

Central

THE MONTHLY

No. 10. VOL. XIII.

OCT., 1894.

AND
OFFICIAL
RECORD

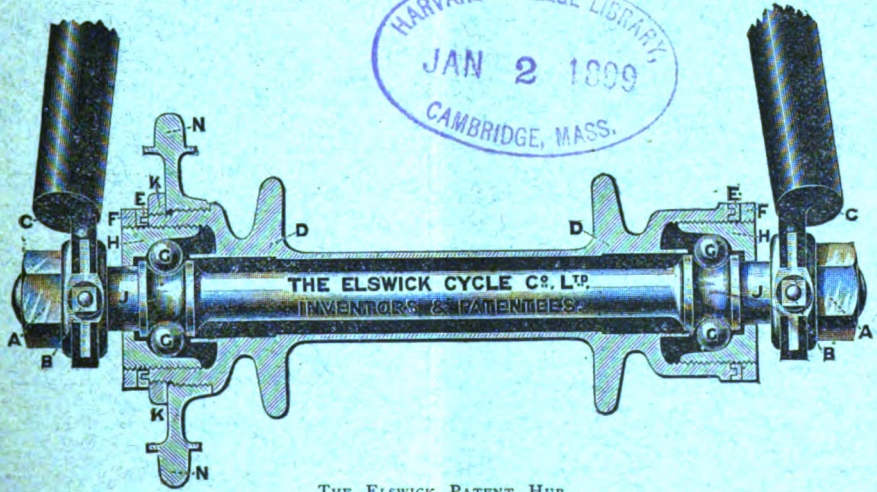
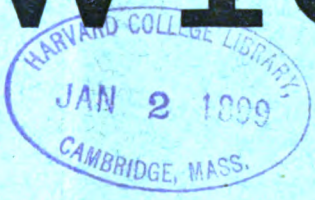
GAZETTE



Published under Official Authority, on the 1st of each month, at the Chief Offices of the Cyclists' Touring Club, 139 & 140, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

(All Communications relating to Advertisements in this Gazette should be addressed to T. B. BROWNE, 163, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.).

ELSWICK.



THE ELSWICK PATENT HUB.

ELSWICKS have the most genuine improvements, and are the perfection of cycles for touring or racing. They are unapproached for workmanship, quality of material, finish, and speed; they are years in front of all others. They have won the following National Victories during the last two months:—

- 5 Miles CHAMPIONSHIP of ENGLAND,
- 25 Miles CHAMPIONSHIP of ENGLAND,
- 1 Mile CHAMPIONSHIP of DENMARK,
- 10,000 Metres CHAMPIONSHIP of BELGIUM,

- 1 Mile NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP of SCOTLAND,
- 5 Miles NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP of SCOTLAND,
- 25 Miles NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP of SCOTLAND,
- 25 Miles NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP of IRELAND,

With Challenge Cups, Records, Scratch Races on road and path, and also gained the GOLD MEDAL at Brussels International Exhibition.

CATALOGUES FREE OF CHARGE. APPLY

The ELSWICK CYCLE CO. LTD., Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

To Advertisers. This Magazine has incomparably the largest and most *bona fide* circulation of any wheel paper in the world.

Hints and Instructions to Members,

OR STOCK REPLIES TO STOCK QUERIES.

(Abridged from the Handbook.)

"Gazette" and General Correspondence: Remittances, &c.

All communications relating to the Editorial, and Literary departments of the *Gazette* should be addressed to the Editor, and to other Club business (orders for Uniform excepted—as to which see separate heading) to the Secretary at 139 and 140, Fleet Street, London, E.C. All contributions and all applications for membership intended for insertion in the *Gazette* must reach headquarters not later than the morning of the 20th of the month. Matter intended for publication should invariably be written on one side of the paper only, and when communications deal with more than one department of Club business a separate sheet should be used for each subject. Remittances should be made payable to E. R. SHIPTON; crossed "& Co.," and Post Office Orders drawn on the General Post Office. If stamps be sent an extra amount must be included to cover the loss on realisation.

All Letters to be Prepaid.

Unpaid and surcharged letters are invariably refused, and members writing to the Secretary, or any Officer of the Club, for information should always enclose a stamped envelope for reply. In every case their Membership Number and the County to which they belong should be added to their signature.

Office Hours.

The offices are open to callers for the transaction of general business from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. (9 a.m. to 1 p.m. on Saturdays).

The British Handbook.

To avoid the necessity of asking simple and stereotyped questions, members should provide themselves with a copy of the British Handbook, published annually, price 1s. It contains lists of officers; rules and regulations; hotel arrangements and the special tariffs in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland; instructions to Consuls; uniform and general information; a new and improved map of the County Consular Divisions, with the addresses of the officers set over them; Chapters on Touring, and the Repair of Machines; Cycle Laws and Bye-laws; lists of the Hotel Headquarters and Quarters under arrangement with the Club, recommended Temperance Hotels, Coffee Taverns, Consuls, and places for repairs; railway rates; steamboat charges; affiliated clubs; calendar; sunrises and sunsets; phases of the moon; as well as a complete diary and riding record, etc., etc.; in short, it is a *vade mecum* with which every member should be supplied. (Information which is contained in the Handbook will not be extracted and supplied by letter or in manuscript form for the benefit of non-purchasers.)

The Foreign Handbook.

The Foreign Handbook, sold at the same price (1s.), contains similar information applicable to the Continent and foreign countries generally.

The British Road Book.

The British Road Book, which has been in process of compilation for many years, is now complete as far as the first volume is concerned. This deals with the whole of the counties lying to the left of the main road from London to Bath (or from Kent to Cornwall inclusive). It embodies the most dependable information as to every main and important cross-road, and is accompanied by an excellent key map. It is sold to members at 5s. 4d. post free, or 6s. 4d. if a linen-mounted map be included. No manuscript information relating to the area treated of in this volume will now be supplied, but enquirers will be referred to the book in question.

Manuscript Routes.

Pending the appearance of the second and subsequent volumes of the standard Road Book referred to, all applications for route information as to roads in any other part of the country should be addressed to the Chief Consuls of the Divisions affected (see the Handbook above referred to), and not to the Secretary. The ordinary local Consuls do not undertake to answer such queries. (In applying for route information send invariably a stamped and addressed foolscap envelope, and confine your request to the areas with which the respective Chief Consuls deal.)

Chief Consular v. Secretarial Duties.

The Secretary is not required to answer letters referring to Consuls, Hotels, Routes, etc., affecting the Chief Consuls, and all such letters are re-forwarded by him direct to the proper officer.

Changes of Address.

Temporary changes of address cannot be made in the Club books, but all permanent alterations are registered free. They are not, however, published in the *Gazette*.

Permanent changes of address should be notified to the Secretary immediately they take place; and *Gazettes* which may have failed to reach their rightful owners in consequence of the non-observance of this rule will not be replaced save at the published price of 3d. per copy.

Back Numbers of "Gazette."

New members are only entitled to the *Gazette* from the date of their joining the Club, but they are at liberty to purchase any of the back issues at the prices shown below.

Companions for Tours.

Members who desire a companion for a tour are requested to send particulars of their proposed run to the Editor of the *Gazette*, who will insert the details in the monthly list, free of charge; plenty of notice is desirable.

To Canvassers.

Subscribers who are anxious that their friends and acquaintances should share in the benefits of membership in the C.T.C., should apply to the Secretary for a supply of prospectus-application forms, and should gently hint to the applicants, when they are filling up the latter, that *even the clearest* calligraphy is occasionally misconstrued.

Duplicate Tickets.

Duplicate certificates of membership may be obtained of the Secretary—in cases where a declaration to the effect that the original has been hopelessly lost or mislaid are lodged with the application—price 1s. each.

Provisional Tickets.

Provisional tickets of membership are granted to candidates whose applications for membership have been lodged with the Secretary, and who are able to show good cause why the needful formalities should be anticipated in their case. Application for such tickets should be made upon the form provided for that purpose, and should be accompanied by an additional fee of 2s. 6d., when, if the facts appear to warrant the granting of this privilege, the ticket will be sent forthwith.

Club Requisites, and their Cost.

The following are the more important Club requisites:—	s. d.
Member's Silver Badge (with hooks)	6 6
[NOTE.—Fitted also with a brooch-pin (for the use of ladies) instead of the usual hooks, or in the shape of a watch chain pendant, if desired, at same price.]	
Consul's Silver Badge (Bar included)	6 6
Member's Badge, made as a watch chain pendant, in 15 ct. gold	45/-; 18 ct., 55 0
Member's Best Hand-cut Crystal Pin, a reduced facsimile of the badge, very handsomely finished and mounted, in 15 ct. gold	37/6; 18 ct., 42 0
British and Irish Handbook	1 0
Continental Handbook	1 0
British Road Book, Vol. I., 2nd and revised edition, Kent to Cornwall inclusive	post free 5 4
(or 6/4 with linen map included)	
Appendix to 1st edition of ditto	0 6
Continental Road Books—	s. d.
Vol. I. France	3 6
Vol. II. Austria-Hungary and Germany	3 6
Vol. III. Miscellaneous Countries	3 6
[N.B.—The three volumes will be supplied at 10/-.	
Postage 3d. per vol. extra in any case.]	
Five-quire Boxes of best Tinted Note Paper, stamped } or 5/-	3/3 } together
with badge in relief	
Boxes (of 125 each) Envelopes to match	2/3 } post free
Cover for binding <i>Gazette</i> , Index included	2 0
Index only	0 3
Back Numbers of the <i>Gazette</i> , from 1885 forward	0 3
Morocco Ticket Case	0 6

Execution of Orders.

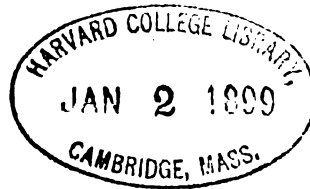
Orders are executed in rotation. Goods are sent at members' risk, but they will be registered if an extra fee of 3d. per article be included in the remittance.

Candidates' Requirements.

Candidates who are not fully elected cannot be supplied with any of the foregoing articles until they are duly admitted, when an order form will be sent them in the usual course. They will also kindly note that, although a copy of the *Gazette* is sent them, their Certificate of Membership cannot be supplied until at least seven days after (unless they avail themselves of the Provisional Membership scheme, particulars of which will be sent upon application), in accordance with the rule printed at the head of the list of candidates.

The Club Uniform.

The Club Uniform is procurable of the various Official Tailors in all the chief centres throughout the country, or the materials themselves may be obtained of the wholesale factor, Mr. T. H. Holding, 7, Maddox Street, Regent Street, London, W., direct. A copy of the Uniform catalogue (with samples) and list of the Club Tailors may also be obtained of the said factor by sending him a penny stamp.



THE

MONTHLY GAZETTE

[FOUNDED 1878.]

INCORPORATED 1887.]



And * Official * Record.

No. 10. Vol. XIII. [NEW SERIES.]

OCTOBER, 1894.

All Communications relating to the Editorial and Literary Departments of the "Gazette" to be addressed to "the Editor" and to Club Business (orders for Uniform excepted—for which see special notice upon another page) to "the Secretary," at the Chief Offices: 139 and 140, Fleet Street, LONDON, E.C. Matters upon which a reply is desired must be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope, and Members should quote their Membership Numbers upon all occasions. All Contributions intended for insertion in the "Gazette" must reach the Editor not later than the morning of the 20th of the month.

The Editor will be glad to hear from Members or others competent and willing to contribute Original Articles on Mechanical or other subjects connected with Cycling and having relation to the general objects of the C.T.C. MSS. (Tours excepted) will be paid for, and those not accepted will if possible be returned, but no responsibility will be taken for any loss of MSS.

The HALF-YEARLY GENERAL MEETING of the Club will be held at the "Grand" Hotel, Charing Cross, Glasgow, on Friday, the 19th day of October instant, at 8 p.m., when every member, whether lady or gentleman, is cordially invited to attend. The Agenda will be found upon page 279.

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to France until the new edition of this said volume, now under process of revision, is ready.

The request thus put forward has been fairly well responded to, but as there are still several orders unexecuted, we shall esteem it a favour if those members having copies they are willing to place at our disposal will send us a post-card without delay. The demand which has arisen for the book during the summer just ended has been unexpected, phenomenal, and gratifying, and it augurs well for the future where touring in France is concerned. We attribute it almost wholly to the fact that by virtue of the arrangements made by the C.T.C. with the French Government, an English tourist may now enter France at any of the chief ports as free of imposts as the French rider may enter England.

* * *

Editorial.

The majority of our readers are without doubt familiar with the fact that for many months past we have published an appeal for copies of Vol. I. of the Continental Road Book, for which copies we offered to pay at least half-price. Our object in making this appeal has been to endeavour to supply the wants of intending visitors

The season now rapidly drawing to a close has witnessed a larger influx of applications for enrolment from riders who were formerly members than any we can remember. The cause is not easy to discover, but we believe it to be in part the reaction which has undoubtedly set in in quarters where pessimism and doubt were formerly triumphant. Whatever the cause

the fact remains, and a very gratifying fact it must be acknowledged to be.

While, however, we welcome most cordially applications for membership from riders who were formerly members, we conceive it to be a duty to enter a protest against the attitude occasionally assumed by those who come within this category. There are those who appear to imagine that because they were once subscribers they are entitled to be regarded as fully-fledged members immediately they again pay the annual subscription; and who are mortally offended at being told that the entrance fee (or a fine of a similar amount) will be re-exacted, and that their names must again be published in the Candidates' List. Furthermore, when in response to their demand that their ticket of membership shall be sent them to-morrow, as they are leaving on a tour the following day, they are told that they must either pay the usual extra fee for a provisional ticket, or await re-election in the ordinary manner, their indignation knows no bounds. All the same, however, they have eventually to choose between these alternatives and remaining outside the fold, for to admit the principle that a man may become a member of a club, neglect to send his subscription when it falls due, ignore the many requests that are always made for payment, and yet take up his membership again at a moment's notice when it happens to suit his pocket or his convenience, would be to admit that the support of such a man is indispensable. It is not by members such as these that the C.T.C. has achieved success in the past, and it is not by such as these that it will carry out the programme of the future. These gentlemen make of the C.T.C. a mere convenience, and although we should be the last to find fault with them for putting practical benefits before sentiment, we hold that they are less entitled to special consideration in the way of speedy election and other matters than the novice who never heard of the C.T.C. until just as he was about to set out upon his first tour a'wheel.

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"The insurance of cycles" is by no means a novel idea; indeed a company of limited liability was formed for this very purpose more than a decade ago. "A short life but a merry one" was its motto, and it fully lived up to it. Since the date in question, however, many things have happened, and where one person rode a cycle then, at least twenty ride now. These facts have evidently impressed themselves upon the directorate of more than one established Insurance Company, and, as a consequence, it is, we believe, quite possible to obtain a policy of insurance against burglary and theft, upon payment of a merely nominal sum. Such a policy does not, however, cover the risk of damage accruing through accident, unavoidable collision with other vehicles, assaults on the road, and similar causes, and this being so, a syndicate, comprising some of the leading cyclists in the West of England, has been formed to bring out a limited liability company which will accept all the risks to which the wheelman is heir. We express no opinion as to the financial success that is likely to attend such a scheme—though we see no reason why, with able, liberal, and "up-to-date" management, it should not prove profitable—but of this we are assured, there are thousands of cyclists to whom damage to, or the loss

of their machine would be matter of very serious import, and who, if liberal terms and fair treatment are offered them, would not be slow to avail themselves of the indemnity thus afforded. Having had an interview with some of the promoters, and having gone through their plans and proposed method of working, we are convinced of their *bonâ fides*, as also that they have a good grasp of the subject, and are determined to merit success. This being so, although we are in no sense financially interested in the Company, we have consented to act as Referee or Arbitrator in any case of difference which may arise between them and their clients. We understand that specially reduced premiums will in due time be quoted to members of the C.T.C.

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THE WHEELMAN AND THE PUBLIC. Since the September *Gazette* went to press, the Commissioner of Police for the Metropolis (Sir E. R. C. Bradford) has issued a fresh manifesto against the furious riding of cycles, in which manifesto careful reference is made to the alternative method of warning which was studiously omitted from the former placard. The only weakness to be detected in the text of the Police Notice now made public lies in the clause wherein it is stated that all persons riding upon bicycles, etc., etc., are when *passing* any cart, etc., etc., required to sound a bell or whistle, or otherwise give audible notice of their approach. *Passing* should be *overtaking* as the text of the Act says, but to complain further at present would probably lead to our being regarded as hypercritical. We regret the trifling error, chiefly because it may lead the Commissioner's subordinates to suppose that that *passing* includes *meeting*, and act accordingly. Should it, however, have this effect, the C.T.C. will intervene again, with it is to be hoped, the usual result.

+ + +

THE BEGINNING OF THE END. The constant abuse of the wheelman's privileges by the thoughtless and selfish minority who, without the slightest regard for the rights of the public, turn the Queen's highway into a racing track, has at last brought retribution in its train. The police in general and those in the Home Counties in particular have felt themselves called upon to take action, and among other "important fixtures" which have been seriously interfered with is the North Road Twenty-four Hours' Annual Competition. This event has always been well engineered, and has usually been well carried through; but all the same it was from the first distinctly illegal, and in the interests of wheelmen in general we confess to being heartily glad to hear that it has been practically suppressed. The police have only to be of one mind, to exercise with discretion the powers they at present possess, and cycling at large must inevitably benefit. The day has gone by when the N.C.U.—the only cycling body possessing even semi-punitive powers—can either consistently or effectively make a move to suppress the unbearable scandals at which it has winked for years, and the most that can now be hoped for from it is that it will say "ditto" to the police. "Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true."

Official Notices.

THE HALF-YEARLY GENERAL MEETING.

The half-yearly general meeting of the Club will be held at the Grand Hotel, Charing Cross, Glasgow, on Friday, the 19th day of October instant, at 8 p.m., when every member of the Club—whether lady or gentleman—is cordially invited to attend.

Admission will be procurable upon production of the current year's certificate of membership.

The following is the

AGENDA.

1.—To read and adopt as a true record the minutes of the Annual General Meeting, held in London on 17th May last.

Proposed by J. B. STEWART, Chief Consul, Lanark :—

2.—“That all saleable articles belonging to the C.T.C., with the exception of the Club badge, be offered for sale to the public at a reasonable price.”

Proposed by J. R. BALFOUR, Chief Consul, Renfrew :—

3.—“That this meeting urges upon every member—and particularly upon Scottish members—the urgent necessity of contributing to the work of collecting the required information for the Scottish Road Book.”

4.—“That in future ladies and gentlemen shall be eligible for membership provided they be amateur cyclists according to the definition in force in the country in which they may be resident. Applicants resident in countries not having a recognised amateur definition shall be eligible for membership on complying with the definition as accepted by the International Cyclists' Association.”

CONSULAR VACANCIES.

The undermentioned vacancies have been notified to us by the Chief Consuls set over the various counties referred to, and members willing to act are requested to communicate with the Chief Consul of the county concerned, or with the Secretary.

KENT. (Chief Consul, G. H. Evans, 10, Oakley Terrace, Sheerness.)—Chatham, Deal, Faversham, Ramsgate, Rochester, Sevenoaks, Westerham.

COUNTY OF WILTS.

Autumn Consuls' meeting on Saturday, 3 p.m., October 13th, at Red Lion Hotel, Avebury. Agenda:—Chief Consul's report on work done in the County for the past season; and receive suggestions as to future work from Consuls.

F. W. MARILLIER, Chief Consul.

THE BRITISH ROAD BOOK—SCOTTISH SECTION.

Second list of deletions to be made in the Schedules of Routes issued to Scottish members, July, 1894.

ARGYLL—Nos. 15 and 16.

DUMBARTON—No. 10.

DUMFRIES, ETC.—Nos. 19, 22, 23, and 24.

FIFE, ETC.—No. 1.

INVERNESS, ETC.—Nos. 9, 13, 15, 20, 21, 23, 24, 25, and 28.

LANARK—Nos. 29, 26, and 28.

PERTH, ABERDEEN, ETC.—Nos. 13, 24, 26, 31, 40, 46, 55, and 60.

ROSS AND CROMARTY—Nos. 2 and 13.

ROXBURGH, SELKIRK—Nos. 1 and 2.

SOTHERLAND, CAITHNESS—Nos. 1, 2, 13, 16, 27, 33, and 34.

WIGTON—Nos. 9, 10, and 12.

ORKNEY ISLANDS—All the roads.

EDINBURGH SECTION—RUNS FOR OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER.

Date.	Destination.	Reverends.
Oct. 6th.....	Elphinstone Tower	Mayfield, 3.15.
Nov. 3rd.....	Cramond	Rutland Sq., 4.0.

The Wednesday evening runs were discontinued at end of September.

ARTHUR T. POYSER, Hon. Sec.,
6, Cameron Crescent, Dalkeith Road, Edinburgh.

NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM DISTRICT ASSOCIATION.

A general meeting of the Association will be held at the Hôtel Metropole, Clayton Street, Newcastle, on Wednesday, October 10th, at 7.30 p.m. As the business will include important matters with reference to forthcoming Parish Council and other elections, and the arrangement of a winter programme for the members of the Association, in addition to reports of the work done in the past three months, each member is respectfully requested to make a special effort to be present.

R. T. LANG, Hon. Sec.

THE BRITISH ROAD BOOK.

The C.T.C. Road Book will (when it is completed) consist of a minute and detailed description of all the main as well as the important subsidiary routes throughout the kingdom. It is being compiled from reports furnished by members who have an intimate knowledge of the direction, surface, and gradients of the roads treated of, and its value to WHEELMEN, PEDESTRIANS, COACHMEN, and other travellers by road cannot well be over-estimated. The reception the first volume (which was nearly seven years in process of compilation) has met with at the hands of the Press and the general public is universally flattering, and no member should fail to invest in a copy.

Volume I., which deals with the ground from Kent to Cornwall inclusive (south of the main road from London to Bath and Bristol), is now procurable by members of the C.T.C. at 5/4 post free (6/4 if the Key Map be mounted on linen), or by the outside public at 10/6 and 11/6 respectively.

A greatly reduced *fac simile* specimen route is obtainable of the Secretary upon application. Members are requested to note that the various Chief Consuls included in the area of which the book treats will not now supply manuscript information of the roads in their districts.

The Volumes relating to the ground North of London, to Scotland, and to Ireland, are in charge of the following gentlemen :—

ENGLISH ROAD BOOKS :—

Mr. F. W. COOK,
C.T.C. Offices,
140, Fleet Street,
London, E.C.

SCOTTISH :—

Mr. ARTHUR T. POYSER,
6, Cameron Crescent, Dalkeith Road,
Edinburgh.

IRISH :—

Mr. G. A. DE M. E. DAGG, M.A., LL.B.,
Leraw House,
Lisnaskea,
Co. Fermanagh.

Members are requested to note that the above-named will gladly welcome offers of assistance in the shape of reports upon roads at present undescribed, or the checking of the “draft” already compiled, and the co-operation of the membership is earnestly invited by the Council. All who can assist will be at once put in possession of directions how to proceed if they will kindly communicate with the respective Editors.

THE IRISH ROAD BOOK.

AN URGENT APPEAL.

Notice is given that the Irish Editor has now, for distribution, copies of the Schedules of Routes which it is intended should be embodied in the *Irish Road Book* of the Club. As, for many obvious reasons, it is undesirable "to indiscriminately issue them to all members of the Club, even in Ireland, copies will be issued by him to all members who apply to him for them, on the understanding that the member will contribute at least a report on one Route, or parts of Routes, so as to recoup in some degree the great expense of printing and postage. All gentlemen who desire to help the Editor in his work, even in the small degree above indicated, will please address a post-card to him stating their willingness to contribute, and indicating briefly the locality or localities with which each is acquainted, and the Routes he will try to furnish. By return of post the Editor will furnish him with the pamphlet, forms for filling in his reports, and a stamped addressed envelope for the return of the forms when filled in. If a gentleman find that he cannot report on any of the Routes detailed in the pamphlet, nor any others, he will please return the schedules and forms in the envelope for the use of others who may require them. A limited number only will be distributed to road riders, who though not yet C.T.C. members, may be anxious to help in the work of compiling such a national work as the Road Book of the United Kingdom, when completed, will be; and the Irish Editor will gladly welcome and introduce to the Club any gentleman who so helps him; and will supply him with the necessary forms and information for such purpose. "*Reverse Routes*," as to which a great deal of misconception appears to exist, may be written in the style shown at the foot of page 3 on the pamphlet, on the back of the Route report form on which the report of the direct Route is written.

In reporting on any Route please quote at head of Report the "County" and "Route No." as given in the published Schedules in pamphlet. Economy of space in writing the report should be observed, within limits, to avoid waste of paper and postage.

The little pamphlet contains all the information necessary to understand what is wanted in Road Reports, but members are earnestly requested to read the instructions very carefully over before commencing to write their report, as thereby much labour will be saved both to the contributor and to the hard-working Editor.

It is pleasant to have to state that many members have, up to the present, sent in many valuable and full reports on Routes in every part of Ireland, and the Editor expects when the "holiday" and "riding season" is over, a great many more gentlemen will do their best to assist him, by reporting the results of their holiday rides to him. If riders object to the forms, the Editor will be nearly equally pleased to receive letters descriptive of roads and Routes in any shape convenient to contributors.

It is earnestly impressed upon all Chief Consuls and Consuls, that to them the Editor appeals most earnestly for help and countenance in this work peculiarly their province, and he points to the fact that the publication of the Road Book will lighten their labours for all subsequent time, and will be a monument of their zeal, and of the usefulness of the Club, to the cycling public of this Kingdom.

The Editor will be pleased to receive Reports on any Routes not included in the schedules which contributors may consider worthy of inclusion in the Road Book.

A few errors have slipped into the schedules and the following may be noted:—

Co. Cork	Route No. 20, for Roscanberry read Roscanberry.
	Route No. 28, for Castleyous read Castle Lyons.
	Route No. 38, for Gorigane Barra read Gougane Barra.
Co. Meath.....	Route No. 1, for Clouee read Clonoe.
	Route No. 14, for Ticooghan read Ticroghan.

Co. Meath routes have been, since the pamphlet was

issued, revised, amended, and enlarged, by the kindness of Joseph H. Moore, Esq., C.E., etc., County Surveyor of Meath, who has promised to report on them fully, as far as his not too abundant leisure will permit him.

Co. Wexford, Route No. 16, was, by inadvertence, reversed. It should read as follows:—

From.	To.	Via.
16.—Taghmon	Enniscorthy	Gálbally Cross Roads (6): Bree N. School (4): Enniscorthy (4).
Co. Wexford...	Route No. 19, for Duncannon Fort read Duncannon Fort.	
Co. Wicklow...	Generally after "Drumgoiff," or "Drumgoiff Bridge," insert "Glenmalure."	

Members are, one and all, earnestly entreated to note the above, and to lose no time in setting to work to report on the Roads with which they are acquainted.

G. E. DAGG, Editor Irish Road Book for C.T.C.

Leraw House, Lisnakea, Co. Fermanagh,
Sept. 17th, 1894.

THE CLUB HANDBOOKS.

The British Handbook for 1894 is still on sale, and every member should make it his duty to provide himself with a copy. Its contents comprise:—A full list of the hotels under contract with the Club throughout the United Kingdom; a specially-drawn and valuable map; lists of officers; rules and regulations; hotel arrangements, and the special tariffs in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland; instructions to Consuls; uniform and general information; hints as to touring, and repairing machines; a list of the Chief Consular Divisions, with the addresses of the officers set over them; railway rates; calendar; sunrises and sunsets; the phases of the moon; as well as a complete diary and riding record, etc., etc.

The price is 1s., as hitherto, and, as the edition is nearly exhausted, all who desire to possess a copy should make early application.

The Continental Handbook, containing similar information as regards the Continent, the Colonies, the United States, etc., etc., is obtainable at the same figure.

"RIGHTS AND PRIVILEGES."

The demand for copies of the Manifesto recently issued by the C.T.C. still continues. Members are again reminded that imprints upon paper or cardboard as the case may be are obtainable, post free, by all who make application therefor, and who will undertake to exhibit them in suitable positions. Free libraries, literary institutes, and club-rooms of all kinds afford excellent means of making known what are the rights and privileges of the cyclist, and what are the duties of all road users.

