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AND
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RECORD

GAZETTE



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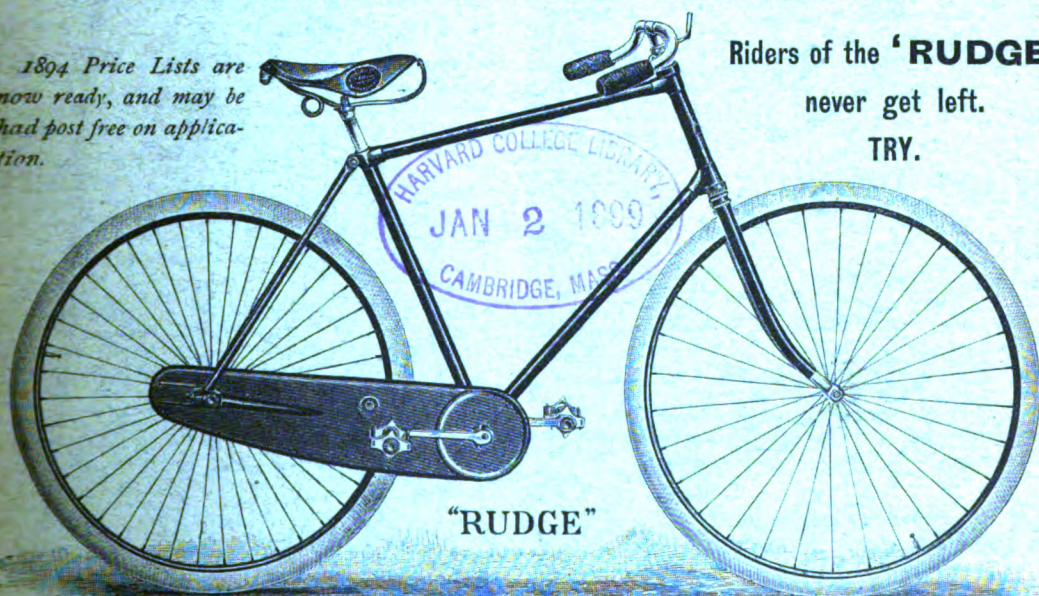
(All Communications relating to Advertisements in this Gazette should be addressed to T. B. BROWNE, 163, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.).

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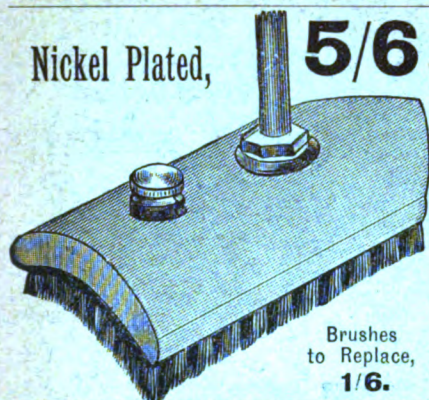
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Your new Mounts cannot be up-to-date unless fitted with

THE PERFECT BRAKE.

(PATENT.)

Light, Durable, No Friction Heat, No Injury to Tyre.

ENORMOUS BRAKE POWER."A clean sweep of all other brakes."—*Cycling*."The best in the market."—*English Sports*.Brushes
to Replace,
1/6.**The ROPER BRUSH BRAKE CO., Exeter.****Omniflex Trousers**

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A PERFECT LEG GARMENT FOR CYCLISTS.

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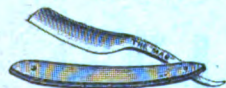
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"EASY SHAVING"

WITH THE

"MAB" RAZOR.

At the great Shaving Contest at the Royal Aquarium, little NELLY WICK SHAVED FIVE MEN in 4mins. 42secs. with the MAB RAZOR. The Mab Razor is a revelation to those who have habitually used the big clumsy Razor of the period. The ease with which it is manipulated enables the user to shave in half the usual time. The blade is manufactured of the finest ENGLISH STEEL, and can be either plain or hollow ground. Can be used entirely without stropping. **PRICES—Black Handle, 2/6; Ivory, 3/6. Pair in Case (Black), 7/6; Ivory, 9/6; post free.**

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The Reputation of nearly a Century as the most reliable preparation for Cleaning and Brilliantly Polishing BRASS, COPPER, TIN, BRITANNIA METAL, PLATINOID, &c. Retail everywhere in 6d. and 1s. Pots; 2d. and 1d. Tins; and 1d. Cardboard Boxes. *Inventors and Sole Manufacturers—*

JOSEPH PICKERING & SONS, SHEFFIELD.

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GRANVILLE CYCLES**ARE WORLD RENOWNED!**

We are manufacturers of cheap, high grade Cycles, famous for lightness, strength, durability, and speed, made of the very best materials that money can buy, combined with reliable workmanship and high-class finish.

LARGE DISCOUNTS FOR CASH,

or supplied on our specially advantageous term of Easy Payments from

10s. monthly. **6s** Every machine guaranteed for twelve months. Exchanges made. Largest Riding School in London (Asphalt Track, 3000 square feet). Tuition Free, by Professional Teachers.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, FULL PARTICULARS, POST FREE.

GRANVILLE CYCLE CO.,

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THE "DUBLIN" MUDGUARD,

The most effective Front Wheel Guard; completely shields the feet. Fastened by straps to stays of iron mudguards, easily removed, will not wrinkle like leather, pliable, highly polished both sides, easily kept clean. To be had from

R. MITCHELL & CO. LTD., 10, Parliament Street, DUBLIN.2s. 6d. each, carriage paid. **6s** Trade Supplied.**QUINTON SCORCHER CYCLES,**

Highest Grade, are the Best and Cheapest Machines for 1894.

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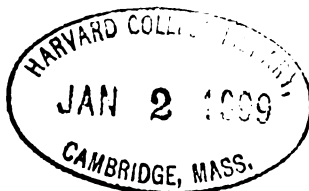
T. C. MBERS, West Parade, LINCOLN.

MONTHLY

[FOUNDED 1878.]



THE



GAZETTE

INCORPORATED 1887.]

And * Official * Record.

No. 2. Vol. XIII. [NEW SERIES.]

FEBRUARY, 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 ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

The Annual General Meeting of the Club will be held in Leeds on Friday, 16th of March, 1894, at 7.30 p.m. All notices of motion intended for the Agenda of the said Meeting should be lodged in the hands of the Secretary not later than the 20th instant.

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Editorial.

The *exposé* we thought it our duty to make under this head in the December *Gazette* was met by *Wheeling* in its issue of the 13th of that month by an article the gist of which may be readily guessed from a perusal of the following paragraph cut from *Sport and Play* of the 19th December :—

"The severe castigation received by Mr. Nairn in the last issue of the *C.T.C. Gazette*, is met by one of the most puerile retorts that has ever appeared in print. The points at issue are burked altogether. Without the slightest attempt to prove his case, the 'senior editor' indulges in threats of actions for libel, not against the editor only, but against the members, who are informed that they

are all liable to be 'writted' jointly and severally. The old libel action in which the Club some years back had to pay heavy damages to Mr. Clarke, is trotted out, and the members are warned that a libeller is liable for a second offence to be mulct in exemplary damages. I am not a lover of the C.T.C., but as we have many of our readers members, I have obtained the opinion of a legal friend on the article which has so roused the bile of the 'father of cycling journalism,' and they may rest content. There is not the slightest ground for an action for libel, indeed, he considers that considering the manner in which Mr. Shipton was provided with facts, the 'senior editor' was let down very lightly. The *Wheeling* leader of last week appears to me to be little else than an attempt to injure the Club by scaring away the members now that the renewal time has come round once more. It is the same old game. When you have a bad case abuse the opposite side."

—It will be superfluous to add that the threats in which *Wheeling* indulged were idle vapourings, of which we have since heard nothing.

* * *

THE
"GAZETTE"
AND THE
CYCLING
PRESS.

Although our contemporary *Wheeling* has been content, where its editorial utterances are concerned, to indulge in threats alone—or in threats coupled with the abuse to which we have become accustomed—it has opened its correspondence columns to a discussion of the relative claims of the *C.T.C. Gazette* and

Wheeling, where their intrinsic value as cycling publications is in question. The ball was opened by a Mr. R. W. Hawks, who fell foul of the Club and all its works, and who after dealing in the vaguest of generalities expressed his intention of resigning upon the ground that the 3s. 6d. he was now asked to pay would be much better invested in the pet charity scheme of our contemporary. Mr. Hawks may of course have been perfectly sincere in this conviction, but as it is a fact that part of his bread and butter is obtained by his acting as the Edinburgh correspondent to *Wheeling*, there be those who will not be inclined to attach much weight to his utterances, which, as a matter of fact, have already been refuted by more than one writer who has taken up the cudgels on behalf of the C.T.C. The most capable, and withal the most moderate, of these is Mr. H. Dawes—of whose identity we are personally in complete ignorance—who puts the case in terms that will be endorsed by the great majority when he writes:—

"THE C.T.C. GAZETTE AND THE CYCLING PRESS.

"TO THE EDITORS OF 'WHEELING.'

"Sirs,—I trust that with your usual impartiality you will allow me, as an old member of the C.T.C., to reply to the renewed criticisms of Mr. Hawks upon the Club and all its works.

"Taking his remarks, first, as to the *Gazette*, I must beg to differ from him entirely, as selecting the current issue for an example, I consider any impartial person must acknowledge that it is far more interesting to the general body of cyclists than the ordinary cycling journals. The chief charm of the *Gazette* in my mind is its candid criticisms of machines and accessories. As an instance of what I mean, take the articles in the January *Gazette*, 'Notes on the National Show,' by C. W. Brown, and 'In Search of an Ideal Tricycle,' by 'Tommy Atkins.' No ordinary cycling journal dependent upon makers' advertisements for a large portion of its profits could allow articles such as these, written without fear or favour, to appear in its columns, the usual notice in a cycling journal of a new machine being of exactly the same value to a would-be purchaser as an extract from the maker's catalogue. Take again 'The Illustrated Companion to the Road Book,' which has been appearing during the last year in the *Gazette*, does Mr. Hawks consider this inferior to an account of the wonderful doings of the Bath Roaders at Cobham, or the recital of the names of the acquaintances of the editor who managed to reach Ditton on the previous Sunday, which form part of the 'padding' of most of the wheel journals. If so, to use his own phrase, 'in that respect he is peculiar,' as I should think even one of the much-despised tours of more general interest than the doings of the 'Anti-Peters Association' and 'The White-chapel Warrior.'

"Mr. Hawks's experience in regard to the hotel tariff is unfortunate, and it would be interesting if he would point out what he considers an ordinary hotel tariff if the very moderate charges under Tariffs A and B of the hotels under contract to the Club are considered excessive. For ordinary riding within a short distance of London, I own, membership in the C.T.C. confers little advantage in this direction, but I have found from personal experience that I can tour cheaper (putting up at the same class of hotel) as a member of the C.T.C., than as a non-member.

"With respect to the C.T.C. cloth, &c., being sold at an increase on ordinary charges, this is also a matter for friendly difference of opinion, as, having been engaged in the woollen trade, I am somewhat competent to form an opinion, and in my humble judgment the C.T.C. cloth is much superior, and a totally different article to all the imitations which I have

examined, which may be identical in pattern, but are decidedly different in wear.

"I may mention that I have never held any office in the C.T.C., and do not wish to do so, but I think it is only fair that some one of the many who do not expect impossibilities for their outlay of 2s. 6d. or 3s. 6d. should be allowed a few words on the other side to that presented with such vigour by your correspondent.

"Though, unlike Mr. Hawks, I am a satisfied member of the C.T.C., and have sent off my subscription for the current year with pleasure, with special pleasure I enclose 5s. in aid of the Sandwichmen's Feed, which is worthy of the support of us all, however much our opinions may differ on cycling institutions generally.

"H. DAWES."

Upon the foregoing *Wheeling* comments as follows:—

"The letter which we publish in another column from the pen of Mr. Dawes is a very temperate reply to Mr. Hawks on the advantages and disadvantages of the *C.T.C. Gazette* as opposed to other journals. The difficulty in a controversy like this is that everybody writes from his own standpoint, ignoring the tastes and wants of other people, and the majority ignore the fact that the editor of the *C.T.C. Gazette* is in a very different position from that occupied by the editor of an ordinary journal. The editor of the *Gazette* has his readers, so to speak, ready made, and he has not to cater for their tastes in the same way that the editor of an ordinary journal has. In the case of *Wheeling*, to maintain and increase our circulation, we have to satisfy a very large number of divergent tastes, and although Mr. Dawes may not care to read about the doings of the Bath Roaders at Cobham, still there are a very large number of people who do. We take it that as Mr. Dawes is a reader of *Wheeling* he finds something in it of interest to himself, which, possibly, is not of the slightest interest to those who desire to know about the doings of the Bath Road Club. It simply comes to this, that we on *Wheeling* have to satisfy a very large number of widely differing tastes, which our success proves we do, whilst the editor of the *C.T.C. Gazette* has simply to pander to the peculiarities of the members of the Club. We never yet came across the man who was entirely satisfied even with his favourite paper, and we do not expect that all readers of *Wheeling* are equally pleased with every paragraph. Our object is merely to produce a journal which will have something at least to interest everybody."

With reasonable criticism such as this we have no fault to find, indeed justice demands that we should place upon record our appreciation of the impartiality which, of late at any rate, has characterised the writings of the "junior editor," Mr. O'Reilly, who, if we mistake not, is responsible for the article we have reproduced; but when *Wheeling* or any other journal attacks the C.T.C. and alleges to its detriment that which is not—as in the case of the French Customs Duties—it may rely upon us to correct its mis-statements in a manner unequivocal.

♦ ♦ ♦

A case possessing many points of interest to cyclists has recently been disposed of in the Scotch Courts—*vide* the following:—

"MILNE *v.* CARR.

"This was an appeal from the Sheriff Court at Aberdeen in an action by Henry Milne, druggist, Old Aberdeen, against James Carr, farmer, Hill of Mennie, Belhelvie, for payment of £50 damages for injuries to himself and his bicycle, his allegation being that while, on the evening of 30th April last, riding along the road near the defender's farm with a

friend, he was pushed on the right shoulder by the defender and thrown, with the result that he was hurt and the bicycle wrecked. The defender denied that he pushed the pursuer, and averred that the accident happened in consequence of the pursuer keeping the wrong side of the road and driving too close to the defender. Sheriff-Substitute W. A. Brown found for the pursuer, and awarded him £16 damages, with expenses. On appeal, Sheriff Guthrie Smith recalled the Sheriff-Substitute's interlocutor, and finding that the pursuer had failed to prove that the defender was to blame for the accident, and that it was caused or contributed to by the pursuer's own fault in passing too close to the defender, assailed the latter, with expenses. The pursuer appealed to the Court of Session, and to-day the Second Division affirmed the Sheriff's judgment, with expenses.

"The Lord Justice-Clerk said the fact was that the defender, when he saw the cyclists approaching, eased towards the proper side of the road, but the cyclists did not yield one single inch but kept straight on. The pursuer said he rang his bell to warn the defender to keep out of the way, and that on the defender showing no indication to move he rang his bell again, and attempted to pass, but that the defender pushed him. It seemed clear that the pursuer attempted to pass very closely to the defender, and his Lordship could not help saying that even if no accident had happened the pursuer was wrong in riding so closely to a foot passenger. But here an accident did happen, and the question was—How did it happen? The pursuer said it happened by the defender deliberately assaulting him, but that was inconsistent with the whole case, because it was extremely likely that a man finding a cyclist so close upon him might throw up his arm in alarm, and might touch the rider. Nothing of the kind would have happened if the cyclist had taken care to see that there was a sufficient space between him and the defender, and therefore his Lordship held that he had not proved that the accident had been due to the fault of the defender.

"Lord Young concurred. His Lordship was of opinion that the defender did not assault the pursuer, and he was further of opinion that the defender behaved with perfect propriety in all respects, but that the pursuer did not. His Lordship did not put it as a case of contributory negligence at all. That was foreign to the case; but he thought it proper to say that he was of opinion with the Sheriff that the pursuer was in fault when he attempted to pass unnecessarily and dangerously near to the defender, and that if the pursuer was thrown from the bicycle by the defender raising his arm there was no ground for suggesting that that was an assault.

"Lord Rutherford-Clark agreed with the judgment.

No fault will, we think, be found with a judgment which is as much in line with equity and common sense as it is with law, and it is to be hoped that all who read it may profit by the decision.

♦ ♦ ♦

Following up its successful action, RAILWAY where the rates for the conveyance of
RATES IN machines by passenger train in Britain
IRELAND. is concerned, the Club has secured a
similar concession in Ireland, as the
following correspondence will testify:—

"CYCLISTS' TOURING CLUB, 139 and 140, FLEET ST.,
LONDON, E.C., December 19th, 1893.

"The Secretary, Railway Clearing House,
Kildare Street, Dublin.

"DEAR SIR,

"Re RAILWAY RATES FOR THE CONVEYANCE
OF CYCLES.

"I have the pleasure of enclosing you the December
Gazette, containing a copy of the memorial which was

recently addressed by my Club to the British Clearing House, and also a copy of the reply. From the latter you will observe that the rates for the conveyance of bicycles for distances of twenty-five miles and under have recently been reduced to the following scale:—

12 miles and under	6d.
25 "	"	"	9d.
50 "	"	"	1s.

"The object of the present letter is to ask you to be kind enough to place this correspondence before your committee at their first meeting, and endeavour to obtain for us favourable consideration of our proposal that the new rates just about to come into operation in England should be adopted upon the Irish Railways also. I am, of course, aware that certain concessions in the shape of week-end tickets at reduced prices are granted by some of the Irish Railway Companies, and I hope that these concessions will be increased rather than reduced after the adoption of the minimum rates above referred to. Indeed, if the whole concessions asked for in our memorial as addressed to the British Clearing House could be granted by the Irish Companies, we should esteem it a great favour.

"Awaiting your kind attention, believe me,

"Yours faithfully,

"E. R. SHIPTON, Secretary."

(Here followed a Copy of the Memorial set out on pages 307 and 308 of the December Gazette).

"IRISH RAILWAY CLEARING HOUSE,

"5, KILDARE STREET, DUBLIN,

"8th January, 1894.

C
178/15

"Re RAILWAY RATES FOR THE CONVEYANCE OF
CYCLES. YOURS, 19TH ULT.

"Dear Sir,—Following my C177/397 of 22nd ult. I beg to inform you that the managers here on 6th inst. agreed to adopt the new scale arranged by the Railway Clearing House, London, for traffic between stations in Ireland, and also between stations in Ireland and England.—Yours truly,

"C. A. CLARKE, Secretary.

"To the Secretary,

"Cyclists' Touring Club,

"139, Fleet Street, London, E.C."

"CYCLISTS' TOURING CLUB,

"139 & 140, FLEET STREET,

"LONDON, E.C., Jan. 9th, 1894.

"DEAR SIR,

"Re RAILWAY RATES FOR THE CONVEYANCE
OF CYCLES.

"I am obliged to the full by your favour of yesterday bearing reference C178/15, conveying the information that the Committee of your Clearing House have agreed to adopt the new scale of charges for the conveyance of cycles as in force upon this side.

"The concession thus made will be much appreciated, and on behalf of the membership of the C.T.C. and cyclists generally, I desire to thank your Committee therefor.

"I presume I am right in supposing that the special concessions which from time to time have been granted by certain of the Irish Railway Companies—e.g., the week-end tickets issued by the Great Southern and Western line at reduced rates—will continue in force?

"Yours faithfully,

"E. R. SHIPTON, Secretary.

"C. A. Clarke, Esq., Secretary,

"Irish Railway Clearing House,

"5, Kildare Street, Dublin."

