

CYCLING.

CONDUCTED BY
EDMUND DANGERFIELD & WALTER GROVES.



FACT!

GULLIBUS—"What do you consider the most reliable plan to avoid punctures?"
CYNICUS—"Carry a repairing plant with you, old f'l'r.; never known to fail yet!"

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

ROMSEY=IN=THE=MUD.

By CHARLES G. HARPER.

SCARCELY a pretty name,—is it? Nor one very happily descriptive at times and seasons when wheelmen most do fare forth upon the roads. Romsey, in Hampshire, and situated upon a good hard road, does not look more muddy than many another place, nor, indeed, anything like so miry as some. But then, Winter, they say who should know, tells a different tale, and those who know best must necessarily be the people who live there, year in and out; the very people who, half affectionately, half satirically have affixed this epithet to Romsey's name. Therefore, let me give its local style and title to this article, rather than the more prosaic and less descriptive name, by which it is known to the Ordnance Surveyors, and in Gazetteers.

The modern cyclist, who speeds along the excellent road from Winchester *en route* for Romsey, has had notable predecessors this way. The king, with his courtiers, was used

pictures. But Prout himself could scarcely have rendered Romsey Abbey more flamboyantly time-worn than it is. Wild flowers and even large bushes grow upon its walls, and have forced apart their Norman masonry. Surely nowhere is there a more lovely example of ecclesiastical decay than here, where the shrubs and flowers, the clinging ivy, and gorgeous lichens have draped and mantled these grey walls with a living glory. But these beauties are in process of being torn away, for the restorer is at Romsey—his scaffoldings have been rising against the walls, and workmen are moving about the chevroned windows and portentous corbels that have grinned unchanging upon a changing world for nigh upon eight hundred years. The cats' heads and double-headed chimeras peculiar to the Norman mind, gape and leer from under cornices, and make the restorer's masons, by comparison with their dim antiquity, seem as evanescent as the gadflies of a Summer's day. The hoariest tombstones in the churchyard below them are things of yesterday beside these contorted monsters. But now they will be scraped, and trimmed, and renewed, and the masonry reset, so that all



ROMSEY

to ride from out his walled city of Winchester to his sport among the red deer in the leafy glades of the New Forest, along where now runs the broad highway, past Hursley; and this way they brought the dead body of Rufus, slain by a mysterious "accident" in the woods of Mark Ash. To-day, one enters Romsey along a lengthy street called, I know not why, "The Hundred;" and, all the way, you shall scarce see a soul, unless, indeed, you happen here on Market Day, when you shall stand an excellent chance of being suddenly and forcibly dismounted by one of the flocks of half-maddened sheep, who, worried by barking dogs, dash wildly down the streets and lanes, coming into violent and heedless collision with anyone or anything moving in a contrary direction.

But, on other days, a sleepy town, Romsey; a town glorified by its Abbey Church, wonderfully dilapidated and picturesque, with what we generally (and rightly) think the exaggerated picturesqueness of Prout's architectura-

the weatherings of time will be improved right away. Architects and contractors must live, even though to earn a livelihood they disastrously renew delightful work that has been mellowing, untouched, for centuries. Everywhere the old work has been scraped and tinkered, and endued with a modern smugness; until, as you stand before it, you sigh for the richness of colour that was at once a delight and a warranty of antiquity.

You see the Abbey and the outlying houses of the town to best advantage from the timbered bridge that crosses the River Test by the flour mills on the road to Lymington. That is the prettiest picture which the place affords. There is little in the town itself that claims attention after the Abbey, and Romsey is notable chiefly for its quiet, and for its beautiful setting in midst of lovely country. There is a bronze statue of Palmerston standing in the Market Square of Romsey; unrecognisable to all who have been brought up on the conventional likeness of "Old Pam," that used to

figure in "Punch." We don't expect the sculptor to give us the Palmerston of the rakishly-cocked hat, with a straw in the mouth; but I fear it was with something very like disappointment that the present writer regarded this very unsportsmanlike effigy that stands, hatless, and strawless, in a mild *un*-jaunty attitude, with outstretched hand, in pose of eternal declamation.

One leaves Romsey for the New Forest by Mainstone, the grateful shade of the park at Palmerston's old home of Broadlands beguiling the way. Here the objects most commonly met with are timber-waggons and herds of New Forest ponies. The district has a character quite its own, with subsidiary traits and divagations that defy monotony. Ancient woods give place to modern plantations; beech succeeds to oak, and gloomy firs to either. Clearings and young coverts, heaths and hamlets, and murmuring alleys of foliage alternate for mile after mile, and moss-covered drives everywhere radiate from the orthodox highways. By them, one comes at length, along a "switchback" road, to Lyndhurst, as pretty and as aristocratic a village as one could well wish to see. Here we are within an easy ride of the

place where Rufus was slain, at Stoney Cross, where the king's heart was pierced by the glanced arrow of Walter Tyrrell. It would seem that the clergy were more intimately connected with this event than was seemly, even in the revengeful and bloodstained annals of that time. It must not be forgotten that the king had despoiled the Church and the Church's high dignitaries with a ruthless hand; nor can it be denied that certain of them had denounced him, and had prophesied disaster, with an exactness of imagery only possible to those who had prepared the fulfilment of their boding prophecies. "Even now," said one, "the arrow of retribution is fixed, the bow is stretched." This was not merely metaphor. The body of the king was brought hence, along these roads to Winchester in a charcoal-burner's cart, and the enmity of the Church against which he had prevailed in life followed him beyond the grave; for, when the body of the Red King was buried in Winchester Choir beneath that central tower which, seven years later, fell in utter ruin, the Church ascribed its fall to the fact of the dissolute monarch being entombed there, without the last rites of the Catholic religion.



UNBECOMING?

SHE.—"Are you in pain?"

HE.—"No, I'm in ecstasies!"

SHE.—"Try and shake them off: they don't suit you a bit!"

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



NON-SLIPPING tyres are being made, in America, from the rough skins of sharks.

HOSTS of riders were out last Sunday, making the most of the ideal September day.

SIR WILLIAM YOUNG, Bart., has just purchased a Psycho from Starley Bros. for his own use.

THE N.C.U. Council Meeting is fixed for Saturday, October 26th, at the "London Tavern."

THE suggestion to limit the Essex Cycling Union to 100 clubs, is gaining favour amongst the *clientèle* of that energetic body.

A QUARTER of a million francs is to be voted, in Belgium, for the construction of cycle tracks along the highways.

IT is given as a fact, that a lady sent her groom, with her bicycle, to a funeral the other day, instead of her carriage.

"CHIPPENDALE style of continuations," is the way a writer alludes to lady cyclists' lower limbs that tend to a skinny appearance.

THAT good annual institution, the Walthamstow Town C.C. ladies' day, again went off happily this year; destination, Theydon Bois.

MATT. WELLS, one of Liverpool's most popular wheelmen, has the sympathy of all who know him, in his recent sad bereavement.

WHEN out shooting, last week, Oxborrow received a portion of a charge in his eye. It is hoped he will not lose the use of the organ.

"HIGH ROADS" are so called, because in olden times engineers raised them on embankments above rough, undrained land, over which they passed.

THE Paddington Vestry are the latest body to raise their powerful voice in favour of cycle numbering and taxing. It was suggested, the tax should be the same as for dogs. Who said, "Rats!"?

ON Tuesday last, a well-known North Country cyclist and talented literateur in the person of Mr. John G. Stroud, the editor of the Tynemouth Priory C.C. "Gazette," was married. Good luck!

MONEY is being collected to provide an inspector of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, with a bicycle. Perhaps the Society are thinking of turning their attention to 24 hours', and other long distance "grinds"?

Surely excusable.

WE learn from a Canadian source that a certain minister in New York recently ran over a dog while cycling, and while excited over the affair was overheard to say, "damn." The vestry of his church have come to the conclusion after a prolonged session that bicycles should not be used by the clergy, and at the next synod of bishops the subject is apt to be fully discussed.

B2

Gamage's sale.

GAMAGE'S annual clearance sale starts this Saturday, and those cyclists who are cute enough to appreciate real bargains will make very particular note of this date.

He withdrew.

MRS. NELSON YOUNG, of Palm Beach, Fla., who is an expert bicyclist, recently appeared in a bloomer costume, and was the admiration of every one except Mr. A. G. McDonald, who said that no modest woman would appear in such a garb. When Mrs. Young heard of the remark, she confronted McDonald with a pistol, which she handled so carelessly that he made an apology, and signed a card of retraction for publication. There is no use in waiting for the Coming Woman. She has come.—"Chicago Tribune."

Parlour cycle racing.

IN future the fever for cycle racing need not be limited to the Summer months, for in the improved home-trainer and indoor racing machine, designed and made by J. Hutson & Co., 55, Holborn Viaduct, E.C., nearly all the sport, and none of the danger of a modern track contest, can be obtained in the cosy retreat of the club-room, or the private house, however bad the weather without may be. The machine can easily be attached to



any ordinary safety, is well and ingeniously made, and costs from £4 10s. upwards. It can be used either as an ordinary home-trainer, and remain stationary, or be used as a racing machine, and actually travel along the floor at a very slow pace, although the pedalling is quick. The amount of power required can be regulated, and genuine and fair racing be relied upon; clubs and individuals will do well to give the idea more than a passing thought.

Cycle stealing with violence.

WE have frequently called our readers' attention to the insecurity of machines left unprotected in Birmingham streets. The following case will show how desperate some of the thieves are. F. Blackshaw saw a bicycle exposed for sale outside a shop in Snow Hill, he cut the string which secured it to the doorpost, and took it into the road. He had mounted it, when a man, who witnessed the theft, knocked him over; Blackshaw ran away, and when a young man tried to stop him, he used a clasp knife. However, he was eventually captured, and, on Friday, the Birmingham stipendiary magistrate sentenced him to six months' hard labour; he had previously had three months for cycle stealing.

The only reliable.

AN Irish cyclist in writing for some of W. Guest & Son's backed patches for tyre repairing, says he finds it "the only reliable material" for the purpose.

New track down East.

A NEW cycling track, banked, and with a cement surface, is in course of construction near the "Hare & Hounds," Lea Bridge Road. It is reported the track will be kept open for training purposes all the Winter.

