

CYCLING.

CONDUCTED BY
EDMUND DANGERFIELD & WALTER GROVES.



IT STARTLED THEM.

MAUD.—"Did Charlie do anything very startling at the races on Saturday?"

MAY.—"Yes, indeed!"

MAUD.—"What did he do?"

MAY.—"Coming down the home-straight, he croppered into the Grand Stand!"

A2

CYCLING IN JUTLAND.

A RUN TO THE SKAW.

(Concluded.)

THE morrow came, with less promise than I had hoped. Black clouds in the south-west, and the wind also in that wet quarter, made me anxious. I breakfasted betimes, paid my bill (as moderate as the accommodation) and began to urge my machine over the sandy ruts towards the coast. I proposed to run to Skagen, on the sea shore: sixteen miles or so of sand, skimming the wild North Sea waves all the way.

IT WAS A REMARKABLE RIDE

for its novelty. The day grew stormy soon and rain squalls set in. But I was near my goal, and determined to go on, weather good, or weather bad. I had my portmanteau awaiting me, moreover, at Brøndum's hotel. Besides, there was nothing else to do. This furious coast has no towns or villages on it between Tversted and Skagen. How deadly a coast it is, I could see every few hundred yards in the skeletons of wrecked ships, sticking above the leaden, white-headed waves.

Sand heaps pressed tolerably close on my left hand. Closer still to my right was the sea. That says all. Here and there, the sand is insecure: "quick," as it is called. But by skirting the waves (in fact, running into them in places, to the discomfort of my machine), firm ground was also always obtainable. And so, in less than two hours (including a couple of halts), I got to Old Skagen, a fishing port, very odoriferous of the drying cods' heads and silt, with which the people decorate their sandy gardens. Ships of all kinds were here going and coming in procession, either to double or having doubled the famous Skaw. I never saw so many crafts in one part of the ocean.

Down came the rain in torrents when I got to Skagen. Hence I had to walk my machine from the one coast to the other by a sandy road to New Skagen; two weary miles. I was sufficiently moist when I presented myself to Herr Brøndum and gained my bedroom, with three windows, and as many aspects over this wild North Cape of Denmark.

It rained for hours this day. Cycling was out of the question; the rain, the road, and the sea settled that between them. I became therefore a common-place tourist for the nonce, like the other dozen or so ladies and gentlemen in this excellent hotel. Artists come to Brøndum's hotel annually to study ships and sand, and the raging sea. They have decorated the hotel dining-room in a way fascinating to see: English artists as well as Scandinavian.

In the afternoon it cleared for a time. I walked by the sand to

THE VERY END OF DENMARK,

and looked long at the battle between the waves of the North Sea and those of the Cattegat where they met furiously off the blade of sand which runs from the sand banks north into the water. It is a sight not to be forgotten. Afterwards the great lighthouse had to be visited and its 150 feet of height scaled. There is not a more important lighthouse anywhere in the world than this. The constant procession of steamers and sailing vessels round the Cape (though well free of the currents) proved it.

My Sunday at the Skaw ended romantically. It was St. Hans' day, a great festival in Denmark. In spite of the rain, the Skagen lads and lasses danced in the little wood, raised even here, and later burned bonfires on the strand, and shot rockets into the murky but not dark air. We tourists ate strawberries and drank sherry wine in a little shed on the beach, and wished each other the best of good luck. I went to bed, however, out of humour with the weather. The wind screeched and moaned, and the rain descended.

Nevertheless, six o'clock saw me up the next morning, and by seven I was in the toy train that creeps from Skagen to

Frederikshavn. "It will be stormy," they said, when I asked weather-wise persons what they thought of the day. Indeed, it looked as if it would. But I meant to chance it all the same, especially as

THE WIND HAD GOT INTO THE NORTH,

and my course was now south in the main.

Nor did I regret my resolution. My best day on wheels in Jutland came in consequence. I left the train at Aalborg, eleven miles from Skagen. Here the road was sufficiently consolidated for cycle work. The wind was already blowing hard. The station master at Aalborg sighed with envy of my intention. "You will fly," he said, glancing at the clouds. He also envied me my machine, which was but a fortnight old, whereas his, in the ticket office, was pre-historic.

I didn't quite fly to Frederikshavn; but I ran the twelve miles in an hour and a quarter, including a visit to the church of Elling. The road was very good, hardened by the rain rather than softened. The dogs that pelted, yelling, after me, soon had enough of the pursuit. It was excellent, in short, and I didn't mind the wild outlook over the Cattegat, close at hand. If only the wind would keep north, and the rain would hold off!

Frederikshavn is a red-roofed little port, whence one may cross to Göteborg in five hours. More need not be said about it. Its streets are as stony as other Danish streets, and its people much like the other Jutlanders. Free of it, I went like the wind itself to Sæby, due south, hugging the coast all the way. The Cattegat was white with foam. Times were when I thought the wind would lift both machine and me from the ground in its eagerness to rush us along. I kept my feet on the pedals, but I did no work. In less than an hour (including a halt) this eight miles of way was covered. I could yet appreciate the prettiness of the coast line here, with the green hills falling to rich meadows only a quarter of a mile or so from the water.

Sæby is really very bright, with a glorious beach—frantic with storm waves this day,—and one of the noblest churches in Jutland. The latter was anciently attached to a convent. For its Gothic architecture as well as for its details of carved work, mural tombs, frescoed chapel, and swinging ship in its nave (this is to be found in many Jutland churches), it ought to be visited by anyone within twenty miles of it. Sæby also has a good hotel or two. At the Dana they made somewhat of a fuss of me. "You are the first Englishman we have had here," said my landlord with delight. He celebrated the occasion very rightly, by giving me a very good dinner. Sæby turbot is a well-known delicacy. I can speak for its merits.

At two o'clock I set off again for the south, much refreshed: destination Aalborg; distance 29½ miles. By five o'clock I was within three miles of Aalborg; and half-an-hour had been spent at the wayside inns of Flauenskjold and Hjallerup into the bargain.

THE WIND DID ALL THE WORK,

not I. Uphill and downhill, it was the most constant of friends.

For the first ten miles this road was fairly level, and the country rather tame. Then we got to the hills, of Jydske Aas, with fine pine and other woods, and Viking tombs on the moorland summits. But hills or no hills, it was all one to-day. I got off for none of them. As a worthy gentleman said to me in the Hjallerup inn, the trains of the land ought to have seen what a cycle can do. Some parts of this road are beautiful, but on the whole it does not enthrall. I hurried on therefore to the Lim Fiord, which I could see all afroth with waves, and which I had already crossed at Aggersund. Hitherto I had managed to dodge every one of the heavy showers that fell.

But three miles from Aalborg disaster came: a puncture or something. I became a pedestrian, and the rain took advantage of me. We got into this large town by its bridge of boats, very wet, and were welcomed in good English at the Hôtel du Nord.

A vexatious three days ensued. The machine had evidently gone wrong vitally. It was twice sent to me,

warranted sound again in every part, only to break down immediately. The third time I started for Aaby with it, I got four miles, not by the direct high road, and then had to push it for nine sad miles. From Aaby we sent it back to Aalborg, while I stayed on at the snug Aabybro kro. I needn't sing afresh the praises of this inn. They drove me to the Island of Öland one day, drove me the next into Aalborg, treated me more than liberally while I was with them, and asked for six shillings and ninepence in full acquittal of their account. So much for the Aaby inn, which I shall long remember.

There isn't much to detain a visitor in Aalborg, in spite of its size and age. Its old houses are its best feature; but most of these are spoilt by the colour wash with which they are daubed from eaves to pavement.

I was glad to leave it. But I trembled all the same. Could I, or could I not trust my machine? I asked myself. I liked not the trundling of it in an invalid state.

At two o'clock in the afternoon I put it to the test. Due south to Hobro; distance 28 miles, wind south-west; therefore not very favourable. This is a fine road, though hilly. It is also beautiful (nothing less) in places; notably in the Rold Wood,

THE NORWEGIAN PINES AND BEECHES

of which are simply exquisite. There are a sufficiency of inns by the way; at only two of which I called, for soda-water. By five I was descending the abrupt slopes into Hobro, satisfied that all was well again with the dear machine.

Hobro is of no account, except for its situation at the head of the Mariager Fiord. I took tea in its hotel and then moved on by an excellent upland highway to Mariager itself; distance eight miles. But when I was just half-way, again the machine went "slap," as they say in Denmark. It was a mean trick to play a man: just half-way. I preferred to push it the four miles on rather than the four miles back. Nor did I regret it when I came to Mariager, which gave me my most romantic impressions of Danish scenery. It is a charming little red and white village, embosomed in verdure and gripped by gentle hills; with the blue fiord washing its

meadows. The hotel garden also was lovely. At eleven o'clock I was still perambulating it, pipe in mouth, watching the coral hues in the sky and the water.

Alas!

I WAS NO LONGER A CYCLIST.

They could not repair the machine in Mariager. I walked therefore the next day to Randers, 13½ miles, pushing my incubus. At Randers the smith declared the poor thing grievously affected. He required a day for repairs, and would (he vowed) send the patient cured so that I might receive it at Aarhus the next morning.

To Aarhus therefore I went, trusting him. But two days passed ere I got my friend again: and then he collapsed as soon as I touched him. I had hoped for one more run in Denmark. It was however not to be. And so, maimed and halt as it was, the machine travelled across Jutland by railway with me, exciting pitiful remarks from many cycle-loving, sympathetic Danes; and in due time I saw it once more braced in the hold of the s.s. "Koldinghuus" at Esbjerg. I could not feel very angry with it, on reflection. And yet it certainly had adulterated the pleasure it afforded me.

SO ENDED MY CYCLE TOUR IN JUTLAND.

In conclusion, I must say that Denmark is nearly an ideal cycle country. All its well-used high roads are as good as the best of ours, nearly. There is no lack of hotels and inns; though, for the latter a moderate knowledge of Danish is rather more than desirable. The West of Jutland and the moorland interior are the only weak points. From Frederikshavn, in the north, to Kolding, in the south, a man may enjoy himself with full confidence in his machine. As for Fyen and Zealand, the two chief islands, the roads here are as good as the best in Jutland.

This also may be said: cycles are not taxed in Denmark by the carriers as in England. Your machine, both on Danish steamers and in Danish trains, is personal luggage, and therefore travels free. As for living in Denmark, the cyclist, like the tourist generally, will be astonished at its cheapness. Six or seven shillings a day ought to be enough—as an estimate.

THE SEVENTH DAY AND THE WHEELMAN.

He rises now at six a.m., instead of twelve, as heretofore.

He breaks fast with the songsters in the tree;

And ere the dewy morning hath grown old he's deep in country lore,

And soothed by Nature's Sabbath Peace is he.

The mem'ry of the past week's toil is routed by the fair, cool wind,

And lungs expand and fill, and fill again;

The heavy city atmosphere is left some thirty miles behind,

And "out of sight," the count of loss and gain.

The golden-yellow buttercups, in fields of simple grandeur spread

For long and lovely miles beyond his ken;

A dreamy, mellow pealing from some village steeple, far ahead,

Comes softly on the breezes now and then.

The tireless cycle takes him through a wealth of scented flower-land,—

And on, into a quaint old village street.

He listens to the parson's views of man, of life, God's open hand,—

While birds outside are twitt'ring, low and sweet.

He spins by fields of growing corn, by woods where peace is ever found,

And over all the sky is blue, and fair,

And here may-blossom springs,—there by rich meadow-land his path is bound,

And thus his soul doth grow in Nature's care.

The king of Summer reigns in very deed o'er shade and sunny hill,

A glist'ning beauty lives in yonder pool,

Where cattle, breathing fragrance, wreath'd in fair content, stand,

knee-deep, still,

In slow enjoyment of the limped cool.

And t'wards his home as twilight deepens, he rides slowly, heart and brain

Strong; ready for the city, grim and grey;

And he'll have through toil and worry, restless haste, and endless strain,

The mem'ry of a perfect Seventh Day.

V.E.S.

VISCOLEUM.