"IRISH RAILWAY CLEARING HOUSE,
"5 KILDARE STREET, DUBLIN,
"11th January, 1894.

C
178.60

"RE RAILWAY RATES FOR THE CONVEYANCE OF CYCLES.
"Dear Sir,—I am not in a position to answer the latter
portion of your favour 9th instant. The matter is for arrange-
ment by you with the Co.s direct.

"Yours truly,

"C. A. CLARKE, Sec.

"E. R. Shipton, Esq.,
139, Fleet Street, London, E.C."

It was to be hoped that the Irish Companies would have conceded some of the points refused by their English *confrères*, but as the adoption of the new scale means, in the case of many Irish lines, a greater reduction than it did on this side, we shall probably do well to be content, at any rate, for the time being.

♦ ♦ ♦

We have heard so much of late of the "independence" of certain cycling journals, that the experiences of the last few weeks form instructive reading. As members are aware, the Stanley and National Shows were reported upon for the *Gazette* by Messrs. G. D. Leechman and C. W. Brown, whose instructions were to be absolutely impartial, and to deal only with exhibits which in their opinion merited special notice upon the ground that they embodied novel, or, at any rate, notable features. Acting upon their instructions these gentlemen passed by certain stands the representatives of which made negative reply to the query "Have you anything new to show?" Yet, no sooner had the *Gazette* appeared than many of the exhibitors demanded of us an explanation, and in some cases an apology, for having ignored their wares, and, more significant still, emphasised their demand by the remark that "all the other cycling papers gave them a good notice." We do not doubt it; but, as the fact remains that the *Gazette* is primarily published in the interests of the membership, it must be allowed to decline, as it does month by month, the ready-made puff which some manufacturers are only too pleased to supply, and which finds ready acceptance in the pages of all its contemporaries.

♦ ♦ ♦

A watchful eye is still being kept by the Club upon the interests of the cyclist where the action of the legislature is in question. The Universal Lights matter has not been lost sight of, and arrangements have been concluded whereby a Bill more free from defects than the one for which Mr. Macdonna, M.P., stood sponsor may be introduced in the next session of Parliament. Of this more anon. Meantime, as it has come to the knowledge of the C.T.C. that the various County Councils throughout Scotland have been by the Government asked to make suggestions with the view of amending the Local Government (Scotland) Act, the Club has seized the opportunity to impress upon each County Council through the chairman thereof the advisability of recommending Parliament to introduce a clause whereby the carrying of lights shall be rendered compulsory upon all vehicles by Statute Law,

instead of leaving the matter to be dealt with (optionally) under a bye-law by the County Councils themselves. It is perhaps too much to hope that a majority of the County Councils will be in favour of asking Parliament to take away a power they at present possess and in many cases do not care to exercise, but all the same nothing should be lost for want of asking. We observe with amusement not unmixed with alarm that some of the Councils who are preparing to make "suggestions" as requested, propose to ask that the power to make bye-laws regulating the use of cycles (which was taken from their predecessors in authority) and which was superseded by a Statute law (see Sect. 58 Local Government (Scotland) Act) should be restored. It is obvious therefore that wheeldom must be on the *qui vive* if it would preserve its Magna Charta intact.

♦ ♦ ♦

THE RENEWAL OF SUBSCRIPTIONS.

A query asked by many a well-wisher during this the renewal season has been:—"What effect has the increased subscription upon last year's members?" The question is difficult to answer at present, and a reply can hardly be forthcoming for a few weeks at least. We may, however, say that up to the end of the year the falling off was much less noticeable than many opponents of the increase predicted would be the case, while as to new subscribers, the number of fresh applications for the month of January is the same as when the subscription was half-a-crown. A secession will inevitably follow any increased demand upon the pockets of those whose interest in Club affairs is of a cursory character, but its effect may be minimised in two ways—first, by each member who has renewed making it a point to ask his fellow member to do likewise; and secondly, by making an earnest effort to secure fresh adherents.

In this connection we may say that although we have departed from the plan of former years in not making them public, we have received countless missives from members who testify to the value they set upon their connection with the Club, and who assure us of their determination to leave no stone unturned to make known the claims of the C.T.C. to every friend and acquaintance with whom they may come into contact. The letters subjoined are typical of the bulk, for which we can find no space:—

"It is with great pleasure that I enclose my subscription to the C.T.C. for season 1894, and I sincerely hope the increase will in no way decrease the membership roll. You will be pleased to hear that the Plymouth C.C. has decided to still enrol its members in the C.T.C. without any extra subscription, notwithstanding that the same has been raised, and I hope other clubs will do the same.

"The concession you have lately obtained from the railway companies is alone sufficient to make every hesitating member again send in his subscription.

"But I suppose the path of the wheelman of to-day has been made so smooth for him that he cannot appreciate the value of the work done by the C.T.C. in the same way as those who remember what the cyclist had to encounter in the early days of the B.T.C.

"I really think it would be very interesting reading if one of the old members would start a column in the *Gazette* of the history of the C.T.C., from its birth up to date, with particulars of the different works it has accomplished and the

many advantages it has gained during its existence, thus making the way of the wheelman of to-day a 'bed of roses' compared to that of the wheelman of the early seventies.

"A. E. M., Plymouth."

"While enclosing my renewal subscription I should just like to relate my own experience as to the question of increasing the membership of the Club. Since I re-joined in August last I have by simply explaining the objects of the Club, and without boring any one, had the pleasure of nominating three new members, and have to-day signed a nomination form for a fourth. I have no desire to brag, but simply wish to point out that what one member can do others can do also. If each member of the Club will make a point of inducing one or two of his friends to join each season we shall advance in numbers by leaps and bounds. I find that there are quite a number of cyclists who have only a hazy notion of what the C.T.C. is, and who only want asking to join, and the advantages of membership explaining, to be willing and ready to send in their 3s. 6d. The reduction of railway rates and other work done in the interests of cyclists generally is enough to secure their support, apart from any personal advantage, which to those touring members is a small matter.

"J. W. W., Nottingham."

"I attended the annual meeting of the C.T.C. held at Newcastle, and heard the various remarks on how to increase the membership of the Club.

"I now enclose you four new applications, together with P.O. for 18s.; and I believe that last year I was the means of introducing four new members.

"Now, sir, this is the most practical way of increasing the usefulness of the Club; and I am sure if each member would get a friend to join, there would be no difficulty in very soon doubling the number of members.

"I trust this desirable object will soon be attained.

"R. J. S., Sunderland."

Official Notices.

THE RENEWAL OF SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Attached to the cover of the December *Gazette* was a prominent notice drawing attention to the fact that the annual subscription of 3s. 6d. should be paid not later than the 31st of January. A repetition of this warning appeared in the January number. A final notice is now sent to each non-renewer, and he is at the same time made acquainted with the fact that if he neglect to avail himself of the special offer accompanying such notice he will have to apply for re-enrolment upon the usual application form, in case he desire to renew his membership. *This is the last issue of the "Gazette" which will be supplied to the 1893 member who omits to make payment of the 3s. 6d. and the fine of 1s. for the year 1894.*

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

The Annual General Meeting of the Club will be held in Leeds on Friday, the 16th March next, at 7.30 p.m.

All notices of motion must be lodged in the hands of the Secretary not later than the 20th of February instant.

THE REPRESENTATION.

Vacancies in the representation still exist in the following counties and countries:—

CHESTER.
DEVON.
SURREY.

GROUPED FOREIGN
COUNTRIES.

Nominations to these vacancies are now invited from the membership. They should be submitted upon the forms obtainable gratis of the Secretary upon application.

The following nominations have already been received:—

COUNTY OF CHESTER.

DENSON, JOHN LYON, 21, Upper Northgate, Chester, flour merchant. Proposed by H. B. Dutton, 100, Eastgate Street, Chester, and seconded by R. Clarke, Kelsall, Chester.

COUNTY OF DEVON.

STANLEY, GEORGE EDWARD, Ivedon, Honiton, Esquire. Proposed by R. Rugg Monk, 4, Frankfort Street, Plymouth, and seconded by F. Chick, 1, Albion Place, Exeter.

CHIEF CONSULAR VACANCIES.

Vacancies for Chief Consuls exist in the following counties:

BEDFORD.	CORK.
YORKSHIRE (East Riding).	KERRY.
AYR.	WESTMEATH.

The following nominations have been received:—

COUNTY OF BEDFORD.

STODDART, WILLIAM (Retired Colonel), 11, Shakespeare Road, Bedford. Proposed by H. Croydon Roberts, 28, Notting Hill Terrace, London, W.

COUNTY OF YORK (East Riding).

PAULSEN, ARTHUR EDWARD, 85, De Grey Street, Beverley Road, Hull, export merchant and shipbroker; member, vice-president, and sub-captain of the Hull Cycling Club. Proposed by Rev. W. H. Fea, M.A., 5, The Park, Hull, and seconded by W. Barry, 7, Park Street, Hull.

PEARSON, WILLIAM HENRY, 40, George Street, Hull, dentist; president Hull Bicycle Club. Proposed by J. W. Mayfield, 4, Waltham Street, Hull, and seconded by W. W. Ridley, King Street, Hull.

COUNTIES OF CORK AND KERRY.

BAKER, SYDNEY HERBERT ROBINSON, Bank of Ireland, Charleville, Co. Cork, bank agent. Proposed by J. J. Grayson, Charleville, and seconded by Rev. W. D. Harpur, B.A., Charleville.

COOKE, WILLIAM LEVINGSTON, 4, Western Terrace, Cork, plumber and cycle agent; Cork Cycling Club. Proposed by H. C. Cave, Savings Bank House, Cork, and seconded by R. Blair, 7, Patrick Street, Cork.

MCTAGGART, WILLIAM R., 118, Patrick Street, Cork, manager; president C.I.A. C.C. Proposed by W. Bowles, Springfield, Castle Martyr, and seconded by G. H. Harvey, Maryville, Southern Road, Cork.

CONSULAR VACANCIES.

The undermentioned vacancies have been notified to us by the Chief Consuls set over the various counties referred to, and nominations to any or all of them are earnestly invited from the membership.

DUBLIN.—(*Chief Consul, Mr. T. Rhodes, Newtown Villas, Rathfarnham, Dublin.*)—Cahir, Clonmel, Carrick-on-Suir, Nenagh, Templemore, Thurles, and Tipperary.

DURHAM.—(*Chief Consul, Mr. G. Bartram, 11, Azeala Avenue, Sunderland.*)—Consett, Jarrow, and Shotley Bridge.

HANTS.—(*Chief Consul, Mr. E. C. Duchesne, Westbourne Road, Bournemouth.*)—Lymington, Portchester, and Portsmouth.

NOTTS.—(*Chief Consul, Mr. Walter E. Evans, High Lea, Foxhall Road, Nottingham.*)—Bingham, Retford, and Southwell.

STAFFORD.—(*Chief Consul, Mr. J. Bradney, Stone House, Shifnal.*)—Bilston, Burslem, Cannock, Cheadle, Cradley Heath, Leek, Newcastle, Rugeley, Stone, Tamworth, and Uttoxeter.

TAILORS' LIST.

The following alterations should be made herein:—

EDINBURGH.—*Erase J. Hay & Co., 55, North Bridge.*

WALSALL.—*Erase J. Dey & Son, and insert Barrett & Forrester, Park Street.*

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. H. F. Estcourt, Brighton; and H. G. Loder, Lee.

THE BRITISH ROAD BOOK.

List of additional amendments to be made in the Schedules of Routes sent out as supplements to the *Gazette* for April and July, 1893.

(See also p. 112 of May, p. 144 of June, p. 168 of July, p. 191 of August, p. 248 of October, p. 276 of November, p. 312 of December, 1893, and p. 2 of January, 1894, "*Gazettes.*")

VOL. II. (APRIL SUPPLEMENT).

- CHESHIRE—delete Route No. 3 (Nantwich to Woore).
 MONMOUTH—delete Route No. 4 (Abergavenny to Longtown).
 " " " 5 (Abergavenny to Pontilas Station).
 STAFFORD—delete Route No. 15 (Newcastle to Woore).
 " " " 16 (Newcastle to Nantwich).
 ANGLESEA AND CARMARVON—delete Maps or Sketch Plans No. 6 (Criccieth).
 CARDIGAN—delete Maps or Sketch Plans No. 2 (Tregaron).
 DENBIGH—delete Route No. 7 (Llandegla to Girasted Bridge).

VOL. III. (JULY SUPPLEMENT).

- CUMBERLAND—delete Route No. 14 (Penrith to Keswick).
 DURHAM—delete Route No. 10 (Sunderland Bridge to Chester-le-Street) (*vide* Neville's Cross).
 YORKSHIRE, N. R.—delete Route No. 1 (Catterick to Bishop Auckland).

The Council.

The usual monthly meeting was held at the "Covent Garden" Hotel, London, on Saturday, 6th January, 1894, at 10 a.m.

PRESENT:—

C. C. H. CROYDON ROBERTS, London (Chairman).
 R. C. ROBERT COOK, Essex.
 C. C. Rev. E. B. COOPER, Amersham.
 R. C. W. COSENS, Sussex.
 R. C. P. E. DOVE, Middlesex.
 R. C. M. ILLOTT, Kent.
 C. C. A. F. STANLEY KENT, Oxford.
 C. C. J. T. LIGHTWOOD, Lytham.
 R. C. H. C. STAPLES, Kent.
 R. C. L. J. WILLIAMS, Middlesex.

E. R. SHIFTON, Secretary.

APPOINTMENT OF CHIEF CONSULS.

- (a) Upon the consideration of this subject the Secretary brought before the meeting that portion of the Report of the Map and Road Book Committee wherein reference is made to the back-

ward condition of Anglesea and Carmarvon, Merioneth and Montgomery, Pembroke, Cardigan, Stafford, and also Suffolk. Each of these cases was separately considered, and the earnest hope was expressed that the Chief Consuls having charge of these counties, and particularly of Anglesea and Carmarvon, Merioneth and Montgomery, and Stafford (all of whom have filled the post of Chief Consul for several years), will at once take steps to comply with the requirements of the Road Book Committee.

The Chief Consul for Bedfordshire (Mr. H. Croydon Roberts) having intimated to the Meeting his intention of resigning that county, it was resolved:—

- 3.—"That the Chief Consuls at present biding office, with the exception of those for Bedfordshire, Hants, and Ayr, be reappointed."
- (b) The Secretary having reported to the meeting the decease of Mr. W. Croom, of Strabane, until lately Chief Consul of the Counties of Donegal and Londonderry, it was resolved:—
- 4.—"That this meeting learns with regret of the decease of Mr. W. Croom, and begs to tender its sincere condolences to the surviving relatives."
- 5.—"That Mr. Robert Macgregor, of 3, Carlisle Road, Londonderry, be appointed Chief Consul of the Counties of Donegal and Londonderry."
- (c) The vacancies in the East Riding of Yorkshire and the County of Cork were ordered to stand in abeyance until the next Council Meeting, by which time nominations additional to the ones at present in hand will probably be received.
- 6.—"That Mr. E. C. Duchesne, of Shaftesbury Lodge, Poole Road, Bournemouth, be appointed Chief Consul of the County of Hants."
- 7.—"That those Representative Councillors who failed to attend the requisite number (2) of Council Meetings during the past year, and who have been nominated for office in 1894, be granted exemption from the provisions of the attendance rule."

REPORTS OF COMMITTEES.

FINANCE.

- (d) The Chairman reported that the Committee had held two meetings during the year, and that the attendance of members was as follows:—J. A. Williamson 2, E. W. Burke 1, W. Cosens 2, J. R. Balfour 1, and W. B. Gurney 2; also that in his opinion the work the Committee had discharged during the past year had been satisfactory. With the concurrence and assistance of the Secretary a considerable reduction had been effected in the office expenditure; the *Gazette* advertisements had been again farmed out upon the best terms procurable, and the expenditure upon the British Road Book had been the subject of anxious and continued consideration. The Chairman further reported that if Counsel's opinion is to be taken upon the legality of the charges at present made for the conveyance of cycles by passenger train it would be well if the Council passed a resolution to that effect. It was thereupon resolved:—
- 10.—"That the Finance Committee be authorised to obtain the opinion of Sir Richard Webster, Q.C. (at a cost not exceeding £25), upon the question as to whether or not Railway Companies are legally entitled to charge for the conveyance of cycles accompanying their owner by passenger train; and that Mr. P. Edward Dove (R.C. for Middlesex) be asked to kindly act with Sir Richard Webster in this matter."

(NOTE.—Mr. Dove generously consented to give the Club the benefit of his valuable services in this connection.)

MAP AND ROAD BOOK COMMITTEE (ENGLAND AND WALES).

- (e) The Chairman reported that another meeting of the Committee had been held, at which it was reported that the circular sent out to members in their individual capacity in those counties from which information is still badly needed have been distributed to the number of about 750, and satisfactory responses have been received from about 5 per cent. of those thus applied to. The Committee went carefully into the existing condition of things where Vol. II. is concerned, and decided that the circular just referred to should be again sent out at the commencement of the riding season. Meantime, the Secretary was directed to write to the Chief Consuls of Anglesea and Carmarvon, Merioneth and Montgomery, Pembroke, Cardigan, Stafford, and Suffolk, inquiring whether or not they would undertake to furnish what is required by the Editor not later than the 31st of March. The Chief Consuls thus applied to were asked to make definite answer to this query in time for the present meeting, when the appointment of Chief Consuls is one of the subjects for consideration.

The Editor was questioned at some length as to his needs where original reports from the various counties is concerned, and as a result of such questioning, the Committee wish the Council to clearly understand that unless all the information at present lacking is forthcoming by the 30th June next, the production of Vol. II. in good time by the opening of the riding season of 1895 will be very seriously jeopardised. The Committee make for the moment no recommendation, such as that a paid emissary shall be sent out to ride over the roads at present

undescribed, but if voluntary effort should a few months hence prove to be insufficient to cope with the difficulty, they will probably recommend the Council to take some such step. Meantime, as in the county of Suffolk there are but few cyclists and the Club has still fewer members, the Committee unanimously recommend that the offer received from Mr. G. H. Evans (the Chief Consul for Kent) be accepted and acted upon without delay. This offer consists substantially of a proposal by Mr. Evans to journey into Suffolk each week-end between now and the active riding season, there to traverse and report upon the roads at present undescribed. For this work Mr. Evans will accept no remuneration, but he not unnaturally stipulates that his railway fare and actual out-of-pocket expenses shall be paid. The Committee make recommendation to the Council accordingly.

MAP AND ROAD BOOK (SCOTLAND).

(f) The Chairman reported that the work of his Committee had been transacted entirely by correspondence, and that in consequence he had no list of attendances to submit. He recommended its re-appointment as it stood. He further made application to the Council to authorise the expenditure in remunerating the Editor about to be appointed in accordance with the resolution of the last meeting. Whereupon it was resolved:—

11.—“That the recommendation of the Map and Road Book (Scotland) Committee, where the remuneration of a separate Editor is in question, be referred back to them for re-consideration.”

MAP AND ROAD BOOK (IRELAND).

(g) The report of the Chairman having been read, it was resolved:

12.—“That the Report of the Irish Road Book Committee be referred back for re-consideration in like manner.”

RIGHTS AND PRIVILEGES.

(h) The Chairman reported that immediately upon receiving favourable reply to the Memorial the C.T.C. addressed to the English Railway Clearing House he had communicated with the Committee of the Irish Railway Clearing House with the same object in view, and, further, that courteous reply to this communication had been received, and the subject had been placed upon the Agenda of the Irish Clearing House Committee for the Meeting to be held that day.

(NOTE by the Secretary: A communication has been received from the Irish Railway Clearing House to the effect that the concessions asked by the Club, and already granted by the English Clearing House, have been acceded to.)