Terrible tandem smash.

A SHOCKING accident took place recently on the Brighton Road, near Purley. A safety tandem was going fast when the head broke, and the front rider, in the fall, had his wind-pipe torn open. It was reported at the time that he would never be able to speak again.

A swindle.

HUMBER & Co. have been victimised to a considerable amount by a bogus firm, who have obtained Beeston and Wolverhampton cycles from them under false pretences. Parties offered new Humbers under suspicious circumstances should communicate with the firm.

A side-slip smash.

ANOTHER serious accident through side-slip has occurred in the Midlands. On Wednesday a cyclist named Cook was riding along Bradford Street, Walsall, when, owing to the slippery state of the road, the wheels of his machine skidded, and he was thrown to the ground; one of his legs was broken, and the ankle of the other dislocated. It behoves cyclists to be very careful indeed when riding along newly-watered streets.

Sunderland scorchers, beware!

NUMEROUS complaints having been made to "the powers that be" with reference to the scorching which prevails amongst a section of the cyclists in the Borough of Sunderland, the Watch Committee have come to the conclusion that this must cease, and it has been decided to prosecute any cases that may be brought forward, but as a preliminary warning, notices of caution are to be issued. We are sure all sensible cyclists will approve of the action of the Watch Committee.

A Winter club.

THE Manchester Cyclist Harriers A.G.M. is announced for the 27th inst., and is a sure sign of the waning of the riding season. The club, which was formed with the object of encouraging Winter riding in conjunction with cross country running, has hitherto met with great support from cyclists, and to those who have never participated in the cross country sport it may be of interest to learn that M. A. Holbein and T. A. Edge were both active members of the Cheshire Tally-Ho, years before either made their names in connection with the cycle.

The Dibble Memorial.

THE Stanley C.C. have forwarded a cheque for One Guinea, as a donation to this fund. It is most gratifying to notice this excellent example, and Mr. H. North hopes to soon see other clubs follow it. Collecting cards should be returned as soon as filled up, to H. North, 18, Albert Square, Clapham, S.W.

Previously acknowledged	£14 17 7
Stanley C. Club	... 1 1 0
Lewis Taylor	... 0 10 0
W. H. M. Burgess (per	...
(CYCLING)	... 0 2 6

£16 11 1

A tandem accident.

Two brothers named Peters, whilst pacing on a tandem in a road race near Birmingham, struck a stone, and were thrown off the machine. Charles Peters was badly hurt in the head, and died next day from his injuries.

Cum grano salis.

THE bicycle is credited with some miraculous cures—in America. The latest is that of a Mr. Baeltner, of Brooklyn, who, four years ago, was stricken with paralysis of the lower limbs. Recently, under medical advice, he took to cycling, and, though at first he had to be held up by two men, and his feet strapped to the pedals, he has now, says an American paper, completely recovered. H'm, yes! did anyone speak?

Club runs have a look in.

THE close of the racing season makes the hearts of the genuine club hon. sec., and captain rejoice, for then they know they have a better chance of gathering their flock together, and the club run once more resumes the fat proportions that the oldest member never tires of telling later recruits was once the normal average in the good old days. Next to the Spring club runs the Autumn ones are the most enjoyable, not only from this fact, that they are better attended, and the racing division, of which each club is so proud, and of which they see so little, put in a welcome appearance, but the whole season and surroundings suggest companionship and society, and the early darkness gives an opportunity for

music and entertainment before the dark ride home in company. All club men should make the most of the few runs left on the card.

Awkward absentmindedness.

A BUSY City man told us, the other day, that he was going to give up his safety, and either cease to cycle altogether or invest in a tricycle, as he could never ride a mile without a fall. His case was a peculiar one; when on his machine he always fell into a train of thought, which so engrossed him that he soon entirely forgot he was cycling, and came down crash, either from running into the kerb, or ceasing to pedal, and allowing the machine to overbalance. This is a case where a tandem or triplet should come in.



THE MEETING PLACE.



BEFORE THE START.



THE PUNCTURED TYRE.



ARRIVAL AT SELSEY.

SOME INCIDENTS OF AN ANERLEY CLUB RUN.

Photos by Percy M. Smith.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

The Beeston.

CALLING the other day at the Upper St. Martin's Lane premises of the Beeston Tyre Co., we were shown by manager Jelley, their new racing tyre, which has a fabric cover, instead of canvas, and, as far as can be judged by merely looking at it, should be speedy. The Beeston, it will be remembered, is a wired-on tyre, the only obvious difference between it and a Dunlop tyre, being that the wires are not brazed up and made endless, but are hooked together at their ends.

Wood rim testing in France.

WRITING from Charente, M. Allard sends the Fairbanks Wood Rim Co. the following details of an accident that happened to him, in which the firm's wood rims played an honourable part. He says:—"When I fell off my machine lately, people, who were following in one of my carriages behind, saw me actually flying up in the air, whilst the machine went crashing into a ditch. When they got me up I saw, to my great astonishment and relief, that nothing was broken in any way. I am perfectly sure that, if it had been an ordinary steel rim, it would have been turned up anyway. Everybody here is astonished."

A ride for a fortune.

AN Adelaide cyclist, Thiselton by name, but whether of the same clan as the well-known Silverdaler we know not, has lately been the hero of a risky but prosperous adventure with his bicycle in West Australia. He went out alone to track a party of horsemen, who were in search of a reported find of gold, and he was commissioned to take up leases for the reefs for syndicates, if possible. He cycled after them into the bush, and the last 100 miles, from Mount Ridley to Mount Rugged, took him six days, he having to cut his way through dense undergrowth with his tomahawk. For three days he was without food, a state of affairs particularly trying to a cyclist, but the meeting with a camel party put an end to his troubles in this direction. The cyclist eventually reached the new gold reefs, and was back in Coolgardie, before the horsemen reached their destination.

C.T.C. benefits.

ONE of our contributors says, that during a recent tour he stayed at four hotels named in the C.T.C. Handbook, two of which were under the old fixed agreement, and two under the new discount arrangement, and he thinks he saved about 12s. 4d. in the five nights he spent at these hotels. At one he stayed on two occasions, and his bill for bed, dinner, breakfast, and attendance, was 11s. each night; production of the C.T.C. ticket reduced this to 8s. 6d., and he was assured of the genuineness of the reduction as his neighbour, also a cyclist, actually paid 11s. for the same accommodation. At the second "discount" hotel he obtained a reduction of 2s. 4d. on a day's board. At the two fixed-tariff head-quarters (Inverness and Foyers) he stated that he was a member on entering, but thinks that he saved at least 2s. 6d. on each night. This shows a good investment for the annual subscription of 3s. 6d., and our wonder is that every cyclist who travels from home does not join the mammoth club at once. Besides the saving to his pocket, our correspondent also received eight closely-written pages of information as to roads, &c., from Mr. Greaves, the newly-appointed C.C. for Inverness, who really takes too much trouble over his clients, who are, as a rule, an ungrateful crew.

Lifeboat Saturday at Manchester.

SATURDAY, October 12th, a gigantic carnival will be held on the Manchester Athletic Club's grounds, Fallowfield, Manchester, in aid of the Lifeboat Fund. It is proposed, that the cyclists should ride to Fallowfield in a body on the evening. Several of the leading clubs will have marquees on the ground, and run side shows. J. C. Grime, Tideswell, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, has the matter in hand, and would be pleased to receive suggestions.

The ladies of Shrewsbury.

SHREWSBURY is a thoroughly cycling town; cycle riders and cycle agents are everywhere, and it is evident to the visitor that Shrewsbury is badly smitten with the cycling mania. The number of lady cyclists is most noticeable; they appear to outnumber the men. They ride in a good style, do not scorch, and wear skirts. The town itself is hardly suitable for getting about awheel, but the roads in the surrounding country are glorious from every point of view.



M. MAURICE MARTIN.

ONE OF THE CLEVEREST OF FRENCH CYCLING JOURNALISTS, WHO PRESENTED AN ADDRESS TO THE LORD MAYOR, ON THE OCCASION OF HIS VISIT TO A RECENT RACE MEETING IN FRANCE.

Dangers of hill straining.

ANOTHER death from straining up a hill on a bicycle took place last week. Mr. Herbert Fletcher, colliery proprietor, 51 years of age, died almost immediately after cycling up a hill, death being due to failure of heart action, from over exertion.

New duties for the verger.

THE Rector of St. Mary-at-Hill, London, the church near the Monument, has announced having made arrangements for cyclists to attend any of his services, the machines being taken charge of by the verger. We have not, hitherto, regarded the Monument as a cycling resort, and hardly look for large cycling congregations in that neighbourhood, but it is very good of the rector all the same. Whether the verger will echo these sentiments may be open to doubt; indeed, if he is requested to "Just pump up that back wheel for me, old man, during the sermon," or to "Try and find a spoonful of oil for my lamp when one of the hymns are on, there's a brick," he may get quite irritable over the innovation.

We have a letter at our office for Mr. J. A. Bennett. Will that gentleman kindly send us his address?

A Teacher of Royalty.

It is not generally known how Royalty first came to take up the pastime of cycling. Some years ago a young lady, the daughter of Messrs. Starley Bros., Newport (Isle of Wight) agent, was in the habit of riding her safety bicycle in the Island, and often chanced to pass the Queen's carriage. Her Majesty at first merely turned her head to see, but finally sent a messenger to say how much she liked the sight. Eventually the young lady, now Mrs. Quarrier, had for pupils in cycling the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Princess Beatrice, and the Princess Louise. Thus, without actually designing it, Mrs. Quarrier and her "Psycho" have played an important part in the emancipation of the lady cyclist.

A quid pro quo!

BEARING in mind "The Major's" attack on the Cycling Press, we cannot resist reproducing the following paragraph from his notes in the last issue of "To-Day": "Any London readers desiring dress shirts cut on scientific principles should see Mr. Hogg (of Baikie & Hogg, Glasgow), who will be at the Charing Cross Hotel on Tuesday and Wednesday next, the 24th and 25th September." Immediately under this notice appears the advertisement of Messrs. Baikie & Hogg's goods. If we were as uncharitable as "The Major" was in his attack on the Wheel Press, we should infer that "The Major" was gallivanting around town in a scientifically-cut shirt supplied in exchange for the above notice. It is surely not unreasonable also to suppose that the said notice would not have appeared had not there been an advertisement to inspire it.

