
- George Burns, jr.
- St. Thomas—C. H. Hepinstall.
- Brantford—F. Westbrook.
- Woodstock—W. A. Earn.
- Simcoe—W. S. Perry.
- Aylmer—A. E. Haines.

Yours truly,  
W. G. EARNS, C. C.

## DENVER, COLORADO.

The largest crowd which has assembled for some time, was brought together in Jewell Park, on Sunday, December 2nd, to witness the exhibition of bicycle skill by the League of Champions.

The first race was a two-mile exhibition between Eck and Fred. S. Rollinson; Eck took the lead at the start; at the quarter-mile he was about five yards ahead, and came in winner. Time, 11:47.

The second race was a three-mile contest between Higham and Prince. This was very exciting, as Prince represented America and Higham, England.

Higham was ahead in the first mile in 3:35, and maintained the lead until the home-stretch, when Prince gradually lessened the gap between them and passed Higham a few yards from the wire amid the greatest excitement. Time, 11:46.

The fourth race was between T. W. Eck and Louise Armaido. Eck, as usual, took the lead but did not maintain it long, and was passed by Louise Armaido in fine style. The second heat was but a repetition of the first, and was won by Louise, who was loudly cheered by the audience.

Next came the exhibition of scientific riding by Higham, which was followed by the burlesque and fancy riding of Professor Rollinson, which created a greater furore than anything on the programme.

The ten-mile race was won by Higham by about six yards.

The participants of the races complained of the bad condition of the track, and the Champions, not being acclimated, failed to make any extraordinary time.

## The Silver Star Social Club.

This is the name of a new social club lately formed in London, on whose membership roll are to be found the names of several bicyclists. They have large and beautifully-furnished club rooms on Dundas street where an evening may be spent very pleasantly. We have just received a very neatly printed invitation to their first annual reception, which is to be held in the Masonic Temple, December 27th. About 150 invitations have been issued, a large number of which were to bicyclists. We wish them success.

## The Ariel Club Concert.

The concert given on Thursday, December 13th, by the above Club, proved quite a success both financially and otherwise, a very appreciative audience being present.

The concert was purely local and void of anything in the "bicycle" line except a solo by Mr. Chas. Mountjoy, one of the Club, and Mr. J. A. Muirhead (Captain) as one of a quartette.

## News from the Clubs.

To CORRESPONDENTS—Please make your letters brief and newsy, and then we will not be obliged to crowd out other letters of equal importance.

### TORONTO.

#### THE WANDERERS.

DEAR EDITOR:

Your last issue, very much improved in appearance, made its appearance in the Club Rooms last week, and was eagerly read by the Club, who commence to see the need of such a paper, which gives information about our Canadian clubs which could not be got in any other way.

We held our monthly meeting last evening and our spacious meeting-room was crowded by the members assembled. Owing to illness the President, Col. Otter, was absent, and his place was taken by Captain Robinson. Several members were added to the list, and some new names proposed. Hereafter, it was decided that nobody would be admitted into the club unless he is positively a rider and owns a bicycle, and, after joining he must have a club uniform not later than six months after his name is proposed. During the meeting the 1st Lieutenant, Mr. George E. Cooper, thanked the Club in a few well-chosen remarks, for the kind gift of flowers presented to Mrs. Cooper, who is the leading vocalist in the New York Opera Company, which lately visited Toronto.

A short lecture on the "Peculiarities of Gas" was delivered by Mr. George E. Cooper, after the adjournment of the business meeting, in very enjoyable and humorous style, in which several new theories of "Nitrogen," "Oxygen" and "Old Tom gin" were advanced and explained.

Now that the cold weather has set in and bicycling in the open air is pretty well shut down on, several schemes are being talked of to bring the members together during the winter months. One plan is to hold social gatherings at different members' houses, and judging from an invitation just received, we are to have the first next week.

Several of the "old heads" have formed a small debating society, and intend holding debates once a week. Of course, the subjects will be purely "bicyclic" and no doubt a good deal of information will be derived from these debates. Of course the rooms are the best scheme of all, and being well lighted and heated, are sure to draw a crowd every evening. Next to the piano for creating amusement comes the reading table, which contains nearly all the bicycling journals, besides sporting, dramatic, and other literature. The latest addition has been three new small tables whose drawers are filled with all kinds of games, cards, etc.