THE EDITOR'S ALBUM.

The Editor will be glad to receive the photographs of members, and, if desired, will send his own "counterfeit presentment" in return.

In addition to the 1400 contributions already acknowledged the needful donation has this month reached him from the following:—

MESSRS. G. H. Glover, Worcester; A. Hall, Alresford; T. Skeffington, Leicester; and W. P. Young, London.

Answers to Correspondents.

B. S. BROWN.—A Frenchman residing in France would not be entitled even as a member of the C.T.C. to import into that country a new machine free of duty. The arrangement made with the French Government is that only the machines of members *bona fide* on tour are to be exempt—and this is obviously reasonable.

The Council.

The usual monthly meeting was held at "Ingham's" Hotel, Chorlton Street, Manchester, on Saturday, September 8th, 1894, at 1 p.m.

PRESENT:—

C.C. J. T. LIGHTWOOD, Lytham (Chairman).
C.C. R. CLARK, Kelsall.
R.C. J. L. DENSON, Cheshire.
R.C. W. DICKINSON, Lancashire.
R.C. W. E. ORD, Lancashire.
R.C. T. J. SCOTT, Lancashire.
R.C. G. E. STANLEY, Devonshire.
R.C. C. WIGAN, Middlesex.
C.C. J. W. WRIGHT, Nottingham.

E. R. SHIPTON, Secretary.

RESOLUTIONS, ETC.

- 119.—"That Col. Richard Irwin, of Rathmoyle, Castlereagh, be appointed Chief Consul of the County of Roscommon."

REPORTS OF COMMITTEES.

MAP AND ROAD BOOK (ENGLAND AND WALES).

- (a) The Chairman reported that a meeting of the Committee was called a week or two since, but owing to the absence of several of the members upon holiday, the same was unavoidably postponed. Meantime, however, he had opened up negotiations with Messrs. Truscott & Son as to the insurance it is proposed to effect upon the Club's property in the Road Book.

MAP AND ROAD BOOK (SCOTLAND).

- (b) The Chairman reported progress.

MAP AND ROAD BOOK (IRELAND).

- (c) The Chairman reported that the complete schedule of routes required in respect of the Irish book had now been printed and distributed among those who appeared most likely to be willing to render assistance.

The Chairman further reported that his Committee had authorised payment of the second instalment of £25 to the Road Book Editor, as per agreement, and that he had had a personal interview with Mr. Dagg for the purpose of conferring with him relative to the many points that arise in connection with the prosecution of the work.

The Committee regretted to have to report that a large amount of supineness and inattention are observable where appeals to the Chief Consuls for route information are in question.

RIGHTS AND PRIVILEGES.

- (d) The Chairman reported that as the outcome of the blocking of the Dee Bridge Bill by the C.T.C., it had been arranged that the maximum charge of 6d. for the use of the bridge by cyclists should be reduced to 3d., a result, which under the circumstances, and having in view the vastly improved facilities that will be afforded, was considered satisfactory.

He further stated that representations had been made to the London, Chatham, and Dover, and South Eastern Railway Companies with a view to getting them to adopt the scale of charges generally in use for the conveyance of cycles, and which has of late been accepted by the London, Brighton, and South Coast Company.

He further stated that advice and assistance have been rendered to many corresponding members who had appealed therefor.

ADVANTAGEOUS PURCHASE OF MACHINES.

- (e) The Secretary reported that Mr. George Thompson, the Chairman of this Committee, had been ordered to take a complete rest from business, and, as a consequence, the duties of Chairman had been temporarily assumed by the Chairman of the Council, who had drawn up a report which appeared likely to be ready for presentation with the Agenda of the next Council Meeting.

- 121.—"That the Statement of Accounts and Balance Sheet for the half-year ending 30th June, 1894, together with the Honorary Treasurer's Statement and the Report of the Finance Committee relating to the same period, be received and adopted."

- (f) The Secretary drew attention to the case of Mr. Henry Wright, of Gainsborough, a member of the C.T.C., who had successfully prosecuted one Arthur Appleby, of Retford, for obstructing the highway and for assault, and enquired whether or not the C.T.C. would act upon the hint of the plaintiff, and recoup him his solicitor's fee. Whereupon it was resolved

- 125.—"That the C.T.C. do contribute a sum not exceeding one guinea to defray the solicitor's fee in connection with this matter."

Comments upon the Agenda were received from the following absent Councilors:—Messrs. W. Kendall Burnett, Aberdeen; and E. W. Burke, Ireland.

The next Council Meeting will be held in Glasgow, on Saturday, the 20th October.

Coventry Notes.

BY G. DOUGLAS LEECHMAN.

*[†] *Manufacturers and others having novelties they desire to have noticed, or any news suitable for this column, are requested to give early intimation thereof to the Editor.*

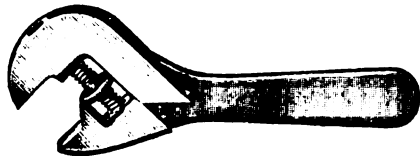
Mr. W. P. Smith, of Brixton, has kindly sent me particulars of his new gear, or rather his addition to the ordinary chain gear. He contends that with the ordinary method the pull of the chain on the top tooth of the hub is capable of transmitting much more power to the wheel than that on the tooth nearly opposite to it, with which the chain is just come into gear, because the power has to pass through the other teeth; this produces a forward and downward thrust on the bearing, causing friction. According to Mr. Smith's system, an arm projects downward from the fork-end, and carries a small chain wheel under the hub chain wheel, so that the chain embraces only about a quarter of the hub wheel, instead of nearly half, and engages with only about two teeth instead of three or four, at a time. He further states that "The practical result is that I can guarantee to make cycles geared to 60 work with three-fourths the exertion now employed, or I will gear to 70 and they shall work no harder than ordinary gears of 60." Now I am afraid Mr. Smith has fallen into a popular error. Mr. Hans Renold in his book on chain gearing says: "One tooth only can be doing work at one and the same time, whatever the size of a wheel or the number of teeth gearing into a chain may be. This should not be thought to imply that it is impossible to make a wheel that would not touch with every tooth the rollers of an accurately pitched chain. What is meant is this: That a wheel, when fitting a new chain, will lose such fit as soon as put to work. With the first few turns the pivots begin to bed down in their bearings, at once producing a lengthening of the chain pitch. After this bedding the wearing in the chain joint begins, which again is a permanent cause of stretching. A single pivot may show but little wear, but, the chain being in tension, the addition soon produces an appreciable quantity, when measured over the semi-circumference clasped by the chain." These assertions are not susceptible of much modification beyond saying that two teeth might be considered to be in play at the same time just when one is going out of action and another coming in, and I do not think they apply to the Guthrie chain gear, but that acts on a somewhat different principle. Without a personal trial I cannot say positively whether any actual benefit is derivable from Mr. Smith's system, but if there is, I feel confident he has not found the correct reason for it. There is practically no pull on any of the teeth except the one momentarily at the top. The risk of the chain slipping on the hub chain wheel would appear to be greatly increased. This gear, like most others, increases both friction and weight, and these retarding influences must first be fully compensated for before any benefit may be derived from its (or their) use.

Mr. C. B. Lawson, whose Pulling pedals are well known, called on me the other day with a model of a gear in which the driving chain wheel, instead of being fixed directly to the crank axle, will be mounted on an eccentric flange on the end of the bracket, and will turn on ball bearings. The chain-wheel centre is about half an inch behind the axle centre, and the wheel is driven by a set of radial arms (fixed to the crank), having horizontal rollers at their extremities turning in a series of circles cut in the chain wheel. It is an interesting idea, and I regret that I have been too busy to digest it yet.

Mr. Avila Tringham, who very fairly describes himself as the "original bicycle oil refiner," has introduced a new oil for use in gear cases. It is called "Gear up," and the "finest southern sperm" forms an important ingredient in its constitution. Mr. Tringham appears to be one of the few who combine long experience with constant energy and

enterprise, and if his "Gear up" is equal to his other productions it will not be failing in quality. To get the best results "Gear up" should be applied when the chain is free from rust, dirt, and old oil. It is put up in handy tin cans of good size, selling at the popular shilling.

McCormacks Limited, of Plymouth, are putting an excellent adjustable wrench on the market. The name "Bevis" is indicative of its claims to strength. It is cut from steel stampings, and the screw also is of steel, so that the



material is far above the all-too-frequent castings. One end of the handle is forked at right angles, one side forming the lower jaw and the other a bar for the upper jaw to slide upon; the sliding surfaces take all the cross strain, and the screw none. The screw having right and left-handed threads the wrench is quickly adjusted; it opens to $\frac{1}{2}$ in. and closes to $\frac{1}{4}$ in. It is very handy in use, as the jaws are at an angle and yet can be put on to the nut vertically. For compactness, lightness, and strength it will be hard to beat; when closed it takes the outline of an elongated drop. The retail price is 3s. 6d. post free; nickelled, 6d. extra. Though introduced quite recently it is already catching on well, and I think it deserves to.

Meets and Meetings.

GLASGOW AND WESTERN DISTRICT.

On Saturday afternoon, 8th September, a pleasant gathering of C.T.C. members took place at Erskine Ferry, one of the prettiest spots around Glasgow, and about eleven miles down the river from that city. The meeting had been convened by Mr. J. R. Balfour, C.C. for Renfrewshire, with a view to introducing members to one another and discussing the prospects of the new Road Book. Unfortunately Mr. Balfour was, through a severe cold, unable to be present, but he sent his papers and necessary information to his brother C.C. Mr. J. B. Stewart, of Glasgow, who saw the arrangements carried out as well as possible in Mr. Balfour's absence. The day was one of the finest of the season, and everything tended to make the gathering an enjoyable one. Members of the Club were present from most towns and districts for twenty miles round Glasgow. Among the "kent faces" Mr. A. Martin, C.C., Glasgow; Mr. J. B. Stewart, C.C., Glasgow; Rev. C. McGhee, Houston; Rev. M. McNairney, Milngavie; Mr. Lindsay, Alexandria; Mr. and Miss Heys, Barrhead; Mr. Nimmo, Hamilton; Mr. Lawrie, Glasgow; and Mr. Smith, Govan, were prominent. The gathering took place at the Inn, where, after a substantial tea, provided in Mrs. Hunter's usual hospitable style, Mr. Martin, who presided, called upon Mr. Stewart to explain the position of matters, per Mr. Balfour's notes. This Mr. Stewart did, explaining the cause of Mr. Balfour's absence, and conveying apologies for absence from Rev. Alex. Hay, Carmunnock, who had intended to be present, but had been prevented at the last moment. Mr. A. G. Rennie, R.C., was engaged over the twelve hours' race proceeding on that day, and Mr. Poyser, editor of the Scottish Section of the Road Book, who had also hoped to be present, had been detained in Aberdeen. In the absence of these giants of the C.T.C., the chairman explained that the meeting had been called with the view to promoting greater fellowship among the members of the Club, and endeavouring to push on the production of the remaining routes in the

district required for the Road Book. He was glad to see so many members present, and so many districts represented, and trusted this would only be the beginning of many similar pleasant meetings. He thought that if every member would lay himself out to provide Mr. Poyser with one route, the book would soon be complete, and no one need fear providing a route which he might think had been already described, because the Editor wanted duplicate descriptions of all routes, of course, from different people. The Chief Consuls could not be expected to know all the routes, and it was the duty of each member to do what he could in aid of this the great scheme of the Club. Mr. W. A. Smith, Govan, expressed his disappointment at the absence of Mr. Poyser. The meeting was apparently called with a view to help on the Road Book, and he for one had been doing what he could to help. He had seven routes in his pocket, which he had intended handing to the Editor, and would now send on. He thought this, or such another meeting, should have been held earlier, say in May, and there should be more such, and thought a branch or centre, after the Newcastle style, should be formed in this district. He was willing to do all he could to help on the work of the C.T.C. Rev. Chas. McGhee, Houston, agreed with Mr. Smith, and had great pleasure in his membership. He thought there should be more opportunity for meeting with one another, and more life in the C.T.C. Rev. W. McNairney, Milngavie, was glad to be present at such a pleasant gathering of one lady and gentlemen, and would immediately proceed, along with his rev. friend, to describe some of the many routes they had together cycled. Some of the greatest pleasure in his life had been derived from cycling, even although he, riding as he usually did, in clerical gait, had often incurred the opprobrium of the populace. He would be glad to describe any particular route he might be asked to do, and thought if other members would do so, they would avoid clashing with one another. Mr. Lawrie, Glasgow, thought the idea of some kind of social or other gatherings during the winter months was worthy of consideration, and thought the benefits of membership in the C.T.C. and pleasure and health to be derived from the pastime of cycling had only to be better known to be more widely taken advantage of. After remarks from other gentlemen, the meeting was adjourned until the tables were cleared, and on resuming it was agreed to defer arrangements as to future programme until the half-yearly meeting in October in Glasgow. A vote of thanks to Mr. Martin closed the meeting, and the members dispersed after having spent a most enjoyable day.

NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM DISTRICT ASSOCIATION.

The usual monthly meeting of the Northumberland and Durham District Committee was held at Walton's Hotel, Sunderland (C.T.C. Headquarters), Mr. G. Bartram (Sunderland) in the chair. There were also present Messrs. H. G. T. Barningham (Darlington), R. J. Smith, J. I. S. Heslop, W. C. Brown (Sunderland), P. M. Laws, J. Wright (Newcastle), C. Caldcleugh (Durham), J. K. Spink (Gateshead), J. A. Williamson (Tynemouth), and R. T. Lang (South Shields), hon. sec. Letters of regret were read from Messrs. J. M. Gilson, F. W. Hardy, and J. R. Hogg. A successful termination to the efforts of the Committee in the matters of the improvement of the Seaham-Ayhope Road, and of the longitudinally-placed sewer gratings in North Shields, was reported. In the former case the proprietor of the road, the Marquis of Londonderry, had agreed to put it into good order, and in the latter the Sanitary Committee of the Corporation had decided to replace the gratings in the main thoroughfares, and in those most frequented by cyclists, by newer and safer gratings. The negotiations with the N.E.R. Co. with reference to the extension of similar rates to members of the

Club to those enjoyed by other bodies, viz., fare and a quarter for a double journey when accompanied by the cycle, are still proceeding. It was decided to draw the attention of the borough engineer to the condition of Chester Road, Sunderland, from Kayle Road to Western Hill, and of the Durham Road past the Infirmary. The correspondence with local surveyors *in re* the laying of loose metal elicited the fact that it is now a general custom in the two counties to either lay half the road at a time or leave a strip by the side, excepting in the case of a road being entirely re-made, when, of course, the whole surface must be relaid. The county surveyors will be pleased to hear of any contravention of this rule, and cyclists coming across such cases should report them at once to the hon. sec. of the Association (South Shields). The Northumberland County Council having postponed its decision on "Universal Lights" until it obtains the opinion of the Parish Councils, it was decided to make a special effort to have this matter brought before the candidates at the elections in December. Cyclists would aid not merely the committee, but the pastime generally, by using their influence amongst the candidates in their respective districts in favour of this much-needed reform. It was also agreed to ask the Rights and Privileges Committee of the Club to issue a special circular on the matter, for distribution amongst Parish Council candidates, the committee believing that the question cannot be too widely agitated. A general meeting of the members of the Association was fixed for Wednesday, Oct. 10th, at 7.30 p.m., at the Hotel Metropole (C.T.C. Headquarters), Clayton St., Newcastle, and the next committee meeting for six o'clock on the same evening. A large quantity of other business was transacted, and the customary vote of thanks to the chairman concluded a well-attended and lengthy meeting.

NOTTINGHAM AND DISTRICT.

The second run and meeting of the members of the C.T.C. in the Nottingham Consular District took place on Saturday, the 1st ult., in the heart of the Dukeries. The Nottingham party met at the Clarendon Hotel, and started for Edwinstowe at two p.m., where they were joined by others from Worksop, Mansfield, Tuxford, Retford, Leicester, Sheffield, and Grantham. Tea was served at Forest House, Edwinstowe. Mr. T. Chatterton, consul for Worksop, presided, and amongst others present were the Rev. Canon Elsworth, consul for Retford; the Rev. H. S. Bentley, Markham Clinton, consul for Tuxford; Mr. A. Butterfield, Grantham, chief consul for Lincolnshire; Mr. J. Wright, chief consul for Nottinghamshire; Mrs. Judge, Mrs. Mitton, Mrs. Summerfield, and Miss Marriot, of Nottingham; Mr. T. V. Powell, of Leicester; and Mr. and Mrs. Grove, of Sheffield. The number present was about forty; after tea a short business meeting was held, at which the minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed. It was also announced that it is intended to hold a series of meets next season, full particulars of which will be duly announced in the *Gazette*. The success of the two held this summer prove that they meet with the wishes of the local members and are popular. It was also announced that the Rev. F. A. Woodhead had kindly offered to read a paper on some subject of interest to the C.T.C.-ites during the winter, further particulars of which will be duly given through the usual medium. One result of these local meetings has been a marked increase in the Notts membership. It has been suggested to me that a local cycling club, membership in which would be restricted to C.T.C. members, would be popular. I should be glad to receive names of those members who would be willing to join such a club, and, if there seems any general desire for it, I will take the necessary preliminary steps for its formation.

JOSEPH W. WRIGHT, Chief Consul.

9, College Street, Nottingham.

Reviews and Notices.

The latest addition to the many maps prepared and published, ostensibly for the benefit of cyclists, reached us a few weeks since, at the hands of the well-known firm of W. and A. K. Johnstone, of Edinburgh. It is entitled the Cyclists' Map for the South of Scotland and the North of England, and is sold at 1s., or on cloth at 1s. 6d.*

Treating, as it does, of a district of which we have only a visiting knowledge, we submitted their map to the resident gentleman and veteran rider, who in a recent issue, dealt with a similar publication by another house. He reports thereon as follows:—

"This map in question is printed in yellow, the roads denoted by red lines; the main ones in double lines, the cross roads in single.

"We would advise publishers who have no knowledge of cycling and the roads suited thereto to mark all roads in one way, so that the expert may not be tempted to laugh at the ignorance of the editor. Many of the roads marked as main roads in this map are scarcely rideable; and others are left out, or are marked with a single line instead of a double one. We cannot trace the age of the information contained in this map, but it must be based upon something issued prior to 1795, when the Telford Road was engineered.

"The main road from Sark Bridge to Gretna Green is not given at all, and the road from Longtown to Newton-of-Wamphray *via* Dunnalie, is given as a main road; the connection from Longtown to Gretna Green is given to the new or Telford road, but this road was part of the Glasgow road *via* Dumfries and Thornhill, and it was never made or used as part of the Telford road *via* Lockerbie.

"If we look to the South West point of Scotland for another illustration, we shall find that the road from Newton Stewart to Barhill *via* Snap Inn, is given as a main one, and the mail coach road *via* Bargrennan is marked in single line. We give these only as illustrations where the cyclist might be misled. We trust that before any further editions of this map are published some cyclist may have the sheets submitted to him for correction."

* The northern section of this map was reviewed by us in our issue for July last.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.—The Club is again indebted to Mr. Lex de Renault—whose goodness we have acknowledged in previous issues—for the sketches which served to illustrate the article in the September *Gazette*, relating to Suffolk, as well as for those appearing in the descriptive account of the attractions of the English Lake District in the current issue. We wish there were more members possessing the artistic ability and the goodness of heart of the gentleman whose courtesy we gladly welcome.

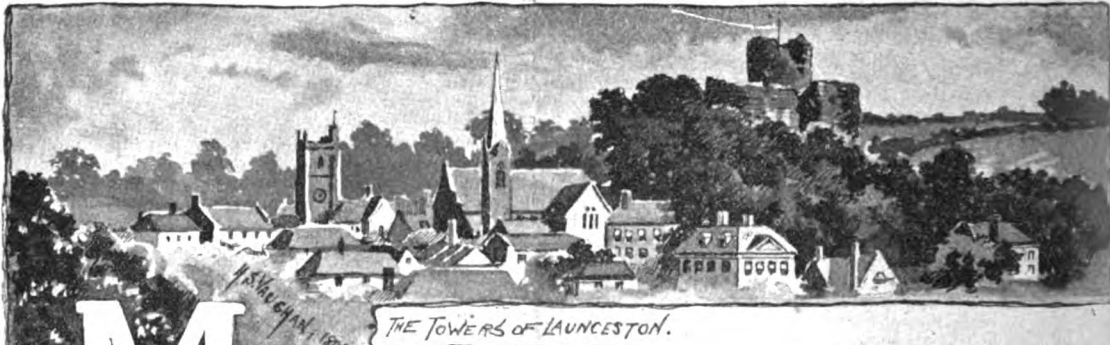
AS IT SHOULD BE.—The Southport police have started a crusade against those cyclists who give no warning of their approach when overtaking foot passengers in the carriage way. The first offender—who by the way had distinguished himself by running some people down—was very properly told by the Bench that "The law requires that cyclists shall give some warning of their approach when they overtake either a vehicle or a pedestrian."

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.—The Isle of Ely County Council has resolved to issue a handbill drawing attention to the legal obligations under which cyclists labour as set out in Sec. 85 of the Local Government Act. It is rumoured that the Cambridgeshire County Council has issued bye-laws relating to cycling, but if this be so their action is *ultra vires*. Perhaps some Cambridge member will send us a copy of the placard.

Companion to the Road Book.

EXETER TO LAUNCESTON.

Route 321.



ANY readers of the *Gazette* will no doubt be surprised to learn that this road from Exeter to Launceston—the great main road to Cornwall *via* the northern flank of Dartmoor—is, on the whole, of excellent surface, and its gradients are by no means excessive. The Road Book, it is true, remarks in effect that the “entire stage from Exeter to Okehampton is exceptionally fatiguing,” and undoubtedly that is the heaviest part of the route, but compared with, say, the road from Porlock to Lynmouth, or that from Dartmouth to Kingsbridge by way of Slapton Sands, it positively invites “scorching.” In wet weather it is nothing like as bad as the roads in the Sidmouth district—where it is impossible to ride at all after heavy rains without using side-slip-preventers or Clincher tyres*—and unless a strong head-wind is blowing I do not think that the route can be considered exhausting to a rider of average strength—a weak or unpractised rider should not attempt cycle touring at all in West Devonshire or Cornwall.

Another point in favour of this road is the civility of the natives along the route, which I have certainly found more marked here than in many other parts—even of Devonshire, where it is the rule, and not the exception, to be courteous and kindly. Along the Launceston Road one is received with a cordial “Good morning” or “Good evening,” and a civil request is civilly responded to. Compared with counties near London, where many people seem to consider that to speak to a cyclist is altogether beneath their dignity, such treatment is refreshing, and induces one to think that, perhaps, after all, one is still a decent and civilised human being! This civility is the more surprising in that the road in question is the one used by the great record-breakers, and although these gentlemen do not, of course, indulge in the horse-play, selfishness, and general vulgarity which—on the part of a few rowdy youths and of certain London clubs whose members seem to delight in acting the cad—have brought cycling into disrepute; yet one would think that the headlong rush of the record-breaker and his pacers through the villages might upset the inhabitants (in more ways than one).

From the Exeter Guildhall, a very steep drop, requiring careful riding, brings the rider down through Fore Street and New Bridge Street to the river. A few thatched cottages, the last of the houses of St. Thomas's suburb, are passed before ascending Little John's Hill. From the top of the hill there is a good view looking backward to the grey towers and spires of the Ever Faithful City.

In the garden of a house at the cross-road is a small rough stone cross, but whether it is akin to the wayside Kent crosses, of which we shall pass many scores on our way through Cornwall, I cannot say. The road then passes



* No advertisement intended: I merely speak from constant experience in using the 1894 Clinchers over the roads in question.

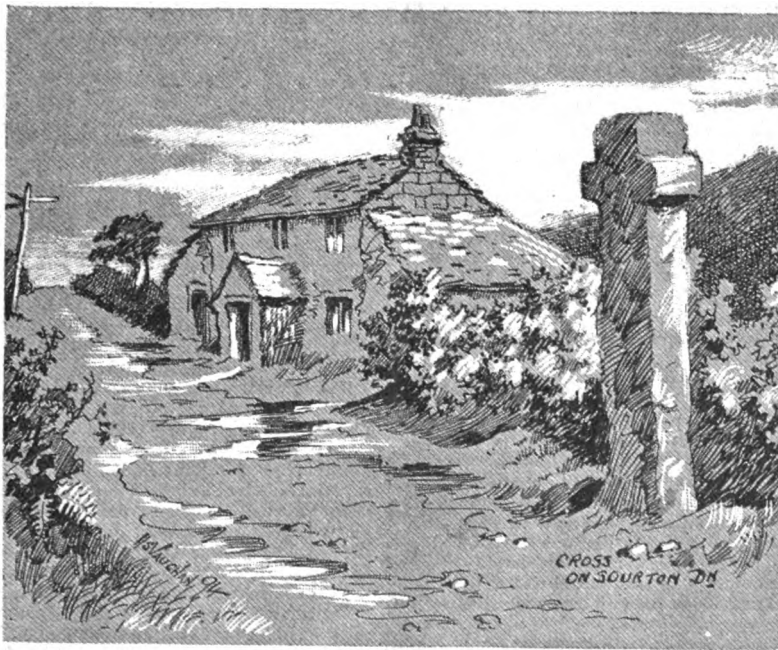
between rocky banks to a good run down Pocombe Hill (be prepared for a sharp turn to the right beyond the bridge at the foot), and then goes up a longcombe between green hills, passing here and there a group of thatched farm buildings.

About a mile before the "long, stiff rise" (alluded to in the Road Book) begins, there is a very picturesque spot where a hill-stream comes rushing over its stony bed among the trees on the right. Hard by is a little inn, kept by one "Sophia Bastin, licensed to sell," etc., etc.: the cottage is plain enough, but it boasts a sign-board of considerable merit—a rather elaborate oil-painting of a hunting scene with small figures and some attempt at scenery. The "rise," though somewhat long, is almost entirely between thick groves of trees, so that its beauty prevents one finding it monotonous, and from the same cause there is good shelter from a headwind. The pleasant shade, the rustling of foliage, and the gentle calling of wood-doves from the recesses of the trees—a sound that always recalls drowsy afternoons spent, near the fringe of some wood, in "sweet do-nothing-ness"—make one feel inclined for a rest half-way up the ascent.

The road-surface, it will be noticed, assumes in this neighbourhood a blackish tint, and the road-side mending heaps consists of lumps of blue-black stone. The quarries from which this stone is hewn, and which will be seen at various points along the route, up to and beyond Okehampton, are worked for limestone, and I gathered from local information that this stone occurs in beds adjacent to the limestone, to which it is so much alike that only the quarrymen can tell the difference. From this it would appear that the limestone of this part of England is very much darker in colour than elsewhere. The texture of the stone thrown out for road-mending is smooth and flat where the lumps are broken.

The road rises past a few thatched buildings to Taphouse; here there is a cross-road, a direction post, a very ugly dissenting chapel, and a Devon constabulary station with an eye on the chapel. Just beyond lies an altogether more hospitable looking place, the hamlet of Tedburn. For the size of it, too, it is a most complete little place, for it boasts a decent thatched inn, a forge, a post-office, an "all sorts" shop, and a cottage which bears the distinguished label "Grocer and dressmaker." What there is in common between these two trades I know not, but I have seen the combination in other west-country villages.

From Taphouse, which is fifteen miles (by road) from Okehampton, I have heard the sound of the artillery practice in the great summer camp of the R.A. at the latter town, and I suppose the sound of these field-guns could be heard farther still. By the way, seeing that a grey sky and a driving rain-mist is the normal condition of things on Dartmoor, it does seem hard that when a really brilliant day arrives the gunners should, as often as not, produce a thunderstorm out of a clear sky. One expects that sort of thing at Aldershot (which has a fair share of sunny days), where I have frequently seen the thunder clouds gather within an hour of the commencement of a general action, and pour a tropical deluge upon the parched sands of the Long Valley and its neighbours. But there are no "parched sands" to grumble at on Dartmoor, and the tourist, I am afraid, sometimes finds it hard to forgive the gallant gunners—that is, if he understands the cause of the sudden downpour!



