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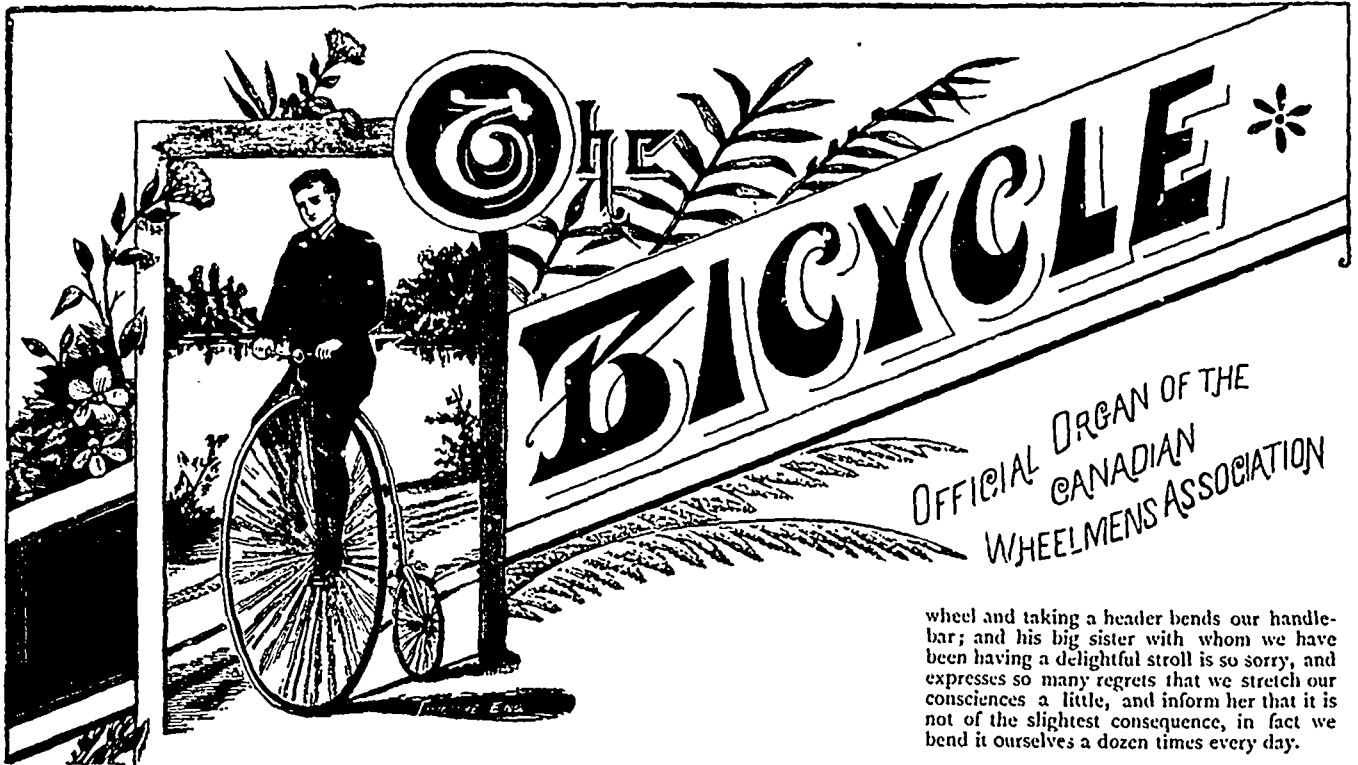
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Magnalia Cikli.

Mount bicycle fair !
 Every spoke you twinkle,
 From the face of Care
 Charms away a wrinkle.
 Health's rekindled flame,
 None so surely feels,
 As he thro' whose frame,
 It shoots from saddled wheels.

Franklin did, they say,
 Tame the lightning's pinions,
 And drew down one day,
 Fire from clouds dominions ;
 So new poets sit,
 On bicycles bright'ning,
 From the heaven of wit,
 Borrowing its lightning.

Riding youth are up,
 Lyric heights aspirin',
 And no vinous cup
 Mix their finer fire in ;
 While they gods enact,
 Clad in tight apparel,
 Jove on his eagle back,
 Bacchus on his barrel !

You May Name It.

Mr. Doolittle sends us this, and says "You may name it." Thanks, dear boy, for your kindness, but you can do it yourself. And so can every body else "You May Name It" is as good a name for it we think as the mind of the average mortal can conceive, and if any wheelman can think of one that suits him better, why let him score this out and write his own over the top.

To be mounted on a staunch taut wheel, with a smooth hard road stretching far before one, until it gradually loses itself in the dim distance, dotted on either side by village hamlet, rustic cottage and old brown orchard, whose fruit has quenched the thirst of many

a weary traveler, and made merry the hearthstone on wintry evening, and crossed by babbling rills, whose music chimes pleasantly with the cheerful whirs of the polished spokes as swiftly the wheel glides by, is a delight that will bind one more closely to his beloved sport than ever the chains of the Gods did Prometheus to the cold rocks of Caucasus.

But when he finds his "Machine" unworthy of the confidence he has reposed in it, when he finds the "Machin" of misrepresentation, and the "Crank" which had hitherto obeyed his lightest touch on gentle slope or heaviest strain in hard-fought victory, openly rebellug, he suddenly awakes to the sad reality that as the little said, "all the world is a sham and my doll is stuffed with sawdust." And as a machine out of order has to be pampered and patched up and petted, so to you Dear "Machine" I owe a little more patching. I thought when I patched up that Clifton House hill break so nicely and neatly, you would run as easily and smoothly as though you had never known a header; but alas for human expectation; for when the gallant rider suddenly dismounts over the handles of his machine in a horizontal position, in front of the home of his best girl, he sadly finds that the portly wallet which looked so tempting from his lofty perch, turns out to be a stone, only a little stone. But I forgive you both, and I only hope that I may never have a worse "Crank" or a less trusty "Machine" to deal with in the race of life.

D.

"Huronian" knows of what he speaks, when he asserts that Goderich is the wheelmans Paradise, as I have wheeled over a good many miles of Ontario roads and have never found its equal yet. I do not think the road from Clandeboyl to Goderich can be excelled on the American continent. And of the pleasures around Goderich I will only mention one, Fly Paint Farm. With a kindhearted and jovial Major to introduce one to the pretty girls, who are sure to be there, as it is a great summer resort, even the least susceptible of us will be affected by the farm and its attractions, (especially the latter,) and he cannot help being delighted, even when the irrepressible small boy who rides a bicycle, mounts our metallad

wheel and taking a header bends our handlebar; and his big sister with whom we have been having a delightful stroll is so sorry, and expresses so many regrets that we stretch our consciences a little, and inform her that it is not of the slightest consequence, in fact we bend it ourselves a dozen times every day.

As kindly intimated by "Machine," look out for Doolittle's big annual tour, which will probably be around Lake Erie, and of which full particulars will be given later on.

Would it not be a good idea for some of our poets of the wheel to get us up something in the shape of club songs and tourist songs, and have them set to familiar tunes; they would add materially to the pleasures of a dinner, a tour or a meet. Let us have something spiky, and taking without any slang or anything that we would be ashamed to sing before our mothers or sisters.

The Torontos are anxiously awaiting the uncovering of the block pavement, so that club drill can be indulged in, as they have no winter riding quarters. I am much pleased to hear of the Canadian tour of the Chicago wheelmen, let us all turn out and give them a hearty welcome, and show them that Canadians are as warm-hearted as any people on earth. Well I've struck a conundrum. What is this letter about anyhow? What is it written for? And where does the moral come in? But as I never was good at conundrums, I give it up, as I think you will have to.

DO O. LITTLE.

On Tuesday, 13 February, Mr. J. H. Newberry, driving a mule team in the streets of Macon, Ga., was thrown from his wagon and killed through the mules taking fright at a bicycler, Mr. Thaddeus Parker. The sad and unfortunate occurrence is rendered still sadder by the fact that the deceased was a widower, and leaves ten children, all minors. Mr. Parker, although it is conceded by all that he was entirely blameless, so far as exercising proper care is concerned, is in great distress at having caused the accident. Of course the event has raised the usual cry against bicycling and the local press urges the city council to prohibit their being ridden in the streets; but as there are two sides to everything, why not try to prohibit the use of mules? However they are as likely to be prohibited as the bicycle.