WE have been putting to a practical test, of some weeks' duration, a new lubricating oil, which Samuel Ward & Co., of Great Guildford Street, S.E., are placing on the market for cyclists' use, under the name of "Viscoleum." As a result of our experiments, we are able to give this oil the most unqualified praise. It is much thicker than ordinary cycle lubricating oils, and therefore requires a little more patience in injecting into the bearings, but once in, it stays there, and does not run out like the usual thin oils, and gives a remarkable free and easy running for hundreds of miles. With one oiling, we ran our machine 515 miles, and, no doubt, could have gone even farther, as it was only on the chain any sign of lack of lubricant became manifest. Being thick, it is a good oil for chain use. Besides being a first-class lubricant, the oil is most economical, both of time and money. It saves time, because of the rare need of using the oil can, and money, from the small quantity required to be used; six-pennyworth would last the average cyclist a year. It has also the valuable property of being non-destructive to rubber.



OUR CAMERA CONTEST.

SIR,—I beg to acknowledge having this day received the Frena Camera, enclosed in black leather case of excellent quality, also a set of Frena Magnifiers. Accept my best thanks for the same, I was already aware of the splendid capabilities of the Frena Camera, having often seen most excellent photographic work produced by its aid, and a further examination of the beautiful instrument you have so kindly forwarded, has still further impressed me of its great capabilities. It is, I believe the ideal Camera for cyclists.

ALEX. R. HARTLEY.

THE SYDNEY TROPHY RACE.

SIR,—In the interests of racing men I should like to draw attention to the Judge's decision in the final of the 1/4 mile for Sydney Trophy at the Surrey meeting in which I protested against Watson on the ground of intentionally fouling me. This decision establishes a dangerous precedent, which will tend to invite foul riding on the part of those unscrupulous enough to do it. According to Saturday's ruling, Watson was given the race after evidence given by all the competitors, and two umpires proved conclusively that Watson committed the alleged foul. The evidence was strong enough for the Judge to disqualify Watson and order the race to be re-run, but on Burge refusing to ride again, that decision was altered, and Watson's disqualification apparently cancelled. Truly a strange course to take, and this in face of evidence from spectators and competitors alike, one of the other riders in the heat declaring it the "most deliberate foul he had seen on the race path."

A. J. CHERRY,
Catford C.C.

CHINN'S LICENSE.

SIR,—I desire to enter a protest against the high-handed treatment of my son, F. W. Chinn, by the N.C.U., in depriving him of his license without stating any reason, or giving him the chance of making any explanation whatever. I consider this most unfair as he, or myself, would be perfectly willing to give them any information they might want. Instead of asking for any, they simply stop him, and, as they appoint no date for hearing him, the racing season will be over before he can compete again.

I strongly object to such a slur being put upon him without notice or trial. If I had allowed him to accept one of the many tempting offers made by various tyre and cycle firms I should have been much in pocket, and perhaps he would not have been stopped, as I notice there are many men, whose licenses are not withdrawn, who race all over the country, whereas my son has only made a few Saturday racing trips during the season. In any case it is not justice to declare a man guilty without giving him a chance of proving himself innocent.

Yours truly,
JOHN R. CHINN.

PACING IN THE 50 MILES CHAMPIONSHIP.

SIR,—Sundry marvellous stories are being circulated concerning the above race, especially with regard to Mr. H. Reynolds, who, it is asserted by one scribe "got away several times, but finding no one to pace him, gave up in disgust." As an artistic excuse for defeat, this might pass muster, but regarded as a statement of fact it is all wrong.

I watched the race pretty closely, I never heard Mr. Reynolds call for pace once, nor did he ever indicate to me by word or sign, that he wanted faster pacers. After the smash he was in front I believe, and once I saw him ride wide, but I have not heard that he asked for pace anywhere. Mr. Britten who judged can tell us if he heard of any deliberate interference with the Irish rider.

Mr. Reynolds had several friends in the enclosure, as well as an *employee* of the tyre company whose tyres he was using, yet no single request was made to me as marshal to find him faster pacers.

Watching the leading quartette, I recognised the fact that the pace was telling on Mr. Reynolds who, I may remark, had not given himself time to get accustomed to the faster surface, and I so confidently expected him to be left, that I had a pacing crew on their machine ready to help him the moment he was left. As a matter of fact he, after being in trouble for two or three laps, suddenly sat up just past me, and I could only let him go the lap and put the crew on when he came round; this, however, he never did, giving up on the farther side of the ground, and then—and not till then, his friends opened their mouths and went and filled the Press pen with tales of unfair pacing.

I have no desire to disparage Mr. Reynolds, who, with some work on a fast track should do well, but I am not a thought-reader and could not know, unless I was told, that he wanted to get away; had he dashed up to the pacers, yelled for pace and failed to get it, spurted away; and retired in a rage, the present story might hold water, but as he simply petered out as many another good man has petered out, through being taken too fast on a faster path than he has been accustomed to, I am honestly of opinion that the latest "pacing scandal" won't hold water.

G. LACY HILLIER,
Pacemaker-marshal,
N.C.U., 50 miles championship.

A WAIL FROM AN INVESTOR.

SIR,—I have before me a prospectus of another self-closing air tube, in which we are asked to subscribe towards £50,000, £25,000 of which is to go to the vendors, for what?!

There is no mention of any number or date of any patent that has been granted, but there is a report of a local patent agent, who practically says that, as far as he can tell by the "provisional specifications," it has not been anticipated.

Surely these provisional specifications are not all they are selling for £25,000?

Why, we all have provisional specifications on this same subject, and who can tell that theirs, or mine, does not anticipate this "provisional specification?" Certainly not the local patent agent!

I sincerely hope that we are not going to have a repetition of the time when pneumatic tyres first came out, when hundreds of thousands of pounds of the public's money was subscribed for worthless inventions, never intended to sell, and where, in more than one case, companies were floated on "provisional specifications" that were afterwards, when it was possible to make a proper search, found to have been anticipated, and the shareholders found out, when too late, that they had bought something which did not exist.

There ought to have been some substantial guarantee that in such cases those who sold these "provisional specifications" should be compelled to refund every penny so obtained.

I notice, also, that they do not condescend to tell us *what* they ask us to buy, not even explaining the principle on which it is manufactured, as distinguished from other *known* patents, so that the practical part of the community can tell if practical or commercial.

They merely tell us to shut our eyes, put our hands in our pockets, let them have our hard-earned money to spend, and to wait for dividends.

I, for one, am not taking any in mine; I am still waiting for the first dividend on a big assortment of tyre shares taken up in the same way.

"TYRE SHARES TO SELL."

SHORT distance runs to a destination to be altered each month, will be a feature of the East Dulwichers' Winter programme for 1895-6.



SOLUS.



G. R. SIMS has become a patron of the Gamage C.C.

THE firemen in Antwerp are to be provided with cycles.

THE principle of macadamising roads was first introduced in 1818.

HEARTY congratulations to that good sportsman, Syd. Begbie, on his marriage.

AMERICA is going ahead. Race meetings are now being run in some towns on Sundays.

By fixing an asbestos tip to the wick of a lamp, the brilliancy of the light is increased thirty per cent.

DR. MELDON, of Dublin, is the supposed heaviest cyclist in the world, he turning the scale at 370 lbs.

THE opening contract for 50,000 tubes is decidedly a good send-off for The Pneumatic (Self-Closing) Tube Co., Ltd.

OUR clever artist, J. Ambrose Walton, is to be congratulated upon his excellent picture in the current issue of "Black and White."

MICHAEL goes to Amsterdam next Sunday to race with Fischer, a distance of 50 kilometres, paced by tandems for three! (as some Dutch non-racing men have been heard to say).

THE E.C.U. billiard competition is under the management of Mr. A. C. Allen, of 112, Balls Pond Road, N., who will be glad to receive early intimation from those clubs who intend to take part.

SAM BROWN and his partner on the 16 ft. Eiffel Humber are having a very pleasant tour in the South. Whilst at Exeter Sam challenged a local rider on a solid-tyred machine to race him a mile round the Newton Abbot track, but the local man did not come up to scratch.

A severe test.

A RIDER, who has been followed persistently by the puncture demon, recently punctured at Hatfield, and writes to the Jointless Rim Co., stating that he rode the 10 miles from Hatfield to Barnet on a light road-racing Jointless Rim without it giving out or getting out of truth the slightest fraction.

A successful claim.

LAST Wednesday, at Exeter County Court, *Monkley v. Heale* was a case heard. The former, plaintiff, was riding his bicycle on July 7th to Dawlish, and when near Kinton on return, was knocked off his machine and injured, through the defendant driving his horse and cart into him, although he rang his bell. He claimed and obtained £5 13s. 6d. damages.

A trade outing.

THE Rudge-Whitworth C.C. held a picnic on Saturday last, when a big crowd participated. A 15 miles road race was held during the afternoon, the prizes being presented by the directors. Afterwards a large company assembled at the "King's Head," Meriden, for the annual dinner, at which Mr. C. Vernon Pugh officiated as chairman. The proceedings were of an enthusiastic and enjoyable character, and the hon. secs. Messrs. Neville and Tapscott are to be sincerely congratulated.

Cycle Houses.

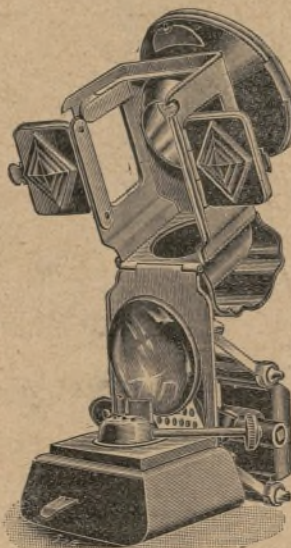
THE Portable Building and Construction Co., 35, Market Street, Manchester, send us their illustrated price list of portable houses suitable for cycle sheds. They appear to be very cheap, and just the thing many people, blessed with a large stud of cycles, require.

Haunt of the robbers.

THE Midlands appear to be the happy hunting-ground of the cycle-thief. Perhaps it is because he has no difficulty in getting his ill-gotten wheels so interchanged in a few minutes, so to speak, that the owner cannot possibly recognise his missing property. Those who are in the habit of leaving their cycles in the streets unguarded had better take warning, and not leave them, at least, in the Birmingham district, without an efficient guard.

The Lito.

IN a recent issue, we described Miller's new Lito, and a further trial of this grand little illuminator has confirmed our previous



good opinion of it. We give two illustrations of the lamp, the workmanship and finish of which are perfection itself, and in use it has given us the utmost satisfaction.

The Self-Closing Tube Co.

THE Board of Directors of the Pneumatic (Self-Closing) Tube Company, Limited, is as follows:—Harry Birkett, Boardman, (Chairman, Boardman's Breweries, Limited), Burton, Westmoreland; Geo. H. Cartland, (Chairman, Eadie Manufacturing Co., Ltd., Redditch, and Director, Enfield Manufacturing Co., Ltd.), Hazelwell Hall, King's Heath; Albert Eadie, (Managing Director, Eadie Manufacturing Co., Ltd., Redditch), Astwood House, Redditch; John W. Morley, (General Manager, Manchester Cycle Manufacturing Co., Ltd., Manchester), Didsbury, Manchester; John C. Robinson, (Managing Director, Robinson & Price Ltd., Cycle Manufacturers), Liverpool.

The Dibble Memorial.

WILL those gentlemen in whose hands the collecting cards for this fund have been placed, please see they are carefully filled in, as every card must be returned. Subscriptions may be forwarded to this office, or to H. North, 18, Albert Square, Clapham Road, S.W.

Previously acknowledged	£	s	d
J. Harrison Ellis	...	0	5 0
Frank Salisbury	...	0	2 6
Bernard Kettle	...	0	5 0
Victor Abraham	...	0	5 0
G. W. Capern	...	0	5 0
A. R. Lockwood	...	0	5 0
R. B. Smith	...	0	5 0
George R. Buckland	...	0	5 0
A. V. Puckle	...	0	2 6
E. C. Ashford	...	0	2 6
B. W. Goldburg	...	0	2 6
C. A. Atkinson	...	0	2 6
M. S. Napier	...	0	1 0
F. C. Woodcock	...	0	2 6

£14 17 7

A creditable production.

WE have before given unsolicited testimonials to the monthly club "Gazette" of the Manchester B.C., and now that No. 8 is to hand, feel constrained to repeat the dose. The reading matter is excellent, and is confined to matters of interest to members, and bar the suggestion of trade in the three pages of advertisements, the M. B. C. "Gazette" is all that a club paper should be.

Lord Woodhouse stands down.