The returns of the late entertainment held by the Club were made at the last meeting, and show the receipts, after paying all expenses, to be over \$200, which is quite a reinforcement to the funds, which were quite low at that time.

Club drill in our old winter quarters on Jarvis street, will probably be resumed after Christmas. The "Bone-Shaker" class will probably be started some time sooner.

A Club photograph is to be taken by Dixon, the well known photographer, and will no doubt make a good picture as by actual count over sixty members with bicycles and uniforms will be taken.

Wishing you and your readers a merry Christmas, I remain,

Yours, WANDERER.

Toronto, December, 1883.

### OTTAWA.

I regret that the first subject of my December letter should be the announcement of the sudden death, on the 22nd November, of Sidney A. Woodburn, late First Lieutenant of our Club, from congestion of the lungs, after a very short illness, originating from a severe cold caught while witnessing a foot-ball match here.

His death has been a sad blow to his brother wheelmen. At club "meets" every one hailed "Sid" with a hearty greeting. He was amiable and warm-hearted to a fault, and always ready to help a comrade in distress—a persevering rider, and the acknowledged wit of the Club. Club runs were always jolliest when Sydney was one of the party. He could sing a good song and tell a good story. But how keen is the irony of fate! when your last number arrived, containing an account of his exploits, the poor fellow was lying in his coffin.

The pall-bearers were all members of the O. B. C. The floral contribution of the Club was the most beautiful I ever saw; the design was the Club badge (a shield), made entirely of flowers. At a meeting held on the 27th ult., a committee was formed to draft and forward a letter of condolence to Mr. and Mrs. Woodburn. It was also decided that each member should wear a mourning badge for one month, the badge to consist of a piece of the Club (cardinal) ribbon, edged with black.

I understand that permission has been granted the O. B. C. to use the magnificent drill hall here for drill and practice. I do not think much riding will be done, however, until spring, as riding in our frosty climate would be almost certain death to the machines.

The O. B. C., as a club, has not joined the newly formed Ottawa Athletic organization, though several individual members belong to it. The question of "Club" action was discussed at the special meeting held on the 27th ult., but owing to so many of the members' being out of the city, action was deferred.

I, in common with many others no doubt, read with pleasure your account of how justice was eventually done to a persecuted bicyclist, in the person of Mr. Moore, of Stratford. Last month I nearly had a somewhat similar incident to record. One of our wheelmen had the misfortune to be within half a block of a spirited young team

attached to a farmer's wagon; in the wagon was a young woman, very much muffled up, and holding the reins. At first sight of the wheel the horses turned suddenly round and rushed up street, throwing the girl out, breaking a lamp-post, and finally completely demolishing the wagon against the post-office, and spilling the contents in every direction. The girl was not badly hurt, fortunately, and she afterwards confessed that the runaway was due to the fact of the bolt coming out of the whiffletree, and not to the bicycle. Chief of Police Grant said a great deal for a few days about putting a stop entirely to bicycle riding in the city, but we rode as usual without interruption, no doubt because "his worship" knew he could not legally sustain his threats. Some of our country friends still wax wrothy when we are the cause of their having to "haul up" or stop to allow us to pass. They usually express their opinion that "them things shouldn't be allowed." However, they are getting reconciled by degrees. In most cases all that is necessary is a little patience and a conciliatory tone on the part of the rider, to smooth over all trouble.

Our Captain (Jenkins) is an enthusiastic hockey player. He is exerting himself to convert his brother wheelmen to his way of thinking.

President Mothersill, Second Lieutenant, and Mr. Blythe and T. D. B. Evans are members of the Metropolitan Athletic Club.

All of our leading roads have had a thorough overhauling this fall, so that we look for good roads next season.

Yours,

OTTAWA.

### NEWCASTLE.

DEAR WHEELMAN:—

I have just received the copies of your paper you so kindly sent me, and am happy in adding my good opinion to the others. As our Bicycle Club is a very young one, it is hardly likely that very many know that there is such a thing as the "Newcastle Bicycle Club;" but although we have only been organized about two months we have a membership of thirty-six, ten of whom are active members. The citizens are giving us every encouragement, for which we are much obliged to them. Mr. S. B. Chandler has very kindly allowed us the use of his club-rooms, free of rent. We have had them thoroughly repaired and decorated by a first-class firm, Rolfe & Son, whose names only have to be mentioned to convince all who know them of the thoroughness of the work. The rooms are to open (to club members) every night, commencing on the 3rd of December, and a small library of books (about one hundred) has been bought by the Club, besides all the leading periodicals of the day of all classes to suit all tastes. We have also a first-class "pipe-top organ" in the rooms, and as about one-quarter of the members can play we are never at a loss for music; some of our singers being noted far and near for their talent.

