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The Canadian Wheelman

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING.

The Official Gazette of the Canadian Wheelmen's Association, and of the Cyclists' Touring Club in Canada.

Vol. II.

LONDON, CANADA, DECEMBER, 1884.

No. 3.

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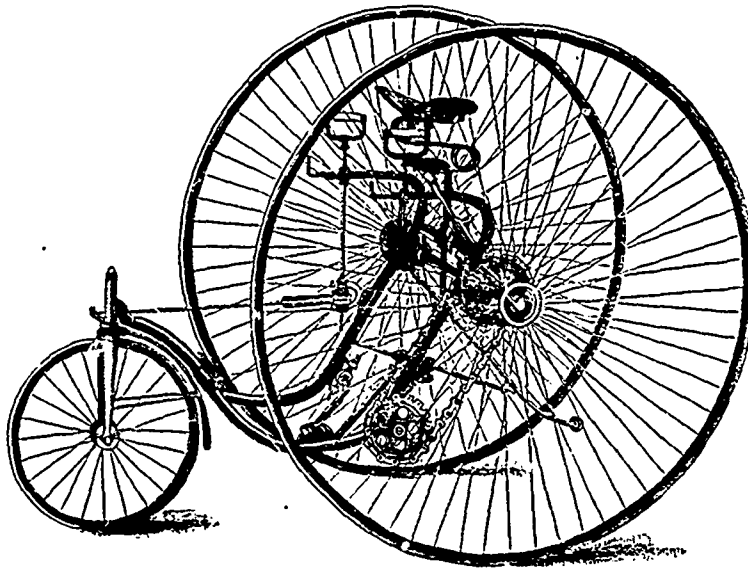
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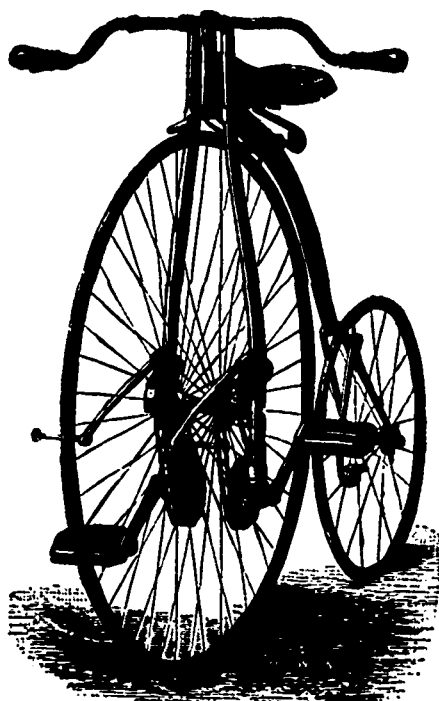
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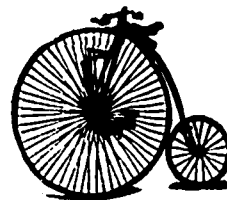
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The Canadian Wheelman;

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING.

The Official Gazette of the Canadian Wheelmen's Association and of the Cyclists' Touring Club in Canada.

PUBLISHED ON THE 10TH OF EVERY MONTH BY THE CANADIAN WHEELMAN COMPANY, AT LONDON, CANADA.

Subscription Price:

ONE YEAR, IN ADVANCE \$1.00

W. KINGSLEY EVANS, London, *Editor*.
 HORACE S. TIBBS, Montreal, *Associate Editors*.
 W. G. EAKINS, Toronto, *Associate Editors*.
 HAL B. DONLY, Simcoe, *Association Editor*.
 JAS. S. BRIERLEY, St. Thomas, *Secy-Treasurer*.

All communications of a literary character should be addressed to the editor, W. KINGSLEY EVANS, Box 52, London. Those relating to business matters to the Secretary-Treasurer of the Company.

JAS. S. BRIERLEY,
 St. Thomas, Ont.

ABOUT CLUBS.

The wheelman who has, at some time in his wheeling career, been unfortunate enough to incur the enmity of a hot-headed farmer by inadvertently frightening his horses, will naturally dismiss this article with a hasty perusal of the headline. He will murmur to himself that no one need attempt to teach him anything about "clubs." He will recall divers maledictions and threats which have fallen upon his startled ear, and in which allusions to "clubs" have been fearfully frequent. He will not forget his hasty withdrawal from the scene of the discussion.

But there are "clubs" and clubs. It is of the latter we speak. This is an age of clubs. The rudimentary article consists of the banding together of a number of individuals for a given purpose. No matter what the object to be attained, the union which gives strength has become, in almost every case, the first consideration with those who find themselves at one in the pursuit of that object. This is especially so with regard to sport. He is a poor man who cannot better enjoy himself in his recreation by reason of the companionship of others. Apart from this, the material advantages which are to be derived from a combination of resources, even for purposes of amusement, are many, and need not be mentioned. It is not to be wondered at, then, that the devotees of the different sports should form little *clubs*, wherever it is practicable, for the better enjoyment and further advancement of their respective amusements. The unaccountable affinity which wheelmen seem to bear for each other has made the "bicycle club" an institution of every city, town and village where more than two or three riders are "gathered together." The wheelman does not, like the lacrosse-player, absolutely require others to assist him in indulging in his favorite pastime, but he enjoys himself better with them.

It should be the object of every "bicycle club" to keep alive and stirring all the year round. This is comparatively easy in the larger places where the membership is large, and there is consequently no lack of funds. But even in places where the roll does not show more than a dozen names

wonders can be accomplished. With one or two energetic officers and an enthusiastic *corp* much may be done in the way of putting such institutions on a permanent basis. No letter example can be found in Canada of what push and determination will do than the history of the Newcastle club. It is small but vigorous, and has already made itself a name. The most important step at the outset, we believe, is the establishment of a club-room. The beginning need only be very modest, but it is the first step towards permanency. It gives a club a basis upon which to work. The uses of such a room need not be enlarged on. The second step should be in the direction of a track. This is a most necessary and often very difficult move. There are few towns, however, without driving-parks, and it should not be a hard matter to make terms with the owner for the construction of, at least, an inner clay track. This would be better than none. Where there are clubs devoted to other sports, the most sensible plan is the formation of Athletic Associations for the purpose of maintaining grounds suitable for all. This plan has worked most successfully in Woodstock, where a bicycle club of upwards of forty members now has a \$2000 track. It is being generally adopted throughout the country.

There are many other matters which are of the utmost importance to the welfare and prosperity of clubs, but those mentioned above are primarily so. With a track, there is some object in existence something to work for. With a club-room, there is the opportunity to keep the club alive during the winter, and to strengthen the membership. Other advantages will follow.

A question of vital importance to all cyclists, and one which should be fully considered, is now being agitated to a large extent by a number of leading journals, and the question is, the danger in riding bicycles and tricycles. In another column appears a very interesting article on "Saddles," copied from the *Wheel World*, which should be carefully read, as the facts contained therein go a great way to show that the subject is no myth, and that it should receive immediate attention. Of course, there are two opinions on the matter, Dr. Strahan, of the *Lancet*, having taken up the cry against bicycling, the *Scientific American* also supporting the same idea, but the *Lancet* has admitted that their correspondent overstated the danger. Dr. Piper, an eminent physician of Chicago, also deals with the subject from experience, and finds that "the effect of bicycling is beneficial in the highest degree," he having ridden 1200 miles in one year. With theory on one side, and practical experience on the other, the chances are greatly in favor of bicycle riding, but any further information that will lead to the adoption of a proper saddle will be received with pleasure.

He was the bugler of the club, a fact which could easily be noticed, as his bugle hung carelessly by his side. He was gliding smoothly and noiselessly along, and having forgotten everything, his thoughts went back to that charming girl in the central telephone office, when accidentally his automatic bell rang, and on the spur of the moment he placed the bugle to his ear and shouted, "Hullo, there!"

EDITORIAL NOTES

The Wheel comes to us in a new dress now, and looks much improved.

The Wheel World (London, Eng.) for November contains a portrait of Sanders Sellers, the world's champion.

Something should be done to awaken a greater interest in bicycling among ladies in Canada, as it is very popular both in Great Britain and the United States, and ought to prove so here.

Is it not a strange fact that Montreal, with its large number of wheelmen, only has one large and successful club, while in other cities, when a club grows to any size, there is a division on some minor subject, and then a new club springs up.