LORD WOODHOUSE, who, some little time back, publicly expressed his opinion at a County Council meeting that cyclists were an emanation from the devil, has since been removed from the Bench of Magistrates by the Lord Chancellor. It was not because of the above remark that he has been relieved of his duties as J.P.; but the result is equally satisfactory. This strange gentleman is a son of that clever diplomatist, Lord Kimberley.

Honours for J. B. Radcliffe.

THE London County Club members have shown their appreciation of J. B. Radcliffe, the late President of the Camp at Scarborough, by electing him an honorary vice-president of the club for services rendered to all manly exercises, and cycling in particular. Several of those from the London County contingent at Scarborough have also presented the late President with a gold medal "For Valour," of which the President is justly proud.

Cyclers and Hyde Park.

"A FIELD-OFFICER" writes as follows to "The Standard":—"May I call attention to the absurd regulation which prohibits cyclists from entering Hyde Park after ten a.m.? During the Season this may be right enough, but surely, in the month of September, when the Park is practically empty, there can be no earthly reason why cyclists should not be allowed to use the Park at all hours of the day. At present they are not even allowed to lead their machines through, though the roads, except for an occasional steam-roller, are innocent of any traffic. If those who are responsible for this order, would, instead of hunting cyclists from the Park by day, try to drive out the low-class women and roughs who make the place a disgrace to civilisation at night, they would be doing something sensible; but, perhaps, this is too much to expect."

Our motto again.

THE advertiser knows us well,
We meet the rider's need;
This is no puff—for, truth to tell,
CYCLING will ever lead!

For beginners.

INDECISION is the greatest fault of tyros. They approach a danger wobbling mentally as well as physically. The question of dismounting or not is left undecided till the danger is on them. Be decided! Resolve on one course and stick to it right through. It will save many an accident.

Another Army use.

A BICYCLE, especially intended for distributing light telegraph and telephone wire, has, it is stated, been adopted by the signal officers of the United States Army. Hitherto, in throwing naked or insulated wire on the ground, preparatory to establishing communicating stations, the reel carrying the wire was carried in a cart, and two men were required. In the case of the cycle the reel is carried forward on the handlebar of the machine, and the rider distributes the wire in the track of the bicycle. By an ingenious attachment the wire can be rapidly wound back upon the spool again. The telegraph and telephone instruments are carried at the back of the saddle, and can be readily removed.

Well worth a postcard.

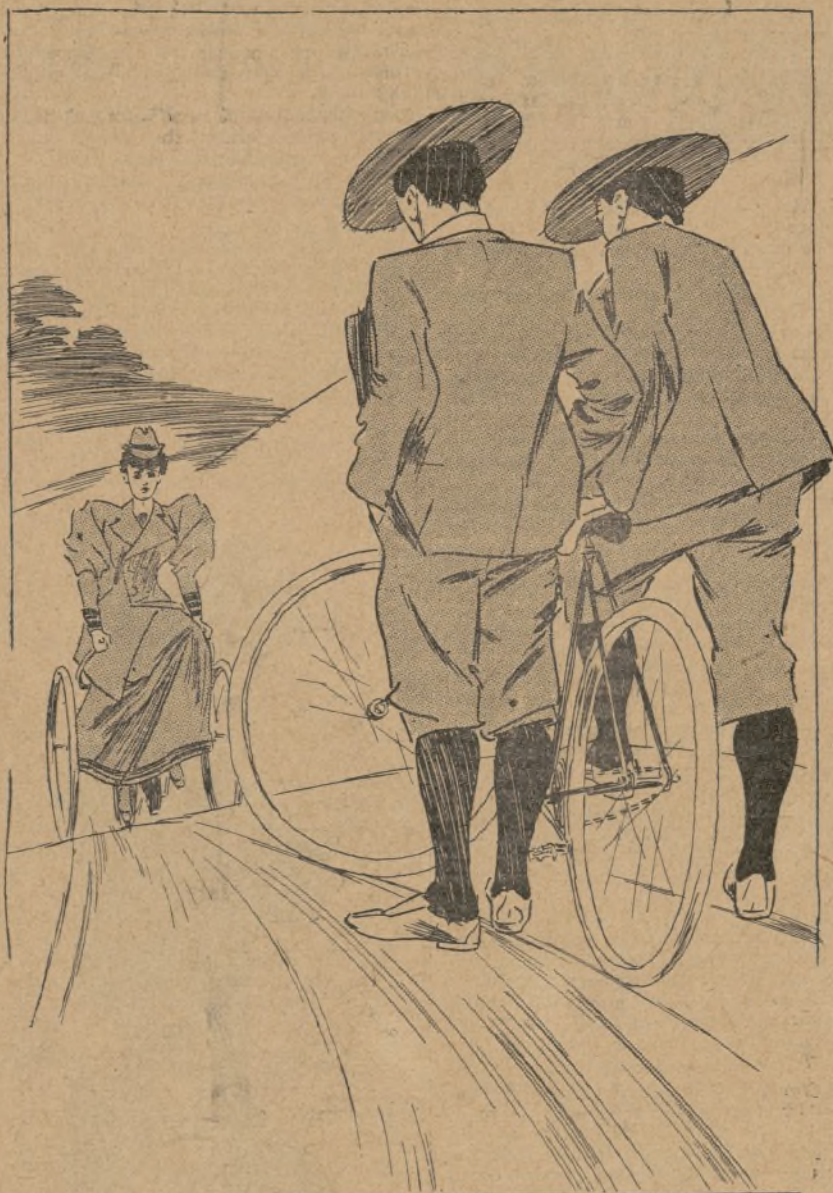
WE are in receipt of two price-lists which have just come to hand from John Piggott, the well-known athletes' outfitter, and we strongly recommend our readers to send a postcard for copies of them without delay. Footballers and athletes generally will find them of great assistance when fixing up their outfits for the coming season. One, which caters chiefly for the football fraternity contains particulars of every possible requisite at unusually low prices. The other, which is entitled "My Camera, and How to Use it," will be found very useful to those of a photographic turn of mind, containing, as it does, in addition to a complete list of everything necessary at absurdly low prices, some very useful information, &c. We would call special attention to his tourist camera, for having personally inspected it, we can thoroughly recommend it as a good and reliable camera, and, without doubt, one of the best extant at the price.

Only larnin'!

RIDING out by Olive Grove, last week, writes a correspondent, I saw, far ahead, two figures, both awheel. One was circling placidly round the other, who was having a bad time. He had evidently got hold of a buck-jumping bike, with the hydrophobia. He would start and mount, when it would shy, rear, fall back over, and crush him; seize, bite, and worry him; stamp on and grind him in the dust, tearing him viciously. Then let go, back off, and wait. He'd stagger up gamely, dazedly "dust off," grip it by the head, and mount again. Oh! he was full of "grit!" So were his clothes! Once more he'd be thrown, rolled over, torn, and worried savagely; and still the other one wheeled round and round the cloud of dust, taking it all in.

Hurrying up, I called out, "What's up? Can I help?" and got off.

"No. 2" was just then having a very particularly bad time, and couldn't answer; but "No. 1," still gliding round and round the strugglers, turned a red and beaming face my way, and cried, "It's a reet, measter! 'IM LARNIN' 'IM!!!"

**A DIFFERENT VIEW.—I.**

"Look here, old chap, this *must* be the New Woman coming up, without turning a hair!!!"

To keep the dogs off.

UNDER the name, "Velo Torpilles," a French firm is introducing a dog frightener. The "Velo-Torpille" is apparently the same thing we amused ourselves with in our youth, namely the little paper crackers, which, when thrown violently on the ground go off with a report.

A silly joke.

SOMEBODY played a senseless joke on Mr. A. G. Reynolds, 23, Stepney Green, E., last week by inserting an advertisement in *CYCLING*, stating that he required a cushion safety about £7. The result has been a swarm of letters and personal inquiries, which our correspondence begs to say he cannot answer. He has no machine to sell.

A correction.

WE are asked to state that the Yarmouth Wheelers, who took to the train on their recent visit to London, did so from Chelmsford, and not right through, as was suggested in our paragraph last week.

Accident in Devonshire.

ANOTHER accident happened in Devonshire, last week, which almost terminated fatally. Mr. Coles and his son, of Bideford, were riding to Ilfracombe on their bicycles, and the former lost all control over his machine, and after a speedy run, collided with a low wall and was precipitated over. Both machine and rider were severely damaged, Mr. Coles being removed by Dr. Jones to a hospital. The son also fell.

A MOUNTAIN PASS.



NOW we leave the flat Keswick Vale, and are soon brought out of our saddles by the steep and rough rise—the old coach road to Cockermouth, whose summit is something over a thousand feet above the sea. On the left opens out a long valley, a winding beck along its level bottom, and tempting green roads trenched in the smooth slopes of the hill side. This is Coledale, said to be Ruskin's favourite, but we cannot give chapter and verse for the statement. A wall of black rock closes the end of the valley, with a thread of waterfall sliding down its face. But we must push upwards through the larch plantations thankful for the shade, for the hot June sun beats fiercely on our backs as we plod our wobbling way. Turn to face the breeze and behold the view across the valley and lake. Massive Skiddaw looks his best from here, showing all his height as he rises sheer out of the sleepy waters of Bassenthwaite. The bare Helvellyn range stretches away out in the East a long red-hued wall, marked faintly with the shadows of its gills and watercourses, and dotted here and there with tiny snow drifts, the

RELICS OF THE ARCTIC WINTER.

Under it lie the heathy crests of the Armboth and Castlerigg fells; lower still the thick hanging woods of Walla Crag, and a glimpse of still Derwentwater caught beside the grassy pyramid of Catbells.

On again the gradient permits of a mile's rather tiresome riding, but the breeze seems to have changed and is cooling our heated brows as it meets us on nearing the gap. At length the summit is gained, but as yet we have no extensive view as the road winds down a narrow gorge. A sharp bend, a stiff descent, and the Vale of Lorton lies spread out before us, a vivid green against the grey foreground of crag; beyond a few low hills then the thin line of the Solway, and in the dim distance the Scotch coast tending down towards Galloway—Crockettland.

A little further, and we swing sharp to the right, and get

A VIEW FURTHER NORTHWARD,

the Solway still narrower than before, round-backed Criffel beyond. From the coast, a flat country is spread before us—green fields, the thousand intersections of roads and enclosures—here a reek of foundry chimneys, or a blot of houses. There is the smoke of the train, winding along from humdrum little Cockermouth. What good can come out of such an embodiment of the commonplace as Cockermouth? Such good as is meant by the name Wordsworth has come out of it, for there the great poet was born. Perchance the place was blither, when "Emmeline, and I, together, chased the butterfly" by the wave of the Derwent. Over there, where lies a black cloud on the coast, is Workington, a gloomy inferno of