Cheriton Cross is a thatched hamlet with a certain amount of picturesque dirt about it. The road descends steeply beyond from the porch of a venerable and dilapidated inn, and we get a good view of the blue moorland hills ahead. There is a long and generally muddy rise to Crockernwell, a collection of more or less forlorn-looking houses, with a large inn, pretentiously labelled the "Royal" hotel, at the top of the village. Unkempt as its roofs of thatch and slate look now,

Crockernwell—like many other places along this route—was in a more flourishing state in the old coaching days, when nearly all the traffic for Cornwall came by this route, and five or six coaches passed through it daily. The ancient cottage to the left of the hotel was also an inn in those piping times. It still retains some features worth notice, including a massive chimney of moorland granite.

Just above the village a lane to the left leads off to the moorland village of Drewsteignton, and from our road the latter soon becomes visible, its tall grey church tower the most clearly-defined object in a wide landscape of bare brown hills, dark woodlands, and meadows that once were part of the infertile moor. It is well worth while to deviate from the turnpike a little in order to visit this interesting place, more especially as it is a good point from which to visit the famous Fingle Bridge and Gorge, as well as a group of antiquities in the neighbourhood. The church tower (Perp.) referred to above contains in its belfry some curious couplets by way of rules for the bellringers.

The first two are as follows :—

I.
Whoever in this place shall swear,
Sixpence he shall pay therefore.

II.
He that rings here in his hat,
Threepence he shall pay for that.

The late Elias Tozer—who was well known as a Devonshire writer under the name of “Tickler”—told a good story of the bell-ringers in these parts. “They be often ringing, sir,” observed an old man to me; and, he continued: “The ringers be vurry fond o’ tha bells, and sometimes they ring vor vurry little. T’other day Varmer Dadd killed a peg, an’ gied the natlins to the poor o’ the parish. Darned if the ringers didden ring vor a whole hour, as they zed, to cillebrate tha hayvent.”

From the road east of Drewsteignton a track leads down to Fringle Bridge: machines should, of course, be left at the village. The exquisite beauty of the bridge and the narrow wooded defile through which the Teign flows at the foot of towering Prestonbury, have made this spot one of the most famous in all Devonshire,—indeed, of its kind, it is unsurpassed. The bridge, with its three arches and buttresses, grey and venerable, but covered with an ever-youthful mantle of ferns, is the delight of artists. Down stream is an old water-mill with a mossy wheel: above the gorge rise the two steep heights of Cranbrook and Prestonbury, and each of these is crowned by a Keltic camp or hill-fort which was not merely an ordinary stronghold but was intended evidently as an important defence for this flank of Dartmoor against an invading enemy. The Cranbrook camp covers seven acres, and is surrounded by a double rampart of stones and earth. The height of this position above sea level is said to be nearly 1500 feet and, needless to say, the views are superb. It is from a point a part of the way up this hill, on the zig-zag track, that the finest view of the Fringle Gorge is to be had.

Near Drewsteignton is a famous Cromlech (Keltic *llech*, a stone, and *crwmio*, to worship) known as the “Spinster’s Rock.” It stands on a farm called Shilston, two miles west of the village. This farm, by the way, is called in Domesday Book, Selvestan, which signified “the hanging stone,” so that the Saxon farmer appears to have named his land from this relic of an unknown race, which doubtless appeared as mysterious to him and his neighbours as it does to us. This is, I believe, the only perfect cromlech now existing in Devonshire, although there are two or three ruined ones elsewhere on Dartmoor. The supporting stones are about six feet high, and the quoit or covering stone about fifteen feet by ten.

Near this spot were formerly some stone circles and avenues, but, like so many of these wonderful pre-historic relics on the moor, they have disappeared, probably to supply gate-posts and boundary walls for the ground of some moorland vandal. In a district that abounds with stone, lying everywhere loose upon the surface, as does Dartmoor, it is a grievous thing that for the last two or three centuries the natives should have purloined and otherwise destroyed so many of the

“*forms*
That rose amid the desert, rudely shaped
By superstitious hands when time was young.”

Resuming our route after making this little excursion on to the moor, we follow the road along a lofty ridge (about 800 feet high): from the neighbourhood of the eighth milestone short of Okehampton there is a splendid view over northern Devonshire and in the direction of Exmoor. Beyond Merry-meet and Whiddon Down we approach close to the mighty flank of Cawsand Beacon, or Cosdon, as it is locally and properly called. So vast is the bulk of Cosdon that, were it not for the cloud mists that so often drift round his brow,

one would hardly at first sight credit his height of 1799 feet. The highest point on the Moor, by the way, is, or was considered to be until recently, Yes Tor (2029 feet), but it has now been discovered that the adjacent height of High Willhays beats its neighbour, Yes Tor, by ten feet.

As the road runs steeply down to the foot of Cosdon, making a sharp bend to the left under the side of a huge quarry mound, we pass the village of South Zeal, a long street of grey thatched cottages, in the valley on the right. At this village there is a remarkable cross on a calvary of three steps: the height of the whole is sixteen feet. Of the history of the cross little is known but that it was repaired about sixty years ago by a certain stonemason in fulfilment of a vow made during a storm while on his way home from America.

There are many ruined and desolate-looking buildings about this place, and the whole neighbourhood is both wild and interesting. A mile or two to the north-east of South Zeal is the farmhouse of Oxenham, which stands near the site of Oxenham Hall, the seat of the famous Devonshire family of that ilk. All who love their “Westward Ho!” will take an interest in this spot, even though there be little in the shape of legend to connect John Oxenham with it. Here, at all events, lived his forefathers, and here, at the wedding feast of Margaret Oxenham, appeared that mysterious omen—the famous white bird of the Oxenham. Elias Tozer has written an interesting poem descriptive of this event, and of the tragedy in South Tawton Church which ensued. The omen—which on every appearance has heralded death to some member of this ancient family—has been dealt with in the Transactions of the Devonshire Association, where a full account of it, by Mr. Cotton, may be read. Its last appearance—which being vouched for by incontrovertible evidence leaves no room for the cheap sneers of the superficial critic—was in the death-chamber of an Oxenham in Cromwell Road, Kensington, no longer ago than 1873, when the white bird was observed by workmen engaged upon a building opposite (who threw their caps at it), and was also seen by all the watchers at the death-bed, some of whom had never heard of the legend.

Sticklepath, the next village on our road, is prettily situated on the Taw at the foot of a wooded hill.

The river here makes its first acquaintance with the restraints of civilisation, as it comes rushing down out of a deep moorland valley to the bridge by which we cross it. The village is picturesque, although at the same time busy enough, judging from the noise which comes from the saw mill, near the old “Taw River” Inn. At the upper end of the street there is a rudely-carved pillar of granite, and beneath it a fountain, called the “Lady Well,” which bears the inscription, “Drink and be thankful.”

Beyond the village the wild moorland comes for the first time down to the very edge of the road, from which you can step aside on to heather and fern, and the grey boulders of lichen-covered rock.

From the valley of the Taw to that of the Ockment is but a short journey, the latter part down a steep hill into the ancient town of Okehampton. Since the railway came to it, and the War Office selected it as the site of the Annual Artillery Training Camp, the place has begun to expand and flourish. It also owes something to the tourist traffic, and perhaps the tourists owe still more to the town, for its situation is lovely in the extreme. The best point from which to get a general idea of the place, and at the same time a magnificent view, is the railway line, which runs across the face of the hills at a great height above the town; the station, with the exception of that of Princetown, is the loftiest in the south-west of England. From Okehampton—and perhaps this is not the least of its merits—Dartmoor is more easily accessible than from any other town upon the main line. Within easy distance are some of the most famous parts of the moor: Yes Tor, Cosdon Beacon, Cranmere Pool, and many of

the grandest ravines and peaks in this great wilderness where

"... the huge hills
Bear on their broad flanks right into the mists,
Vast sweeps of purple heath and yellow furze.
It is the home of rivers, and the haunt
Of great cloud armies, borne on ocean blasts,
Out of the wide Atlantic wilderness—"

Of the moor itself, and the best routes by which to traverse it and investigate its wonders, I shall give some description in a later chapter, returning at present to the town of Okehampton. Every guide book quotes Kingsley's words in condemnation of the town, so I will refrain, merely remarking that his opinion seems to have been a curious error of judgment on the part of a man who, before all others in his day, was quick to perceive elements of beauty and of comeliness almost everywhere. To my thinking the town is a pleasant one and interesting. The romantic nature of its immediate environment is beyond all question. The parish church stands on a hill, and is approached by an avenue of beeches. It is a modern building, raised on the site of an ancient church destroyed by fire. In the outer wall at the east end is a tombstone of Saxon date, bearing an incised cross. This was discovered under the chancel of the older building. This parish church is about a mile out of the town, but there is a chapel-of-ease in the main street itself, which most visitors would imagine at first sight was the parish church itself, as it has a square tower of 15th century date. This building is passed on the left as we go through the town on our way to Launceston.

After crossing the bridge and bearing to the left, a few villas are passed, and the road then ascends a very lovely gorge. On the right are steep cliffs covered with trees: on the left a wooded valley, down which the West Ockment roars and foams on its way to the confluence of the streams: across the valley the wild hillside called Okehampton Park—once a Norman hunting ground—rises to the brown moor, the railway line cutting across the face of it; and, some three-quarters of a mile from the town, on the left of our road, Okehampton Castle stands on its wooded knoll, round the base of which the river winds. In all Devonshire it would be hard to find a castle with a more superb situation than this. The grey Norman Keep is mantled with ivy, and surrounded by a grove of oak, ash, holly, and hazel. Below the keep are the remains of hall, kitchen, buttery, and chapel. The founder of this once mighty stronghold was Baldwin de Redvers, first Earl of Devon under William the Conqueror. In the thirteenth century the Courtenays—ancestors of the present Earl of Devon—held it, and from their time most of the present building—except the keep—dates. With a connection of this family a local legend and ghost story is concerned, and, curiously enough, it is the very high road, behind the castle, on which we are now journeying westward to Launceston, that is the haunted spot. It is here that the ghost of Lady Howard is said to "walk," in the endeavour to work out the allotted penance for her crimes. The legend is as follows: The lady in question, a grand-daughter of Sir William Courtenay, was a woman of extreme beauty, and a great heiress

moreover. She was married four times, lastly to Sir Richard Grenville, then head of that family, but not, of course, the glorious Sir Richard of the "Revenge." By him she had one daughter, for whom she conceived an unnatural hatred, and whom she never ceased to persecute. This agreeable lady is said to have murdered two, if not three, of her husbands. For these and other crimes—so runs the legend, according to Mr. Page—"she was condemned to run in the form of a hound from Fitzford House at Tavistock to Okehampton Park and back between midnight and dawn, with a blade of grass in her mouth. Until she has carried to Tavistock every blade the penance is to continue. Another version places the wicked lady in a coach of bones, in which grisly vehicle she drives, accompanied by a hound, who plucks the grass for her, and they then return to Fitzford together." A nervous cyclist (if such there be!) riding this way at nightfall might well be excused for hurrying his pace a bit after recalling this legend, for the road is lonely and weird, and altogether a fit one to be haunted. There are few more desolate-looking spots on it than that where it passes the cross on Sourton Down,—the scene depicted in my sketch. The half-ruined cottage hard by, and the rain pools that collect in the hollows of the road, add to the generally forlorn look of things. From this spot, by the way, I have seen a sunset that made the spot

look as strange and eerie as it could possibly do by dusk or by moonlight. It is just here, by the ancient cross, that the ghostly hound would turn off the main-road on its way to Tavistock. Here is a very creditable ghost for Mr. "Review of Reviews" Stead to investigate—and perhaps interview—on behalf of his fellow cyclists.

To return to more practical matters. From Sourton Down a vast improvement takes place in the surface of the road, though

the limestone quarries are still visible in the valley ahead. The great barren moorland range commences to trend away in a southerly direction, and we go westward to a more fertile region, descending by a long hill to Bridestowe. The mention of this little place leads me to an unpleasant reminiscence, viz., that of a ferocious attack made upon me by two collie dogs as I rode through the village. I am a lover of dogs, and have never been without personal friends and acquaintances among them; I am, in fact, on what I might call "wagging terms" with a good many whose owners I do not know. But of west country dogs I know little that is good, and to cyclists they are a source of the gravest danger. It was reported some time ago that certain of the well-known record riders, while travelling west of Exeter, were in the habit of carrying revolvers for defence against these dogs. Upon hearing of this, several other gentlemen whose peregrinations a-wheel were probably confined to the safe and comfortable lanes of Surrey and Sussex, &c., wrote furious letters to the cycling papers denouncing the inhumanity of such conduct* in much the same way that the leader-writers on certain newspapers, and the speakers on a certain class of public platform, will rush into hysterics upon questions of

* And quite right too. Not even a dog's life should be sacrificed to the insane craze for records, valuable though they may be to the manufacturer, and the rider who is usually paid to make them.—Ed.



foreign and other policy, which—having never been outside their native alley—they are incompetent to judge at all. Now, I do not believe that any man who has toured throughout Devon and Cornwall, and knows the real state of the case, would care to blame the use of the revolver. A whip or a stick carried on the handle-bar is worse than useless. In the first place, to strike a blow with it will almost always bring the rider over, and, secondly, the sight of such a weapon will only the more infuriate the dogs, who are not mere terriers, or small curs of the “lurcher” type, but large, powerful sheep dogs and cross-bred collies, whose long white jaws look just fitted for the work of tearing a cyclist’s calves. The danger, of course, is not merely that of a severe fall while riding at speed, but that of a horrible death from hydrophobia, and for protection one is bound either to use a better weapon than a stick, or else to dismount altogether, which latter course would, I imagine, somewhat interfere with record riding; it is, however, the course which I usually adopt on the approach of the enemy. I have referred at length to this subject, as it is the only danger which one has to face while cycling in this delightful part of the country.

Coombe Bow, the next place beyond Bridestowe, is a pretty little hamlet of thatched cottages on a stream called the Lew Water; there are more limestone quarries here, to the left of the road. Passing the Lew Down Inn, which is kept by a landlord of reverend and patriarchal appearance, we come, over a six mile stretch, to Lifton, a large quarry village on a tributary of the Tamar and on the borderland of Cornwall. It is an odd-looking place, with some big stone pillars between which the road passes near its outskirts, the tall pinnacled church tower on the hill side beyond, and a narrow sloping street of thatched cottages leading past it. There are some pretty bits of scenery on the banks of the stream here.

A further run of two miles brings us down a steep wooded hill to Polson or Poulston Bridge on the Tamar, and here, indeed, on that proverbially beautiful river, is a scene which one may well dismount to linger by. Apart from its charms of sylvan banks and rushing water, the place is interesting as being on the boundary between Devonshire and Cornwall. Fuller relates what he calls “a pleasant tradition” concerning it. “There standeth on Poulston Bridge a man of great strength and stature, with a black bill in his hand, ready to knock down all the lawyers that should offer to plant themselves in the County of Cornwall.” There is no sign of the giant nowadays (nor any of the lawyers, thank goodness!) and one may linger in peace on the bridge, leaning over the white railing, and listening to the loud murmuring of the water as it swirls along beneath, its dark surface flecked with foam and broken by eddies, its sylvan banks overhanging the flood.

From the bridge the road ascends almost continuously to Launceston. That famous old Cornish border town is a capital place to spend a day or two in, more especially as the C.T.C. Headquarters, the “White Hart,” is strongly to be recommended, both on the score of situation and of comfort. It stands in the Butter Market, with a view, from the upper windows, of both church and castle. Opposite the “White Hart” is a smaller tavern, called the “Little White Hart,” so “ask for the right thing, and see that you get it!” The entrance to the hotel is by a fine Norman doorway, ornamented with chevron mouldings, which was removed hither from the ancient Augustinian Priory in the valley, of which it forms the only fragment now in existence. The “White Hart” itself is of considerable age, and in the interior are some curious old pictures, engravings, playbills, and other bric-a-brac worth notice.

The name of Launceston is a reminder of the similarity or common origin of the Cornish and Welsh languages. The interpretation of it is simply *Lan-cester-ton*, the church castle town, and the *Lan* is, of course, nothing but the Welsh *Llan*, which is so obnoxious to the mind and tongue

of the Saxon tourist. The town itself is, and has been, one of the most picturesque in the Duchy, but the curious old houses, covered with silver-grey slate, which were its peculiar feature, are disappearing one by one in favour of the usual solid flat-fronted stone-built houses of the modern Cornish type; its striking situation, however, the town can scarcely lose by the march of so-called “improvement.” Before entering the narrow main street, one has to pass through the fine embattled gateway shown in my sketch. This was formerly a police “lock-up,” but is now used as a museum, to which admission can be obtained. From the outer wall there grows a considerable tree, which adds not a little to the quaint look of the thing. This gateway, which is of 12th century date, is practically the only portion now remaining of the ancient walls of Launceston or Dunheved (the swelling hill). The old house shown in the sketch is one of the slate-faced buildings referred to above, and there is another adjoining the inner side of the gateway.

Launceston Church, at the end of this quaint and narrow street, is a handsome and remarkable building of the 16th century date. The tower, however, is older, being part of the original church, and in its simplicity of style forms a great contrast to the rest of the building, the exterior of which is richly carved. The great square south porch is perhaps the finest feature.

Launceston Castle, the lofty round keep of which is seen in the sketch at the head of this chapter, is of late Norman date, and its ivy-covered ruins are the most interesting thing in the town. The keep is encircled at a distance of about eight feet by a massive wall, with which it was formerly connected by a roof, forming a covered way beneath. Of the history of the castle there is very little known. Since 1337 it has belonged to the Dukes of Northumberland, High Constables under the Duchy of Cornwall. During the Civil War it was garrisoned for the king, but fell before Fairfax.

The recreation ground, outside the pleasant flower garden at the foot of the castle, was until sixty years ago the place of public execution. It is entered by two ancient and picturesque gateways. The whole neighbourhood of Launceston is one in which the tourist may well be glad to linger awhile before entering the more barren region that lies between here and Bodmin.

REGULATING CYCLING.—It is currently reported that the Town Councils of Newport (Mon.), Oldham, and Peebles have issued bye-laws prohibiting the riding of cycles through the streets at a greater pace than six miles an hour. In all probability these “bye-laws” are illegal, but if some reader, resident in each of these places, will obtain for us a copy of the hand-bill containing them, we will look into the matter without delay.

WITH THE STARS AND STRIPES.—An English member and an ex-Councillor, writing from New York where he recently entered upon an important business engagement, writes us *inter alia*:—“I have had some cycling here with the ‘boys,’ and find the roads a wee bit off, though they are sometimes fair travelling even when they look discouraging. Couldn’t you make New York a holiday trip and let me have the pleasure of showing you round? You really ought to come over, officially, to strengthen the bond of friendship between the C.T.C. and the L.A.W. Comfort yourself with the thought that here as well as in England true philanthropy of the sterling character which is so conspicuous in the C.T.C. is not fully appreciated. There will, I suppose, always be those who are suspicious when they see a good bargain—too good to be true—and the average Yankee, though speculative, has his full share of suspicion. The man who stood on London Bridge and attempted to sell sovereigns for a penny each could teach a lesson which would not be altogether inappropriate as a motto for the C.T.C.”

Jetsam and Flotsam.

THE PASSION FOR CYCLING.

Whence comes the passion for cycling? What makes those who once take to the sport of the "scorching wheel" as passionate in the pursuit of their new pastime as—well, say golfers, for that is to put the thing at its highest, to express the maximum of blind adoration and unquestioning devotion? Is there good ground for this devotion of the cyclist, or is it a mere affectation,—something not founded on reason or reality, something that will pass and leave not a tyre behind? In a word, is the passion for cycling a mere whim, a fashion of the moment, or is it based on something in human nature which is likely to last? These are all interesting questions, and all well worthy of an answer. Before, however, we attempt to discuss them, it is well to establish our case that the passion for cycling exists; and that it is no exaggeration to say that there are hundreds, nay thousands, of men young and old to whom cycling has become a part of the machinery of existence, and who pursue the sport with fervour and enthusiasm, and not as a mere holiday pastime. An event which took place last week in our opinion amply proves our thesis. That was the relay ride between London and Edinburgh, organised by the Catford Club and the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The Catford Club, anxious to show what cyclists might be able to do in the way of carrying despatches in time of war and when other means of communication had broken down, asked the War Office to let them take a despatch to Edinburgh and bring back a reply. The War Office was to have no trouble in the matter, but would gain some useful knowledge as to the conditions under which cyclists might be used to carry despatches. The War Office, however, refused to have anything to do with the Club's offer—what reasons they had for the refusal were not stated—and so the proposal seemed likely to fall to the ground. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, however, showed more enterprise, and it was arranged that a despatch should be carried from their offices in Charing Cross Road to their correspondent in Edinburgh, and an answer sent back. Relays of cyclists, riding in pairs to avoid loss of time by accident, were arranged to be ready at certain fixed points to carry on the letter. If one of the riders had broken down, his comrade would have sped on with the message. Thus two cyclists started from the *Pall Mall Gazette* offices on the Thursday, and rode as fast as they could to Hatfield. There they found two of their comrades ready to spring to the saddle and take on the despatch to Biggleswade. At Biggleswade yet two others were waiting, with their bicycles in leash, ready on the instant to bear the message on to Alconbury Hill. So all through that day, and all through the next night, the despatch passed through England like a fiery cross—one relay of cyclists handing it on to the next every twenty miles. It had crossed the Border before nine in the morning of Friday, for it was at Berwick at 8.24, and at Cockburnspath at 9.40. Before ten it was at Haddington; at 12.42 it was at Edinburgh. As a cycling performance this was most remarkable, for the weather during the whole ride had been detestable. Not only did the rain descend in torrents, but the roads were throughout in a terrible condition. Worse than all, the riders had constantly to face the cyclist's worst enemy, a head wind. The return journey was as pluckily and as successfully accomplished as the journey out. Hour after hour, by day and night, the silent wheels sped down the great North Road bearing on the message. All through Friday and Friday night and part of Saturday the relays were still riding on through wind and rain. How the ghosts of the North Road must have rejoiced to see the honours of their abiding place restored! Think of the men who brought up that road the news that Prince Charlie had come to Holyrood, heading always for Walpole's new house in Whitehall (12, Downing Street); of the troopers who not a year later

rode with the despatches from Culloden; or of those, again, who carried north the news of the Battle of Trafalgar—the news that told Scotland that though his hand was cold upon the tiller, the pilot had weathered the storm. As we have said, the cyclists who took the first relay started from the *Pall Mall Gazette* office at ten on the Thursday morning, and the answer to the despatch, which they bore, reached the office at 2.27 on Saturday. The eight hundred miles had thus been accomplished, in spite of the adverse conditions of bad weather and worse roads, in 52 hours 27 minutes. That is an astonishing performance, all things considered; for it means that an average of 15¼ miles an hour had been maintained during the journey. It is safe to say that the same results could not possibly have been obtained with horses, however fleet and hardy. The British mail-coach, whose glories were recorded in epic strain by De Quincey, was, for long distances, the fastest form of horse-transport. Yet it was far below this record. When the organisation of fast coaching had reached its height, the best record of the stage was 42 hours 23 minutes for half the journey—i.e., from London to Edinburgh. It would be difficult to estimate what it would have cost to hire riders to take the despatch from London to Edinburgh and back, but certainly a very large sum. But there was no question of hiring. The men who proved what could be done in the way of carrying despatches by road, did it for nothing, and for love of the sport of cycling. Here, then, is sufficient proof of the passion of cycling. The enormous amount of muscular energy expended and trouble undergone in carrying the despatch, was freely given by the cyclists who were willing to do what they did out of love of their favourite pastime.

We cannot enter here into the practical results of the achievement. It must be enough on the present occasion to say that the military authorities will no longer be able to doubt, what no person with any knowledge of cycling ever doubted, that it would be worth while to have cyclist orderlies attached to every general's staff. It has been proved to the public that in a country in which there are roads the cyclist is an infinitely better carrier of despatches than an ordinary trooper. What we want to explain here, however, is not the uses to which cycling may be put, but the growth of the passion for cycling—the passion under which the sport has been developed, and such things as the Edinburgh ride have been made possible. What makes cycling so attractive? Cycling is attractive because it has in it all the elements of a first-class sport. To begin with, it is one of the most stimulating and exhilarating forms of exercise of which the human body is capable. There it no more delightful and exciting sensation than a spin on a good machine on a road in good condition. That, however, is by no means the only attraction of cycling or even the chief attraction. The real charm of cycling for the man of intelligence and sense lies in the fact that the cycle so greatly enlarges his power of seeing men and cities. Dryden praised Cromwell for making Englishmen "free" of the Continent. The cycle makes a man "free" of all the roads of the Kingdom. The man who likes to know the parts adjacent to his home but who can only walk, has at best a radius of ten or say a dozen miles. There are few men who care to walk more than twelve miles there and twelve miles back. The cycle gives at once a radius of from twenty to twenty-five miles: for even an inexperienced rider finds no difficulty in a forty-mile ride. A forty-mile ride is not nearly so tiring as a twenty-mile walk. But think of the difference between being heir to a ten-mile and to a twenty-mile radius. For those who love "to sing the song of the open road," and whose idea of delight is to go somewhere where they have never been before, and to do so by wandering on down one umbrageous avenue of elms or poplars or oaks after another, and not by the heart-chilling process of taking a ticket to a particular place, the cycle has no fellow. The man who sings the song or the open road on horseback, is not really "free" of the

wandering borough. He has but a limited franchise; is but half a citizen. Unless he is a careless or a hard-hearted man, he is for ever wondering whether his horse is not too tired to go any further, whether the near fore-leg is not puffy, whether the stable at Long Wannington is not dirty and unwholesome, whether the ostler did not forget the corn or the water. The cyclist on the other hand, is never worried by thinking whether his horse has not done enough, or too much already. If he is himself ready to go on, there is nothing to prevent him. As long as the road has a smooth part 2ft. wide, that is enough. Bad roads are no worry to him if they have only this small strip of good in them, and that they usually have. It is true that the cyclist cannot leap a hedge, but those who are chiefly bent on singing the song of the open road do not want to jump hedges. What they want is to slide by the farms and the hedgerows, past the village green, its pond, and white railings, past the old manor house and its elms, the church and its clipped yew-trees. How superior is the position of the touring cyclist to that of the man on a walking tour. Each carries a knapsack,—the same, but oh, how different! The walker totters on, the straps continually working on his shoulders, longing, like Christian, to cast down his burden. The cyclist's kit is strapped to the machine, and gives him neither trouble nor trouble. The addition to the weight may make the same expenditure of energy produce nine instead of nine and a-half miles an hour, but that is all. For all practical purposes the cyclist does not feel the weight of his luggage, and may, with a blithe spirit, give his decision in favour of taking along with him the little edition of "Bacon's Essays," as well as "Murray" and "The Golden Treasury." The pedestrian is the slave of his luggage, unless he will wander like a "salvage man," without even a razor or a clean shirt, content to grow a beard and to buy a new shirt when the departing whiteness of the original one has assumed that aspect tenderly illumined which Dr. Jaeger, with grim humour, calls the "natural colour"—that is, we presume, the colour natural to shirts which are worn but not washed,—the colour that nature bestowed upon the Isabella "Bear," and art, or rather the art of keeping her vow, upon the linen of the heroic Queen of Spain. The cyclist need think of none of these things. If he is in a liberal mood he can toss in an extra this, that, or the other, without the miserable thought, "I shall have to carry all this. I must pant for my second shirt, and 'lard the ground' for my pocket library." Practically the cyclist does not, as we have said, feel his luggage except in pace. He translates its weight into a slight reduction of speed. He cannot, of course, carry a portmanteau, but he has not to face that dreadful dilemma of discomfort which haunts the pedestrian tourist, "Which will be most disagreeable, to go without the thing, or to drag it about with me?" Happy cyclist; he can say, "Oh, I daresay I can tie it on somewhere," and not know that this means a dead weight on his back. Assuredly the passion for cycling is fully justified. Cycling is among the most delightful of sports. Besides, it is an emancipation; of that there is no doubt. The cycle does much to level rich and poor. It brings relief to the weary man who asks, "Shall I ever be able to keep a horse to ride?" and gives him something better than the best of hackneys. No doubt, like other good things, it has its drawbacks and defects; but these we shall not discuss here. For the moment the "scorcher" and the road-racer, and the controversies they create, shall not be touched. All we will say is that the passion for cycling is real and is justified.—*The Spectator*.