The saddle question.

SINCE our issue of September 14th, one of our most valued contributors has returned from an adventurous tour in the extreme Highlands of Scotland, and reports thus on the saddle question:—"Owing to tyre troubles I was obliged to start for my annual tour this year in an entirely untrained condition, and under ordinary circumstances should have renounced the cycle as a holiday companion. However, I am the fortunate possessor of a Henson anatomical saddle, and I started off without the slightest fear of saddle soreness, and rode 180 miles of mountainous roads in the first three days, and never thought about my saddle at all till I saw your editorial note in the issue of September 14th. I think you need have no fear in recommending, this the first of the peakless saddles, to all and sundry, more especially the ladies to whom the peak is a constant nuisance. Just at first a man who mounts from behind may think it a large matter to put his leg over in mounting, but after the first day this is never thought about. It is also quite as easily slipped out of in case of a sudden dismount being necessary." These are the words of a man who has toured and raced many thousands of miles, and who paid for the saddle in question. He adds "The anatomical differs from others of its class, in having recesses for the tuberosities in each of its cushions, and I think that this is the point in which it is superior to all its successors, as these recesses ensure some ventilation, and prevent the air being driven to the back of the saddle by the pressure of the thighs in front."

PLAIN TALES FROM THE HILLS.



HIS article, good reader, has nothing whatever to do with any of those inimitable stories of Rudyard Kipling, plain, varnished, or coloured, as we are ever of opinion, that "Good wine needs no bush." Our concern is with those protuberances of the earth's surface in "Merrie England," known in Classic Cyclese, as "Brows," or, speaking quite correctly, "Pimples."

Have you ever noticed a crowd of wheelmen on the straight? How easily they swing along in unison; how prettily bunched (not round-shouldered, but *congregated*) they appear, all maintaining, at the same time, without seeming effort, a nice, respectable pace? But, one of the afore-mentioned "Pimples" appears, and the company draweth nigh to try conclusions with the same. Now, watch—they go up abreast—smoothly, easily, and successfully is it? A maintenance of steady, even pedalling; no scrambling, no rushing, or over-eagerness, as if everyone were fighting for possession of a gold medal at a hill-climbing competition? Not so! Unfortunately, when hills arise before our view, we must proceed in our chronicling from collectivism to individualism. The club, or company, is no more, while hills are about. It is now, "Every man for himself, and the 'Old Gentleman' take the hindmost." Consequently, a spread-eagling process supervenes. You are, of course, not surprised that such should be the case, and accept the inevitable, being well instructed in the resultant differences of force expended or required on a higher or lower gear, &c., but, good sir, these results don't seem to work out so variously on the more level portions of our highways.

Many men take hills as some do physic, at a gulp, a glad-to-get-it-over-and-done-with-style,—or like a cricketer going in to make all his runs in one hit. There is

A GRAND RUSH AT THE BOTTOM,

resulting in a very "pipped" feeling, long ere the summit is reached. Others, failing to make their effort at the lower extremity of the gradient, are content with a little crab-like wabbling for awhile, and are consequently almost pipped at the bottom.

Others, again, don't allow for the rise till they are on it, then off go their fireworks, and they fizzle out half-way. Stout men, and "corpulent i' faith" over-eager for the fray soon "groan and sweat under a weary life"—but even they—although built adverse to "romping up" manœuvres, prefer hills in season, to a continual dull drab monotony of plain. Hills have their compensating advantages. Who loves not the *run-down* so exhilarating and bracing? Older men may maintain their own uphill, but never downhill. The young-bloods revel in a rush down

AT A 25 MILE BAT

where veterans would fear to tread. Shorland and Bidlake in 24 hours North Road races managed to get away from the crowd down Alconbury Hill. To see T. A. Edge pedal downhill at a tremendous pace, is marvellous.

In negotiating hills, toe-clips are the necessity *par excellence*. Those who trust entirely to brakes are often deceived. Far better to learn to trust your legs, and to acquire the art of back-pedalling. Some of the famous precipitous obstacles to the cyclist's progress, as at Much Wenlock, Ashbourne, Coleshill, Ruthin, Dinas Maddwy (throwing in crowds of smaller hills as make-weight) are ridden without fear, but with far more care, by riders who understand the knack of pedalling downhill, than by those who trust to the brake almost alone for safety and protection.

We see many ladies riding now-a-days uphill and down dale; but have not noticed any of their pretty figures on a fairly BIG hill! How would they take it? Neat eh?

H.H.H.

UTUMN.



I.

Red leaves shaking
With wind that sighs,
Hearts leave-taking
Through tear-wet eyes—
Grey clouds breaking
On leaden skies;
Bare trees bending
Before the gale,
Swallows wending
On homeward trail,—
Mark the ending
Of Summer's tale.

II.

Shadows stealing
Before the sun,
All unfeeling
Their skins have spun;—
So with wheeling,
—The journey's done.

All unbidden,
Before we know,
Roads are hidden
By fall of snow,
Where we'd ridden
A week ago.

III.

All is over,
The golden past,
And on the rover
The gates close fast;
—Faithless lover
That could not last!

Ties that sever
The dark from light,
—Days that never
Can be more bright,
Pass for ever
Into the night.

HUBERT S. RYAN.

Attacked by highwaymen.

It is rare to hear of deliberate and violent attacks on cyclists, with robbery as the motive. A Mr. Cecil Cox, of Rotherham, has been the unfortunate exception to prove the rule; he was attacked by two men near Greasbro', knocked off his machine, and stabbed with a knife, narrowly escaping a fatal wound. The cyclist was found lying on the road, and robbed of some £21. The affair took place in broad daylight.

A NEW MECHANICAL MOVEMENT.

Yet Another Development.

WELL-FOUNDED rumours reach us of the formation of a big Company for the working of a new invention, to which we referred a week or two ago. We are at liberty, at any rate, to state that the invention in question is a chain so constructed as to bring into play what the promoters claim to be a new mechanical movement, and one so important that even they have only secured the rights for its adoption to the cycle, it being applicable to all branches of mechanics. This, of course, savours of a very large order, but certain it is that the thing is being handled in a very large way, several Companies with enormous capital being contemplated. The claim of the new chain, which we believe to be the patent of a Mr. Simpson, is that by its use a much

HIGHER GEAR CAN BE USED

without additional exertion being required. We, of course, have all heard of this claim before, but the present one seems at any rate to have got nearer than its predecessors, judging from the description which has reached us, and which so far is limited. The idea however, is practically this: Upon the *outside* of an ordinary chain is fitted a series of large teeth. The front chain wheel remains as it is. The teeth on the back wheel are removed, the chain travelling across a smooth surface. Now comes the notion. The teeth of the chain come into contact with a correspondingly toothed wheel which is so contrived that although fixed to and actually forming part of the existing back cog, takes the chain at its outer side, that is to say, the chain travels *inside* it instead of out, as is at present the case, the result being so the inventor claims, that the leverage of the chain upon the driving wheel can be increased to an unlimited extent, and a chain is constructed which leaves the wheels in a remarkably smooth manner. We are told that upon an ordinary Beeston Humber, so fitted, a third-rate rider covered four miles of level road in eight minutes. In our next we expect to be in a position to give further details, and, if possible, illustrate the invention, which, unfortunately, we have been unable to actually see. We know by whom it is being handled, and this alone is sufficient to demand prominence.

Reynolds nearly beaten.

HARRY REYNOLDS just managed to squeeze home in front of R. Mc Gladdery, the Belfast road crack, in the 50 miles scratch for the Wheatley cup on Saturday last. The race was held at Enfield, and the time 2.38.55. is good, seeing that during the last 40 minutes darkness had fallen upon the earth.

Morin beats Banker.

THE struggle for supremacy between the best French sprinters and Banker is at present particularly exciting. On Sunday, that fast improving rider, Morin, in whom every good judge sees the coming man, succeeded in beating the American crack. The struggle was a hot one, and Banker only succumbed by half-a-wheel, while Bourrillon was third. Houben was among the starters, but displayed wretched form, and was unplaced in his heat.

CYCLING

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In case any of our readers would like to know the present state of the "pacing market," we have gathered a little information on the subject. A few days ago a friend of the writer's, thinking that, with a little training, he might be able to overtake a few records, wrote to a "quad." owner to know what his terms would be for taking him round for say half-an-hour to an hour of an evening. The answer came back promptly—50s. and expenses. As our friend remarked, he would have to train for at least a fortnight, and 50s. per hour every evening for two weeks would mean £30 without expenses for two weeks' training; as our friend was anticipating a long distance record, he calculated that in order to do anything like a good performance he would require two or three "quads," and the same number of triplets at least, during the actual record ride; the question is, what would be the cost of the record to our amateur friend? Well, reckoning that each multi-cycle pacing him in the record attempt charged the same as for a training spin, i.e., 50s. and expenses, and assuming there were six pacemaking instruments, another £15 and expenses has to be added to the £30 and expenses already levied for pacing in training, bringing the total for pacing alone to actually

£45. It would certainly be well within the mark to write down £50 for pacers and their expenses. By-the-way, the "quad." crew whose quotation is 50s. per hour is, or was at the time they quoted, composed of duly licensed amateurs!

THE foregoing will give our readers a very fair idea of the depth of degradation to which the Sport has reached. Not so very long ago, if a man went for records, he received the loyal and the spontaneous help of genuine sportsmen, anxious to assist a fellow sportsman to do a good performance, and willing to be rewarded by a similar good turn, if needed, at some future date. Compare this with the sordid facts given in the preceding paragraph. It can scarcely be doubted that the pacing sharks get their fees and expenses without demur, but who pays the piper? Does not the question naturally arise; how can a man, without ample means, spend weeks in training and waiting on records at London tracks, without being heavily subsidised; bearing these facts in mind, how can impecunious licensed amateurs who train for record breaking, wonder that the N.C.U. regard their movements with suspicion, and eventually revoke their licenses? Cycle record breaking, as practised now-a-days, is not sport; that word is associated with too many unallied traditions in the minds of Englishmen, to be used to designate the present heterogeneous collection of conflicting interests which bring about the establishment of records. Traderivalry, and a desire on the part of racing men, whether record-breakers or pacers, to make capital out of it in every possible manner is gradually, but very surely, establishing for cycle racing and its side issues, a distinctly unenviable reputation.