C. W. A.

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

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

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

APPLICATIONS.

EDITOR THE BICYCLE:

The following names have been proposed for membership in the Canadian Wheelmen's Association, and are sent to you for publication

JAS. S. BRIERY,

Sec.-Tres. C. W. A.

ST. THOMAS, MARCH 15th, 1883.

AYLMER BICYCLE CLUB.

I. D. McDIARMID, *President.*

PERRY DOOLITTLE, *Captain.*

EARN, A. CLARK Sec	EARN KARNES,
A. E. HAINES,	S. HARPER,
JOHN DURDLE,	JOHN LYON,
FRANK MORRISON,	J. B. OGILVIE,
ED. RICHARDSON,	J. E. PEDLOE,
WM. H. WALSH,	CLARK DILTZ,
C. G. COOK,	E. WALLACE.
G. F. CLARK, JR.	

The London Felloes.

MY DEAR BICYCLE,

The members of the Forest City Bicycle Club are disconsolate. Their genial and enterprising Secretary has left them, and a heavy gloom hangs over all. He has taken his departure for the great North West after being nearly scalped by his successor, in a frantic effort to saw off, with a dull knife, one of those beautiful sunny locks of hair, with which all are so familiar, "Good Bye, old boy, and may you carry London colors to the front in the race for fortune."

But we will look back and review a more cheerful subject. Our First Annual Dinner was held a short time ago, and a "foine toime we had of it entirely, if I do say it myself as shouldn't." All that was needed to make it a perfect success was the company of some of the fraternity from sister clubs, but there were only three days in which to make our arrangements, and the new Secretary had a very misty idea, who to invite, and where to find them, so that a little time was lost in this way. And I am thinking it was a good thing for our caterer, if reports are to be relied on, in regard to the staying powers of some of our friends. Next time however, we will try and give all a chance to put their digestive organs in good condition. After our 1st Bugler had delivered his Oration in reply to the toast of the F. C. B. C., there was a general feeling of

relief that your representative was not present, or the consequences might have been serious if not fatal, and the soft gloves would most assuredly have had a part to perform. He avers that his name has figured before the public some forty times more or less, and that the orthography has had about as many changes but that your able effort in Wagwan was the last and vilest mauling that the classical Dignam (DIGNAM) had suffered. But I really believe your apology and promise not to let it occur again, will fully appease the young man who is really not vicious at heart.

In proposing the guest of the evening, our President, Mr. George Burns, presented Mr. C. B. Keenleyside with a gold ring, suitably engraved. The token was small, but had the good wishes that accompanied it been in tangible form, the load would have been more than he could bear.

We dispersed at a respectable hour, and I am happy to say that no one, not even the Press, had to be conveyed home on that unromantic but useful unicycle commonly known as a wheelbarrow.

Some of the boys keep up their riding in spite of the elements. Our Captain has had a rest for the last few days as the result of his last trip. He appears to have no feelings of thankfulness that it was only a handle instead of his neck that was broken, as is evinced by his puns being as numerous and bad as ever.

It is understood that several of the members intend wheeling to Montreal sometime this summer, and give a standing invitation to any riders who may wish to join them.

I am afraid I have already utilized too much of your valuable space, so no more at present, from

Yours on the fly,

HEADLIGHT.

The Meditative Crank.

Nearer and nearer comes the spring, and stronger and stronger becomes the longing for the days when we may bestride our steeds and wander whereso'er they and fancy may lead us. Be it o'er the hills to Aylmer; be it down the leafy road that leads to Stanley and the lake, to picnic parties on the heights, or boating parties on the deeply-darkly beautifully blue; be it northward to where the Forest City boys call our suburb "home;" be it where Fingal nestles on the plain, it matters little which; all, all, are we picturing to ourselves, and soon we will be there! Already are machines being brightened up, preparatory to selling, for a number of the boys are going to sell their wheels and purchase better ones. This means new recruits, whereat we rejoice. The Forest City Club held its First Annual Dinner the other night, and I've felt ever since that I missed it by not being there. I suppose you will have a full account of the festivities, but you must allow me to drop a tear for the memory of the late Secretary of the Forest City Club. He was the architect of that institution, and the Club, I believe felt proud of its maker. The most enthusiastic wheelman I ever knew, (the present company always excepted,) and his loss will be deeply felt in Western Ontario wheel circles. He departed this life in Ontario and has gone up higher—in Brandon may he never find the cold too cold nor the heat too hot. May he wax strong and mighty through coursing on his steely steed o'er the boundless prairies; may his ready pen still find a corner of THE BICYCLE with blood curdling puns, but may he never tell the story all Manitoba bicyclers feel it their bounden duty to narrate, of

riding for miles over the prairies, holding out ones coat to catch the favoring breeze, and coming in to town several seconds ahead of the tornado. Let him publish anything but that!

The proposed visit of the Chicago Club to Ontario in July, will furnish an opportunity to our men of showing what stuff they are made of. When we visit the states, every possible courtesy and attention is shown us, and we ought to extend a right royal welcome in return when we have the chance. Let as large a number of Canadian riders as possible meet our American cousins at Detroit, and escort them until others are found to take up the agreeable task.

Wheeling is going to do a great deal towards breaking down the barriers betwixt us and our neighbors—friendships are formed by visiting wheelmen, which will last for years, and the circle of friends is ever growing wider and wider. Visits across the border betwixt us and Canada which has been a terra incognita to many an American, until the wheel furnished him the opportunity and the means of visiting it will soon be as familiar to Uncle Sam on wheels as isain countrie. I have received a notice from the Secretary of the Clarion B. Club, that his Club proposes visiting Ontario this summer. Clarion, he says, is in the Mountains Aulds of Western Pennsylvania, and he extends a cordial invitation to Canadian brethren in wheels, to venture their necks among his fastnesses.

CRANK.

Spokes.

A six-year old son of President Millar of the L. A. W., rides a 32 inch bicycle with great skill and grace, and belongs to the Buckeye Bicycle Club, the L. A. W. and the League of Ohio Wheelmen.

The wheelmen of Fostoria have organized a club to be known as the Fostoria Bicycle Touring Club, and have issued a circular of greeting to the wheelmen of the country, and propose to furnish tourists with plans and information respecting routes, roads, hotels, etc. The club now numbers nineteen members.

The president of the Chelsea (Eng.) Bicycle Club is Sir Charles Dilke, M. P.

The Cincinnati bicyclers have been making time in their long-distance races, this winter, at Power Hall, which so nearly approached records that they began to take stock in the supposed influence of the planetary conjunctions, and were actually getting ready to wipe away the boasts of the Louisvillians with scorn when some doubting Thomas among 'em suggested a more thorough investigation of the track measurements, and it was discovered that the tape line had been shortened by several feet, so that they had been circulating around a twelve-lap course only ten times for a mile.

A union of all the bicycling associations of France has been effected by simply ignoring the definition of an amateur, and admitting all wheelmen, irrespective of that qualification to the Union Velocipedique de France.

The 'Cyclist reports the case of a well-known racing bicyclist who "suddenly went out of form," and supposed some physical ailment had attacked him; but subsequently, taking his machine to the makers for overhauling, it was discovered that a quantity of steel filings had been left in the front wheel bearings, (ball) and had worn them half away.

A. A. Jones, of Maitland, who rides a sixty inch wheel has moved to Manitoba.

A correspondent from Arkona writes saying that a club is being formed there, and that it is their intention to join the C. W. A.

A Bicycle Club has been organized at Woodstock, with 18 members. S. G. McKay Secretary.

Some Frenchman has just been developing an old water velocipede invention, a description of which indicates a similarity to Hazlett's marine bicycle, except that it is propelled by paddles instead of a screw.