He further reported that as the result of considerable correspondence with the Great Western Railway Company the vexatious and duplicated charge which has hitherto existed between the Company's town station at Barnstaple and the junction station of the South Western Railway has been removed, and through bookings over the Great Western system are now rendered practicable. He further stated that those members of the Committee who could conveniently meet for the purpose had carefully considered the application for assistance from the Rev. R. Hutchison, of Wood Eaton Rectory, Oxford, and had come to the conclusion that although the reverend gentleman was not a member at the time when he suffered the injuries for which he was endeavouring to obtain compensation, and the course of procedure adopted by the reverend gentleman's legal advisers did not commend itself to the Committee, they were of opinion that if the Council were prepared to waive the principle of confining the monetary help from time to time afforded by the Club to members only, this was a case in which a sum not exceeding five guineas might be guaranteed toward the unrecoverable expenses.

A report from Mr. G. Bartram, the Chief Consul for Durham upon a running down case in which a Mr. Rowley, of Darlington, was the victim some months since, was the subject of a similar recommendation on the part of the Committee; but inasmuch as neither the Rev. Mr. Hutchison nor Mr. Rowley was a member at the time of suffering the injuries complained of, the meeting was unanimously of opinion that no action should be taken in either case.

ROADS IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION (C.T.C. SECTION).

(i) The Chairman laid before the meeting a report setting out the result of the deliberations of the C.T.C. section of this body, which report embodied certain recommendations as to the course to be followed in future. These recommendations were cordially approved by the meeting.

14.—“That the Finance Committee as at present constituted be reappointed.”

15.—“That the Map and Road Book Committee (England and Wales) do consist of E. R. Shipton (Chairman), P. Edward Dove, J. T. Lightwood, H. Croydon Roberts, S. A. Stead, and F. W. Cook (Editor).”

16.—“That the Map and Road Book Committee (Scotland) as at present constituted be re-appointed.”

17.—“That the Map and Road Book Committee (Ireland) as at present constituted be re-appointed.”

18.—“That the Rights and Privileges Committee do consist of P. Edward Dove, W. B. Tanner, L. J. Williams, and E. R. Shipton (Chairman).”

19.—“That the C.T.C. section of the R.I.A. do consist of P. Edward Dove (Chairman), P. Bussy, Rev. E. B. Cooper, H. Croydon Roberts, E. R. Shipton, L. J. Williams, and E. Dudley Ward.”

20.—“That the Annual General Meeting be held (at Leeds) on Friday, 16th March, at 7.30 p.m.”

21.—“That Mr. J. F. Symes, of 26, Bilton Road, Rugby, be appointed Representative Councillor of the Grouped Foreign Countries.”

22.—“That a Committee of seven be appointed to consider the present unsatisfactory condition of the Hotel question, and if the fault lie in the fixed tariff, or otherwise, to suggest a remedy.”

23.—“That the Committee in question do consist of H. Croydon Roberts (Chairman), London; E. W. Burke, Ireland; Rev. E. B. Cooper, Amersham; P. Edward Dove, Middlesex; James Lennox, Dumfries; H. Cape West, Lancashire; and E. R. Shipton (Secretary).”

(k) An application from a lady member that she might be allowed to dedicate a Cycle March of her own composing to the C.T.C. was considered, whereupon it was resolved:—

24.—“That permission be given Miss E. L. Crowther, of Carlisle, to dedicate the work in question to the Club.”

(l) The Secretary reported that as the cloth hitherto employed for the brown uniform had proved to be of too harsh a nature to give satisfaction, further samples had been procured, one of which had been approved by the Finance Committee and adopted for use in the future.

(The new cloth in question will not be procurable of the manufacturers until early in March.)

Comments upon the Agenda were received from the following absent Councillors:—Messrs. E. W. Burke, Ireland; W. Kendall Burnett, Aberdeen; H. W. Grimes, Gloucester; J. H. Naylor, Golden Ball, Co. Dublin; G. Watson, Northumberland; and J. A. Williamson, Tyne-mouth.

The next Council Meeting will be held at Bath, on Saturday, the 10th February.

On the Great North Road.

By W. H. DUIGNAN, of Walsall.

(Continued from page 6 and concluded.)

Youlgrave is a large village, prettily situate in a hollow almost encompassed by hills. The termination “grave” is a corruption of “griff,” which means a channel scooped out by water on a hillside. “Youl” I cannot interpret; but I find the name “Giolvegrave” in Domesday; and “Volgriffe” in the sixteenth century. The church is a handsome building, and interesting on account of the variety of its styles, which comprise almost every period, from Norman to bad seventeenth century. The tower is unusually fine, and has a projecting stair-turret. The font is ancient, and exceedingly curious, having a projecting basin upon it, apparently intended for holy water. I do not remember to have seen a similar projection anywhere, except in Brittany. There are three or four old monuments, and a pretty altar tomb to Thos. Cokayne (1488), very lovingly and carefully restored. The chancel window is an unusually good specimen of modern work. From the appearance of the church, churchyard, and village, I should think Youlgrave had a good vicar. Immediately beyond the road commences to rise to the moorlands, and it is uphill pretty nearly all the way to “Newhaven Inn,” five miles. In addition the road has been very much neglected, and the ruts were just being filled up with broken limestone, making the travelling unpleasant. It is all Silurian lime-stone here; and what with stiff soil and bleak situation the farmers must work hard to live, though they have good homesteads. A mile short of Newhaven a Roman road from Buxton crosses the way at right angles. I do not know where it terminated, but it points toward Derby. “Newhaven Inn” is a large, solitary house at the junction of the Bakewell, and Buxton and Ashbourne roads. It is well kept, with a very civil landlady, but I wonder where the custom comes from. It stands eleven miles from Buxton, and nine from Ashbourne, and

there is no village near. I found milk and whisky, and a little chat with the landlady, both refreshing and soothing, for I was ruffled by five miles of stony road. If the surveyor ever received the message I sent by his man he would think some ferocious traveller had passed through his territory.

It is fairly good way to Ashbourne, though metalled with limestone; and it is mostly down hill. The country is all modern enclosure, with little timber, the fences mostly stone walls, and the population scanty. Three miles short of Ashbourne, near Fenny Bentley, the only hamlet on the way, the road rapidly descends from the cold moorlands into a fertile well-timbered valley, watered by a tributary of the Dove.

It is a sharp pitch into Ashbourne. It was market day, and the town thronged with country people, but I was well attended to at the "Green Man." The locality is very pretty; but, except on market days, it must be a quiet place. There are no manufactories, and no signs of increase. At present it is a railway terminus, but I was told a direct through line is about to be made. When it is only a station I should fear Ashbourne will be quieter still. Country gentlemen do not support the towns as they used to do, and poor farmers cannot. I see no hope for agriculture until we send men to Parliament who not only realise its national importance, but also understand "the science" of government. Good intentions, without knowledge, are worthless—often mischievous; and, as Plato told men over 2000 years ago, "the evils under which mankind suffer will continue, until kings are philosophers, or philosophers kings."

In the old days Ashbourne was a lively thoroughfare, being on the high road between London and Manchester, *via* Derby. The Manchester mail took this route, and a very fast coach, the "Telegraph." The "Telegraph" was even faster than the mail, travelling the 187 miles in 18h. 45m. The mail took nineteen hours. It is an ancient town, and had a church before the Conquest; but two or three half-timbered houses are the only evidence of antiquity, except the existing church. The meaning of its name is "the ash stream," probably from the number of ash trees which at some time grew on the banks of the little river which flows through the town.

No part of the present church is older than the thirteenth century, and there is much later work, partly of a destructive character. Few churches have been more abused; though it seems to have been well treated of late, and a great deal of money is now being expended upon it. The spire is very elegant, but at present is clothed in scaffold poles. The interior is rich in ancient monuments to the Cockayne and Bradburne families. There is a very touching marble tomb and effigy to a child of Sir Brooke and Lady Bootby, with a pathetic inscription. The churchyard is large and well kept, and contains some promising yew trees.

The road to Lichfield, twenty-five miles, is mostly a mere lane, and badly kept; but being gravelled, was better travelling than the limestone way from Bakewell. Curiously enough, no one I met seemed to know the road to Lichfield or Sudbury, and, for lack of a guide-post, I took a wrong turn and found myself floundering in a rutty green lane. I lost quite an hour in getting back to the right way. It is very hilly, and for several miles all up and down. The country south of Ashbourne lies on the New Red sandstone, and where the Keuper marls prevail the land is rich pasture. The farms here are nearly all dairy farms. At the nearest points of the main road to the adjacent homesteads, wooden platforms are erected on which the farmers deposit their milk cans. Large floats travel the road twice a day to Sudbury station, taking up the cans and leaving the empty ones on the return journeys. The trade appears to be on a large scale, and carried on systematically. I often hear South Staffordshire farmers complain that Derbyshire sends milk into the district at prices which yield local producers little or no profit. "Try jam," I suppose Mr. Gladstone would say;

"Try silver," say the bi-metalists, "and, through general prosperity, raise prices all round, to the benefit of every producer."

Sudbury Park, Lord Vernon's, skirts the road on the left hand for two miles. At the north end is a grove of magnificent old oaks, probably relics of Needwood Forest. I have not seen such monarchs of antiquity, except in Bagot's Park. Here, as there, they are getting rawn-piked (or stag-headed), and every winter's winds must thin them. The fallow deer seem quite at home under their huge branches. The hall stands at the south end of the park, on the right hand, and is an ugly Georgian brick building. Sudbury is a small village, apparently without an inn—at least I saw none. A mile beyond, near the station, the road crosses the Dove and enters Staffordshire. It is a rough, hilly, and lonely road, over Needwood Forest. Here and there a few old oaks remain to tell us of the past, and extensive woods of thriving young trees give hope for the future. The deer, estimated to number 3000, were destroyed on the enclosure of the forest; but a few, supposed to have escaped, still haunt the woods. A buck and two does crossed the road in front of me near Christ Church. I turned off there to Horecross, to see the lonely church erected by Mrs. Meynell-Ingram, to the memory of her husband, in 1876. It is a beautiful red stone structure in the Decorated style and lavishly ornamented, a vast sum must have been expended upon it. Everything has been done, with consummate taste and judgment, to make it a gem of modern art, and a monument of woman's love.

Horecross Park, half a mile south, affords a good specimen of old Needwood, out of which, I suppose, it was taken. It is ferny ground, studded with ancient broad-spreading oaks, huge hollies, and thorns, among which the dappled deer were browsing happily. Soon after I lighted my lamp, and, twice crossing our old friend the Trent, ran rapidly through King's Bromley to Lichfield (where I refreshed myself with tea), arriving in Walsall soon after nine. From Bakewell to Walsall is 52½ miles—viz., Ashbourne 18½, Lichfield 25, Walsall 9. I think, by going astray, and by Horecross, I must have made sixty of it. The road I took from Sheffield is the nearest; but it is very hilly, and much of it rough. A far better route would be found through Dronfield, Chesterfield, Belper, Derby, and Burton.

Answers to Correspondents.

* * The many friends and well wishers who sent us their messages of good-will for Christmas and the New Year are cordially thanked.

D. A. S. (Cannes).—The address is High Holborn, W.C. Members who require direct replies to queries asked for their own benefit alone, should send a stamped envelope for that purpose.

No. 13,427.—A full schedule of the rates chargeable for the conveyance of machines by passenger train will be given in the Handbook as in former years.

No. 3618.—Yes, a pneumatic tyre should be kept inflated during the winter months when not in use. We do not know of a puncture-proof band applicable to the *outside* of the Dunlop, but a strip of canvas or similar material would minimise the risk.

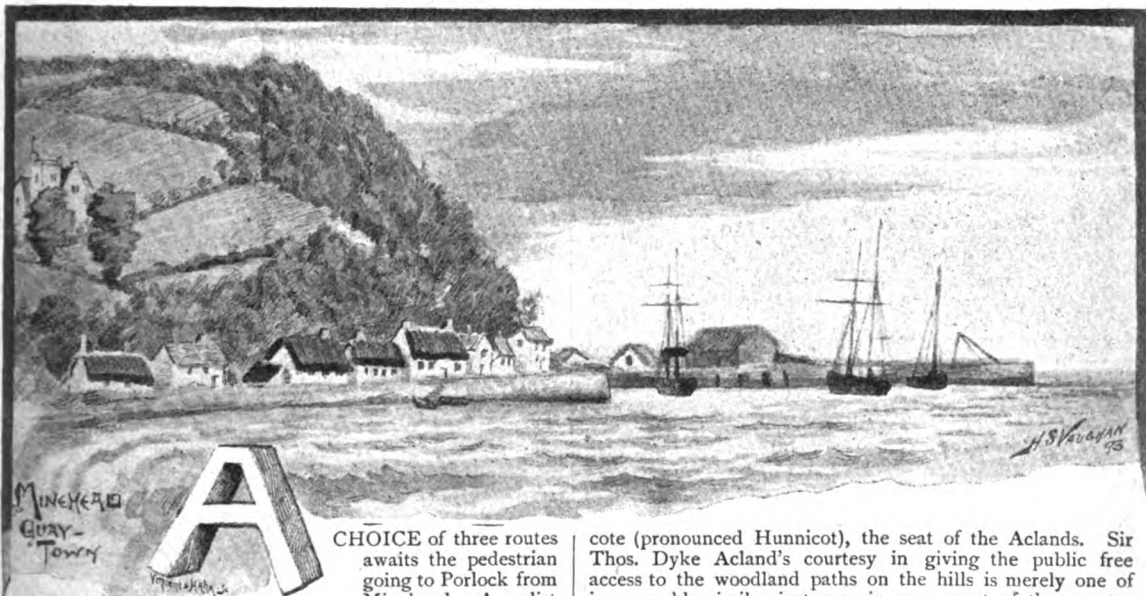
HULL.—Those of our readers who may remember Mr. S. B. Mason, one time an R.C. of Yorkshire, will regret to hear of his death. He died of apoplexy at Cairo, whither he had gone for the benefit of his health.

A NEW BUCKLE.—We have received from Messrs. Harrison & Sons, of 39, Sackville St., London, W., specimens of a new buckle intended chiefly for the bands of knickerbockers and similar garments. Instead of being made flat like the ordinary buckle it is bent upward in such a manner that the strap—whether of cloth or leather—can be threaded through it in an instant even by a blind man. The buckle should save much bad language, and only its price (2/6 per pair) stands in the way of its adoption generally.

Companion to the Road Book.

MINEHEAD TO LYNMOUTH.

Route 363 (continued).



has the pick of only two, but if he be lusty of wind and limb he should essay to do the third on foot while staying at either of the two towns, because of the beauty of the hill scenery through which it passes. It involves some stiff climbing over the north hills—the range west of Minehead—and, while it is not necessary to keep to any particular track, the course of the walk—or scramble—should be somewhat as follows. First, up from the quay, a sketch of which appears above, to Greenaleigh, on which for three months in winter the sun never shines. Here you may make experiment on a “junket,” if you are still unacquainted with that delicious west-country compound, the origin of which a recent writer has ingeniously traced back—by way of the Phœnicians—to the “butter in a lordly dish” which Jael brought to Sisera. From the farm a path leads to a ravine in which are the scanty ruins of Burgundy Chapel: thence to romantic Grixey Glen, and up the steep ascent to Bury Castle, a circular Celtic earthwork. Selworthy Beacon is over 1000ft. high; a mile to the west is Bossington Beacon, which should be visited to see the rare view, estimated as second in rank only to that from the top of mighty Dunkery. From the hamlet of Bossington a lane leads to Porlock.

The middle route is that from the Upper, (or Church) Town, at Minehead to Selworthy, a beautiful hamlet, with a church, overlooking Holnicote. The church is of 15th century date: Cromwell’s ruffians, to display the democratic taste for art, smashed its screen and battered its windows, but it is still interesting. From the hill before reaching Selworthy there is a fine view of Dunkery. A very lovely lane leads from Selworthy down to the Porlock coach road.

The latter is the route given in the Road Book: cyclists and carriages usually follow it, and though it lies for the most part in a valley, its scenery is charming,—a succession of thickly-wooded hills and glens on either side. Vinneford Hill gives one a fine peep over the vale of Porlock to the Exmoor hills beyond, and a comfortable run-down to Holni-

cote (pronounced Hunnicot), the seat of the Aclands. Sir Thos. Dyke Acland’s courtesy in giving the public free access to the woodland paths on the hills is merely one of innumerable similar instances in every part of the country which make one ashamed of the illogical abuse of land-owners as a class, indulged in by some people.

Beyond Holnicote the road turns to the left at Brandy, or Brandish, Street, opposite an extremely picturesque cottage—just such a combination of gables and eaves and heavy thatch as one finds in children’s story books, and seldom elsewhere. These delightful old houses are of true west-country type, and formerly abounded, but are now disappearing before the invasion of cheap Welsh slates and corrugated iron. So it is a treat, after crossing the stream, near the water mill, to come upon another hamlet (where the road again turns to the left), which is as near the stage-scenery type of “ye olde Englishe village” as possible. An alley leads between two houses, on the right, down to an old stone footbridge over the brook. An ancient red house stands on the farther side, with an out-jutting room supported on short pillars. To the right and left are real Exmoor cottages, one-storeyed and heavily thatched, the village cobbler’s among them. Behind this pretty spot, in which as yet no note of ugliness has been introduced, the dark wooded ramparts of the North Hills rise steeply from the vale.

Continuing our way along the coach road we cross a stream which is no other than the famous Horner (Celtic *aune-water*), rushing down from the great flanks of Dunkery. Just here the traveller comes for the first time in contact with Exmoor, the wonderful forest-moorland that, by reason of its wild nature and its survivals of a half savage past, one may well call the most romantic tract of country in England. Yet before Mr. Blackmore had fascinated the world with “Lorna Doone,” and every one was bent on visiting the scenes described in that classic romance, Exmoor was but little visited by tourists, although, indeed, those clannish folk, the men of Devon and Somerset, had long been sounding its praises. The valley of the Horner gives the opportunity of making a first acquaintance with the moor, and an especially beautiful ramble of eight or nine miles (out and back from Porlock), which should not be missed. Go from

the latter place to the hamlet of Horner, thence following the stream up towards Cloutsham Ball, where the opening meet of the Devon and Somerset Stag Hounds takes place. Stoke Pero is the nearest village to Dunkery :—

"Culbone, Oare, and Stoke Pero,
Three such places you'll seldom hear o'."

The ascent of Dunkery is not arduous; the view—well!—no description of it suffices. Those who appreciate things, in the Yankee manner, solely by their size, will be glad to hear that it takes in a distance of 100 miles in a straight line, from the Brecon mountains to Brown Willy. But choose a fine day for your trip, for

"When Dunkery's top cannot be seen
Horner will have a flooded stream."

It was on Dunkery that the beacon fires were kindled when the Doones were on the war-path, and the remains of the hearths are still to be seen.

Mr. Blackmore has drawn a vivid picture of the scene in these wild glens when the beacon-fires were lighted. "Just as the foremost horseman passed, scarce twenty yards below us, a puff of wind came up the glen and the fog rolled off before it. And suddenly a strong red light, cast by the cloud-weight downwards, spread like fingers over the moorland, opened the alleys of darkness, and hung on the steel of the riders. 'Dunkery Beacon,' whispered John, so close into my ear, that I felt his lips and teeth ashake; 'dursn't fire it now except to show the Doones way home again, since the night as they went up and throw'd the watchman atop of it'."

"Now the beacon was rushing up in a fiery storm to heaven, and the form of its flame came and went in the folds, and the heavy sky was hovering. All around it was hung with red, deep in twisted columns, and then a giant beard of fire streamed throughout the darkness. The sullen hills were flanked with light and the valleys chined with shadow, and all the sombrous moors between awoke in furrowed anger."