"*Wheel Life*, the Cyclists' Society Paper," is the latest addition to cycling literature in England. It is exceedingly interesting, as, outside of cycling, it contains columns devoted to the ladies, the theatre, turf news, etc., and ought to prove a success.

Already the various clubs seem to be preparing for the winter amusement with a greater vim than during past seasons. One club, in particular, whose members are rapidly developing dramatic talent, are having a play written, to be presented during the coming season.

The responsibility for the expense of publication of THE WHEELMAN has been assumed by a few devotees of the sport in the Dominion, who trust that they will be supported by the great body of Canadian wheelmen, and that the subscriptions of those who desire to see the paper a success will not be delayed.

We acknowledge, with pleasure, an invitation from the Citizens' Bicycle Club, New York, to attend their "house-warming," on Wednesday evening, Dec. 3rd; but, unfortunately, as THE WHEELMAN does not provide for any of its staff attending a reception, especially at such a distance, we must be content with reading about it.

Very few clubs in America can boast of being possessors of their own club-houses, the Citizens' Bicycle Club of New York and Ramblers' Club of St. Louis being two of the lucky organizations. The only Canadian representative is the Montreal Club, one of the oldest in America, whose building, built and owned in part by the Amateur Athletic Association, cost \$28,000.

The suggestion of the Secretary-Treasurer of the C.W.A., that the badges of the Association should be sold by the manufacturers direct to members, instead of the Secretary of the Association being the only one from whom they may be obtained, is one that we think should be adopted. The Secretary has his hands full of other duties; and, besides, the badges would certainly come into more general use if their sale were actively pushed by the manufacturers than by the present method.

The several items which appeared in the Oct. issue of THE WHEELMAN have given rise to the idea that Clarke now holds the championship of Canada; but such is not the case, although he holds the record. At the time of his phenomenal success upon the cinder, the one mile champion, Lavauder, was laid up with a broken

arm, and necessarily could not participate in the races. It is stated by knowing ones that Lavander has never made his best time, not having been pushed, so that, although great credit should be given Clarke, he has yet to beat Lavander to be the Canadian one mile champion.

The formation of a third wheel club in Toronto shows that the tendency in large clubs to disintegrate is almost irresistible. The larger a club the more difficult it is to handle successfully. As the strength of the different elements which compose it increases, so does the difficulty of moulding them into one harmonious whole, and sooner or later there comes a "split." There is nothing to be regretted about this, however. Small clubs, composed of men of kindred ideas, of men who like association with each other, are better calculated to advance the cause of wheeling than a large, incongruous body, supposed to be acting as one, but in reality made up of sections repulsive rather than attractive to each other.

NEW YORK SQUIBS.

BY REDNELLAC.

News at present is, indeed, a scarce article. Trade is dull, with but little prospect of brighter times.

Mr. Frank A. Egan, a member of the Ixion Club, has not yet sailed for New Orleans, as currently reported. He intends to do so soon, however.

Buffalo is the choice of most wheelmen for the next annual L. A. W. meet. As it is centrally located, and the home of Secretary Alley, no decided objections can be offered against it; besides, the beautiful and rideable streets of the city put forth their claims.

The New York, Lake Erie and Western Railway have issued a circular declaring their intention of carrying bicycles free, if the machine is properly taken care of by the rider. As this road has never before offered any inducements to wheelmen, it is considered a great boon.

The New York Club occupy a mean-looking house on Seventh avenue, over a grocery store. As far as I can learn, it is not frequented by any of the members, who, when by chance they happen to take a look in, go upon the roof and gaze in awe at the magnificent-looking structure of the Citizens.

A great lot of talk is heard around now respecting the political strength of the L. A. W. Now, what I would like to know is, what has ever been accomplished by them in New York State? Bicyclers have not made any conquests excepting the Park, with restricted privileges. This was obtained by Mr. F. G. Bourne, of the Citizens' Club, without the help of the League in any way.

On Thanksgiving day, Mr. Geo. R. Bidwell's bicycle shop shut up of course as on any other holiday. While Mr. Bidwell was enjoying his annual dinner, flames caught the building and destroyed all the machines in the place, about one hundred in number, also the personal effects of the owner. Among the wheels burned were those of all who had unfortunately left them to

be repaired or cleaned. The fire is said to have started from one of the lockers, in which oil was contained. All sympathize with the young man, though it is generally understood that the place was almost entirely insured. The report that Mr. Bidwell intended taking poison when he heard of the affair is untrue.

The long-expected house-warming of the Citizens' Club came off on the evening of Dec. 3rd, at their new club-house, 313 West Fifty-eighth street. A good many members from outside the city limits attended, and expressed themselves thoroughly satisfied. Among the notable people present were Col. Albert A. Pope, Charles E. Pratt, and most of the small dealers. The club members were out in force. The building was extensively decorated with American flags, and looked as if it were attired for a holiday. In the corner stood Dr. Beckwith's 62-inch machine, and a 36-inch Kangaroo. The latter appeared to be about half the height of the first-named, and received a good deal of attention. At 8 p.m. there were about 400 people in attendance, which filled up the place uncomfortably, and caused many to find relief in the gallery. The events in the musical line were, vocal quartette, by members of the Citizens' Bi. Club, as follows: Edwin Oliver, A. Livingston, W. B. Krug, and G. M. Huss; solo, by Fred. G. Bourne; string quartette quintette, Messrs. Oliver, Livingston, Huss, Krug, and Bourne; vocal quartette—solo, by Geo. M. Huss; string trio—violinello solo—solo, by Fred. G. Bourne; and vocal quartette. They were all well received, especially so Mr. Bourne, who is a fine singer. The recitations by Mr. James S. Burdette were very comical, and kept the audience in a roar of laughter. Mr. Burdette belongs to one of the principal clubs in the country, the Ixion, and is an enthusiastic wheelman. Mr. Comacho, a member of the club, and an expert amateur ventriloquist, gave an exhibition of that art, and also that of a character artist. Prof. Wm. Watson and Fred. G. Bourne indulged in a three-round slugging match. Mr. Bourne is a pupil of the Professor's, and of course the former would not let himself fully out, in the fears of losing a good paying scholar, but in the last round he delivered some stinging blows. The Wannop Bros. had a wrestling match, best two in three, which was won by the elder, after a very tame affair. The last event on the programme was the most interesting, and consisted of sparring between Messrs. Fowler and Young. The sluggers were very evenly matched, and made a rattling fight.

President Beckwith then announced that the "hash" was ready, and it was surprising to see how every one rushed to the bountiful feed.

Sarah Barnhardt has at last got her name in with cycling, as the following yarn now going the rounds of the English press will show: While in England recently, Sarah paid a visit to one of the great wheel manufactories of Coventry. While standing watching a workman busily polishing the spokes of future wheels, she unconsciously leaned against the stack of those unpolished. The workman, busy at his task, seized her, and was about to put her through the buffing machine, when he discovered through her being less robust than a spoke who she was.

RACING AT ST. PETERSBURG.

On Sunday, Sept. 23rd (Oct. 5th), a grand special bicycle and tricycle race-meeting took place in St. Petersburg, on the Marsfield, a vast square place in the centre of the town. The track was arranged two laps to the mile. Round the entire place a fence was built up for this occasion, and tribunes and seats arranged. The commencement was announced at 2 p.m., but at twelve o'clock enormous crowds of people thronged the place, and at two there was no possible means of getting into the grounds, and no more tickets were sold, as—there were none. Now the multitude of people standing outside managed to break down the fence, and made its admission plain and easy—there was no way to stop them.

Before the races commenced, a ride round the track was indulged in by 58 bicyclists and tricyclists, making a very nice picture. Races were as follows:

One mile (two heats), won by Igoumnoff; 2nd, won by Mansoureff (nephew of the governor-general of Moscow).

Two miles (two heats), won by Averianoff; 2nd, won by Markoff.

Five miles (two heats), won by Averianoff; 2nd, won by Wagenheim.

Ten mile race was won by Holly; 2nd, by Igoumnoff. Rest did not finish. Count Zobrinsky (of Moscow B.C.) had to give it up in the last mile, having the lead, not having trained before the races. Time, 40m. 32½s.