It is said that the secretary of the Bicycle Union, Mr. W. Pye English, will resign his position at the close of the present term, his legitimate business demanding all his attention.

The Cincinnati *Times-Star*, which has a column or two on wheel matters every Friday, thus speaks of Secretary Frank M. Smith, of the Portsmouth (Ohio) Bicycle Club: "Mr. Smith had the misfortune to be shot in his left knee during the late war, and he still suffers from the wound to such an extent as to prevent him from making a mount in the usual manner. so he is obliged to place his right foot upon the step and swing on to the saddle without starting the machine, meanwhile grasping the handle bar with his left hand—a very difficult feat. After he has seated himself in the saddle he bears down on the pedal and off he goes. All this is done with great rapidity of course, and greatly amused the local bicyclers, who will now be attempting to do likewise, merely as an accomplishment."

The Chicago Bicycle Club has voted to have a perpetual challenge five-mile medal, open to all members, valued at \$50.00. The loser of every race must add a bar, with inscription of when raced for and by whom won. The medal can be raced for every thirty days, if wanted.

The Lowell Bicycle Club have elected the following officers:—President, Paul Butler; Captain, F. A. Fielding; Lieutenant, Edward Ellingwood; Secretary, Henry Dunlap; Treasurer, W. N. Sawyer; Buglers, J. C. Ayer and R. H. Duckworth.

The Kentucky Bicycle Club gave an entertainment at the Exposition Rink, Friday Ev'g February 23, which brought out a large crowd and proved very attractive. The main feature was the race between Louisville, Chicago and Cincinnati, a dash of five miles. The race was won by Newton Crawford, of Louisville, in a little over eighteen minutes. Mr. W. R. Crawford, who was entered from Chicago, has made the same distance in sixteen minutes and seven seconds, and Friday night he showed himself the fastest rider, but fell twice, breaking his machine, and had to withdraw from the contest. Cincinnati was never in the race.

An English Ferryman ends up his list of tolls thus: "Asses and bicycles, 6d." This is rather rough.

We have received a sample of cloth for the new Bicycle Touring Club uniform, together with illustrations for style of cut, etc. The cloth is a fine dark grey check of good weight and texture. It is being adopted by many English Clubs.—*Bi. World*.

It is reported that the professionals, W. J. Morgan, champion of Canada, Wm. M. Woodside, champion of Ireland, J. H. Canary the well known fancy rider, and Maggie Wallace, with L. A. Miles as manager, and Bronson Wallace as advance agent, will make a tour of the East and West. They will ride in all the principal towns, and will give medals for amateur competition.

Capt. Everett, of the Boston Club, who rides a Coventry Convertible, has made an attachment for an auxiliary seat for a child, which he uses with good success. Mr. Bassett of the Chelsea Tricycle Club, who rides the single form of the same machine, has also an attachment of a different kind for the same purpose. The former throws the extra weight midway on the machine, but the latter has put the greater portion of it on the driver.

THE FINAL MEET.

An Extravaganza,
In one wild stanza.

When the last solemn day of judgment shall break,
And all the world's collected races quake,
On a sixty-inch, and translucent with zeal,
Shall be seen the guardian god of the wheel
To the numberless multitude assembled there,
This is the mandate that he will declare:
Come, all ye bicyclists, be blest on my right;
Go, you faint-legg'd ones, and sink from my sight.

D.

C. W. Nairn of the *Cyclist* is reported to have said that he will never again ride a bicycle, but will use the tricycle in the future. The *Tricycling Journal* says, "Another good man gone right."

One of our heavy riders had occasion, the other day, to leave his bicycle by the side of the road, while attending to some business, and, fearing that some one would meddle with it, fastened the following card upon a post against which his bicycle was leaning, "The owner of this bicycle weighs two hundred and thirty pounds and is a heavy hitter. Will be back in fifteen minutes." When he returned he found his bicycle gone, but on the card was written, "The man that stole your bicycle rides fifteen miles an hour, and will not be back at all."

Boston Bubbles.

The sun is shining brightly as I write, and the prospects are that we shall soon have good roads and plenty of riding.

The Boston Club opened the riding season on March 1st, with 8 members out. The roads were very soft and the riding hard.

The Ramblers followed the matter right up, and on the fourth turned out seven men.

The most important change in wheeling matter here is the accession of Mr. J. S. Dean to the editorial management of the *Bicycling World*. He has many friends who will undoubtedly help him should he need it.

Mr. C. W. Fourdrinier takes Mr. Dean's place as Editorial contributor. He is a very graceful and bright writer, and will be a valuable addition to the paper.

At a meeting of the C. T. C., formerly the B. T. C., held at the Boston Club House, Mr. Henry W. Williams of the Massachusetts Club was elected State Consul for Massachusetts vice, J. S. Dean, resigned.

The Boston and Massachusetts Clubs, held a joint delegates meeting the other night, to nominate a ticket for State League Officials.

These two Clubs talk of a joint run soon; indeed, ever since Mr. E. C. Hodge's manly speech at the Mass. Club Dinner, a better feeling has prevailed between the two clubs.

It is better so, as there was no good to result from enmity.

The Bostons will wind up the season with a ladies reception, and it is said that they will not wear their uniforms.

Well, why should they wear them when not on the wheel. In fact, it always seemed very inappropriate to wear dusty and greasy riding suits to social gatherings.

Trike, Trike, Trike, is all we hear of now a days, and unless I am much mistaken, we will see many of these wheelers on the road before fall.

The Crescents have been keeping very quiet, but will no doubt be heard from ere long.

Mr. A. D. Claffin, of the Massachusetts Club, is quite ill, which is probably the reason that they have had no called runs this season.

The Howard Club will hold a race meeting this spring, at Beacan Park, and some fast time is expected.

The Boston Club are talking of taking a trip to Montreal, as they are all anxious to renew the acquaintance with the Montreal Club, formed in Boston, in 1881.

If they do go, they will make it lively for the Montrealers.

I will try and give you more interesting matter next letter.

EKO.

"They Were Seven."

I met a man well mounted once,
(On a fifty four he said,
The air was thick with curls, (of smoke)
That clustered round his head.

"Of fellow bicyclists," said I,
"How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven coves," he said
"Started, including me."

"And where are they I pray you tell?"
He answered "Seven were we,"
But two of us collided, fell,
And smashed machines, diyon see?"

"And one who on the foot-path rode,
Was nailed by the police;
And one rode back to his abode,
To study "Ancient Greece."

"What happened to the other two
That you are here alone?"
"Why one of them run o'er a dog,
And so got badly thrown."

"And one got down to have a beer,
And said he thought he'd stay,
If I would call for him again,
Upon my homeward way."

"Why, then of course, you're only one,
By the account you've givin',"
"That's where you're wrong, old man" he said
"I tell you we are seven."

"But what with accidents and dogs,
Police and 'Rubs" said I,
"Your meet now numbers one alone,
Now then said he you lie."

And then he turned and rode away,
As quickly as might be,
I yelled full loud, "you're only one,"
He bellowed, "Seven are we."

ANON.

OTTAWA, March 15th. 1883.

Clinton Headers.

Last year R. Holmes, of the *Clinton New Era*, was the only person who could ride a bicycle here; this year there are four others who are riding, and the prospects are that there will be more.

Nearly all the towns in this country have riders, and an effort is being made to induce them to form an association,

All the roads in this vicinity are fit for riding, but are yet a trifle rough. This should be a section where bicycles might become as plentiful as flies in June, for there are a number of splendid level thoroughfares.

R. H.

THE BICYCLE.

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

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

At 99 North James Street, Hamilton, Canada.

TERMS :

One Copy one year, - - - \$1.00.

Advertising rates on application.

Make checks, drafts and money-orders payable to J. H. Eager, to whom subscriptions, applications for advertising space and all communications relating to THE BICYCLE's business department should be sent.

All matter intended for publication in this paper should be addressed personally to the Editor. We cannot undertake to return rejected MS., and will not publish items or news sent us unless accompanied by the name of sender, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Contributors will oblige by writing on one side of the paper only, and by making their favors as terse as possible. Correspondence, short spy sketches, clippings and other aids will be appreciated.