The coach road from Minehead makes a very eccentric descent into Porlock. It is as well not to regard the view just here, though it is most enticing; with a dive to the right and a sudden dangerous twist back to the left between tall hedges, "it takes you all your time" to get down safely. I confess to a feeling of awe in watching the light-hearted way in which the coach, with horn gaily playing, and a good load of passengers on top, takes this descent.

A quaint little place is Porlock, with narrow winding streets in which frequently the great white chimney-walls face the roadway instead of windows,—a protection, according to Savage, against spies in the days of the Civil War; though why Porlock, more than other places, should have been so built is difficult to see, and I fancy many of these houses are of greater antiquity than this story would allow. The place is believed to have been a port—as was

Glastonbury*—in Saxon times: its little harbour is now at Porlock Weir. The church has an odd-looking stumpy grey spire: it contains a very remarkable monument to Baron Harrington and his wife, *temp.* Henry V. The inns of Porlock have been mostly rebuilt in modern style, except the "Ship," which is white-walled and thatched as when Southey sat in its chimney-corner,

"By the unwelcome summer rain confined,"

and wrote those lines which give so true a picture of this little "beauty spot."

"Porlock, thy verdant vale so fair to sight,
Thy lofty hills, which fern and furze embrown,
Thy waters, that roll musically down
Thy woody glens, the traveller with delight
Recalls to memory."

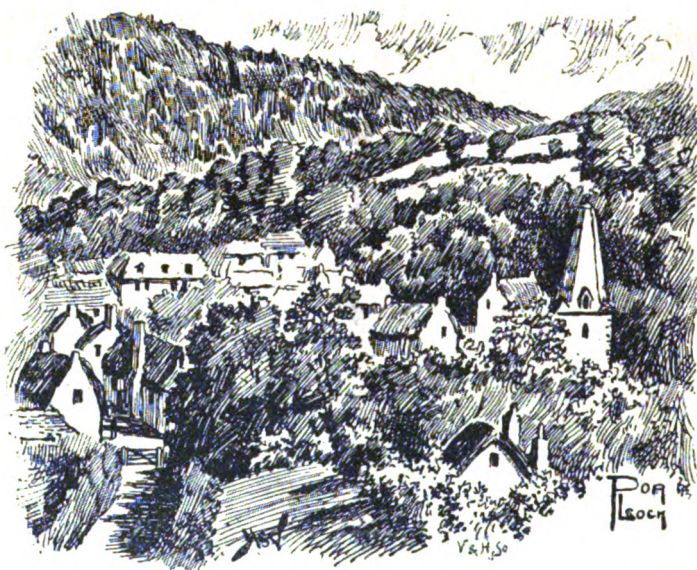
From the door of the "Ship" the coach road goes straight up Porlock Hill. To the right of this road, and within view of the inn door, is the white gate giving access to the private road recommended as an alternative route in the Road Book. This road, gate, and the "Ship" all appear in the drawing of Porlock given with this chapter.

With the recommendation in the Road Book I cannot agree, after having carefully tried both routes. The case for each may be stated as follows:—The coach road is the shorter by a mile, and gives the finest views: surface bad: so steep as to be absolutely unrideable either way, and very dangerous; used for traffic, and, therefore, assistance or information can be obtained—if you wait long enough.

The new road—recommended route—is not so steep, as it takes a mile longer to reach the same point, but the surface is bad throughout, chiefly

of roughly-broken red sandstone. I do not think that more than a mile of it, if that, can be deemed rideable by any one who regards the safety of himself or his machine. The greater part of the way it runs through woods, and the views, though very lovely, are more circumscribed. The last mile or so before rejoining the main road ascends through a heathery solitude which is slightly depressing to one's spirits. There is an awkward fork in this road at a point in the woods above Porlock Weir, to which the right-hand road goes. Care must be taken here to continue to ascend by bending round to the left. From this point it is a succession of steep zigzags, gradually losing its sylvan nature. The road is hardly frequented at all, and one might wait hours without seeing a passer-by.

It comes to this, that neither road is really rideable, up or down, and therefore, as one has to walk, it is best to take the shortest and most frequented route, which also gives the grandest views. I may add, that the work of pushing one's machine up these precipitous hills, or of holding it in on the way down, is excessively fatiguing. It is therefore best to allow plenty of time, and to rest frequently for a few minutes,



* See Gazette for November, 1893.

enjoying each time a new variety of the views that are unexcelled in any part of England.

The scene of the drawing "Culbone" may be reached from Porlock by taking the road nearest the coast, to the right of the private road, and continuing to Porlock Weir: thence, beyond Ashley Coombe follow the track along the cliffs to the deepcombe in which stands the tiny church in its graveyard of about a quarter of an acre. The remains of a 14th century cross are shown—in front of the porch—in the drawing. The place is one of the wildest and most solitary imaginable, and one can well imagine that

"To Culbone, Oare, and Stoke Pero
Parishes three, no parson will go,"

which is another version of the rhyme given above.

The place where the two roads (above described) meet, is called Pittcombe Head. It is 1350ft. above the sea, and a bare and lonely spot withal. But from this point onward to Countisbury the coach-road—running for six miles at an average height of 1000ft. over wild heather-covered hills, whereon the only sign of man's existence is an occasional boundary gate or fence—gives one a panoramic survey of the best part of Exmoor that atones for all the fatigue and trouble experienced on Porlock Hill. It is superb—in this ever-varying passing landscape of round crimson-hued hills, with their deep and winding gorges filled to the brim with woods, having each its swirling trout-stream in the rocky bed below. A little way beyond Pittcombe Head, at a spot called Oare Post (1376ft.) a rough road goes down to the Weir Water at Robber's Bridge, and thence, following the ravine of the Oare Water past Oare to its junction with the Badgeworthy Water, keeps the course of the river—now called the East Lyn—down to Lynmouth. This route is no less worth taking than the coach road (although excessively rough in parts) on account of its exquisite scenery, and because it brings you to Malmsmead, from which the ascent of the Badgeworthy* Valley may be made to the Doone Valley; from Malmsmead—and from Brendon village especially—the course of the river to Lynmouth lies amid the most exquisite woodland scenery. For these reasons I shall give some description of both routes, and would suggest that the coach-road over the hills should be taken on the way to Lynmouth, and a day devoted afterwards to ascending the valley of the East Lyn, when cycles can be left at Malmsmead in order to reach the Doone Valley.

Continuing, therefore, from Oare Post we reach Yearnor Moor Lodge, as the maps call it—locally known as "Culbone Stables."

This is another outpost of the staghounds, and there is usually somebody to speak to, if only in the shape of a solitary groom at work among the horses. At a point about

six miles from Porlock the road passes above Oare, and a footpath goes down the hill to it; the hamlet itself, however, is hardly to be detected, being under the side of the hill. The few roads or tracks that turn off from the hill road are as a rule marked with some kind of a direction-post, though, as may be imagined, such luxuries upon Exmoor are few and far between. Concerning them, or rather, perhaps, concerning the shrewd wit of the Exmoor peasant, Mr. Page—in his charming book, "An Exploration of Exmoor"—tells a quaint tale. A person walking on the moor, it seems, had lost his way, and applied to an old peasant, who luckily turned up, for assistance. This man "directed him, when he came to a parson, to turn, as the case may be, to the right or left. 'A parson?' said our wanderer, 'what on earth do you mean?' The old gentleman looked wondrous cunning, and intimated that he meant a finger-post. 'And why do you call them parsons?' queried our traveller. 'Because they be supposed to shew 'ee the right way.'"

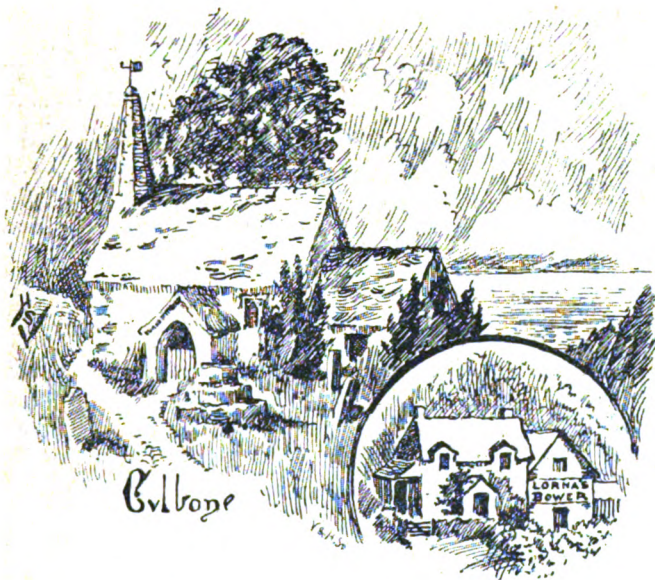
At County Gate—a small stone toll-house—the road enters the county of Devon at an elevation of 1062 feet, and immediately afterwards winds to the left round a steep hill in full

view once more of the blue sea in the Bristol Channel, and overlooking the romanticcombe of Glen-thorne, 850 feet below.

To visit Glen-thorne, machines should be left at County Gate, or, for the matter of that, by the roadside, and the steep footpath should be taken down the hill. This track is shorter by more than two-thirds than the zig-zag carriage drive, which is three miles long. A more lovely demesne than Glen-thorne one can hardly imagine. The house stands 200 feet above the sea on a small plateau, which is the only level spot on this part of the coast. The whole of the grounds are open free

to visitors by the great courtesy of Mr. Halliday, the owner. Happily Glen-thorne is a little too far from Lynmouth to be much troubled by the rowdy excursionists who, alas, sometimes visit even the latter place from Bristol and the Welsh ports. One is apt to think that lovely Lynmouth is still entirely free from the hateful element, even though Ilfracombe has been spoilt. Yet, one sunny morning last August some lady friends of mine, who were seated on a hill near Lynton quietly enjoying the view, were seriously annoyed by a party of excursionists who climbed to the same spot and commenced gambling, swearing, and quarrelling. Near Parracombe, too, a quaint village beyond Lynton, I have received a volley of abuse from some passengers on a passing coach, simply because I was a cyclist. So that one cannot escape the "rough" even on Exmoor: and the blessings of "cheap travel" are far from being unmixed. Here it is well to remark that very rarely—never in my own experience—do you receive incivility of any kind from a native of these parts. They are an honest, kindly lot of people, having all their wits about them, as a rule, and possessing plenty of dry humour.

Between the two roads which go down from the Black



*Pronounced "Badgery" by natives of Exmoor.

Gate and White Gate to the zig-zag approach to Glenthorne, rises Oldbarrow Hill, on the summit of which, as one gathers from its name, is a fine earthwork, probably Celtic in origin. Beyond the White Gate, at intervals, two tracks go down to Brendon. It is noticeable how, as one gets above that locality, the landscape on the left improves, because near there the gorge of the last Lyn becomes densely wooded. In the interior parts of Exmoor there is but little heather, while on the hills from Dunkery to Brendon and Lynton it abounds. The name of Brendon is said to imply "the Brown Down," and, if this be correct, the land about here probably presents the same appearance now as it has done from the very earliest times. The brown tint, of course, prevails the greater part of the year, save when the heather is actually in bloom. A considerable amount of grass-land on the hills appears to be available for sheep-feeding, and many large flocks are visible from the road.

Soon after the grey square tower of Countisbury Church comes in sight there is an abrupt, rough descent to the "Blue Ball" Inn. The latter offers humble accommodation; a dish of excellent clotted cream is sometimes to be obtained, and some home-made preserves, with bread and butter, etc. Opposite the inn stands the church, near the crest of the foreland, which juts boldly into the sea about a mile to the north. This churchyard contains some curious old slate tombstones, and east of the chancel there is a row of little slabs above the graves of mariners drowned at sea. By the churchyard gate is an old house, faced with large blue slates, having an ancient arched porch.

We have now to face another unrideable hill, the steepness of which increases as we descend until the last plunge of two or three hundred yards brings us to the bridge over the foaming river, and so into the town. The surface of the decent is often bad: the latter part being frequently six inches or more deep in loose reddish soil, with plenty of stray stones about.

The views from this road are magnificent. The huge headland beyond Lynton: the great expanse of wooded hillside, from which the white walls of villas peep here and there: the flashing of the bright waters of the Lyn as they sweep over sand and shingle past the picturesque harbour tower into the blue channel:—these form a landscape which never fails to fascinate. On the right there is almost a sheer drop of 600 feet to the beach, from which the low roadside bank would be small protection to the coach passengers if that vehicle were to overturn on its apparently risky course down to Lynmouth.

Certainly this view can never be entirely spoilt, but the buildings of Lynton seem to have increased alarmingly of recent years, and they do not tend to improve it. The "very latest" is an enormous erection which crowns the top of the hill and is unpleasantly visible for miles across the moor: a palatial mansion, as yet hardly finished, belonging to Mr. Geo. Newnes, M.P. for the Newmarket Division and of *Tit-Bits* fame.

It need hardly be said that in a place so lovely as Lynmouth hotels and boarding houses abound—some of them expensive, a few moderate. The original village was no more than a row of thatched cottages stretching upwards from the quay, "crouching at the feet of august rocky hills which beetle over it in every direction." To this little fishing hamlet has now been added a street—chiefly of hotels, lodging-houses, etc.—which follows the bank of the river up to the bridge by which the Countisbury road enters the place. Here it stops, but in every direction villas have been inserted in the woods, wherever a spot sufficiently level could be found; and the process is still going on.

Luckily the beauty of the situation is indestructible, but its original simplicity and wild character, which earned the praise of both Southey and Shelley, have almost vanished. Mr. Page says: "I have been in most of the picturesque districts of Western England, but never have I met with such an *embarras de richesses* in the matter of scenery as

about the town looking down upon the Lyn. It is positively difficult to make up 'what one is pleased to call one's mind'—as the cynic remarked—which point to attack first." The precipitous road which has just been mentioned, for instance, is said to be the nearest approach to an Alpine pass which is to be found in England—with the additional beauty of the sea thrown in—while Southey used to say that Lynmouth was "the finest spot except Cintra and Arrabida" which he had ever seen.

While every part of the place affords something to be admired, there are, of course, certain special things which every visitor ought to see. Among them is Glen Lyn, the deep gorge down which the West Lyn dashes to join the East Lyn. Glen Lyn unfortunately lies in private grounds, and a charge of one shilling is made for admission, which no doubt detracts from the romance of the place. As, however, the gorge rises immediately from the street; some means of preserving its beauty from the damage which would probably be caused by too many visitors is presumably necessary. The entrance adjoins the "Lyndale" Hotel.

Watersmeet should be the second excursion on foot. Take the road between the "Lyndale" Hotel (at the foot of the bridge) and a square grey building which looks like a barn but is a chapel.

Beyond this pass a little church on the left and follow the road to the last of the houses. Here a path on the left goes down to the bank of the river, passes a hamlet called Middleham and a house known as "Woodside," and then crosses the water at a rustic bridge. Thence the path should be followed up stream to Watersmeet, the confluence of the Combe Park Water with the East Lyn or Brendon River. From here a return may be made by the road above, or Countisbury may be reached by a steep climb. The riverside walk may also be prolonged by following the right bank of the Brendon River to Rockford, not omitting to see the exquisite Long Pool on the way. The sylvan scenery of these glens and ravines is probably the loveliest in all Devonshire: its combination of varied woodland, flashing waterfalls and dark pools among the rocks, and profuse growth of ferns and mosses, is equal to that of many glens in the Scottish Highlands and in North Wales.

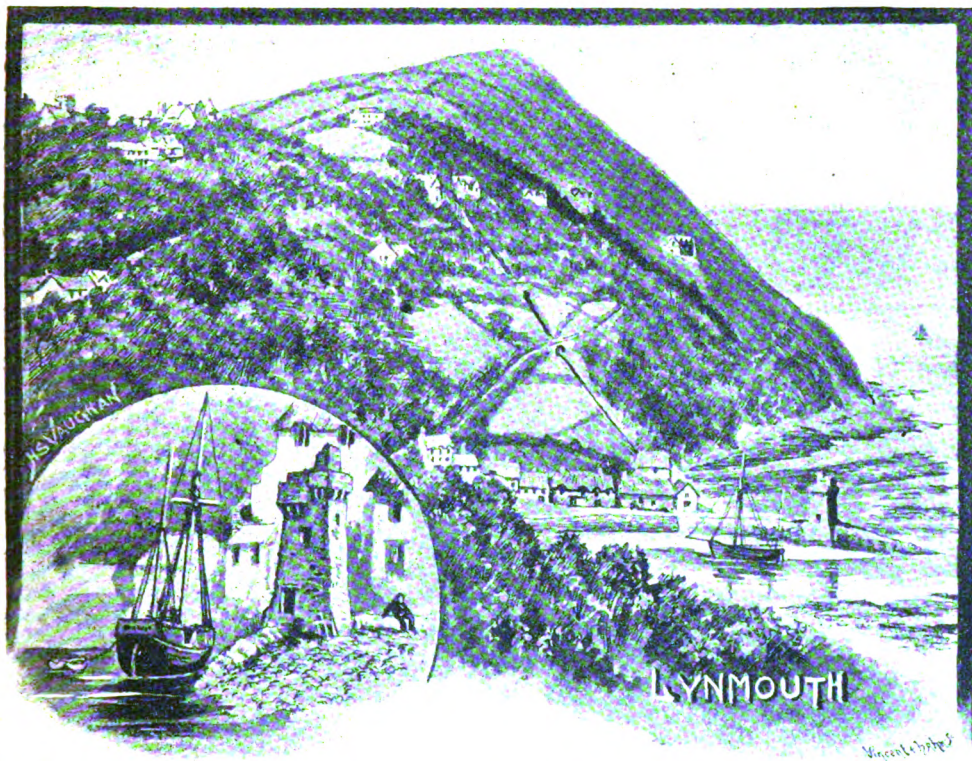
Up this river valley—with the exception of a divergence *via* Hillsford Bridge and Brendon Church—runs the road to Oare, to which reference was made in describing the Porlock coach road above. The series of views it affords are, however, entirely different from those obtained on the waterside path, and cyclists who try to combine the two routes by dismounting, say, above Watersmeet, and descending to the river for a few minutes, must not flatter themselves that they have seen all the charms of the East Lyn. That result can only be obtained by walking and scrambling. The cycle, however, can be used for the trip to Doone-land, and the way thither is as described hereafter.

Take the road between the hotel and chapel, as mentioned above, and follow it, past "Woodside" for two miles to Watersmeet, which, though hidden by its screen of woods, sends up a confused melodious roar from its rushing streams. All along this winding gorge great hills, clothed with hanging woods, chiefly of oak, rise straight up from the road on the right-hand and fall to the river bed on the left. Here and there the scarlet of mountain ash berries appears among the oaks; the undergrowth is chiefly briar, blackberry, young hazel, and myriads of ferns. Above Watersmeet the road turns up the ravine of the Combe-Park, or Hoar Oak, Water to the right. This is yet another lovely gorge, filled with trees and rocks whose broken surfaces show patches of crimson tint. The excess of foliage naturally causes the road to be greasy with good red Devonshire mud, and "side-slip" is more than probable. At Hillsford, or Ilford Bridge, the behaviour of the road is eccentric, and here also is a benevolent finger-post—quite the "parson" type of Mr. Page's little story—which by being planted in the wrong place is worse than useless. Cross the Combe Park Water

by the stone bridge, and, at the fork, keep to the left again, fording the Farley Water on its way down from the moor; and so up over the hill, whereon the road turns sharply to the right for Simonsbath, the tiny metropolis of Exmoor. A few yards onward, however, there is a decayed and venerable sign-post—perhaps it has collapsed altogether by this time—opposite which a lane goes down to Brendon. Following this, we pass the village schoolhouse, and the solitude is relieved by the hum of children's voices and the sight of little caps and jackets hanging in the porch. Lower down the hill and shrouded in a thick grove of trees stands the little church of Brendon, 400ft. above the river and 850ft. above the sea. Beneath its lych-gate is the ancient coffin rest stone, a feature somewhat rare in these days. The loneliness of the little graveyard, the gloom cast by the trees, and the distant sound of the rushing river in the gorge

weather proof to live under. But a thick roof of thatch—if the stuff be good and the workman experienced—will outlast any amount of zinc sheeting and the lifetime of an average yokel, while in comfort and utility there is no comparison between them. Shoddiness may be cheaper at first, but it never pays, and the handiwork of our forefathers testifies amply that utility and comeliness may always co-exist: in fact, in proportion as a thing is fit for a good purpose, so it will be good to look upon—as in the case of a seaman's or gamekeeper's dress, the lines of a bridge, or of a swift ship.