THE American "Referee," in its issue of the 5th instant, is indignant over what it calls a "theft and forgery" perpetrated by an English wheel paper. It appears that the journal in question reproduced an illustration from the "Referee," and, instead of giving credit for it to our American contemporary, they affixed their own imprint. The "Referee" very naturally resents such flagrant plagiarism, and "roasts" our contemporary somewhat severely. When, however, the "Referee" asserts that "the English Press is, with a few notable exceptions, largely given to appropriating, without credit, the dainty morsels of the American journals," it is time for us to offer its editor a little piece of advice. People who are sheltered by glass houses should not heave bricks—even across the Atlantic! We ask our American friend the "Referee," to turn over some pages of its contemporaries a little nearer home. First turn to "American Cycling" of September 6th, pages 14 and 15; on those two pages will be found six pictures stolen from CYCLING, and, of course, not

acknowledged. The same paper, the week before, stole another of CYCLING's pictures. We next refer our friend's attention to "The Bicycling World," of the same date, page 627; on this page will be found a drawing taken from CYCLING's Supplement picture of Dr. Turner, and also used without acknowledgment. As a matter of fact, pictures are constantly being taken from CYCLING and used by the American Press in this manner, and, before now, our artist's name has been obliterated; we venture to say that no other English wheel paper is plagiarized from by American cycling papers to anything like the same extent as CYCLING. We hold no brief for the English paper attacked by the "Referee"; on the contrary, if wilfully done, we hold their action to be contemptible; but we do think it is a little out of order for an American paper to prefer an almost general charge of theft against the English Press when we can thus show that, at the very time its indignant protest was being circulated, its home contemporaries were purloining wholesale from CYCLING in the most barefaced manner possible. To use an Americanism—pointer for "Referee."

In the promotion of sport, in the invention and introduction of sporting novelties, and in courageous enterprise, the Catford C.C. has this year been second to none. They have held far more open meetings, given more valuable prizes, and exhibited a keener desire to study the wishes of the racing men, than any other club we are aware of; and this they have done, at least in some cases, where a financial loss on the transaction was a foregone conclusion. No doubt the club is working to a certain extent for the future, and their ultimate advantage; and their generosity to the racing man may be partly accounted for by a natural desire to boom and popularise the new ground with which the club is so closely identified. Even after making a liberal deduction for all this, there is still a great debt of gratitude due to the Catford C.C. from racing men, both of the licensed and unlicensed classes, for the open-handed and considerate way in which the club has catered for them, and studied their wishes and requirements on and off the path; and it is, therefore, simply nauseous to find the club receiving such treatment from prominent racing men, and being placed in such a false position by them, as was the case at their open race meeting last Wednesday evening.

WE are given to understand that this race meeting was got up at a time of the year, when a paying gate was highly unlikely, and at considerable trouble, purely and simply to oblige certain racing men who desired to go for records, and who wrote and had made personal applications to members of the Catford Executive, asking the club to

make an opportunity for them to go for records, and promising to support the particular meeting under notice. Excluding the triplet crew, three only of the nine who had expressed a desire to go for record, and for whom the meeting was engineered, whose names were advertised and placed on the programme, put in an appearance at the mark, although the day was distinctly favourable. It may be, of course, that all of the absent six have good and sufficient reasons for not getting up, and in the case of the tricyclist, we hear, he was disappointed of his machine; but, on the face of it, it looks like a total lack of all decent consideration for the promoting club, and is treatment not likely to encourage either them, or other race-promoting bodies, to put themselves out for racing men clamouring for an opportunity to go for record. There were other unpleasant incidents that evening. One of the three who kept their word, and did go for record, openly complained that his pacers had rather attempted to baulk than assist him;

and there was trouble, too, with the timekeeping, Mr. Britten objecting to Messrs. Coleman and Powell taking the times of the unlicensed men, nothing having been heard from the Union relative to the application made by the club for permit for the unlicensed men to ride. Altogether, what with selfish and unreliable racing men, the two classes, the complicated Union rules, and the dilatoriness of Union officials, those who attempt to promote cycling sport have a weary time now-a-days.

Cyclists v. Balloon.

A NOVELTY at the Amsterdam Exhibition on Saturday last, though not attended with best results financially, or otherwise, was a race of 20 kilometres, the competitors having to follow the unknown course of a balloon, the first three arriving at the place of its descent receiving prizes value £3 10s., £1 10s., and £1. Only five competitors started, two making a tour of some 45 kilometres before reaching the balloon, and one, at least, had a nasty fall, running into a cart whilst "sky-soaring."



LEADING CLUB OFFICIALS.—XIII.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



YNHEER VAN DUNCK ON TOUR.

DUTCH cyclists evidently tour in a far more practical manner than the average English cycling tourist does, if we may take as an example the subject of the following sketch. They do not attire themselves in knickerbockers, or with thin and scanty garments pursue their journeys from town to town, only possessed with a single suit that does duty for all occasions during their tour; nor do they neglect the necessary accompaniment to protect themselves against any emergency and bad weather, and halt at an hotel, were they make themselves conspicuous by appearing at *table d'hôte* in such an uncivilised state as the ordinary English tourist does.

Two Chichester cyclers last August, in riding through Holland, *en route* for the Rhine, overtook near Dordrecht, a Dutchman on tour to the Antwerp Exhibition, and observing the quaint manner of his general get-up, accompanied him for some distance, in order to take notes of his style, that they might place on record a few hints for the benefit of any English cyclist contemplating a Continental tour awheel. He was riding

A SMALL SOLID-TYRED SAFETY

of ancient manufacture, and was attired in a black frock coat the tails of which garment were doing duty for mudguards; black cloth trousers, the bottoms of which were tied close to his legs with white string, a faultlessly white open shirt front, that would have sufficed for a dress suit, and a high-crowned black felt hat. Suspended on his back was a huge black waterproof bag about three feet in length and two feet in circumference, tied at both ends, strung across his shoulders, closely resembling a bolster, with sufficient capacity to contain an ample wardrobe for six months' duration, that would enable him to dispense with the aid of a laundress until the termination of his tour. He appeared to be

EVIDENTLY ENJOYING HIMSELF,

and looked with supreme contempt on the English cyclers, in their woe-begotten condition, attired in C.T.C. costumes with the only appendage of luggage and change of attire, as contained in neat leather valises fixed in the diamond frames of their Swift roadsters. Just before reaching Dordrecht a smart shower came on necessitating a halt to seek protection under a large tree at the side of the road. The Englishmen hastily unfastened from their handlebars a small gossamer waterproof each, but the Dutchman, after spending some time in unfixing a mysterious long appendage fastened the whole length of the cross frame of his machine, smiled with serenity, as he drew out of the long case, and slowly, and methodically unfurled a green cotton umbrella!

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*.



The following Race Meeting Announcement will be found on page 6 of our Supplement:—
London County C.C.

NUMBER III. of "Types of Cyclists" is in preparation.

LARGE won the 10 miles I.C.A. championship on the Imperial Rover.

J. PLATT-BETTS was on Palmer's when he won the Catford championship.

A PROMINENT Scottish road record holder has had his A Certificate withdrawn.

BARDEN and Relph are to meet at Putney this Saturday, in three races of 1, 3, and 5 miles.

C. LUCAS is now riding Grappler tyres, of which he expresses a very favourable opinion.

M. BALIAN desires to sincerely thank all those who assisted him in the "Anchor" Shield race.

MICHAEL is matched against Gougoltz for three short distance events on the Seine track, on October 20th, for £200 a-side.

MORGAN & WRIGHT have thrown open to the world the competition for their gold trophy for the fastest unpaced mile on their tyres.

THE Catford C.C. are early to the fore in announcing that their open meeting next year is fixed for May 2nd, at the Catford track.

A RUMOUR is current in Paris that Fontaine will turn pro. and ride in the 6 and 12 hours' races advertised for next month in Paris.

F. W. CHINN, it appears, was on Dunlops when he beat the mile record. We stated otherwise, but were not aware that he had changed.

THE three men who towed, and the Englishswade resident who was towed, in a recent road record ride, have all been permanently disqualified.

BOTH the licensed and unlicensed mile records have been beaten on Dunlop tyres, and stand to the credit of Marples and Chinn respectively.

CLUB championships have a special interest this year to club men, they giving an opportunity for licensed and unlicensed members to meet.

THE 100 miles' Welsh championship, when Welsh records were broken all the way, was won by Ted James on a Raleigh with Fairbanks wood rims.

It looks as if the Brighton and back record will not be altered this year, and that Wridgway will retain the R.R.A. Shield. It is not for want of trying either.

CRAWFORD won the S.C.U. 100 miles championship for B Class riders last Saturday. T. Grandison won the A Class championship over the same distance.

If the men can stay, the six hours' tandem race at Herne Hill this Saturday, for the Hanapers, should prove an interesting novelty. The race starts at noon.

THE licensed amateur mile record now stands also to the credit of the Osmond. Mr. R. A. Marples having lowered it to 1 min. 56½ secs., on Wednesday evening last.

DUNWODY, the French amateur champion, again carried everything before him in the Franco-Belgian match at Ostend and Antwerp. He was first in the three finals on his Triumph.

PLATT-BETTS' success in the 1 mile Catford championship was to be expected after the magnificent form he has been showing lately, thus earning another winning bracket for his Imperial Rover.

ON Wednesday evening the 18th, at Catford, Messrs. P. Wheelock, C. T. Hodges, and A. G. Hodges on a Humber triplet covered a mile, with flying start, in 1 min. 52½ secs. beating the previous record by 6 secs.

AMONG the recent successes on Humber the following may be mentioned:—100 miles scratch of the Portsmouth Road Club; ½-mile scratch race at the Surrey B.C. Sports; 5 miles scratch race at Exeter; ½ and 3 miles scratch races at Plymouth; and the 1 mile Danish championship.