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

This Paper.

When six months ago the first number of this paper was issued, its publishers had a feeling that its success was almost a certainty. That feeling, we are happy to say, is confirmed by the hearty support we have received from Canadian Wheelmen. To-day THE BICYCLE is in a position of comparative independence, which is all the more satisfactory to us, when we reflect that it has been brought there by its own merits, and not by the aid of offering commissions and prizes to canvassers, as the rag, tag and bobtail sheets do. When a paper descends to offering prizes to the person who secures the largest number of subscribers, it is a pretty sure sign of worthlessness, and that the public appreciate it as it deserves.

With its next number THE BICYCLE enters upon its second volume, and with that number, many important improvements and changes will be made in it. To carry out our designs successfully, we want the aid of Canadian Cyclers. This paper is intended to be the representative and mouth-piece of Canadian Wheelmen. If our friends will remember this and send us all the home news they can, they will help us to make it what it is intended to be, and save us from the necessity of devoting so much of our space to American affairs. We cannot print Canadian news when we have not got it, and we have no means of procuring it except through Canadian Wheelmen.

Secretaries of Canadian Clubs are requested to send us a complete list of the members of their clubs, with the

officers, date of formation, etc., and also to send us notices of any social meetings, periodical business, meets, runs, etc. These will be published under a special club heading. Correspondence is also solicited. Correspondents will please remember that they must send us their real names with their *nomes de plume*, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

In thanking our friends for their recognition of THE BICYCLE's merits, we wish to call the attention of those few who have not subscribed, that it is time that they did so, a little help from you all and THE BICYCLE will boom and Canadian Wheelmen will have a paper that they can indeed be proud of.

False Teaching.

The gifted but unappreciated Mr. Fred. Jenkins, editor of the marvellous *Wheel*, is, in some respects, one of the most wonderful and remarkable men that ever entered the arid and unprofitable waste of bicycling journalism. There is no man, perhaps, not even the "Howl" or the accomplished Mr. Chas. E. Pratt, to whom has been given so many uncommon talents. Mr. Jenkins we fancy, stands somewhat as Saint Peter is represented in a stained-glass church window, and consents to be admired, nay worshipped, by the rest of the world.

Mr. Jenkin's extraordinary ability is attested by the best authority Mr. Wm. E. Gilman, Mr. J. S. Dean, Mr. E. C. Hodges, "Juvenis" and other eminent wheelmen, speak of his peculiar logic, his genius for misrepresentation, his easy and careless betrayal of confidences his appetite, his feet and his æsthetic tastes with bated breath. It might well be supposed, then, that he would find his position as editor of the *Wheel* an easy one; and we might readily be pardoned for expecting editorials as naive as the confessions of Rousseaux, as fearless as Mattice's letters to the *Toronto Globe*, and as interesting as the dying speech of a condemned culprit.

It is with much reluctance that we express our great disappointment in Mr. Jenkins as an Editor. His articles are written in a misleading style, and are not tempered with that nice sense of honor and justice that we expect from so great and good a man. They are not at all satisfying either as regards rhetoric or honesty of purpose. The *Wheels'* editorial columns have been made a channel through which to misrepresent and abuse the *Bicycling World*. It is all very well for one paper to damn another when the doing

of it does some public good, but when the damning is done for the purpose of personal aggrandizement and by misrepresentation and falsehood, it becomes dishonest and contemptible. Mr. Jenkins must know that to advance the interest of his own paper with the *League*, he had mis-applied extracts from the *Bicycling World*, and that in doing it, he has borne false witness against his neighbor; that instead of preserving his paper's independence, he had toadied to the *League*, and to a certain prominent bicycle manufacturer on every possible occasion; that he has acted latterly in such a manner as to win for himself the contempt of every honest man. His great heart must have swollen many a time when he thought of these things. That keen sense of right and wrong which he possesses, must have urged him time and again to expose himself as he had exposed the secrets and betrayed the confidences of others. But he kept his lips sealed. It seems to us this is a false sense of delicacy. Mr. Fred. Jenkins should have exposed himself ruthlessly.

If there was a wrong done to the *League* by the *Bicycling World*, why did not this self-constituted champion right it honestly? Surely there was no need to twist and torture meanings from paragraphs that the man who wrote them never intended them to bear; that they did not bear when read in their proper place in the articles that they originally formed parts off. But was there a wrong done? To us it seems that Mr. Fred. Jenkins has done nothing to show that the *World* has acted otherwise than as a good friend to the *League*; he has done nothing to show that his abuse of the *World* has not been to gain for his own paper the rather doubtful prestige that the "official organship" of the *League* lends.

Mr. Jenkins false teaching places him in a peculiar position. It renders him liable to general suspicion. If he acts dishonestly in one case, what will he not do in another? The editor of a paper should be one in whom confidence can be placed, whose word can be relied on. Can the bicycling public rely on Mr. Jenkins? It certainly seems as if it can not.

Wake Up.

Winter is over and spring is upon us. Overhead the sky is growing bluer daily; the soil yields to the pressure of the foot; the robin sends forth his cheery note from all around; the trees are beginning to bud, the sun is getting warmer and warmer; all over this fair

Canada of ours, old Mother Nature is recovering from her long, snow-bound nap, and preparing to don her beautiful verdure. She is waking up and waking up with a will.

Bicyclers should do the same. The snow-covered roads with their ruts and general unpleasantness are things of the past. Traveling is fair now. It will soon be good. It is time for wheelmen to look alive and attend to their sport and its interests.

We are sorry to have to say that there does not seem to be that enthusiasm among them that we could wish for; that should be if wheeling is to prosper in Canada. The number of names of applicants for admission to the C. W. A., that Mr. Brierley sends us this month is ridiculously small. Time is flying and there is none to spare. If the wheeling fraternity wish to secure for themselves the advantages that the Association gives, they should join at once. On the first of July next, the first annual meeting takes place. What encouragement will it be to the few who have applied for admission to find that four or five hundred others are holding aloof from them and leaving the few to form an Association from which so many advantages can and assuredly will be derived.

The trouble generally seems to be, that Canadian wheelmen are cursed with that wretched habit of procrastination. "Oh, I'll join when I have time," seems to be the general story. But the days fly by, the time never seems to come and the few who have the real interests of their sport at heart and are quick to do all they can for its advancement, feel downhearted and discouraged when such a bucketful of cold water is dashed over their hopes and their plans.

If wheelmen, individually or collectively, wish to help the association, that seemed such a promising flower at the start, they want to go to work with a will and send in their names and do all they can for it *at once*, so that it will be a very healthy infant on the first of next July.

Duty.

Up to the time of going to press we have received no authoritative information as to the expected change in the duty on bicycles. Petitions from some of the clubs have been sent in and a deputation is to wait upon the Finance Minister with a view of getting the duties removed or greatly reduced. We cannot think it likely that the Minister will listen to any proposal so contrary to the spirit of the National Policy. That the duty will be changed is not unlikely, but any change consented to by the Government will naturally be in favor of increased protection to the manufactories of bicycles already established or in contemplation. Under

the present tariff 30% ad valorem is charged both on finished machines and on parts and materials finished or unfinished for bicycle building, with the exception of the tyres and cement and some of the pieces which come under the head of wire or of iron or steel in bars. It has been suggested that there be an *ad valorem* duty of 20% on all bicycles or materials with a specific duty of \$10.00 on finished machines. This would afford Canadian manufacturers an ample protection on all the lower grades of bicycles, and would not very materially increase the cost of the higher grades of imported machines. While as wheelmen we would like to see the bicycle brought within the reach of a greater number, we cannot expect that the Government will refuse to extend to the Canadian makers of bicycles the same measure of protection that it affords to other branches of home industry.

A Chance for Canadians.