Tricycle race (one mile)—Petro, 1st; Catley, 2nd; Lindeman, 3rd. Time, 4m. 25½s.

The interest of the public was great, and the race was as successful as it could possibly have been. There were about 30,000 people on the spot, and the receipts were above £600 to the benefit of a charitable society.

THE RIGHTS OF BICYCLISTS.

A case has just been tried in Washington that throws some light upon the subject. A Mr. Charles McKnabb, engaged in the bureau of engraving at Washington, was going up Fifteenth street at a moderate speed, ringing his bell, when upon a street crossing he found himself in a crowd, and his machine struck the leg of Professor Cumnock. The professor was not badly injured, but fainted from the shock, and Mr. McKnabb at once dismounted, and assisted in removing the injured man to a place of safety, where he speedily recovered. The case came up in court, and the judge held that, while the running into the professor was clearly an accident, Mr. McKnabb had been guilty of negligence. "A bicycle," he said, "is an unmanageable vehicle, especially in a crowd. It cannot be navigated like a horse, and nobody would think of it until it was upon them. The proper thing would have been to get off the vehicle until the crowd had passed." Accordingly, his honor imposed a fine of \$1 upon McKnabb, by way of admonition and warning to the other wheelmen of Washington.

Wheeling, published by Harry Etherington at London (Eng.), is one of the brightest of our exchanges. Besides being very readable, it contains a portrait of some celebrity each week.

C. W. A. OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.



APPLICATIONS.

The following is a list of the applications for membership to the C. W. A. received up to date, which are published in accordance with Article III. of the Constitution. Objections must be made to me within two weeks of this publication; such objections shall be confidential. Every member of the Association should carefully examine the list and report objectionable persons. Secretaries of clubs, and candidates, will please note if names and addresses are correct, and report errors at once to

HAL. B. DONLY, Simcoe,
Sec.-Treas. C. W. A.

BELLEVILLE CLUB—33 NAMES.

- | | |
|-------------------------|-----------------------|
| B 0532, Henry Corby | B 0549, Edward Corby |
| B 0533, Thos Ritchie | B 0550, A G Magurn |
| B 0534, W R Carmichael | B 0551, W H Holden |
| B 0535, Geo E Reid | B 0552, S Thomson |
| B 0536, W P Way | B 0553, Thomas Cook |
| B 0537, L G Retallack | B 0554, Geo Morden |
| B 0538, W R Greatrix | B 0555, Chas Reid |
| B 0539, Geo Davis | B 0556, Geo Thompson |
| B 0540, T G West | B 0557, J W Jamieson |
| B 0541, R E Clark | B 0558, I. B Cooper |
| B 0542, W Northcott | B 0559, C Scantlebury |
| B 0543, S M Daly | B 0560, R Mathieson |
| B 0544, Jas Morgan | B 0561, S C Warner |
| B 0545, E H Stinson | B 0562, Geo Knight |
| B 0546, R Fenwick | B 0593, Wm Thompson |
| B 0547, J S S Retallack | B 0594, B W Reynolds |
| B 0548, Frank Foster | |

With the Clubs.

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.

In my last letter, besides giving you a few items of bicycling news, I undertook to predict what bicycling would be in this country, as judged from experience gained by driving through the country on a buckboard. I have no doubt but what a large number of your readers thought my predictions were rather highly colored; but I can assure you they were far from it. On September 23rd, our long-talked of tour in the west was entered upon. Owing to business and sundry other obstacles, our party was reduced to four in number, composed of Captain W. W. Matthews, C. B. Keenleyside, A. J. Darch, and L. R. Arnett. Owing to the early part of Sept. being very rainy, we decided to take the train until we passed the heavy roads and sandhills west of Portage la Prairie. We parted with our railway friends about 2 p.m., and made Brandon about 6 p.m., a distance of about 25 miles. The balance of the evening was spent in riding through the city. Brandon is a paradise for bicyclists. They have streets exactly one mile in length, and for smoothness and fast riding compare favorably with any cinder track ever

laid. These streets run east and west, and are almost level from one end to the other. The streets running north and south are equally as smooth, but are on a grade of about 500 feet to the mile. The pleasure of coasting these hills must be participated in in order to be fully appreciated. Tuesday morning we made a start on our southern trip, intending to make Deloraine, a distance of 65 miles. Owing to one of our party being a new rider, we only succeeded in reaching Plum Creek by night, a distance of 45 miles. The trails were, owing to heavy rains, rather rougher than we expected, but they were superior to the average Ontario road. We made another start Wednesday morning for the south, and after covering ten miles we put about wheels, and decided to make Brandon that night, a distance of 65 miles for the day. We found the roads much improved, and had no difficulty in doing the distance that night. The country passed through is, in every sense of the word, a paradise. The farmers were busy at their harvest as we passed, and on every side we saw nothing but activity. Owing to scarcity of barns in the country, the farmers draw their grain as fast as cut to the thrasher, which stands on the open prairie. On all sides we were met with universal kindness and courtesy from the settlers, who, of course, had the usual number of questions to ask. While crossing a small slough, where the earth had been thrown up to make a roadway for ox-teams, one of our party took a very graceful side-header, and alighted on his shoulder in a foot of rather muddy water. We fished him out, hung his clothes on the prairie to dry, and stowed the unfortunate rider away under a wheat stack until his wearing apparel was dry enough to proceed. Thursday we spent riding in the suburbs of Brandon, taking from five to ten mile spins in each direction. Friday morning our party was considerably broken up, owing to some returning home to business. Wet weather prevented our starting until late in the evening; after covering 20 miles, we retired for the night to a settler's house. Saturday morning we started for Shoal Lake, via Minnedosa and Rapid City. The trails were lovely, and Shoal Lake was reached without difficulty. We spent Sunday on the banks of the beautiful lake, and early on Monday morning started for Brandon, where we arrived about 9 p.m., a distance for the day of over 80 miles. This brought the trip to a close, as far as the party was concerned. C. B. Keenleyside, however, having a few days to spare, made quite a trip south and east.

All I could write could not express the satisfaction and pleasure of our hrs. lengthy tour, and we all look forward with delight to repeat it. We have profited considerably by our first trip of about 300 miles, and with better knowledge of the best trails, expect next year to have a record for long touring second to none in the Dominion. The rains of September were exceptional for this country, and had it not been so, I am of opinion our contemplated trip of 500 miles would have been covered.

Our race-meet was a success—financially, especially. It is true, we failed to reduce the Springfield records, but still this is a country of great promise, and we live in hope for the future.

Johnston, the St. Catharines flyer, took the Province championship (5 miles). J. Suckling, a small man on a 48-in., captured the cham-

pianship of the city (1 mile). Chambers had a walk over in the Green race. J. Suckling again showed up as winner in the slow race. W. E. Slater took the 6-min. time race (1 mile).

The other day, in our drill-hall, one of the boys was practising fancy riding. He was standing still on his machine, or, rather, as still as he could on a board floor, when our janitor, —an old superannuated fossil from the army,—who had been standing by, mouth and eyes open, rushed up, saying, "Stuck, eh? I'll help you along!"

C. B. Keenleyside & Co. are importing a fine stock of Singer & Co.'s British Challenge Bicycles and Apollo Tricycles.

THE WHEELMAN is anxiously looked for by cyclists each month, and the many readable and excellent articles fully digested.

Yours fraternally,

SPOKE ADJUSTER.

Winnipeg, Nov. 24, 1884.

THE TORONTO BICYCLE CLUB.

The Statistical Secretary of the Toronto Bicycle Club furnishes the following interesting items from his log for the past season:

There were 31 club runs called, the first being on the 29th March and the last on the 22nd November. The aggregate attendance was 549, being an average of nearly 18, the largest turnout being 82 on the 1st of July. The average mileage was about 18 miles, the longest one-day run being 54, and the shortest trip recorded was three miles.

