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TO A BEGINNER.

To ride upon a bicycle,
Or even on a tricycle,
Keep cool as any icicle,
And don't get in a fluster,
For if you lose your steadiness,
And part with your calm headiness,
The wheel's in constant readiness
To let you go a 'buster.'

Equalize your ponderosity,
Subdue your corporosity,
And check your adiposity
By constant exercise,
And you'll find that your velocity
Will increase, for Westbrook, (was it he?)
Explained this with verbosity,
Now see him as he flies.

As he works his either pedicle,
(This word sounds somewhat medical),
The antipodes of head I call
By this infrequent term.
How straight he speeds, and arrowy
He glides on sidewalk narrow, he
Flies straighter than a sparrow, he
Shows neither twist nor squirm.

He controls with rare ability
His wheel, and his agility
Is the acme of virility,
As swiftly on he speeds,
And it seems as tho' 'twere part of him,
And herein is the art of him,
And none can get the start of him,
For he knows just what he needs.

How to ride with much dexterity,
Increasing your celerity,
These words of well-known verity
Will form a good rule here;
Don't give up if you fail at first
The *Globe* topped off the *Mail* at first,
And strong men are all frail at first,
Be sure and persevere.

SWIZ.

A STRANGE STORY.

One day, about a week ago, I was sitting in THE BICYCLE office having a quiet smoke and

going over my day's mail, when the door opened and a queer old man came in hurriedly and sat down beside my desk. He was a very

old man with snow-white hair and beard, a wrinkled face and a seared forehead, from underneath which, gleamed a piercing pair of dark brown eyes, capped with shaggy eyebrows that gave his face an extremely fierce expression. He was dressed in a ragged suit of some dark tweed, and wore a soft felt hat carelessly on the back of his head. In one hand he carried a knotty walking stick; in the other a little round bundle tied up in a colored cotton handkerchief. "My friend," he said to me in a shaky voice, "are you the editor of THE BICYCLE?" I answered "Yes." "Ah! then I have something to tell you; something that will interest you. Can you spare me a few minutes?" "Really sir," I answered, "I am very busy just now, but if it is a matter of importance I can give you, say a quarter of an hour. Will that suffice?" "Yes; listen and I will tell you my story." I leaned back in my chair and the old man went on speaking in a quiet though quivering voice:

"I'm not much to look at now sir, but ten years ago there was no finer-looking man in all America than I. I look old and broken-down now, but care and sorrow have turned my locks white and have left their marks on my face. You see me now ragged and miserable, yet ten years back I was wealthy and as happy as could be. My wife and little child were God's gifts to make me the happiest of men, but they are both dead now and all the sunshine has been taken out of my life. And all my trouble has been brought about by a bicycle!"

"By a bicycle!" I echoed in astonishment. "Yes, by a bicycle. It happened in this way: My father died when I was about twenty years of age, and left me, his only son, a beautiful estate on the banks of the Hudson River and a half interest in a large retail dry-goods establishment in New York. When I reached my thirtieth year I married the daughter of my partner. A year afterwards a child was born; a little girl who looked like her mother, and who was fairly worshiped by us both. No other children blessed our union. Eight years went by, I was then thirty-nine years old, strong, vigorous and in the prime of my life. One day a foreigner called at my house; he was the agent for a manufacturing firm, and had all sorts of new machines and mechanical inventions for sale. One of his wares was a beautiful bicycle. From the first moment I saw it, it seemed to fascinate me. The wonderfully-made parts shining like

silver in the sunlight seemed to me to be endowed with more than ordinary beauty. All the glittering spokes, the curved back-bone, the ebony handles, all had a peculiar interest for me. I was charmed, delighted! I paid the price he asked for it on the spot and the bicycle was mine. How I loved that machine! Every day I would spend an hour or more rubbing the different parts till they shone again; every day I would mount its pig-skin saddle and ride at will through the country. I neglected my business for it. I neglected my home and my wife. My partner, my friends expostulated with me. It was useless. I would not leave my machine for all the world. A year went by and my partner would stand it no longer. He came to me one day and we had a serious quarrel, the outcome of which was, that he bought out my interest in the business, and the partnership was dissolved. I was only too glad of this; it gave me more time to devote to my pet. All the day now I spent with it, and I found out what nobody else knew—that my bicycle was alive! Yes, alive! Whenever I rode through the country I could hear the whirring wheel singing softly to me, its sounds all unintelligible to everybody else but to me as plain as script. What strange queer things it told me as I whirled it along through the quiet country lanes, past murmuring streams and by green fields where the meek-looking cows chewed their cuds all the day, and frisked playfully with their calves. And further down where the road passed through a great, green forest where the birds sang sweetly in the leafy trees, and the squirrels chased each other up and down the great tree-trunks and over the branches chirping as they went, as if life was all one long holiday, it would sing a soft low croon that chimed in with nature's orchestra. Oh! it was beautiful there. But all this time my wife was worrying and fretting because I neglected her. One day I came home from my ride and she met me in the hall and with tears in her eyes asked me what had come over me. I answered her roughly. She persisted, talking in a wailing tone and bursting out crying afresh. I told her not to interfere with me. She came up and put her arms around my neck and laid her tear-stained face against mine. The woman maddened me. In an agony of rage I struck her. Yes, God help me, I struck her. She fell on her knees and looked up pitifully at me with the blood streaming over her beautiful face and mingling with her tears. She clasped me around the legs and looked at me as if her heart was broken. I shook her roughly off and rushed from the house. I mounted my bicycle and rode off. And what a strange song the wheel sang to-day. "Kill her!" it seemed to say, "kill her, kill her!" All along the road over hill and dale, the two