The Chicago Bicycle club has voted to take a long midsummer tour through Canada, occupying the first ten days of July. The plan is to leave Chicago on the 5.15 train of the Michigan Central, Saturday afternoon, 30 June, arriving at Ann Arbor, Mich., at four o'clock Sunday morning. From Ann Arbor, Mich., the trip will be made to Detroit, thirty-five miles, on wheel. Leaving Detroit Monday morning, the direct road through Canada will be taken, leading along the line of the Canada Southern Railway to St. Thomas, one hundred and sixteen miles from Detroit. Thence fifteen miles north to London, where an opportunity will be given to those who desire to take a spin up to Goderich, on Lake Huron, fifty miles north. From thence the course will be along the line of the Grand Trunk Railway to Hamilton, Niagara Falls, and Buffalo, and here the tour for which positive preparations have been made, will end. It is the intention, if agreeable, to carry it down as far as Dunkirk, and possibly Erie, along the shore of Lake Erie, but this may take up more time than the majority may wish to devote to the tour. The return will be by boat to Detroit, and cars to Chicago. Ten days will be the time set for the journey from Detroit to Buffalo, which will make the average wheeling under twenty-five miles per day. The roads taken in on the tour are the finest in the country, and scenery and objects of interest the most attractive. The Chicago Club, with great generosity, issues a general invitation to wheelmen to join in the tour. L. W. Conkling, 180 Madison Street, Chicago, will furnish any information as to expenses, etc.

Canadian wheelmen visiting the States have always been well treated by, and received every courtesy from their American brethren. Here is a chance for them to return the many kindnesses they have received. It has been settled to hold the C. W. A. convention at London on the 2nd of July. Why should not some of our Canadian cyclists go up to Detroit and escort the Americans to London? A great body of Canadian wheelmen will be there and they could do the honors in extra style. It will be a courtesy from Canadians that we feel assured will be greatly appreciated by the Chicagonians.

The Bugler.

*In bugling
Mend him who can't. The loudes call him sweet.
—Love's Labor Lost, revised.*

The fair editor of the *Portfolio* in returning thanks for my eulogistic notice of her paper a couple of months ago, calls my attention to one or two errors which she says I made. To start off with, she says the *Portfolio* does not exchange with THE BICYCLE. She must speak to the business manager about this. He certainly brings me a copy of the *Portfolio* every month, and as certainly instructed the mailing clerk to send a copy of THE BICYCLE regularly. Further than this deponent knoweth not. But she accuses me of being "behind the times," because I spoke of the paper as being published at the Wesleyan Female College instead of at the Wesleyan Ladies' College. Now I do not think I am, for in the very column that she corrects me in, she takes one of the "young ladies" to task for chewing gum. With all due deference to that superior wisdom that characterizes the *Portfolio's* editor, I would rise to remark that no young lady would ever chew gum. Do you see the point *ma'm'selle*?

But let that rest. The editor of the *Portfolio* is a soaring soul. She is soaring way off into that plane of literary grandeur that has hitherto been exclusively occupied by the Hamilton correspondent of the *Toronto Globe*. The *Portfolio* will continue to be the most dazzling coruscation of supernal genius that this planet ever winked at.

C. B. Keenleyside, for a long while back the secretary of the F. C. B. C. of London, has left there and gone to wrestle with fickle Fortune in the North-West.

Mr. Keenleyside leaves a good record behind him and carries with him the good will of all his old companions, and their wishes for his continued success in the new country. Before Mr. Keenleyside left, a supper was given him and he was made the recipient of a handsome ring and voted a life member of the club. I clip the following account of the affair from the *Advertiser* of Feb. 24, 1883:

The first annual supper of the Forest Bicycle Club, held in their well-furnished, commodious and handsomely-decorated rooms at 85 Dundas street, took place last evening, and proved to be a most enjoyable affair. The chief object of the gathering was to pay a farewell tribute to the late secretary of the club, Mr. C. B. Keenleyside, one of the most active and enterprising of Canadian wheelmen, who leaves for the North-west on Monday. The supper, gotten up in complete order and excellent taste by Mr. Bradford, of Dundas street, was first treated with liberal justice. The chair was then taken by the president of the club, Geo. Burns, jr., the 1st vice-chair by Stanley Williams, and the 2nd vice-chair by James Reid, and toasts loyal, patriotic and bicyclic, followed in rapid succession. Mirth overflowed, puns, ran riot, joke butted against joke, and speeches that would have done credit to a much more pretentious occasion, were given by the boys in the happiest, jolliest "stand and deliver" fashion. The "Army and Navy" was responded to by the secretary, C. McLean, and R. Patton, with songs and speeches from Messrs. Geo. Lills, Geo. Forsythe, Alex. Reid and Henry Brunton. The Toast THE BICYCLE elicited a response from Mr. Merriman, of Hamilton. The "Canadian Wheelmen's Association" called up Wm. Payne and C. B. Keenleyside. The "Forest City Bicycle Club" provoked replies from Captain Burns, secretary McLean, lieutenant Bezz, and a song from bugler Diaman. The toast of the "Guest of the Evening" was proposed by the chairman in a few hearty, complimentary remarks, which he closed by handing to Mr. Keenleyside a handsome and valuable enamelled ring, the gift of the club, inscribed as follows: "To C. B. Keenleyside, from the Forest City Bicycle Club, making him a life member." The toast was drunk with applause, and Mr. Keenleyside made a neat and grateful response. The toast of "The Visitors" was responded to by Mr. Merriman, of Hamilton; "The Ladies" by Geo. D. Cameron, and "The Press" by D. McIntyre, R. Evans and J. S. Willison.

The Christmas number of the 'Cyclist' is a very fine one, albeit there are some things in it that to a Canadian mind are decidedly perplexing. "Faed," Mr. A. J. Wilson, contributes a sketch which he heads "Where are the Police?" It represents a man and woman, who have been riding on a "Sociable" and have met with an accident, standing on their heads in a mud-puddle in which a board is stuck with the words, "Rubbish mms' not be shot here" painted on it. Now I never saw a girl standing on her head in all my life, but I fancy if one was to attempt anything so ungraceful and unladylike, the bottom of her skirts would yield to the attraction of gravitation, and fly earthwards, thereby exposing a considerable amount of dimity and parti-colored hose to the gaze of a curious world. Yet, strange to say, in Mr. Wilson's sketch, the young woman's dress stands up as stiff and rigid as if it were starched and only a pair of peculiarly-shaped boots, appear waving frantically above the bottom (that's not a bull!) apparently supported on nothing. I cannot account for this except it be, perhaps, the difference in climate.

A story in it called "Hetty A. Fragment,"—queer name for a girl that!—has a paragraph in it that is exciting, I am told, a considerable amount of discussion amongst the medical fraternity. Here it is. The italics are mine:

I need not describe the whole race, suffice it to say that at the twenty-second lap, Droitey, who was half a lap behind the rest, swerved, fell over the head of his machine, and hit his head against the inside rail of the enclosure. A cry came from the lookers on. *His backbone was broken off short by the head. He got up at once and though pale and bleeding from a slight cut on the temple said he was "all right."* At that instant a machine was handed over the enclosure and ridden round to where he was. He mounted it.

This is startling. It reminds one somewhat of Mrs. Randolph's "Mysteries of Udolpho." I cannot understand it. I fancy if my backbone was broken close by my head or any place else it would settle my existence on this mundane sphere. Is the difference in climate accountable for this abnormal physical peculiarity too?

Wm. E. Gilman has resigned his editorial position on the *Bicycling World*, and J. S. Dean, who has been connected with it for many years, has taken his place. Mr. Dean is best known as "London W." and few of us can forget the weekly column of pithy, witty paragraphs that have so long appeared in the *World* over that signature. Mr. Dean brings considerable knowledge and literary ability to the editorial chair with him, and I do not think a better man could be secured for the position. C. W. Fourdrinier has been engaged as editorial contributor.

Attention is called to the advertisement in another column of "Lyra Bicyclica" a book of wheeling verse by J. G. Dalton. Mr. Dalton's book is conceded by all who have read it to be one of the cleverest efforts of cool, unblushing audacity that has ever been brought to light, and in this age when silly school-girls

edit papers and boys in their teens are cynics and philosophers, and glory in a talent for sarcasm, it needs something entirely out of the common to command attention. I have read Mr. Dalton's book and enjoyed it very much indeed, and all I can say to those wheelmen who wish something particularly good is to send and get a copy.