The ten first individual mileages and their attendance at club runs were as follows:

	Attendance.	Mileage.
A. F. Webster (Capt.)	30	519
Chas. Langley	22	350
R. H. McBride (Vice-Pres.)	18	337
W. H. West	13	279
W. H. Cox	14	275
H. K. Merritt	9	250
A. E. Blogg (Stat. Sec.)	22	235
W. H. Stewart	10	221
H. Ryrie (2nd Lieut.)	16	190
C. B. Murray	10	171

About fifteen others made over 100 miles. In addition to this, a number of long runs were made by these and other members during the season. Mr. Webster, accompanied by Messrs. N. R. Butcher and J. F. Lawson, rode from Hamilton to Niagara. Mr. Langley made the run between Newcastle and Kingston and return, besides several other trips. Messrs. Anderson and Bowers rode from this city to Fergus and return. Messrs. Webster and Knowles made Pickering and return one afternoon. Messrs. Ryrie, Eaton, Tomlinson and Sparling rode to Whitby and return. Mr. Webster also rode from Woodstock to Ingersoll and return, and from Clandeboye to Wingham. Mr. Horton rode from Lindsay to Toronto, besides other trips not recorded. Mr. Macklin, among other trips worthy of mention, made Richmond Hill and return and Brampton from this city. Mr. Doolittle, the 1st lieut. of the club, who had completed 10,000 miles before the beginning of this season, also as usual did a good deal of wheeling.

At a regular monthly meeting of the club held lately at their club-rooms, several important matters relative to the manner in which the club will fill in the winter months and next season's prospects were discussed.

WOODSIDE BEATS THE RECORD.

The Exposition Building, on Monday, the 8th inst., presented a cheerless and desecrated appearance, and save for the little group of amateur wheelmen that gathered here and there about the gallery there was nothing to indicate that a really creditable feat was to be performed. In this gallery a track measuring 1,504½ feet to the lap had been laid out and accurately measured by the Illinois division of the I. A. W. racing board, it requiring 3½ laps to the mile, and upon this William M. Woodside, the Irish champion, was to attempt to beat the forty mile record of John S. Prince, which was hitherto the best on record in America and the records from ten miles up, of which his own, made last winter at the same place, was the best, from twenty up to thirty-five miles. Mounted on a 62-inch Royal Mail racer, Woodside started off on his task shortly after 1 o'clock, and going away at a racing gait, he sped rapidly and tirelessly around and around the track, breaking the record for every mile from the eleventh up. At thirty-three miles he was joined by Phil Hammel, of the Chicago Bicycle Club, who set the pace for him to the finish, which was a great performance, considering the fact that he was all out of form and suffering from the effects of a bad fall. The best previous record for 50 miles in America was 2 hours 59 min. 15 sec., and this was beaten yesterday by 5 min. 13½ sec. Woodside's time for the full distance being 2 hours 54 min 1½ sec., and, in spite of his exertions, he finished in good form, and showed that, if pressed, he was capable of making a still better performance. Great credit is due Mr. B. Wallace, his manager, for the efficient manner in which the scoring, timing, etc., were carried out, and, as Woodside says, "Prince can try it again." *Chicago Tribune.*

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There is a great racket just now in the cycling world arising through the imputations cast against W. F. Sutton by the Speedwell Bicycle Club, Birmingham. It seems that until September a member of the Speedwell held the bicycle record for twenty-four hours on the road, and that in that month W. F. Sutton rode, or was supposed to have ridden, from London to Edinburgh, 400 miles, in two days commencing on Sept. 12 and finishing on the 15th. To substantiate his ride, Sutton posted cards at different places on the journey. The charges against Sutton are that several of the post cards must have been posted before Sutton could have possibly arrived at the post-offices in various places. It has been proved that a tricyclist took train at Peterborough about the time Sutton would be in that city, and the post card said to have been posted at Laxford the postmaster said never went through his office at all. According to his time list, which he gave to substantiate his side, Sutton must have ridden from Newark to Retford, a distance of 20 miles, in sixty minutes. This is too good to be true. The reason for giving these particulars is, that Sutton is a gentleman holding a high position in the cycling world, and one who, it is thought, would not descend to do such a mean act. Anyhow, the matter has gone too far to be hushed up, and unless Sutton can make some reasonable excuse, which seems improbable, he will have attached to himself an unenviable notoriety.

THE STARLEY MEMORIAL.

As a supplement to the *Cyclist* of Nov. 12th, a picture appears of the memorial which was unveiled at Coventry (Eng.) on Saturday, 8th Nov., in memory of the late James Starley, the father of the cycle industry. Fourteen or fifteen years ago, while in the employ of a machinist company at Coventry, Mr. Starley conceived and carried out a large number of important improvements in the old-fashioned wooden machines of that day, the inventions which he introduced being mainly instrumental in developing cycling, which has now become a world-wide pursuit, in establishing a great industry, which finds employment for thousands of workmen in Coventry and other towns. The work of obtaining subscriptions and erecting the memorial has been carried out by a committee of working men engaged in the trade, and contributions to the fund have been received from all parts of England. The memorial stands twenty feet in height, and is a beautiful work of art. On the front of the pedestal is a medallion portrait of Mr. Starley, and on the sides are illustrations of the inventions which he introduced, the whole being surmounted by a figure of "Fame," executed in marble. The ceremony of unveiling the memorial was performed by the mayor, in the presence of some eight thousand spectators. In the evening a commemorative dinner was held.

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The Maryland Bicycle Club of Baltimore laid the corner-stone of its new club-house, corner of Mount Royal avenue and Reservoir street, on Thanksgiving day. The day was celebrated by a general turnout of the clubs and a parade, 100 wheelmen participating. The men broke ranks in front of the new club-house about 11 o'clock. Prizes were offered, after which an address was made by Mr. Samuel T. Clark, the president of the club, in the absence of Mr. J. H. B. Latrobe, who had been expected to deliver the address, but was detained at home by indisposition. Each club then deposited in the corner-stone a club badge. The new club-house will be, it is said, when finished, the most complete bicycle club-house in the world. Its dimensions are 20 x 80 feet. It is now completed up to the second story. There will be three stories and a basement. In the basement will be the wheel-room and bowling-alley. The reception-room, reading-room and library will occupy the first floor. On the second floor will be the pool and billiard-room, lockers and bath-rooms. The third story will contain a gymnasium.

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A funny story is contained in a late issue of the *Cyclist*. A clerk in a certain busy office took up tricycling and became very enthusiastic thereon, totting up his mileage daily, and driving his fellow-clerks half crazy with his cycling yarns. In the middle of one narrative he was called upon to fill up the body of a cheque for a client; he did so, but shortly afterwards the client returned, and said he would prefer notes in place of a cheque. An inspection of the latter document revealed the fact that it was filled up thus: "Pay to Mr. _____, or bearer, two hundred miles." Hence these tears.

Mr. R. J. Bowles, of Brighton, made a visit to London on the 12th inst.

THE "ROTAS," TORONTO.

The new bicycle club about to be formed in Toronto will be called the Rota Bicycle Club, and will be composed of seeders from the two existing clubs and a few outsiders. The club uniform that has been chosen consists of the following: Black silk stockings, mouse colored knee breeches and dark green coats and caps. Of course there has been a great deal said as to who the members are, and as to their formation, but up to the present time nothing definite has been made known.

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AS OTHERS SEE US

THE CANADIAN WHEELMAN for October is at hand, and is an improvement on past issues. The present number reflects credit on its publishers. *Western Cyclist.*

THE CANADIAN WHEELMAN is equal to any cycling periodicals of the United States, and should be patronized by every bicyclist in the Dominion. *London Free Press.*

The 2nd number of THE CANADIAN WHEELMAN, under its new auspices, appears with the same handsome make-up as the initial issue. The contents are nicely arranged and well selected, and the whole paper is creditable to the C. W. A. *Toronto Mail.*

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None of the great mountains of the West are surrounded by such majestic scenery as is Mt. Tacoma, fifty miles east from the head of Puget Sound, in Washington Territory. At a comparatively recent date woodsmen discovered four great glaciers at the heads of vast canons in Tacoma's flanks. But, owing to the inaccessibility of the mountains, practically nothing has been known of the glaciers and other natural beauties concealed far within the forests which cover the hundred-mile circumference of Tacoma's base. A peculiar interest, therefore, will be felt in Mr. J. R. W. Hitchcock's article, "The Mount Blanc of our Switzerland," which will form the leading feature of the February *Outing*. Mr. Hitchcock has had an adventurous experience of camp life in the wilds of Tacoma, and has explored the glaciers and canons. His article will be illustrated by Mr. Henry Sandham.