words came floating from the flying spokes "kill her, kill her!" And the thought gradually shaped itself in my mind. Why should I not? What right had she to come between me and my love? Why not get rid of her and give all my time to my wonderful beauty? And all the time the wheel kept singing softly "kill her, kill her!" "Yes," I said at length. "I will kill her!" How the blood throbbled in my veins when I spoke the words. The shadows were falling down and the birds were hushing their songs and hieing away to their rest. Here and there through the woods scattered songsters were sending out dying bursts of melody, a whip-poor-will high in the branches of a tall hickory tree was chirping its dreary call, and the insects' monotonous song was dying away with the daylight, and all the sounds seemed to me to chord with the perpetual chorus from my wheel "kill her! kill her!" My head felt as if it were about to burst. I dismounted and laid down on a mossy bank leaning my bicycle against a stump near by. Lying there in all the grand solemnity of a midsummer evening in the woods, my thoughts took a different turn. I remembered all the gentle goodness of my wife in years gone by and of how deeply, how devotedly I had once loved her. And I had struck her! Struck my Mary! Struck the mother of my child! My God! what a villain I was! I saw my conduct now in all its cold-blooded brutality and wondered what demon had possessed me to make me so vile. Then I glanced over and my eyes rested on the bicycle. In the gloaming the nickled parts were shining with an unearthly lustre. The whole appearance of the machine thrilled yet disgusted me; for was it not the cause of my cruelty to my wife? "Enough of this," I cried, "I'll be a man again! No longer will I neglect my poor wife!" I remounted my bicycle and started to ride home. But now the wheel commanded instead of insinuating, "kill her," it still said, but now its voice was clear and decisive, "Kill her, kill her! You must, you shall!" And all the way home it kept repeating these words until I knew that it was my master, and that I must obey it. I got home at last and threw myself down on the lounge in my smoking room, there I matured my devilish plan. I waited until the night was far advanced, then I arose, pulled off my boots and went out into the hall. Along the great broad passage I walked cautiously with my blood turning to ice in my veins, and my heart beating like a trip-hammer in my bosom. The clock struck one as I reached my wife's door. I opened it gently and stepped inside. Through the latticed window the moonbeams fell like a network of silver on the floor, and on the pure, sweet face of my sleeping wife. Beside her lay our child, its head resting on its mother's breast. Some good angel moved me then for I turned away resolutely and made for the door. In another moment she would have been safe and I would not have been to-day a murderer, but in her dreams she was thinking of me, and as I was on the threshold she started to cry in a heart-broken tone, "George, George, what has come over you?" My blood rose to fever heat at this. With an oath I turned and walked over to her bedside. I took a long silver pin I had and deftly and quickly plunged it in through her heart. She gave one gasp and all was over. I was a murderer! Oh heavens! how awful that word sounds! I drew the pin out; one single spot of blood followed it and lay on her beautiful breast, a brilliant evidence of my horrible crime. I wiped it away and no trace was left of my night's work. Heart disease, the doctors called it. Bah! How I laughed at the fools who were so wise in their self conceit, and whose years of study failed to aid them to fathom the deed that I had done. What a grave, sad face I wore at the funeral, and when it was all over how I laughed and chuckled in my solitude to think that I had committed my crime so well, and my bicycle now sang a pean of joy whenever I rode it. But even its soft song of praise could

not make me forget my sin. In the night I would dream of her face as I saw it last, and ever before my eyes was her pure white bosom with the drop of her heart's blood on it. There was one relief for me. I drowned my remorse in drink; and from drinking to gambling. In six months I was a ruined man. My child, my little Eleanor died of starvation, died in all the agony of that awful death while I stood powerless to relieve her sufferings. Did I tell you how I came home one night and broke and hammered the perfect parts of my machine to unrecognizable fragments, till I knew that never again would its accursed influence help to damn my life? But it was too late then; my guilty course was run; the brand of Cain was on my brow and I was a wanderer. Since then I have gone from town to town living on kind people's charity. To-day I came here. I saw the name of your paper on the door and came in to tell you the story of my wrecked life and the infernal bicycle that caused it."

His voice sank away into an almost inaudible whisper as he spoke the last words, and he bowed his head and wept like a child. I sat there in silence thinking over what he had just told me, when there was a knock at my door. I opened it, two strangers stood outside. One of them glanced over my shoulder. "There's our man sure enough, Jem," he said to his companion. "Who is he?" I asked. "His name is Jantzen," was the reply. "He escaped from the Lunatic Asylum three days ago and we've been tracking him ever since. We heard he had come in here and came to see."

"So he's a lunatic?"
 "Lunatic! Well I should think so. He's about as crazy as they make 'em!"
 "And how long has he been in your asylum?"
 "For the last thirty years, ever since he was of age. He was a poor devil of a law student, and over-study turned his brain."
 W. C. NICHOL.

RACES.

ST. THOMAS, Sept. 22.—About 55 wheelmen, from all parts of Western Ontario, assembled at St. Thomas on the 22nd of September to take part in the first annual meet of the St. Thomas Club. Twelve men came from London, thirteen from Aylmer, four from Brantford, four from Simcoe and two from Hamilton; the remaining score was composed of the home club. The weather presented a very ominous appearance in the morning and the attendant bicyclers were afraid that it would be too inclement to allow the races to come off, but in the afternoon the sun shone out blithely and drove away the storm-clouds. The track was a sandy one and the sunbeams soon dried it up, though not sufficiently to allow fast time to be made. It is altogether probable that had it not been for the threatening appearance of the weather in the morning many more cyclists would have attended the meet, but as it was a sufficient number were present to insure a good day. The St. Thomas club had lunch prepared in its rooms for visiting wheelmen and after partaking of it they proceeded up Talbot street to the C. S. R., and thence via Elgin street to the exhibition grounds. The procession presented a beautiful sight as it wound its glittering way, with the bright sunbeams flashing on the polished machines and on the many-colored suits of the riders, and many expressions of admiration were heard from the spectators. One old countryman said to his wife as he stood open-mouthed watching "the dazzling array," "by gosh! M'rier, it beats a circus!" while another said he'd "get one of them 'ar machines fur William Henry if it cost a hull five dollars!" In the evening a supper was partaken of in the Delmonico restaurant, when the following excellent menu was presented:

- SOUPS.
- Stewed Oysters. Oysters Stewed.
- FISH.
- Stewed Oysters.
- ENTRIES.
- Stewed Oysters. Oysters Stewed.
- Stewed Oysters.
- ROAST.
- Oysters Stewed. Stewed Oysters.
- VEGETABLES.
- Stewed Oysters. Oysters Stewed.
- RELISHES.
- Oysters Stewed. Stewed Oysters.
- PASTRY.
- Stewed Oysters. Oysters Stewed.
- DESERT.
- Oyed Stawsters. Stoyed Ewsters.
- Stewed Oysters and Oysters Stewed.