SOME TENDENCIES OF MODERN CYCLING.

The recent relay ride of cyclists between London and Edinburgh has induced many comments on the modern passion for cycling. The achievement was certainly remarkable enough to invite some reflection. Relays of cyclists carried a despatch from London to Edinburgh and back,

over miry roads and against contrary winds, in the marvellous time of fifty-two hours twenty-seven minutes. One critic of this cycling event has remarked that when men are found willing to join in such a ride, without any reward, in order to show how speedily a despatch may be carried by road a distance of eight hundred miles, it may be fairly argued that there exists among cyclists a strong love for their pastime. Into the explanation given of the source of this enthusiasm it is unnecessary to enter, and the roseate picture of the charms of the cycle may be admitted as truthful, in the main. To this sunlit picture, however, there is a shadow. The healthful attractions of an admirable sport should not lead us to overlook certain of its tendencies and dangers which cannot be regarded without concern. When a new pastime becomes, in little more than a couple of decades, the favourite amusement of hundreds of thousands of people of both sexes, the question whether or not it really tends to promote the physical well-being of all its votaries becomes a very important one. So far as cycling has given dwellers in cities increased opportunities of breathing fresher air, and of wandering over country roads, its value is beyond calculation. But in the estimation of many there are grave reasons for doubting whether these excellent advantages are not in some instances counter-balanced by defects which physiological experts declare to be detrimental to the human frame. In the old days, when the lofty machine known as the "ordinary" was chiefly used, the rider as a rule sat erect in his saddle, and had thus an opportunity of properly expanding his lungs; but the old order of things has been modified. There are still, of course, cycles so constructed that they may be ridden without stooping, and many experienced cyclists realise the prime necessity of maintaining an upright position in the saddle. But a walk on any Saturday afternoon in summer will show that two out of three cyclists ride with body leaning far forward, with shoulders rounded, and with neck craned out. That such a position is likely to be injurious is apparent to the merest layman; and this injury is not compensated for by the fact that the rider finds his way swiftly along rural lanes and over breezy hills. It has been contended that, if future generations of wheelman are not to be creatures with massive lower limbs, narrow chests, sloping shoulders, and thin arms—a sort of human kangaroo, in fact—there must be an alteration of this stooping method of riding.

Another accusation against the pastime of cycling is that it has fostered a foolish craving for riding very long distances at great speed, a practice which must inevitably place an undue strain on the body. Young men engaged in sedentary occupations issue forth from their work, and straightway proceed to entirely over-tax their powers of endurance by driving their machines many miles farther than is prudent. In no sport more than cycling is there a greater tendency to excess. The question of cycle racing hardly calls for consideration, for the proportion of racing men to ordinary cyclists is not large. The evils of the leaning posture may be accentuated in racing, and the strain on the body may be relatively greater, but the majority of cyclists who race have the good sense to train, and do not attempt feats of riding unless physically fit. Even then, the thin and worn appearance of some of them suggests that they are making too great a sacrifice for the somewhat doubtful satisfaction of beating some other rider's record. An aspect of cycling which calls for serious consideration is the large increase in the number of juvenile riders. It is a common occurrence to see a little boy mounted on a bicycle far beyond his strength, wearily riding up an incline with a strenuousness of effort which must be extremely injurious to so small a frame. The age at which a lad should commence cycling will only be determined when a medical man thoroughly investigates the question, but most experienced cyclists would probably agree that it is unwise to allow a boy to begin in very early youth. It has further been doubted whether cycling has had the effect of bringing forth in many

of its votaries the qualities of manliness and self-restraint and consideration for others which cricket, and kindred pastimes, evoke almost unconsciously. It would be manifestly unfair to confuse cyclists who loyally try to uphold the status and the dignity of their pastime with the persons who rush madly about our streets and highways without heeding the rights of pedestrians. The cycle has in it such admirable possibilities that it should produce in those who use it the proper attributes of the sportsman, and it must be a constant source of regret to those cyclists who sustain the better characteristics of the new mode of locomotion to witness recklessness which leads to police intervention.

All defects associated with cycling can no doubt be remedied, and it rests with cyclists themselves to maintain their pastime on a high level. The cycle has gained so strong a hold that its lasting popularity is assured. It has enabled men to acquire that definite and actual knowledge of their own and other countries which can never be gained through the windows of a railway carriage. When the cheery stage-coaches disappeared, the country roads seemed deserted, but they are desolate no longer. The cycle penetrates to the remotest corners of the land, and neither hills nor valleys bar the wandering wheel. It has, moreover, a yet greater virtue. In spite of the languid gibes of the loto-eaters, there are many men engaged in business in thickly populated towns who find their sedentary life not incompatible with love for the life of the fields. To these the cycle comes as a boon beyond price. The real secret of the enjoyment of cycling has been revealed to them. Such men do not hurry with bowed head from Penzance to Wick, and see naught but an endless ribbon of white road fringed with hedges. They have still an ear for a gurgling stream, and an eye for the dappled light of a spinney. The cyclists of the future may be expected to include the young women of the period, and it would be a pity if the good physical results gained in the tennis ground should be in the smallest degree marred by the bent posture of the cyclist. Perhaps the inventors may yet devise a cycle that will compel or induce the rider to sit upright, and if in addition to this, the hands as well as the feet could be used to propel the machine, two common objections to the cycle would be removed. There is also something yet to be done to store power which is wasted in riding down-hill, so as to enable the rider to utilise it for up-hill work. The great improvements that have been made in the cycle warrant the conclusion that the machine of ten years hence will be as much in advance of the machine of to-day as the up-to-date cycle now is superior to that of ten years ago.—*The Western Press*.

IS CYCLING HEALTHY?

This question has been frequently asked of late, and most contradictory answers have been given to it. Any one looking at the round-shouldered, feeble, white-faced lads sitting huddled up on their saddles—or perhaps it would be more correct to say lying upon their handles with the body bent at right angles to the legs—would unhesitatingly reply, No. And when it is found that shop lads and apprentices, after long months of sedentary work in close offices, will sometimes, during their brief holidays, cover 130 miles in a day, getting to their destination whiter, feebler, and more bent than is their wont, it is difficult to avoid still stronger censure. But when one sees a corps of military cyclists sitting squarely, with their heads well up, the very picture of health, and moving along easily and not at undue speed, the first hasty judgment has to be reconsidered.

There cannot be the smallest doubt that for men, and nearly as often for women, nothing can be healthier than cycling on moderately level roads not too stony or soft, provided that the machine is light and easy, that the rider sits well up with head and body erect, and that he avoids immoderate exertion and too high speed going up hill. Of

course, such general rules may be said to lack precision. Let us descend to particulars.

In the case of very young children and of young men and women unaccustomed to outdoor exercise, cycling requires some amount of care, and in these cases racing, with all its attendant evils, and even long distances, should be avoided; but the very same caution would apply with equal force to any unaccustomed exercise—to rowing, riding, tennis, cricket, walking tours, and running. The body requires some development and much careful training to adapt it safely to severe and long-continued exertion; and an amount of work which would be a positive pleasure to a powerful muscular man may be dangerous to a degree to growing lads who necessarily pass the greater part of their time in offices, but who in their holiday seem to feel it incumbent on them to break the record, and whose sole object becomes not taking reasonable exercise, but doing distances far beyond their strength. Sir Thomas Watson draws marked attention to his classical Lectures on Physic to the many gentlemen, leading sedentary lives, who break down under the unwonted strain of the shooting season and die almost without warning from an amount of exertion which to the gillie or gamekeeper is an easy day's work, but which sounds the death warrant of the worn-out lawyer or statesman.

The great risk of cycling, pursued as it too often is, is the tremendous strain thrown upon the heart and the immature bony framework of the body. When the rider's sole ambition is to cover a prodigious distance in the shortest possible time the temptation to fly uphill and to push along through deep mud or thick dust or over loose broken roads is uncontrollable, and when the panting lad reaches the end of a stage he flings himself on the ground to rest, too exhausted to get any good from the beautiful scenery or the soft summer air.

My distinguished friend, Sir Benjamin Richardson, himself at one time a fair cyclist, estimates the distance that an ordinary rider on a tricycle can safely cover as six miles an hour for six hours—in other words, thirty-six miles a day. On a bicycle a man might do, say, eight miles an hour for eight hours. These are distances and speeds that will send the racer into positive fits of laughter, and yet Sir Benjamin Richardson's estimate is probably nearer the true physiological capacity of the body than most people suppose. A muscular man accustomed to riding can greatly exceed this moderate estimate and feel no ill effects. I make no claim to being a champion cyclist, but in my ordinary clothes, on tricycles not of the lightest nor the most modern make, I can, on level ground, cover ten and a-half miles an hour, and nine on ordinary hilly roads. Times without end I have, in an afternoon and even on the hottest days, ridden from thirty-six to forty-eight miles without the smallest fatigue or inconvenience. At one time I had to visit a patient close to Trinity Church, Bournemouth; from my house the distance is exactly ten miles and an eighth, and there are several sharp hills, but one only is rather a tax to ride up. Well, it used to take me 64 min. to cover the distance, riding a light modern-made cushion-tyred tricycle. There was no severe exertion, no sense of fatigue. I rode sitting perfectly upright and could talk without difficulty riding up the steepest hill I had to surmount. But in going along this same road I am frequently passed by, and sometimes I pass groups of white-faced lads panting and straining to get to Bournemouth. The exertion I find so easy on a tricycle often seems a very severe tax to them on light pneumatic-tyred bicycles, while their ungainly postures and tremendous expenditure of strength arouse my pity and my concern for their future.

A good cyclist can undoubtedly cover ninety miles a day at ten miles an hour on a light bicycle, and a tricyclist in good form could manage sixty as easily in seven hours and a half on ordinary roads. No doubt trained athletes can go further and faster without any risk or inconvenience, always provided that they have avoided overstrain in earlier life.

Most medical men see cases enough in these days of lads suffering from great nervousness and very high bodily temperature brought on by severe over-exertion, with its attendant muscular and nervous waste and its undue heart-strain; and sometimes this has been caused by an amount of exertion that seems trifling enough and which would not tax a strong man in good form, but which had been too much for the feeble half-grown frame of the young rider, who preferred to convert a pleasure into a positive pain.

Cycling is, under ordinary circumstances, safe at all ages except the most advanced, provided the health is good. But the amount done must depend on the age and the state of the heart. A stout, inactive, gouty man with a feeble enlarged heart will probably do better to avoid the cycle altogether, and persons liable to rheumatism too often find that a little over-exertion is too much for them and brings on attacks indistinguishable from acute rheumatism.

A Norfolk hospital surgeon, at sixty-five, took to bicycling: he is a strong man, accustomed to active exercise; he rides perfectly upright, keeping a steady course and not feeling the slightest inconvenience in covering long distances. A friend of mine, just over seventy, rides a light tricycle with perfect ease, doing his twenty-four miles at a stretch; while a Dorset rector, at fifty or more, took to bicycling, and now rides a clumsy and not particularly easy machine at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour.

Considering the enormous uses of cycling to rural post-men, country parsons, doctors, and indeed to all classes of the community, and especially to working men, who are enabled to live ten or twelve miles from their work and so save the expense of lodgings near their work or of frequent moves, one must regret that any discredit should fall on cycling. Within due bounds cycling is one of the greatest blessings which the advance of science has conferred on the age. But the abuse of it by ill-developed lads and reckless young men should not deter well-grown muscular sensible men and women from getting all the good out of it they can.

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—In the *St. James's Gazette*.

THE FRENCH ACADEMY OF MEDICINE ON CYCLING.

The Academy of Medicine of France has taken up for discussion the subject of cycling and its effects on health—the first occasion of the kind in a society purely medical, although one of the greatest moment. It is a singular fact that the learned of the French profession should have led the way in this matter, seeing that the art and practice of cycling have gained so remarkable a place in this country; but it is satisfactory that the subject has been started, for few of medical import are more deserving of study and discussion. In the Academy Dr. Petit—good historical name—opened or took a leading part in the debate. He had met with three fatal cases of persons suffering from heart disease in whom death seemed to be accelerated by the practice of cycling. He also argued that as in the streets of Paris there are at the present time no fewer than 100,000 persons who ride on cycles, and that amongst these there must be one in every 100 suffering from cardiac disease, the danger of cycling is much greater than is generally supposed. In the young this danger will be, to some extent, minimised; but in persons of middle age, like those to whom Dr. Petit specially referred—one of whom was sixty years and the two others forty years old—there must be a maximum of danger from the pursuit. He held also that amongst the young who were not suffering from actual cardiac disease the excitement incidental to travelling through the streets of a crowded city, in the midst of the most varied traffic, was of necessity attended with bodily risk, both from external collision and from internal strain and injury. The testimony thus borne is specially

valuable to ourselves owing to the part which, through good and bad report alike, we have uniformly taken in this controversy. It is many years now since we entered the lists, always with a certain approval of cycling, always seeing that it had a great future before it, always observing that within certain reasonable limits it aided largely as a sanitary pastime, bringing health to those who by its means found themselves able to escape from the close and vitiated air of town life into the pure and life-giving air of the meadows and open fields, and always admitting that in some carefully selected cases of disease it afforded even a method of, or an aid to, successful treatment. We expressed last week what we hope was, and what we think most people have conceded to be, the common-sense of the argument. We have warned, as Dr. Petit has warned, riders of all periods of life to be moderate in their application of the pleasure, or pastime, or competition, or work, of cycling. We have admitted that many of the experiences that have been learned about cycling are amongst the marvels of the century—the attainment, for instance, of an art that enables a man to compete, not with a horse, but, far beyond that, with a steam-engine, coursing away at twenty-five miles an hour. We have treated on some advantages of cycling to the aged, and have shown that the muscles of an octogenarian can be redeveloped to a great extent by the exercise. We have honestly admitted every word that can fairly be spoken in favour of the exercise. But we have given equally honest attention to its faults and dangers, and we shall continue to do so, assured that the profession and the public at large will listen to what we hope is a judicial and altogether unbiassed expression, until through the whole of the cycling community sensible reforms and moderate counsels have asserted their power over dangerous competitions and unrestricted enthusiasm.—*The Lancet*.

BICYCLE TOURS—AND A MORAL.

I confess personally that I am no friend to walking as an amusement of itself. In fine weather a stroll among the fields may not be amiss, taken slowly, or in sharp frost a brisk swing along the hard roads. With some object in view to divert the mind, and prevent it dwelling upon the painful monotony of the exercise, it is possible indeed to walk with a certain kind of reflected pleasure. With a gun or a golf-club in hand one can step a dozen miles or so and feel it no great weariness. But a walking tour I consider a snare and a delusion. That it may have some specious appearance of freedom and open-air enjoyment to such as live their lives cooped up in smoky towns I can readily concede; but I am at a loss to imagine how any man who has once made trial of the road in sober earnest can sit down in cold blood to hymn its praises. A tour on foot under certain most improbable conjunctions of circumstance might be reckoned endurable, it is true. With perfect weather, scenery of the best, easy boots, a well-fitting and not too heavy knapsack, and a companion who is precisely of your own mind with regard to pace and distance, it is just conceivable that your wayfarer might pass a tolerable week or so. But how many of these indispensable conditions is he likely to secure? Is it not only too probable that in this British climate of ours he will be drenched in rain-storms, knapsack and all; that his boots will find out a weak point in him ere the third day; and that his friend will develop an inclination to walk five yards in advance, or to lag persistently in the rear? By the fourth day his expedition will seem to him to have extended over a full month. His boots and his bag will have become objects to him of the bitterest hatred. It is fortunate if his companion be not included in the same category. The wanderer begins to long for rest and peace; he sighs that he might cast off everything for a time—boots, knapsack, and friend—and lie down for a day beneath some wayside tree. The dusty highway has

grown hateful in his eyes. A miserable sense of shame, for the most part, is all the reason that he still plods along. The straps irk his shoulders, his back is heated by the thick burden, his feet are growing sore; but this intolerable companion of his still walks by his side with an assumed gaiety, and the sight spurs him on to renewed activity. This may be good exercise, but it does not appeal to me as a pleasant form of amusement.

Mr. R. L. Stevenson has given us a delightful picture of the joys of a walking tour, and it is not unlikely that his description of these imaginary pleasures may lead many unthinking youths to a sorry week or so of laborious travel. It were well indeed could we hope to get but one half the pleasure from the real thing that we find in his essay upon it. Like a skilful painter he has presented us with an ideal landscape from which all factory chimneys and ugly masonry have been spirited away; or, with a touch of his master-hand, he has converted them into things of beauty. Yet even he, I notice, lays more stress upon the periods of rest than those of actual business. He is great in his eulogy of the evening meal and the succeeding pipe. This is sincere enough—he speaks from the heart here—but I cannot help fancying a note of artificiality is to be detected in certain of his other passages. Is it not a confession of weakness that he should call Hazlitt to his assistance? The enthusiasm is surely sometimes a little forced. He prefers, and wisely as I think, to go without companions, for the sake of freedom. Indeed, it would seem the hardest matter possible to hit upon a really suitable comrade for this sort of work. One of your talkative fellows upon the road would soon become a sheer nuisance. This kind of exercise almost precludes conversation. As you grow weary with walking you are increasingly anxious to keep your wits to yourself. They are all needed for the purpose in hand, and it becomes necessary to concentrate your attention more and more upon the necessity of stepping out, if you wish to see a roof over your head by nightfall and a decent meal. A fellow who will still be pointing out novelties by the way and compelling your assent to a meaningless admiration will soon become intolerable to you. And yet, at the inn, one would wish to find an intelligent and lively companion, and not a dull stock. The chief—well-nigh the only—pleasure in such expeditions is to be able to talk over the events of the day with an appreciative friend. So that the only reasonable course I can suggest is that one should choose two fellow-travellers, the one lively and the other saturnine, and scheme it so as to trudge with the second and dine with the first, a matter, as I should judge, of considerable difficulty in the arrangement.

It is a poor thing—to walk. The very word—pedestrian—has in it a something slow and wearisome. I see great merit in the contention that man's superiority to the lower animals lies greatly in his power of making use of machines for locomotion. It strikes me always with a sort of pity when I roll swiftly in some vehicle past men who are putting their legs to this so common use. To bestride a horse is noble and connotes all things knightly and chivalrous. Even to drive in a gig is a luxury from which some are debarred. To go by train is, I grant you, common to the multitude; but for this also it is necessary to have money, or to run the risk of a prosecution. But all men fashioned in the ordinary mould can do their four miles an hour on foot, more or less. There is no command of speed with them, no swift dashing through the morning air, unless perhaps at a painful run, which soon leaves them panting to recover breath. Without doubt one chief charm of locomotion is rapidity, or the power of commanding it; the other is probably the feeling that one's personal strength or skill is taking some share in producing the result. For this reason it is more satisfactory to drive a cart than to be driven by another, and the pleasure in being dragged at never such a speed by an unthinking steam-engine is minimised by the lack of control we have over its pace and direction. To attain the summit of enjoyment in travelling

it is essential to combine this power of swift movement on occasion with a certain amount of bodily exercise and skilful manipulation. It seems to me that bicycle-riding answers these requirements admirably, and for the purpose of a tour I can see few points of inferiority, and many great advantages, in this method as compared with any other.

The modern bicycle is a strange-looking thing to the uninitiated, and the modern rider is often stranger still. It is no marvel that with a certain class of people these machines are far from popular, and that a bicyclist is to many an animal hardly less dangerous and deserving little more consideration than a mad dog. It is most unfortunate that so many ruffians should have been attracted to this charming exercise, and should degrade it by reckless riding and insolent indifference to the comfort of other users of the road. The young men who race along our public streets and country lanes in insufficient clothing at something over fifteen miles an hour should be promptly dealt with and suppressed, as some noxious parasite that has taken lodging in a fair flower, and, unless quickly destroyed, may spoil it for the enjoyment of all others. Road-racing should be straightway abolished. I confess to very little sympathy with the record-cutter even on the path, but there at all events he is comparatively innocuous. As a branch of athletics, cycle-racing is a mistake. Like several other sports, it has got largely into the hands of the professional or semi-professional element, whose proceedings are commonly a matter of supreme indifference to the general public. A race of any length is in general a dull performance enough, and a less exhilarating spectacle even than a modern cricket match where all the batsmen are playing for their averages. As for the time-records, it is possible indeed that they may stimulate the manufacturers to further efforts, and so may tend in time to the improvement of the common type of machine. But the outside world knows pretty well what to expect by this time, and is filled more with pity than astonishment when it learns that some unhappy youth has ridden from Land's End to John o' Groat's, day and night, in something like seventy-two hours. To sensible people such feats of misplaced endurance seem absurd. And it is probable that a few more years' experience will show the rider himself his own folly, and that a few days' notoriety is too dearly purchased by permanent injury to his health and strength. Indeed, the lot of the record-holder is not a particularly enviable one just now, when each day in the season nearly sees a new time established, and the momentary champion of yesterday is eclipsed and forgotten on the morrow.

But, however much the bicycle may be misused by certain misguided enthusiasts, there can be no question of its advantages as a means of seeing the country. For a tour in any land where roads are made on scientific principles—and even, with our modern tyres, where they are not—it can have no rival. What an exhilarating sensation it is to roll smoothly along some country lane on some sunny morning in the early springtime, modestly, at a pace of ten miles to the hour! I am none of your hard-shoving, restless rushers, who sacrifice everything to speed, and will leave behind luggage, brake, mud-guards, and the greater part of their clothing rather than knock off a fraction from their racing speed. I am at a loss to account for this violent hurry that has infected the world in all its pursuits, and will still be making a toil of our pleasures. A short burst now and again may not be out of place along some level piece of road, and where there is no likelihood of meeting an obstruction in the path. It clears the blood, this swift rush through the morning air, and gives all that you require of the feeling of power and a reserved capacity of speed. I am inclined to name a limit of forty miles a day for really comfortable touring. We are not bagmen, nor do we carry her Majesty's mails, and there is no reason on earth that we should make an effort to reach any particular town by night-fall. It is a

cardinal mistake, to my mind, to map out beforehand the route you propose to travel, or to make plans for any one day's riding in advance. The essence of enjoyment lies in knowing when to stop, and, if in any doubt, to pitch on the near side of fatigue. There is a sort of senseless rivalry or emulation with some men that will cause them always to declare their readiness or even anxiety to go further than you, their companion; but, if you are wise, you will allow them their barren triumph and confess your own disinclination to proceed. They will in general be grateful to you in their secret hearts. And it must be owned, I think, that a comrade of some sort is an almost necessary appendage to a bicycling tour. Apart from the dulness of solitary sojourning in country inns, and the scant pleasure one can find in picturesque scenery or laughable adventure when alone, there are certain occasions when a friend's assistance is invaluable. If a tyre should be punctured, or if you should be run down by a butcher's cart, it is useful and comforting to have some one at hand who can help you to repair the one or abuse the other. It is possible to go too far in aiming at independence. So far only as is convenient should the individual man be self-sufficing. All your luggage you will, of course, carry on your machine—and here you have a great advantage over the walker, who must needs fasten his upon his own back; but there are certain things, as, for example, the tools for oiling, inflating, or repairing the wheels, which it is unnecessary to carry in duplicate. In this way also a friend may considerably lighten your path. Some measure of interdependence may thus be gained which will go far towards keeping two companions together even under the extreme of provocation, and which, by rendering each powerless to proceed without the other's assistance, will promote a mutual forbearance and readiness to give way in argument.

There are one or two points, even in a bicycle tour, that one could well wish amended, it is true. It has always been a source of annoyance to me to be compelled to pack up my luggage in the morning, and secure it to the machine. To be sure, one must do this under any circumstances, and on any kind of tour—unless one can find some one else to do it instead. But there is an additional trouble in being compelled to reduce everything to such small dimensions, and to dispose of everything so accurately as to fit inside their somewhat cramped quarters. The space at one's disposal is generally small enough, and it needs some scheming to shut in the heap of necessities which seems daily to expand in size and become more unmanageable. Yet it is essential that everything should be taken with the rider. To send packages forward by train each day, as I have known some do, is fatal to all true comfort and sense of freedom. It compels the owner to travel on at all risks to their resting-place, which must also be his own. He must get there, through wind and rain, though the sky should fall; and he can go no further, though he may feel that another ten miles are essential to a good appetite for his dinner. This is one annoyance; another is the necessity, recurring with every morning, for oiling the machine. The operation is dirty, and not always easy of execution. I am at a loss to imagine why manufacturers should invariably make the holes for lubrication so small as to be practically useless. About certain places I am in the habit of pouring oil with a free hand, in the despairing hope that some at least may find its way through the narrow channel provided for it. And too often it chances that a maddening creak strikes upon your ear after the first few miles, proving only too clearly that some part of the bearings has not received its due share, or a steadily increasing difficulty in propulsion warns you to make another attempt at the impracticable. There is room, also, for several other trifling accidents in the delicate mechanism of a modern bicycle. I am inclined, for this reason, to advocate extreme simplicity in the manufacture of a machine for touring purposes, and would even go the length of renouncing

the pneumatic tyre in favour of some variety of cushion. I can recollect spending several hours of the night in a large room at a French hotel, surrounded by a busy throng of curious natives, endeavouring to repair one of these air-balloons—to be sure it was of an archaic type—with an imposing paraphernalia of implements spread upon the floor around. The adventure had certainly its comic side, as we endeavoured to explain in indifferent French the nature of the accident, and the construction of the tyre—then something of a novelty in those parts. But one is not always fortunate enough to find such adventitious charms. An admiring audience is the exception rather than the rule, and it commonly happens that you chance upon your rusty nail or jagged stone in some unfrequented, lonely spot, a good five miles at the least from the nearest dwelling-house. It is not worth while thus to submit yourself as a sport to fortune. It is at once wearisome and degrading to be compelled to dismount and push the useless encumbrance along the high road on foot, an object of scorn instead of envy to the humblest pedestrian. The bare possibility of such a misadventure is sufficient to cast a gloom over the expedition. And to us, with our humble aspirations, the slight accession of speed and comfort promised by a multiplicity of new-fangled inventions is no great bribe; our desire is to loiter gently along the way, and to take our enjoyment in peaceful security.

But these few trifling disadvantages excepted—and it is odds that, with due careful forethought, few unhappy chances assail you—I know of few pleasanter employments than this, and no better method of making a large acquaintance with country charms. Here are all the delights of old coaching days, and more; for you may choose out your own path, and need be trammelled by no time-tables, and oppressed with no unseasonable companions. There are a thousand quaint, old-fashioned spots to visit, and unexpected recesses to which no railway has yet penetrated in this land of ours. Here is employment enough for the lees of a lifetime; one may go a pilgrimage still, like Tom Jones and the ancient heroes, through all the inns of the country. It is strange if you do not meet with an adventure or two, even in these prosaic days, that will be pleasant to recall hereafter over the walnuts and wine, when age shall have robbed you of activity, and recollection must serve you for reality. It is well to lay up a store while we are yet young, not only of health and riches, but even more of pleasant hours and honest friends and memories laughable or momentous. And in these modern times, when the common run of mankind looks only to success in business, and dares hardly steal a mere hour or so from his office stool, it is perhaps not out of place to sing the praises of relaxation. It is the sum of happy hours that makes a happy life, and not the attainment, after years of toilsome suffering, of some goal which formed the summit of your youthful ambition in days gone by. It is too probable that, even if your object be at length attained, you will find it not worth the winning, and that the labour of your life has but made you possessor of some trifle on which your affections are no longer fixed. And then what is there in the conduct of your life that may console you? It is a poor solace to recall the accurate balancing of accounts, or even fortunate speculations in the market, to remember that on this occasion you had the better of Jones, and on the other that you out-manœuvred Robinson. Or, at the best, it is a sordid mind that finds such reflections as these sufficient to cheer him when he is past his prime. There must be something in our lives of a more rosy hue than this to give care the go-by and to cast a glow upon the path of our later years. And to this end it were well to take what adventures we may and when we may; not to put off the period of enjoyment until such time as we shall have attained the unattainable, and lost for ever the eager zest of youth, but while the blood still runs freshly to lay by some slight stock of pleasure that may sweeten our future existence and make us ready to greet even misfortune with a cheery smile.—E. H. LACON WATSON, in "*The Westminster Review*."