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The Dukedom of Brunswick, like all the other small German principalities, is regarded in the eye of the law as personal property, there not being enough of it to be classed as real estate. The late Duke was proud of his dominions, and was determined that no bicycle should be admitted to them. To this end he drew a cordon of fifteen men around the duchy, with instructions to stop every bicycle that might try to cross the frontier either by the front or back gates. Nevertheless, bicycles frequently invaded the sacred soil of Brunswick, and embittered the last moments of the Duke's life. *New York Times.*

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It is with pleasure that we acknowledge receipt of a very handsome lithograph portrait of America's amateur champion, Geo. M. Hendee, from the American Bicycle Co., Springfield, Mass. Every club should have one.

Poetry.

OVER THE HANDLES.

Tune "Over the Garden Wall."

One day I was riding my wheel so free,
Toward the garden wall;
A charmer was standing and looking at me,
From over the garden wall.
Her face was fair,
So saucy her air,
I was rattled completely,
And right then and there
I took a bad header,
And flew through the air
Over the garden wall.

CHORUS.—Over the garden wall,
A terrible, terrible fall;
I never did yet
A header get
That filled my soul
With such regret,
As the time I struck
Head-first in the wet,
Over the garden wall.

I picked myself up and said, "How do you do?"
Over the garden wall.
She said, "I'm certainly better than you,"
Over the garden wall;
"But much I should like
To know why you strike,
And get so hot and muddy, and dusty like,
And take such a header from off your bike."
Over the garden wall.

CHORUS.—Over the garden wall, etc.

"My dear," said I, "I can surely explain,"
Over the garden wall,
"The case in a moment, if I may remain,"
Over the garden wall;
"Your glance was so shy,
I wished to be nigh,
So over the handles I went with a fly!
But now I beware of a saucy black eye,"
Over the garden wall.

CHORUS.—Over the garden wall, etc.

A. S. HIBBARD.

Correspondence.

EDITOR CANADIAN WHEELMAN:

The latest subscription enrolled on the middle day of November, which finished the forty-second week of the canvass for "X.M. Miles on a Bi," was No. 2057, and it represented Mr. J. Copland, who is the first supporter supplied to me by New South Wales. The adjoining province of Victoria has contributed ten, however; and the island of New Zealand, twenty; whereas the whole of Europe has not yet given me an equally large total of thirty-one names.

The gentleman referred to drove a tricycle from Sydney to Melbourne, 583 miles, between the 14th and 26th of August,—the same being the longest tour of the sort yet made in Australia,—and his note to me, written on the 12th of Sept. at the last-named city, says: "I am just on the eve of starting to ride back, and when I reach Sydney I will distribute your subscription cir-

culars among the right people. I will also send the desired account of my entire trip (about 1300 miles) in time to publish in your book. Meanwhile, please put my name down as a subscriber, and excuse the present hurried scrawl. I really haven't a moment to spare; but, as the editor of the *Cycling News* has just shown me your communication, I thought you would prefer getting this brief answer to nothing at all."

I myself have been so absorbed, during the last two months, in the task of helping elect an honest tricyclist to the Presidency of the United States, that my private business has greatly suffered. The increase of my subscription-list, since I reported to you on the 10th of September, has been only 228, or less than half what it might have been, save for this unexpected interruption. The tenth month of my canvass ends to-day, and I can hardly hope to secure the 903 names still lacking to complete the 3000 before the close of January; and the probability is that the anniversary of beginning the canvass, on the last Friday of that month, will find me with my book unprinted, if not in part unwritten. The greatly increased expensiveness of the project resulting from its absorption of more than double the six months' time which I originally assigned to it in making my "dollar subscription" estimate—explains why the production of the 3000 books, at that rate, requires the subsequent sale of 2000 more at the advanced rate of \$1.50, in order to justify itself financially.

My revised prospectus, which covered two pages in the *Springfield Wheelman's Gazette* for October, gives a minute description of the contents of each chapter of the proposed book; and I shall be glad to mail copies of it to all applicants. In a long letter to the *Wheel* of last week, I explained why it is that the immense amount of "free advertisement" given my scheme (by the willingness of cycling editors, all over the world, to print all the articles and paragraphs I can find time to write for them about it) does not have power to push it to immediate success. Very few direct responses come to me from these innumerable notices. I value them, however, because they keep alive an interest in my book, and pave the way to a successful pushing of its claims by private effort. I am grateful, assuredly, to the editors in the United States, in Canada, in England, in Germany, in Australia, who have not only personally subscribed to the book, but have recommended it in their columns, and have invited me to use those columns freely in reporting its progress; but I am nevertheless bound to admit that the club secretaries and other private workers are the men who have really built up my list to the present respectable size of 2091.

New Brunswick recently sent in three subscriptions, but, in general, the Canadian accessions have been very few since my last report. Once again, therefore, I ask intending patrons to send me their postal-card pledges for a dollar before the evil day arrives when the publication price of "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle" shall be increased to \$1.50.

The University Building, N.Y.,
25th Nov., 1884.

KARL KRON.

H. L. Cortis, the ex-English champion, is not dead, as was reported. He is residing in Australia, still an enthusiast of the wheel.

BICYCLE AND TRICYCLE RIDING.

A paper has been prepared by Dr. B. U. Piper, of Chicago, for the Chicago Bicycle Club, upon "Bicycle and Tricycle Riding, and the Effect of this Method of Exercise upon those Engaged in It." The doctor has tested the matter by riding some 1200 miles in the last twelvemonth. He found the effects beneficial in a great degree. "In walking," says Dr. Piper, "the legs carry directly all the weight of the body, and as each foot comes down on the ground there is a certain vibration or shock quite through the body, which, though not acutely perceptible, is, nevertheless, fatiguing. The breathing is also carried on at a disadvantage, for the diaphragm, or great respiratory muscle, is not able to act, in walking, with the steadiness, and, it may be said, purchase, as when the pelvis is fixed, the spinal column firm, and the upper limbs steady. The circulation, too, is considerably quickened, and the heart is toiling at a rapid speed, lifting very quickly the whole of its blood over that hill called the ascending aorta, the first part of the great blood-vessel which springs from the heart in the form of a beautiful arch to supply with blood the upper and lower parts of the body." The doctor cites many medical authorities to back his opinion; and he says: "To shop and office people, to hard-working men of business, but more particularly to brain-workers, the possession of good tricycles would, if judiciously used, indeed prove a blessing."

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PRINCE VS. VON BLUMEN.

A bicycle contest of 100 miles took place at the Apollo Skating Rink in Baltimore on the 25th Nov. The match was between John S. Prince and Miss Elsie Von Blumen, the former giving the latter a start of nineteen miles. The track was rather too small for good time to be made, being fifteen laps to the mile. The start was made at 2.40 P.M., and until the last ten miles steady riding was made by both participants. It was then seen by Prince that too much allowance had been made, considering the small circumference of the track, and he put on some terrific bursts of speed, for which he was liberally applauded by the large audience present. Miss Von Blumen finished at 10.07 P.M., showing signs of distress, and won the race, Prince having to his credit 99 miles and 6 laps. Time, 7 hours and 27 minutes. The finish was exciting, as from the frequent rests of the lady, made necessary by what seemed an overtax of her powers, and the frequent spurts of Prince, the race was anybody's until the last lap was made. After coming off the track, Prince seemed to be as fresh, to all appearances, as when he went on, and remained standing among the audience, chatting cheerfully, and making many friends by his unassuming and modest bearing.

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Through the kindness of Mr. Chas. Mechem, Battle Creek, Mich., we are in receipt of a photo of the starters in the mile race at Hartford, showing Illston, Hamilton, Hendee and Sellers waiting for the report of the pistol. It is taken by the instantaneous process, and should be in the possession of all clubs. Copies may be had by addressing as above.

SADDLES.