I have found out at last that bicycles belong to the feminine gender. The other day I was walking down one of the principal streets here and I passed a couple of young men admiring a bicycle exposed to view in a shop window. "Egad, Jim," said one of them as I went by. "She's a daisy, by Jove! she'd break a feller's back!" I could hardly agree with this latter assertion, but I felt quite glad that the matter of sex had been settled. But that back-breaking business puzzles me.

A once valued contributor has handed me the following: "Seasonable Athletics for 1883. A long spring and a summer set backward." After this we can hardly be expected to lament if he should experience an early fall and a summerset forwards (over the handle-bar). This reminds me of the refrain of a song recently contributed to my waste paper basket:

Over the handle-bar. Over the handle-bar.
There never was yet such eyes of jet,
As any wheelman now can get,
By turning a forward summerset,
Over the handle-bar.

It is unnecessary to add that I refrain from publishing this effusion in full.

It is necessary perhaps for me to apologize for the lateness of this issue, but circumstances prevented its being issued on time. I can enter into no explanation of the delay, and can only promise that it will not occur again. Arrangements have been made by which the paper will be issued promptly on the 15th of each month after this.

Chicago Chat.

DEAR BICYCLE,

The leading event since you last heard from our city was the Hermes Bicycle club tournament, and it was a grand affair too. To think of a club of minors organizing a series of races and renting the largest building in the West, and holding successful races—is worthy of note.

One mile, best two in three heats—First heat, S. G. Sturges, H. B. C., 3m. 18½s.; J. Valentine, C. B. C., 3m. 19s.; W. F. Franke, Falls City, B. C., Louisville, Ky., 3-Second heat—Sturges, 3m. 19s.; Franke, 3m. 21s.; Valentine, 3.

Quarter mile—W. R. Crawford, H. B. C., 45½s.; G. L. Harvey, H. B. C., 45½s.

Three mile handicap—J. R. W. Sargent, H. B. C., 15 seconds, 10m. 32s.; S. W. Holloway, Kentucky B. C., Louisville, Ky., 20 seconds, 10m. 37s.; J. Valentine, C. B. C., scratch, 0; N. H. Nan Sicklew, 15 seconds, 0; E. Mehrling, 25 seconds, 0; S. H. Powell, 30 seconds, 0.

Half mile—C. H. Jenkins, Ky. B. C., 1m. 32½s.; M. O. Hull, H. B. C., 1m. 36½s.; P. N. Kellogg, 3.

Five miles—C. H. Jenkins, Ky. B. C., 17m. 41½s.; W. R. Crawford, H. B. C., 17m. 41½s.

Quarter mile—W. R. Crawford, 46s.; C. H. Jenkins, 46¼s.

Two miles for those who never won a race, best two in three heats—First heat, L. Johnson, F. C. B. C., 6m. 57½s.; C. E. Murison, H. B. C., 6m. 58s.; E. Mehrling, C. B. C., 3-Second heat, Johnson, 7m. 23s.; Murison, 0; Mehrling, 0.

Two mile handicap—E. Mehrling, C. B. C., 15 seconds, 7m. 48s.; J. Valentine, C. B. C., scratch, 7m. 19½s.; W. T. Franke, F. C. B. C., scratch, 0; C. Calkins, scratch, 0.

One mile, professional—W. Eck, 3m. 36s.; T. B. Botevoyle, 3m. 48s.

Ten miles—C. H. Jenkins, Ky. B. C., and W. R. Crawford, H. B. C., rode a dead heat.

Mayor Harrison was on hand and gave us a good deal of bicycle taffy as is his wont.

He always says he will learn to ride the bike but he never has. Harrison is a royal good fellow and a friend of the wheelmen. Mrs. Mayor Harrison was on hand also and cheered loudly for our Crawford.

But enough if these races, now for the news.

The Canadian tour is now assuming shape and it appears to be the impression all around this section of country that it will be the event of the wheeling season.

The club (C. B. I. C.) had received numerous promises of reinforcements and it is possible that a hundred wheelmen will "do the tour" hope so.

B. B. Ayres, has executed a fine (was going to say full sized) map of Canada, showing the proposed route.

Ayres is really the founder of this idea, and it is by his descriptions of the "el-e-gant" roads, etc., that the idea was pushed.

By the way Ayres once wrote me up in the *World*, and I think he cannot blame me if I return the compliment.

Mr. Ayers is a quiet steady fellow, but get him talking, and he throws his arms up in wild gesticulations of his latest scheme. "Elegant" is his great word. He was our secretary for three years, and used to take reports in shorthand and produce them neatly written on the type writer. You should visit his sanctum at his home—a rather small room prepared after his own taste, and decorated with bicycle pictures.

A piano on which he extemporizes, and a type writer afford him amusement evenings, he seldom goes out of an evening, and usually sits all alone with the piano and type writer. As a rider he is fine, and as a racer always comes in third so as not to make any hard feelings, he is now chairman of the transportation committee, C. A. W.—was on racing board but resigned.

Hope you will all see him next summer as he rides his 54 D. H. F. Premier through Canada.

Arrangements have just been completed for a six-day bicycle race for the championship of America, the event to occur May 21 to 26, at the armory of Battery D. This race is to be twelve hours per day for six days, from 11 o'clock in the morning to 11 o'clock in the evening, the contestant making the greatest number of miles to be the winner of a handsome trophy of gold and silver work representing the championship of America, and a share of the gate receipts. An entrance fee of \$25 will be charged all contestants. The races will be *bona fide*, and no hippodroming work will be tolerated. Mr. Frank Yates will act as referee. It is expected that all the best long-distance riders will enter, T. W. Eck, will manage the affair. The starters are expected to be W. C. Young, W. M. Woodside, John Wilson, G. Harrison, R. Smith, Fred. Westbrook, and probably several others.

CHIC.

Fifth Annual Meeting of the Montreal Bicycle Club.

The fifth annual business meeting of the Montreal Bicycle club was held on Thursday evening, 12 April, 1883, Capt. H. S. Tibbs in the chair.

There was a large attendance of members and much enthusiasm was displayed. After routine business, the election of officers for the ensuing year took place with the following result: H. S. Tibbs, President; A. T. Lane, Vice-President; J. D. Miller, (P.O. box 1148) Hon. Secretary-Treasurer; J. A. Muirhead, R. MacCulloch, W. G. Ross, G. DeSola, Committee; J. A. Muirhead, Captain; J. H. Law, 1st Lieutenant; Rollo Campbell, 2nd Lieutenant; J. D. Miller, Bugler; G. B. Pearson, Jr., Standard Bearer.

A committee was appointed to purchase a double set of musical gongs to be played while riding. It is expected that when this is got up, the effect will be very fine.

After some "Bicycular" conversation and after many wishes had been expressed for the speedy disappearance of the snow the meeting adjourned.

Races.

BOSTON, March 19.

Some time ago John S. Prince, issued a challenge of the following tenor: That he would ride 20 miles straightaway against four men, who should ride a relieving race of five miles each. After remaining open some time the conditions were finally agreed too, and on the evening of the 17th, over 2,000 assembled at the Institute Building to witness the race. Mr. Eugene E. Merrill, acted as referee, while Messrs. J. G. Lathrop, A. L. Easterbrook, and W. J. Walsh were named as timekeepers.

The contestants named against Prince were J. W. Wilson, Boston; C. J. Young, East Boston; R. A. Neilson, Boston, and W. M. Woodside, New York. The agreed conditions of the race as understood by the contestants and officials seem to be something difficult to find out, and this bungling and carelessness on some one's part, turned what otherwise would have been an interesting race into a complete failure, partially redeemed by the enthusiasm over Prince, who rode until he had completed the distance. The result proved, first, the necessity for written conditions, even to the minutest detail; second, that all engaged should fully understand the arrangements; third, that the officials should take nothing for granted but be absolutely sure that everything is understood; fourth, that unless cool headed officials are in the stand (as was the present case) a slight mistake will create untold confusion; fifth, that a flying start for a relieving race is not a successful venture, unless in exceptional cases.