From Rockford the road passes on to Millslade through a ravine of exquisite beauty, keeping close to the edge of the river under an avenue of noble trees, oak and beech and mountain ash, which extend up the hillside in thick groves. Midway is Cranscombe, with a modern watermill having a



below, help to give the spot a half-melancholy interest. Above the porch is a sundial bearing the date of 1707; when that was put up John Ridd must still have been hale and hearty—perhaps, even, as warden of Oare or Brendon, had a hand in the matter.

At the bottom of this hill, where the road comes down to the brink of the Brendon Water, is the "Rockford" Inn (a haunt of anglers), and a hamlet of two or three cottages. One of the latter is a horrible instance of the disfigurement caused to many of the fairest scenes in Devonshire—during the last few years—by the indiscriminate substitution of corrugated zinc or iron "roofing" for thatch. To strip the warm thatching off an ancient stone building whose walls are rugged and moss-grown, and roof it with strips of thin grey metal, is not only barbarous but senseless. The idea, of course, is solely "cheapness," for no one who has tried it can pretend that the metal roof is either pleasant, warm, or

huge wheel, and a lodginghouse or two; from this point the view looking back down the gorge is very fine.

At Millslade, or Brendon, just beyond, the valley opens out, and a path leads across a meadow on the left to the old ivy-grown watermill. It is at this point that the riverside footpath from Lynmouth ends. Continuing by the road the hamlet is passed—not at all a picturesque one, as it has suffered badly from the slate and iron epidemic. The "Stag Hunter's" Inn is, however, a pleasing contrast to the other houses, and still retains its thatch; in fact I recollect the landlord, Mr. French, having the three dormer-windows neatly rethatched only a few years ago, and if I remember rightly, no less than thirty-six sheaves of reed were used for the job. This, by the way, is a good place to stay at for the trout-fishing, which is, however, by no means so good as it used to be. As a rule the fish are very small, and to judge from the number of anglers one

sometimes sees up the stream, it is a wonder there are any left at all!

At the cross-road turn aside to the left a few yards, and linger on the stone bridge for a minute. About 100 yards down stream is the single ivy-clad arch of the ancient bridge, now disused, with a lovely background beyond it of hills and hanging woods.

Continuing straight on from the cross-roads, enter a narrow road between great hedges, which brings you at once into scenery of a wilder type—the rough, untilled moorland. Here the heather and the furze appear, and the hill-streams run unrestrained across the track. Passing through the fringe of a great wood of young oaks on the right, the road and river are again in a narrow winding gorge of wonderful beauty. The farther, or northern, side of this gorge is formed by a range of precipitous hills about a thousand feet high, and there is a fine contrast between the flaming colours of the furze and heather which grow on their rocky cliffs and the dark oak woods covering the slopes on the right. Just above those lofty hills is County Gate on the Porlock road. The gorge widens and trends to the right, and we are presently at the confluence of the Oare Water and Badgeworthy Water. Beyond is the hamlet of Malmsmead, with its pretty bridge over the latter stream. Here cycles should be left in order to ascend the Badgeworthy and Doone Valleys. The old dame at the cottage on the left (as you enter Malmsmead) provides tea, milk, cream, and bread. Take the lane nearly opposite this cottage; it emerges presently on a rough piece of open ground, where you should bear to the left up a narrow lane, usually muddy, and barred by many gates. Perhaps the best directions may be given briefly as follows: Take always the path which leads closest to the Badgeworthy Water, and ascend the left bank of that stream. Having traversed the lane you arrive in the Badgeworthy Valley, opposite a farmhouse which bears the name of "Lorna's Bower," given to it, in irony, by the landlord, Mr. Nicholas Snow, of Oare. A footbridge, consisting of a single rough-trimmed log of wood, balanced—like a Devonshire "clam"—on two piles of rock, goes across to it. From this point the moor is absolutely wild, and the colouring of this and the surrounding valleys is as brilliant as fern, gorse, heather, and rock can make it. The chief denizens of the country are the moorland sheep and the wild red deer, and a rough notice board on the fringe of Badgeworthy Wood gives warning that "all dogs not led will be destroyed." This presumably does not refer to honest local dogs, but to stray curs brought by *excursionists*—we beg pardon! tourists—from Lynmouth, or elsewhere.

Beyond the wood is the so-called "Lorna's Glen," at the mouth of which is the famous Waterslide,—not grim and dark and huge as the novelist has made it for the purpose of his romance, but as dainty and fairy-like a cascade, over smooth black slate rocks, as one could wish to see. Yet even so, it is easy to see how John Ridd avoided the mouth of the Doone Glen farther on—where the outlaw's houses lay—by climbing up this little glen, and so in over the back wall, as it were.

About a mile beyond this place, a shallow combe joins the Badgeworthy Valley on the right: In the mouth of it are some low remnants of stone huts and pens, half hidden in the tall bracken. Above on the slope is a modern shepherd's cottage. This combe is the Doone Glen. History says little of the Doones except as regards their overthrow. Having submitted to blackmail, robbery, and murder for many years, the people of Exmoor—after one of the outlaws had been killed in an attack on Yenworthy Farm, near Glenthorne—marched to the Doone Glen in great force and finally destroyed or dispersed the Doones themselves, razing their houses to the ground. Of the latter there is nowadays but little to be seen, and that little is hardly distinguishable from the loose rocks with which these valleys are strewn. The place and its traditions are, of course, merely the rough materials from which Mr. Blackmore worked up his famous

novel, and it is probable that many of the tourists who come here in the summer and are unreasonably discontented because they cannot find an elaborate series of picturesque ruins, have never read "Lorna Doone" at all! As Sir Frederick Knight's Scotch shepherd once said to me, "I can't tell why all they folks be comin' here from Lynmouth. Some o' them tells ye they expect to see a carst-le, or a gr-reat big house o' some kind,—but there's only just a few stans like." But if there were none at all, and no traditions of the Doones, or of Lorna and her giant lover, to season the way, this trip from Lynmouth to the Badgeworthy Valley would still be one of the loveliest on Exmoor.

From Malmsmead the road may be followed to Oare Church, a humble little building so old, green, and weather-worn that it is hardly seen, at first, in its grove of ash and sycamore. One of the windows, on the south side, is said to be that through which Carver Doone shot the bride, and, to explain this, it may be pointed out that the chancel has been added since that time. The church contains some tablets to members of the Snow family, who have been farmers and landowners at Oare since King Alfred's time. Mr. Nicholas Snow's farm is close to the church, and, according to Blackmore, this was the farm of the Ridds. At all events, on its grounds is a great ash tree whose lower limbs are said to have been bent into their present curious shape by the mighty arms of "girt John Ridd."

The cyclist's return journey should be made by the same route: the pedestrian—if he have with him a good map showing footpaths—may take the path from the Doone Glen to Cross Gate, and thence a lane to Hillsford Bridge: or he may climb from Oare Church to the Porlock road and return *via* Countisbury.

Lynton, and excursions from it, will be dealt with in connection with the road to Ilfracombe and Barnstaple.

The Ladies' Page.

Rational dress of course continues to be the exciting question of the hour, and though a certain unexpected step has been taken by the Paris police—in objecting to the assumption of purely masculine garments by feminine wearers—the movement seems fascinating the minds of women in this country. We are promised a wholesale eruption of the rational cycling costumes in the early spring, and meanwhile frequenters of Ripley and Ditton are becoming so accustomed to the skirtless woman on the wheel, that they speak of the regulation attire of the lady cyclist as "the old-fashioned skirt."

The lady cyclists of Mowbray House held a meeting in December to discuss the dress reform question. Several ladies appeared in the new costume, which seemed to secure general admiration from those present.

The following resolution was proposed:—"It is resolved that the present skirted dress of woman is unfit for all outdoor pursuits, and that a dual costume consisting of tunic and knickerbockers, three-quarter coat and knickerbockers, or abbreviated skirt and knickerbockers should be adopted in its place." To this an amendment was carried, replacing the words "for all outdoor pursuits" by "for cycling and other outdoor exercise." But some of the ladies present expressed a strong desire that rational dress should become popular for the ordinary pursuits of life as well as for cycling.

The Chairwoman (?) stated in a speech on dress reform that she highly approved of cycling as a pastime for introducing a much-needed reform. This, to us devotees of the wheel, seems a little putting of the cart before the horse. We are considering how far dress reform will be of benefit to cycling. To consider cycling as a mere playful handmaiden to dress reform is certainly another way of regarding the subject.

Lady Henry Somerset is in favour of rational dress, and writes as follows regarding it:—"I believe that the best and wisest thing for women is to wear such dress as will help them, I mean really help them, to do the special work they have at that particular time in hand, and that, avoiding all affectations that are unnecessary and that only attract an unfavourable criticism, they should be strictly practical and workmanlike. Therefore I cannot but believe that a cycling costume is quite as sensible as a riding habit, and that the world will come to see it so after a little while. Nothing could be more preposterous than the evening costume worn by most women, if it had not become conventional, and that would be far better done away with, if people were anxious to be on the side of propriety, rather than to make any outcry against shortened skirts."

There are several specimens of the new costume about. Two, in C.T.C. cloth, that I saw the other day were remarkably neat. They had knickerbockers and leggings, and one was completed by a Norfolk jacket, made rather long, while the other, worn by a particularly pretty girl, had a waistcoat and long open coat.

On the whole, however, the dress that satisfies all rational requirements is the one with a skirt to the knee. This does not interfere with easy movement any more than does the long coat or tunic, while the effect, both on and off the machine, is much less like a mere imitation of a man's dress. The Irish ladies, who acknowledge that reform in cycling dress is inevitable, are satisfied that it is only a shortened skirt that is called for, and have declared their intention of reforming gradually—a shortening by two inches every year till they reach the knee!

Parisian lady cyclists have just achieved a club of their own. It is called La Royale, and is causing great congratulation among cycling women across the Channel, and a good deal of talk. There seems some curiosity to see how it will work, but since organisations of the same sort have long been most successfully carried on in America, there is no particular reason, one would think, why they should not get on in France too.

Feminine cycling on the other side of the Atlantic seems going on excellently, though snow and ice have put a stop to much active outdoor work for riders of either sex. A ladies' annex has been added to a San Francisco club, and the ladies and men wear the same uniform—as far as colour goes, that is, the ladies not having become skirtless. Several towns out west have developed the cycle fever with tremendous energy among their feminine population. And if the reports from those regions are true, this year is to see a truly marvellous number of new recruits to the wheel. Rhode Island has just appointed two lady cyclists members of its board of road inspectors. This is very cheering news for the inhabitants, who are trusting to their new inspectors' keen desire for good riding roads to improve the highways of the entire district.

The Lady Cyclists' Association, which began about eighteen months ago in a quiet way, for helping on feminine cycling by mutual aid and advice, has gone on increasing and prospering, and is now becoming a really important body. The second general meeting was held at the Crystal Palace during the National Show week, and there was a capital attendance of both town and country members. A set of rules was framed and passed, a committee chosen, and matters of interest to the association were discussed at length.

The Association was invited *en masse* to the social evening of the Stanley C.C.: and it proposes to hold a large gathering on its own account on February the 21st, at Queen's Hall, Langham Place, where the evening's entertainments will be largely of a sort specially dealing with the interests of feminine cycling. It has done good work in largely recruiting the ranks of lady cyclists, and creating an increased interest in cycling on the part of women.

In Brooklyn, Long Island, a new idea has been started by some of the shops. They are providing special storing

arrangements for ladies who arrive on their machines, and have nowhere to leave them. The convenience of this provision will be appreciated by any readers living in country neighbourhoods, who are accustomed to use their wheels for shopping and calling in their nearest town. On a market day the inns are generally so crowded, and the stable yards blocked with carts and carriages, that it is often perilous both to machine and body to try to get in, and there is very little accommodation to be obtained.

In large cities affairs are as bad. One can't leave a machine against the curb or on the sidewalk with any security, and it is often inconvenient in the extreme to be so tied. If more firms would follow the good example set them by those excellent shopkeepers over the water, they would probably reap the benefit of an improved trade, especially in the winter months.

Mrs. G. A. Sala was rather hard upon us as a sex, when she asked why only ugly women took to cycling. This may be the result of lack of observation,—it may also be the mere effort to say something likely to arouse the public attention. If only ugly women cycle we must be a plain race, considering how very many of us make cycling our favourite exercise.

Miss Bacon takes up the cudgels in a contemporary, and says that if ugly women do cycle the reason is not far to seek. They ride to make themselves beautiful. She has much to say about the effect on a woman's looks after a vigorous spin on a fine frosty morning. I am prepared to go a good deal further and to assure Mrs. Sala that a constant course of cycling, taken with common-sense limitations, is likely to make even plain women better looking, since there is no beautifier equal to health, and no health-producer equal to cycling.

Sweeping remarks of this kind don't have much foundation, as a rule. They try to cover too much ground. A lady murmured in my ear the other day, when a good many cycling women were present, "Why do cycling women look as if they'd taken to riding because life had nothing else left in it for them?" "Do they look like it?" I asked, pointing to a group of bright-faced girls, ranging from fourteen to eighteen, "life ought still to have some compensations for them, one would imagine."

LILLIAS CAMPBELL DAVIDSON.

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.

My friend, Mr. Brown gave a very clear description of the Gardner automatic brake last month, in his "Notes on the National Show." I had the pleasure of testing the brake, and though I do not think it is likely to supplant the usual front-wheel plunger, still it may find favour with those for whom it is specially intended—the fast road riders, who perform mostly on country roads, and who frequently use racing tyres, that are certainly not calculated to withstand the application of an ordinary brake. A point that may weigh with some is that the "Automatic" is hardly noticeable to a casual observer. As Mr. Brown explained, the brake is put on by back pedalling. I found that the steeper the hill or the greater the pace, the more powerful was the effect of the brake. The machine ran something between one or two yards before the brake began to act, owing to the backlash involved in the construction of the brake, and this backlash might be very awkward in traffic, especially if the road were greasy. I am not an advocate of brakes applied either directly or indirectly to the back wheel; that wheel can be checked to a great extent by ordinary back pedalling, so that with an ordinary front-wheel brake both wheels may be controlled.

A foot brake, too, is at a disadvantage in that it cannot be applied promptly while "coasting." Still the saving of wear on the tyres and strain on the front fork are good points in favour of the "Automatic."

A deal of ingenuity was displayed at the saddle-maker's stands at the shows in the way of saddle clips. The objects aimed at were usually to make the clips adaptable to saddle pillars with arms of any ordinary diameter, and also to make them so that one screw would hold the pillar and the wires of the frame at the same time. No doubt it is a convenience for one clip to hold any-sized arm, though the convenience is more beneficial to the makers than to the riders, but the other part of the arrangement is rather clever than useful, since it conversely involves that loosening the grip on the arm also loosens the grip on the frame wires, and that after having found the right pitch for the saddle you run a great risk of losing it, if you attempt to attach the saddle to another pillar or even to shift it on its own. It is obvious, too, that unless a flexible band or some such arrangement is used it will be difficult to get a good grip on any pillars but those of nearly one size without denting and so damaging them.

Some of our readers may remember an advertisement that appeared for a short time of a Humber chain that had its blocks constructed with eccentric ends so that after it had run long enough to wear out of pitch it could be turned over, and when running at a great distance from the centres of the wheels, it would fit tightly again. I notice in the Abingdon Works Co.'s list of novelties for 1894 that their "chains are all made reversible, so that, when one side is worn, the chain may be reversed, thus giving it a new life." No doubt if a chain were kept on the same way for a long time it would wear eccentrically, and the eccentricity would be greater in a single link roller chain than in a double link block chain, owing to the smaller angles made by the links of the first in passing round a wheel, but I do not think the wear would be so far out of centre as to make the chain very materially shorter when reversed—that is, turned inside out. Have any of our members tried the experiment?

When may we expect to see the end of the present ordinary pattern pedal? It has some glaring defects in construction and is frequently very badly made into the bargain. The ball races are much exposed to disalignment and the entry of dirt, and there is a useless waste of space between the inside pedal plate and the face of the crank. Another bad point is that the inner cone being turned on the pedal pin cannot very well be thoroughly hardened; but could not a hardened cap be slipped over it? On taking a pair of pedals apart the other day I found that the cones on the pins had worn quite down so that the inner ends of the bodies were running direct on the pin, and that it would require a set of larger balls to put matters on a proper footing again—for a time. I know there are pedals overcoming some, if not all, of the defects pointed out, but the cycle makers do not seem to care to push them, even as extras; perhaps they realise that they should not be extras on high-class machines. Perhaps the craze for narrow tread may bear good fruit in this direction, where it can be so well applied.

Some time since I noticed the commencement of a series of articles on the practical construction of the safety in *The English Mechanic*. The thirteenth article appearing in the issue of January 12th, treats on "Design," and perhaps I may compliment it best by saying that it contains nothing startlingly new, but is a good sound practical article throughout.

AN EXPENSIVE LAW SUIT.—The *Edinburgh Evening Despatch* has been cast in damages and costs to the extent of not less than £500 through the publication by it in good faith of an article alleging malpractices and professionalism against a prominent racing cyclist. The revelations made at the trial, if they be not acted upon by the governing body, the Scottish Cyclists' Union, may be considered to have been cheaply purchased at this figure.

Multum in Parvo.

LAST LAP!—The time for renewing subscriptions without the payment of a fine expired on the 31st January ult., but the *Gazette* of each member, who *up to that date* had omitted to renew, contains a special form which may be employed up to the 28th inst. All, therefore, who have not yet made payment of the needful amount are earnestly requested to avail themselves of the special offer the form in question contains, and to make remittance forthwith.

TO MEMBERS GENERALLY.—The attention of those who wish well to the C.T.C. is directed to the necessity of (a) forthwith remitting their subscriptions (if they have not already done so), (b) ordering any handbooks, road books, or badges they will require at Easter, and (c) securing for the Club at least one candidate for membership during the current month. A form of application is enclosed herein, and a further supply will be sent by the Secretary to any address upon receipt of a postcard.

THE 1893 HANDBOOK.—A correspondent draws our attention to the fact that by an error on the part of the printers Good Friday is stated to fall on the 30th March instead of a week earlier.

THE "OTTO."—At a meeting of old "Otto" riders, held at the Stanley Show, to consider whether it was advisable to revive the central-driven "Otto," it was resolved that it could only be done at a price which would render it incapable of competing with other machines now in the market, but if any one wished for such a machine he could obtain it by applying to Mr. P. Tracy, engineer, 18, Compton street, Goswell Road.

HERNE HILL.—The London County Cycling and Athletic Club, which includes in its ranks all the best-known performers upon the cycling path, and which has at its headquarters the celebrated boarded track, continues to make headway. It recently celebrated its annual dinner, and it is now ready with its programme for the coming season. Any reader who may be anxious to join should make application to the hon. secretary, Mr. G. Lacy Hillier, 75, Old Broad Street, London, E.C.