The fact that three prominent cyclists within our own knowledge are at the present time laid up from the effects of faulty saddles, and are forbidden to ride for months, must be our excuse for calling attention to the article which appeared in *The Lancet* of the 20th ult. (Oct.), on the evil effects likely to result to riders who neglect to study the apparently simple matter of a suitable saddle. Just as men vary in height so they do in width, and it is as ridiculous to expect the saddle which suits A to be equally good for B as to expect a six-foot man to exchange "continuations" with one whose stature is but five feet. It would, of course, be too expensive for most men to have a saddle specially made in each separate case when purchasing a machine, but that saddles should be obtainable of varying width we unhesitatingly assert. It will, perhaps, be best to reproduce the main points of Dr. Strahan's article, which has caused so much stir, before commenting further on the subject. The Doctor is assistant medical superintendent of the County Asylum, Northampton, and says:

"Cycling is doubtless a very healthy and pleasant mode of exercise when used in moderation, but now that tens of thousands of our boys ride bicycles daily, and 'get up records' of thousands of miles in the year, it may not be out of place to point out some alarming evils which are likely to arise from this abuse of an otherwise healthy pastime. Some time ago it was pointed out that obscure nervous complaints would probably be developed by the continual jarring, the succession of shocks conveyed to the spinal column in bicycle riding; and this, I believe, has proved correct in many instances, notwithstanding 'Arab springs' and 'rubber-cushioned' machines. But it is to something much more serious than this that I would now call attention: it is to the amount of pressure brought to bear upon the perineum in growing boys, affecting directly the prostate, etc., and indirectly the whole generative system.

"The bicycle saddle is now reduced to the smallest possible limit. It is just wide enough at its posterior part to cover the ischial tuberosities, and it tapers off quickly to a long, narrow horn in front, upon which the perineum rests. Let us consider the position of the body and limbs when the rider is mounted, and we can then appreciate the amount of body weight which must be thrown upon the perineum. In bicycle-riding, the legs are, when extended, vertical, and the pelvis is flexed upon the thighs or rolled forward. This rolling forward of the pelvis is slight in easy riding, and very marked in fast riding and hill-climbing. Now, when the body and pelvis are bent forward, the ischial tuberosities are raised from the saddle, and the whole weight of the body, save what is transmitted to the pedal by the then extending leg, is thrown upon the perineum. It is not much of the body's weight that is conveyed to the pedals. In easy riding on the level the weight of the limb from the hip down is sufficient to move the machine; and in hard riding the extra pressure is gained not so much by throwing the body's weight upon the pedals as by pulling upward on the handle-bar, and so further increasing the pressure of the body upon the saddle. But even admitting that the pressure upon the perineum be only a few pounds, I hold that it must be injurious in the extreme, for were the pressure *nil* when riding upon a perfectly plane surface, it must at times be considerable when the machine is ridden over an unequal surface such as is afforded by our best country roads. Let those who talk of 'the beautiful gliding motion of the bicycle' try to play a game of billiards after a ride of twenty miles, and then explain where all their 'shakiness' comes from if their motion has been that of the skater. Now, this pressure on the perineum, whether it be continuous and increased at every jolt, or whether it be made up of jolts alone and be *nil* in the almost

imperceptible and irregular intervals, must be injurious, more especially to growing boys."

The Doctor then goes on to refer to the evil results from excessive exercise in the saddle, as evidenced in the case of the Tartars, and the Indians of North America, and says:

"If, then, these sad results are the outcome of immoderate equestration where there are an extensive seat and a stable foot-rest, and where the abductor muscles of the thighs are used, what are we to look for, where our boys of ten and upwards spend the greater part of their own time riding bicycles, and get over thousands of miles in the year, perched upon a saddle no bigger than the hand which conveys every jolt of the machine to the body; where the jolts are ten times more numerous than those experienced by the equestrian, and, occurring without any approach to rhythm, are conveyed unexpectedly to the person?"

"Some time ago, Dr. B. W. Richardson, when advocating cycling as a healthy exercise, said, if I remember rightly, 'that what made cycling so healthful an exercise was that in it you enjoyed all the muscular motion experienced in walking, with this advantage, that the bodily weight was taken off the feet and legs.' This, of course, would be an advantage if the bodily weight were better bestowed than it naturally is upon the feet; but as it is on the bicycle, the transference of weight from the feet to the perineum cannot but be for the worse.

"It must be understood that what is said in this article applies particularly to growing boys, who generally straddle the largest machine their length of leg permits. What cycling—for the saddle with the long, upturned horn is now almost universally used for the tricycle, too—will do towards the advance of those prostatic affections, which so often render the closing years of life miserable, time alone will tell."

Like everything which a layman reads in a medical journal, the above is calculated to inspire fear in the timid, and a feeling very much approaching to it in those who study their present and future health; and if such an article were permitted to pass without comment, great harm might accrue to the progress of cycling. We do not propose, as some writers have done, to contest the accuracy of Dr. Strahan's views, because we feel perfectly certain, as a practical rider, that, although his premises are not quite correct in every detail, they are otherwise perfectly well founded. The danger, however, does not arise from the act of cycling, but solely from using an unsuitable saddle; and it is greatly aggravated in the case of men, on bicycles, by their using machines too high for them, or, as regards tricyclists, in a desire for too much verticality of action. In the first case, vanity is the cause, and in the latter, inexperience, or a want of a rudimentary knowledge of the human anatomy. Just as men drink themselves to death, despite the warnings given to them, so, we suppose, men will be found to ride on, utterly regardless of nature's laws. With these, of course, we cannot deal; they must be left to their fate. If, however, we, by this article, guide any rider in the right way, we shall be satisfied as having done our duty. Under a mistaken idea that ventilation is the first desideratum in a saddle, and that it can be found by simply cutting a hole in the leather, such an aperture is invariably found in all modern saddles. The old saddles, however, were quite as cool and, surgically, quite as badly constructed, but had no hole.

What is required is that a man should select a saddle of sufficient width to enable the ischial tuberosities, referred to by Dr. Strahan, *i.e.*, the

bone ends on which one sits on a seat or chair, to be also, when in the saddle, the supporters of the entire weight of the body, so far as it rests on the saddle. Let as much weight as possible be put on the pedals, and as much as is required on the handles, but let no other part except the tuberosities above named bear any material weight at any time. Having got a saddle of sufficient width, that these bones can rest thereon without touching the hard iron edges to which the leather is rivetted, the next point is to deal with the saddle itself. Take a knife, and cut the saddle straight up the centre from the ventilating hole above-mentioned to the peak, and then cut off as much leather on each side as will prevent any part whatever touching the perineum, which, of course, is the fibrous skip knitting the two legs together. If this be done, every precaution will have been taken, and, provided too high a bicycle be not used, or a tricycle saddle put too high up, there will be no danger of either temporary or permanent injury to the urinary or other organs. The proper height of a saddle above the pedals is best gauged by placing it just so high as will allow the hollow of the foot to touch at the lowest point to which the pedal can go. Then, if the machine be ridden by the ball of the foot, as it ought to be, there will be ample muscular power in the leg at all times to prevent undue pressure of the body on the saddle, a result which must follow if too high a span be used. Nothing is gained by raising the saddle so high that at the lowest point of the pedal the ball of the foot just touches it. On the contrary, it is exceedingly ungainly; and power is absolutely lost when the foot cannot follow, and, so to speak, claw the pedal right round. These remarks apply equally to bicycles and tricycles; and, with regard to the former, we may say that nothing looks more absurd than to see a man riding a machine too big for him. Everyone sees this except the man; and he may find out to his cost that for the very dubious honor of standing 4ft. 6in. and riding a 56 incher he may have to pay a penalty hereafter, which, as Dr. Strahan puts it, may render the closing years of his life miserable. Instead of trying to refute Dr. Strahan's sound reasoning, men should set themselves to the task of improving their saddles, and when they have got what suits them, let them keep their saddles or sell their machines. There is a great deal of wear in a saddle. We have had our present one, on bicycle and tricycle, for four or five years. It is one of Lamplugh & Brown's early "Tricycle Saddles," toin. across the back, and not an atom too narrow for us. Some men, no doubt, could do with less. Many, tricyclists at least, require more. In the centre of this saddle is cut a large hole extending from the peak to where the aperture is generally found in ordinary saddles, and, while it holds us up in front just as well as any other, there is no undue pressure on any material part of the body. We can only advise all who study health—not to speak of comfort—to suit themselves in a like manner.—*The Wheel World*, London (Eng.).

OVERHEARD.—First crack: "Is the course coarse?" Second crack: "No, not coarse, but fine, of course." And the funeral obsequies of those two men were impressive from the earnestness of the mourners.

ENGLAND ON WHEELS.

UP AND DOWN THE ISLAND ON BICYCLES AND TRICYCLES.—HOW TRADESMEN AND HOLIDAY-MAKERS UTILIZE "THE MACHINE."