This elegant Bill of Fare, unparalleled in the history of St. Thomas dinners, was done justice to by the cyclists. TING BICYCLERS' health was drunk in glorious old foam topped schooners of lager whose amber tint shone in the gas light as bright and sparkling as the love-light from a pretty girl's eye, and the old stand-by song—"For he's a jolly good fellow," was changed to "For it's a jolly good paper," and sung, with three times three and a tiger, till the walls shook and the roof trembled as if about to fall. But it all came to an end at last, as do all good things, and the cyclists went over to the Lisgar House and went to bed. "Good night," said one sleepy voice; "good night," said another, and soon the long halls echoed and re-echoed with their prolonged snores.

The races started sharp at 3 o'clock, the first on the programme being a one-mile race in heats, best two in three. Prize, gold medal. Entries—F. Westbrook, Brantford; J. Durdle, Aylmer; A. Pelkie, Woodstock; J. Moodie, Jr., Hamilton. Westbrook took the lead from the start in both heats, passing under the wire an easy winner. Moodie and Durdle fought hard for second place in the first heat, the former winning by a short spurt. Had Durdle been possessed of a little more breeze he could no doubt have held his own to the last.

F. Westbrook.....	1
J. Moodie, Jr.....	2
J. Durdle.....	3
A. Pelkie.....	4

Two miles, open only to those who never won a prize. The following faced the starter, all confident of taking a place: B. M. J. Campbell, E. Heal, H. Aikins, Aylmer; R. Burns, J. B. Moore, London; E. Karns, Aylmer, H. A. Carter, Simcoe. Moore took the lead from the start passing under the wire some distance ahead of the other competitors, Carter held second place until the third lap, with Campbell and Aikins close on his heels. He was hugging the outside, when Campbell made a spurt to pass him in front of the judge's stand, taking his course outside of Carter, which was almost an impossibility, Campbell's driver struck Carter's follower, throwing both out the race. Aikins then fell into second place but was not able to keep it and Karns passed him on the last half-lap. J. B. Moore, 1; E. Karns, 2; H. Aikins, 3; R. Burns, 5; E. Heals, 5; B. M. Campbell, 6; H. A. Carter, 6.

Five Miles. Prizes, 1st, Gold Medal; 2nd, a "Mullum in Parvo" bag, presented by W. Payne, London; 3rd, King of the Road Hub Lamp, presented by Jas. Ferris & Co., Hamilton.

Entries—F. Westbrook, Brantford; C. H. Hepinstall, St. Thomas; J. Moodie, Jr., Hamilton; J. Durdle, Aylmer.

Durdle led the race for the first mile, but it was evident that Westbrook was only playing with him. Hepinstall stuck close to Westbrook until the last lap, when he took pains in his side and left the track, but seeing Moodie pass Durdle with the intention of taking second place, he again mounted, leaving Moodie and Durdle away in the rear. F. Westbrook, 1; C. H. Hepinstall, 2; J. Moodie, Jr., 3; J. Durdle, 4.

Hurdle Race, Half Mile, six hurdles—This was the most amusing race of the day, though it was rather hard on the machines.

Entries, C. H. Hepinstall, J. Moodie, Jr., R. Burns, O. Simpson. All got away safely over the first two hurdles but at the third, Hepinstall, who until now led the race, fell, and Moodie and Burns collided, breaking up the latter's machine badly. This left Simpson and Durdle to fight the battle alone. Simpson won the race.

Fancy Riding, two entered—R. Burns, London; C. H. Hepinstall, St. Thomas. Burns accomplished some very difficult tricks but not with that ease and grace that characterized Hepinstall's work.

C. H. Hepinstall, 1st, Gold Medal; R. Burns, 2nd; Silver Medal.

The Aylmer Bicycle Club was the only one that entered for the club drill. They went through their movements gracefully, showing the care and attention exercised by their captain, Mr. Perry Doolittle, in training them. This closed the day's sports, and the jolly wheelmen wheeled their wheels from the wheel-track.

SERAPH.

SMITHVILLE, Oct. 10.—There were ten wheelmen at Smithville, Ont., to take part in the Bicycle races held under the auspices of the Township Fair. The track, (which was by courtesy called a half mile one, but which was really 3/4 yards short of the desired length, which accounts for the uncommonly fast time made as given in the records below), was in fair condition. The sports opened with an open mile race in heats, best two in three for which K. J. Johnston, St. Catharines; J. Moodie, Jr., Hamilton; and Fred. Westbrook, Brantford; entered. Johnston led for the first quarter, with Westbrook a few lengths behind; at the half-mile Westbrook had reversed the position and held it throughout the remaining part of the race, passing under the wire in 2m. 33 s.; Johnston, 2 min. 38 s.; Moodie 2 m. 59 s.

The next on the programme was a local mile race, open only to those residing in the Township. J. A. Camp, Smithville, and W. Wolverton, Grimsby; were the only representatives. Camp had the race in his own hands from the start, passing the wire in 3 min. 26 sec.; Wolverton, 3 min. 40 sec.

The second heat of the open mile race was then called. The three men got off well together, Johnston, however, soon took the lead, with Westbrook second—and as a matter of course, Moodie third. At the half mile Johnston was still leading, fighting hard for first place, with Westbrook about five yards behind but Moodie was so far behind that he forgot he was in a race at all and left the track at the three quarter. Westbrook had overhauled Johnston and passed him after a hard struggle: time, Westbrook, 2 m. 40 s.; Johnston, 2 m. 3 1/2 s.