Now, no doubt by this time, the readers of the WHEELMAN are beginning to wonder when I am going to "dry up" about the Club and give them a little information as to the roads down this way. Well, although not at present a rider I can give them the information I have received from the active portion of our Club, and from several tourists who have passed through last summer, that the road from Bowmanville, a town five miles west, for about twenty miles east, is one of the best roads in the Dominion, and that the scenery is very hard to beat. I will leave it to some of the wheelmen to describe some of the rides of the Club, and in conclusion I will say on behalf of the N. B. C., that any bicyclists passing through our town will be most heartily welcomed at our Club Rooms, and that they can rely on being well attended to by the Consul of our town, Mr. W. H. Chandler, to whose untiring energy we owe the present prosperous condition of the Newcastle Bicycle Club.

"Nick."

### OBITUARY.

It is our painful duty to have to record the death of one of Ottawa's most popular bicyclists, Mr. Sidney Woodburn, who died at his home in Ottawa, November 22nd, 1883. We extend to the bereaved parents and members of the Ottawa Bicycle Club, our heartiest sympathy in the great loss they have sustained.

We clip the following from the *Citizen*:

The funeral of the late Sidney Woodburn, which took place from the residence of his father, on Saturday, was a strong evidence of the affectionate respect in which he was held by all who knew him.

The burial service at the house was read by Rev. Mr. Longley, and prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Scott. Many floral tributes were sent to the house of mourning from private friends, besides those which were offered by the bodies of which the deceased was a member. From the Ottawa Bicycle Club came a handsome shield bearing a facsimile of their badges, with "Ottawa" in dark red and the letters "B. C." in opposite corners in light blue. The pall-bearers—Messrs. Jenkins, Hawley, Wilkins, Roy, Blyth and Young are all members of the Ottawa Bicycle Club, and wore their badges draped in crape. The members of other bodies, including Mr. Woodburn's employes, wore mourning badges consisting of a white silk circular centre, on which were in black letters the words: "In memoriam, Sidney A. Woodburn, died Nov. 22nd, 1883, Ottawa."

It is with the deepest regret that we chronicle the death of Mr. John Gunn, of the Molsons' Bank in this city. Though not a bicyclist, he took a great deal of interest in the sport. During his connection with the Molson's Bank, he had been stationed at Toronto, St. Thomas and elsewhere, and had won many friends who will regret to hear of his sudden demise.

(Continued from Page 26)

Marion blushed but said nothing, and the conversation drifted away to other subjects. Doctor Spankins was of opinion that Arthur, though showing every sign of doing well, had sustained a shock to his nervous system through his fall that the quiet and fresh air of the country would do more to enable him to overcome, than gallons of medicine in the city. Arthur seemed perfectly willing to try the doctor's treatment, and as it was quite feasible for him to pursue his legal studies at Farmer Hawthorne's homestead, it was finally settled that he should remain there till Christmas, at least, an arrangement that seemed to afford great satisfaction to Miss Marion. Accordingly, old Hawthorne was interviewed, and the matter ended in Arthur's being installed a member of the Hawthorne household.

### CHAPTER III.

"Hast seen my lady?"

"Nay, my lord."

—(Troilus and Cressida)

It was the old, old tale with Arthur and Marion. Two young people constantly thrown into one another's society, if they are of the genuine brand of youthful flesh and blood, are certain, sooner or later, to feel sentiments stronger than those of mere friendship. Cupid was ever hovering round the young couple, and Arthur felt, at last, that he knew what real love was. When Marion was absent, he was wretched, and when she was present he, of course, was in the seventh heaven of happiness. And so time flew on, and the color returned to Arthur's cheeks once more, but though he actually felt as well as ever he had done in his life, the thought of leaving the peaceful farm house was certain to bring on symptoms of a relapse.