THE CENTURY CUP.

WRIDGWAY WELL IN IT.

Photo. by E. Seamell, Crouch Hill.

THE Inverness-Aberdeen record now belongs to Mr. E. Ogilvie, of the Morayshire C.C. who covered the distance last week in 6 hrs. 3 mins., beating the previous best by no less than 48 mins. His mount was a Triumph.

RUDGE-WHITWORTHS are still scoring freely on the Continent. Within three September days wins were reported from Dordrecht, Schiedam, Amsterdam, Arnhem, Montgeron, St. Nazaire, Bordeaux, and Rochefort.

THERE is talk of running a 6 hours' event at Putney early in October, open to all types, if a sufficient entry can be secured. Those who would care to start should write at once to P. Litchfield, 20, Spencer Road, New Wandsworth.

Linton again to the fore.

ARTHUR LINTON is not played out yet, for he won a good 100 kilometres' race in Marseilles on Sunday in the splendid time of 2.19.0. Reboul was second, and Thé third, some laps behind him.

Watson rides for the Poly.

A. J. WATSON is the "hope" of the Polytechnic in the 5 miles race, the last of the Armour Vigoral series, at High Beech on Saturday. The Essex Wheelers will pin their faith to P. W. Gidney, who starts with the advantage over the Poly. crack of knowing the track.

A trainer arrested.

A WELL-KNOWN cycling professional trainer named Snook was arrested in Paris, last week, on the charge of having been an accomplice in a recent fraud of 2,000 fcs. committed at the *Credit Foncier*. Snook is well-known here in England, being an old time pedestrian and cyclist, and, for two years, has resided in Paris, where he acted as trainer to such men as Edwards, Wheeler and Louvet. It is, of course, not known yet whether he is guilty of the charge.

Large wins again.

A VERY good race meet was brought to a successful issue at Waterford last week. Grand weather and good racing was the order of the day. Harry Large surpassed himself. Riding grandly he captured the mile handicap, from the 25 yds. mark, after a grand tussle with Poole, and subsequently he won the mile scratch after a determined finish with Meredith. Large has ridden consistently well throughout the season, and has the best record of wins to his credit of any Irish rider.

Northern records passed.

AN important meeting of the Northern Roads' Records' Association was held in Manchester last Friday evening, when the following claims were hall-marked:—50 and 100 miles safety, by J. Waddington, 2.19.21, and 5.0.14, on July 31st and September 4th; 50 and 100 miles tricycle, by W. R. Toft, Anfield B.C., 2.31.38., and 5.34.48, August 1st; 50 miles tandem, G. Lascelles and W. E. Gee, Manchester Wednesday B.C., 2.21.57; 100 miles tandem, W. Neason and H. E. Saunders, Anfield B.C., 5.14.24.

Team race on the road.

A CONTEST known as the Inter-Team race between teams representing the Dublin Centre and the Northern Branch of the Irish Road Club respectively, was held on Saturday. The Belfast men turned up to time, but the Dublin men missed a train unaccountably, and considerable delay occurred in effecting a start. Consequently the race finished in utter darkness, so much so that the judges were not at all sure of the placing; and when the verdict was given against Belfast by one point, there was much dissatisfaction.

Death of Allard.

THAT celebrated French long distance rider, Marius Allard, died on Thursday last at his home in Arles. Allard was but twenty-four years of age, and two years ago was one of the champions at the long-distance game. At one time he held the world's record for 12 hours, and accomplished the feat of riding three 12 hours' races in the course of a fortnight, winning two, and finishing second in the other. It has been said that Allard, who died from pneumonia, suffered from over exertion, which is possible.

THE RACE FOR THE "ANCHOR" SHIELD.

THE 12 hours' scratch race for the "Anchor" Shield, open to licensed amateurs, and promoted by the London County Club, was duly run off at Herne Hill last Saturday in perfect weather. The starters were: M. Balian and R. J. Atkinson, Surrey B.C.; W. H. Knight and W. M. Knight, Essex Wheelers; P. O'Halloran, Oxonian C.C.; G. Hunt, and J. Hunt, Notts. Corinthians; S. J. Willder, West Dulwich; C. G. Wridgway, Anerley B.C.; A. C. Nesbitt, Oxford University; H. Cole, Silverdale; J. B. Castell, London County; H. Lock, Putney A.C.; J. Davidson, Poly.; and W. Harrison-Ainsworth, and L. Harrison-Ainsworth, Coventry C.C. In the cool and stillness of the Autumn morning, happily almost free from fog, the men were got safely away about 6.4 a.m. It was cold enough to induce Nesbitt and Wridgway to start with warm gloves, and the majority of the men had the sense to have their limbs well clothed.

THE START WAS SLOW, and it was 8 mins. before the first pacing instrument was out. G. Hunt getting on to the tandem, and Wridgway next. Within a

few laps these two, and the two Ainsworths were the leading string, with a growing gap between them and the field. It might here be mentioned, that there was no official pace-maker's marshal, and no interference whatever with the pacing, the result being that things worked smoothly, and the pacing was better done than has been the case for some time at Herne Hill. Twenty-six minutes from the start, G. Hunt made his first effort to get away, but it was some minutes later before a triplet managed to drag him slowly away, the quad. pacing Wridgway not being able to screw up to the speed. The first 20 miles were covered in 47.35½ by Hunt, and Wridgway led at the hour with a score of 25 miles 450 yds. Within the next quarter of an hour Wridgway, who was

RIDING AN 84 GEAR,

got half a lap off Hunt, and doing laps at a 26½ miles an hour bat, increased his lead to a lap in the following ¼-hour. By the end of the second hour Wridgway had covered 50 miles 870 yds., and was about 3 laps ahead of G. Hunt; Lock then being third, and going well, with a score of 48 miles 3 laps. Hunt got his 3 laps back in rapid succession, and was level at the hour pistol, with 73 miles 2½ laps; Lock third, only 4 laps behind, the next three being W. M.

Knight, O'Halloran, and Balian. Wridgway was now riding very badly, complaining of his knees, frequently dismounting, and letting the whole field lap him without an effort, so that by 4 hours he had fallen away to fifth position, nearly 5 miles behind Hunt, who was 96 miles 2 laps, Lock and Balian together next, 4 miles behind. Hunt

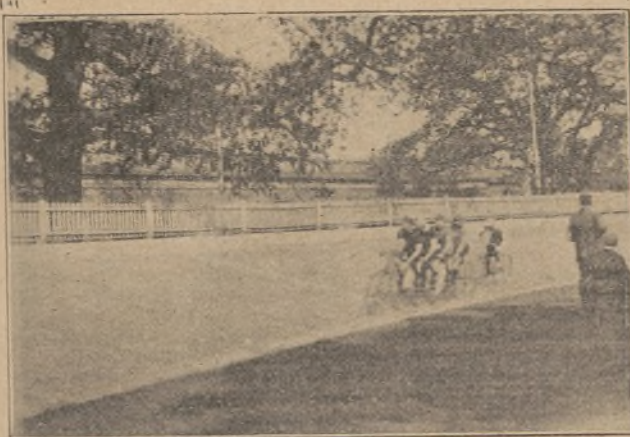
PASSED THE 100 MARK.

at 49.22½, and was inside licensed amateur record at 102 miles by 6½ mins, and continued to alter these figures (his own), to the end. Before half-time, Wridgway, who had long patiently waited for the departure of his bad time, and had been the victim of a lot of ill-timed chaff from Hunt, retired. He has been doing too much, and this, and his high gear, ran him thoroughly stale. Balian, at this period, fell rather heavily and hurt his arm. He was drinking at the time and retained hold of his can during the crash. With the coolness of a veteran warrior he calmly sat on the track, amidst the debris, and

FINISHED HIS DRINK,

before picking himself and machine up.

At half time, G. Hunt was 14½ mins. inside record, and scored 138 miles, 5 laps. The other scores, in order of position, were



THE "ANCHOR" SHIELD RACE.

1.—THE ENCAMPMENT.

2.—J. HUNT, AFTER AN INTERVAL.

3.—WRIDGWAY, PACED BY "QUAD."

4.—PACERS AT REST—WALTERS (EX-HOLDER), WALTON, BARDSLEY, AND OTHERS.

Photos. by F. Foulsham

Balian, 133, 2½ laps; J. Hunt, 131, 2½ laps; Lock, 129; W. M. Knight, 128, 2 laps; O'Halloran and Atkinson, 127, 2½ laps; H. Cole, 125, 1½ laps; Nesbitt, 124; W. H. Ainsworth, 119; W. H. Knight, Castell, Davidson, and L. Ainsworth, had retired. The positions remained much the same, the chief interest centring in the problem, how near to G. Hunt, Balian would get. This rider, but little known to fame, rode joyfully, and with dash, and established himself

PRIME FAVOURITE WITH THE CROWD,

who cheered him heartily when he got a lap off Hunt. Geo. Hunt won the Shield with the fine total of 261 miles 1,250 yds., which beats his own amateur record by 1 mile 1,075 yds., and the unlicensed record, which was first touched at 146 miles, by 156 yds., the record being made by Walters in the Anerley 24. M. Balian was second, 254 miles 1,200 yds.; J. Hunt third, 251 miles 730 yds.; and the others to finish were, W. M. Knight, 245 miles 1,000 yds.; O'Halloran, 243 miles 400 yds.; Cole, 238 miles 1,700 yds.; Atkinson, 237 miles; Lock, 235 miles 900 yds.; W. Harrison-Ainsworth, 231 miles, 750 yds.; Nesbitt, 224 miles; Willder, 217 miles. G. Hunt and Balian were on Humbers; J. Hunt a Macgregor, and all three used Dunlop tyres. Hillier and Britten judged; Pem Coleman and Dring timed.

The Channel Isles' week.