Wolverton declined to run in the second heat of the local race, but was persuaded after a little coaxing to do so. Camp, (who, by the way, being only four

weeks old as far as bicycling is concerned, has every prospect of being one of Canada's first riders, and next year we expect to hear from him in some fast races,) however, wanted Wolverton to run the third heat also, and held out some encouragement for him by making it a dead heat, but Wolverton positively declined to run in the next heat and Camp was awarded first prize. Zoo.

CANADIAN NEWS.

LATEST BICYCLE GOSSIP FROM ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY.

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

ST. THOMAS SHAVINGS.

DEAR BICYCLE.—Allow me to congratulate you on the appearance of your initial number. It is editorially and typographically a credit to its publishers, and Canadian wheelmen should see to it that a journal which will so efficiently represent their interests be not allowed to expire for lack of their hearty support.

The first annual meet and tournament of our club is now a thing of the past, and we feel that we have no reason to be ashamed of it. St. Thomas being as you know, the Railway City, the people here are so accustomed to seeing "wheels go round" that they don't object to bicycle riding whenever the spirit moves them. Accordingly our parade was held on the sidewalks, the spectators being graciously allowed to stand on the other side, "and see us go by." All went merry as a "cyclers' bell," excepting some slight trouble we had to induce our rural friends, the Forest City Club, of London, to keep to the sidewalks. Their keen eyes could discern the majesty of the law in the guise of a policeman at a distance of half a mile, and then their polo caps would begin to rise under the influence of some strong emotion, and the riders muttering incoherent words that sounded like "Two dollars and costs," would attempt to bolt down the nearest side street. Their fears subsided somewhat, however, and their respect for our captain increased tenfold, when they saw him boldly stir past the point of danger, and then they began to realize how much the liberty of the subject was restricted in London.

As to the number of riders present, opinions differ. Cameron, of the Forest City avers that he was No. 25, when his machine made an ineffectual attempt to go "Over the Garden Wall," and while suspended on the pickets he was sure fully one hundred wheels passed him. Others, however, who know how to count, say the total number was fifty-two. Had the weather been finer, the century would probably have been reached. The races passed off in the orthodox manner. The man whose wheel went round the fastest came in first in every case—which his name was Westbrook, of Brantford, who came, saw, and conquered. Perry Doolittle, of Aylmer, was prevented from running in consequence of a sprained arm. The hurdle race was very productive—of amusement to the spectators; and of broken wheels and sprained bones to the participants. One man felt quite Moodie over his defeat, another said he was Burns all over, while the two victors in the race o'er the hurdle were named respectively Simpson and Durdle. (Please forward per Express C. O. D., one stuffed club.) In the evening the Canadian Wheelmen's Association held a meeting. A good board of officers was appointed, and by spring we ought to have an organization in working order which can do much to advance our sport in Canada. Let all clubs and unattached wheelmen at once send in their application for membership to the secretary. Nothing succeeds like success, and if next year the Association can show a goodly number on its role, its future is assured. CRANK.

THE LONDON FELLOES.

MY DEAR BICYCLE.—London the less has for a long time, in fact, for four years boasted of a "London Bicycle Club." But "Shades of Vinegar preserve us!" of what did the club consist? Of a captain, who by the way isn't all there (being minus an arm.) But what he has lost in body he has gained ten-fold in conceit. A sub-captain, secretary, two privates and a minute book full of rules, regulations, by-laws, laws to govern touring, etc., etc., *et al.* But outside of this organization we have some twenty-five riders who at a meeting held in Victoria Hall, on September 18th, organized the Forest City Bicycle Club with the following officers:—Captain, R. Burns; 1st Lieutenant, C. H. Wallace; 2nd Lieutenant, W. M. Begg; Secretary-Treas., C. B. Keenleyside. The new club attended in a body the St. Thomas tournament and races on the 22nd September, which by the by, were owing to the indefatigable efforts of the club led by their energetic secretary and captain, a grand success. The London boys speak in glowing terms of the reception accorded them by the St. Thomas club, and are anxious for an opportunity to reciprocate.

London has a great many attractions for the wheelman, not the least of which is the miles and miles of smooth asphalt sidewalks with which the city is laid. And although our sapient city fathers have forbidden it, many a bicyclist traverses the city on the walks, and any number of "headers" are taken in trying to drop from the sidewalk to the gutter when dodging the "bobbies." We also have fine parks, broad smooth streets, cedar block pavements, and some of the nicest short distance runs in the Province. Such as to St. Thomas, Aylmer or Port Stanley, distance 18, 30 and 28 miles respectively. Then the run from London to Goderich, distance 65 miles, via Lucan, Exeter, Brucefield and Bayfield is really perfect, the road being composed of fine gravel and clay is as smooth as a billiard table, and without a hill of any note, except the tourist be induced, as the writer was, to ride via Clinton, and then—oh, well! "let us of the weathers change converse," at any rate look out for squalls. When Goderich is reached the wheelman has arrived at what is rightly termed the "Paradise of Bicyclers" for the roads and parks of Goderich are the finest, smoothest and levellest (a great number of superlatives, but the cause justifies the use,) in the Dominion. There are now some half dozen riders in the town, all of whom are this summer's. But to come back to my subject, besides the attractions before mentioned, we have some energetic citizens who intend spending five hundred dollars in grading, claying, and rolling a track for the use of the 'cyclists, and I am safe in saying that London will soon possess one of the finest bicycle tracks in the Dominion.

And now a word about yourself. That you are as welcome as the flowers in May, all will admit. That you are needed by the knights of the wheel, all will admit. That a bright future is before you all will admit, and having admitted it, all will surely help to make the admission a reality by subscribing at once.

Yours,
ARABI PASHA.

SL. GOE SPARKS.

MY DEAR BICYCLE.—Please accept "Jacob's" congratulations upon the very much deserved applause which your first appearance has received. THE BICYCLE should certainly succeed; it does not it will be to the shame of Canadian wheelmen.