Wheel Wanderings.

Under this heading, from time to time, as space permits, are published accounts of Tours taken by our members, newly discovered or recommended Routes, as well as other matter of general interest. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only, to forward their letters to the Editor, and to give their names, addresses, and membership numbers for his private information.

A FORTNIGHT A'WHEEL IN CENTRAL FRANCE.

The following short account of a cycle tour of a fortnight through France, taken by a friend and myself last July—now that the great advantages of the Continent as to cost, convenience, interest, and excellence of roads are becoming better appreciated by disciples of the wheel—may perhaps be of interest to readers of the *Gazette*. We both rode safeties with tyres that shall be nameless (old pattern), but regret we did not start with the more convenient and improved '94 pattern, as subsequent events will testify. We left Victoria at nine a.m. on Sunday, July 15th, a gloriously fine day, taking second returns to Dieppe, 26s., and paying the 5s. each for the machines. We had a fine passage, and arrived at Dieppe about 2.30 p.m. Our C.T.C. tickets were the "open sesame" to the doors of the "Douane," and we were politely escorted, after being "chalked up," to the "Sortie," which favour, after several former sad experiences of officialism, red tape, sovereigns, delay, and bad language at other Continental ports (notably St. Malo and Ostend), we have to thank the C.T.C. authorities for.

We changed some money, partook of some light refreshment at a café, and set off about four p.m. for Rouen, *via* Tôtes. Weather fine, no rain, road rather poor in places. When within a mile of Tôtes, going along at a nice steady pace, our first mishap occurred. V. broke his pedal pin, thus putting a stop to our reaching Rouen a'wheel. We had nothing for it now but to turn off to left at Tôtes and make for St. Victor (about four miles). Being chiefly a descent, V. managed it comfortably, and we caught the seven o'clock train to Rouen. Misfortune number two now occurred, but this time unconnected with the wheel. An old woman in our carriage who had been to a fête suddenly found her purse containing eight francs had been stolen, and had the audacity to accuse my friend V., who was sitting next to her and who sings in the choir of his parish church, of having purloined it. We laughed, and treated the affair as a joke, but it took a serious turn when, on stopping at Rouen, both of us were politely conducted to the room of the "chef de gare," where, in the presence of a hastily summoned "gardien de la paix," we were asked to turn out our pockets, an inquisitive crowd meanwhile casting looks of virtuous indignation at us as they went by. The officials (one could clearly see) considered it a palpable "plant," and apologetically informed us that they must do their duty and search us. The *finale* to what at one time looked, I must admit, a bit unpleasant was, my friend V. was asked for his purse, and the official, emptying twenty golden sovereigns on the table, and turning to the woman, asked her if she thought the owner of the pile would be the least likely to purloin a paltry eight francs. This fairly settled her, and on being asked if she still wished to press the outrageous charge, she hung her head (let us hope with shame) and said "no." We both then were permitted by the officials to walk away "without a stain upon our characters."

V. (always desirous of improving the occasion) with outstretched hand and withering look of scorn (that belied his honest and benevolent face), and with a pardonable forgetfulness of French grammar, exclaimed as we left, "Madame ! je vous pardonnez !" It was a dramatic *dénouement* to the little scene, and no doubt the platform loungers were duly impressed. We then walked with our machines over the

pavé to the "Hôtel d'Espagne et du Dauphin," a comfortable and moderate hotel. Dinner, bed, and "café au lait" being six francs, fifty centimes each.

Monday, 16th. We spent the morning in seeing something of the place, and securing a fresh pedal pin for V.'s machine, so our start was delayed till 2.30 p.m. We called on the Consul, a most agreeable fellow-countryman, who took us to call on Charles Terront, of cycling fame and renown. The champion received us most kindly, and gave us a great deal of useful information about our route; a short man, with a remarkably business-like physique, his face tanned brown and showing no lack of pluck and determination. He speaks very little English and is a non-smoker. We thanked him for his courtesy, and after a light midday meal of bread and cheese and lager, we left for Mantes at 2.30, after paying four francs for new pedal pin. The road from Rouen, *via* Pont de l'Arche, is good and very pretty, skirting the well-wooded banks of the Seine. We reached Gaillon about five, and being attracted by the comfortable appearance of the "Soleil d'Or," we put up there for the night. A good dinner, clean beds, and moderate charges enable us to speak well of this house.

Tuesday, 17th. Started for Mantes, where we arrived about midday. We had a good *déjeuner* at a restaurant, visited the fine cathedral, and as rain now began to come down pretty heavily we took train to Paris, fare two francs eighty cents, third class; machines, the usual penny. It rained very heavily all the evening and night. We put up at Hôtel Prince Albert, Rue St. Hyacinthe, a very quiet family hotel near the R. Rivoli. Paid nine francs each for supper, bed, breakfast.

Wednesday, 18th. Day fine and sunny, after a tremendous downpour all night. We had obtained the night before an excellent "Carte Routière" of the road from Paris to Bordeaux, showing all the gradients, crossings, villages, and towns throughout, with every kilometre marked. A most invaluable and useful guide to us, and which the courteous editor of the *Velocé Sport* in the Rue Vivienne had given us when we called on him, and showed as an introduction our C.T.C. tickets, and mentioned our call upon M. Terront. We also received the editor's card (M. Roussel) to further facilitate our tour on arriving at Bordeaux, should we desire to go further south. We rode to the Orleans station, the *pavé* and traffic being a trifle unpleasant, but at that hour (8.30 a.m.) the latter was fairly quiet, and took tickets for Etampes, the first important station outside Paris, so as to avoid the *pavé* that is so trying to wheel and temper in the vicinity of all towns. We caught the 9.30, paid two francs twenty-five cents each and reached Etampes about eleven. Roads good, day hot, fearful S.W. wind against us all day, which reduced us to a bare six miles per hour.

About five miles from Orleans, disaster number three occurred, and as in former case it was V. who was again the victim. Stopping for a twenty minutes' rest at a small village, a young rascal with an inquisitive turn of mind, when we were not looking, inserted a pin into V.'s back tyre. The period of incubation was short, and in about ten minutes after we had ridden on the disease manifested itself, and paralysis of the motor area of V.'s driving wheel was the sequel. An attempt at repair so near our destination (four miles) was considered hardly worth our while, especially with the troublesome arrangement of this now haply improved tyre; so we walked the rest of the way into Orleans, and put up at the hotel recommended in our reliable "Carte Routière," the "Boule d'Or," near the statue of Jeanne d'Arc, in the centre of the town. We had an excellent dinner and comfortable night quarters at a charge of seven francs fifty cents for dinner, bed, and "café au lait."

Thursday, 19th. On consultation, we now considered our wisest plan was to take the train to Bordeaux and ride back, as the strong S.W. wind seemed to have fairly set in for some

days, and our conjecture proved correct, for we subsequently had it at our back the whole time on our return ride from Bordeaux to Paris. This useful discovery should be noted by prospective wheelers—always where possible ride from west to east during the summer months, as the chances are the wind will be blowing that way. We took the 1.30 train to Bordeaux, paid third class, twenty-five francs, and after a tedious journey, reached the latter at 10.30 p.m. We crossed the bridge, and wheeled our machines to the hotel named in our "Carte Routière," the "Hôtel Central," where they expect you to dine out, the charges being five francs fifty cents per day for bed and "café au lait."

Friday, 20th. Took V's machine to be repaired, had some difficulty, as all the repairers were busy getting ready for the Sunday races. At last, one shop undertook it, but through not understanding the tyre, had great trouble in replacing the cover, which, as it took a whole day to accomplish, cost V. fifteen francs. Moral:—Take care to tour abroad with an easily detachable tyre. Bordeaux is a remarkably fine city, with wide streets and well-appointed shops. The thing that most amused us was the straw hats on the omnibus horses, with holes through which the ears projected, thus affording protection from the blazing sun, which, for France, we thought was unusually considerate. We took *déjeuner* at a very excellent and delightfully cool restaurant (Du Louvre) in the main street, and then took a little trip down the river in a half-hourly steamer, along the fine quays, where large vessels of all nationalities were loading and unloading, and on our return we got a still better idea of the city from the top of the many tramcars.

Saturday, 21st. Weather rather wet-looking and thundery, following the fearfully scorching day yesterday. We sadly paid the fifteen francs for repairs (V. paid, and had the benefit of the sadness), but with the satisfaction that we could now continue our route, but V., being fearful of another mishap, thought we had better defer our ride further south till another year, and so we decided, and perhaps wisely, to ride back to Paris. We were told the road was splendid all the way, and so we found it. We got clear of Bordeaux at five o'clock, intermittent showers rather giving us "the hump," but as I learnt a new and useful word as we stopped at the first repairer's on the road out of the city I became more cheerful. I made a mental note of the word "détendue," slack, used by the repairer, an epithet that fitly expressed our own state on our start after a day's loafing about, as well as the state of our chains. Libourne was the place we intended to stop at, and as it was only nineteen miles, we soon reached it, the roads improving as we left the outskirts of the town, and our pace and temper improving at the same time. When within a mile of our destination, a heavy storm broke over us and wetted us, and we were glad to pull up at the "Hôtel de France," where a change of raiment and a good dinner worked wonders. We can safely recommend this house, the charges being six francs fifty cents for dinner, bed, and "café au lait." The town is prettily situated on the river Dordogne, and has a picturesquely-arcaded market place, and other interesting features. We spent the evening pleasantly at a well-appointed café, where good music was provided gratis.

Sunday, 22nd. A dull, showery morning. We started off at nine a.m., roads good, but rendered soft and splashy by the rain, which was now coming down pretty heavily. We sheltered by the roadside once or twice, and thus remained tolerably dry and comfortable. At midday, to our relief it got finer, and as the French roads are mostly of a gravelly and porous nature, they very soon dried, and riding was once more pleasant. About six o'clock we reached Barbezieux (forty-two miles), a most pleasant and clean little town, from which we carried away most agreeable recollections, our hotel ("De France" once more) being one of the most comfortable and absurdly cheap that it was our experience to meet with. Everything was as good as it could

be, and every one as pleasant. The residents are mostly cognac merchants. There is an interesting old church here. Our bill was—dinner, two francs fifty cents; bed, two francs; breakfast, fifty cents. Total, five francs. We can strongly recommend this little place.

Monday, 23rd. Left at 9.15 for Poitiers. Day fine, no sign of rain, roads very good, but very hilly. Reached Angoulême about eleven. A very picturesque old place, also built on a rock like Poitiers; the only thing we know about Angoulême is that they brew excellent "lager" there, which we sampled as we rested at a café. We then rode on, and at one o'clock stopped for *déjeuner* at a little village called Tourriers, an unpretentious little inn (the "Café de France") inviting us from its white-washed front "à boire et manger," which invitation we forthwith proceeded to obey. We were well treated here by the ladies of the house—mother and daughter—who, in a twinkling, served up savoury viands in the shape of fried ham and pigs' feet, with a bottle of excellent white wine; the total cost was I think about two francs. They took much interest in us, taking us for "coureurs" in the Bordeaux-Paris race, but we told them that pigs' feet and white wine were luxuries that were reserved alone for those who were on a "tour de plaisir" like ourselves, and that the genuine "coureur" would have stopped but three minutes for bovril and biscuit. We left at four, and got to Ruffec (of "pâté de fois gras" renown) at six, and as we had done our fifty that day we decided to stop the night. The genial host of the "Hôtel des Chandeliers" (as V. called it), although, to be more correct, the last two words were really one, and indicated our host's patronymic, invited us in, with the pleasing announcement that "dîner" would be "servi" at "sept heures!" So, unable to resist so attractive an invitation, we ordered beds, mounted our machines, and set off for a bathe, which we were told we could enjoy in the mill stream hard by the village, but, alas, ill luck once more visited V., for before we were out of the place his rear wheel ominously flattened, and puncture number two caused words that I admit I've heard before on similar trying occasions. However, he took it most philosophically, and we had a delicious bathe in a glorious piece of deep clear water amid charmingly idyllic surroundings. After a first-rate dinner, we proceeded to "locate" the puncture, an agreeable and inexpensive pastime that served to entertain us now of an evening in lieu of a "café chantant" or travelling circus. This is how the game is played. You first procure a deep bucket of water, you say to the ostler "un sceau d'eau" (easily remembered by any who have learnt the Tonic Sol-fa, "soh doh"). You then place the wheel in it, pump your very life out, and watch for the bubbles. This is the entertaining part of it (when the bubbles come from your friend's machine). When you've "located," you finish the game by taking it to the nearest "mécanicien," and your friend pays four francs. We played it on various occasions; I thought it was interesting, V. didn't. We now felt ready to face the next day's ride, and after paying the very moderate bill of five francs each for an excellent dinner, with good wine, bed and breakfast next morning, we discussed our movements.

Tuesday, 24th. Morning showery. We decided to wait and see what it was going to do; meanwhile, the proprietor showed us over his adjacent manufactory of the world renowned "pâté." During the winter months he employs many hands; we were shown hundreds of tins of truffles, which expensive delicacy is unearthed from the snow-covered ground by dogs and pigs specially trained for the work. We had another bathe in the delightful mill stream, and as it was getting late in afternoon, and we heard the road to Poitiers was being repaired, we dined, and took the eight o'clock train there. We arrived about ten p.m., fare 2½ francs for third class. We had to go to "Hôtel Tribot" close to the station, being unable to find the other hotels at so late an hour—but except for cheapness we cannot recommend it. We secured the only available bedroom on the top floor, small

and stuffy, had our café with eggs in the morning, paid the modest sum of three francs twenty-five cents for the lot, and gladly started for Tours, along a level and good road.

Wednesday, 25th. Poitiers is finely situated on the side of a hill of solid rock, on which the chief part of the town is built. Rainy morning; we took shelter under a tree for an hour, but as there was no prospect of a stoppage, we decided to ride on—roads soon got heavy, and machines and riders got very wet and muddy. It had plainly set in for a steady downpour, so after eleven miles we halted at a wayside inn, in the village of "da Tricherie," where a bottle of very good white wine and some "fromage du pays" (made from goats' milk) served as an acceptable *déjeuner*. Our host and hostess were very agreeable and chatty, and we dried our habiliments over a fire of faggots, which the good folks made for us on the kitchen hearth, and, as riding was out of the question, owing to V.'s tiresome tyre again deflating, and the heavy rain, we rode to the station, which was close by, and caught the four o'clock train to Tours. We put up at the "Boule d'Or," a well-appointed and spacious house, where we did ample justice to a first-rate dinner.

Thursday, 26th. Had a good walk through this fine and most interesting city, visited the magnificent Cathedral, and ascended the tower, from which a grand and extensive panorama is obtained. We paid the usual visit to the "mécanicien" which was now part of our daily programme at nearly all the places we stopped at, and were surprised at the very moderate demand of one franc fifty cents for two or three hours' work on V.'s valve, which had now become disorganised. At 2.30 we were once more *en route* for Blois. The road for the whole distance follows the river, and is certainly a grand one, dead level and perfect surface. We did the forty miles to Blois in $3\frac{1}{4}$ hours; fine evening, and a very enjoyable little run. Put up at "Tête Noir," near the bridge; paid seven francs for dinner, bed, and breakfast.

Friday, 27th. Left Blois at nine a.m.; fine level road along river to Orleans (forty miles), where we arrived at one. The finest view of the cathedral is obtained from this entrance, and the twin towers, with their graceful tracery thrown up in brilliant sunlight, looked very beautiful. We were quite ready for *déjeuner*, and had a very excellent repast at a restaurant near the Place Jeanne d'Arc. Desirous of pressing on we made a start at four, but whether it was the super excellence of the *déjeuner* or the enervating rays of the sun we thought that the first village, St. Lye (ten miles) would be a good stopping place; and as we had already put in our fifty we arranged for beds at the unpretending little hostelry, the "Lion d'Or," which, as it bore the U.V.F. badge, we deemed an ample recommendation. We ordered dinner for eight o'clock, and after a short spin came back to partake of it. It proved first-rate, and the bedrooms most comfortable and clean, and host and wife most affable, the total charge for dinner, bed, and breakfast being five francs, and a cheaper or better entertainment one could not wish. We can recommend this place to stop at if belated, though there is nothing of any interest in the place itself.

Saturday, 28th. Started at nine a.m. for Paris; wind at back; road very good; going well. After twenty miles had been ridden the final straw at length caused the collapse of the dromedary, for both V.'s tyres now deflated, and riding further became out of the question. It was a depressing, though inevitable, ending to our trip, and we now inquired for the nearest station, which was Monerville (about five or six miles out of our track), and from which the next train was seven o'clock, so we spent the afternoon at a pretty village called Mereville on our route, the local café providing us with an excellent midday meal at a marvellously small cost, and we had a refreshing bathe in the river near. We caught the seven train to Paris, where we arrived about 8.30 p.m. We took the train back to Dieppe, and reached London once more after a very enjoyable trip, only discounted by V.'s experiences with his tyre, which certainly were exceptionally unfortunate. The lesson we

learn from it is to be careful to go a tour with an easily repaired tyre. Our hotel and general expenses came to £9 for the fifteen days, exclusive of railway fares, which would bring it somewhere about £12.

HOW I SPENT MY HOLIDAY.

BY A LADY MEMBER.

On Saturday, July 28th, I began a cycling tour. My home is in the north of England. I started from Carlisle in the early morning, riding alone (I had failed to hear of a companion,) to a farm house four miles south of Penrith, where I spent the week end with friends. On Monday I rode to Appleby, took train to Settle, and then mounting again rode to Leeds by way of Skipton, Keighley, and Shipley. I stayed some days with friends near Leeds and left on Thursday night (August 2nd) by train for London, where I really began the tour I had planned by way of Brighton, Southampton, and across country to Rhyll. I left New Cross at noon on the 9th of August, riding out of London by Peckham, Camberwell, and Streatham, to Croydon. Near Hand Cross I wondered what was the matter with my back-wheel tyre. I was obliged to walk into the village, where I found some one who thought they knew how to mend it. I had to let them do it, as I could not then manage it myself. By the time it was done it was nearly ten o'clock, so I stayed all night at the Red Lion Hotel. On Friday morning when I took the bicycle out the tyre was as bad as ever, so I had to take it back again to be repaired. The cause of damage was that the tyre had not been blown up sufficiently and two or three holes had got rubbed in the inner tube. After waiting about two hours I started again, and managed to reach Brighton, where I stayed a few hours. I left there, intending to reach Arundel that night, but two miles from Brighton I had to shelter from a thunderstorm over an hour.

I then rode on to Old Shoreham. I had just got over the Adur when the storm came on again worse than ever; I however took shelter in an inn for over two hours, which prevented me from getting to Arundel that night, and I therefore rode on to Worthing and stayed all night at Blackman's Temperance Hotel. Next morning, alas, that tyre was as bad as ever! It took about three hours this time to repair it, but I am glad to say I have had no trouble since. I left Worthing between eleven and twelve that day and rode on to Arundel. When about four miles past Arundel I was rather puzzled which road to take for Southampton, but seeing a gentleman riding up I inquired of him the way. He informed me that he also was going to Southampton and would be most happy to accompany me. I was glad to have some company, so we rode on through Chichester and Havant. At Southampton I stayed at a temperance hotel for the night. The following day I visited the Isle of Wight. I had tea at Cowes with some friends who returned with me to Southampton, and with whom I stayed all night. The next morning (Monday) I left my friends and resumed my journey to Winchester. Arriving here I left my bicycle at a shop and visited the Cathedral. Then, having had tea I journeyed to Whitechurch, scarcely seeing any one all the way. I stayed at the White Hart Hotel, the C.T.C. Headquarters. The next day I rode on to Oxford. The weather prevented me from riding to Stratford-on-Avon, therefore I had to go by train, being anxious to get there that night. I was sorry I did so, because the line took me over fifty miles round and I had to pay for myself and bicycle the full distance, in addition to which I had to wait an hour at a small wayside station. Next morning I visited the places of interest in Stratford-on-Avon, viz., Shakespeare's Birthplace, Anne Hathaway's Cottage, the Memorial Theatre, and the Church. Leaving Stratford about one p.m., I rode on towards Worcester, but having to shelter a few times on the way it was nearly eight p.m. when I got there. I was

just in time to catch the 8.5 train, not caring to stay in Worcester all night, as my friends (who lived about fourteen miles from Worcester) were expecting me. I stayed with my hosts all next day and left on the 17th of August. I rode to Leominster, then took train to Shrewsbury, rode from there to Llangollen, and stayed at the same hotel as that in which I stayed last year when touring. Next morning I rode through Corwen (it is lovely scenery between Llangollen and Corwen, but it is nearly all up hill), Ruthin, Denbigh, and St. Asaph to Prestatyn, where I stayed at the C.T.C. Headquarters (Nant Hall Hotel), twelve days, riding to Rhyl and back once or twice, but otherwise doing very little riding, as it rained nearly the whole time I was there. From Prestatyn I rode through Flint to Queen's Ferry. It was hard work for me to hold my bicycle up in the small boat in which I had to cross the ferry. Arriving there I had not gone many miles until I had a strange encounter with some bullocks. I did not like the look of them wandering along without a herdsman, so I got into a field until they got past, but they seemed to want my company, and kept me in that field for nearly half an hour! At last they moved on. So did I as quickly as I could, and I was very glad when I got to the new ferry for Liverpool. From there I went to Southport, finding the roads very bad. I stayed the night at the Alliance Hotel, and next day rode through Preston to Garstang, where I remained over the week end, riding to Blackpool and back on the Saturday afternoon. On Monday I left the Royal Oak (C.T.C. Quarters), and rode to Morecambe; then to Lancaster, and stayed with some friends the night. Next day I rode to Ambleside, went by steamer to Bowness, then rode back to Kendal, and stayed at the Angel Hotel. I rode to Windermere next day, going over the Kirkstone Pass to Patterdale and Penrith. In crossing the Pass I was caught in four different showers of rain. I stayed at a temperance hotel in Penrith, then rode to Carlisle, where I spent the week end, then journeyed to Dumfries, and from there home, being away nearly six weeks and riding 727 miles in all. My expenses were from 25s. to 30s. per week. I may add that for part of the journey I wore the new rational cycling costume.

E. L. C., 2484 C.T.C.

Multum in Parvo.

"THE HELENBURGH C.C. GAZETTE," which has reached the third issue, claims to be the first cycle club organ to appear north of the Border. It consists of four pages of interesting matter, and it cannot but be conducive to the welfare of the club in whose behalf it is issued.

"EXPERIENCES IN FRANCE."—No. 1629 is desirous of contributing under this heading:—"I have just returned from a sixteen days' tour in France, and I write to acknowledge the great service my membership of the C.T.C. rendered me. At Fenchurch Street Station my badge attracted the attention of a fellow C.T.C.-ite, who gave me some most useful information about the district I proposed to visit. At Boulogne I passed the Customs Officer without a question being asked, and throughout the whole trip from Boulogne to St. Malo and Dinan and back by way of Paris I met the best possible treatment at all the hotels recommended in the Handbook."

Another correspondent writes:—"I am glad to bear witness to the great advantage of temporary membership of the Touring Club de France. I had a ride last June and July from Dieppe to Geneva and back, and found that this membership was a great economy, as well as often an introduction to pleasant society and superior accommodation."

TO SCOTTISH MEMBERS.—Don't forget the half-yearly meeting fixed for Glasgow on the 19th instant.

THE ROAD BOOK.—Any member who may find it in his power to help the editor of the English, the Scottish, or the Irish Road Book, even to the extent of contributing only a single route, is earnestly requested to apply for a copy of the schedule of routes still outstanding, in the manner indicated upon another page.

"THE DANGEROUS BICYCLE."—*The Hospital* in a recent issue sounded the praises of cycling in no uncertain tone, but it winds up the article which bears the above heading by declaring that:—"Sooner or later, and the sooner the better, some means must be devised of rendering bicycling less of the nuisance and danger it is fast becoming to the public who are not riders. It is not extermination, but regulation, which should be aimed at." This is, we fear, rapidly becoming the view of the police and the general public also.

THE NOVELIST AND THE HAWKER.—Mr. Rider Haggard—whose application for membership in the C.T.C. is included in the current number—has of late come before the public in a new capacity—that of prosecutor to wit. It appears that in company with two friends this gentleman was riding a cycle down Bridge Street, Bungay, when he and they were negligently run down by one John Underwood, of Norwich, a travelling hawker. Happily no bones were broken, but Mr. Haggard's machine was considerably damaged, and the driver has been called upon to pay something like £2 by the Bungay Bench for indulging in reckless driving.

THE AGGRESSIVE WHEELMAN.—It would be well if cyclists would always remember that, in the expression familiarised by Mr. Chevalier, they have not bought the street. A reminder to that effect has just been given to a number of wheelmen at St. Leonards. A local club went out for a spin, during which they encountered a dog-cart, driven by a neighbouring magnate. A collision occurred, and a crash followed, from which the cycles emerged only second best. The owners of the damaged machines sued in the county court for damages, but the defendant declared that the cyclists charged him like a squad of cavalry. He pulled up, he said, on the proper side of the road to permit them to pass, but too many came on abreast, with the result that there were several spills. The Court found in favour of the defendant, and after a consideration of the evidence it must be admitted that no other verdict would meet the circumstances of the case. If cyclists are swift they should also be considerate, and bear in mind that it is a trifle unreasonable to expect a man driving a vehicle to turn it into an adjacent field to permit them to sweep along ten abreast.—*Dublin Evening Telegraph*.

"THE GIPSY ROAD."—Among the least pretentious, but certainly not the least valuable, additions to the wheelman's library, is the work bearing this title. (London: Macmillan and Co.) It embodies a narrative of the experiences a wheel of Professor Grenville A. J. Cole in Galicia, Hungary, Moravia, Bohemia, and Germany—1055 miles in all. A subtle charm that attaches to the book is the unassuming modesty of the author, who, however, was fully awake to the many and varied attractions—as well as the drawbacks—of the countries through which he passed, and the peoples with whom he came into contact. The book is copiously illustrated—though not by the pencil of a Pennell—and no wheelman worthy of the name will begrudge the outlay the procuring of a copy involves.

THE CHURCH ON WHEELS.—The Dean of Windsor is the latest clerical recruit to the ranks of cyclists.

IN THE NEW FOREST.—A WORD OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—No. 12,970 writes:—"I should like to call attention to the kindness shown to members, and to the superior accommodation provided at the Crown Hotel, Lyndhurst. I arrived there a few evenings ago covered with mud, through having fallen into a bog in the New Forest. I was provided with a change of clothes and of underlinen, whilst my own were cleaned and washed, and everything possible was done for my comfort. Yet, although this is a first-class house, the charges to members are most moderate, as may be judged from the fact that my washing bill was only 6d., and that the charge for a hot bath, for which in inferior houses I have paid 1s. 6d., was also but 6d."

EXPERIENCES IN BELGIUM.—No. 5359 writes:—"Will you kindly note in the *Gazette* or elsewhere, where those concerned will be likely to see it, that the Hôtel de Vienne, Marché aux Grains, at Ghent, and also the Hôtel de l'Ouis d'Or, 6, Rue Courte de Argent, Bruges, have ceased to exist. We found the Hôtel de l'Etoile, Ghent, and the Hôtel de Londres, Place de la Station, Bruges, both moderate and comfortable. At the latter English is spoken. The charge for a double-bedded room was six francs at the former, and five francs at the latter, with table d'hôte at each place at 12.30, two francs fifty cents."