GRIFFIN collected an excellent little party of speedmen, and others, for the annual visit to Jersey and Guernsey, including Parlby, Webb, Harding, Applebee, Rendall, Macfer-son, &c. In Guernsey, on the Monday, Webb won the half-mile scratch, with Steve Duquemin, second. For the Guernsey Cup, Parlby, before he completed a lap, refused to continue, owing to the dangerous, un-banked condition of the track; Webb was winning easily, when, at the last bend, he fell, and the race went to G. Froome, of Guernsey. Parlby created a genuine surprise, by winning the 100 yards scratch flat race, and the mile and three miles handicaps fell to the veteran, Applebee. Tuesday was devoted to exploring Sark; Wednesday, the majority fished in the waters around Jersey; a feature of the day being a meeting of the local N.C.U. Centre, at which business was done which should eventuate in better management of local sports, and an improvement in track surface. Thursday broke fine, and a monster gate rewarded the Jersey C.C. The sport throughout the afternoon was of the most exciting character, and not a single mishap occurred. Regret was expressed that Hunt was absent through illness, but the five miles for the splendid Jersey Cup resulted in a magnificent contest; a sheet could have covered the first five men, Parlby winning, with Webb, second; Harding, third; S. Duquemin, for Guernsey, fourth; and Gilley, for Jersey, fifth; the rest of the big field close up; time, 13 mins. 12½ secs. The two miles handicap fell to Richardson, first; Rendall, second; Applebee, third; and the half-mile scratch to Parlby, Steve Duquemin just pipping Webb and Harding for second position. In the evening, a reception and grand smoking concert was held, in honour of the visiting cyclists, when the Brewster Variety Company, and Messrs. Rendall, Parlby, Webb, Le Sueur and Holborn, entertained the company, and the genial president, Col. Robin,



TOO AMBITIOUS.—I.

SGT.-INSPECTOR HADSUM.—"If you can catch one of them pesky things they'll make a sergeant of ye—sure promotion!"

Messrs. H. H. Griffin, G. T. Picot, Webb, and Parlby, elocutionised; on the part of the visitors, Guernsey and Jersey hospitality being the theme. The circle of friendship, and "Auld Lang Syne," just after the noon of night, brought a jolly set of proceedings to a close.

Chinn's mile.

CHINN's mile at Catford, on Tuesday last, namely, 1.54½, improves upon his previous time by 4 secs. and stands, at time of writing, as unlicensed record for the standing start mile. Chinn, as usual, rode an Osmond, and, in the absence of N.C.U. timekeepers, had two watches on him, held by E. A. Caffin and W. S. Holding.

Paid pacers again.

GENUINE amateur pacers are becoming very diffident about getting up and helping even their friends on the path, the payment of pacers having become so general that to be seen pacing, at once, in many minds, decides that the pacer is in the employ of the firm whose machine or tyre the rider he is pacing is using. Unretained pacers, we hear, are being the recipients of a lot of unpleasantness in this way, and they cannot be expected to long lay themselves open to such an annoyance as their only return for their trying and thankless labours as pacers, and they will become still rarer birds on our speed paths.

Record suppression.

THE General Committee of the Union have made an important ruling, with a view, presumably, of protecting the licensed amateur, and preserving the records for him artificially. It is to the effect that no unlicensed amateur can go for records without the permit of his Centre. It does not matter on what occasion, nor whether the timekeeper is official or not. Any unlicensed man going for record without permit will be suspended from all competitions, and be unable to pace at Union meetings.

Osmond refused [permit.]

F. J. OSMOND, who is riding remarkably well, and has been showing his back wheel to the best of them at Catford, applied to the Union for permission to go for records as an amateur, but was refused. It may be that the Union have good reasons for their decision, but they are not apparent to the ordinary mind. F. J. O. could hardly be suspected of maker's amateurism, seeing he rides a machine made by a firm of which he is the head; and, as to his sportsmanship and honourable conduct on the path, it has ever been above suspicion.

Those Osmonds.

CONSIDERED from any point of view, and particularly with regard to the youth of the firm, the successes to the credit of the Osmond machines this season have been, to say the least, remarkable. That most genuine amateur, R. A. Marples, used his Osmond when he broke the mile record for licensed amateurs, at Catford, last week, doing 1.56½, and, it will be remembered, that he did his famous unpaced mile on the same machine. Chinn has been making all his records, and scoring all his sensational wins on an Osmond, and the unlicensed standing start mile, 1.54½, is to the credit of him and his Osmond. The machine has thus the mile record for licensed and unlicensed, paced and unpaced, and the remarkable part about it is, that the records are not broken by fractions, but in each case, the first time an Osmond changed them, at least 5 secs. came off the old time. There is no doubt about it, F. J. O. knows how to build.

Marples' mile and other records.

To oblige certain licensed and unlicensed amateurs who declared they wished to go for record, the Catford C.C. went to the trouble and expense of running an open evening meeting at their grounds last Wednesday. The avowed would-be record-breakers, for the most part, did not appear, but some good work was done, nevertheless, in the favourable weather. The best performance was that of R. A. Marples, who, paced by a triplet, brought the licensed amateur standing start mile down to 1.56½, as against Platt-Betts' old record of 2.1½ made at Herne Hill a year ago; the recent unlicensed mile of Chinn's at Catford, was, 1.54½. P. Wheelock, G. A. Hodges, and C. T. Hodges, rode a flying start mile on a triplet in 1.52½, beating T. Butler, F. M. Platt, and R. Clarke's time by 6½ secs., T. Gibbons-Brooks and A. J. Cherry both made futile attempts on the standing start mile times, and the former failed also to lower Parlbys' quarter. The mile championship of the Catford was won by J. Platt-Betts in 2.15, who becomes holder of the 50 Guinea Challenge Cup. The ½-mile for licensed men went to A. E. Nicholls, London Central, 50 yds.; F. Burnand, Catford, 35 yds., second; E. Campbell, Catford, 55 yds., third. Pem Coleman and Powell timed.

Try again.

THE Portsmouth Road Club hold another meeting this Saturday at the United Service Recreation Ground, to try and recover some of the deficit on their August Bank Holiday meeting. Local men should support them.

May rumour lie.

WE hear rumours of a 12 hours' race at Putney, in October, and trust it is not true. Path racing so late in the season is always of questionable sporting value, and this year, when distance events have been so utterly overdone, another 12 hours would be almost a calamity. May the Hanapers this Saturday give rest to a tired year!

A tragic comedy.

WHILST the "Anchor" Shield race was dragging on its wearisome way last Saturday afternoon, it was somewhat sad for anyone, with sporting instincts, to see the very men, who would have imparted life and dash to the proceedings, and made a real race of it, having nothing better to do, owing to license difficulties, than to fool about in the enclosure, or take a spell of very mild pacing exercise. Walters, the holder, was going about, and causing some amusement, by wearing a cabman's license number. This was afterwards fixed to a triplet, with T. Osborn, Walters, and Davidson on board, and it was their especial delight to pace J. Hunt up to his brother George, and remark to the tiring leader, "Hullo, Hunt, here's your little brother come to see you."

Precautionary measures.

IT is coming to something (now when racing-men go to chemists' exhibitions and buy up a stock of modern bandages, ointments, &c., before starting in a big path speed contest. This was actually done by one careful competitor in the last "Anchor" Shield race.

A half at Northampton.

AN open half-mile at the Northampton and County A.A.A. sports on Saturday, was won by C. Brookes, Wolverton, 80 yds.; S. Downing, Northampton, second from scratch, and J. C. Blackwell, Earl's Barton, 35 yds., third. The 5 miles championship of the club went to C. J. Prior.

A cool customer.

A STRANGE story comes from the South Coast of the cool nerve, not to say impudence, of the secretary of one of the recent meetings there. This gentleman, during the meeting, desiring to have something fetched from the town, got a boy to go for it, and placed him on a path-racer belonging to one of the competitors, a stranger to him, without going through the formality of asking for the loan of the machine. Of course, when the speed weapon was at length returned to the anxious owner, there were two punctures in the path tyres, and the delicate machine was none the better for being handled by a rough yokel. At the risk of suspension for insulting an official, the racing-man addressed a few remarks to that cool hon. sec.

**TOO AMBITIOUS.—II.**

P.C. 021.—"Sergeant, did he say? If this blamed thing don't soon stop, it's an angel they'll make me, sure!"

Track must be off.

JESSOP was at Herne Hill, on Saturday, back from Guernsey with a wounded shoulder and very bad reports of the track there. He said that every English competitor fell, and that Webb, of Portsmouth, would certainly have won the cup, but that he fell when leading, 10 yds. from the tape.

A hilly 12 hours.

THOSE who know the hilly nature of the roads around Bath will appreciate the performance of C. Gittens and G. Abbott, who, on the roads, pushed a tandem 184½ miles in 12 hours. This is, we believe, 12 miles farther than Western record. They rode a local machine, the Queen of the West, with Dunlops.

Please don't!

WE trust the club that proposes to start a 50 miles handicap on the Ripley Road next Sunday morning, will be better advised, and if they are unable to select any other day for their races, will at least betake themselves to a course where they will cause less annoyance to fellow-wheelmen, and do the pastime less harm.

Tandem mile in 1 min. 53 1-5 secs.

W. J. JONES and J. E. Ridout, on their Dunlop-tyred Humber safety tandem, are credited with having ridden a mile on the road, near Hitchin, in 1.53½. The machine was fitted with a propulsive speed wheel. Two gentlemen, appointed by the "Sporting Life," took the times, and their names are unknown in cycling circles.

Fontaine's suspension.

It is now stated that the Union have not professionalised Fontaine, because of any decision of the Amateur Gymnastic Society; on the contrary, the Union does not consider that body has any jurisdiction over him. What the Union has done is simply to suspend Fontaine, because he failed to appear to answer a charge brought against him, and this suspension holds good until he does appear.

Racing men and the Surrey.

A RACING man writes us to say he was pleased to see our remarks on the overcrowding at the Surrey meeting. In his heat in the mile he and another, from virtual scratch, had 11 men to get round, and, of course, failed on a track like the Oval. His experience of the 10 miles is, that so far from being any test of the merits of the riders, it is nothing but a huge farce, in which the most reckless and unscrupulous score, provided they escape spills. He thinks the race should be confined to men receiving up to 40 or 50 yards from the present champion.

Collar-bone smashing.