The roads around our town are pretty much all up hill. The town lies in a valley, and on every side we have to mount pretty high hills over sandy roads, with one very poor gravel to vary the monotony.

Since I last wrote you, our boys have organized themselves into a club with the follow-

ing officers: President, Geo. W. Wells; Captain, H. A. Carter; Lieutenant, Robt. J. McKill, Sec'y-Treas., Hal. B. Donly. We have now just ten members, and we expect that we will start next season with half a dozen more.

Harry Carter, Chas. A. Austen, W. S. Perry and H. B. Donly, of our club, visited St. Thomas on the 22nd. They have nothing but praise for the members of the Railway City Club, they unanimously vote them jolly good fellows.

We all feel very good over our captain's success at Ridgeway where he carried off the second prizes in the one and three mile races, from much older riders than himself.

The sale of St. Jacob's oil has fallen off to an alarming extent, our druggists tell me, since the boys have mastered the art of riding without taking a dozen "headers" in an hour's ride.

A member of our club got a bad scare a Sunday or so ago. He with some others, was making for Jarvis, a village about twelve miles east of us. On the road he met a farmer driving a young and spirited horse. The story is old enough, the horse started for the ditch, the man jumped and was knocked insensible. It took the combined efforts of all the "cyclists" and a doctor, who happened to pass, some little time to bring him to.

Yours,
JACOB FAITHFUL.

C. W. A.

The constitution and by-laws of the Canadian Wheelmen's Association were published in full in the first number of THE BICYCLE, which may be obtained post free, by sending five cents to the publication office. It is important that every member should be familiar with these rules.

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

At a meeting held in the rooms of the St. Thomas Bicycle Club on the evening of Friday, Sept. 22nd, 1882, the following proceedings were had:—

The meeting was composed of some fifty bicyclists representing the Aylmer, Brantford, London, Hamilton, Simcoe, St. Thomas, Woodstock and other clubs.

The meeting was called to order by Mr. C. H. Hepenstall, captain of the St. Thomas club.

Moved by Mr. J. H. Eager, of Hamilton, seconded by J. Moodie, jr., of Hamilton, that J. S. Brierley, of St. Thomas, act as chairman of the meeting. Ordered.

Mr. Brierley took the chair.

Moved by Mr. Hepenstall, seconded by Mr. Perry Doolittle, that Mr. H. B. Donly, of Simcoe, act as secretary of the meeting. Ordered.

The chairman briefly explained the object of the meeting. How that at Toronto on the 11th inst., a meeting of representative bicyclists had resolved to and had organized an Association of Canadian Wheelmen. At that meeting a constitution had been framed and was now in the hands of the clubs of the country through the columns of THE BICYCLE. It was there decided to hold a meeting in St. Thomas on the evening of the 22nd inst., for the election of officers. This he, the chairman, thought would be out of the power of the present meeting as no notice had been sent to the different clubs as provided for in the constitution. In lieu of electing the officers called for by the constitution, he proposed that a provisional Board of Directors, to consist of a President, a Secretary-Treasurer, and a committee of seven be elected to hold office until the annual meeting takes place on the 1st July, 1883. This proposition was agreed to by the meeting.

(Continued on page 6.)

THE BICYCLE.

Official organ of the Canadian Wheelmen's Association,
and the only bicycling paper published in Canada

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

At 51 North James Street, Hamilton, Canada.

TERMS.

One Copy one year . . . \$1.00.

Advertising rates on application.

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

It has come to our ears from several reliable sources, that certain parties are circulating the statement that this paper is under the control of James Ferres & Co., of this city. This is a downright falsehood. Messrs Ferres & Co. have nothing whatever to do with THE BICYCLE outside of the amount of space they have purchased in it for advertising purposes. We have so far been unable to trace this home but if we succeed in finding the person who is responsible for it, we shall be pleased to deal out a little even-handed justice to suit the occasion.

TROUBLE IN THE CAMP.

For the past six months there has been a steadily growing feeling of dissatisfaction amongst the members of the Hamilton Bicycle Club which culminated at a meeting held on the 13th of this month when all the officers resigned and the club was disbanded.

The causes of the trouble were various. Some complained that too many juvenile members had been admitted, others that the captain failed to fill his position in a proper manner and others again that the members generally did not take a sufficient amount of interest in club affairs to make it a flourishing organization. Considerable bitter feeling existed and still exists between the members and several letters have been received by us from angry club-men, which are so violent in their denunciations that they are unfit for publication. A subsequent meeting was held on the evening of the 18th when the breach was in a measure healed, and the following board of officers elected: President, Wm. Lynn Smart; Captain, Alexander Duncan; First Lieutenant, H. Fearman; Second Lieutenant, S. Livingstone; Buglers, A. Pringle and Geo Davy. The date of the annual meeting was changed from the first Wednesday in March to the first Wednesday in December. At this latter meeting the question of juvenile members will be taken up and the probabilities are that applicants for admission whose age is

under 17, will be refused, and that lads under that age, who are now in the club, will be summarily "bounced." It is to be hoped that in future members of the club will not allow the petty jealousies that have hindered harmonious working for their common good in the past, to interfere in the future. It is a rather poor reflection on human nature that such a small body cannot exist without constant bickerings, which are, as a rule, about trivial and unimportant subjects.

WANTED—A SECRETARY-TREASURER.

To the Editor of THE BICYCLE.

Dear Sir,—At the meeting of the Canadian Wheelmen's Association held at St. Thomas, as you are of course aware, Dr. Charles Clarke, of Aylmer, was elected Secretary-Treasurer of the Association. As part of my duties as Secretary of the meeting I wrote him informing him of his election, and with this letter I forwarded him a copy of the minutes of the meeting. I have so far failed to receive any letter of acceptance from him, and as I observe by the Aylmer press that he is about to remove to Manitoba, I think it is advisable that the Board of Directors take the matter in hand. It is desirable that the Association get into working order this Fall, and without a Secretary this will be an impossibility. I would suggest that a new Secretary be chosen at once, if Dr. Clarke does not intend to act. Kindly give this letter an insertion in your columns that it may come before the different clubs.