A DISGRACE TO THE SPORT.—The writer of "Club Chatter" in *To-Day* thus protests, and with every reason:—"I had heard a good deal of Cromer, especially in the connection of its being one of those watering-places that was to make its name in the future. There is no reason why it should not, and every reason why it should, but— I leave this sentence conditional, because I want to relate my own experiences. I took a place there for a month; everything suggested that it was to be one of those happy hunting grounds that you fall across occasionally. There was a beautiful seascape, a fine bracing air, and it was picturesque to the extent that the pathways were not metalled. Certainly there were other advantages, but those were the first that struck me between the station and the hotel. Little by little other virtues cropped up, but unfortunately they were all dimmed by my first experience on a Saturday night. A party of cyclists were the cause. Perhaps, out of respect to my very good friends, the cyclists, I should call them men who rode cycles. They came into the town shortly after midnight, and, from causes arising either from penury or alcohol, they decided that the proper place to pass the night was in the public street, and unfortunately they selected the spot directly under my window as the *locale*. For six mortal hours I had to stand it. There were bugle calls, cat calls, blasphemous calls, curse calls, and every other calling except that adopted by a respectable athlete. No policeman interfered, and you felt that to come away and leave citizen-respecting London in order to get the breath of God's air you had to put up with this. In the morning these 'Whitechapel carrion,' as Mr. Stevenson calls them, indulged in a bathe, I am told—a desirable and laudable performance that, no doubt—under conditions that would be impossible in a well-regulated watering-place. I won't comment on the affair. There are the facts, and I bring them under the notice of the Chief Constable of that district because I am sure he must be ignorant of the way his men administer the law, and equally on behalf of the tired in all parts of the country who have selected quiet little Cromer as a place where a peaceful holiday may be spent." No member of the C.T.C. could, of course, so misconduct himself, but it is possible that the identity of the offending parties may be discovered by our thus giving the complaint further publicity.

RICHMOND.—A local rider has very properly been summoned and fined for neglecting to give warning of his approach and for running down a nursemaid and the baby she was carrying.

AN IMPORTANT TRADE CHANGE.—The Rudge Cycle Co. Limited, and the Whitworth Cycle Co. Limited, have amalgamated under the title of the Rudge-Whitworth Cycle Co. Limited.

FURTHER SUCCESSES.—The Northumberland and Durham District Association has again scored. It made representations to the Corporation of Tynemouth, and as a result, the sewer gratings in North Shields, which were a source of danger to cyclists, are about to be replaced. The N. and D.D.A. evidently "means business."

TO THE ARTISTICALLY GIFTED.—Those of our readers who may contemplate submitting sketches of the new illustrated column blocks for the *Gazette* (see page 243 *ante*) are reminded that the latest date for their receipt is the 31st instant.

HEAR, HEAR !—Alfred J. Perkins, a young man living at 8, Scoresby Street, Blackfriars Road, appeared to a summons before Mr. Vaughan, at Bow Street, charging him with riding a bicycle to the common danger of pedestrians. It was proved that the defendant rode a bicycle past Whitehall at the rate of twelve or thirteen miles an hour, and passed a refuge on the wrong side. Mr. Vaughan said this kind of thing would be stopped. Some cyclists disregarded entirely the comfort of pedestrians, and frequently placed them in peril. The defendant would have to pay a fine of 20s. and costs, and he hoped it would be a warning to others.—*Morning Advertiser*.

AN EXCELLENT EXAMPLE.—The following cutting from the *Bournemouth Guardian* may with confidence be commended to the attention of all Consuls and members who desire to conserve the wheelman's privileges:—

"CYCLING AND THE HIGHWAY ACTS.

"To the Editor.

"Sir,—Our attention has been frequently directed of late to the growing disregard by cyclists of the provisions of the Highway Acts as to keeping the proper side of the road, furious driving, etc., and particularly to the following provision of the Local Government Act, 1888, which (after declaring that bicycles, etc., are 'carriages') in Section 85, Sub-section B, runs as follows:—"Upon overtaking any cart or carriage, or any horse, mule, or other beast of burden, or any foot passenger being on or proceeding along the carriage way, every such person shall, within a reasonable distance from and before passing such cart or carriage, horse, mule, or other beast of burden, or such foot passenger, by sounding a bell or whistle, or otherwise, give audible and sufficient warning of the approach of the carriage." As we are well aware that cycles are regarded by many non-riders as dangerous nuisances, we would, as ardent cyclists ourselves, appeal to our brethren on wheels to which we have referred, and thus remove the reproach which exists, too often with grave reason, with regard to the sport of cycling.—We are, dear sir, yours faithfully,

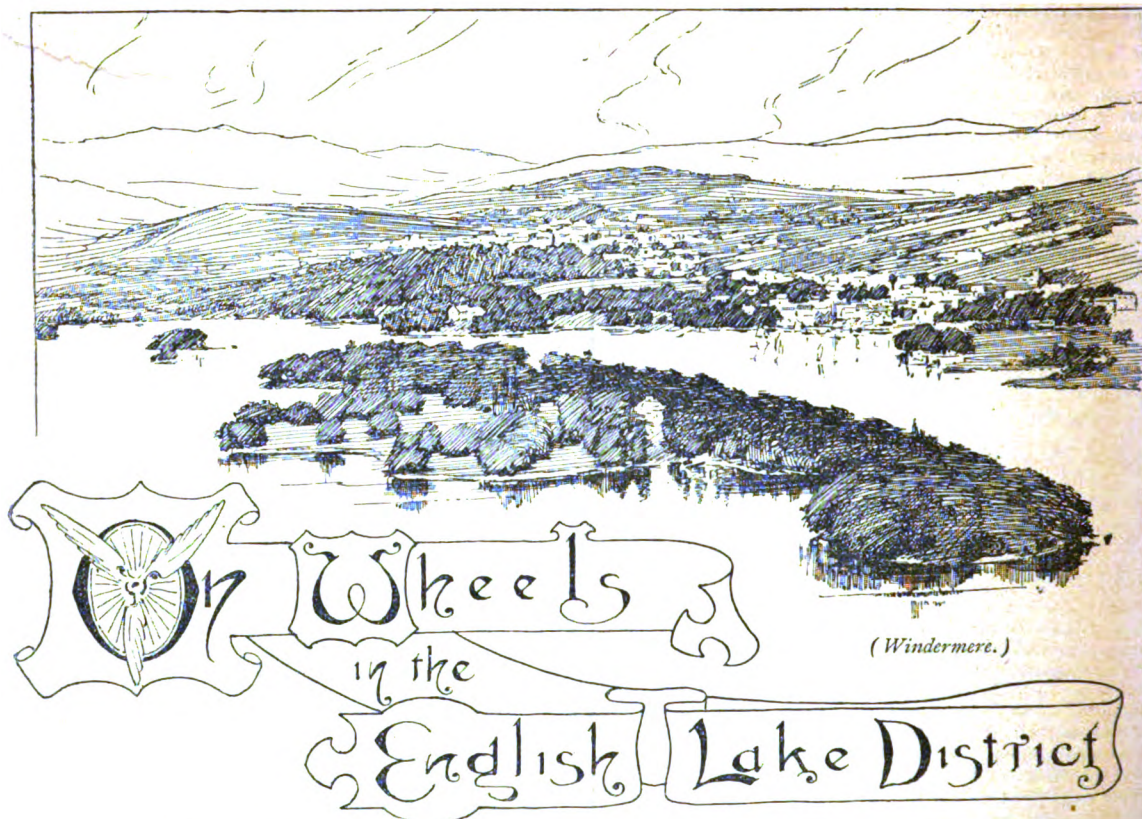
"FRANK KING,

"Local (Wimborne) Consul C.T.C., and
Captain Wimborne Minster Cycling Club.

"HERBET W. DIBBEN,

"Hon. Sec. Wimborne Minster Cycling Club.

"Wimborne, August 28th, 1894."



(Windermere.)

By A. W. RUMNEY, M.A.

PART I.

I presume that the reason we see comparatively few cycle tourists in this charming corner of the country where

"Among this multitude of hills,
Craggs, woodlands, waterfalls, and rills,"

as pleasant and varied a holiday as can be wished for can be spent is that the general reproach "cyclists care nothing for scenery, and only go where the roads are sand papered, and the railway is convenient in case of a chance shower or head wind," is really a fact. I myself think there is a great deal of truth in the accusation, but I think that many higher-souled votaries of our sport are frightened by reports that "it always rains in the lakes, and the roads are mere river beds and often rivers as well." The rainfall in the valleys is, it is true, considerably above the average, and unfortunately it often falls during the great holiday months of July and August: some of the mountain roads too are very rough and stony in places, but the main arteries are now in distinctly good repair, and many side excursions can also be made in comfort. To see the country thoroughly and enjoyably the cyclist should, however, wear strong shoes, and be prepared to leave his machine for a few hours at times, and explore the mountain tops and gills on foot. Late spring and early summer, that is—May and June—are the driest months, the coach traffic is very trifling then, and the hotels are not so crowded as in the height of the public school holidays. A guide book will be found of service. Baddeley and Jenkinson (5s. each) are very good, as are tiny Prior (3s. 6d.), and for cycle routes the tourist should purchase

Messrs. Atkinson and Hodgson's little 6d. guide, an amended reproduction of the Rev. N. F. Duncan's brochure. It is not absolutely accurate, but contains no serious mistakes, and has a very tolerable 4-in. map, though the maps in the guides above mentioned will be found much superior. Messrs. Smith publish an excellent 1-in. contour map. The hotels are, perhaps, a little expensive, but the C.T.C. houses are well chosen, and in many cases the best in the place.

As will be seen from the accompanying map, the district may be said to be comprised within a circle of a radius of about thirty miles. Through this circle from S.E. to N.W. runs the main trunk road from Kendal to Whitehaven, touching the lakes at Windermere, and leaving them again at Bassenthwaite. There is no practicable carriage road from E. to W., the mountain ranges of Helvellyn and Scaffell effectually barring the way, but passable routes from the centre to the West can be found in the South *viâ* Langdale and Eskdale, and in the North *viâ* Borrowdale and Buttermere. A secondary North and South road runs from Ullswater to Windermere, over Kirkstone Pass, but the other routes in that direction, namely, from Borrowdale to Langdale *viâ* the Stake and from the same place to Wastdale by Sty Head Pass, are only suited to pedestrians.

The great charm in the scenery of the district is in its infinite variety; the quiet wooded waters of Windermere, Rydal, and Grasmere, the rugged cliffs of Honister and Scaffell (affording good practice to the cragsman, see "Mountaineering in the British Isles" recently published), the desolate shores of Wastwater and Ennerdale, all of which come second to the hill-embosomed island-dotted Derwentwater. Those who love to read the life stories of the great poets will find every foot of the ground sacred with memories

of Wordsworth, Southey, and the Coleridges. As preliminary reading for such as are not already well up in such matters, I would recommend a perusal of "The Literary Associations of the Lake District," by Canon Rawnsley (2 vols., 10s.).

In a fortnight of fair weather the tourist should be able to gain a pretty thorough idea of the beauties of the country, and on the assumption that such is the allotted time, I will endeavour to roughly indicate how I think the time would be best spent, not giving a cut and dried daily programme, but assuming that one week will be spent in the Westmoreland and Lancashire valleys and the other in "Canny auld Cumberlan."

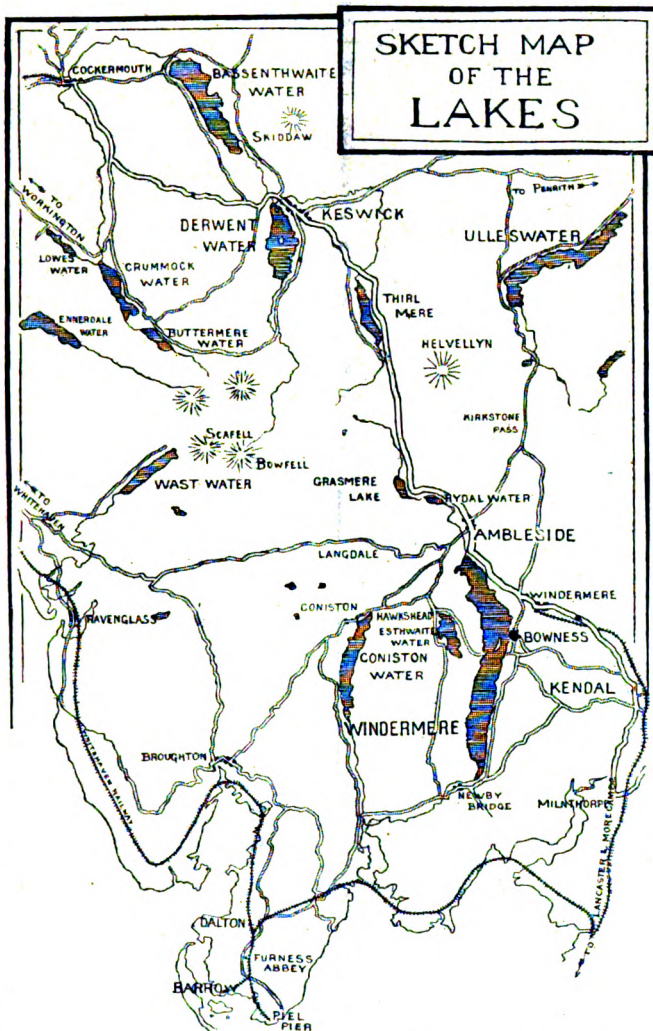
Windermere village is the terminus of the railway, and here too the main road from Kendal, which has hitherto been rather bleak and dull, suddenly brings the traveller in sight of the whole nine miles length of Windermere, surrounded by a fringe of low wooded hills backed in the western distance by the mass of Conistown Old Man and the quaint square-nobbed Langdale Pikes. The road forks here, that to the right going to Ambleside, the left leading directly down to busy little Bowness, nestling in a cove of the lake. This is the boating centre, and smoking little steam launches and more stately white-sailed yachts and the occasional mail packet are constantly coming and going, interspersed with numerous little row boats, for the most part furnished with "pin" oars, for the row-lock is not quite recognised by the northern boatman as yet.

From Bowness those with a very limited time had better ride straight up the lake by a hilly but good and well-wooded road to Ambleside, but, if there is time in hand, it is as well to exhaust the southern portion of the district and ride down to the foot of Windermere, which is rather tame, and then along the beautiful swift-flowing Leven over a splendid road to Ulverston, at the head of a branch of sandy Morecambe Bay. From Newby Bridge the antiquarian should turn off to the left and make a side visit to Cartmel Priory Church, which has a wonderful lantern dome. Within a couple of miles of it is prettily-wooded Grange, a winter health resort, and quite close is Holker Hall, the seat of Mr. Victor Cavendish: the pictures and the farm are both well worth

seeing. Ulverston is rather a dirty market town, but has two capital hotels, and the favourite "Hydro," Conishead Priory, is only two miles to the south. This is a most comfortable as well as magnificent building (original cost to the Braddys, £250,000). Swarthmoor Hall is within a mile, where George Fox, the Quaker, married his wife, and his chair, and hers too, are still in the little meeting house hard by, while his bed-posts have been inserted as supports in the passage.

A firm but constantly-undulating road takes one over the nine miles between Ulverston and Barrow, passing through the village of Dalton, where George Romney, the great portrait painter, was born, "served his time" to a sign painter, and now lies buried under a neglected tombstone in the churchyard; "Georgius Romney pictor celeberrimus" is all his epitaph. The ruins of Furness Abbey lying in a deep circular well, through which the railway has been allowed to pass to the detriment of the fabric, soon follow, and once again one admires the taste of the monks in their choice of pleasant places. Within a quarter of a mile of the ruins the suburbs of Barrow, that great disappointment, begin. The streets are broad and wide enough for acity, and everything is in proportion, except, perhaps, the railway station, but its progress has stopped suddenly short. A long bare island faces the town and docks, and at the extreme south of the intervening channel, on a tiny isle, are the ruins of Piel Castle, dating from the time of the Romans, it is said.

The road to Broughton is flat, and would be uninteresting were it not for the fine background of fells, in the centre of which are the Scafell, facing us. Across the Duddon sands on our left rises the grand mass of Black Combe, which on a clear day gives magnificent views of both fell and sea. Broughton is called a town by courtesy, but is a mere village; a hilly road to the right along the fell side leads to Conistown village, but now we go straight on to explore the famous Duddon valley, of which the great Wordsworth sang so sweetly. The road is hilly indeed, but extremely pretty, and in the river are some marvellously deep and clear pools. I would almost recommend the cyclo-pedestrian to leave his



wheel at Ulpha and take a fine moorland walk across Birker Common to Dalegarth, where he will find the finest waterfall in the district, and then by Boot over Hardknot pass, where there are the remains of a great Roman camp, placed there in the days when the hamlet of Ravenglass, at the foot of this fine valley of Eskdale, was an important port, and this was the main route from it to Kendal, and so on to Carlisle or York. From the pass it is a sharp drop into the Duddon valley again, where we turn to the right after crossing the bridge, the left leading over to Langdale and Ambleside. These roads are rideable in one sense of the term, but the better way is to walk. We are soon at the hamlet of Seathwaite, where "wonderful Walker" was incumbent, and "passing rich on £40 a year," and even less, and died leaving a fortune of a considerable amount. Needless to say it was not saved out of his church income. A mountain bridle path leads over here by Walney Scar, a shoulder of the Old Man, to Conistone, but unless adventures are sought we had better, when we reach Ulpha again, return to Broughton, and then either take the before-mentioned direct road to Conistone, or better again take the longer round by Lowick, and then up the very margin of the lake by a fair road, giving splendid views of the water, and of the Old Man and his brother giant, Wetherlam, guarding the village at the lakes' head. Just before reaching the head of the water we pass the home of another "old man," a giant too in genius, the great John Ruskin, who is still enjoying a secluded and peaceful life in the midst of the scenery he so much enjoys. From Conistone the ascent of the Old Man (about 2600 feet) is very easy, and in clear weather gives excellent views, reaching as far north, over countless tops, as distant Skiddaw. The beautifully-wooded glen of Tilberthwaite affords a splendid ride or stroll, which can be extended to Langdale. From Conistone we can either go direct to Ambleside by way of Skelwith Force, or by sleepy little Hawkshead and its lake Esthwaite, where Wordsworth got his schooling, and so through Sawrey and down a very bad hill to the Ferry on Windermere, which will carry us, a couple of coaches, and a few other things across Windermere back to Bowness. Perhaps after all the best way to see the lake is to go by the steamer, but the road is good, and at Lowwood (*the* honeymooners' hotel) is almost at the waterside. This upper end of Windermere is much the finer, as we approach Ambleside the mountains being both higher and more rugged. From Ambleside several expeditions can be made on foot or on wheel. Within a few yards of the busy little tourist town is the beautiful fall of Stock Ghyll; the river Brathay affords good bathing and pleasant strolling. Steep up behind rises the coach road over the rough Kirkstone Pass (1400 feet) to Ullswater, but this can be better done on cycle from Keswick. It is a tolerable ride over varying roads past Elterwater up Langdale (where the hand-made linen is made) to Dungeon Ghyll, where there is a good fall, deep in the fell rock; right behind are the Langdale Pikes, but it is a better climb either up Bowfell or still further by Rossett Gill to Scafell Pikes, the highest ground in England. Between Scafell Pike and Scafell proper there is the Mickledore "chasm," from which some of the best cliff scrambles in the district can be made, but the novice is not advised to play with such "toys," as a recent writer has called them. The return from Dungeon Ghyll can be made for variety's sake by Blea Tarn and Skelwith and Colwith Forces, both falls of the rough and tumble variety. On Loughrigg side, near Ambleside, are many beautiful villas, in one of which the great Arnold of Rugby lived. There is a charming field road by this way to Rydal, but the main road is very good and very pretty, winding under good trees through a rapidly-narrowing valley. In the house close by the chapel there lived clever Harriet Martineau, the great "leader" writer as well as authoress.

Rydal is sacred to the name of Wordsworth, for here the great man lived in the zenith of his fame, and along that fell side they will show you his favourite walk as he composed

his poems. Hard by in the Hall have lived generations of Le Flemings, and Varsity athletes know that the race is not decadent as yet. This abrupt rock on the left close by the sedgy waters of tiny Rydalmere is Wordsworth's seat. Now we leave the woods for a time and get a better view of the rugged crags and tops around us. The tiny little house on our right is Nab Cottage, the home of the great opium eater, De Quincey. Here, too, clever little Hartley Coleridge dwelt at times, as sharp with his tongue as his pen. Between him and Wordsworth there was a vast difference, and the country people here so preferred the lively little man to the stately silent Laureate that they always said "lile Hartley" made the poetry for the other. The main road keeps to the left through another wood, and then by the margin of Grasmere to the village of that name, but there is another and a rougher road over the hill passing Wordsworth's wishing gate and Dove Cottage, his first Westmoreland home, now a museum of relics of the Lake poets. The valley widens at Grasmere, and the village lies in the middle of it, and in the churchyard will be found the graves of the poets, plain and modest as the men themselves. Good walks can be taken from Grasmere, as by the western shore of the lake up Red Bank, or to the north up Easedale to the tarn, or up Silver How, the venue of the "guides' race" at the annual Grasmere sports. The height is 1400 feet, and the ground very steep and stony, yet the time for the double journey rarely exceeds fifteen minutes. On the island in the middle of the lake the story goes that the Prince of Wales in his youth got a tremendous wiggling from an irate daleswoman for chasing sheep.

The road now rises steadily for a couple of miles over that gap to the north of us Dunmail Raise, 700 feet or so, and the most of it had better be walked, for here the stock excuse "to see the scenery" holds good, for the backward view is the better. The valley itself is rather bare, but the stream on our left babbles along and affords us brave company. We cross it at the summit and, after taking a gargle of it (for the best drink for the cyclist is—as the Irish would say—not a drink but a gargle), mount and pass a fallen cairn on our left, under which it is said that the remains of Dunmail, the last King of Cumberland, lie buried.

We are now in Cumberland, and get a splendid view down the Wytheburn valley of Thirlmere—or is it "the Manchester reservoir" now?—backed by wooded Raven Crag, with a further background of distant Skiddaw and Blencathra. On its and our right hand rises "the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn," but we are too close under it to see the top. A splendid run down for a mile and we are at Wytheburn, from which Helvellyn can easily be ascended and descended in three or four hours. The ascent from here is steep all the way nearly, and so is soon over. On the eastern side are some good "edges," Striding and Swirrel, similar to, but longer than, "One Man's path" on Slieve League. I have found snow here five feet deep in August—perfectly black, it is true. Now, owing to the Manchester Corporation, there is a choice of roads from Wytheburn to Keswick, first the older, shorter, wider, and better on the east shore, by Thirlspot and Shoulthwaite, passing the Castle Rock and Vale of St. John's (look up your "Bridal of Triermain"); and secondly the newer, longer, but more romantic one cut along the rock side on the eastern side, by Launchey Gill and Armboth, passing the great dam at the north end, and rejoining the other road four miles from Keswick. Surely never had such a dirty town such a splendid reservoir as has Manchester. Formerly the lake narrowed so much in the centre that it was spanned by five short bridges, and the last time I crossed I managed it in three jumps, two channels being dry. Now old islands have gone and new ones been made; across there was my favourite bathing rock,—"*Clarke's loup*," locally—for there the village schoolmaster arranged with his wife for a double suicide; she was to stand on the edge and he would run from behind, and both would fall together. At the last moment perhaps she thought he

might push and not jump, and so she stepped aside, and he went on, and she was left a lone widow.

The great stone embankment, blocking up the valley with its castellated watch tower and the baronial-looking straining well at the pipe mouth, for the pipe runs under Dunmail Raise in the rock, may tone down in time, but at present they cannot be looked on by any but the most utilitarian with admiration.

Down the Naddle Valley we fly, and then up the Nest Brow we walk, and then there is a mile and a half of stiff (and in the days of ordinaries, dangerous) descent into Keswick. The view from half-way down is superb—the poet Gray, who saw it only on leaving, was sore tempted to return by it—the flat valley of the Derwent lies at our feet, with Derwentwater and its islands glinting in the sun on our left, walled in by Walla Crag and Catbels: the other ramparts are Causey and Grisedale Pikes, giant Skiddaw, and the cold

a smaller one in the market place. After *table d'hôte*—always the best value to the traveller and best for the hotel—a stroll should be taken to the lake and a row upon it or a lounge under the Scotch firs on Friar's Crag, which first impressed the youthful Ruskin with the charms of natural scenery. There are four large islands on Derwentwater, one, the nearest having a house upon it: St. Herbert, the friend of St. Cuthbert, of Northumberland, had his cell on the largest and most distant; on this near wooded one, where the rooks are noisily retiring, the Earls of Derwentwater had their home till the disastrous rebellion, when their estates were forfeited and then handed over to Greenwich Hospital, who sold the Cumbrian portion thereof to a Leeds manufacturer. The story goes that the Earl's wife fled up the narrow gully in the steep rock face of Walla Crag behind with the jewels, and this is certain that the cleft is still called "The Lady's Rake."

There is a well-fitted bathing shed and pier on the lake, open



(Grasmere.)

shoulder of Blencathra behind. Bassenthwaite is in the distance in front of us, and as it is clear we get a glimpse of the Solway and the Dumfriesshire hills beyond.

A little further down and the giants of Borrowdale come into sight at the head of Derwentwater, Scafell Pike and well-named Great Gable. Across the lake, through the gap in the distance, peep the Buttermere hills. To the Cockney it seems strange that some of us locals know the name not only of every top, but every shoulder and gill, as he knows the lanes, passages, and alleys that surround his office in the City. He is pretty safe in a fog, and we can usually get home in a mist, but there are cases in which both get lost. Half way down the road forks, the right branch is the easier descent, and we rush past the long low cottage where Shelley and his girl wife spent their honeymoon chasing one another round the garden. The last half-mile is a level run along the bank of the swift-running Greta, part of the time opposite the fine new Fitz Park in front of the huge Keswick Hotel. C.T.C.-ites have their choice between this hotel and

to visitors "for a small consideration," and an ante-breakfast dip will be found very appetising. In that square house on the hill at the foot of the town poet Southey lived, and for a time his neighbour was Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Keswick has a reputation for being wet, and therefore provides the tourist with a few shows for bad weather. The museum over the market hall is purely local and therefore interesting: there are several relief models of the district that give the stranger the best idea how to map his course out. The Cumberland pencils are made here, and now there is a brass work, word carving, and linen industry located in a charming building by the pencil works. The photographers too have good galleries: the library and reading room is excellent, and Crosthwaite Church distant a short mile is most interesting, containing Lough's statue of Southey, a very good font, a northern devil door (blocked up now), and a bell window. The brass panels on the altar table are the production of the above-named school.

(To be continued.)

The Tyres of To-day.

By G. DOUGLAS LEECHMAN.

A clerical member writes from an out of the way place in the Eastern Counties, asking how he shall mend a puncture in a pneumatic tyre on a machine fitted with a Carter's fixed gear case. The difficulty is not in mending the puncture itself, but in getting the tyre off. No doubt it is an awkward job to take the tyre off with the wheel in the frame, but I do not think it is worth while taking the wheel out under ordinary circumstances, and certainly not if the machine is fitted with a fixed Carter case. Unless the oil be first poured out of the case one cannot very well lie it on its side; this might be done, or one might support the machine so that the rear wheel is off the ground. In either case, wipe the part of the hub further from the chain, and the surrounding parts of the machine clean and free from oil, then proceed to open the tyre on the corresponding side, taking care to press the edge right down into the centre of the rim, and not to let it slip out as one slides the hands round to the opposite side of the wheel; one badly wants a third hand here, and it is a great convenience to have an assistant to slip his fingers under the bulge in the edge. If help is not available it is generally possible to get a tooth brush handle or some other blunt instrument under what little bulge remains after letting go with one hand. Hold the instrument with one hand so as to prise up the bulge, and with the other push the edge of the cover back into the centre of the rim until the bulge is large enough to come over the edge of the rim. It is as well to avoid sliding the instrument along between the edge of the cover and the rim if possible, as it is likely to cut the fabric along the course of the wire. If the position of the puncture be known there will not be any special difficulty in repairing it, and if it be not known it will be quite possible to remove the air tube from the wheel (though not from the frame) and to test it in tub or bath placed close to the machine; it can hang down round the end of the hub during the operation. These remarks must be taken rather as suggestions than directions, as I have not been in the position stated by the querist.

I have received leaflets concerning two inventions in the tyre department, one relating to Stuart Wood's Safe Resilient Tyres and the other to Sydney Wood's Armour Tyre Cover. In both cases the particulars (?) given are of the most abstract nature, containing no definite description of the articles to which they refer, and both consisting largely of recommendations that do not impress one as carrying very much weight. I think we cyclists prefer to know something of the construction of the articles we are invited to invest in, and to form our own opinions. The tyre appears to be of the cellular variety, but with air at the ordinary pressure; and the cover is, gathering from the illustration, a ridged and studded band.

TO MEMBERS GENERALLY.—The possessors of Vol. I. of the Continental Road Book for which they have no further use will oblige us by returning their copies to headquarters, when they shall be recouped at least half the first cost. There must be many who can help in this particular way if they will kindly do so.