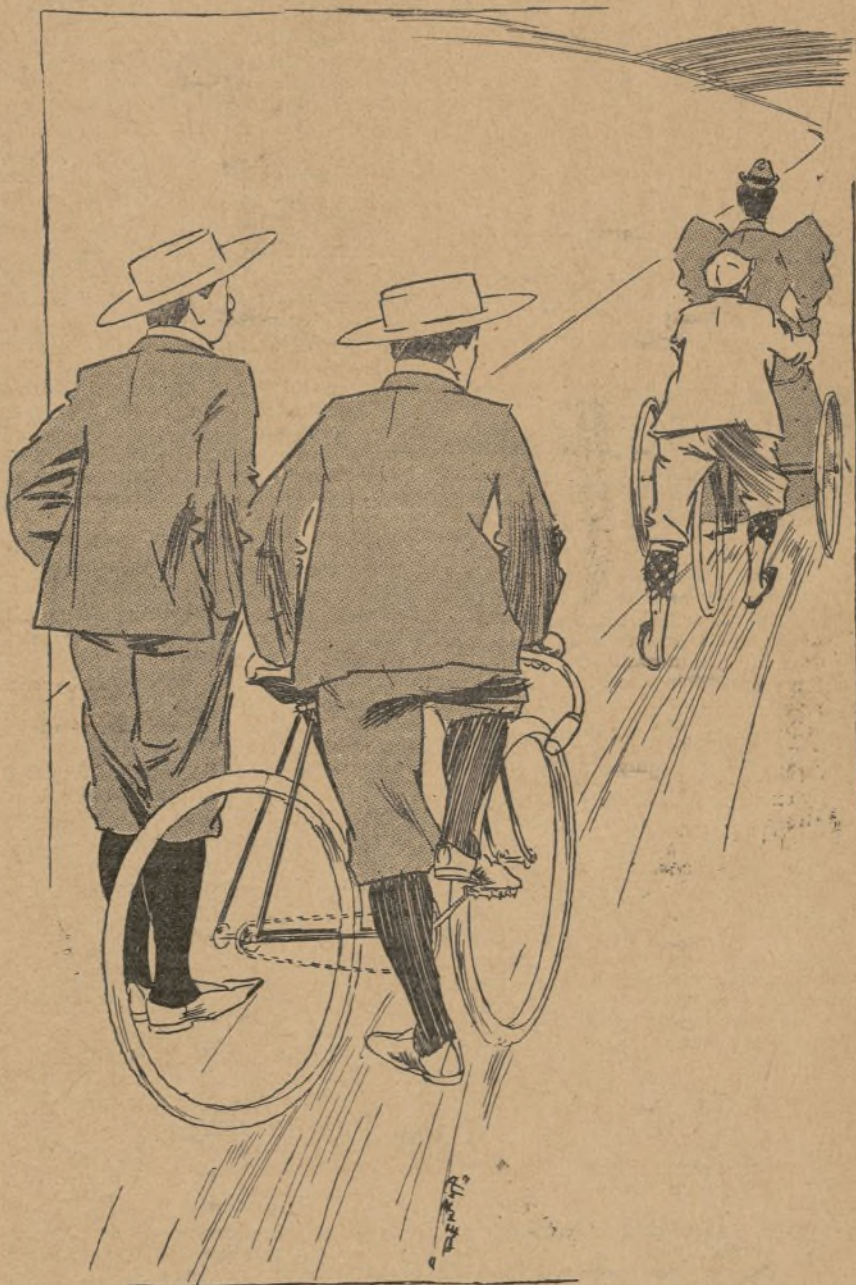
foundries; shall a poet arise even now from among those grim shades? Must not rather your modern poet be nursed in Alpine and Appennine bowers, reared on Greek sunshine?

From Cockermouth came Wordsworth, and from half the glories of the globe is born—stay! no more; for in the company of two, is it not now-a-days a necessity that one should be a minor poet? R.

At Exeter, Devon, on Friday, the 27th inst., the sixth annual carnival to be held promises to be a capital success.

'Killed by a side-slip.

A SAD accident occurred in Birmingham on Monday of last week. Mr. John Hayes, was riding along Brood Street, when his wheels skidded on the wood-paving, which had just previously been watered. He was thrown off, and the wheels of a hansom-cab, driving behind, passed over his body. The gentleman in the cab was Surgeon-Captain Saw, of the Army Medical Staff, Brook Street Barracks. He went to the assistance of the thrown rider, and took him home in a cab. Hayes was seriously hurt internally, and died the following day. No blame, whatever, is attached to the cabman.



A DIFFERENT VIEW.—II.

But if there was any doubt about the New Woman, there was no doubt about the same leg-weary, perspiring, toiling, old, old, pattern man.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

CYCLING

OFFICES.

LONDON:—27, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street.
BIRMINGHAM:—Victoria Chambers,
Martineau Street.

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 21, 1895.

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DENMARK	<i>Cyclen.</i>
BELGIUM	<i>La Rev. Vel. Belg.</i>

EDITORIAL TOPICS.

It amuses us sometimes to hear temperance orators belaud the bicycle on the grounds that it is impossible for a drunken man to ride such an unstable machine. "I defy him to do it," thunders the modern Demosthenes, and the admiring women and children raise an approving little cheer. Like many other public speakers he doesn't know what he is talking about. In a somewhat lengthy experience of cycling and cycling men the writer has seen cyclists ride who were very drunk indeed—and ride well. On one occasion in the old ordinary days it was with great difficulty and at some personal risk that some time-keepers managed to prevent a budding champion from mounting a very old extraordinary safety, instead of his light 60 Humber. Had he mounted the safety he would inevitably have come to grief, as it was he sprinted home an easy winner. The same man rode 10 miles of very rutty road in pitch darkness at the rate of 17 miles an hour, when he could really not walk after he had dismounted from his machine. He was out for a time medal, and his intention of winning it was still firmly fixed in his mind as he lay on the clubroom floor ejaculating "N'ver mind, I've got another." It was said, too, that one of our cracks who went over to America in the old Springfield Tournament times had looked so deeply in the cup that cheers and *does* inebriate, that they could not stop him at the end of a race

in which he was the winner. The writer remembers one man who was a very moderate rider indeed, but when he had drunk a couple of pints of beer, he made things very hot for the club captain, who, at that time, held the flying quarter record. In about five miles he completely ran down, and sometimes fell off his machine, and woe betide his companion if there was no pub. near at which to obtain a fresh supply of energy. Nevertheless, there is no doubt that the cycle is a great help in the temperance cause, and that to see a drunken cyclist is not a common sight, though it must be remembered that his condition when on the machine is not easily discernible. The action of cycling is much more mechanical than that of walking; we all know of cases of sleep-walking, but whoever knew anyone who dropped off to sleep while in the act of walking, whereas there are many well authenticated cases of men continuing to ride after sleep had overpowered them.

CYCLISTS little know what carefully laid plans exist for the purloining of their machines; if they did, they would take greater precautions than they do at present, and we should have fewer complaints about stolen machines. Bicycle thieving, as a matter of fact, is now a paying profession, and there exist clever and well organised gangs of thieves who are expert cyclists, and who are up to all manner of dodges to obtain possession of machines. It is a fact that regular scouts are engaged to learn where the cycles belonging to young men in apartments in different districts are kept, and they supply this information to the working gang of thieves. There is nothing these smooth tongued scamps will not stoop to. In a recent instance detectives discovered documents plainly indicating that a scout had actually joined a large club, and by this means had secured the private addresses of the majority of the members; the man's pocket-book was discovered and in it was found carefully gathered information regarding the habits and movements of a circle of cyclists, this, of course, being for the benefit of the gang.

Cyclists should be on their guard; they should inform those at home that under no circumstances whatever should they allow any stranger, whatever his or her credentials may be, to take away a machine during the owner's absence from home. When out cyclists should not leave their machines unguarded. The thieves have a perfect system, and in an hour after a machine is stolen, its owner would hardly be able to recognise it; parts of one machine are instantly changed for parts of another, and all marks transfers, &c., are quickly removed. Thus it is that so few stolen machines are recovered; clever experts so completely change the entire character of a machine that all chance of identification is removed.

Do cyclists ride in the City for pleasure? We can hardly think they do; and if cycles were prohibited altogether within the City boundaries there would not be very many cyclists who would be greatly inconvenienced. Of course there are some who use their cycles to carry them to and from their business, and others who use their machines for purely business purposes; to these, naturally, such a prohibition would prove unwelcome; but, judging from recent events at the City Summons Court, and the remarks of the presiding alderman, cyclists must not be surprised if, before long, some of the main City thoroughfares are closed against them during the busiest hours of the day. We notice that one cyclist amongst a recent batch was fined for disregarding the signal to stop with the other wheeled traffic in Cheapside; this cyclist deserved the modest fine inflicted. Cycles are ordinary vehicles in the eyes of the law, and cyclists must conform to the traffic regulations, however irksome or difficult they may find them. Alderman Green remarked recently that he wished that the riding of bicycles in the City could be prohibited altogether, if only in the interest of those who are so foolhardy as to ride them. It is impossible to close one's eyes to the danger the rider of a bicycle runs amongst the ordinary heavy traffic in City streets, crowded as they are with busy pedestrians; but for the benefit of those who use cycles for business purposes, it is to be hoped that their prohibition will be deferred. The matter rests with cyclists themselves, who should exercise the greatest possible caution, not only for their own sake, but for the sake of others.

THE race meetings of the Surrey B.C. have invariably been characterised by good management, but we must say candidly that we cannot compliment those responsible for the compilation of the programme of last Saturday's meeting. The mile handicap was drawn up for thirteen riders in each heat! The Oval course is a good one, as grass courses go, but it is circular, and although it may be urged there is no boundary on the outside the advantage of a "close in" position on such a track must be apparent; and this inside position is so keenly fought for that the danger of starting thirteen racers in one heat should not require pointing out to such authorities as those who organise Surrey meetings. That there was no serious accident in the heats of the mile handicap must be ascribed to great good fortune, but the inevitable happened in the ten miles race for the Surrey Cup. The club accepted an entry of fifty, and allowed about forty to start. We cannot comment too severely upon the action of the club in this matter. The event cannot be described as a race; it was purely and simply a scramble, and a ghastly smash took place in the ninth mile. Many times the pressure of the crowd of flying racers was so great that

those on the extreme inside were forced right inside the flag-marked boundary of the course. By the way, of what value are the records, bearing this fact in mind? There can be no two opinions about it; the Surrey B.C. *must* limit the entries for this race. If they do not do so it is only reasonable to expect them to arrange for the entry fee to include a life insurance policy.



PNEUMATIC tyres are like conceited fops—*inflated with an air of importance.*

"WHEEL TALK" gravely asserts that Lord Roseberry recently fell from a Premier.

HODGE (perplexed, as a speed merchant flits by with a dust veil on): "I'm danged if I know whether that be a he or a she!"

IN the interests of human vertebræ all road surveyors should be condemned to ride solid-tyred bicycles. They would then have a fellow-feeling.

From "The Wheel."

"WHAT great blessings do we enjoy that the heathen knows nothing of?" inquired the new Sunday-School teacher.

"Bicycles!" was the answer that came from the small boy at the foot of the class, as he tried to hide a pair of trouser guards he had been playing with.

Fashionable intelligence.

WE learn from a dramatic contemporary that Mr. John Hare and his family have been staying at Ramsgate, and that the former recently wheeled into Margate in the gay undress of the cycling world to see his old friend, Mr. Toole. Our informant is silent on the point, but we have no hesitation in asserting that the eminent actor *tooted* along on Hare tyres.

A one-sided concern.

AN undertaker in a large South of England town, finding business dull, took over a cycle agency, and displayed in his window a notice, "orders punctually attended to." "Orders!" said a wag, passing by, and conning it, "I guess his customers will seldom deal with *him* twice! If they want a coffin they *won't* want a bicycle; and if they want a bicycle it will be a precious long time before they want a coffin!"

Hill-logic.

DID you ever listen to the excuses of cyclists when they have to dismount at a hill. Not one in fifty will bluntly admit the truth. Some jump down and feel the tyre eagerly, "Jove! thought I had a puncture?" Others fiddle at imaginary tight bearings or loose nuts, or tap the cranks with the wrench. Another will tell you that his chain is a racing one and would not bear the strain, or that his bearings always lock when hill-climbing, or that his shoes are so light that heavy pressure would drive the rat-trap pedals through the soles; or that he has no toe clips. In fact the excuses are endless. What a queer creature is man!

Angels ever bright and fair.

BAGGS:—"Snooks doesn't go to church now?"

DAGGS:—"No! The minister said it was unnecessary—he's got an amateur's license, you know."

Both needed assistance.

AUNT BOFFIN (*somewhat corpulent*) to her nephew:—"George dear, help me to mount this machine."

"Hadh't you better help the machine, George?" shouted Uncle Boffin, wickedly, from the window.

Quite Irish.

"THE IRISH WHEELMAN" relates the following real Irish bull: "I may make mistakes," said the new chairman, "but I will expect the council to support me," and the president wonders still why everybody laughed.

Smart!

"WHAT a charming morning! To cycle or not to cycle? that is the question!" said pretty Kate, dramatically. But, being an ardent cyclist, she soon came to a decision. "I really *must* have a short trip."

"Will you permit me to add a *ride* to your verdict on that momentous question," facetiously exclaimed cousin Tom, as he hastened to get his machine (and hers).

He was duly rewarded for his witty observation.

On the wrong scent.

"I SAW you on a tandem, last evening, with a young lady, Harry. You seemed very familiar with her."

"Oh, I know her intimately. You see we played as children together. Her mater—who is really very attached to me—often asks me to take the young lady out for a ride."

"Ah, those would-be mothers-in-law are wide awake. No doubt she thinks you are a good catch for her daughter."

"Do you really think so? Well, the young lady is *my sister*."

Rustic Wit.

CYCLIST: "Is this a safe hill, my man? Do cyclists meet accidents here?"

RUSTIC: "Oh no, sur, It's quite safe—they all walk it down."

At a small Country Hotel.