At the appointed time John S. Prince, and J. W. Wilson appeared at the scratch, at the signal the latter started off, while Prince took to his rival's small wheel and followed him. The race was maintained until nearly the close of the five miles, when Prince spurts and passes Wilson, and gains nearly three quarters of a lap. Coming round on the last lap, the signal is given for the relief, when Young, (the three relief men had flying starts), instead of waiting, and crossing the scratch with Wilson, crosses with Prince, thus causing Prince to lose all that he had previously gained. Hisses for Young, and cheers for Prince, now rent the air at every circuit, and as each lap was completed, Prince slowed up to protest, until Young had gained a lap, when Prince set to work again to fall in behind his competitor. Meanwhile the greatest confusion existed among the spectators, and the idea was suggested and entertained by the referee of stop-

ping the race. The necessity of refunding the money at the door and other considerations, however, prevailed, and the riders were allowed to proceed. Prince followed his rival until the fourth lap of the tenth mile, when he again spurred to the front. The next relieving man, Neilson, started well behind Young thus losing much distance. Prince however held up, and Neilson took the lead, while Prince pursued his old tactics of dogging and spurting at the end of the fifteenth mile. Woodside now enters as the last competitor, and takes the van, while Prince contents himself by pushing him at a high rate of speed, and an interesting finish is promised. But disappointment again steps in, for the pistol heretofore used for the last lap is now fired at the beginning of the last mile, with the result that Woodside rides one more lap, and dismounts while Prince continues amid great applause until the twenty miles are finished. The right or wrong of firing the pistol is a disputed point, it being claimed, on the one side, that several of the four riders knew it, and they should have notified their companions, while on the other it is held that the previous custom had been to fire at the beginning of the last lap, and special notification to all was required for the change. After a general consultation, the referee finally declared that "Prince wins the race, and all pools are off."

The time for Prince's miles are: 1, 3.19; 2, 3.23½; 3, 2.28½; 4, 3.33; 5, 3.17; 6, 3.32; 7, 3.34; 8, 3.20; 9, 3.25½; 10, 3.13½; 11, 3.23; 12, 3.31; 13, 3.31; 14, 3.31; 15, 3.21; 16, 3.11; 17, 3.18; 18, 3.21; 19, 3.22; 20, 3.12½. Total by Mr. Lathrop's watch, 1h. 7m. 48s.; by Mr. Easterbrook's, 1h. 7m. 47½s. Official time, 1h. 7m. 47½s.

Five mile straightaway for amateurs who never won a prize. Of eleven entries the following appeared: T. Coleman, East Boston; P. Aubin, Newton; A. D. Rice, Rockbury, and James Hughes, East Boston. The quartette having interchanged positions a number of times, finally settled down at the end of the fourth mile to Coleman, Aubin and Rice while Hughes withdrew. This was the order of the finish, the times being: Coleman, 19m. 40s.; Aubin, 19m. 42s.; Rice, 19m. 42½s.

Five mile match between J. W. Wilson and G. Harrison. Wilson kept the lead throughout, while Harrison held to his wheel. The times for Wilson's miles were: 1, 3.38; 2, 3.34; 3, 3.33; 4, 3.24½; 5 miles, 17m. 43½s.

PHILADELPHIA, March 10.

At Industrial Hall; track, 16 laps, with sharp corners.

Ten miles, professional—W. M. Woodside, 43m. 15s.; W. J. Morgan, 45m. 23s.

Five mile handicap, amateur, first round—First heat, J. Green, 25 seconds, 21m. 53s.; S. H. Crawford, 20 seconds, 21m. 55s.; W. Smith, scratch, disqualified for foul riding. Second heat, J. Dyson, 20 seconds, 21m. 50½s.; R. Brewer, 25 seconds, 22m. 21½s. Final heat, Dyson, 20m. 47½s.; Green, 20m. 59½s.

Fancy riding—A. W. Hansell, 1; B. Pressey, 0; Master Dubois, 0.

CINCINNATI, March 22.

At Power Hall, parade by C. B. C.

Ten mile—J. Wright, Walnut Wanderers, 38m. 16½s.; W. H. Reed, C. B. C., 38m. 17½s.

Five mile, for challenge championship medal of C. B. C.—E. Landy, 18m. 32s.; H. H. Hall, 18m. 45s.; W. H. Galway, 0; J. Barclay, 0.

One mile, (boys)—E. Muhlhauser, 3m. 47s.; J. Taylor, 0; G. MacKey, 0; F. Jennings, 0. Two miles—C. Townly, 7m. 22s.; T. W. Scarborough, 7m. 30½s.; N. E. W. Pearson, 0; C. J. Jennings, 0.

One mile—J. A. Caely, 4m. 2s.; Chas. H. Allan, 2; W. E. H. March, 0.

CINCINNATI, O., March 15.

Drill by Cincinnati Bicycle club. Ten mile race—J. Wright, Walnut Wanderers, 41m.; W. H. Reed; C. B. C., 41m. 18s.; J. Barclay, 3.

Five mile race for challenge championship medal of C. B. C.—W. Galway, 18m. 55s.; H. Hall, 19m. 7½s.; C. Townley and E. Landy collided and fell on the third mile. E. Ammen stopped on the second mile. One mile race (boys)—A. Muhlhauser, 3m. 50s.; F. Jennings, 2. Two mile race—A. W. MacBriar, 7m. 59s.; J. Innes, 2; A. Wolley, 3; F. Jennings, 4. One mile race—H. S. Livingston, 3m. 8s.; C. Allen, 0; O. M. Galway; 0. Fatmen's race—F. Dawson, 3m. 57s.; G. Davis, 0; M. J. Norton, 0; W. A. Whiting, 0.

The Fifty Mile Illinois Amateur Championship.

A few weeks ago L. W. Conklin, a member of the Chicago Bicycle Club, issued a challenge to any amateur in Illinois to ride a fifty mile race; if not accepted he would claim the championship. The gauntlet was taken up by Henry Schempler and Mehring, and April 2 fixed upon for the contest. The race took place in the gallery of the Exposition Building (owing to repairs being done on the lower floor,) and a comparatively small audience of ladies and gentlemen assembled to witness the same. Mehring failed to put in appearance, and the contest was between the challenger and Schempler. The latter appeared to good advantage in a handsome riding suit of light blue, and Conklin none the less attractive in a suit of bright cardinal. Mr. F. E. Vates filled the position of referee; T. W. Eck, timer; H. G. Thompson, of Louisville, scorer for Schempler, and E. Van Sicklin in like capacity for Conklin. At 28 minutes past 2 o'clock the boys started in good condition, and the indications were that it would be a close and interesting race. It required but three laps to the mile, and the score was easily kept. Schempler won the choice of toss, and took the inside track; he led his opponent for the first mile, when the latter made a spurt and, passing Schempler, gained a lap ere the termination of the third mile. Then he fell to the rear and followed close in the wake of his contestant. Evidently it was his purpose to use the tactics of Jenkins in his race with Crawford, and as he had the advantage of a lap, he need make no further effort than to hold his position as it was to win the race. This, however he failed to do. The 15th lap was made in 20 minutes and 43 seconds. At the 60th lap the chronograph showed the time of 1 hour and 20 min. 30 sec. For some unexplainable reason Conking then dismounted and remained off the track for 26 minutes, thereby giving Schempler a decided advantage. Again he resumed work, but it was only for a brief period, for when four laps more were completed he withdrew permanently, conceding the race to his clever opponent. What at one time appeared to be a fair opportunity of testing the abilities of two good amateurs, was now virtually ended by Conklin's withdrawal; Schempler, however, did not propose to do things by halves, but continued the race and completed the 50 miles in 3 h. 28 min. and 4 sec. This beat Louise Armaido's Coney Island record, and also that of Jenkins at Baltimore. Among the first to grasp the hand of the plucky rider—in congratulation for his successful effort—was the gentlemanly father of the defeated contestant.