PERHAPS it is going too far to say that the snap of the collar-bone is becoming as familiar a sound as the bang of the burst path tyre at the modern speed-surfaced tracks, but certain it is that the number of collar-bones broken this year by racing men has been so abnormal as to approach the nature of an epidemic. An expert has advanced the plausible theory that this has been caused by the more forward position adopted now by riders, but rather, we think, is it to be attributed to the pace at which men now are generally going when they fall, which allows them no time to release their hold of the handles, and put out their arms to save themselves; they fall like logs from a cart.



THE lot of a pneumatic tyre is a hard one—but it is better so!

A SUCCESSFUL bicycle meet is the collision of two scorchers, says an American Exchange.

AN American paper has discovered that the bicycle bloomer is unlike charity, because it doesn't cover a multitude of s(h)ins.

It has been truly said, that if cyclists would hurry less and enjoy more, cycledom would be happier.

If the word "bike" is tolerated by wheelmen, it is pertinently asked, who shall decide against "cyke"?

THE "air" that makes us weary is the air that whistles through a tyre puncture when far from the haunts of busy men.

BETTER to hunt awheel for health unbought, Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.

THE World, remarks "Wheel Talk," has but little use for the cyclist who is continually bragging of what he could do if he tried.

THE man who wrote the proverb "It's never too late to mend!" evidently lived before the time when pneumatics, and midnight punctures became possible.

EIGHT miles an hour gives a bicycle a momentum of 1,500 pounds. This, says "Wheel Talk," will knock down any pedestrian, but will not upset a beer waggon.

WILLIE: "Where was Ixion broke on the wheel, pa?"

Pa (who doesn't want to appear ignorant): "At Monte Carlo, probably."—"New York World."

COBWIGGER: "You seem rather amused over the idea of your wife wearing bloomers?"

Smith: "You'd be amused yourself if you could see her when she tried to find something in her workbasket and emptied it in her lap."—Ex.

A cyclo-political joke.

A COMIC paper lets itself loose over the recent general election, and commenting on the fact that several of the ex-ministers have taken to cycling, is curious as to the type of machine used, but suggests that, taking the late Government together, a tanned'em would about fill the bill!

Perpetual motion solved.

YOUNG QUIZBY: "Good morning! I should like to see one of those bicycles that never stop!"

AGENT: "Never stop? What do you mean?"

Young Quizby: "Yes; one of those everlasting ones."

Agent: "Never heard of one; but if you will tell me its name I will order you one, with pleasure!"

Young Quizby: "Thanks, awfully! It's called the cycle of Time!"

(Although it was the first of April, he only just cleared the doorway as a heavy crank whizzed past.)

Didn't mind.

OLD PHOSSIL: "I hear they are going to put a tax on bicycles at last!"

Sykleby: "That's all right so long as they don't put any underneath!"

Lying in wait.

GENTLE READER, as you would shun poison, steer clear of those innocent-looking little dust-heaps by the road-side! They often conceal broken glass and other specimens of the puncture element.

Aged lambkins.

THE bicycle has often been likened unto "Madame Rachael" on account of its powers of rejuvenescence, and really, when one hears of patriarchs of seventy frisking along with all the buoyancy of seventeen, the simile seems strangely appropriate!

Only a butterfly.

M. COQUELIN CADET, who is reputed to be the funniest man in Paris, and the mention of whose name is calculated to make even the babies laugh, has just confessed to an interviewer to being "one of those fool bicyclists." He is dead of Winter riding, however.

New words to an old song.

"WHERE are you going, my pretty maid?"

"I am going a-wheeling, sir," she said;

"And where dost thou wheel, my pretty maid?"

"In the great Hyde Park, kind sir," she said;

"May I come with you, my pretty maid?"

"Of course, if you care to, kind sir," she said,

(As a smile upon her countenance played)

"But I wheel a bassinette!" gaily said

That saucy nursemaid.

It was a fine performance.

It may not be generally known that Horswill's distance, 208 miles, in the E.R.A. twelve hours' road race, is a World's record, being the longest distance ridden in a twelve hours' competition on the road.

10 Guineas for the Essex mile.

ONE or two attempts upon the standing Essex path records will be made at High Beech on Saturday. A 10 guinea prize being presented to the rider who holds the mile record at 8 p.m. on Saturday, the present record standing at 2 13. The help of pacemakers will be welcomed.

The new track at Southport.

SATURDAY last saw the opening of the new athletic grounds and cycling track of the Southport Athletic Society. The new track is cinders, 3 laps to the mile. The principal item on the programme was the 5 miles' race for the Liverpool Centre championship, which proved to be a very easy thing for D. Dagleish; T. Astill, of Warrington, after an unfortunate spill, securing second place, with T. H. Carr third.

Thursday at Herne Hill.

J. M. DAWNEY and H. J. CLARKE attempted to lower Stroud and Bates's tandem tricycle hour record at Herne Hill, on Thursday evening, but were early hopelessly outside; they, however, altered the two miles to 2 37½. An attempt on the two miles triplet record by E. Edwards, Litchfield, and Liddicoat, was also a failure. Liddicoat was more fortunate in the two miles open handicap, winning the event from the 90 yds. mark; E. P. George, Boro'. Poly., 70 yds., second; R. W. Loader, London County, 135 yds., third.

MERRY LITTLE WHEELERS!



It is a matter for remark and congratulation among lovers of cycling that this season of 1895 an impetus has been given to the pastime by the support and favour shown it by the aristocracy, and by the large number of ladies who have taken enthusiastically to the wheel. Another class however, has not been so much noticed, not a whit less important than either of these, and which promises to emphasise and extend to no small degree the popularity of the wheel, viz., the juvenile recruits who have swelled the ranks of cycloedom. If cycling has become a fashionable craze, it has equally become a youthful craze. It is marvellous the fascination the wheel possesses for the children of to-day; all other modes and methods of recreation and of mischief that were wont to engage the youthful mind and energies have paled their ineffectual fires in the glow of this new delight. Everywhere the child-bicyclist is *en evidence*. Children of all ages and of both sexes, once having tasted the joys of wabbling wheels, are as importunate as was ever the immortal Oliver in asking for more, and in beseeching parents and guardians to invest them with all the dignity of possessing "a bicycle of their very own." So small are some of these human atoms, one sees yearning to entrust themselves to the vagaries of the wheel, that it seems as if the wheel-fever must have caught them

IN THEIR PERAMBULATORS,

and that their infantile minds had been thus early biassed the while their nursemaids trundled them along the footway to the inspiring strains of "Daisy," from a German band. Bicycling fever may thus soon be reckoned along with measles and whooping-cough as an infantile complaint, and should be as philosophically received, and the little patient as judiciously treated as when attacked by the others maladies. For like most childish illnesses there is little danger to be apprehended from it; rather indeed it is a healthy sign, and argues well—not alone for the continuance of a health-giving sport—but for the happiness, healthfulness, and muscular power of the growing generation. The bicycling fever is usually found as an epidemic, and spreads with rapidity, the contiguous conditions being favourable. Little Jim Jones has got a bicycle—a present perhaps from a considerate uncle. Now, as soon as he can sit on that bicycle while it wriggles in an unaccountable, and most serpentine fashion down the nearest hill, nothing will do Master Jim but to summon the little Browns (who live next door but one), to witness the performance. And when he dismounts to explain in condescending language the manipulation of the machine, and his facility therein, together with some parenthetical encomiums on Uncle John, the giver (as a sort of set-off to the Browns, who may have no such philanthropically inclined relative), what wonder that an overwhelming desire "to try" takes hold of the young Brownites? And Jim

Jones being amiably disposed, the Brown troupe do try in turn, performing the same ziz-zag phenomenon on wheels—perhaps

WITH A FEW FALLS,

which only quickens their zeal; perhaps with none—and return to the parental abode inoculated with the microbe, cyclomania—a pronounced symptom being to give neither peace nor rest till they, too, get a bicycle "like Jim Jones." It is a pleasant sight to those who have retained a youthfulness of spirit, in quiet avenues and suburban roads, in the course of an evening stroll, to come across various detachments of children, qualifying to join the noble army of cyclists. How eager, how happy, how interested they are, these merry little wheelers; how fresh and joyous their enthusiasm! Here are, perhaps, half-a-dozen or so experimenting with one machine, while half-a-dozen childish trebles pipe a chorus of advice. There an indulgent father has perched his little girl upon the saddle of his own bicycle, and is "giving her a ride." The small maiden is quite gleeful, sitting sideways, and holding on with chubby hands to the father's coat sleeve, while she watches the "wheels go round" with an interest and intelligence not inferior to that of Helen's Babies. A little farther on a group of somewhat older girls are learning to pedal with a small tricycle, which is not *quite* up-to-date. Nevertheless, what fun they are having; taking it in turn to be pushed up a long hill, and then sailing down the other side in triumph! A little farther still, and we come upon a young lad, who,

LIKE THE TRUE BRITISHER,

loves to take his pleasures sadly and alone, and who, with the aid of a brand new bicycle, is a startling and practical exponent of the proverb that "Many are the ups and downs in life!" That children can be most serious and persevering upon any favourite project is well-known to any student of child-character. That they can be [diplomatic, too, occasionally, to attain a desired

end, let me quote, as proof, the following:—

"Papa!" said Georgie, "it worries me awful to think how much trouble I give mamma!"

"She hasn't complained!"

"No, she's very patient. But she often sends me to the shops for things, and they are a good way off, and I know she gets cross waiting when she's in a hurry!"

"That's not often, I fancy!"

"Oh, she's most always in a hurry! She gets everything all ready for baking, and finds, at the last minute, she hasn't any yeast; or she gets a pudding all mixed, and finds she hasn't any nutmeg, or something; and then she's in an awful stew 'cause the oven is all ready, and, maybe, company coming, and I can't run a very long distance, you know, and I feel awful sorry for poor mamma!"

"Humph!" said Papa, "well, what can we do about it?"

"I was thinking you might buy me a bicycle!"

Surely such diplomacy did not fail of its reward!

So more and more is cycling laying siege to young affections, and, out of the plenitude of our own pleasant cycling experience, and sympathy in their gladness, let us wish all good luck and happiness to these merry little wheelers!