LANDLADY (*maliciously, to lady cyclist*): "I don't know whether you are a man or a woman." The retort was sudden.

"I do know that you are *not* a lady."

And then the "brute" laughed.

MR. CAUDLE: "Just fancy, my dear, Mr. Bykist has got a couple of triplets."

Mrs. Caudle: "Good Lord! Caudle, you don't say so! And they've only been married two years, too!"

A Dead Heat.

"WHO was it said 'And men may live and men may die, but I go on for ever?'"

"Give it up. It must have been either a gas-meter or one of those blamed mileage fiends, I don't know which."—"The Wheel."

He didn't mean what he said.

PHATHEAD: "How is it, Miss Bloomerscant, that we do not see more of you on the road since you brought your new cycling costume home from Paris?"

MISS BLOOMERSCANT: "Sir!"

"The Wheel."

Palmer victorious.

PALMER tyres have secured the following scratch events; Catford 50 miles' championship, and world's record $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{3}{4}$, and 1 mile English record at Catford; Eastern Counties' 10 miles Centre Championship, Norwich; Brixton, 10 miles; Tiverton, 5 miles; Exeter, 5 miles; M.C. and A.C., 10 miles, Aston; Portsmouth, 100 miles open scratch; M.C. and A.C. 12 hours' road record; 24 hours' Western Roads record; and the St. George's 65 Guinea Challenge Cup.



A ONE-SIDED JOKE

Photo. by S. E. Richards, Nottingham.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



The following Race Meeting Announcement will be found on page 7 of our Supplement:—
The Anchor Shield.

PLATT-BETTS rode a Rover with Palmer tyres when he beat the 50 miles' record last week.

In the Gay City, the brothers Linton, Lumsden, and Rosser, are considered an ideal "quad." crew.

THE seekers after 12 hours' medals were busy on the Southern roads last Sunday, and were favoured with the day.

THE entry for the Warwick Challenge Vase positively closes on Saturday of this week, and will be limited to 20 Essex men (born or resident).

AMONGST the many fine wins and record beatings done on Rovers this year, the 50 miles world's record in the Catford championship, namely 1.48.38½, stands out prominently.

THE Vegetarian C.C. will hold their 100 miles championship at Wood Green track, on Thursday, 19th inst. The race commences at 12 o'clock, and the price of admission is the customary sixpence.

ON Wednesday, the 28th ult., Messrs. Bush, Biggs & Briggs, of the Catford C.C. (Nottingham Branch) succeeded in gaining the time medals offered by the club for a 12 hours' ride, doing 152 miles in that time.

Not a record.

It appears that Gittins' 12 hours cannot pass as Western Roads record, one reason being that it was done on Sunday, the other that it was not on ground within the territory of the Western Records Association. In fairness to Gittins it should be said that he does not claim any kind of record.

Pacers wanted.

TANDEM and triplet crews will be in demand for pacing purposes at Wood Green, on the 28th, inst. The Hampstead C.C. are holding a 6 hours' race on that date, starting at noon, and gentlemen who will kindly assist in the pacing are requested to communicate with the racing secretary, Mr. R. Constable, of 1, Hermitage Villas, Child's Hill, N.W.

The 10 miles Irish championship.

THE Race Committee of the I.C.A., having decided that the 10 miles race at Cork, last month, should not count as a championship event, it was run off on Saturday in connection with the Newspaper Sports at Balls Bridge. There were 12 starters, and 7 entered the last lap together, Large leading by fully 3 yds. When half-a-lap from home Meredith put on a lightning sprint, and would undoubtedly have won had Dame Fortune been at all kind to him. Just as he was entering the finishing straight, through some cause or other, he was brought to the ground, Carraghan and Deacon also falling, and being badly hurt. This nasty accident robbed the race of all interest, as Meredith is one of the most popular racing men in Ireland. Large had no difficulty in securing first place, with Gibson and R. Reynolds second and third respectively.

The risk of racing tyres.

HORSWILL suffered from innumerable punctures in the E.R.A. 12 hours'; in fact we scarcely met one rider, competitor or official, who did not share the same fate. A number of the tyres used were really not fit for the road.

Won on Self-Closing tubes.

THE 65 guinea cup, won by Shelton last week, at Oakengates' sports, was won on a machine fitted with the Pneumatic Self-Closing Tubes, which demonstrates clearly that the Self-Closing Tube does not interfere with the speed qualities of this invention. The tubes used on the occasion were those made by the new Manchester Company, whose prospectus is being issued to the public this week.

The Midland C. & A.C.

THE Midland C. & A.C. held a championship meeting on the Aston track on Wednesday. The various contests were of a most interesting character. The "Appleby" challenge cup (1 mile), was won by E. Bradshaw, J. G. Newey, being second. The 10 miles championship (Eadie cup), was secured by A. A. Jordison, after a fine dust-up with J. G. Newey. Several wheelmen competed successfully in other branches of athletics.

No pacing!

WHAT happened in a recent 100 miles race has not been lost sight of evidently, for we notice from the "Bath Road News" just to hand, that all pacing is barred in the 50 miles handicap, open to members of the Bath Road Club, to be held at Kensal Rise this Saturday. The first prize is a valuable silver cup, presented by the club's president, Mr. John Aird, and this, it is hoped, will lead to some exciting racing. The competitors should arrange amongst themselves as to sharing the pacing and probably will have to do so to win the time standard medals offered.

The Lord Mayor visits the Bordeaux path.

THE Lord Mayor, who is at present travelling in France, last week officially visited the famous Bordeaux track. A splendid fete was organised in his honour, 400 cyclists forming an escort for him from his hotel to the track, which was beautifully decorated and illuminated; for the fete was given in the evening. Sir Joseph Renals was received at the entrance of the famous grounds by a committee, at the head of which was M. d'Etchepare, president of the French Union. That well known French journalist, M. Maurice Martin, addressed him in English in a short speech. The Lord Mayor, who was warmly cheered by the enormous crowd present, returned thanks for his splendid reception. Afterwards he witnessed the racing, which was very fine, and congratulated Banker, who won the principal event brilliantly.

THE PROPRIETORS

of "Cycling" have been, for some time, negotiating for new and commodious premises, and we shall shortly be announcing our removal to them.

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Rivierre's bad fall.

ON the same day on which Huret was beating his record, Rivierre was going for the 100 kilometres road record. He had a bad fall nearing the finish, and broke his collar bone. This is indeed much to be regretted, as Rivierre will have to rest for three weeks at a time when many people thought he was able to regain the 24 hours' record.

100 miles championship of Wales.

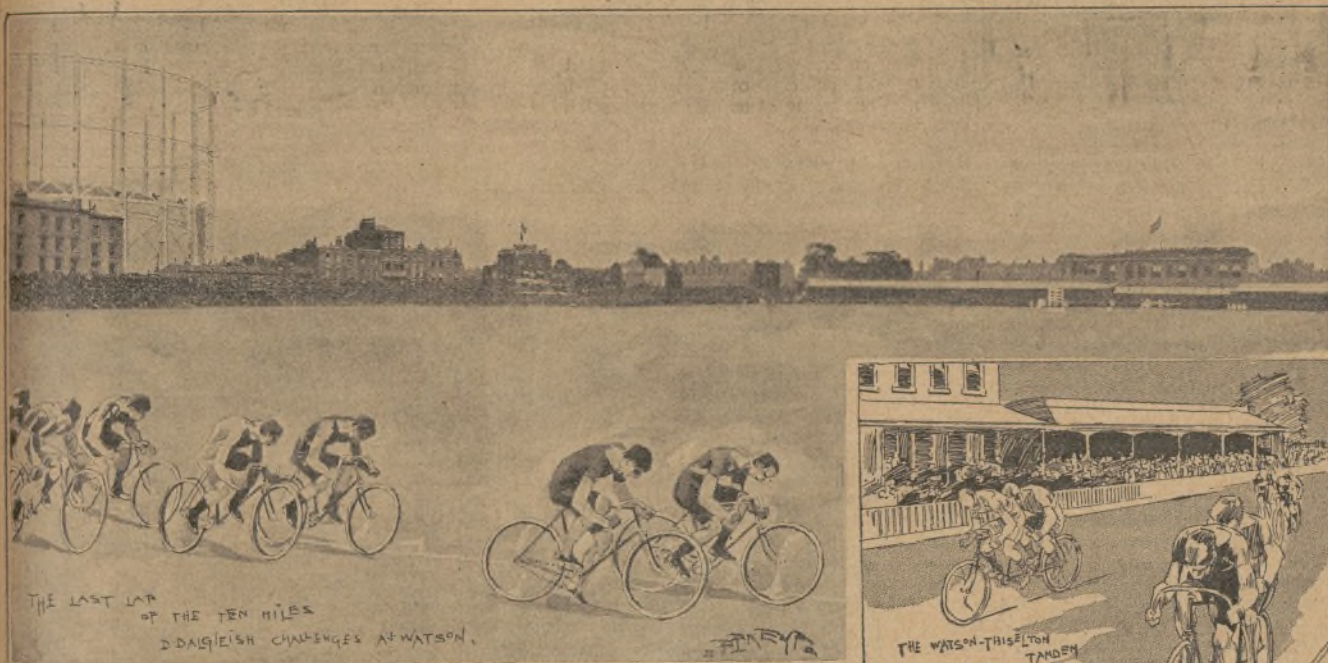
E JAMES won the 100 miles championship of Wales at the Cardiff Harlequins' meeting. In addition, he broke *en route* all Welsh records from 24 miles upwards, and finished in what must be called the fast time of 4.36.10. He won by 11 miles, and like the third man, C. A. Stephenson, rode a Raleigh. James thinks he can annex the hour's British record, and means to try soon.

The East Dulwich 50.

LATE entries for the East Dulwich C.C. 50, at Catford, on Saturday, will be accepted until first post Thursday morning. The race is confined strictly to first-claim members, and entries must be made upon the form supplied by the club. There are still a few pacers' tickets left for those friends who are willing to assist in the pacing, and may be obtained on application to the hon. sec.

The E.R.A. 12 hours.

BISHOP'S STORTFORD was as full as it could comfortably be on Friday night, and the market in beds ruled high, owing to the influx of a young army of competitors, pace-makers, and officials to be engaged on the morrow on a road tour of 12 hours' duration. This was the second contest for the Dewar Challenge Cup, organised by the Essex Records Association. The entry for last year's event (54, of whom 51 started) is probably record for such a contest. On that occasion H. C. Horswill won with a total of 202½ miles, creating Essex record for the distance. This year the entry was kept down to 21 safeties and 3 tandems, 3 safeties being non-starters. Accidents and punctures thinned the field down considerably in the first 70 miles, only 11 (including all 3 tandems) completing the first 100 miles. Horswill was first to arrive at the timekeeper stationed at the 100 miles' point, his time being 57.10, or 20 minutes inside previous best: then came Van Hooydonk and Highatt in 5.13.0, pulverising the previous tandem record by 52½ minutes. R. C. Knights and H. W. Standish arrived together at 5.26.0, both inside previous safety record. The tandem caught Horswill at 120 miles, and from that point they were together for 60, when the tandem punctured, and lost about 20 minutes. Horswill was picked up with the timekeeper's tandem at 196 miles, with 35 minutes to go, and finished with a total score of 208 miles. The tandem finished with 203½ miles. The other distances are:—Safeties: H. W. Standish, 201½; T. S. Ludford, 184½; R. C. Knights, 183; C. J. Cottis, 180; F. A. Bourke, 151; and T. Mason, 148½. Tandems: Perkins and Hubbard, 194 miles; Burley and Flanders, 184½ miles. The distances must be understood to be approximate, the alteration of the course necessitating a re-measurement. Horswill beats the county record for safeties by 5½ miles, and Van Hooydonk and Highatt the tandem record by 28 miles. The timekeeping and general management were in the hands of G. F. Sharp, assisted in the former department by A. G. Reynolds, and in the latter by A. V. Ebbelwhite.



THE LAST LAP OF THE TEN MILES
D DALGLEISH CHALLENGES A. WATSON.



THE WATSON-THISTLETON TANDY WIN A SPLENDID RACE.

THE SURREY MEETING.