Respectfully yours,

H. B. DONLY.

Simcoe, Oct. 17th, '82.

From this it would seem that Dr. Clarke does not wish to occupy the office he was elected to, and we would recommend that a meeting of the Provisionary Board of Directors be called without delay and a new Secretary-Treasurer chosen. Unless this is done at once the Association will receive a decided set-back, and we would urge upon directors the necessity for immediate action in the matter.

FREE TRANSPORTATION.

On the 9th of this month a letter was sent by the editor of this paper to Wm. Edgar, the general passenger agent of the Grand Trunk Railway, stating that a number of the American railroads had issued orders to transport bicycles as common baggage, and, as Canadian wheelmen had to pay what many considered an exorbitant figure for having their machines carried by the Grand Trunk Railway from one place to another, asking him to allow bicycles to be transported over the Grand Trunk Railway free of charge on presentation of the bicyclist's railroad ticket. To this letter we have received the following reply:

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY, LATE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY OF CANADA.

GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT'S OFFICE,
Hamilton, Ont., Oct. 12, 1882.

W. C. Nichol, Esq.,
Editor of "The Bicycle,"
Hamilton.

Dear Sir,—Replying to your letter of the 9th inst., I would state that instructions have now been given to our baggage-men and station agents to check bicycles in baggage car at owners risk, free, on presentation of passage ticket.

Yours truly,
(Signed)

WM. EDGAR,
General Passenger Agent.

BICYCLE BREVITIES.

J. A. CAMP, of Smithville, rode to this city, a distance of 25 miles, in 2 hours and 45 minutes.

THE Hamilton Bicycle Club are hunting up winter quarters large enough to practice in.

ROBERT MOODIE, of the firm of J. Moodie & Sons, has imported for himself a fifty-inch Humber. This makes the third rider in the family.

A NEW patented bicycle, which is claimed to be several seconds to the mile faster than the present machine, will shortly be in the market.

A rural exchange says that "John Smith is about to purchase a bicycle and join the local club." Smith? John Smith? Great Heavens! Can't somebody get out an injunction?

Now the summer time is over,
And the autumn, cool, is here,
And the cyclist, fickle rover,
Shakes the heat-destroying beer,
And shakes his thirst from out a pot,
Of spiced and lemoned whiskey hot.

THE horrible fiend, who, when he sees a bicyclist on his machine invariably calls out, "wire in, my son," still lives but a motion is on foot to have him assassinated.

A twenty mile race between Prince and Morgan for \$100 a side will be run at the opening of the Casino in Boston early in November. Morgan will receive two minutes start.

MR. G. B. COX and Mr. J. H. McCulloch rode from Goderich to London on bicycles, a distance of 65 miles, in 8½ hours. The last sixteen miles were done by moonlight.

THE Pope Manufacturing Co. have on exhibition at their show rooms, the first Expert racer. The machine was built by hand, it weighs thirty one pounds, has a thirty-one inch handle bar, and is fitted with a racing spring, etc.

WHILE two members of the Hamilton Bicycle Club were riding in East Hamilton a week ago, a farmer living near Grimsby refused them half the road, and threatened to smash them up. An example should be made of such people, as cyclists are entitled to half the highway.

MR. W. ROSE, a journalist, left Danville, Ill., the latter end of August on a bicycle, on a trip to San Francisco. He wheeled it as far as Cheyenne, arriving there Oct. 4th, having travelled a distance of 1,400 miles. He will go no further, as he fears being snowbound in the mountains.

THERE was a bold bad man at the meet in St. Thomas on the 22nd of last month. At the supper in the evening he asked "why should all the bicyclers present be courageous men?" and when every body had given it up he replied "'cos 'none but the brave deserve the fare.'" He still lives but he is crippled for life.

FRED. WESTBROOK, of Brantford, after passing under the wire, at one of the St. Thomas races, was presented with a beautiful bouquet by a young lady admirer, with the following clipping from THE BICYCLE pinned on the heart of a sunflower: "Fred. Westbrook, of Brantford, is an awfully fast young man."

The masher of the Hamilton Club has been cured of his bad practices and has become a good little boy. A week or two ago, he kissed his hand to an affected young lady in the country and she called out "you awe wheel naughty!" He has got over his sickness by this time but says he'll never do it again—any more breaks like that would paralyze him.

TORONTO, October 16.—A meeting of bicyclers was held to-night and a new club, the "Wanderers," was formed. They have resolved to join the Canadian League, and have started with a large and active membership. At the close of the open meeting the following gentlemen were elected officers: President, Lieut.-Col. Otter; Vice-President, P. D. Ross; Secretary, G. H. Orr; Captain, T. H. Robinson; Lieut., Geo. E. Cooper. Committee, Messrs. Cooper, Robinson, Fitzgerald and Duff. They have started well, and intend to make this club one of the leading clubs in the Province. The fee includes the club badge, which is a neat silver monogram.

ON Wednesday, the 11th inst., at Red Bank, N. J., a case was tried which is of interest to bicycle riders. A farmer named Thomas Hines sued Henry Campbell, of the First National Bank, for frightening his (Hines') team and causing them to run away and wreck the carriage. According to the evidence, Miss Mary Hines was driving to her father's house on Tinton Falls when she met Campbell on a bicycle. The team became frightened, and when Campbell blew his whistle of alarm Miss Hines lost all control over the animals, and they ran away, smashing the carriage and breaking the harness. Campbell refused to make good the loss, and Hines brought suit to recover damages. Councillor Charles H. Trafford represented the plaintiff, and claimed that according to New Jersey law bicycle riders used the public highways at their peril, and were responsible for all damages arising from animals being scared at sight of the machines. The defendant was represented by his brother, Corporation Counsel, W. H. Campbell, of Long Branch. He held that bicycles were recognized vehicles of travel, and that animals being frightened at them were accidents for which there was no redress. A verdict was given for \$25 damages for Hines. The case will in all probability be carried to the Supreme Court as a test one.