Schempler certainly deserves great credit for accomplishing the programme under adverse circumstances, and his record, although not a great one, shows he is a fine rider, and by careful practice can not only retain the championship he so cleverly won, but likewise gain greater laurels on the lightning steed.

The fastest mile in the race was made by Conkling in the beginning, when he gained a lap on his competitor. The reason assigned by Conkling's friends for his withdrawal and defeat, was that he had partaken too freely of strong stimulants in the hope to sustain him in the long struggle; but it had quite a contrary effect, if such was the case. The plain, unvarnished truth is, that Conkling *cannot* favorably compete with Schempler in a 50 mile contest, and there are several other amateurs right here in Chicago that can down him in a similar race. Conkling is a genial, clever fellow, a good rider, and all that, but he has no business tackling a 50 mile race, and, we think, he will agree with us in this assertion. At all events, the majority of local wheelmen will.

In a 5 or 10 mile race, Conkling can do well, and stands a good show for taking first place, but 'tis no go in a long distance contest.

Each of the participants in the race contributed \$25 for the purchase of a handsome gold medal, which is now the property of Henry Schempler. *Chicago Sporting Journal.*

The Springfield Tournament.

The Springfield Bicycle Club have projected a three days' camp meet and Bicycle tournament, on which occasion the club will expend about \$10,000, and confidently expect to make this the largest and most interesting Meet ever held—one worthy the attention of wheelmen everywhere, and calculated to draw together the largest concourse of wheelmen in the United States; while the races, for which upward of \$4,500 will be offered in prizes, will, it is expected, make this the most interesting race meeting the world has ever witnessed.

The camp will be held in Springfield, on Hampden Park, 18, 19, and 20 September, 1883, when bicycle and tricycle races of every description will be run for valuable prizes. A few of the special features will be as follows:

A \$1,000 solid gold and silver cup will be offered for the twenty mile amateur championship of the United States. A \$500 silver cup will be offered for an inter collegiate contest, to take place between the leading colleges. The camp will be illuminated on Tuesday night, 18 September. On Wednesday night, 19 September, a grand display of fireworks will be made, with especial reference to bicycling, and many other new and novel features will be introduced.

In order to bring the merits of this meet before the bicyclists of this country, we propose to issue an eight page monthly the size of THE BICYCLE and to continue six months, five numbers to be issued before the meet, and the sixth and last after the meet, giving a full report of the proceedings. We now have the names of 6,000 wheelmen and expect to increase these to 10,000 names, and to send the six copies *free to every wheelman*, thus issuing the largest circulation of any bicycle paper in this country. The first number will be issued this month.

A Sure Preventative.

[We reprinted, last month a letter from Julius Wilcox, to the *Bicycling World* on reckless riding. "President Bates," of the Detroit Bicycle club has since sent the following communication to that paper. It is clever enough to be published as an addenda to Mr. Wilcox's article.—ED. BICYCLE.]

I noticed in a recent communication a statement that the writer had not had a fall from his bicycle in two years. He argued therefrom that no rider need fall, if he would ride with proper care. Now I know a dodge worth two of that. I know a plan whereby riders can

continue to ride as recklessly as ever, and yet never catch any falls. I invented the thing myself; though I confess that I did not force its grand value in insuring reckless and careless riders against falls. One of its great merits is its cheapness; at least it has not cost the members of my club anything yet. My invention is simply an agreement by any club to impose a fine of ten cents upon each member every time he gets a fall. We have tried it one entire season; and the treasurer reports that he has received only ten cents from that source, which was paid in by himself through inadvertence; and not taken out again because any proposition to pay back any money once received is always obstinately opposed by every member of the club, and it would be fatal to the popularity of any officer to propose any such thing.

This great safety invention was suggested to my mind by observing that our rule which fines a member ten cents for being absent at roll-call without a valid excuse, never brought any money into the treasury. To be sure, this rule did not appear to the casual observer, to make any member any more punctual in attendance; but a careful study of the treasurer's reports always shows a full attendance, even when there isn't a quorum, by the fact that nobody ever pays the fine for absenteeism. I have found this to be the case with other clubs all over the country. Once, when we were talking of falls, and their effect upon public prejudice against the bicycles I bethought me of the remarkable effect of a ten cent fine upon absenteeism; therefore, I suggested a fine of ten cents for each fall. The proposition was adopted. Since then there have been no falls in our club—not a solitary one. The secretary and treasurer will file affidavits to this effect, if required. The riding records of our various members will show that we have ridden, during the year 1882, a grand total of nearly 34,000 miles, without one single header, or any other genuine fall, by any member of the club! If any other club can exhibit any such record, please mention its name. Of course you have observed that, wherever there is a prohibitory law, there liquor is never sold or drunk. This ten cent fine operates as beautifully as a prohibitory law. Just as a tariff tax promotes native industry, so this fine promotes native presence of mind in the bicyclist.

It is true that we have had various narrow escapes; but no fall sufficiently real to put ten cents into the treasury. I remember that the president himself, during a club ride, last September, suddenly dismounted over the handle-bar, and stood on his bald head, while he felt around in the dust with both hands. But he arose in a dignified manner, and exhibited to the club a half dollar with great presence of mind, he produced from the dust of the road, and explained that he had dismounted to pick it up; and, as there was a restaurant just ahead it would be expended in refreshments for the club. The unanimous vote of the club decided that this was no fall—in fact, several members expressed a strong conviction that their beloved president couldn't possibly fall under any circumstances.

On another occasion, when several of us were passing a procession of young ladies who were pupils of a fashionable seminary, brother High, paying too much attention to the procession, and too little to his wheel, ran against a gutter crossing and immediately dismounted over the handle-bar, a id lay down with striking agility. But he immediately arose and gravely remarked that he had long suspected that tallest girl of wearing pink hose; and now he knew it; hence he proposed to purchase lemonade for the club. The proposal was accepted; and it was voted that this sort of dismount was very natural under the circumstances, and didn't resemble a real fall in the slightest degree.

When Brother Lowe, while we were exercising in one of the city parks, and when he was riding side-saddle fashion, dismounted backward, and went full length into the foun-

tain basin, while his machine bent one handle by striking the curb of the basin, several of us really thought he had fallen, till he arose, blew the water out of his nose and throat, and explained that he dismounted thus hastily, for fear of asking us all to eat ice-cream in an neighboring restaurant (while he went home and changed his clothes) would strike some other generous soul first. While eating the cream, it was voted by all but two (those two don't like ice-cream) that this was not at all like a fall—it was much more like a baptism.

I might multiply instances; but these are enough to show that the ten cent fine plan is a sure preventative against falls, besides possessing the great merit of encouraging presence of mind, and quickness of invention—two most important qualities for bicyclers to possess. Hence I suggest its universal adoption.

PRESIDENT BATES.

Ten Miles Professional Championship.

The first race for the 10 mile professional championship of England was decided on the 26th of March.

The starters were as follows: R. Howell, F. DeCivry, F. Wood, R. W. Edlin, Geo. Edlin, H. O. Duncan, F. Lees, A. E. Dorkinderin and R. James.

It began to snow before the start, but at the critical moment the sun shone out. Howell went away with the lead at the signal, being in fine form, but Wood soon collared him. The first mile was covered in 3.17 with James leading, Lees second, etc.

Suddenly the Frenchman went to the front with a rush. He kept it up till about 3 miles, then Higham took a turn at the head. Then Howell let out and with Wood and Lees, tore away from the others. The 5 miles was negotiated in 16.40; all but the leaders and Duncan quit, the latter seemed to only care for fourth prize, as he was lapped. On nearing the finish the excitement among the spectators was intense. On the last lap Howell and Lees were abreast, with Wood immediately in the rear. Lees drew slightly away, then Howell caught up again, Wood followed suit.

Finally Howell rushed to the front, having the advantage of the curve, and won a most desperate race by three yards in 33 min. 34 1/2 sec., Wood second and Lees three yards in the rear. The referee was Mr. G. W. Atkinson.

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Advertisements of this description not exceeding six lines, 50 cents each insertion.

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