IN typical Autumn weather the Surrey Autumn race meeting was held on Saturday last at Kennington Oval before a moderate crowd. The first event was a mile handicap, and it seems that the managing committee of the Surrey Meeting are members of the "Thirteen Club," for they arranged for the modest number of

13 STARTERS

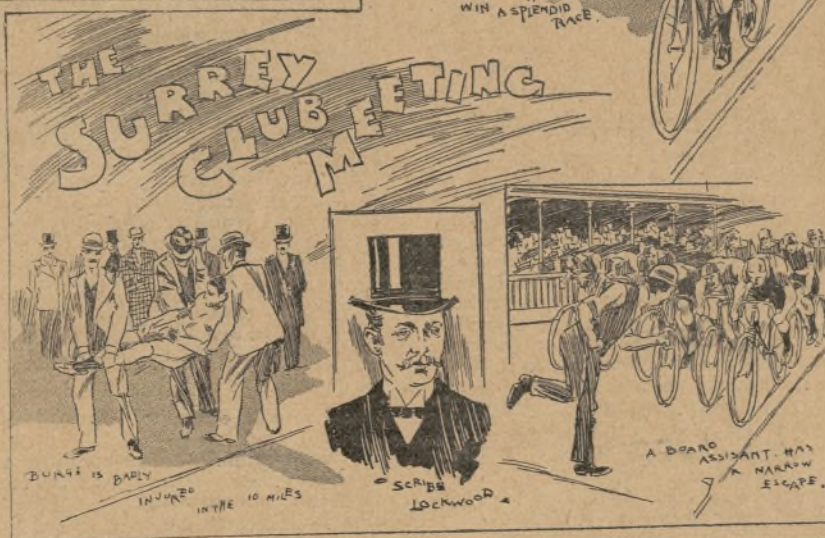
in each heat. The racing in the preliminary canters call for little comment. The final fell to H. E. Hill (Silverdale C.C.), 20 yds.; G. Fisher (Tooting C.C.), 80 yds., second; and G. W. Young (Reading C.C.), 80 yds., third; time, 2.31½.

There were 4 heats of the ½-mile scratch race for the Sydney Challenge Trophy. A. J. Watson, H. W. Payne, E. H. Ainsworth, Burge (apparently a peer), and A. J. Cherry (fastest loser), qualifying for the final, which was won with ease by A. J. Watson, Poly. C.C., Burge, Poole Wheelers, being second, and H. W. Payne, West Roads, third; time, 1.14½. An objection was raised against Watson for having passed on the inside, and, after hearing the evidence of the umpires, the judge ordered the race to be re-run, but Burge objected, and the original placings therefore stood.

The mile tandem scratch race produced a good final, which was won by A. J. Watson and Thistleton, who rode grandly, holding the lead from start to finish, W. J. Wilson and F. Burnand were second, and H. W. and G. F. Payne third; time, 2.23½.

There were only 2 heats of the ½-mile scratch for the unlicensed riders, and only 7 starters. T. Osborn won, T. Gibbons-Brooks being second, and H. B. Hoch third; time, 1.23½.

The 10 miles scratch race for the sixth Surrey Cup brought out 38 or 39 starters, and it would have been nothing short of a miracle if there had been no smash. There was a keen contest for the lap prizes, the result being that all grass records from 2 miles upwards were broken. Positions were



constantly changing, and the pace was very fast; the crowding of the riders was so great that many times those on the inside were driven inside the flags. In the 9th mile, just in front of the grand-stand, six men came a frightful smash; they were Bardesley (whose name was not on the programme), Burge, Ainsworth, Burnand, Wilson, and Thistleton. A. J. Watson took the lead from the 9th mile, and the scramble began in earnest. Half-way round the last lap D. Dalgleish (West Roads C.C.) drew out, and, keeping ahead, won; A. J. Watson (Poly. C.C.) being second; and E. L. Winbolt (Poly. C.C.) third; time 25.56½.

In addition to the new grass records established in the 10 miles race, the following bests for grass were also made:—A. F. Sadler, Amia C.C., ¾-mile, 1.49; ½-mile, 34½. In the mile tandem race Thistleton and Watson rode the ½ in 37½, the ¾ in 1.12½, ¾ in 1.46, and the mile in 2.15½. The

flying ¼ was also record, 29½. Cooke and Yeoman afterwards rode the ¼ in 36½, and the ½ in 1.11½.

The Phoenix Park grievance.

DUBLIN wheelmen are delighted to learn that Mr. Hanbury, secretary to the Treasury, intends visiting Ireland at an early date to go into the "Park Grievance." We understand that Mr. J. C. Percy, of the "Irish Wheelman," intends getting up a deputation to wait upon the Right Hon. gentleman, and lay before him their views on this question. It is not generally known that the chief reason for closing the Park against racing men was owing to the presence of betting men at the various contests. Of course, this was a matter over which the Irish Cyclists' Association had absolutely no control, as the police had full power and authority to put down betting had they cared to exercise it.

The Grand Prix de Paris.

It is now decided that the big race, which the Paris Municipal Council has created this year, under the name of the Grand Prix de Paris, will take place on October 6th, 10th, and 13th. The idea of the Councillors originating this contest was to create something similar to the world-famed Grand Prix de Paris for horses. Therefore the enormous amount of 10,000 francs (£400) has been set aside for prizes.

Banker the king.

In the absence of his great countryman, A. A. Zimmerman, Banker seems to be really the king of the short distance riders in Europe. Sunday last saw him the winner of the Grand Prix de l'Union, a 2 kilometres scratch race, with a first prize of £40, run at the Seine track. A first-class lot competed, including A. C. Edwards, and Broadbridge, who were both unplaced. The final resulted thus: Banker, Morin, Bourrillon, and the American's victory was rather easy.

Handicaps at Sheffield.

THE Sheffield United Harriers held their first open race meeting on Saturday, at the Niagara Grounds, Wadsley Bridge, before a moderate attendance of spectators. There were two cycle events included in the programme a half and three miles handicaps. R. H. Hepplewhite, Rotherham, 75 yds. won the half-mile by a length from S. C. Hardy, Beeston, 50 yds., and J. Williamson, Retford, 70 yds., third. The three miles was a splendid race, and T. J. Gascoyne, Whittington, 90 yds., added another to his already long list of wins; S. Stringer, Rotherham, 175 yds., second; R. Hepplewhite, Dearne, 185 yds. third.

Yorkshire 12 hours' record.

SHEFFIELD cyclists seem to be going in wholesale for the Yorkshire Roads' Club medals. A fortnight ago Chris. Chappell, Globe C.C., rode 165½ miles in 12 hours, for which he gets a gold medal. Last week Harry Lee, Sharrow C.C., made an attack on the 24 hours' record, doing the first 100 miles in 5½ hours, when, owing to the front forks of the pacing tandem breaking, he had a nasty cropper, and had to give up until a future date. Last Saturday Harry Wright, Sharrow C.C., went for the 12 hours' record, and, being well paced, managed to put in 184 miles by the call of time. This is record, and will want a lot of beating, seeing that the ride has to be done on Yorkshire roads, which are not of the best kind.

The Herts Police and road racing.

THE E.R.A. had arranged the course of their 12 hours, so that it started just inside the Hertfordshire boundary with two returns to nearly the same spot. The police got wind of the affair, the information being telegraphed from Hatton Garden to the Chief Constable at Hatfield. The police at Stortford acted well, and having secured a promise from the officials to avoid Herts altogether, gave no further trouble. After the men had been dispatched from the fresh starting point, a new route was mapped out, marshals posted, and as each man arrived at the new hundred miles point he was provided with a card giving the new route. The whole of the route giving a distance of 200 miles only went through two small towns, the greater part of the way being clear of the haunts of man, the counties made use of being Essex and Cambridgeshire. With the exception of the police at Stortford—which matter, however, was amicably arranged—no trouble was experienced anywhere.

Too many cooks.

THE Newspaper Sports at Balls' Bridge on Saturday, were very badly conducted; we have seldom seen more managers and less management. Fully one-third of the programme had to be held over.

Coal pit training.

It seems rather strange, but all the holders of the South Yorkshire Centre championships this year are colliers. E. Scott, Dearne C.C., 5 and 10 miles; R. Hepplewhite, Rother Ramblers, 25 miles, and T. J. Gascoigne, Chesterfield C.C., 1 mile. Evidently if you want to win a championship in South Yorkshire, you must go and work down a pit.



T. GIBBONS-BROOKS,
POLYTECHNIC C.C.

THE FIRST ENGLISH RIDER TO COVER THE
MILE IN UNDER TWO MINS. (ON HIS RUDGE-
WHITWORTH.)

The Pegasus's 12 hours.

THE Pegasus C.C. held their third annual 12 hours' path-race at Kensal Rise on Saturday last. Nine men started out of an entry of 14, and steady hard riding, coupled with ideal weather, resulted in some very respectable total mileages, which, we fancy, will compare favourably with another 12 hours on the same day, held by that crack distance club, the N.R.C.C. Final results were as follows: G. Padbury, 249 miles 1 lap; G. Allen, 248 miles; W. J. Tillman, 231 miles 1 lap; J. H. Mortimer, 215 miles 1 lap. Three men secured gold medals for covering 230 miles, whilst the remainder easily obtained silver medals, distance for which was fixed at 190. W. Murray gained a special prize for greatest mileage in the last hour, covering 21 miles all but a few yards. The race was a grand struggle between Padbury and Allen, the latter having a slight lead up to the third hour, but in the fourth Padbury gained a mile, and retained his lead to the end, despite casualties to machine and a severe cropper.

THE NORTH ROAD 12 HOURS.

A SMALL crowd only gathered to see the 12 hours members' race promoted by the North Road C.C. at Wood Green on Saturday last. This goes to prove our contention that the public is satiated with cycle racing in general, and long-distance racing in particular. Fourteen competitors faced the starter, the ranks being comprised of 9 single safeties, 2 tandems, and a tricycle, and, in addition to the ordinary prizes for first, second, and third, gold, silver, and bronze standard medals were on offer for all those who covered stipulated distances. S. J. Prevost turned out to compete, he being down to ride with F. R. Goodwin on a tandem machine, but, owing to an order of the N.C.U., in consequence of his having competed against Fontaine last week Prevost was not permitted to start, and his place was taken by J. P. K. Clark. Clark and Goodwin on the tandem took the lead from the start, and at half-distance the positions were: 135 miles 1 lap to their credit; King Jun., 132 miles 2 laps; R. J. Ilsley, 132 miles 2 laps; E. Gould, 126 miles 3 laps; and Robertson, 112 miles 3 laps. Clark and Goodwin were going splendidly at this point, and at 130 miles were over half-an-hour inside tandem records. The tandem continued to lead to the end when the positions were: F. R. Goodwin and J. P. K. Clark on tandem, 262 miles 1,100 yds.; T. G. King, Jun., 258 miles 1,300 yds.; R. J. Ilsley, 257 miles 1,050 yds.; E. Gould, 247 miles 1,250 yds.; W. M. Crossbie, 242 miles 750 yds.; H. P. Perkins, 236 miles 625 yds.; L. G. Ilsley, 232 miles 350 yds. F. J. James (safety), D. M. Weigel (safety), W. W. Robinson (tricycle), F. Philpot and E. R. Smith (tandem), and C. J. Watts (safety), retired. F. T. Bidlake timed the tandems, W. Ward the tricycles, and J. Dring the safeties.

A fast mile.

CHINN rode a fast mile on Friday last, at Catford track, when he was timed by Plummer, and W. S. Holding, to cover the distance in 1.58½. He, of course, rode an Osmond.

Wants improving.

THE officials of the Salford Harriers are waxing very wroth over the comments which have been made on the spills, which are usual on the cinder track at Bellevue. They seem to forget the fact, that if the racing cyclists were only to make a firm stand and decline to compete at future meetings until the track is made absolutely safe at high speed, the Salford Harriers Sports would not be the draw they have been, and the promoters would soon see the short-sighted policy they are pursuing in not having the track in question altered and brought up to date.

Little wonders.

No sooner is one little wonder lost to us than we find another who hankers after records. Platt-Betts, who broke all world's records from 42 to 50 miles, is like Michael, a little pocket Hercules of cycling, and should he go for some of the French records as rumour states is his intention, we opine that some of them will have to go. He rides the speedy Palmer tyres, and these famous tyres were also the first love of little Michael, when he so astonished the cognoscenti of the cycling world by beating the crowd of good men in that ever memorable Surrey 100.

Could not do himself justice.

MEYER, the winner of the Bordeaux-Paris and Paris-Royan, could not do himself justice in the 24 hours at Bordeaux last week, being only three weeks after the last big event. He was, however, second to Huret, his distance being 451 miles. Meyer again rode a Triumph.