English Letter in Philadelphia Press.

(Concluded from Nov. No.)

CYCLING IN THE COUNTRY.

But it is in the country that this sport reaches its greatest perfection. And no wonder, for the English roads are, as a rule, good, and always full of beauty and interest. You can wheel for miles on smooth, white highways, where the shadows fall more softly defined than on any others I know of, and between pretty hedges, with wild flowers growing in quantities by the wayside. You pass well-kept parks and pleasure-grounds, and broad fields red with poppies before the harvest and golden when the gleaners are at work. You are sure to come to quaint, out-of-the-way villages, with tumble-down houses, and perhaps a sleepy little river running through them, or else to old-fashioned towns, over which the headle with cocked hat, knee-breeches and gold lace still presides, striking terror into the hearts of the small boys. And then there is the inn by the roadside, which is the paradise of those English travellers who would rather walk, ride, drive or wheel through country roads and lanes than be carried at full speed over railways. Bread and cheese and beer never taste so good anywhere else. While you eat your lunch in the clean little room into which you are shown, and which looks out on a little flower-garden or on the meadows opposite, you feel at peace with the world and all men in it.

Nowadays you will meet in the country more cycles than wagons and carriages. In the first place, there are the postmen, who are now very generally mounted on wheels by order of Government, and the constables of certain districts, who also use them when there is constabulary duty to be done. Then there is the legion of pleasure-seekers, especially large at this season of the year, when everybody who can takes a holiday. Among the latter you see at least ten tricycles to one bicycle. The reason of this undoubtedly is, that English cyclists have learned to value their heads, and have also arrived at the conclusion, to which any rational man must agree, that it is better to take one's pleasure comfortably. The tourist can carry on a tricycle a reasonable amount of baggage, which he cannot do on a bicycle, and therefore he can appear among his fellow-men, in his resting evening hours, clean and respectable, and not the disreputable object which a bicyclist usually is at the end of a hard day's run, when he cannot make any change in his costume.

THE CYCLISTS' TOURING CLUB.

Almost all the cyclists one sees in England, women as well as men, belong to the C.T.C., or Cyclists' Touring Club. This is one of the exceptional cases when it is a practical advantage to be a member of a club. The C.T.C. has for its object the convenience of cyclists, and it is not contented with merely theoretical efforts in their behalf. It publishes a handbook containing maps, a list of hotels, roads, consuls—for each town has one—and repair shops. Armed with this the tourist knows exactly where

to go, and, moreover, what he has to pay, for all the hotels it recommends have made an agreement with the club, by which they are bound to charge certain fixed prices. Lodging-hunting, the *bet-noir* of all Englishmen, is thus an unknown evil to cyclists, who, however, forego the chance of grievances in the shape of extortionate bills which would require a letter to the *Times*, in the printing of which natives of this land do so greatly delight. There are C.T.C. hotel headquarters not only in the United Kingdom, but on the Continent, and even in America and Australia. The office of this institution occupies a whole story in a large building on Fleet Street. Mr. Shipton is the chief secretary, and he has many clerks under him. At any hour you may happen to go into this office you find the clerks hard at work over their ledgers. Apparently the business of the club leaves them little time for idling. Besides the officers in the main department, there is in each district a chief consul, who, if you write to ask him about the roads in his part of the country, will send you a route form, together with remarks upon their condition, warnings of dangerous hills, and incidental comments upon the neighborhood, its attractions and drawbacks. If these statements do not prove accurate, you are asked to return the form with whatever corrections you may think necessary. Members of the club pay one shilling entrance fee and half a crown annual subscription, which is reasonable enough.

The legal rights of cyclists are upheld by the Tricycle Union. While the club seeks to promote the comfort of the tourist, this institution sees that justice is done to them. Since coaching days are over, the roads in England are not kept quite as well as they were formerly, and this the Union has undertaken to remedy. In several cases it has brought suits against local boards of works, compelling them to put the roads in their district in good repair. Its work is well done, for, like the C.T.C., it is fully and ably officered. The President is Dr. Benj. Ward Richardson, a famous London surgeon, and among the vice-presidents are Mr. Herbert Gladstone, Lord Randolph Churchill, Viscount Bury, and Mr. Oscar Browning. It is, as a body, 20,000 strong.

A PASSPORT TO GOOD FELLOWSHIP.

As Mr. Stevenson asks in his "Inland Voyage," "What religion knits people so closely as common sport?" There is no necessity to have recourse to law to stimulate sociability among cyclists. The little silver badges worn by the members of the C.T.C. are sufficient to make the wearers fraternize with one another. The fact of belonging to the club is a passport to good-fellowship. When riding out on a machine I have had riders passing by stop and give me good day, and tell me, perhaps, about an ugly hill beyond. Indeed, my experience of this cycling freemasonry has been varied. For example, during a ride from London to Canterbury I made the speaking acquaintanceship of several cyclists, the club serving as introduction. The first was a London watchmaker, who was riding a tandem with his wife, and who rested at the same inn at which my fellow-traveller and I lunched. He was a specimen of the British Philistine, and as such was an interesting study for half an hour. But to avoid a

second meeting with him or another of the species, I would ride up the steepest hills and through the sands of Kent, which, in a season of drought like the present, is no easy matter.

But that very same evening I put up at a picturesque sixteenth-century inn, without the Westgate at Canterbury, and there I had a social adventure of another and better quality. This inn is called the "Falstaff," and a painting of honest Jack, in buff doublet and red hose, hangs by a fine piece of wrought-iron work over the door. In such a place one is prepared for pleasant episodes. And so we were not surprised when in the late twilight, after the teatray had been removed, we received a visit from a cyclist who was also staying in the "Falstaff" over night, and who proved to be a good fellow. He was a clergyman from Shropshire, and he rode a machine like ours, and had come exactly over the same route, and so we soon became very friendly. And our friendliness extended to the next morning, for we went together to the cathedral and through the city, and when this clerical cyclist left at noon he invited us cordially to his home in Shropshire, and we were sorry to have him go. There was still another wheelman who breakfasted with us in the inn at Rochester. But he was neither odious nor agreeable to us, and we were as indifferent to his presence as to his absence.

STYLES IN THE MACHINES.

Manufacturers are as much given to changing the styles of their machines as tailors and milliners are to varying fashions in dress. Not satisfied with making a good thing, they must bring out something new, which but too often proves a serious mistake. Buyers are, as is the case in every branch of trade, like a flock of sheep, and buy whatever a chosen leader may select. The two most popular tricycles this year are the "Rudge" and the "Humber," which are utterly different in make. The former is a single driver, with one large and two small wheels, and is the machine which Mr. Pennell rode on the trip he made last summer through the Midlands, and the account of which was published in the *September Century*. It is a singular-looking machine, with a somewhat lop-sided effect, and a good idea of it is to be had from Mr. Pennell's drawings in the above-mentioned article. Its good qualities are its almost perfect steering, great luggage-carrying capacity, and its light weight, being the lightest tricycle made. Besides this, it is very narrow, and can pass through doorways with ease, and can be ridden on American sidepaths. But its greatest advantage consists in its being a two-tracked machine, like a carriage. Therefore, when its two small wheels are put in a rut on the road or in a horse-car track, it can be propelled very easily, which is not the case with any other tricycle. This fact should recommend it especially for use on American roads.

The "Humber" is emphatically a racing machine, all races of any importance this year having been run on it. It is often called the bicyclist's tricycle, as it consists of two large wheels between which the rider sits, while he steers with an ordinary bicycle handle. Indeed, it is nothing more than a child's velocipede reversed, having two large wheels instead of two small ones. There is a small wheel behind. Machines like

the "Victor" and "Columbia," made by Overman and Pope, in America, until recently were extensively used here, but owing to their complicated machinery and their great weight they are now being replaced by the "Rudge" and "Humber" patterns. Tandems in these two forms are beginning to be generally used instead of sociables, for a tandem is really but a single machine, with two sets of seats and two cranks, and it therefore has a double power.

WOMEN RIDERS.