"R.S.V.P."—English cyclists are much exercised in mind just now respecting certain rules laid down for their guidance in emergencies in a journal specially published for their benefit by an Irish gentleman. One of the rules formulated deals with the best way of passing animals on the road, often a source of considerable trouble to riders, and says "It is advisable to attract the attention of cattle when some little distance off, and in passing a solitary beast, keep behind it, so that it won't have to alter its course." Cyclists are trying to find out how it is possible to pass, say, a cow, by remaining behind it, and what they ought to do should they meet an Irish bull.—*Daily Telegraph*.

SANITARY KNITTED GOODS.—The Sanitary Knitted Corset Co., of Nottingham, send us an illustrated catalogue of their specialties, many of which are now made of pure wool, instead of cotton only as formerly. The list is well worth perusal by ladies as well as gentlemen, for both will find in it articles which are indispensable to their comfort in every-day life as well as when actively engaged in cycling or other forms of athletics. Among the novelties which may with confidence be recommended to the wheelwoman is a knitted woollen cape, which weighs but a few ounces, and which, at this season of the year in particular, may be the means of preventing many a chill. Our advice to each reader is to send a post card to the company to ask for a catalogue, which at least will be of value for future reference.

THE OLYMPIA TANDEM.—No. 6933 writes:—"Can any of our readers tell me of a guard to prevent a lady's dress catching between band brake and spokes of front wheels of an Olympia tandem, fitted with their two foot brakes?"

SUNDERLAND.—The Sunderland Cycling Club at its Annual General Meeting, recently held, re-elected Mr. Geo. Bartram (the local Chief Consul) as President, and re-appointed Mr. W. C. Brown, of 18, Rosslyn Terrace, Hon. Secretary. The Annual Report of the S.C.C. was a model of what such publications should be.

THE FRENCH CYCLE TAX.—The new French tax of 10fr. each on cycles has produced, in the first year it has been in operation, 781,657fr., or about £31,250. Making allowance for fines for late payment, and, on the other hand, for the fact that only a part of the tax was imposed last year, the law not having been voted until April, this sum represents 132,276 cycles.—*Colliery Guardian*.

THE N.F.P.S.—Upon the ground that all associations having for their object the conservation of the rights of the public and the preservation of the sylvan and the picturesque, we have more than once made commendatory reference to the objects of the National Footpath Preservation Society. The ninth annual report of this body is now before us; it is replete with evidence of the good work accomplished, and of the need of its services in the immediate future, and this being so we earnestly recommend all who sympathise with its objects to become subscribers without delay. The chief offices are at 42, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C., but numberless public bodies in all parts of the country are affiliated thereto.

GOOD NEWS FOR CYCLISTS.—In the new rules relating to St. James's Park and the Green Park the following additions have been made in reference to bicycles and tricycles:—Clause 4 states that carriages may use the Birdcage Walk, Constitution Hill, and the direct roads between Buckingham Gate and Marlborough House Gate and Storey's Gate. Constitution Hill may, however, be closed for carriage traffic during the residence of Her Majesty at Buckingham Palace, and at such other times as the Commissioners may direct. Bicycles and tricycles are admitted subject to the following conditions:—(a) They are only allowed on the above-mentioned roads when open for carriage traffic; (b) there shall be no meets or assemblies of cyclists in the park; (c) racing is forbidden; (d) no cyclist shall ride at a pace exceeding eight miles an hour.—*The Citizen*.

THE WHEEL IN SWITZERLAND.—Cyclists who complain that they have not the liberty on the roads to which they are entitled would do well to compare the state of things in the United Kingdom with that which obtains in Zürich. In Zürich bicycling is allowed only upon written permission issued to competent riders. The rider must carry a licence, which costs two francs a year, and which specifies his name, occupation, date and place of birth, and address. Racing is entirely forbidden, and cyclists are not allowed to dismount in narrow streets. The speed of the machine is regulated by instructions. In crowded streets and on turning corners the rider must go slow; he must use the handles of his machine to steer by; he must ring the bell in ample time, and if necessary he must take other means to warn the pedestrian whom he is cautioned not to frighten. Only two bicycles are permitted to ride abreast. When the streets are thronged, and on public holidays, cycling is altogether prohibited. If this last rule obtained in England there would be some cause for complaint, but a good deal may be said in favour of several of the conditions which are enforced in Zürich.—*Yorkshire Herald*.

SOMETHING LIKE A VETERAN.—M. Henry Damond, of Orleans, in renewing his subscription for the current year, says, *inter alia*, "I believe I am the oldest cyclist in France, and perhaps also in England, for I rode a 'dandy horse' in the year 1812."

SHREWSBURY.—The Chief Consul for Salop regrets the loss of his Shrewsbury Consul, Mr. F. V. Royle, who is leaving the town. Mr. Royle has held office for some years, and he was of the greatest service in helping to complete the Road Book information for his district.

WILTSHIRE.—The Chief Consul continues his practice of consulting, at a meeting called for the purpose, the local members before appointing a consul or a repairer in a town; and he has just arranged that the members resident in Swindon and neighbourhood shall hold occasional runs together during the coming season.

A DESERVING CAUSE.—We learn with regret of the death of Mr. Max M. Plaum, formerly Chief Consul for Belgium. His widow and family are, we understand, left in straitened circumstances, and as a consequence we have, with the concurrence of the Council, consented to receive and forward any donations that may reach us for their relief.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—During the month just ended we have been the recipient of many scores of letters from members inquiring whether or not we have any knowledge of, and can recommend, a certain make of safety, upon which the firm producing it has offered them *fifty per cent* discount. To all these querists we have replied that we know nothing of the machine. It may be excellent value for the money asked, but, upon the other hand, it may be exactly the contrary. We would advise no one to invest in it simply because the discount offered is abnormally liberal.

THE NEW RAILWAY RATES.—In spite of the fact that the reduced rates agreed to by the English Clearing House should have come into force on all the lines (the three South Coast ones excepted) in England, Wales, and Scotland on the 1st of January, we have heard of cases in which riders have been called upon to pay the old figures. Where this happens the cyclist is advised to pay under protest, and then at once report the facts to the General Manager of the line, who will without doubt refund the overcharge, and take steps to prevent its recurrence.

CYCLING IN SINGAPORE.—A member who is on the staff of H. M. S. *Egeria*—engaged in the surveying service—writes us from China:—"I appreciate the *Gazette* month by month, although not cycling at present. I had a bicycle fitted for bringing to sea, but, on being appointed to a ship engaged in surveying, and knowing it was only for about a year and that there would be few opportunities of using it, I turned it over to a brother of mine who was just returning to British Guiana. Our few spells from work have been at Singapore: the roads there look, and are said to be, splendid, but I did not ride, as it is impossible to hire, and I do not care to borrow, although I was offered the loan of a machine. I was acquainted with a bicyclist at Singapore who is not a racing man, but a sensible, steady rider, and he told me there is nothing like a good cushion tyre for the tropics. I certainly intend to take a bicycle when I go to sea again in an ordinary man-of-war. Some people at home would be rather amused at some of the cyclists in Singapore—Chinese, staid-looking Eurasians and Portuguese, and a fair sprinkling of Europeans. One young lady rode a bicycle very well, and I used to see her out nearly every evening, looking much healthier and better than most of her sisters in carriages."

A Fortnight a'Wheel in Normandy.

By H. E. C.

PART I.—DIEPPE, ROUEN, LITIEUX, AND CAEN.

Normandy, owing to its historical associations, must ever remain a land of interest to Englishmen. From French rule into that of the North men—afterwards conquerors also of England—and again from an English dependency to be once more a province of France, this fair territory has passed successively. This extremely brief record of three centuries of contested dominion involves continual battle and bloodshed, still leaving their evidence in fortified towns and ruined castles.

Yet more than these and the history they tell, a glorious ecclesiastical architecture attracts us to Normandy, the home of many systems and traditions in art transplanted after the Conquest into England. Hand-in-hand the religious builders of both countries passed together from the stern and massive grandeur of the Romanesque through the graceful Lancet or Early Pointed, to the mature beauty of the Decorated Style of the 14th century. Here their ways separated for ever. In the decadent period in England the art froze into the chilling stiffness of the Perpendicular; in France its dying effort showed itself in the superabundant and florid ornament of the vaunting Flamboyant style, without true feeling, and without restraint.

The impressions and reminiscences of a first Continental journey may be of interest to those who have this experience yet to come, and even to old travellers of the C.T.C. this account of a modest trip in Northern France may revive pleasant recollections.

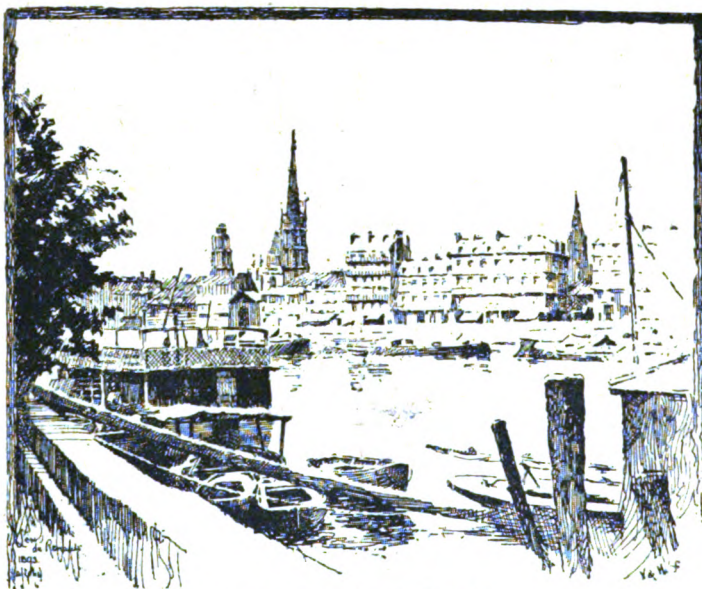
My cousin J. and I had long wished to spend our summer holiday in Normandy. After various rowing and walking excursions in company, we arranged early this year to carry out our long-intended project, this time on bicycles. J., by the way, is curate of a fen parish in East Anglia; I live in an historical town in the West, where a great Norman family, as old as the Conquest, still hold their ancestral home and estate.

So, all preliminaries being settled, on Monday, June 12th, about noon, we left Victoria Station for Newhaven and Dieppe by the London, Brighton, and South Coast line. It may be useful to an intending tourist to know that the second-class return fare to and from Dieppe is £1 6s. 3d., and the single ticket each way for a bicycle 5s., return tickets not being issued. We each carried in the diamond frame of our machines a waterproof roll, with necessities for the night, and we took besides a portmanteau, shared between us, to be sent by rail to the principal stopping

places, so as to have a complete change of clothes. This is a good plan, as the charge for the bag on the French railways was only about a shilling for fifty or sixty miles. I also carried on the handles of my machine a Lancaster quarter-plate camera, which added considerably to the burden, but recompensed me with some three dozen views of the district we travelled through.

The railway journey to Newhaven is soon over, and is not exciting—a racecourse or two, the Earlwood Idiot Asylum, presently the rolling chalk downs of Sussex, and the port was reached. The steamboat lay alongside the platform, so luggage and bicycles were quickly on board. The porters treated the latter very considerately, and stowed them away under cover in the fore part of the ship, securely fastening them with rope in case of a rough passage. Our vessel was the *Seine*, a French packet, nicely fitted up with roomy cabin and separate refreshment saloon. One must feel ill before appreciating this latter arrangement. With a strong wind blowing in our teeth it was pleasant at first standing on

the raised prow watching the passing vessels and the white cliffs behind. When driven down on deck the other passengers afforded subject for study. Some of the ladies seemed already lost in despondency, their pale faces bowed down in a sickly cast of thought. After a while a cold perspiration made me feel too that it was expedient, like the First Lord in *Pinafore*, to "seek the seclusion that the cabin grants." No! I was not actually seasick, kind reader, and did not feel so while lying perfectly still. In the intervals of dozing it seemed as though the buzz of the



Rouen from the Ile Lacroix.

screw and the tremor of the lamps would never stop. But they did at last, and the cessation of the rolling and the busy stir around gave warning that we were in harbour. It was half-past five, and the passage had taken just four hours.

When we emerged on deck it was to find ourselves alongside a quay lined with gabled houses, a crowd of porters in blue check blouses with *Ouest* on their caps seizing and carrying off the luggage to the Custom House and railway. Amateur photographers need be in no fear of their dry plates being examined in broad daylight; after a hasty glance through the bag the *douanier* passed it, and our C.T.C. badges instantly relieved us of the onus of paying an import duty of £16 on our two bicycles. After despatching our bag by rail to Rouen we were free with a sigh of relief to sally forth. The eye of a stranger is struck at once by the iron balconies to the houses, and the shop signs and advertisements in French. Conversational attempts seem very ludicrous at first—to the foreigner—not to the natives, for they are all gravity and politeness. One can't get rid of the idea that their not comprehending English or even mispronounced French is not a pretence. We inquired at once for the

Hôtel du Soleil d'Or, and were just in time for the 6.30 *table d'hôte* dinner, which was very welcome after the voyage. The meal spread itself out into seven courses, meat, vegetables, and salad following each other separately. Both here and at Rouen they gave us wild strawberries at dessert, quite the size of our hazel nuts, and of delicious flavour. The usual charge for *dîner* at a French hotel is about half-a-crown, inclusive of wine or cider. The latter is served in glass decanters holding perhaps a quart, and is plentiful everywhere; one sees it being drunk in the inns at every meal in the day.

While on this subject I may mention the system of meals in France, as one is expected to conform, and it is difficult to get served at any but the usual hours. What is really breakfast consists of a cup or bowl of *café au lait* and a roll which can be had in your bedroom or downstairs about eight o'clock. Déjeuner or lunch is a big affair in many courses like dinner, and is served at *table d'hôte* between eleven and noon. Dinner is at six or seven o'clock. If you want anything between lunch and dinner, *café noir* can be had, if you like it; we didn't—but had to put up with it. It is a strong decoction of coffee and chicory (especially chicory) and is rarely quite hot, unless one makes a point of it. Milk is not generally to be had in the afternoon, nor tea except in the large towns; even then it requires a large expenditure of vocabulary to get a weak solution from a *soif disant* tea, which in England would be sold with a flower vase or other elegant "present."

In the gathering dusk we walked along the quay, over an iron swing-bridge, to a part of Dieppe called Pollet, and down to the harbour mouth. The sea had risen and the fishing fleet struggling out and tossing in a sickly fashion made us thankful to be on shore. On each pier there is a great crucifix ten or twelve feet high.

St. James's, the principal church of the town, is late Flamboyant, but dignified withal. As we entered they were lighting up for a service; presently an official in uniform, wearing a cocked hat, whom they call the Suisse (*anglice* beadle or verger) pounced down on us, and, pointing to my camera, said it was prohibited. Now it was quite late and I had not the remotest idea of attempting to use it then; as I was tramping an answer to that effect my cousin adroitly mollified the great man by saying "*Nous allons*"—and we went. On getting back to the hotel we prepared our machines for the morrow's journey, and then after a broken conversation with our host in which he recommended a road by the valley to Rouen not down in our programme, and therefore distasteful to us, we asked for the keys of our rooms and turned in to bed after an eventful day.

Tuesday, June 13. The next morning we were out early, and I got a photograph of the outside of the church, and another of a picturesque street, with its balconies and green creepers. We left Dieppe at nine o'clock, and having chosen to abide by our scheme in preference to the landlord's, had a long climb to begin with. Once on the table land, which is 400 to 500 feet above sea level, there is excellent travelling, though now, after the drought, the surface of the road was rather sandy. The great roads we went by were generally *Routes Nationales* or *Routes Départementales*, either of which are a model to our highway authorities. They are all as straight as can be, provided with finger posts at every turning giving the name of the locality and the distance to the places around; there are also distance stones every *decimètre*, or half furlong. A *kilomètre*, by-the-bye, is the standard measure, and contains ten *decimètres*, that is five furlongs; thus eight *kilomètres* equal five of our miles.

We reached Totes, half way to Rouen, at 11.30, and halted at the village inn for a déjeuner consisting of omelette seasoned with ham, and some nice cherries. The church, like many village churches we saw, is comparatively new; our theory was that they were destroyed during the Revolution, but this needs corroboration. The month of June is dedicated in the Roman church to the "*Sacré Cœur*," and consequently

the chapel set apart in the churches for this purpose was everywhere specially adorned. Not very tasteful adornments are they, being in most instances gaudy artificial flowers. Most of the churches are cruciform; bordering the aisles on either side is a succession of little chapels, each with its altar, and often its confessional. One always finds the fourteen stations of the cross displayed round the walls in pictures of more or less artistic merit, or occasionally in stone bas-reliefs. Totes has a village green and a town hall; also a shady lane and orchard near where we enjoyed a siesta during the mid-day heat. Another English bicycle was in the inn yard when we started, so probably our hostess was again entertaining a native of *perfidie Albion*.

The road continued calmly undulating between avenues of poplar or beech, inexorably straight, without any of those apparently unmeaning turns and twists which with us even a great highway will indulge in. The rule of the road in France is, as most people are aware, just the reverse of ours; it gives one at first the sensation of doing something wrong to pass on the right side and overtake on the left.

Just before Malaunay there is a rapid descent into the wooded valley of the River Cailly, a tributary of the Seine. We had been looking forward to bathe here, but the constant succession of mills with their workpeople's cottages adjoining made this impracticable. Maromme was soon reached, only three miles from Rouen, and now really a suburb; there are houses all the way, also a tramway, *panché* (stone-pitched road), and other pleasant adjuncts to cycling. Presently we emerged on the Quai du Havre, forming the north bank of the Seine, which is here 1000 feet wide. From the quay we turned at a right angle up the Rue Jeanne d'Arc, a fine street running straight up the hill, and still without a glimpse of the cathedral proceeded to the *Gare du Nord*, where our portmanteau was retrieved. Forcibly ignoring offers of assistance (for a bicycle saddle will carry even heavy luggage well), we retraced our steps to the Hôtel du Square in the Rue Jeanne d'Arc, which we had observed on the way up. The proprietor evidently had his eye on us too, for he came out and had us in, machines and all, in no time, under an arrangement for board *en pension* at 7fr. 50c. a-day, *tout compris*. Though never paying so little again during our tour we were never housed more comfortably; there was a roofed arbour in front, covered with creepers but otherwise open to the street, where meals were served in shade and coolness. Here after a grateful wash and change we had dinner, course after course of little dainties succeeding one another with due French regularity. Our waitress never suffered the guests to be kept waiting; it was "*Et après, Monsieur?*" always before the last of one dish was finished. Entertained thus we fared better than Spenser's two pilgrims, whose "Rest is their feast, and all things at their will," more agreeable in theory than in practice—but then they were Faeries. Yet after the burden and heat of the day one fully appreciates rest and ease also for a while. *Datur hora quieti.*

Wednesday and Thursday, June 14th and 15th. We had two clear days at Rouen; but there are so many grand buildings and places of historical interest in and around that as many weeks might profitably be spent there.

Rouen is a fine city of 150,000 inhabitants, the capital of Normandy, the seat of an archbishopric, and the centre of a great cotton industry. Our first visit was to the Cathedral, where the magnificence of the west and south fronts was humbly admired. The west front is flanked by two great towers, the northern a sturdy Romanesque erection, the other of much later date, surnamed the Tour de Beurre, because the cost of building it was defrayed with money obtained by granting dispensations to eat butter in Lent. There are other towers, the great central one being the finest, though its modern *flèche* or spire of open iron work, 42ft. high, and surmounted by a lantern not unlike a tool's cap, is to most minds no ornament either to the Cathedral or the city. The great west doors were open, and the pillars were

hung with beautifully-wrought tapestry when first we went in. It strikes one at first as slightly incongruous that anything so modern as electricity should be used to light the building; yet the tourist, if he goes the round at dusk, may have the electric light switched on for his benefit. In spite of the heat we ascended the *flèche* at a cost of 2fr., and were rewarded with a bird's-eye view of a tremendous tract of country, hill and vale, forest and winding Seine, with its numerous islets.