Milsom in form.

ALBERT MILSOM, the Bristol crack, has been racing all this season without success. On Saturday, September 7th, he mounted a Raleigh (received the same day) for the first time, and won the 1 and 2 miles handicaps at Gloucester. Milsom is in grand form, and should have more than a chance for the West of England mile championship.

A South African record.

ADVICES received from Johannesburg chronicle the breaking of the 25 miles' record for South Africa by Brink. He was well paced, and brought the time down to 56.20, dangerously near the English amateur record. Continuing for the full hour Brink covered 26 miles 935 yds. He rode a Raleigh racer geared to 84.

CHIEF among the many recent successes on Humbers may be mentioned the 24 hours' race at Bordeaux, when C. Huret beat the 6 hours' record, covering 150 miles 880 yards; the 12 hours' record, covering 279 miles; and the 24 hours' record, riding the marvellous distance of 529 miles 585 yards. All world's records from 6 to 24 hours were beaten by him.

A trying course.

MULLER, who won the recent road race across Belgium (Arlon to Ostend), is the first cyclist to establish a record over this trying course. Many others have failed owing to the bad roads through Flanders. In spite of these he covered the 350 kilos. in 20½ hours, riding a Coventry Cross, fitted with Dunlop tyres, which stood the test without the least attention, the tyres not even requiring inflation during the whole of the journey.

Record attempts.

ON Wednesday evening this week at the Catford C.C.'s evening race meeting there will be several attempts at records, and, given fine weather, something will have to go. The distances to be attempted are quarter, half, one, and five miles; and the following are expected to be the assailants: J. Platt-Betts, A. J. Watson, R. A. Marples, E. E. Parlbay, F. J. Osmond, A. J. Cherry, F. W. Chinn, P. Wheelock, F. W. Weatherley, T. Gibbons-Brooks, &c., &c. The 1 mile championship of the Catford Club is to be competed for, and there is also a ½-mile open handicap.

Catford "Fifty."

ON Tuesday evening, at the Catford cycling track, J. Platt-Betts won the Catford C.C.'s 50 miles championship in the fresh record time of 1.48.38½, as against the world's professional record of 1.49.21½, accomplished by A. Lesna, at Bordeaux, on July 1st, this year. The previous British best was 1.51.33½, by A. E. Walters, at Catford, in the Polytechnic 100 miles race Saturday week. Of the other competitors only A. W. Horton finished. His time was 1.58.57½. Platt-Betts rode brilliantly all the way. Despite a noticeable wind, and nothing better than triplet pacing, he covered 28 miles 937 yds. in an hour *en route*. Messrs. G. Pembroke Coleman and E. A. Powell took the times.

WORDS ABOUT WHEELMEN.

As a cross-country runner, E. W. PARRY. E. W. Parry, of the Salford Harriers, made a name for himself when he won both the National and Northern Championships three times, besides having a particularly successful career as a foot runner at race meetings between 1886-1892. Of late years he has discarded the running path in favour of the cycle, and has met with almost equally marked success; during the past and present



E. W. PARRY.

season he has added many and valuable prizes to his large store. His popularity with the crowd is almost unique, owing to his go-all-the-way tactics, and when he mounts for a race the reception he gets is most enthusiastic.



F. H. KOENEN.

F. H. KOENEN, one of the best known and most popular riders in the Manchester district, is a Dutchman by birth, but has been a resident in Manchester some ten or a dozen years, during which lengthy period he has been cycle racing, and has won as many prizes as any man in the district. That he is equally good at a long or short distance is shown by the fact, that he has held the local championships at 1 and 50 miles, while as a plucky rider and a determined finisher he is second to none in Lancashire.

A. W. HARRIS.

WE had a chat with the well-known Leicester crack at Catford, on a recent occasion, and on questioning him, as to whether the smash at Cardiff had left any after-effect, he told us that he had been almost totally deaf in his left ear ever since, and never expected it to improve. The marvellous manner in which he pulled round after such a deadly crash only shows what training and constant exercise will do for a man's constitution; the shock would have killed many men. Harris is staying in the vicinity of Catford, with an eye to records, we believe.

A. E. WALTERS.

WHO has once again won the 100 miles' championship of the Polytechnic C.C., is one of the very best of the unlicensed long-distance riders. Like the majority of the speed division of the Poly. C.C. he served his novitiate as a club runner, and the writer can remember him as a very raw novice at club runs. He improved rapidly, however, in fast company, and in 1894 succeeded in beating Leitch in the 100 miles championship of the Polytechnic C.C., at Kensal Rise, winning the "Anchor" Shield 12 hours' race, later on in the same year, after a memorable struggle with Chase. Walters's face is an index of his character. His massive jaws, and firm mouth, show the great determination which he possesses, and his keen, bright eyes, and fresh colour, give evidence of careful living and abstemious habits. He is no braggart, and that is the secret of his great popularity with his fellow-clubmen.

THE wonderful record of 529 miles 585 yards in 24 hours, made by Huret, in

Bordeaux, and of which, alone in the English Press, we gave a complete report last week, has been the general talk of the week in sporting circles. The French crack has now proved his right to be considered as one of the best, if not the best, long distance rider known. It must be borne in mind that, while he was favoured by fine weather during the night, he had to struggle during the whole day against the terrific heat. Sunday week was about the hottest day on record this year, and every-one present in Bordeaux wondered how a man could get through a "24" under these conditions. Huret finished exceedingly strong and well, as evidenced by the fact of his riding nearly 24 miles in the last hour! He is very well at present, and said that he would set to work again this year if Rivierre, or anybody else, succeeded in beating his record again.

About Patents.

If any of our readers have an idea for an invention, and wish to secure their rights for it, they may obtain full particulars for securing patents and advice, free of charge, by applying to the Patent Editor of *CYCLING*.

BARNARD CASTLE.

In popularity with artists, authors, guide-book makers, and tourists, the old Durham stronghold of Barnard Castle is far eclipsed by Richmond in the neighbouring county of Yorkshire. But, whilst not wishing to detract one iota from the just claims of Richmond Castle on all lovers of the picturesque, —and certainly the view of it from the opposite bank of the river that twines its way in the rocky chasm below, takes a lot of beating, although the interior of the ruins are an utter fraud and disappointment,—still, after cycling to both places on the same day, we must confess that Barnard Castle pleased us most. Perhaps it was because expectations were not high in the latter case, and the chief association we had with the name of the town was that it was the scene of an annual meet of cyclists; and having seen it, we can congratulate the riders of the North on their good taste in the choice of their gathering place.

RIDING IN FROM RICHMOND.

the introduction to Barnard early excites a kindly feeling towards the place.

The road runs in touch with the rock-bound Tees, the shore in places being worn by water and time into natural stone steps and platforms, made for the angler, or the bather to dive at once into the cool, clear depths of the tree-shaded river. A turn in the road and a sharp dive down, and the rider is in the lower part of the town, almost before he realises it, and admiring the picturesque dilapidation and un-English architecture of the backs of the houses that rear abruptly from the river bed, and listening to the roar of the water through the mill wheel. Over the bridge a path takes one right up and

ROUND ONE HALF OF THE CASTLE,

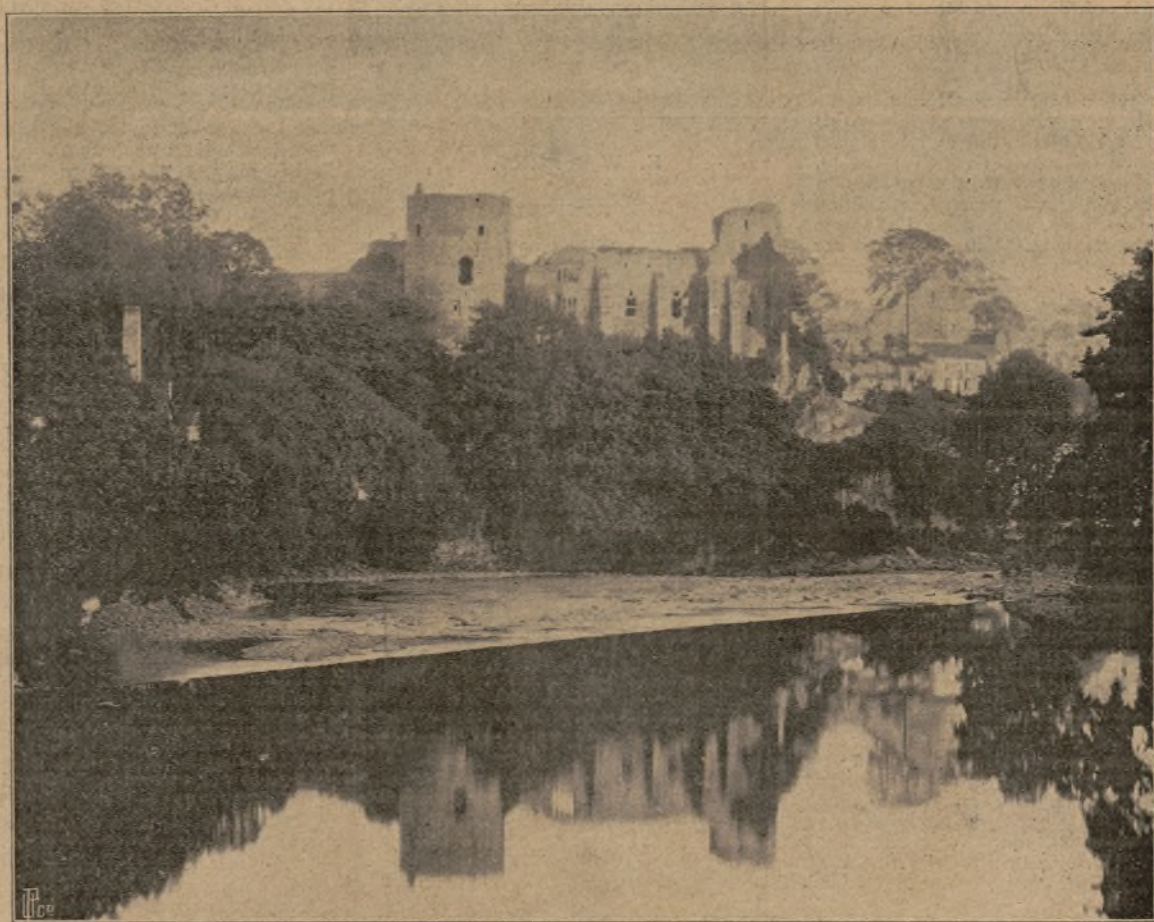
where its massive walls, well preserved, and masterly position for the days it was built for, can be seen to advantage, and appreciated. To see, however, the whole fair scene to the greatest advantage, the hill should be descended, and a position taken up on the new light bridge over the river, and slightly away from the town. Standing there, with the old-world castle still holding its head highest amongst all its surroundings; its towers and turrets still excusably admiring themselves in

THE CLEAR MIRROR OF THE TEES,

deep down at their feet; the river itself, feeling its way through its rock-strewn bed, with the hills and woods to the water edge, enclosing it in a cool preserve, one cannot help thinking that Barnard Castle, as a beauty spot, has not had justice done it. In the other direction the river runs over a broad and rocky bed, between high banks of thick woodland, soon to be lost to view in a graceful curve, that suggests all sorts of glorious possibilities in the beyond.

From the Poly. C.C. Gazette.

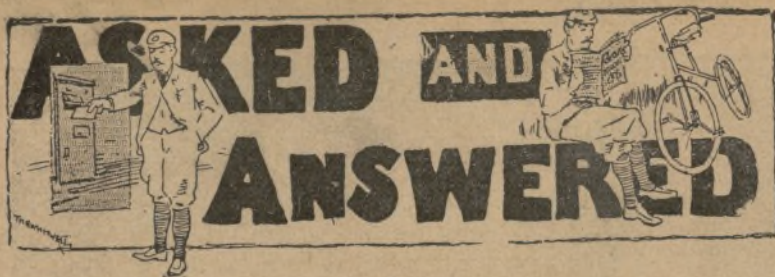
SCENE—Coventry track. Some local speed merchants training. Enter tall young man, with felt hat and long coat, who proceeds to hang on, much to local men's disgust. Pace quickens, stranger still there. A bit more piled on, and they turn to see by how much he has been left. He's still there. Local merchants sprint for all they're worth, and stranger passes them with utmost ease. Cursings, not loud but deep, in the dressing room. Next day, stranger appears on track in racing attire. Immediate rush to programme. Great Scott! T. Osborn, Polytechnic C.C.