As regarded his legal studies, it may be stated that he obeyed Doctor Spankins' instructions to the letter, and refrained from overworking himself, finding far more pleasure in the society of Marion (with whom he wandered about through the shady woods and glens, saying the softest things, no doubt, and behaving in the most idiotically lover-like way) than in that of Littleton and Cake. Ah! those rambles! how many tender things were said during a single autumn afternoon; but, though the words might vary slightly each day, the theme of Arthur and Marion's low-voiced conversations was ever the same—love; love, that passion at once so tender yet so powerful.

Old Hawthorne had quite overcome his antipathy to "that city chap," and having discovered that Arthur, in addition to possessing excellent abilities and a good character, had also very fair expectations from his old uncle, seemed perfectly contented to let things go on as they were, even though these forest rambles and murmured conversations in the evening twilight should end in Arthur's becoming his son-in-law and in losing his pet, Marion.

And Arthur, as every other lover fancies, imagined that he was all in all to Marion as she was to him.

Space will not permit a full and detailed account of all the actions of this sentimental pair. They differed in no respect from the millions of other lovers who have been since the beginning of the world, and the reader may rest assured that they were very silly indeed.

Mike, the hired man, had, for some reason, conceived a huge dislike for Arthur, and muttered and growled like a bear with a sore head every time he saw the lovers together; he had even, on more than one occasion, offered threats of personal violence to the young law student, who, however, had treated him with all the contempt due to a mere hired menial. True, poor Mike may be said to have had some cause for his hatred, for before Arthur's advent to the farm-house he had been a declared admirer of Marion, and she had always been gracious and condescending to him, and he felt that, to use a slang expression, his nose had been put out of joint. So he brooded and growled, and muttered, and regarded Arthur with an evil eye.

Christmas was to be a day of high festivities at Hawthorne farm, and now it was but the day before that glad anniversary,—for the reader must be contented to be informed that summer and autumn had fled away and winter had usurped the place of the latter, and Arthur and Marion were to be introduced to the neighboring rustics, at a grand Christmas dinner, as a betrothed couple.

The day arrived, fresh, crisp, bracing; the snow, hard packed and in prime condition for sleighing, sparkled and glittered in the morning sunshine, as Arthur descended from his bed-room and sought the pleasant little front parlor where Marion and he and the old farmer generally breakfasted, and where the former usually awaited him, to receive her morning kiss from her lover's lips. On this Christmas morning she was not there, and upon old Mr. Hawthorne's coming in soon after Arthur had entered the room, and being asked how it was that Marion was so late, he confessed he could give no reason, and set off to call her, imagining that she might have overslept herself, she, like Martha, having been busy about many things on the previous evening, or that she might be bestowing her Yule-tide benedictions on the cattle and poultry, of which she was so fond, in the yard.

She was not in the bed-room, and old Hawthorne stood aghast as he discovered the dainty bed had not been slept on. In vain he shouted and shouted; no answer was vouchsafed to his call of "Marion," in which Arthur, now fully alarmed, joined.

"Perhaps Mike knows where she be," suggested the old man. "Mike! Mike!" he roared, but no Mike responded.

"See if he's out in the stable, do see, please Muster Gresham," he asked of Arthur, who accordingly went out to see; but hunt as he might, no Mike was to be found.

Wild with anxiety, and tearing his long white locks in his despair, the old man rushed out to the barn. The grey horse's stall was vacant. Into the coach-house ran old Hawthorne and Arthur. The light sleigh was nowhere to be seen.

With a deadly sickening sensation at his heart, Arthur grasped the door jamb for support, or he had fallen, and with pallid face gazed into the agonized features of the poor old farmer. His own thoughts he saw reflected there. Both had come simultaneously to the same conclusion, and, as after-events showed, it was the correct one. The fact could no longer be concealed, humiliating and distracting as it was. The truth flashed on both Arthur and old Hawthorne at the same time.

Marion had eloped with the hired man.  
Swiz.