THE BUGLER.

In bugeling mind him who can, the ladies call him sweet.

Shakespeare, revised.

About a week ago, or, to be more exact, on the 8th of this month, three members of the Simcoe B. Club, rode over from that place to this city, getting here early in the afternoon. The trio was led by genial Hal. Donley, the editor of the *North Simcoe Reformer* (he's a good Grit—about the only one I ever met!), and the droll Will Perry and handsome Harry Carter, who, by the way, was formerly of Hamilton, were in his wake. About four o'clock we chartered a hack, and with my business manager and a mutual friend, went for a drive. And a jovial sextette we were. Perry the giant kept us all roaring by his droll witticisms, and Donley made an able second. We drove out in the country and down to the Beach, stopping at various farm and other houses on the way to purchase (who dare say *hooked*?) apples and other refreshments, got tea at a country hotel and were back in Hamilton by half-past eight. In the morning the three left for home with the expressed determination of coming back to see us some other time. I might remark parenthetically that all the Simcoe boys are very fond of ginger ale. Don't say I told you, but, as the *New York Star's* "Man about Town" would say, "I'll give you a pointer on that."

But the man who drove our hack was a character. If you can imagine a New York ward politician, as I see them pictured in *Puck*, transported into Canada, you will get as good an idea of him as if I took a whole column to describe him in. I don't know what his name is but he's a queer fish—very.

And how he could make us go the way he wanted to when his wish conflicted with ours. His manner was gentle but determined. I tell you, confidentially, he's mistaken his vocation. He was never born to be a hack-driver; not he.

I heard one on Charley Hull, Detroit *Chaff's* genial business manager, the other day that is good enough to print. The manager of a dramatic company brought his show to Detroit to play for a week. He was new at the business and didn't know what a large circulation *Chaff* has. Hull, of course, "buzzed" him for an ad. After he had spent half an hour in puffing up the paper, its immense circulation, and the advantages to be secured by using it as an advertising medium, the theatrical manager quietly remarked, "My friend, I'm new at the business, but I'm too old a bird to be caught by 'Chaff'!"

HULL: —!!! — —!! —! * *
—!!! — —!!

Speaking of *Chaff* reminds me that Breezee has recently enlarged it from 8 to 12 pages. So far he has let politics severely alone but he announces now that he purposes to discuss that knotty question from an independent standpoint in future. Of course it will be a success. Everything *Chaff* undertakes is a success. All the same I wish him joy in his new departure; wish it because he has worked hard and long to make a name for his paper and because he is an honest, whole-souled, kindly man and one of the nicest fellows you will meet in a day's march.

SPOKES FROM THE HUB.

Well where would they come from? hencethe heading

Running on coned bearings, and these not needing attention, I have occasion and frequent opportunity to look about and gather such facts as present themselves.

The Boston Club opened the club record with 102 miles in a day. The Mass Club came next with 118. Then the Boston Ramblers not to be outdone by older clubs raised the record to 120, and now the *Aëoli* of Worcester have gone 136 miles within 24 hours.

Surely honors are fleeting, and imitation is the sincerest flattery.

The Crescents' annual dinner at the Brunswick, on the 4th instant, was a pleasant success as indeed is everything this excellent club does.

I have been very lively lately attending various runs and meetings. The meeting of the League officers was held at the Vendome on the 20th, of which I will give you a few notes next month.

Papa Weston and Captain Hodges have returned to the bosom of their families and right glad they are to see them. The former is full of ideas gathered from "over there," and says the tricycle is all the rage. Of course the *Victoria Howard* is the best. Why cert'nly,

The Yale is increasing in popularity around me. Well I don't mind that whoever, as it is just my sort.

I hope next month to be well lubricated for the winter season, when I shall be able to run more smoothly.

Juvenis rides an Extraordinary, and "downs" all the boys, or hills. That is going down.

Parsons has hard work to "look happy," although he rides with a toothpick in his mouth. Try a cigar, brother.

The Boston Club take a regular weekly run to their out of town headquarters on the southern side of the city. A good run, good roads, good feed and pretty girls.

HUB.

The election of the Board was then proceeded with.

Moved by J. G. Hay, of Woodstock, seconded by Mr. F. Westbrook, of Brantford, that Mr. J. S. Breirley, of St. Thomas, be President. Mr. Breirley declined.

Moved by Mr. Perry Doolittle, of Aylmer, seconded by Mr. Knowles, of Brantford, that Alderman J. H. Boustead, of Toronto, be President.

Moved in amendment by Mr. Westbrook, seconded by Mr. Moodie, jr., that Dr. McMichael, of Brantford, be the President. Vote being taken, Mr. Boustead was declared elected, and on motion his election was made unanimous.

Moved by Mr. Moodie, jr., seconded by Mr. Perry Doolittle, that Mr. Tibbs, of Montreal, be the Secretary-Treasurer.

Moved in amendment by Mr. Westbrook, seconded by Mr. Solon Doolittle, of Aylmer, that Dr. Charles Clarke, of Aylmer, be the Secretary-Treasurer.

Moved in amendment to the amendment by Mr. W. S. Perry, of Simcoe, seconded by Mr. C. B. Keenleyside, of London, that Mr. J. H. Eager, of Hamilton, be the Secretary-Treasurer.

On a vote being taken it was found that Dr. Clarke received 17 votes, Mr. Eager 7, and Mr. Tibbs 2.

Dr. Clarke was declared elected.

The other members of the Board of Directors were, on motion, declared elected as follows:—Mr. Perry Doolittle, of Aylmer, Dr. McMichael of Brantford, Mr. H. B. Donly of Simcoe, Mr. J. S. Brierley of St. Thomas, Mr. C. B. Keenleyside of London, Mr. J. H. Eager of Hamilton, and Mr. H. S. Tibbs of Montreal.

Moved by Mr. Perry Doolittle, seconded by Mr. R. Burns, that THE BICYCLE published in Hamilton by Mr. J. H. Eager, be acknowledged the official organ of the Canadian Association of Wheelmen. Ordered.