BARNARD CASTLE.

Photo. by E. Yeoman.





J. ROBERTSON (Henley-on-Thames).—The Crypto Works Co., 29, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.

F. C. WILLIAMS (Wantage).—Thanks for your offer, which we regret to say we cannot entertain.

J. W. GREEN (Berkhamstead).—Sorry we could not insert your query before; it is, of course, too late now.

R. RIDER (Greenock).—1. We advise you to have a Rover from J. K. Starley & Co. 2. 64. 3. Dunlops. 4. From £18 to £20.

C. A. RAYNER (Feixstowe).—The route book you require is published by Mr. H. Grube, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

"NOVICE" (King's Lynn).—Chiefly milk foods, chicken and eggs, stewed fruits. Keep up a steady and regular pace all through; sprinting is the worst thing you can do.

J. D. (Threlkeld) would be glad if any reader could inform him the best route to take between Keswick and Birmingham. Any information as to road and distance would be gladly received.

A. G. MITCHELL (Penzance).—It does not follow that because an article is advertised in our columns we are able to recommend it. In this case, however, we believe the tyre referred to is a good article; the makers certainly know their business well.

"OLD SUSSEX" (Hewkhurst).—1. Yes. 2. You cannot be a very careful or regular reader of "Cycling" to ask such a question. A licensed amateur is licensed by the N.C.U. as a pure amateur; an unlicensed rider is something between a pure amateur and a professional. He has been unable to satisfy the Union as to his amateur status, and has, therefore, been refused a license. 3. Certainly not. 4. Yes, 2s. 6d. 5. They are fairly good machines.

H. SAMSON (London).—We always hesitate to recommend any particular kind of saddle, for the reason that what is luxurious for one rider might be extremely uncomfortable for nine others. As an instance, we have been riding one of the saddles you complain of so bitterly all this season, and have never had a more comfortable seat. We advise you to get an illustrated catalogue of Messrs. Brooks & Sons (Birmingham) saddles, and make a selection of one that you think likely to suit you.

A CORRESPONDENT writes:—"After Hounslow, the Bath Road is fairly good on the edge as far as Maidenhead, where it is loose for 5 miles, but good again to Reading, where cyclists should keep to the left, and not follow the tram-lines, which lead towards Tilehurst. For 10 miles beyond Reading the road is loose and sandy, but good again to Hungerford. The way of avoiding the hills between there and Marlborough by going through Ramsbury is picturesque, but not good going beyond that village. Marlborough to Devizes is perfect surface. The road back to Andover is good as far as Upover, but unrideable from flints from there to Luggershall, several miles. There it is good again, and continues so through Andover, Basingstoke, and Yorktown back to Hounslow, except that some of the hills between Andover and Basingstoke are a little loose."

Public Clowning. R. HALE (London) draws our attention to the fact that at the cyclists' carnival at Cromer, on the 15th ult., there appeared in the procession through the town one lady cyclist, and, as she had to face, "single-handed," the jeers of a certain section in the crowd, he thinks the fact deserves notice. He says that the Press (local) have given glowing accounts of the whole affair, but not a word for the solitary lady. He also thinks everything should be done to encourage ladies taking part in these public demonstrations. We are sorry to have to entirely disagree with our correspondent. As he will have gathered from an editorial in a recent issue, and others, that have appeared from time to time, we disapprove altogether of cyclists and their cycles being dragged through the public thoroughfares disguised as fools. As for ladies taking part in such exhibitions of mountebankery, we certainly shall do nothing to encourage what we consider to be a lamentable lack of good taste.

W. HARTNUP (Hurst Green).—We do not believe it can be had in this country.

C. W. STORRY (London).—We have not space to give you the desired information.

D. G. COLLINS (London).—We are sorry to say we do not know where it is published.

J. PARKER (London).—Don't ask silly questions. There is no record to Hastings and back.

G. ALBERTI (Florence).—We very much regret our inability to give you the desired information.

W. DUFF & Co. (London).—Mr. T. T. Sturtevant, St. John's Works, Clerkenwell Road, E.C., will do the work admirably for you.

C. PITWOOD CARTER (Nottingham).—We will look the matter up and see what we can do. Thanks for your complimentary remarks.

"HON. SEC." (Bridlington Quay).—We beg to refer you to Mr. McQuone, 73, Trafalgar Square, Scarborough, who will answer all your questions.

S. H. (Brighton).—For a rider of your age we think the distance too great, and advise you to moderate it considerably. Forty miles a day would be quite sufficient.

"ZETA" (London).—We believe the head referred to is an excellent one in every way, practical, rigid, and thoroughly strong. The Referee is one of the best machines in the market.

RACER (Tring).—We did not notice at the time of answering your communication in our last, that no name and address accompanied it. Mr. Shipton is the secretary of the C.T.C., and his address is 140, Fleet Street, E.C. We advise you to write to him.

W. S. B. (Leicester).—1. The Singer would suit you well. Have it by all means. 2. We have used a Presto ourselves all this year, and it has given every satisfaction, so we can confidently advise you to have one also. 3. We should say order it now.

G. P. CAMERON (London).—The Ideal is as its name implies, an ideal machine, and we can recommend it. We do not think you need stipulate for other than the first-named fittings. Thanks for cutting, and thanks also for your good opinion concerning "Cycling."

A Route. T. G. PEARSON (Saltburn-by-Sea).—In reply to this correspondent's query about the road from Barnard Castle to Keswick, writes C. H. Walker, "I would strongly advise him not to go by Shap as it is in very bad condition at present. There is a great deal of loose metal thereabouts. I should advise the following route: 1. Barnard Castle to Brough. This is hilly, but I believe fairly good surface. 2. Brough to Appleby. Old coach road and excellent riding. 3. Appleby to Penrith. A few hills, the longest stretch of the four and hilly, but good surface. The road from Penrith to Keswick passes Lane Head, Threlkeld, and Thornthwaite, and a friend of mine who traversed it recently tells me he found it in very nice condition."

Highbury to Hereford. H. F. C. (Highbury).—"Tourist" kindly gives you the following information:—"In answer to your correspondent in this week's 'Cycling,' as to the best way from Highbury to Hereford. Last week I, myself, rode from Hereford to Ealing, and I should advise the following route. Get on to the Oxford and Gloucester main road at Marble Arch, continue straight on via High Wycombe, Oxford (54 miles), Witney, Burford, North Leach, Cheltenham, Gloucester, (104 miles); Ross, Hereford (134). With the exception of a mile or two of loose road on the other side of Stonkenchurch Hill (but still rideable), the roads are in first-class condition. There is a shorter way to Gloucester avoiding Cheltenham, but the longer way is repaid by the better roads. If your correspondent does not know where to put up at Hereford, I can honestly recommend the Exchange Hotel, opposite the General Post Office. By following the wires to Gloucester, your correspondent will avoid many steep hills and bad roads, which lead into and out of towns which lie on the main road, and will find that they (the wires) keep along the tops of the hills—e.g., at Witney and Burford. Wishing H. F. C. a pleasant ride."

F. A. D. (Peckham).—We believe the machine referred to is a good one.

W. H. GRAHAM (London).—High Street, Clapham, S.W., will find them.

"HUMBER" (Greenock).—We much regret that we cannot let you have them. We are preparing a new set as those used last year are now incomplete.

W. WILLIAMS (Wrexham).—From Wrexham to Barnsley, best route wanted please. Can any reader who has been over the ground kindly oblige?

"DEVONIA" (Bristol).—By all means have No. machine if you have a fancy for it. We believe it to be a good one. If you prefer wood rims have the Fairbanks.

"CROSSCUTS" (—).—Query in correspondence. The publishers of "Fen Skating," are Messrs. Hankin, St. Ives, Hunts, price 5s. He might also write to me if he likes, Chas. Silcock, 12, Arlington Road, Surbiton.

"CYCLIST" (Hants) will be glad, if some reader will kindly tell him what the roads are like between Winchester and Oxford, and how many miles it is? Also, if going via Winchester and Newbury to Oxford is the best road from Petersfield?

SUBSCRIBER (Cork).—Anderton's in Fleet Street, is a first-class hotel. 1. Decidedly first-class make. 2. We regret to say we cannot give you the information desired in this question. You could obtain a map from Messrs. Philip & Son, 32, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

C. S. (SURBITON) writes:—"I've got a grievance against cyclists; they don't ring their bells enough when passing other cyclists, and when one is riding with a lady they don't always wait till they get out of ear shot before they make remarks. Not always complimentary or delicate."

H. DE BURLET (London) writes:—"I am thinking of going to Belgium, where my home is, for a few days, and I wish to take my bicycle with me. Shall I have to pay anything for duty on entering Belgium, and also if same is refunded on returning to this country, as I only intend staying in Belgium for a few days. I may mention I am a Belgian by birth?"

"CYCLING" WILL EVER LEAD (Elstree).—The tyres should not be kept in too warm an atmosphere. We can give you no hints for keeping them, but advise you to have an occasional spin during the cold weather. You could, of course, have the valve mentioned fitted, but we don't see how you could reasonably expect to have it done for nothing.

TOURIST (Ealing) gives the following information for the benefit of cycling tourists:—"My brother and I have just completed a fortnight's tour from Ealing through N. Wales via Oxford, Worcester, Much Wenlock, Shrewsbury, Oswestry, Llangollen, Corwen, Bala, Ffestiniog, Portmadoc, Criccieth, Beddgelert, Capel Curig, Bangor, Llanfairfechan, Conway, Abergelle, St. Asaph, Holywell, Chester, Shrewsbury, Ludlow, Leominster, Hereford, Ross, Gloucester, Oxford. The roads were, on the whole good, even in Wales, except between Bala and Ffestiniog, which was absolutely unrideable, and nearly unwalkable; but now I doubt if we really took the right road, as I think we must have got on an old track across the moors. I should very much like to recommend, through your paper (if you could find room) the following hotels. We found them most comfortable, clean, and reasonable, and the proprietors very obliging and agreeable:—Much Wenlock, 'The Raven'; Shrewsbury, 'Elephant & Castle'; Bala, 'Black Bull'; Criccieth, 'White Lion'; Chester, 'Westminster'; St. Asaph, 'Plough'; Whitchurch (Salop), 'Black Bear'; Ludlow, 'Elephant & Castle'; Hereford, Exchange Hotel; Gloucester, Albion Hotel."

For Tourists. TOURIST (Ealing) gives the following information for the benefit of cycling tourists:—"My brother and I have just completed a fortnight's tour from Ealing through N. Wales via Oxford, Worcester, Much Wenlock, Shrewsbury, Oswestry, Llangollen, Corwen, Bala, Ffestiniog, Portmadoc, Criccieth, Beddgelert, Capel Curig, Bangor, Llanfairfechan, Conway, Abergelle, St. Asaph, Holywell, Chester, Shrewsbury, Ludlow, Leominster, Hereford, Ross, Gloucester, Oxford. The roads were, on the whole good, even in Wales, except between Bala and Ffestiniog, which was absolutely unrideable, and nearly unwalkable; but now I doubt if we really took the right road, as I think we must have got on an old track across the moors. I should very much like to recommend, through your paper (if you could find room) the following hotels. We found them most comfortable, clean, and reasonable, and the proprietors very obliging and agreeable:—Much Wenlock, 'The Raven'; Shrewsbury, 'Elephant & Castle'; Bala, 'Black Bull'; Criccieth, 'White Lion'; Chester, 'Westminster'; St. Asaph, 'Plough'; Whitchurch (Salop), 'Black Bear'; Ludlow, 'Elephant & Castle'; Hereford, Exchange Hotel; Gloucester, Albion Hotel."

NOTICE.—We are always happy to reply to all queries addressed to us on matters connected with the sport, pastime, or trade. It must be distinctly understood, however, that owing to the large number of inquiries which reach us, we cannot in every case reply at once, but we always endeavour to answer queries as soon as possible.

Correspondents can send any inquiries to us for insertion in this column with a view to ascertaining information from any of our readers whose experiences render them capable of giving it. Under no circumstances whatever can we reply through the post to inquiries of any description.

Under no circumstances can we reply to anonymous correspondents. Name and address should accompany every inquiry as a guarantee of good faith.