L. A. M. P.

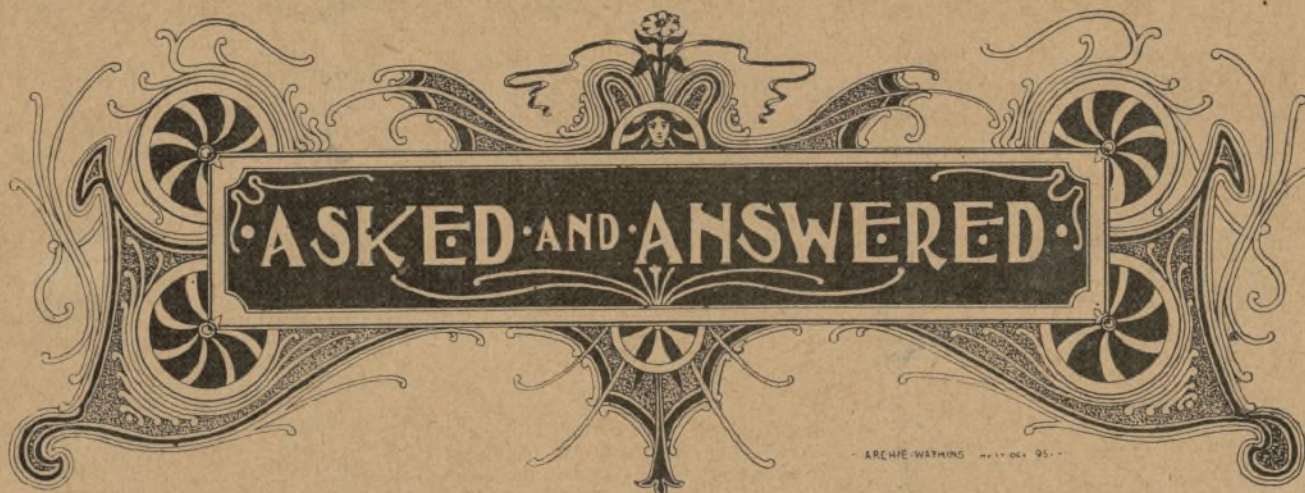
A long way out of it.

A WRITER in an Indian engineering paper in dealing with the matter of the stability of a bicycle, considers that "bicycles being ridden in England almost entirely by boys and young men whose object, for the most part, is to cover as many miles as possible in a minimum of time, and to whom equilibrium is no difficulty, and safety no aim, little attention has hitherto been given to the stability of the machine, every quality being sacrificed to speed." It is time that the writer of the above had a trip "home."



CAUGHT

Photo. by S. E. Richards, Nottingham
Ayuntamiento de Madrid



HENRY (—).—We do not reply to anonymous communications.

H. G. JACKSON (London).—Thanks for cutting, which we use. Always glad of such items.

K. GUTTMANN (London).—It is a straightaway road. Follow it right away through Uxbridge.

"SPEEDY" (Norfolk).—1. The Graphic. 2. Yes, we think so. 3. Not too high if you are strong.

J. C. MORGAN (London).—Price too low. We do not know where you could get one at such a figure.

GNILCYC (London).—1. Decidedly reliable. 2. Yes, we believe so, but we do not know the extra cost.

T. G. BROOKS (London).—Many thanks; we produced it last week. Congratulations on your performance.

A. G. (Redcar).—Thanks for sending cutting, but 10,000 copies of "Cycling" had been printed when we received it.

"JEX" (Isle of Man).—We strongly recommend No. 5, which is a most reliable and comfortable machine for a lady's use.

"ADVANCE" (Brecon).—In preference to the one named, we recommend the popular Rover. It is unnecessary to answer your other questions.

T. C. D. (London).—We do not know the South African firm you name, but believe the firm who make their machines turn out reliable goods.

P. UNDERWOOD (London) writes:—"Can you or any of your readers tell me of a good guide to Surrey, price, and who published by, through the medium of your very interesting and valuable paper?"

V. E. SRAIFE (London).—Thanks for MS., which we shall use later on. We are not by any means overstocked, but during the racing season we cannot find room, unfortunately, for such excellent matter as you contribute.

H. J. SHURLOCK (Alma B.C.).—Your surprise that we should devote half-a-column to a personal matter on a page devoted entirely to personal matters, is on a par with the other unreasonable ideas you seem to entertain. We have never claimed or expected to please and satisfy every branch of the cycling community. We fear that will always remain an absolute impossibility, whilst cycling journals are conducted by mere mortals. We thank you for being so keenly solicitous as to the future popularity of "Cycling." Perhaps it will surprise you to know that there is not the remotest sign of its popularity being on the wane.

"WEAVER."—Another correspondent writes as follows in reference to your recent inquiry:—"I differ from your correspondent F. G.

Correction. Mudge. 25 to 30 miles is absurd, 50 to 60 can comfortably be done. As to route let 'Weaver' follow F. G. M's. route as far as Weston, and also as to visiting the other adjacent places he names, and then ride on to Minehead, and then from there to Exeter, 44 miles; Exeter to Clovelly, 51 miles; Clovelly to Ilfracombe, 20 miles; Ilfracombe to Lynton, 18 miles, this being the only really very hilly part; Lynton to South Molton and Exeter, and then he will have seen most of North Devon. If he should take this route, then when passing through Crediton, if he will call on me, I should be pleased to give him fuller explanations as to route. F. SPRAGUE, 96, High Street, Crediton.

JESSIE FLOYD (Edgbaston).—Yes, we believe they will do so.

A.B.Z. (London).—We do not know who would supply you in the manner indicated.

H. FREEMAN (Malvern).—Many thanks for the exhaustive information given, but we published a reply to our correspondent's query last week.

J. B. COX (Skegness).—1. Yes. 2. We have heard good reports upon it, though we cannot answer from personal experience. 3. On the front wheel.

H. C. HANSLOW (Sydney, N. S. Wales).—Thanks for yours, enclosing extract. We are always glad to receive interesting items of news from the Colonies.

"PHONNY" (Wood Green).—1. We are not in a position to give you any information whatever on the subject. 2. He had covered 303 miles 2 laps when he retired in the 17th hour: we do not know how far he was behind Shorland then.

GERMAN TOURIST (London) writes:—"Could one of your readers oblige me with shortly mentioning an eight days' trip, in 'A & A' column, through the nicest country of England (North Wales, Devon, or Lake country)? I intend to do about 60 to 80 miles a day, and to have a resting day in the middle of the week."

E. J. WILSON (Chiswick) writes as follows:—"In about three weeks or a month, I intend making a tour of the following places:—Birmingham, Liverpool, Blackpool, Scarborough, York, Manchester, Nottingham, Litchfield, Coventry, and Oxford. Would you or your readers through your 'A & A' column, kindly give me some idea of the roads, and also about the distance from place to place."

"GAS BAG" (Haverfordwest).—1. The only thing you can do is to practise on the road, if you have no track. We advise you to get a book entitled "A Natural Method of Physical Training," published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, London, which will give you some valuable hints. 2. All machines named are of the highest possible grade. No. 1 has been scoring well lately, and is a speedy mount. We never recommend the use of a purely racing machine on the road, though they do invariably stand the strain.

LIEUT. C. McCULLOCH (H.M.S. "Camperdown," Malta).—Thanks for subscription which has been duly entered. It will expire on April 25th, 1896. Our correspondent

writes as follows:—"This country is no country at all—for cyclists. Nothing but blazing white roads, no vegetation to speak of, and hardly a level spot in the whole island. I am glad I left my Triumph F.D. at home; nevertheless there are cycles here, which prove how powerful the advance of the cycle is, when it can establish a footing in a benighted country like this."

Sussex Cross-roads. A CORRESPONDENT writes:—"A very pleasant ride may now be had from Brighton to Haslemere via Old Shoreham, Steyning, Bramber Castle, under the ridge of the South Downs to Pulborough and Petworth. The road is fairly easy, except the last six miles which is hilly, but good surface. One may then return towards London via the Godalming Road for about six miles, where there is a turning to the left (no sign-post) leading to Haslemere. The road from the last place to London via Guildford is in very good condition, though hilly at first. The country from Pulborough to Haslemere swarms with blackberries."

E. C. BOOSEY (Clichy).—Pneumatic Skate Co., 10, Livery Street, Birmingham.

B. H. (London).—Thanks for information which, however, was published in our last issue.

H. A. GILES (London).—We do not know the firm you name, and as to price of gear case, it all depends what case you have ordered.

F. J. PEACOCK (Barrow).—We do not know Mr. Bennett's address, but have inserted a paragraph to the effect that the letter is at our office.

"NORWICH" (Norwich).—The puncture evil is very much exaggerated. If you have Clincher tyres, they will give you every satisfaction.

"MAC" (Crosshills, near Keighley).—All the machines named are good and reliable mounts, and No. 1 can be recommended as a high-grade machine.

H.K.G. (Lisheard).—You cannot really expect us to be able to explain the cause of your tyre troubles all these miles away. Your questions are all clearly ones that the tyre company should answer.

EMIL HAY (Oak Cottage, Harefield, near Uxbridge), kindly offers to place his experience at the disposal of those of our readers who may desire to know anything regarding touring in Germany. He has just returned from a most delightful trip through the Fatherland on an "Illum," and we are indebted to Mr. A. W. Gamage for the privilege of making his offer public.

London to Sheffield. "NON-SCORCHER"—In reply to "Non-Scorcher's" inquiry for best route from London to Sheffield, I beg to recommend the following:—

Follow the North Road, passing through Barnet, Hatfield, Stevenage, Biggleswade, Buckden, Alconbury Hill, Stilton, Norman's Cross, Stamford, Grantham, Newark, Retford, Retford, over Sutton Railway crossing, Blyth, Oldcoates, Malby, Wickersley, Tinsley, and up Attercliffe Road to Sheffield. The distance is about 165 miles, and I should think he will very easily do it in two days at the outside. I have covered the distance under that time with comparative ease. Should your correspondent not have places to put up at en route, I should advise any of the following houses:—Stamford, "The Coffee Tavern," Grantham, "Blue Lion," Market Place, Newark, "Boar's Head," Retford, "Howard's Temperance Hall," Grove Street, and if he desires a different route back, I shall be very pleased to give him one if he will either write to me, Uppertorpe, Sheffield, or call upon me, letting me know beforehand, should he decide upon the latter.—H. JOWSEY.

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 always 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.