The Church of St. Maclou is close to the Cathedral; it has some wonderfully carved doors, and fine stained glass. As we sat in the nave taking in the *tout ensemble*, a lean cat, probably kept to hunt church mice, came up and made herself very affectionate, the Suisse looking on indulgently meanwhile.

Last, but not least, we visited the great Abbey Church of St. Ouen, still hard by, which is scarce inferior to the Cathedral in size, and in majestic simplicity surpasses it. The nave pillars contain great canopied niches exquisitely carved with delicate foliage and flowers; these niches, alas, are statueless, and, from this fact and the absence of chapels in the aisles, there is an unusual resemblance throughout to our own cathedrals. The Huguenots, whose iconoclasm equals the English Puritans, made a bonfire, it is said, in St. Ouen of the organs and other church furniture, and the Revolutionists, in their day, used it as a stable. In the great holy-water basin, near the west door, one can see nearly all the interior brightly reflected; the master's and his apprentice's rose-windows in the south and north transepts are justly celebrated.

Our recreations at Rouen were baths in the Seine, which is a noble river over 1000 feet wide, and idling in the public Jardin de Solferino, where shade and running water made a luxurious retreat. The first evening of our arrival, as we were sitting on the stone bridge over the river, a shabby-looking man, calling himself a commissionaire, came up, seeing we were strangers, and offered to conduct us over the town. As we could barely understand him, or he us, and we were moreover provided with a Murray, this was totally superfluous. On my asking him, however, where the baths were, he pointed them out from where we stood, on the Ile Lacroix, and I gave him two sous to get rid of him. He held out his hand, muttering indignantly "Non, non," but on my offering to take back the coin he rapidly pocketed it and decamped, leaving us laughing.

Rouen is notorious as the place where Joan of Arc was cruelly murdered in a deed of which both French and English have reason to feel ashamed. She was burnt in the Place de la Pucelle, still an open space now containing an ugly eighteenth century statue of the gentle Christian maid, in the guise (or rather disguise) of Bellona, the heathen goddess of war. There is a new and more worthy memorial of the heroic Joan at Bon Secours on the hill two miles away, whither on our second day we made a pilgrimage on foot. The footpath for the last half mile is very steep and rough, and we had a hot climb under the burning sun; just on the summit is a large crucifix giving the place the name of Calvary. The statue at Bon Secours is of white marble, on

a platform of stone built out into the valley under a canopy surmounted by a glittering effigy of St. Michael the Archangel. Her other attendants are statues of St. Catherine and St. Margaret of Scotland, to whom she attributed her guiding "voices" of inspiration, and in the front some meek Domrémy sheep. Joan herself is represented looking out over France, a prisoner in armour with gyves on her wrists. The church near is better seen from outside; nearly every square inch of the interior is gaudily coloured, so as to be painful to the eye. After buying a commemorative medal, we turned our steps, and were directed by a courteous priest to Mont Ste. Catherine. This hill gives a splendid view of the city and the Seine, and is the place where Turner's picture in the "Rivers of France" is taken.

There were staying in our hotel two English gentlemen, father and son, whom we were constantly meeting at *table d'hôte*, and sight seeing. The old gentleman, by his son's account, mystified the natives by using Hindustani when he was at a loss for a French word; he was cousin to an

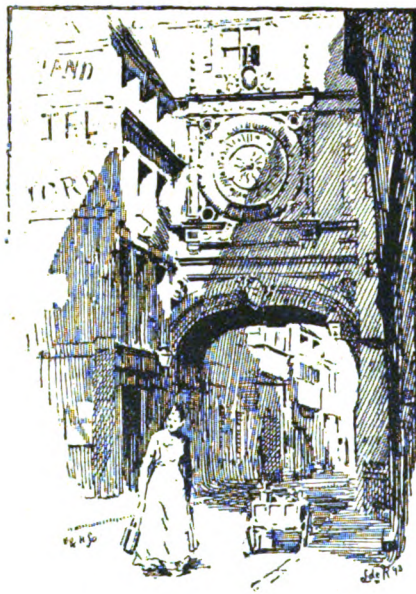
English baronet, and himself bore a title. The son walked down to the baths with us one hot morning, but just as we were turning in the proprietor called out in consternation that it was ladies' day, so we were disappointed of our dip.

The early morning of Thursday, being market day, showed a busy scene in the fruit and vegetable market. Crowds of town and country people thronged the market places at a very early hour, buying and selling these important elements of French housekeeping. The women of the lower classes in Normandy wear almost universally becoming white caps, of frilled muslin, for outdoor use. Many of the younger women, however, disdain any head-covering at all, going through the streets bare-headed, with an umbrella to ward off the sun.

Near the Place de la Pucelle and market is the Hôtel de Bourgthéroule. The walls of the inner quadrangle of this old palace display a fine series of bas reliefs, representing the meeting of Henry VIII. and Francis I. on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, sculptured soon after that event took

place. An Hôtel, by the bye, is often the town house of some great family, and has this meaning as well as the English one.

Friday, June 16th. We left Rouen somewhat reluctantly, and set out at eight a.m. for Lisieux, rather more than fifty miles distant. The road, after crossing the Seine, runs evenly on to Grand Couronne, where somehow we took the wrong turning and came down to the river once more. After a delightful run for a couple of miles along the bank we reflected that it was too pleasant to be proper. On consulting the map we found ourselves quite out of the direct way, but instead of prudently turning back attempted by my instigation an entirely new route through Pont-audemer. A stiff hill through the Forêt de Mauny, and a rough lane brought us again to a high road at Bourg-Achard. After a hasty lunch here, we pushed on again under the noon-day sun, for the détour had increased our day's work to nearly sixty miles, and there was no time to lose. Stretch followed stretch of dazzling road; presently, in the tropical heat, J. was knocked up, and perforce we were brought to a



Rue de la Grosse, Rouen.

standstill. Luckily there was an inn hard by, where a cup of *café noir* and a rest set him up for a time. Meantime I obtained leave to go into the orchard and pick cherries; the host steadily declined payment for these, and even deprecated the gift of half a franc to his little boy. A few kilometres further on a long descent through a wood into the valley of the Rille cheered us with the prospect of a bath. J. asked at a cottage if we might leave our machines and go through their orchard to the river. "Nous voulons nous laver" said he discreetly, for they were washer-women. We had their ready consent, and finding a wooden stage to undress on were soon submerged. How delightful it is after a hot dusty journey merely to lie still and soak, purring with content! We did get out at last, and were scarcely dressed when the women folk—who had been decorously waiting in the back-ground—came down in force and began their washing. Laundresses in France wash clothes and linen in the open streams and rivers, with endless soapings, smackings, and rinsings until their work is snow-white. They kneel in wooden boxes with one side out, or stand in tubs to keep the water from their skirts. Our friends were very good humoured, and well pleased with the franc J. bestowed on them to buy soap with.

After this we soon reached Pont-audemer and regaled ourselves with a regular English tea, the table being set on the pavement. Presently an old Frenchman came out of the café and perceiving our nationality, ordered for himself a bottle of what he called "Paleale." He was very communicative, and seeing the inscription "Amitié" on my cup insisted on clinking his glass with our tea cups in token of international friendship. Afterwards, while J. rested, he took me over the church, emphasising the salient points with a nudge of the elbow. Finally we shook hands and parted with expressions of mutual esteem.

But there were still twenty-two miles between us and Lisieux, and it was five o'clock. Hardly had we left the town when J. felt his former weariness returning, and decided to go on by train, while I proceeded by road. He was well out of the climb which followed, for the road rose steadily for six long miles; luckily it was now cooler, and the old timbered houses shaded by luxuriant orchards were a recompense to the eye. After descending into Corneilles, re-ascending, and entering the Department of Calvados, the road ran down a pretty wooded valley into Lisieux. There I rejoined my cousin, who was thoroughly tired out, and together we sought repose at the Hôtel d'Espagne. Its bedrooms on the first floor were approached from an out-door gallery running round the inner court-yard, somewhat after the fashion of the New Inn at Gloucester, and other Pickwickian hostleries.

Saturday, June 17, Lisieux. The next morning we visited the Cathedral Church of St. Peter. The west front faces a fine open place where that day the market was in full swing. Even on the great steps of the Church, in the full glare of the sun, the market folk displayed their wares and bought and sold, pausing every now and then to go into the Cathedral and pay their devotions. Inside all was dim and cool, with the hum of the market entering through the open doors.

It seems it is rarely allowable to photograph the interior of a French Cathedral, but no one objecting I began to take a view of this. Before the exposure was finished, an aged priest came down the aisle, stopped devoutly to kiss the toe of a huge St. Peter, and thus fortified bore down on me. He didn't offer to kiss my toe, but asked mildly who had given me permission. I began a reply about not being aware that permission was necessary, when he touched me on the shoulder, perceiving the foreign accent, and said graciously "*Je vous permets.*" After that I feared no man, not even the Suisse.

We "déjeuné" at the hotel, and then paid our bill, which was by no means inconsiderable. J. had his bicycle to fetch from the station, so he went up and saw the luggage off as well. I followed presently, but not finding him there,

rode back to head-quarters and waited, being afraid to go again to the station lest we might miss each other in the network of narrow streets between. After a long while he turned up, finding the writer, I fear, in no pleasant temper, for we were quite an hour late in starting.

The Caen road leaves the town with the usual stiff climb; once on the top, however, there was a magnificent run, and then a long descent down which we coasted gaily. Suddenly, without warning, J.'s bicycle wobbled in a fearful manner, the treadle struck the ground, and in a moment he was on the road, while I, who was close behind, nearly ran over him. Luckily no bones were broken, but the ball-treadle seemed hopelessly jammed. Ruefully we took it off, and tried ineffectually to straighten the pin with an improvised hammer and anvil of two stones. A peasant who was passing said it was a league and a-half (he knew naught of your new-fangled kilometres) to the nearest forge at Crève-cœur. So we had to doctor up the sprain as best we could, leaving out the balls and screwing in the cone very loosely, so as to allow plenty of play, after which the machine did not work at all badly. On reaching Crève-cœur an intelligent blacksmith soon grasped our needs, and put the pin straight very quickly.

There was a river marked on the map soon after, but that river was a myth, or "the faithless stream was dry." We went on mile after mile of fen-like country, crossing great reedy ditches, which might have held water in winter; then mounted a hill in desperation and made a short descent; when, *sapristi*, here was a brook and a bath! Leaving the bicycles we got our dip after a venial trespass, and then returned for a light nondescript "gouter" of coffee, raw eggs, bread and butter, and cherries. Returning our way we saw in time the welcome spires of Caen as we descended a road, lined with an avenue of beeches, into what appeared a measureless plain.

On that Saturday evening it was too late and we were too weary for sight-seeing, so after securing lodgings at the Hôtel des Voyageurs (rather a poor place, yet adjoining the river) we went to the post office, which seemed the other end of nowhere, gladly claimed some home letters each, and then wished for tea. Of course nothing could be had to eat with rolls except half-melted butter, and to eat butter when one is hot and dry is like adding oil to the flames. I went foraging for jam (marmalade is an unknown luxury), and having secured a small pot jagged my penknife in sawing off the metallic lid. Nevertheless in spite of steel chippings it was very refreshing, and presently we were strong enough, under the influence of a decent tea, to march off to the station for our portmanteau. Unluckily the *consigne* was closed for the night, so we had to endure the loss of Sunday toilets until after an early visit next morning. Refreshed by a dose each of magnesia, an excellent antidote to the feverishness brought on by the intense heat of the day, we slept soundly, oblivious of the rush of the tidal river outside.

(To be continued.)

FOR CHARITY.—The balance-sheet of the Cycling and Athletic Meetings held at Herne Hill and Paddington last year have resulted in a contribution of £300 to the Hospital Saturday Fund. Only one meeting will be held this year, and this is fixed for Herne Hill on the 26th May.

CORK.—The cyclists of the City of Cork met in conference on the 11th ult., and resolved to petition "the powers that be" to reduce the rates for the conveyance of machines upon the Great Southern and Western Railway, and to improve the roads in their neighbourhood. The former prayer had been anticipated by the C.T.C., who had, some days previous to the Cork meeting, obtained a favourable reply to their memorial, presented some weeks since to the Irish Clearing House; and we are glad to note that the latter is receiving favourable consideration.

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.

COTTON v. WOOL.

Sir,—Having spent some eight years in the tropics and in parts of them where any indiscretion in the matter of clothing is pretty certain to be punished by an attack of fever, the remarks of your correspondent No. 1914, that he rather likes feeling "wet and cool or chilly," have occasioned me some surprise. In those parts of the world where the sun is overhead or thereabouts at mid-day during the greater part of the year, there is no feeling that one would desire more particularly after a hard game of lawn-tennis or cricket, but the thought of its inevitable *sequela* in the form of quinine, diaphoretics, sweating under blankets, &c., &c., is generally sufficient to deter us. To avoid chills after violent exertion it is the universal practice in the tropics to wear flannels, and this is the case because most Europeans there have ascertained for themselves, often after painful experience, that the risk of chill and consequent fever is very much less when wearing them than when wearing cotton or silk under-clothing. This is a well-known fact, ascertained, it is needless to say, long before the Jaeger boom in woollen clothing. As regards the question of comfort, if No. 1914 would play a few hard sets of lawn-tennis on consecutive days, the thermometer being at say 90 degrees on each occasion, wearing first all flannel, and secondly silk or cotton banian, linen shirt, and drill trousers, and compare his feelings on each day, he would not afterwards, I venture to say, be very enthusiastic in favour of cotton clothing. As regards the question of uncleanness he would probably find it possible even at that temperature to wear his flannels twice, but he could certainly not do so as regards the cotton clothing—they would have to go to the *dholby* without more ado.

The chief point about clothing is, of course, that the shirt and vest (if worn) should be of wool, the other garments are not so important. A woollen "cholera belt," as it is called in India, is a very good thing (though once worn it should not be left off), but care should be taken to change it if it gets thoroughly wet with perspiration after exercise, as it encloses that part of the body which is most susceptible to chills. Of course one cannot loaf about in draughts with impunity if one's flannels are wet through with perspiration, but the risk of getting a chill afterwards is much less than if clothed in cotton. The new cellular cotton clothing is fairly good in summer, and I think has a great future before it in the tropics, but it is scarcely so comfortable as flannels, whilst by itself it is little or no protection against a strong wind. Of course if the air itself is hot as in the tropics this is an advantage, but in this climate one finds a too great permeability to air somewhat trying during the greater part of the year. A good combination is a Jaeger vest with one of the cellular shirts having linen cuffs.

EXPERIENTIA DOCET.

ON THE GREAT NORTH ROAD.

Sir,—Referring to Mr. Haworth's remarks on the government of York, I do not wish to alter one word I have said about it, but it may console him to know that in my opinion the government of most of our large towns is disgraceful to their corporations, and degrading to their people. Smoke and noise do not elevate or refine; they debase and brutalise.

As to 433's letter, I have no special knowledge as to which is the "Old" and which the "Great" North Road, but when I travelled on them in the old days the coachmen and guards spoke of the road through Barnet and Welwyn as the "Old," and that through Ware and Royston as the "Great" North Road. "Ogilby's Roads," published from actual survey in 1675, gives the North Road as through Ware and Royston. The way through Barnet and Welwyn it heads "to St. Neot's," and says (p. 89):—"It is a well-frequented road by carriers, &c., who from Lincolnshire often travel this and omit the *Great Northern Road*," i.e., the road through Ware and Royston.

The Glasgow mail formerly went the same route as the Edinburgh between Alconbury Hill and Doncaster; but after 1835 it travelled from Newark through Ollerton, Worksop, and Tickhill, to Doncaster, thence through Pontefract and Wetherby. It was a good road when I was last on it (1838). The North Road at that time was on the decline, the railway was open between London and Warrington, and the bags for Glasgow and Edinburgh were carried by fast new mails through Preston, Lancaster, and Carlisle.

Walsall, Jan. 5th.

W. H. DUIGNAN.

Sir,—I am one who reads the *Gazette* with increasing interest, and amongst other articles have enjoyed Mr. Duignan's notes, continued in the January number. He is dealing with a part of the country which I know very well, and so would like to add to his knowledge of my native village, Ackworth, and of its school, where I spent many happy years. John Gully (not Joseph) resided at Ackworth Park during the years of his prosperity, but for the last ten years of his life he resided at Lewes, in Sussex, where he died, and his remains were brought to Ackworth for interment. Our tourist, when on the village green, ought to have turned aside to view an old farm house, said to have been one of the refuges of Nevison, one of the "knights of the road" of Dick Turpin's time, and only less celebrated than the notorious Dick. But, passing into the centre of the village, when he came to the great school—the National School of the Society of Friends—which dates back to 1779, what was Mr. D. about that he saw nothing but "a tall chimney stack which belongs to the school gas-works?" When next he passes that way and rides up the hill out of Ackworth, let him turn his eyes into the valley below, and he will see a substantial pile of buildings with ample gardens and playgrounds, and should it be the play hour he will hear shouts such as will tell him that life in the school is one of some enjoyment. Let him wheel up to the gates, and he may find, or would have done but a short time ago, that a C.T.C. man would be delighted to be his guide to show him the lions. Failing this, let him ask for the genial headmaster, who would be only too pleased to be his *cicerone*. This gentleman, who is a successful schoolmaster, and popular with all his pupils, has also the merit of being a cricketer of some repute, leading his team to victory in many a neighbouring town and village. The football team, too, give a satisfactory account of themselves. At the annual festival in July there is quite a crowd of safeties, tandems, &c., and the ladies' mount is well represented. The grey check or club brown is worn by many an old Ackworth man, who will feel a tinge of regret as he reads his *Gazette* and finds that all the impression made on a passing tourist was "smoke black enough for a blast furnace." To them Ackworth is one of the brightest spots on earth, and when they meet in the Far West, in the wilds of Africa, or in the border farms of Australia, they are proud to acknowledge the freemasonry of their old school.

GEORGE F. LINNEY.

HOW TO ENLARGE AND STRENGTHEN THE CLUB.

Sir,—In the January number of the *Gazette* I was pleased to see the letter of "F. A. W.," author of "The Cycle:

its Worth to the Nation." In the second part of that letter he has certainly put his finger on the weak point of the C.T.C. I question if there is anything like 10 per cent. of the membership of the C.T.C. who become members for the sake of any benefits they are to derive from going to tour on the Continent. Going to the Continent with them is an impossibility. I think that "F. A. W." is right when he says we have no friend on the staff who studies the interests of our pockets. Now that the pneumatic tyre has come so near perfection, possibly 5000 of the members may be intending going in for new machines in a month or two. Now, imagine the absurd idea of a Club of 17,000 members, and supposing even the half of them wanted new machines, they have to go as so many units, or sheep (according to "F. A. W."), quite independently of each other, and pay the fabulous price asked; so that really no benefit is derived from his membership here, where it ought to be. "Union is strength." And the most astonishing thing is that the Executive of the C.T.C. have not up to this time taken advantage of it. I am really amazed the Executive have not before now come to an arrangement with manufacturers whereby members could procure their machines direct, and at something like wholesale price, after allowing a fair profit to the maker. If such an arrangement was in force, such things would not occur as "No. 3594" gives as his experience under "All is not gold that glitters," and a great many other such.