**A HOLIDAY TRIP.**

[Written for the Canadian Wheelman by a regular contributor]

On a bright summer morning,  
How pleasant to ride!  
Leaving home, cares, and business,  
And all else beside,  
Save the wheel your companion,  
Your lunch and your "Grip,"  
To the country beyond  
On your "Holiday Trip."  
All nature seems smiling  
As onward you hie,  
And the Great Orb of Light  
Mounts up in the sky,  
And casts o'er the meadows,  
A radiance serene,  
And glitters like gold  
On your polished machine.  
Now coasting down hillsides,  
Where cattle are prone,  
To rest in the shade  
From the heat of the sun,  
Where the tall forest trees  
Form a canopy o'er,  
Just such spots as these,  
E'en the gods must adore.  
But onward you hie,  
Past forest and fen,  
And embark on the broad  
Open highway again,  
Where the long slender lines  
Of the now lowering sun  
Recalls to your mind  
A day's sport near done.  
The moon mounts in splendor,  
The star spangled dome,  
And recalls thoughts so tender  
Of loved ones at home,  
Who now for your coming  
So eagerly look,  
As they have for the lunch,  
From the pantry you took.  
You scarce note the hours  
How quickly they fly,  
Nor that luna's pale splendor  
Is now on the wane,  
Till off in the distance  
You dimly descry,  
The village, the station,  
Your homeward bound train.

—H. R. D.

**PERSONAL.**

Mr. Adam Lind, of the Forest Citys, made a short trip to New York last week.

Mr. S. S. McClure has resigned his position as editor of the *Wheelman*, Boston.

Mr. M. H. Kipp, of the Ariels, is enjoying a short vacation at his home in Woodstock.

Mr. C. S. Rumsey, Captain of the St. Mary's Bicycle Club, was in this city Nov. 28th.

Mr. James S. Brierley, of the St. Thomas Bicycle Club, was in this city on 24th and 27th of last month.

Col. Otter, President of the Toronto Wanderers, has returned from an extended tour in the Old Country.

Karl Kron, the well-known rider, passed through London on Wednesday, October 10th, on a pleasure trip.

Mr. William Saunders, of the Forest City Bicycle Club, has left for New York and Philadelphia on business.

Mr. W. M. Begg, Secretary of the Ariel Bicycle Club, is at present supplying in the Federal Bank in Petrolia.

Mr. G. Hill, of the Montreal Bicycle Club is practising some very nice fancy riding in the gymnasium hall of their club room.

Messrs. John Cowan, Len Fitzgerald and R. Osborne are the latest additions to the membership roll of the Ariel Bicycle Club.

Mr. A. E. Haines, of the Aylmer Bicycle Club, has been appointed Consul for Aylmer. A better choice could not have been made.

Mr. William Payne has sent a 54-inch plated S. B. C. to Fort Qu'Appelle, N. W. T., the roads there being magnificent for bicycling.

Mr. Lambert, formerly of the Buffalo Bicycle Club, has removed to this city and accepted a position with the Bennet Furnishing Company.

W. G. Ross, the champion bicyclist of Canada, is the favorite in the coming snow-shoe contest for a \$250 cup, to be competed for in Montreal this winter.

Mr. W. D. Cooper, of the Ariel Bicycle Club, has presented the Club with the portraits of each of the members, nicely framed. It is a nice Xmas box.

Mr. Crawford Maclean, Secretary of the Forest City Bicycle Club, has sufficiently recovered from his severe illness as to remove to Brockville, where he intends to live.

Rev. C. W. Powell, pastor of the Flatbush (N. Y.) Methodist church, uses a tricycle in going to and from the Methodist church, in which he preaches, at Sheepshead-Bay, a distance of five miles.

Mr. A. T. Lano, of the Montreal Bicycle Club, has opened out a store for general sporting goods at 1421 St. Catharine street, close to the Windsor Hotel. This is a good move and is sure to pay.

Mr. C. H. Wallace, late First Lieutenant of the Forest City Bicycle Club, who has removed to Belleville to engage in the brew-

ing business, was married yesterday (19th) to Miss Carrie Lizars, the well-known vocalist of this city.

**FROM BELLEVILLE.**

Franklin Wills prophesies that there will be a big boom here in wheels next year.

Prof. Green's new Expert is a pretty machine, but a little heavy for ordinary use.

George Davis says his machine does not run worth a cent—minus the little wheel.

W. Northcott is delighted with his new machine, and will not take much dust next season.

R. Fenwick has had a lame hand, which interferes with his wheeling, but soon will be with us again.

S. G. Retalack expects his new Pilot Light Roadster about Xmas, also of Hickling & Co.'s make.

Joe Morgan, the Secretary-Treasurer, has made up his mind to take the trip with the Chicago friends next summer if all's well.

Daly, Morgan and Wills made a run of about forty-five miles the other day to Brighton and return, and report roads good.