"THE CONTINONG."—The brief reference we made in our last issue to the latest of a long list of manuals issued for the benefit of the traveller, was penned at a time when the book was only just leaving the press. Since that date, however, nearly the whole of the first edition has been disposed of, and copies will presently be at a premium. The little work is most capably and humorously written, and as it has already secured very flattering notices in the daily and weekly press, we confidently urge its claims upon all who now or in the distant future propose to visit la belle France.

Correspondence.

We shall at any time be glad to give prominence to letters from members on subjects of interest to the generality. Correspondents are requested to write on one side of the paper only, to forward their letters to the Editor, and to give their names, addresses, and membership numbers for his private information. We do not hold ourselves responsible for the views or opinions expressed.

"Ignore all selfish ends and interests of thine own—
He lives for little good who lives for self alone."

To the Editor of the C.T.C. Gazette.

TOURING IN MOUNTAINOUS DISTRICTS.

Sir,—As an old member possibly I may be allowed to give a word of advice to those novices who intend touring in mountainous districts.

A pair of boots should always be taken, as they are absolutely necessary if much walking and climbing is indulged in, and though their weight is considerable, it is far better to carry a little extra weight than to be laid up for a week with a dislocated ankle. If one habitually wears shoes the danger is not so great, but if one is used to boots when walking, their support is at once missed, and the ankle is easily dislocated while wearing light shoes. Speaking to an old member of our club a short time ago, who spends a great portion of his time in Switzerland, he was particularly strong on this point, and mentioned that scores of cyclists when touring there simply carried a pair of shoes with them, and the result is that the hotel proprietors are quite used to cyclists with dislocated ankles; of course I do not for a moment say that the ankle is never dislocated if boots are worn, but it is tempting providence to wear shoes.

A friend of mine this year took a pair of shoes instead of boots as he had always done before, and managed to dislocate his ankle, and had to lie up for a week of his vacation; he is firmly convinced it was the fault of the shoes.

While on this subject let me mention a good plan of softening shoes which have become hard owing to perspiration, etc. Pour out a little oil (olive for preference) into the palm of the hand and rub it over the upper part of the foot of the stocking, then ride for some miles, and as the foot gets warm the oil is driven into the leather; when the stocking is examined, there will be no sign of oil, and the foot will be perfectly clean. I mention this last fact because when I first heard of this excellent plan I thought it must be filthy to have oil on my stockings and feet, and it was only after a practical trial that I found how cleanly it really was. This is not a new idea, by any means, but still there are doubtless scores of riders who have never heard of it. No. 1681.

THE HOTEL SYSTEM.

Sir,—With every deference to your judgment, and to the opinion of the Committee upon Hotels, may I venture to say that I think the new scheme cumbersome and unnecessary, and that the present arrangement only requires some alterations, with reports upon the hotels by those using them.

The requisites for a cyclist—viz., hot bath, good plain fare, and clean comfortable lodgings—should be at a reasonable fixed price; any sliding scale or discount is sure to eventuate to the disadvantage of the traveller, and he might just as well go round the town where he halts, and inquire for the tariffs of other houses, and see if their accommodation is better, and at a lower figure.

A hot bath at 6d. is certainly much wanted; and on every ground it is the interest of the hotel to supply one to the hot and dusty wheelman. Also a pot of tea with bread and butter is charged so exorbitantly for at hotels that cyclists never go there a second time, but get it at a restaurant for

half the price. Now, however, Messrs. Burroughs & Wellcome have, by their "tea-tablets," put one hundred cups of best tea within reach of everyone for 6d.!

In cycling over Hants, and in Surrey and Wilts, I have used the unpretentious "Quarters" largely, and I have not yet been the victim of misplaced confidence. The "H.Q.'s" at Amesbury and Farnham are most comfortable, others are the reverse, and many "H.Q.'s" should properly be "Q.'s." There is such an enormous custom brought to C.T.C. hotels by members, by recommendations to their friends, and by other cyclists who fully appreciate the good qualities of a house under the sign of the "Winged Wheel," that these hotels should give themselves a good name with the C.T.C., even though much alcohol and its dilutents are not "consumed on the premises," and they should be glad to give the scale laid down for "Quarters," which is amply remunerative.

W. M. H., No. 12,492.

Sir,—The Committee is to be warmly congratulated on the result of its labours. Let us hope that no time will be lost before giving effect to their recommendations. May I offer some suggestions on points of detail? (1) Greater use might be made of the principle of competition. I would allow all respectable Hotels, Temperance Hotels, Inns, Coffee Houses, as well as Boarding-houses and similar establishments, to quote terms. (2) I would suggest that in each case an inclusive quotation should be obtained for supper, bed and breakfast, housing of cycle and attendance; this would require an additional column in the Handbook. On the other hand, I would delete several of the proposed columns, leaving only columns for dinner, lunch, and tea (or breakfast), in each case inclusive of attendance. With these details before him, and knowing that all minor points were fully set out in the contract-note, the Tourist would have no difficulty in estimating his expenses. (3) Would not the anticipated difficulty of getting the Handbook ready in time be met by a little unwonted energy on the part of some of the Consuls?

A TOURING MEMBER.

Sir,—I would like to suggest that in next year's Handbook (unless the tariff is altogether revised) in the Scotch hotel arrangements, after attendance should be inserted per member 1s. My reason is as follows:—My brother and I were staying at the "Imperial," Edinburgh, H.Q., and an American C.T.C.-ite with his wife, who were doing Scotland on a "bicycle built for two," and who, as I was informed, had no meals whatever at the hotel, save the Sunday dinner, which they could not get elsewhere, wanted the attendance charge to be 1s. per night for both, and kicked up a row about it. When I asked for my bill I was appealed to—the American having departed—and produced my Handbook, which I showed, and said, as was evident to any unprejudiced person, that the attendance was per member—although not actually stated—just as the breakfast, dinner, etc., was per member, and not for two or a party.

I think that as the Scotch hotels make a liberal diminution in their tariff in holiday seasons, just when they have to make their profit, any conduct of this sort is calculated to make them fight shy of C.T.C.-ites.

We ourselves were admirably treated, and whatever we had in excess of the tariff we paid for at a very moderate rate, and we have no cause whatever to grumble, rather the reverse.

No. 7171.

Sir,—Seeing in the *Gazette* lately correspondence re "Hotels and Tariffs" reminds me of a par. in a cycling paper lately referring to a North club (Manchester, I think) going to a C.T.C. farm. Now, in my opinion, that is the very thing that is wanted, namely, a tabulated list in the Handbook of recommended farmhouses where they are

willing to cater for Cyclists; of course in this case, I take it, cyclists would have to engage beds beforehand at most farms, but that would be little or no drawback. Therefore I respectfully suggest that the Club advertise freely, or circularise the better class of farmers throughout the country, with a view of coming to such an arrangement before compiling the next Handbook. How very much better it would be to be able to spend the evenings of a tour at some pleasantly-situated farm instead of a small roadside or village inn or a large hotel as now. And again, what a very good help against agricultural depression.

I should not have suggested this had it not been that from the par. above mentioned I thought perhaps such a system existed in the North, and if so, why not make it exist in the Midlands and South also. This case would not, I know, suit all the membership, but I think it would the majority, and those it did not suit would still have the hotels.

No. 5083.

[The "C.T.C. farm" referred to by our correspondent is not, of course, under contract, and, *ergo*, it is not officially appointed. It is, however, much patronised by wheelmen resident in Manchester and district.—Ed.]

Sir,—I am glad that an inquiry has been made into the hotel system, and that the present one is practically condemned.

In many cases, even if the tariff is faithfully stuck to, the C.T.C. members get little or no benefit. My experience is that the tariff never is stuck to where the ordinary charges are more than those fixed by the Club.

I have been a member of the Club for about a year and a half, and during that time I have spent over a year in hotels, yet I calculate that I have only gained 7s. 6d. by being a member of the C.T.C., and that only by making a fuss.

Most of my C.T.C. hotel experience has been in the eastern counties, and in only one hotel have the charges been anything like the Club tariff. At this hotel ("The Fountain," Huntingdon—it deserves to be recommended) I was better done by than in any other hotel, and paid less for it, but I was no better off than any non-member.

In most of the hotels I found every excuse urged for disregarding the tariff. First, it was because I had no machine. Then when I had a machine it was because I was not on tour, that is to say, I stopped three or four days at the hotel. One good lady lately said she liked having customers who were members of the Club, and told me that she charged them little if any more than she charged commercial travellers; yet my dinner each night was 4s., and breakfast 3s.

Now I rather avoid C.T.C. hotels, even when they are good, because I object to having to make a fuss over my bill, and I equally object to being done. I go to the opposition house and pay 4s. for my dinner, and look pleasant.

I would suggest that whatever hotel system be eventually fixed, no hotel be put on the higher grade lists that has not proper accommodation for ladies.

There are at present numbers of Headquarters that are quite unfit for ladies to stay at.

No. 3279.

THE BOUDARD GEAR.

Sir,—I had hoped ere this to have seen some practical evidence about the Povoril gear, otherwise the Boudard. Considering the novelty of this gear, and the claims put forth for it, I am surprised to see how little it is noticed.

I am desirous of getting the opinions of various users, with a view to getting the gear next season if I am convinced as to its utility.

But I do not think it fair to compare the gears I hear of (70, 73, 76) with ordinary road gear of 60.

Can any correspondent point out a definite gain in speed or power over 60, usual gear? No. 1894, C.T.C.

[Our correspondent appears to have overlooked the fact that the Boudard gear was fully dealt with by Mr. G. D. Leechman in the August number.—Ed.]

DANGEROUS HILLS.

Sir,—The question of dangerous hills is a most important one. The danger boards erected on the tops of hills are of the greatest service to the cyclist by day, but cannot well be seen by night. Most roads are now lighted by lamps. Would it not be possible for the lamp at the top of a dangerous hill to have a sheet of red glass—the red glass to face the rider as he reaches the beginning of the incline.

No. 12,865.

[We are afraid that not one hill in twenty upon which a danger board is erected is lighted, but in one or two cases where the necessary facilities are available the plan suggested by our correspondent has been in operation for years.—Ed.]

THE WHEEL AMID LONDON TRAFFIC.

Sir,—Hearing of cycling accidents happening from time to time at the Marble Arch, I thought I would give you some idea of the remoteness of such accidents—under some conditions. I have made close on three thousand six hundred journeys by there during the last six years, but have never come to grief; at the same time I am always expecting it.

STEPHEN WISE.

LOWNE'S CYCLE LOG.

Sir,—As "The Author of 'The Gypsy Road'" writes in the September *Gazette* in terms of "unqualified satisfaction" with this "valuable and accurate" log, it may be advisable for those of our members who are interested in logs and cyclometers to have also before them a somewhat less exuberant statement of facts. My experience has been gained also "over thousands of miles" with a similar crank log.

As to manufacture and finish, Lowne's log stands before any other instruments now in use. Its appearance and quality are as good as could be wished. The mode of attachment to crank is simple and firm. In these respects the log leaves nothing to be desired.

But so much can not be said for its measuring powers, which are the very *raison d'être* of its existence. As a measurer it is reliable and accurate under certain, but not under all conditions. Up to a speed of ten miles an hour it may be safely relied on, but owing to the principle on which the log is constructed, accuracy is unattainable at any higher speed. The motive power of the recording machinery is produced by gravity combined with rotary action. So long as this rotary action is not too rapid all goes well, but when high speeds, over ten miles an hour, are reached the centrifugal action jams the machinery and stops the working. Frequently, after running at high speeds, I have found the distance logged to be twenty-five per cent. short of the actual distance. This defect at once disposes of any claim to accuracy under all conditions.

Now, this defect is not owing to want of care in construction. I have had the pleasure of interviewing Mr. Lowne on two occasions, and found him most obliging and painstaking in testing the instrument, and doing all that could be done to command good results. The cause of this tendency to jam when running at high speeds is to be found in the system of rotary gravitation which Mr. Lowne has adopted for producing the motive power of his log.

No rotating instrument so constructed, whether on crank or hub, can be free from this tendency to jam. To be always reliable a log must be fixed, or at least stationary, and the

motive power communicated externally, as in all other logs except this one.

Lowne's log may therefore be described as well made, beautifully finished, and reliable at low speeds, but, owing to the principle of its construction, of no use whatever at speeds exceeding ten miles an hour.

EDWARD W. WILMOTT, No. 4149.

[In an article published by us many a long year ago upon "Cyclometers and Indicators," we drew attention to the cardinal defect of Lowne's and kindred logs, and, although we will not assert that at ten miles an hour when attached to the crank of the average safety centrifugal force overcomes gravity, there can be no question that at any considerable increase of this speed it does do so. Our correspondent has, however, lost sight of the fact that a log attached to the crank of a machine geared, say, to sixty inches makes less than half as many revolutions as the twenty-eight inch wheel which is being driven.—Ed.]

LOWNE'S LOG ; AND THE TRICYCLE OF THE DAY.

Sir,—If the author of "The Gypsy Road" will send his Crank Log to Mr. Lowne, East End, Finchley, he can get it altered as he wishes. I have frequently had mine sent to this address, and also had any change made I wished for. As to the good qualities of this cyclometer after many years trial I am fully satisfied.

At the end of 1880 I purchased a Stanton's Log, and used it on the hub of one of the driving wheels. When they modified it into a crank log and Mr. Lowne's name first appeared I had one of them. With the two, by my register, I find I have travelled, up to the end of this August, a distance of 71,687 miles. Neither of the instruments has given me any trouble. As far as I have been able to test them by milestones they are quite correct. I have had several other kinds of cyclometers, and although they have been accurate as to measuring, I cannot say that they have been free from troubles. The original Stanton Log I still have, and have used it when the crank one has been sent to be altered.

As Mr. Lowne sends out his Crank Log it is easy to fit it on to a square crank, but I may mention that Mr. Hair, of 157, Upper Richmond Road, Putney, the Club's repairer, has very skilfully fitted my log to a round crank.

I also should like to recommend to other tricycling members the machine introduced by the "Quadrant" people of Sheepcote Street, Birmingham. I had one early this season, and have ridden it 3321 miles up to 10th September, and am fully satisfied with it in every way. I have had at least twenty cycles, of one kind and another, and this is the first one that I have found to carry out the promises held out by the makers at the time of ordering. Among other good points, the most marked I have found is the comparative ease with which one can ride up hills. That I think is the best test to apply to any machine.

C. F. WILLIAMS,

C.T.C. 1273, Consul for Findon, Sussex.

THE BICYCLE HUMP.

Sir,—Mr. Leechman, in his Coventry Notes, misunderstood one important point in my letter. I there stated, "by giving more rake to the steering-post the handles can be so placed that the elbows are in a line with the hip and shoulders." He makes the error of taking it as handles instead of elbows. By so doing the value of the greater part of his criticism is wasted, as he is arguing from incorrect data.

We run on very similar lines, except that I contend that the present make of bicycle requires to be re-designed, and he and the Editor think certain alterations to handle-bar and seat-pin are sufficient. This goes a good way in support of my contention, as it virtually admits that a new handle-

bar and seat-pin would be required to make the present model into an anti-hump bicycle. After that we have only the frame to deal with. If so, why not alter the lines of the frame so as to make one uniform whole, instead of a makeshift compromise. Every season brings in some alteration in design, therefore there should be no considerable difficulty in building a bicycle on hygienic lines. Another point requires elucidation: I wrote of upright riding; this would have been better stated as straight-backed riding, for nothing would be more uncomfortable than riding in an exactly perpendicular position. With the saddle well set back, as I advocate, the legs are at a considerable angle with the body. But if all the leaning forward is done from the hips, the elbows being well in line with same, the rider can then bend forward at any angle he pleases, from the perpendicular to the horizontal, and yet have the chest well expanded and the shoulders square. The benefit of bending forward when going against the wind and in hill climbing is only too evident, and if done with a straight back there is no objecting to it.

I am not speaking from mere theory but from continuous observation and experimental trials both of my own make, and of those of the principal makers.

My contention will be perhaps better understood if I give the distance from back of saddle to a line connecting the ends of the handles, which is sixteen inches, and the height of handles above the saddle about two inches, and any deviation from these lines only produces a tendency to round shoulders. Every rider ought to get some one on whose judgment he can rely to note if his position in the saddle is correct; if not, to adjust the handle-bar and saddle, *if they will admit of it*, till the straight-backed position is obtained. It's astonishing the number who believe they are riding straight backed, but are riding with round shoulders.

My contention is that a bicycle can be designed that will be speedy, a good hill climber, and yet can be ridden with a straight back, and instead of inducing deformity, to be a cure for round shoulders and stooping habits.

In conclusion, let me advise any one to try the difference between riding a bicycle where one has constantly to bend forward over the handle-bars, and one you can ride upright on. On the first you can see nothing without an effort, except about 200 yards in front. On the other, what a contrast. The whole look of the landscape is altered; you are brought face to face with nature. Sitting upright you survey the glorious panorama of the ever-varying scenery, you inhale the fresh air scented with the perfume of the fields and flowers. The contrast would be so great that one can but wonder at any one riding a hump-backed bicycle afterwards.

GEO. COUSINS.

Birchington-on-Sea, Kent.

THE SPRING-FRAMED QUADRANT.

Sir,—However it may be in the world of nature, no one can deny that "The Survival of the Fittest" is a law of the wheel-world. Single-driving, rear-steering, spade-handles, small front wheels—in tricycles: all these have had their eager upholders, but they are as utterly gone as Hans Breitman's "barty," or "the snows of yester-year." There are some who maintained that the old Humber "trike" was as easy to ride, and as safe a mount as any other three-wheeler [most of us find it a specially difficult variety of "high-ordinary,"] but it, too, has gone to the limbus where sleep the Omnicycle, the Otto, the Crippler, and the Kangaroo. If cycle agents speak truly, the front-driving safety, *alias* geared-ordinary, is bound for the same goal. Is the spring-framed (rear-driving) safety to follow these into oblivion? It seems to be with the Quadrant Co. to give the answer, for now the Whippet is nearly as dead as the Dodo or the Great Auk; is "No. 21" soon to be found in museums as a specimen of "an elegant but now extinct class of

cycle?" After about three years' experience of a spring-framed mount, I feel very loth to decline upon the lower range of a rigid machine, and I still live in hope of the Quadrant Co. turning out a light, gear-cased, and simplified form of my present mount.

For not only have I found the spring-frame a great boon over granite sets, or Middlesex macadam, but also much freer from side-slip than any other pneumatic I ever tried. Not only does it leave one's hands and feet quite untouched with fatigue from vibration after, say, a seventy-mile ride, but also it has a feeling of life on the level, and a kind of bounding gait up-hill, which must be felt to be understood, but is truly delightful. I have so often seen younger riders than myself get off for such hills as Guildford High Street, the Hog's Back (from Guildford), the three mile slope of Hind-head, the hill on the way from Sheffield to Barnsley after leaving Worsboro' Brig, or the one coming out of Barnsley from Wakefield, and so forth, while I have never found it worth while to dismount for any of these, that I long ago became convinced of my machine's merits as a hill-climber. Its pace, too, for anything short of actual racing, seems to me to be far from bad; in fact, considering the weight of the machine, it is surprisingly good. On it, a middle-aged cleric, who never raced, and would cut a poor figure if he tried to, has under favourable circumstances on the North Road covered some sixteen and a-half miles in the first hour, going easily, in the course of a ride of seventy miles or so; and on such hilly roads as those of South Devon or the East Riding, can mostly make fourteen, or at worst thirteen an hour, as if in any short run.

Its steadiness when ridden "hands off" is really wonderful, the curved spring in the front forks seeming to keep the steering wheel perfectly straight, except for its own vertical (jumping) movement on all rough ground: with a little practice any one could ride it without hands at as slow a pace as eight miles an hour, or up such a slope as an ordinary railway bridge. Just now I am riding a borrowed road-racer of the same makers, which must weigh some 10lb. less than my own machine—it is light enough to be held horizontally over one's head without any effort—but it does not go up hill so well as my own best, and though, perhaps, a little faster when pushed hard, it doesn't slip along with such ease and absence of all effort at twelve miles an hour as its spring-frame cousin.

But, unhappily, "No. 21" is not up to date in certain points, and so, seemingly, wheelmen look askance at it. Its defects are: (1) weight—something over 40lb. without mud-guards; this tells when the machine has to be carried over a footbridge, or lifted in and out of a train. (2) No gear-case, Carter's or others, can be fitted to it. (3) Width of treadle is too great; it is not very bad in that respect, but is not narrow enough for a "thoroughbred" of to-day. (4) Brake, though most powerful when kept tight enough, is too complicated. (5) Unless often adjusted has a tendency to "two track"; we might add that the wheel-base also is short.

After what Mr. Prist and his staff have already achieved, is it too much to hope that they will give us a new edition of the spring-frame machine, which shall be to safeties what their "8 B" is to three-wheelers? Somewhat thus: Weight, about 35lb., all on; ditto, road racer pattern, 30lb., gear-case, Carter's or "Universal" (in celluloid), improved brake, narrow tread, wider hind-fork, six inches more length, in other respects much as now. Easier said than done, may be, but if it can be accomplished such a machine ought to sell splendidly; if it can *not* be done I fear the spring-frame is doomed to extinction.

A WHEEL-FARING PRIST.

COTTON v. WOOL.

Sir,—I am afraid your correspondent, M.D. D.P.H. fails to "shed a little more light on this subject," for his letter is little more than an extract from Parke's Hygiene, with which we are most of us familiar.

He says: "The water is absorbed and retained by the wool. . . . A woollen garment after exercise is therefore warm and DRY. This seems to me very like a self contradiction, however it may strike D.P.H. If it be true that sheep's wool is so decidedly superior to cotton and linen fabrics for absorbing moisture and dirt, why is it not used for surgical dressings? From my own experience, I should say it would be a very poor absorbent for this purpose. The following serves as a rough experiment:—I took a piece of ordinary surgical lint—a mixture of linen and cotton, I believe—and a piece of loose open flannel of same size, and placed them on the surface of water. The lint got saturated and sank in three seconds, the flannel floated for eighty seconds. The weight of the flannel when saturated was 6·3 times its weight when dry; the weight of the lint when saturated was 12·5 times its dry weight. If D.P.H. is really convinced of the superiority of wool over linen for mopping up secretions and dirt, he will, I am sure, advocate the use of woollen pocket handkerchiefs. If he has carried his theory into practice so far, I shall be interested to know his results, especially how a flannel wipe agrees with an acute nasal catarrh of the watery type?

Again, it is a well-known fact that a good frieze overcoat will "turn" even a heavy shower of rain, while a cotton coat would absorb every drop that fell on it until saturated.

JOHN T. FAULKNER, M.D.

Sir,—I have been much interested in the Cotton v. Wool discussion that has lately appeared in the pages of this book.

Practically I have found nothing to answer the requirements of cyclists like Dr. Jaeger's wool fabrics, but the initial cost is somewhat heavy. As I happen to know a large number of wheelmen who think with me, I would suggest that the Jaeger Co. be approached with a request to give a discount off their list to C.T.C. members. I am sure that this arrangement would prove satisfactory both to the Jaeger Co. and the Club, for it would enable and encourage members to purchase reliable goods such as the Jaeger Co. always supply, and also prove an incentive to membership, while the sales would be increased. I shall be glad to hear what can be done in this respect.

WILLIAM A. CLARK.

[The C.T.C. went very fully into the question of the alleged superiority of the Jaeger underclothing some years ago, with the result that it procured in the home market and placed at the disposal of its membership a much better and withal cheaper all-wool material than the Jaeger Co. were in a position to supply. This material is, however, only obtainable in jerseys and singlets for men, and in combination garments for both sexes. Of the many other excellent articles dealt in by the Jaeger Co. we say nothing.—Ed.]

COTTON AND WOOL v. SILK.

Sir,—Would the medical gentlemen who have given advice in recent numbers on cotton, linen, and wool undergarments and shirts, kindly say whether silk under-shirts are inferior, or equal, or superior to any of the above materials. I am now wearing a silk under-shirt with cellular cotton over that, which I find comfortable. Being sixty years of age, I have given up "scorching," therefore do not get over-heated.

No. 3728, C.T.C.

Recpham, Lincoln, 19th Sept., 1894.

THE WHEELMAN AND THE PUBLIC.

Sir,—At a time when the authorities are being pressed to severely enforce the laws, relating to the use of cycles on highways, and hard things are being said by many of the public against us, in consequence of the indiscretion or

wilful carelessness of what I trust is only a very small section of the cycling world, I should like to draw the attention of my brother members to the desirability of having their machines always provided with an efficient brake.

The tendency of the improvements made in modern cycling is to constantly increase the pace, and it is pretty certain that since the introduction of the pneumatic safety, the average rate of speed in town districts is greater than formerly by one or two miles an hour. Just as on our railways, when the speeds were increased, efficient brakes became an urgent necessity, so, I submit, it is necessary that all cyclists who have regard for their own and their fellow-creatures' limbs should see to it that they are properly provided in this direction.

Brakes are such common-sense appliances that, in the interests of self-preservation, it seems as natural to have them as to have steering handles. Yet, I believe, it is by no means uncommon to find bicyclists without any provision whatever of this sort, apparently considering a brake one of the articles to be easily dispensed with, in order to reduce weight. So we see bicyclists dashing along through crowded thoroughfares, with no other means of checking their speed than back pedalling, a method quite unlikely to pull their machines up when the pinch comes; we hear of people knocked or run down, and we get the inevitable growl of the public, and feel that in such cases there is only too real a cause for it. Indeed it makes one indignant to think that self-respecting cyclists can be so careless, and that what is otherwise a boon to humanity should be thus brought into disrepute.

Stringent regulations have been made for the lighting of cycles. Careful instructions have also been given to the police in many of our large centres to put a stop to fast riding. It seems to me that the time has come, in the interests of the respectable cycling world itself, to press for the requirement of universal brakes, under regulations as carefully framed as those relating to lights. It should also be borne in mind and constantly insisted on that "furious riding," so-called, is to be judged much more by the means at hand for pulling up rather than the actual pace a cyclist is going. A man may be riding slowly and yet dangerously if he has insufficient brake power for use in case of need, whilst another may be riding perfectly safely, though faster, if he is provided with and uses a brake that can be depended on in emergency.

A. P. J. COTTERELL, No. 2989.

Sir,—Respecting the necessity for being allowed an alternative method of giving warning (which I am glad to notice you insist upon), I should like to mention the simple but useful vocal one. In cases of instant danger it is quicker than ringing one's bell, &c., and often more effective.

On a ride last Saturday I had to call out in addition to using the bell, and in several cases they took no notice of the latter; in fact, with the wind against one it is difficult to make it heard any distance—even the best articles, which are not always met with by the way.

F. G. THREADGOLD.

Sir,—Though with yourself and others I strongly advocate the carrying of bells upon bicycles, I beg to offer what may be a solution to the somewhat troublesome problem about them.

Where I live, on the borders of Scotland, there is a plan in vogue which seems to meet every requirement. The riders make a loud trumpeting noise with their lips, something like that of a cycle-horn, but while it is not discordant it is quite distinguishable from other sounds; it is clearly understood; it is distinctly heard at fifty or sixty yards, or more, and can be regulated in shrillness to suit the distance from the person whose attention it is desired to attract. Is not this all that is wanted?

A. J. P.



The appearance presented by the Danger Boards formerly erected by the C.T.C. and the N.C.U. is quite familiar to many of our readers, but as it is probable that few are acquainted with the conditions which apply to the erection of the new variety of warning issued by the C.T.C., we reproduce the regulations. In so doing we desire to make clear the fact that the Club will supply boards free of cost, and where local effort does not avail to defray the charge for erection, will—subject to the approval of the Chief Consul—meet this also.

Members who may know of dangerous hills at present unprovided with the needful warning will be rendering the cause good service by making application for boards in the manner indicated.

INSTRUCTIONS AS TO OBTAINING AND ERECTING THE DANGER BOARDS.

Description of Board. The DANGER BOARDS, of which the above cut is a reduced *fac-simile*, are made of embossed sheet iron, screwed on to a thick creosoted deal board—the lettering of the tablet being white on a brilliant red ground. They are 24 inches wide, 21 inches deep, and each weighs about 20lb. They are supplied *gratis* by the Cyclists' Touring Club.