A discussion arising as to the amount of dues to be paid by unattached riders, some gentlemen thinking \$1 to be sufficient, it was moved by Mr. Eager, seconded by Mr. Carter, of Simcoe, that the dues be left at the figures laid down in the constitution. Ordered.

Moved by Mr. P. Doolittle, seconded by Mr. F. Westbrook, that the thanks of the meeting be tendered to the chairman of the meeting, Mr. Brierley. Ordered.

Moved by Mr. Eager, seconded by Mr. Hepinstall, that the thanks of the meeting be tendered the Secretary, Mr. Donly. Ordered.

Moved by Mr. S. Doolittle, seconded by Mr. W. S. Perry, that the meeting adjourn. Ordered.

And the meeting adjourned accordingly to meet again at the call of the Board of Directors.

H. B. DONLY,
Sec. of Meeting.

PHILADELPHIA RACES.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 27

The fourth annual meeting of the Philadelphia Bicyclers was held yesterday in Fairmount Park, in connection with the Bicentennial celebration. The races came off between three and six o'clock in the afternoon, and were preceded by interesting exercises in the morning, not the least of which was a banquet at Belmont Mansion. At ten o'clock four hundred and eighty wheelmen, mounted and all in uniform, met at the Columbia avenue entrance to the park and got into line. The route taken was almost due north, and the merry squads, passing Edgley, Strawberry Mansion, and Laurel Hill, soon reached the Falls of Schuylkill. It was the object of the Philadelphians, who had arranged the course, to allow their visitors to see the most picturesque spots in the park. Remarkable manoeuvres were performed by the wheelmen, who rode sometimes in divisions of four or eight and often sixteen. Every now and then they would change their positions and bowl along in single file. The entire route was lined with people, but there was not much time for them to study the habits of the bicyclists, for they passed away too rapidly to admit of observation. The parade is the first of its size or beauty ever seen in Philadelphia. From the Falls of the Schuylkill they crossed the river and went down the western bank to a point nearly opposite Strawberry Mansion. Then they struck into the midst of the Park and their further course to George's Hill was under the trees

and over the meadows. The quick run had sharpened every appetite, and full justice was done to the banquet. The courses began to make their appearance at one o'clock, and by three all were ready to witness the races. The first on the programme was an elegant club drill, by seven of the members of the Capitol Bicycle Club of Washington, under the leadership of Capt. Fowler. The motions were simultaneous and rounds of applause rewarded the performance of the most difficult and unusual feats. The regular events were:—First heat, mile race, two entries—Winner W. R. Pitman, Ixion Club; 3m. 23½s. Second heat, three entries, E. A. Thompson, Lenox Club; 3½m. Third heat, E. A. Thompson; 3m. 9½s. Second event, one mile, first and second heats run together, six entries—C. H. Chickering, "Star"; 3m. 20s; B. G. Sanford, Ixion Club, 3m 24s. Third event, two mile handicap, V. C. Place, scratch; E. A. Thomson, 100 yards; W. H. Austin, 185 yards. Winner, V. C. Place, 6m 50s. Fourth event, five mile handicap, V. C. Place, scratch; E. A. Thomson, 250 yards; Joseph Dyson, 400 yards; J. J. Burch, Jr., 400 yards; Oscar Kline, 450 yards; C. J. Wilson, 450 yards. Winner, V. C. Place, 16m. 58½s. The last mile he did in 3m. 28s. Kline ran under protest, as it was claimed that he is a professional.

The next race was a half mile dash open only to L. A. W. men, for which there were three entries, won by V. C. Place, 1m. 30s., W. W. Cole coming in 5¼s. later.

Last came the consolation race, one mile, two entries, won by B. G. Sanford.

Between the heats, Burt Pressey, Rex Smith, C. F. Coup, and Edwin Dubois, the latter a fourteen year old boy, went through a series of remarkable acrobatic feats on their machines.

About three thousand people witnessed the races and the course was lined with ladies in carriages, who enthusiastically waved their handkerchiefs when their favorites came in ahead. There were delegations from Washington, Baltimore, Plainfield, Trenton, Boston, New York, Williamsport, Media, Germantown and several other places. The Quaker city, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, Ixion, Citizens and Essex clubs were unusually largely represented.

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Rudge Roadster,
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Invincible Semi-Racer,

Peoples' Challenge,
National Challenge,
D. H. F. Premium,
Special Cambrian,

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The Boss Machine for parties who do not wish to ride
a Bicycle.

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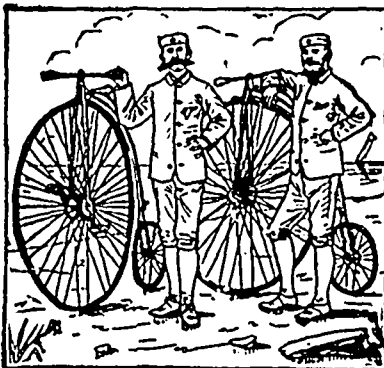
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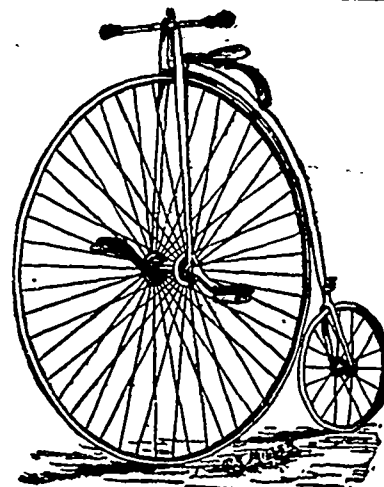
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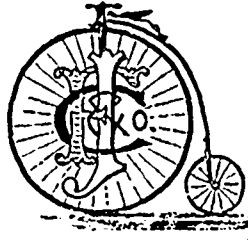
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"CLUB" BICYCLE.

Patent Rubber suspension spring; the "Cluu" 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; stuted 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 tyre, 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.

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