J. W. Snyder enjoys his wheel more than any other member of the Club, and thinks nothing of riding from Napanea to Belleville, a distance of twenty-five miles.

**Answers to Correspondents.**

'CYCLIST, COVENTRY.—Thanks for advice. We receive lots on the same subject.

H. G. McL., GONERICH—Yours received. Thanks. Hope to hear from you again.

A. C., GONERICH.—Yours received, and hope you will decide differently before long.

R. J. BOWLES, BRIGHTON.—Posted copies to the addresses you sent. Hope they will bring returns.

J. S. D., BOSTON.—Cannot account for the non-arrival of November number. Have tried it again.

T. H. R., TORONTO.—Yours with enclosure received. Hope you will change your mind about the "ad."

C. T. M., CASANDAIGUA, N. Y.—Yours received. Many thanks. Hope it will come up to your expectation.

This is the season to drop into Massnick Bros, the Boston Gem Gallery, and get some ambrotypes taken.

**W. M. WILSON,  
MERCHANT TAILOR**

—AND—

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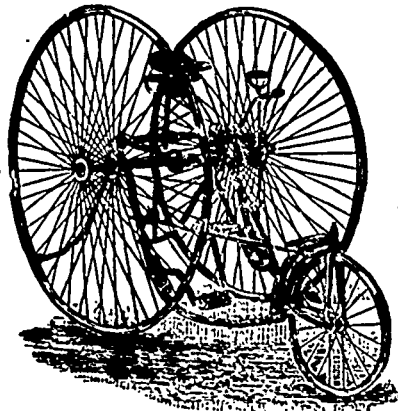
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Expert Columbia,  
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— A SPLENDID LINE OF —

**FITTINGS**

— IN STOCK. —



Montreal, 8th March, 1882

A. T. LANE, Esq., Montreal.

Dear Sir,—With regard to the Special Royal Canadian Bicycle purchased from you, I can but say that I am quite satisfied. It has met all the requirements of a first-class machine. It has been run over the very roughest of Canadian roads and has stood as severe a test as ever a machine could on both road and track.

Yours truly, J. A. MUIRHEAD.  
Capt. Montreal Bicycle Club.  
(Now Capt. Ariel Bicycle Club, London.)

A. T. LANE, Esq., Montreal.

Dear Sir,—I have much pleasure in stating that the Special Royal Canadian Bicycle I purchased from you this spring has given every satisfaction. I have ridden it the whole of the season over some very rough roads as well as in several races without having to adjust a single nut or bolt, and it has not cost me a cent for repairs.

Yours sincerely, HORACE S. TIBBS,  
Pres Montreal Bicycle Club.

A number of Second-Hand Bicycles for Sale Cheap. Send 3-cent stamp for Catalogue.

**A. T. LANE - Montreal.**

**For Sale.**

Advertisements under this head, one cent per word each insertion. No advertisement less than twenty-five cents.

**WANTED TO PURCHASE.**—58-INCH ENGLISH bicycle, must be in good order and cheap. Apply immediately to this office, box 52.

**FOR SALE.**—52-INCH ROYAL CHALLENGE, with cradle spring, Automatic Alarm and Cyclometer. Has been run only a short time—too small for present owner. Will be sold cheap. Address—Box 52, London, Ont.

**FOR SALE, \$70 CASH**

48-INCH D.H.F. PREMIER BICYCLE, HEAVY Roadster, manufactured by HILLMAN, HERBERT & COOPER, Coventry, England. Has been ridden only 550 miles; has never required repair; is in first-class order; has proved more than satisfactory. Cost \$105 here; has bent handle bars, black enamel back bone and forks, rest bright; balls to front wheel; cone to back, outer, complete set wrenches and "Dun" pouch, latter worn but useful as ever. Hillman's adjustable step, stop bell, Lamplough's suspension saddle, and six extra spokes. Selling to buy larger machine of same make. Will send machine F. O. B. any time on receipt of cash. Address W. C. YOUNG, Secretary Ottawa Bicycle Club, Ottawa.

**FOR SALE—CHEAP.**—52-INCH FULL NICKEL British Challenge Bicycle. Has been run only a very short time, in first-class repair, good as new. Owner wants a larger machine same make, certificate signed by Wm. Payne, cost \$117 will sell for \$100, less 5 per cent. for cash. Address—this office, box 52, London Canada.

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