Consent to erect same. Before making application for a Danger Board, the consent of the Highway Authorities, or of the person on whose land the Board is to be erected, must be obtained. There will seldom be any difficulty in securing this, as the utility of the warning notice will be obvious to the drivers of horses, and the owners of carriages, as well as to Cyclists.

Made of Applying for Board. The application for every DANGER BOARD should be made upon the form attached, the description of the hill, the nature of the danger, the Local or Highway District in which the hill is situate, and the name and address of the Clerk of the Board or the Highway Authorities affected (whoever has given the needful permission for the erection), all being clearly stated upon the requisition. The applicant should at the same time say who will undertake to pay the cost of erection. This, although by no means a very serious item, is one which should, in common fairness, be defrayed by the Clubs and riders in the district. In cases of necessity, where no volunteers come forward, the C.T.C. will, however, defray part, or if need be, the whole cost incurred in supplying, transporting, and erecting complete.

Despatch of Boards. The application received and approved of, the Board or Boards will be sent by luggage train, with bolts for fixing attached.

Posts for Fixing. It will then be needful to obtain an oak post not less than 4 x 4 inches (if pine or soft wood be used 5 x 5 inches) and 12 feet long, preferably with the natural butt retained on the end to be buried in the earth—as in the case of a gate post.

Painting. The painting of the post should be arranged as follows:—Two coats of good paint to be given before it is transported to the place of erection,

and a final coat when it is in position. The enamelled iron placard requires no painting; it will simply need to be unscrewed from the Board (to which it is attached face downward for convenience of carriage), and then after the Board itself is attached to the post by the bolts provided for that purpose, it should be again screwed to the Board, this time with its face outward.

Situation of Board.

The post should be placed at the left hand side of the hill in the direction of its descent, and the Board should be about 9 feet above the ground. It should be erected in the most conspicuous place possible, not far removed from the road itself, and in such a position as to allow ample time for dismounting before the actual danger is reached. In general it should be erected at least 50 or 100 yards before the brow of the hill, and should be set at an angle to the line of the road, so as to readily catch the rider's eye. In very rare instances where a projecting tree, or in the case of towns, a wall or lamp post is allowed to be used, considerable expense in the cost of erection may be saved, but an attachment of this nature is seldom half as satisfactory as a special post, which is recommended accordingly.

Protection of Boards.

It is believed that the new Boards are capable of resisting any moderate amount of rough usage from village youths and others, but the C.T.C. is anxious to secure the co-operation of every rider in the kingdom to prevent their unjustifiable treatment, and to this end will gladly, at its discretion, prosecute any offender who may be detected in committing wilful damage. (To this end a metal tablet, to be affixed to the post, offering a reward of One Pound for such information as will lead to the conviction of any offender, is supplied gratis.)

Cost of Erection.

The average cost of erecting a Danger Board, including the supplying of an oak post 4 x 4, 12 feet long, painting the same complete, and erecting within a reasonable distance, should not exceed 10s. to 20s., much depending upon the circumstances attending each particular case.

THIS FORM SHOULD BE FILLED UP AND RETURNED TO THE SECRETARY OF THE C.T.C.

APPLICATION FOR DANGER BOARD.

The grant of a danger Board is requested for.....
 Hill, near*
 in the County of
 on the road leading from†
 to†
 Full particulars‡
 Name of Local or Highway Board in whose district the hill is situate
 Name and Address of Clerk or other Official
 Permission to erect the Board has been obtained from.....
 The cost of erection will be defrayed by.....
 The Board (if granted) to be addressed to Mr.
 of
 and consigned to..... Railway Station.
 Signature of Applicant.....
 Address.....
 To the Secretary, C.T.C.,
 139 & 140, Fleet Street,
 London, E.C. Date.....

* Here give name of the nearest Village or other well known place.
 † Here give names of Towns or Villages between which the hill is situate, and in the event of the hill being one described in the published Road Books of the Club, add "See Route—of C.T.C. Road Book."
 ‡ Here give full description of hill as regards surface, gradient, sharp turns (if any), etc., etc., and say whether or not any accidents to cyclists have happened thereon.

The Club Uniform.

SPECIAL AND IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The uniform stock is now kept at No. 7, Maddox Street, Regent Street, London, W., where it is under the direct management of Mr. T. H. Holding, who will execute WHOLESALE and RETAIL orders as heretofore, and at the same tariffs.

The new Uniform Catalogue and Price List is now ready, and will be sent to all *new* members in due course, while any old members will receive one by return of post on sending stamped and addressed envelope to Mr. Holding at the address referred to.

All Orders should be accompanied by the needful remittance. Cheques and Postals should be made payable to T. H. Holding, crossed "— & Co., Not negotiable," and P.O.O.'s should be made payable at Vere Street Post Office, London, W.

LIST OF OFFICIAL TAILORS HOLDING APPOINTMENTS.

(The firms marked with an asterisk have been appointed Ladies' Tailors also, at the usual prices.)

ABERDEEN—K. Maclean & Son, 17, Bridge Street.
 ACCRINGTON—J. W. Foster, 25, Blackburn Road.
 Ayr—Currie, Rae & Co., Ailsa Buildings.
 BAILE (Switzerland)—V. Settelin.
 BARNSTABLE—J. N. Brewer, Cross Street.
 BATH—Gould & Son, 23, Milson Street, and 1 & 2, George Street.
 BEDFORD—J. Beagley, 5, High Street.
 BELFAST—J. Stringer, 47, Donegal Place.
 BERLIN (Germany)—W. Köpse, 18, Mohrenstrasse 50.
 BERNARD—W. D. Paxton & Purves.
 BIRMINGHAM—*Husband Bros., 21, Paradise Street.
 BLACKBURN—Tomlinson & Co., 17, Aspsden's Buildings.
 BOLTON—J. Boy & Co., 21, Fold Street.
 BOURNEMOUTH—W. Rogers & Sons, 1, Albany Terrace.
 BRADFORD—M. Cavanagh & Co., 17, Darley Street.
 BRIDGEND—W. Jones & Co., Waterloo House.
 BRIGHTON—R. Needham & Son, Castle Sq., Old Steine, and Palace Place.
 " F. Willard & Son, Western Road.
 BRISTOL—Randall & Walls, 50, Park Street.
 " B. Thomas & Co., 54, Park Street.
 BURNLEY—J. Leadam, 5, Red Lion Street.
 BURTON-ON-TRENT—V. Brown, 184 and 185, Station Street.
 BURY—J. Burrow, Silver Street.
 CAMBORNE—J. Vivian & Brother.
 CAMBRIDGE—J. Gillings, 14, Alexandra Street.
 CANNOCK—C. H. Cope.
 CANTERBURY—J. G. Jackman, 6, Parade.
 CARDIFF—E. J. Baker, 33, Queen Street.
 CARLISLE—Clark & Son, 35, Bank Street.
 CHATHAM—J. W. Taylor, 191, High Street.
 CHELMSFORD—J. P. Green.
 CHELTENHAM—S. King & Son, 35, Winchcomb Street.
 CHESTER—J. T. Davis.
 CHICHESTER—W. Long & Son, Southgate.
 CIRENCESTER—G. Fraser & Son.
 CORK—J. Drew, 34, Princes Street.
 COVENTRY—B. Kley, King's Head Buildings.
 CREWE—Vickers & Son, High Street.
 DARLINGTON—W. G. Wallis, 4, North Gate.
 DERBY—*Gamble & Cunningham, 54, Sadler Gate.
 DEVIZES—Parsons Bros., 3, St. John Street.
 DONCASTER—G. Goldthorpe & Son, 2, George Gate.
 DORCHESTER—H. Bascombe, High West Street.
 DOUGLAS (Isle of Man)—J. Hale, 6, Athol Street.
 DUBLIN—*T. J. Callaghan & Co., 15 & 16, Dame Street.
 " *Fin Bros., Ltd., 75, South Great George's Street.
 DUDLEY—W. R. Kneale, 251, Castle Street.
 DUNDEE—Tocher & Henry, 63, Reform Street.
 EASTBOURNE—
 EDINBURGH—*Gulland & Kennedy, 55, North Hanover Street.
 ELY—H. Kempton & Co., High Street.
 EXETER—*J. & G. Ross, 227, High Street.
 FAREHAM—W. Surman, 44, High Street.
 FAVERSHAM—F. C. Jackman, Market Street.
 FALMOUTH—W. Gooding, 34, Market Street.
 FOLKESTONE—W. Ward, 38, Guildhall Street.
 FROME—Swaine & Son.
 GLASGOW—R. W. Forsyth, 13, 17, Renfield Street.
 GLOUCESTER—Wareing & Son, 3, Westgate Street.
 GREAT GRIMSBY—C. H. Thompson, 112, Cleethorpe Road.
 GUILDFORD—J. Levy & Co., Bank House.
 HALIFAX—W. H. Graydon & Son, Northgate and Crossley Streets.
 HANLEY—T. & R. Gilman.
 HAVERFORDWEST—Greenish & Dawkins, 24, Market Street.
 HEKEDFORD—C. Wits.
 HULL—C. H. Capes & Son, 20, Savile Street.
 ILFRACOMBE—R. Jewell, 123, High Street.
 INVERNESS—H. Fraser, 23, Bridge Street.
 IPSWICH—W. Damant, 13, Butter Market.
 JERSEY—E. P. Falle, 10, Beresford Street.

KIDDERMINSTER—Thos. Bennett, 6, Oxford Street.
 LEAMINGTON—T. Claxton, 106, The Parade.
 LEDBURRY—C. Wits.
 LEEDS—L. W. Rowland, 36, Albion Street.
 LEICESTER—*F. Brett, Peterboro' House, Granby Street.
 LEOMINSTER—C. M. Byron, 1, Corn Square.
 LIMERICK—Cannock & Co., Limited.
 LINCOLN—J. W. Martin, 2, Silver Street.
 LIVERPOOL—*G. E. Young & Co., 49, Dale Street.
 LLANELLY—Davies & Parry, Compton House.
 LONDON—H. Brinkman, 253, Oxford Street, W.
 " Clare & Son, 102, Fenchurch Street, E.C.
 " T. H. Holding, 7, Maddox Street, W.
 " W. J. Pile, 22, Philip Lane, E.C., and 71 and 73, Park Street, Camden Town.
 " The West End Clothiers Co., 37, Ludgate Hill, E.C.
 " FOR LADIES ONLY—John T. W. Goodman, 28, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, W.
 (Mr. Goodman, although not the holder of an official appointment as gentlemen's tailor, is yet prepared to cater in the best West End styles for those members who are willing to pay the following prices:—Lounge jacket—Brown cloth, 45/-; Grey cloth, 50/-; Norfolk jacket—Brown cloth, 53/-; Grey cloth, 55/6; Breeches or Knickerbockers—Brown cloth, 18/6; Grey cloth, 19/6; Trousers—Brown cloth, 21/-; Grey cloth, 22/-; Waistcoat—Brown or Grey cloth, 15/6.)
 MAIDENHEAD—R. Whitaker & Sons, 12, Queen Street.
 MAIDSTONE—H. Taylor, 25, Gabriell's Hill.
 MANCHESTER—*Meggitt & Co., 22, Cross Street.
 MARLBOROUGH—J. Russell & Sons, High Street.
 MIDDLESBROUGH—J. Newhouse & Co., Albert Road.
 MULHOUSE (Alsace)—H. Dussere.
 NANCY (France)—J. Galile Fils et Grandmaitre, 23, rue St. Dizier.
 NEWBURY—A. Smith, 88, Northbrook Street.
 NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE—W. Caldwell & Co., 43, Grainger Street.
 NEWPORT (Isle of Wight)—J. Turnbull, 43, Pilgrim Street.
 " (Mon.)—Wildings, Limited, Bon Marché.
 " (Salop)—H. Harper, Market Place.
 NEWTON ABBOT—C. Pope, 42, Courtenay Street.
 NORTHAMPTON—Blackles Bros., Gold Street.
 NORTH SHIELDS—*D. Hill & Co., Howard and Union Streets.
 NORWICH—Downes Bros., 29, London Street.
 NOTTINGHAM—W. Gabbattis, 20, Market Street.
 OXFORD—Arthur Shepherd, 6, Corn Market Street.
 PARIS—J. Drouart, 9, Rue de l'Echelle.
 PERTH—W. Byars, 88, High Street.
 PLYMOUTH—L. Sansom, 17, George Street.
 PORTADOWN—*W. Paul & Son, 45, High Street.
 PORTSMOUTH—W. Southsea.
 PRESTON—W. Elton, 11, Lune Street.
 RAMSGATE—G. Wellden, 40, High Street.
 READING—E. P. Silver, 17, King Street.
 REDRUTH—J. Evans, Tower House.
 RETFORD—C. J. Merryweather, Bridge Gate.
 RIVL—Hughes & Son, 56, High Street.
 SCARBOROUGH—J. Etches & Son, Huntriss Row.
 SHEFFIELD—R. R. Neill & Co., 12, Change Alley.
 SHREWSBURY—W. F. Watkins, 6, Pride Hill.
 SOUTHAMPTON—J. H. Gilham, 29, Hanover Buildings.
 SOUTHPORT—*E. Trounson, 213, Lord Street.
 SOUTHSSEA AND PORTSMOUTH—*Chase & Tighe, 82, Palmerston Road, Southsea.
 " John Maltby, Commercial Road, Landport.
 SOUTH SHIELDS—Mackey & Co., 23, King Street.
 STIRLING—Jas. Robertson & Sons, 16, Murray Place.
 ST. LEONARDS—*H. Angliss, 44, London Road.
 STOWMARKET—F. Ward, Ipswich Street.
 STRATFORD-ON-AVON—S. Williams, 25, Bridge Street.
 SUNDERLAND—*J. Gillies & Son, 58, Fawcett Street.
 SWANSEA—H. Thomas & Son, 9, Heathfield Street.
 SWINDON—R. L. Mugford, 11, High Street.
 TAUNTON—Josiah Lewis, 11, North Street.
 TORQUAY—Montgomery & Dolbear, 49, Fleet Street.
 TRALEE—E. Smith & Co., 4, Denny Street.
 TROWBRIDGE—W. Beaven.
 TROWBRIDGE WELLS—J. Pickett & Son, 25, Grosvenor Road.
 " *E. C. Jenkinson, 28, Mount Pleasant.
 UTRICHT (Holland)—J. de Gooijer, 11, 204, Kromme Nieuwe Gracht.
 UXBRIDGE—Carrick & Coles, Waterloo House.
 VIENNA—F. Kadlicz, Rothenurmstrasse 31.
 WALSALL—Barrett & Forrester, Park Street.
 WARMINSTER—Foreman & Son, 22, Market Place.
 WATFORD—*J. P. Taylor, 96, High Street.
 WESTON-SUPER-MARE—*Tytherleigh & Son, Church Road.
 WIGAN—Coop & Co., 25, Walgate.
 WINCHESTER—F. W. Flight, 90, High Street.
 WINDSOR—R. Whitaker & Sons, Peasod Street.
 WOLVERHAMPTON—H. B. Burslem, 19, Darlington Street.
 WORCESTER—H. Parsons, 82, High Street.
 YEovil—J. A. Milborne, 21, Prince's Street and Church Street.
 YORK—W. R. Beckwith & Son, 30, Colliergate.
 ZURICH—A. Whittlinger, Bahnhofstrasse.
 " T. A. Harrison, Anglo-American.

List of Candidates, October, 1894.

Amateur Bicyclists and Tricyclists—Ladies and Gentlemen—in all parts of the world are cordially invited to join the Cyclists' Touring Club. The Subscription is a nominal one: Three Shillings and Sixpence per annum only. The Entrance Fee is One Shilling in addition, and both are payable upon making application for admission. Forms of Application for Membership are obtainable gratis of the Secretary.

ARTICLE 6.—All Members shall be elected in the following manner: The candidate shall apply for election to the Secretary on such printed form as shall be from time to time prescribed by the Council. His name shall be sent by the Secretary to all members of the Club in such manner and with such particulars of his application as the Council may from time to time direct, and at the expiration of seven days from the issue of such notice he shall become duly elected providing that no protest shall have been lodged against him with the Secretary. In the case of a protest being lodged against any Candidate for election the same shall be considered by the Council at their next meeting and they shall have full power to elect or reject such Candidate. The Council may temporarily set aside or anticipate the usual formalities relating to the election of a candidate should good cause be shown and grant upon such terms and conditions as they may determine a provisional certificate of membership in advance of the time at which the member would be entitled to the ordinary ticket.

ARTICLE 7.—The Secretary shall send a copy of the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Club with a ticket of membership and other rules and regulations of the Club as the Council may from time to time direct to every member within one month from his election.

ARTICLE 8.—Any member of not less than two years' standing may become a Life Member upon payment of such sum as a composition for all future annual subscriptions and upon such application and notice as a General Meeting shall from time to time determine, but the Council may in special cases dispense with the necessity for two years' standing. In every respect except the payment of annual subscription, a Life Member shall stand upon the same footing as an ordinary member. All moneys received from Life Members shall be dealt with and applied in such manner and form as a General Meeting shall from time to time determine.

Particulars of the conditions upon which a Provisional Certificate of Membership or Life Membership is procurable may be obtained of the Secretary upon application.

NOTICE.—This List is published with the "Monthly Gazette" on the 1st of each month. "Application for Membership" forms must reach the Secretary not later than the first post on the 20th of the preceding month to ensure insertion.

*** The Names and Addresses of the Chief Consuls set over the various Counties will be found in the Club Handbook (price One Shilling, of the Secretary).**

BEDFORDSHIRE.

Ebden, Colonel F. T. 14, Linden road, Bedford

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

Raleigh, Miss A. C. Terrick House, Tring

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

Sheat, Miss M. F. 2, Salisbury Villas, Cambridge

CHESHIRE.

Dalton, H. C. Sunnyside, Hale, Altrincham
Hall, W. H. (Bowdon C.C.) 4, Dunham road, Altrincham
Rose, A. W. H. Godley Vicarage, Hyde

DERBYSHIRE.

Lait, C. Marsden street, Chesterfield
Pawson, Rev. A. The Rectory, New Brampton, Chesterfield

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Denman, E. 7, Stokes Croft, Bristol
Loxley, Lieut. A.N., R.N. The Little Cloisters, Gloucester

HAMPSHIRE.

Clowes, Major C. E. Pitt Manor, near Winchester
Eustance, C. W. Fordingbridge
Williams, T. Meyrick House, Avenue road, Bournemouth

KENT.

Ellis, H. E. Royal Kentish Hotel, Tunbridge Wells
Halahan, T. D., M.B., R.N. R.N. Barracks, Sheerness
Sands, H. 41, Widmore road, Bromley
Sewell, Rev. T. J., M.A. Linsted Vicarage, Sittingbourne
Wells, A. J. 30, Harbour street, Ramsgate

LANCASHIRE.

Barton, W. 51, Foxteth street, Higher Openshaw
Bracewell, W. (Burnley Victoria C.C.) 310, Blenheim terrace,
Padham road, Burnley
Butler, T. F. Infirmary, Barrow-in-Furness
Fletcher, R. H. 82, Gilda Brook road, Eccles
Floyd, J. 227, Edge lane, Liverpool
Fowler, Rev. W. L. St. Mary's Rectory, Radcliffe
Hall, J. E. 90, Greengate street, Oldham
Ingham, W. 27, Osborne road, Werneth, Oldham
Kershaw, A., M.D. Eastfield, Farnworth, near Bolton
Parry, D. (North Liverpool G.B.C.) 70, Farnworth street, Liverpool
Pearson, W. J. 22, Chorley New road, Bolton
Swift, C. W. (St. Helens C.C.) 12, Baldwin street, St. Helens
Tunncliffe, C. J. Lansdowne, Blundellsands, Liverpool
Ward, W. H. (St. Helens C.C.) 52, Denton's Green lane, St. Helens
Wright, J. F., M.R.C.S., etc. 35, Dean road, Bolton

LEICESTERSHIRE.

Eden, Rev. C. P., M.A. The Vicarage, Knighton, Leicester

MIDDLESEX.

Appack, A. R. 22, Margaret street, Cavendish square, W.
Bishop, W. H. (Comet C.C.) 65, Gore road, South Hackney, N.E.
Digre, E. Hearne Villa, Camden Park road, N.W.
Green, Miss C. E. 100, Gower street, W.C.
Hamilton, R. H. 55, Parliament street, W.
Harrison, Miss J. E. 13, Barkston Mansions, Earl's court, S.W.
Helmore, W. R. 10, Lancaster place, Strand, W.C.
Huile, S. B., M.R.C.S. 162, Holland road, Kensington, W.
Jenkins, L. H. 20, Old square, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.
Liles, C. E. (Ripley Road Club) 6, Hyde Park Mansions, N.W.
Mann, G. W. 503, King's road, Chelsea, S.W.
McKerrow, R. B. 227, Cromwell Mansions, Cromwell road, S.W.
Mitchell, J. P. Founders' court, E.C.
Muther, A. C. "Melville," Park road, Hampstead, N.W.
Postley, S. Founders' court, E.C.
Ramage, J. 92, Cheapside, E.C.
Saunders, W. C. Refreshment Department, House of Commons, S.W.

Spratton, W. H. New Oxford and Cambridge Club, 68, Pall Mall, S.W.
White, J., B.S. City Bank Limited, E.C.
Zabell, H. (Granville C.C.) 4, Hackney road, N.E.

NORFOLK.

Haggard, H. Rider Ditchingham House, near Bungay
Tatlock, V. J. Trimingham Rectory, North Walsham

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Edington, R. Market place, Wooler
Jackson, R. S. (Clarence C.C.) 3, Hill street, Newcastle-on-Tyne

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

Naylor, Rev. H. S., M.A. Pleasley Hill Parsonage, Mansfield

OXFORDSHIRE.

Franks, B. J. 21, St. John's street, Oxford

STAFFORDSHIRE.

Bridge, A. E. Ash House, West Bromwich
Codd, J. A., M.B. General Hospital, Wolverhampton
Holmes, H. R. W. Corbett street, School House, Smethwick
Shears, Rev. Venerable Archdeacon E. H., B.A. Lawnside,
Newport road, Stafford

SUFFOLK.

Abbott, G. F. 68, Berners street, Ipswich

SURREY.

Bradley, R. H., M.D. Richborough House, Surbiton
Chrystie, Colonel G. Short Heath, Farnham
Griffiths, Lieut. J. Gwynne 2, Borough, Farnham
Pinker, G. 43, Bushey Hill road, Camberwell, S.E.
Short, Lieut. P. H. 2, Borough, Farnham
Swindley, H. J. (Ripley Rd. C.C.) 9, Castlenau Gardens, E.,
Barnes, S.W.
Tracy, A. J. The Green, Elstead, Godalming

SUSSEX.

Hart, E. J. Tulk, M.D. 4, Gloucester place, Brighton
Simpson, Colonel R. S. 9, Clarendon villas, Brighton

WILTSHIRE.

Mangin, Rev. J. W. Foxholes, Longbridge Deverill, Warminster

WORCESTERSHIRE.

Halford, A. H. Edleston, Battenhall, Worcester
Halford, Mrs. A. H. " " "

YORKSHIRE.

Armfield, R. M. 149, Hyde Park road, Leeds
Jenkins, Rev. M. E., B.A. Egton Vicarage, Grosmont, R.S.O.

CARNARVONSHIRE.

Jenkins, Rev. J., B.A. Bodawen, Penmaenmawr

DENBIGHSHIRE.

Weaver, G. E. Wrexham

ABERDEENSHIRE.

Barkworth, Mrs. J. E. Observatory House, Dunecht

BERWICKSHIRE.

Mitchell, A. (Chirnside C.C.) Chirnside Bridge, Ayton

FORFARSHIRE.

Gunning, M. S. W., L.R.C.P. The Mall, Montrose

HADDINGTONSHIRE.

Carmichael, Major J. A. H. T. (Edinburgh W.C.C.) Amisfield House,
Haddington

LANARKSHIRE.

Watson, J. K. (Glasgow T.C.) 162, Ingram street, Glasgow

WIGTOWNSHIRE.

McWalter, W., M.B. Albert street, Newton Stewart

LIMERICK.

Lord, C. J. Bank of Ireland, Limerick

WEXFORD.

Deane, W. J. Longraigue, Foulkes Mills

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Day, H. G. 419, Temple street, New Haven, Conn.
Dodge, A. M. Hampton Falls, N.H.
Hall, G. G. Exeter street, Boston, Mass.
Hicks, Miss A. M. Kalida, Ohio
Johnson, H. S. Lawrenceville, N.J.
Wager, C. H. A. 74, Oneida street, Cohoes, N.Y.

FOREIGN GENERAL.

Barnes, W. S., M.D. Public Hospital, Georgetown, Demerara, W.I.

FRANCE.

Herbert, L., L.D.S. 70, rue Jeanne d'Arc, Rouen
Parker, A. P. 17, rue Faidherbe, Lille
Reeves, Lt.-Colonel F. 77, bis Boulevard Mamitte, Boulogne
Sturrock, G. D. Freenville, Sevan-Livry (Seine et Oise)
Violle, L. (V.V.C.) Grand Hotel du Commerce, Vannes (Morbihan)

SWITZERLAND.

Burckhardt, E. rue Au 90, Basle

ALTERATIONS AND ADDITIONS

TO THE

BRITISH AND IRISH HANDBOOK, OCT., 1894.

CHIEF CONSULS.

Page 9.—A. Butterfield's address is now 1, Welby Gardens, Grantham.
Insert Colonel R. Irwin, Rathmoyle, Castlereagh.

OFFICIAL TAILORS.

Page 41.—Insert Haverfordwest—Greenish and Dawkins, 24, Market Street.

TABULATED LIST.

Page 98.—Wantage—Erase Q. Blue Boar.
Page 104.—Crewe—Insert W. Eardley, J.P., Chester Bridge, as Consul.
Page 108.—New Quay—Insert E. Polkinghorne as Repairer.
Page 111.—Buxton—Erase G. F. Benson as Repairer.
Matlock Bath—Erase Q. Bath Terrace.
Page 130.—Southampton—Insert Q. Payne's (Temperance), Oxford Street.
Page 133.—Great Hadham—Insert Q. Red Lion, and Rev. E. S. Anthony as Consul, and M. L. Vealey as Repairer.
Page 138.—Deal—Erase T. Stead Bayly as Repairer, and insert A. Parker, South Street.
Page 139.—Hawkhurst—Insert H.Q. Royal Oak.
Page 141.—Sheerness—Insert W. J. Duff, 1, Marine Parade, as Consul.
Page 142.—Tunbridge Wells—Erase C.T. High Street, and insert Alexandra, Vale Road.
Page 145.—Leigh—Insert R. F. D. Booth, Woodfields, as Consul.
Page 148.—The address of the Chief Consul of Lincolnshire is now 1, Welby Gardens.
Page 174.—Cranleigh—Insert T. P. Kent, Cranleigh School, as Consul.
Page 180.—Midhurst—Erase Newman, and insert Maides as Repairer.
Page 182.—Birmingham—Erase H. Ellis as Repairer.
Page 188.—Insert Holt Heath—Q. Lion.
Kidderminster—Erase Q. Black Bull, and insert Q. Corn Exchange.
Page 190.—Cottingham—Erase Q. Cross Keys.
Page 191.—Pattingham—Insert Q. Holderness.
Page 233.—Insert (under Co. Donegal) Milford.—Rev. W. J. Young, as Consul.
Page 240.—Insert Colonel R. Irwin, Rothmoyle, Castlereagh, as Chief Consul of Roscommon.

INDEX.

Amend in accordance with foregoing

To Advertisers. **AT** This Magazine has incomparably the largest and most *bona fide* circulation of any wheel paper in the world.

All Riders of Dunlop Tyres WILL USE THE NEW LIGHTNING SPEEDIFIER Puncture-Proof Bands.

The combination has proved most successful.

Mr. Allan used them on his 24 hours Scottish Road Record Ride.

Mons. Andre won the great French Road Race because he rode the Bands, whilst his most formidable competitors punctured and were left miles behind.

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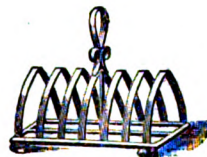
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