"Rudge" tandems are patronized by women, who, however, when they ride them, must be accompanied by a husband, brother, or some trusted friend, for it is impossible for them, because of their skirts, to ride on the back seat of any tandem. But on single tri-cycles they are quite independent. As cyclists, they have no rights to vindicate, as in this capacity their equality with men is established. It is not only women of the Dr. Mary Walker type who are to be seen seated between the wheels, but all sorts and conditions, from mothers of families to schoolgirls. Nor is it only in private grounds and sequestered spots that they take their exercise. I have met them in Piccadilly and by Hyde Park, in Kensington and St. John's Wood, and on every country road over which I have ridden, and very comfortable and happy they looked.

They use their machines for as many purposes as men. Housekeepers in the country ride them into neighboring towns to do their marketing, and shoppers make shopping expeditions upon them. The mother rides out with her babies, whom she straps to a basket-like arrangement made for the purpose, and thus dispenses with the necessity of a baby carriage; and young girls find tri-cycles and shady lanes very effective aids to flirtation. Even on the race-course woman's equality is not disputed. At the last meet at Harrowgate one brave woman rode a tandem with her husband. Unfortunately she failed to win the race. There are others who cannot at any time see a cyclist on the road without challenging him or her to a trial of skill. I remember a sprightly young lady, with a gay red bonnet, by whom I was challenged on the Harrow Road. I was one of two riders on a tandem, she rode a single machine. She waited until we were almost on a line with her, and then she pedaled away for dear life. The road to Harrow is vile, all up grade, and in parts sandy; so we took it quietly, and gave her an easy victory, whereat,

do not doubt she triumphed greatly. But when we saw her some fifteen minutes later in Harrow, it was our turn to be of good cheer; for, fresh and cool, we started off on foot to explore the town, while she, with scant breath and face red as her bonnet, rested in a drug-store.

It is certainly a good sign when women begin to take part in healthy out-of-door exercise. There are a few in America who appreciate tri-cycling. But until this sport is made as correct as driving a village cart, I am afraid it will not be as popular with the women of America as it is with those of England.

It is estimated that California has three hundred and fifty riders.

Wheel Tracks.

Mr. Frank A. Egan (The Owl) will winter in New Orleans.

Gaskell won eighteen prizes, valued at \$1150, in America. Chambers' trophies at Springfield footed up \$1300.

Geo. Nash is fairly electrifying western people by his wonderful riding, and many pronounce him superior to Canary.

A professional race has been arranged to take place in Chicago about the last of this month, between Messrs. Woodside and Brooks and Mr. Me. Armaindo and W. J. Morgan.

The professionals are doing a great deal of racing through the papers nowadays. It is pleasant so, both because the weather is too cold for racing and there is no money risked except for postage stamps.

The Cleveland Bicycle Club is said to be the best-drilled club in the United States. On parade they ride in three lines, twelve abreast, with locked handle-bars a very pretty sight, and one that called forth abundant applause at their last meeting.

The following speech was made at a recent race meeting by the referee on presenting a prize cup to a successful competitor: "You have won this cup by the use of your legs; may you never lose the use of your legs by the use of this cup."

It appears, from the revised prospectus, that Karl Kron expects to dedicate his forthcoming volume to the memory of "Curl, the best of Bulldogs," whose biography will fill a chapter of twenty-four pages, and whose heliotype likeness will face the title-page.

Speaking of the late Prince-Von Blumen race, a Washington correspondent says: "Miss Von Blumen was subjected to a great many indignities, but took them coolly and calmly. The 'kids' would occasionally yell: 'Go it, old gal!' 'There goes Betsy Lockwood,' etc."

After a good deal of trouble, the New York Park Commissioners have at last opened the Riverside drive to members of wheel clubs, and have given them the privilege to ride in Central Park, west side, to Seventy-second street. Riders must go in single file, and must obtain permits.

A French nobleman was out riding his tri-cycle one day, when he overtook an old priest, contentedly jogging along upon a quiet donkey. "Ha! ha!" laughed the nobleman. "How goes the ass to-day, good father?" "On wheels, my son, on wheels," was the unexpected reply. Col-lapse of the noble wheelman.

John D. Prince, a Philadelphia bicyclist, was captivated by a chorus-singer in a minstrel show, and in order to make a good impression on his girl, he put himself on record as a better swindler than a wheelman. He borrowed a number of machines from prominent local establishments, and then left them with his "uncle" for a small part of their value. He was caught and incarcerated, and now bemoans the fate of a love-sick cyclist. *Bicycling World*.

George Nash has succeeded in accomplishing a remarkable feat. A miniature step-ladder, with steps upon both sides, having been placed in the middle of the floor, Nash, with the small wheel detached, and standing on the pedals, balanced himself, and rode up one side and down the other, amid hearty cheers from a large number of spectators.

There is a Buffalo

Far, far away.

Where dudes on bicycles

Ride every day;

Oh, hear them sweetly say,

Now that Cleveland's gained the day,

Come! cyclists, come this way;

Come! come! we pray.

The Springfield Bicycle Club was the first club in the States to receive recognition from the new President. They had met his Excellency in May last, at Washington; and upon the result of the election being known, the president of the club, Mr. Ducker, telegraphed his congratulations. It appears that President Cleveland is a wheelist, so that the good wishes of the club were apt and opportune.

"The River Route from Ottawa to Farther Point and Beyond," a distance of 450 miles, which was explored in August by Mr. F. M. S. Jenkins, captain of the Ottawa Bicycle Club, has been described by him at the request of Karl Kron. The report will appear in the *Wheel* (New York), and abstracts thereof will be given in "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle," and in the next edition of the C.W.A. Guide-Book.

There is another enthusiast who contemplates making his name famous by undertaking a tour across the continent and return. The gentleman's name is George P. Bastian, of Brentwood, Cal., and he will start from San Francisco, passing through California, Oregon, Idaho and Wyoming to New York, and back through New Orleans, Texas and Mexico. This would be a wonderful piece of work, should he succeed, but would do no good either to himself or the sport. In such a journey he must walk at least half the way, and the privation and exposure necessary would be likely to do him considerable harm, physically.

The following is the list of firsts and seconds taken by members of the Toronto Wanderers in race meetings during the season:-

Newcastle, May 24. - One first, one second.

Woodstock, May 26. - One first, one second.

London, May 26. - Three firsts.

Toronto, June 14. - One first, one second.

Toronto, July 1. - One first.

Woodstock, Aug. 25. - Three firsts, one second.

Buffalo, Aug. 27. - One first.

Port Hope, Aug. - (?) One first.

Toronto, Sept. 6. - Three firsts, four seconds.

Toronto, Sept. 19. - One first, one second.

Hamilton, Sept. - One first, one second.

Toronto (Q.O.R. games). - One first, one second.

Lindsay, Oct. 1. - One first (fancy riding).

Toronto (U.C.C. games). - One 1st, one 2nd.

Waterloo. - One first (Shantz).

Columbus, O., Aug. - One first (Davies).

Total, 22 firsts and 12 seconds during the season, besides several prizes taken by the club collectively.

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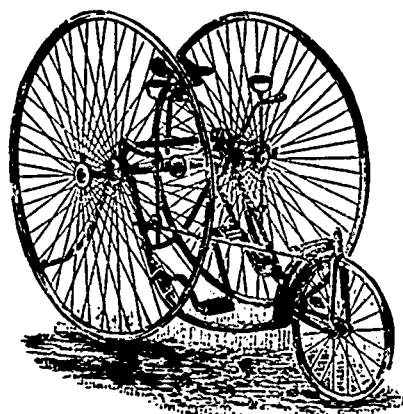
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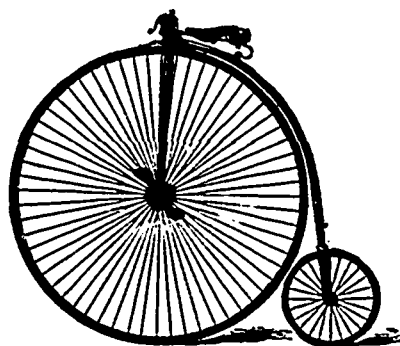
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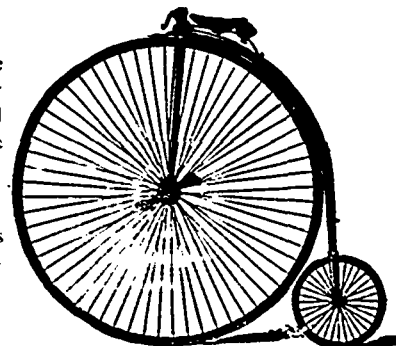
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