The problem is—"How to enlarge and strengthen the Club." I hold that if such an arrangement as indicated were immediately made, the membership would be more than doubled. I trust that this will at once receive the attention of the Executive.

ANOTHER CRITIC.

THE "F.D."

Sir,—I was greatly pleased to see the letter of No. 5899 in the *Gazette* of this month, as it evidently emanates from one of our members who has given the F.D. a fair and impartial trial, and has, moreover, the courage of his convictions. After the enormous amount of nauseating twaddle which has been written anent the supposed inferiority of the rear-driving type of safety bicycle as a road rider's mount, it is positively refreshing to find it has its enthusiastic admirers, who, I make bold to say, have only become such after a full and impartial trial of the machine under all conditions of roads and weather. With very few exceptions, the criticisms passed upon the F.D. to its great disadvantage have been based upon the merest casual trial of the machine for a few miles only, or upon hearsay, and such unfavourable criticisms are beneath contempt, as they are grossly unfair to the machine, and misleading to those who are desirous of ascertaining the truth before investing in an *unfashionable* mount. It will be generally allowed the requirements of the F.D. in regard to position, pedalling, steering, etc., are *totally different* to those of the rear driver if best results are to be obtained, and in spite of the above facts, which should be at once apparent to the average cyclist, what do we find if we *analyse the so-called experiences* of many of the greatest detractors of the F.D.? In the great majority of cases we shall elicit the fact that the *actual* experience of the F.D. has consisted of a few short rides on a machine which possibly does not fit its rider in any vital particular, and the riding of which demands a totally different action on the part of the cyclist from what he has been hitherto accustomed to. If the rider of a tricycle who had just succeeded in overcoming the initial difficulty of riding a safety bicycle rushed into print and denounced the rear driver as vastly inferior to the tricycle as a road machine we should accord his expressed opinions scant consideration, yet in the matter of the F.D. we are asked to blindly accept the opinions of a few *leading lights* in cycling circles, whose actual knowledge of the merits of the machine, as compared with the rear

driver, is practically on all fours with that of the tricyclist above mentioned.

If an opinion upon the F.D. is to be worth *anything at all* it must be based upon an experience extending over at least 300 to 400 miles of varied conditions of roads, and a *proved ability* to get the best results obtainable. "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing" we are frequently told, and in no instance is the truth of this more apparent than in the case in point. Mr. Shorland has shown us what the *roadster* F.D. is capable of in actual competition with the best of our long distance riders mounted on *racings* (not roadster) rear drivers, and though Messrs. Brown, Bidlake, and other opponents of the F.D. will doubtless "write me down an ass," I unhesitatingly assert that three-fifths of the cycling enthusiasts of the day would be riding the F.D. in 1894 were Mr. Shorland still in the employ of the Crypto Cycle Co.

The hostility displayed by the big manufacturers towards the F.D. is easily understood by all who have any knowledge whatever of the trade, and consequently should not count for much. The many unfavourable notices of the cycling press generally are also of no actual importance, as the majority of the cycling papers are entirely dependent upon the favour or advertisements of the manufacturers, consequently their proprietors know well "upon which side their bread is buttered." It is almost needless to add, the opinions of many of the racing fraternity cannot be said to be wholly disinterested, hence the would-be rider of the F.D. is unfortunately in the unhappy position of having very little reliable or disinterested criticism of the new mount upon which to arrive at a definite decision. As there are doubtless many of our members who are hesitating as to the merits of the F.D. as a machine suitable for fast and comfortable road riding in comparison with the rear driver, to such I would fervently suggest they accord the new type a *fair and thorough trial*, putting aside all undue influence to its disadvantage, but with a determination to master the requirements, which *can only be done* by some three weeks' consistent practice. If after some 400 miles or so of riding (the rear-driver must be entirely discarded for the time being) you feel fully convinced the F.D. is in the *least degree inferior* to its powerful rival the rear driver, as a thoroughly safe and comfortable machine, your experience will indeed be very different to that of many of my own personal friends, who, at my earnest and persistent solicitation, have given the new type an impartial but thorough trial.

Personally I care not one straw what may be the prospects of the F.D. from a financial point of view, as I am not directly or indirectly interested in the cycle trade or cycling press. I tried the F.D. some eighteen months since as an experiment, and at the outset was disposed to condemn it simply because, like many of its detractors, I could not ride it properly. As I had never previously ridden an ordinary bicycle, I cannot well be accused of having a prejudice in favour of this type. A few weeks' constant practice convinced me of the superiority of my new mount over my rear driver. I had ridden the best makes of this type, and after many thousands of miles of good, bad, and indifferent roads in England and Ireland during the past eighteen months, without *at any time* feeling in the least degree fatigued, even after eighty or ninety miles of hard plugging against wind and mud, I am more strongly convinced than ever, if possible, the F.D. is the *beau ideal* mount for riders who wish to *enjoy cycling* and can find something in the sport beyond a crazy desire to cover the distance between two public-houses in the shortest time on record. My friends (and enemies also) allowed me to be a fairly capable rider of the rear driver before I adopted the new mount.

Since I took to the F.D. they tell me my pace all round has improved materially, whilst as regards fatigue, which to a man of my years (41) is a matter of vital importance, I can only say I have yet to experience such a sensation after a short or long ride on the machine.

In conclusion, I may say I have *never ridden any machine*

built by the Crypto Cycle Co., though I have their splendid gear fitted to my F.D. This being the case, I cannot be accused of holding a brief for the above company.

Trusting you will afford space for this in the monthly *Gazette* of February, and thanking you in anticipation.

Bramhope, Leeds.

J. APPLEBY.

THE IDEAL SADDLE.

Sir,—So many applications have been made to me since my letter appeared in the *Gazette* of October last, from gentlemen desirous of obtaining such a saddle as was then described by the "Old M.F.H.," that I transmit to you for publication, should you think fit, the specification of the saddle which has proved so successful. I do this as I have no idea where they can be obtained, believing that from this specification those who desire it will have no difficulty in obtaining the thing they want.

I shall be quite pleased to answer any questions sent me through you or asked in the *Gazette*. AN OLD M.F.H.
12th January, 1894.

Specification for the "M.F.H." bicycle saddle.

Unquestionably Lamplugh is one of, if not quite our best and most successful maker of cycle saddles, all he turns out being thoroughly good, and though there are few if any cycle saddles that have come into the market that I have not seen and examined, the one which to my mind is unquestionably the best is Lamplugh's No. 600.

The saddle generally.—It has a large roomy seat, a charming waist, is a good length, and requires nothing more than very slight alteration in detail of frame, etc., to make it perfect.

Lower frame.—The under part of the frame has nothing in it objectionable in shape or construction, but should be rather stronger. It is now formed of No. 2 Birmingham Wire Gauge, but should be two or three sizes stronger. The back of the frame as now made projects four inches beyond the L pin clamping socket, which is too much for strength; 3in. or even 2½in. is amply sufficient.

Upper frame.—The back of the upper frame which carries the leather should be reversed so as to pan upwards about an inch behind, the leather being riveted underneath where the ends of the spiral springs come and then turned over, the pan being moulded to it and again riveted at the front part and carried forward to the pommel in the usual form.

Seat.—The leather part should be perforated with ¼ inch holes all over, and a large oval hole about 2in. by 1½in. should be cut in centre large enough for two or three fingers to be got in. The leather also should be very slack.

Rubber half cushion.—A line should now be drawn across the saddle through the middle of the large centre hole, and all behind that should be neatly covered (by cementing or stitching) with a flat piece of soft best india-rubber half an inch thick, coming well up the cantle. It is imperative for comfort that the front part of this rubber cover be cut square off perpendicular to the leather, so that the back half of the saddle is raised half an inch higher than the rest, and the rubber should also be cut away perpendicularly round the centre hole. At the edges, by the corners where the thighs of the rider move, the rubber should be carefully bevelled or sloped off.

Bone Holes.—To increase the comfort and add to the firmness of the seat, two hollows, made by slitting the leather, should be cut in it under the rubber cushion, as is done by Lamplugh in many of his saddles, about seven inches apart, and not less than 1½in. diameter, to receive the ischia bones.

L Pin and Clamp.—There are two sizes of L pin in general use, one ⅝in. and the other larger. The clamp should be made to suit the larger one, and each should be furnished with a removable lining to suit them for the smaller size also. The usual mode of clamping by means of a screw-bolt underneath the saddle pin abutting on a flat is *unques-*

tionably the best, but the wire forming the bottom of the frame should *not* be bent for tilting purposes if any other method can be found, as the excessive force required in clamping to keep the saddle in its place injures the fibre of the steel, which is then readily broken at this point.

The Tilt and Stretcher.—A combined tilt and stretcher as used formerly by Mr. Harrington and by Mr. Middlemore is the best I have seen. But if the bent wire tilt must be adhered to, then the insides of the clamping-arrangement *but not the wire* should be roughed like a coarse file, to keep the saddle from slipping or turning sideways.

Springs.—As for springs, the two spiral ones at the back—*if strong enough* and of sufficiently good quality of steel, well tempered so as to leave no risk of breakage—are as good as any. On rough roads, however, when ridden with pneumatic tyres they are rather springy, and the Dunlop tyre is apt to bound with them. Lycett's pneumatic saddle pad in lieu of the springs is better, and with it pneumatic tyres do not bound, but the shape is awkward. I would prefer two barrel-shaped rubber springs, either solid or with a hole down the middle, or pneumatic, such as are used on some tram-cars, but smaller.

Building.—At first such a saddle as I have foreshadowed should be built without much regard to weight, and afterwards, when tested, weight should be taken off wherever possible, by using light wood instead of iron or steel, and cork instead of rubber, in suitable places. AN OLD M.F.H.

SILVERTOWN CLOSURE TYRES.

Sir,—I should like to add my experience of the above tyres to those given in the previous issues of the *Gazette*. I had '93 tyres fitted to my machine, a front-driver, this year, and about a week after receiving them discovered that the driving-wheel tyre leaked badly, although I had only covered fifty or sixty miles on them. I therefore had the tyre examined by a local repairer, who discovered an oblong cut on the *inner* surface, presumably the soft rubber lining, although the *outer* surface was quite sound, though of course indented owing to the cut. How this happened I am unable to say, but it struck me as being curious. I immediately forwarded the tyre to the makers, who made a good repair, and since then I have found the tyres perfectly satisfactory. I may say that I always keep them fully inflated.

The Manor House, Beckford,
Tewkesbury, Dec. 30, 1893.

No. 4942.

Sir,—I have read the letters which appeared in the last *Gazette* on "Self Closing Tyres" with some alarm.

I rode last year on what I understand to be self-closing or healing Silvertown tyres, the whole machine having been constructed in 1892 by a firm in my locality having a reputation for superior workmanship. This is the first bicycle that I ever possessed, last year the only year that I ever rode out of my parish. I cannot say how many miles I traversed last year, but I rode over mountain roads. I have probably in my ignorance abused the machine, but I have had no accident with the tyres. I was under the impression that no puncture but only a tear would affect them—at all events materially. But now I gather from the letters to which I have referred that it is quite possible that I have been living (or riding) "in a fool's paradise," and that good fortune alone protected me from a breakdown while riding last year.

This year I am, (D.V.), looking forward with some keenness to extended tours. I will undertake to get myself fit, but of what use will it be if my tyres break down. Want of confidence too in one's "mount" is not likely to put one at ease. I have therefore to ask some of my brother "gentlemen of the road" to tell me what I must do.

Should I carry any mending solution in my saddle bag? I have experienced side-slipping on wet roads. Should I, as

a safeguard against this, also against punctures, etc., and against general wear and tear, use some sort of puncture-proof band, and if so, what band? I shall be grateful to your readers for any help or advice.

No. 295.

Sir,—I think the contradictory opinions held of these tyres may be explained by stating that raw rubber, which I believe to be their essential feature, is subject to change with the weather, coldness causing hardness, hence non-closure. This may not arise if the machine had been ridden for some distance, the mere bounce of the wheel causing the tyre to unfreeze, so to speak. If the article causing puncture left any dirt in the hole that may also stop the satisfactory closure. A drop of naphtha or chloroform should stop all punctures.

H. B. J., No. 12,453.

Sir,—May I explain what seems to me to be the cause of the "apparent contradiction of Nature's laws" noticed by "A. F. P."? He is quite correct in saying that heat causes expansion. There are, however, two essential parts of a pneumatic tyre, viz., the covering composed of rubber, &c., and the air enclosed within that covering. Now, it is clear that the effect of the rubber expanding will be to make the tyre slack, or "pliable," while the air expanding will make it "hard," and this is actually the case in hot or cold weather respectively, as "A. F. P." has observed, always providing that there is no great alteration of the temperature, and, consequently, of the volume of the air inside the covering. If, however, the tyre be exposed to the direct rays of the sun, the covering will absorb a large amount of heat, which will in turn be transmitted to the air enclosed within it, and this will be raised to a far higher temperature than that of the surrounding air, which cannot absorb "radiant" heat, and, as the expansive power of air is much greater than that of rubber, the tyre may burst. It follows, then, that a tyre can only burst from heat when exposed to the direct rays of the sun.

H. F. H., 2469 (1893).

[We do not conceive that "H. F. H." has hit upon the right explanation of the phenomenon noticed by "A. E. P." The *flattening* of the tyres in cold weather complained of by the latter is, we believe, due to the altered character of the "self-healing" composition with which the tyre is lined inside the tread. The fact that this composition hardens when exposed to the air, or when subjected to low temperatures, is in our humble opinion sufficient to condemn it.—ED.]

Sir,—For the benefit of those who may be seeking a reliable tyre for the coming season, I briefly summarise my experience on Silvertown Closure Tyres. After three months' wear tyres required pumping daily. Before four months were over tyre had to be returned to makers to repair. This involved a loss of use of my machine for nearly a month. A puncture occurred a fortnight afterwards, which was repaired by a patch on the outside as the tyre failed to close itself. Before six months were up the tyre let me down at Stratford-on-Avon, no puncture being visible, but on trying with soap and water three quarters of the tyre was found to be full of minute pin holes, some hundreds in all, from which the air was escaping. No train home that day, except from Coventry, the nearest station available, some eighteen miles off. In riding that eighteen miles I pumped the tyre nearly thirty times, the road being chiefly down hill. Result: I made myself ill, lost my holiday trip, threw over the tyres in favour of the '93 Dunlop, which took six weeks fitting, the rims of the wheels having to be altered, and the spokes cut down. I have ridden these tyres upwards of 2000 miles without a puncture, the last time I was astride them being December 5th, and the tyres are

now sufficiently hard to be rideable. Moreover, I never ride now with my heart in my mouth. Comment would be superfluous.

THOMAS THORPE, No. 1007.

IN SEARCH OF THE IDEAL TRICYCLE.

Sir,—It is a pity that your reviewer, "Tommy Atkins," does not take the trouble to instruct himself before he starts on the instruction of the public. In our No. 88 the two extended bearings are on the hubs; in the other machines he names they are on the axle, a vital difference which he has failed to perceive.

He thinks the pivots of the bearings a source of weakness. He will be surprised to know that they would suffice if only half the thickness and that they are absolutely out of the possibility of breaking.

The size of wheels can be either 26, 28, or 30 inches.

Front brake is put for lightness, but if a front brake is so dreadful a thing, why is it fitted to nearly all bicycles?

The main object of this machine is to place tricycle riders abreast of the bicyclist, with a tricycle extremely light yet extremely strong, having no cross strain to break the frame and no binding in the bearings, whilst every ounce of power applied shall be spent in propulsion only. By using small balls and fine spokes we could build this machine 7lb. lighter, without brake and guards, but we do not sacrifice weight where weight is desirable.

We wish "Tommy Atkins" had given his real name, as the one he assumes is so dreadfully suggestive of an "old soldier."

THE QUADRANT CYCLE CO.

Birmingham, Jan. 20th, 1894.

[The Quadrant Cycle Co., and our readers generally, may take it from us that "Tommy Atkins" is not influenced in his criticisms by any personal motives. He is a practical rider of long experience, and is, moreover, a gentleman of considerable scientific attainments. It is, however, quite possible that he may have made an error of judgment, and this being so, we shall be very pleased to make public the experiences of any who have tried this the latest departure in tricycle construction. We may add that we hope to make trial of the machine "Tommy Atkins" adversely criticises at no distant date.—ED.]

THE HOTEL SYSTEM.

Sir,—At the last Council Meeting, by the vote of the Chairman, a motion for the revision of our hotel system was lost, and once more the attempt to reform the present very unsatisfactory condition of affairs was defeated, and improvement was postponed. I am not one of those who say the whole system is a fraud, and that membership in the C.T.C. confers no benefit as regards hotels and their charges; on the contrary, no year passes that I do not find my subscription thereby repaid to me many times over; but equally so the close of each tour finds me more and more convinced that the system of a *fixed* tariff for *ever-varying* accommodation is a mistake. To assume an equality of charges with an equivalent return in value in headquarters situate in the City of Cork as compared with the City of London; in a busy touring district of Scotland and a country village in England, is absurd, and naturally results, as at present, in the top floor in one class of hotel, and the truthful assumption that in the other we are no better, even if we are not absolutely worse off than our non-certificated brethren of the wheel.

I am, of course, aware of the difficulties in the way of a change—of the natural objection to altering a long-tried scheme which has its good points (few though they be), and of the fact that there may be more than one member wedded to the delights of touring from point to point, i.e., from H.Q. to H.Q., and so being able to calculate with mathematical accuracy the daily expense of his holiday

ramble (?) But none of these difficulties are insurmountable, and they should not prevent an earnest effort to reach the desired end—a system that would give to our touring members the largest possible choice of hotels as regards accommodation, position, and tariff, so as to suit individual tastes and requirements, and obtain a *bond fide* reduction of the ordinary charges as a definite result of membership in the C.T.C. This, I believe, can be best obtained by an open system of contract between Club and hotel, and a sliding scale of discounts, varying with the district and the competition therein for our patronage.

With your permission, Mr. Editor, I shall resume this subject again, believing it to be a question of vital interest to our Club, and one deserving of thorough discussion.

E. W. BURKE, R.C. Ireland.

[The foregoing letter, which arrived too late for insertion in the January *Gazette*, was written prior to the appointment of the Committee of Inquiry referred to in the Report of the last Council Meeting—to which Committee any members who have suggestions to make will kindly address themselves.—ED.]

THE GORDON BOYS' HOME.

Sir,—Perhaps some of the members of our Club may have noticed a recent letter in *The Times* and other papers from the Commandant of the Gordon Boys' Home appealing for bicycles for the use of the boys. As one who knows something of the working of the Home, and how much the machines are appreciated there, and what good they do, may I suggest to members who are changing their bicycle at the beginning of a new season that they will at once tie labels on to the old ones and send them to the Commandant, Gordon Boys' Home, near Woking. No. 5701.

THE COMPULSORY LIGHTING OF VEHICLES.

Sir,—In view of the meetings about to be and now being held of committees and representatives of the County Councils in Scotland to suggest amendments on the Local Government Act, I desire to urge upon our Scottish members that this is the time for action to be taken by them in furtherance of the movement for a compulsory carrying of lights by all vehicles. If each county member of the C.T.C. would make it his business without delay to impress upon his own councillor the advantages to the general public of a uniformity of action all over Scotland on this question, and that it is one of the matters which *ought* to be taken up and settled *now*, when the Government have asked Councils to offer their suggestions for the amendment of the Act, we should have good ground for anticipating a satisfactory result. Some of the Councils are already moving in the matter, and many others would, I doubt not, be willing to take it up if the facts were suitably laid before them. Let me add, however, that the time for action is very short. Any members who desire (for the above purpose) to be provided with copies of the print issued by the C.T.C. on the "compulsory carrying of lights by all vehicles at night" may have them on application to our Secretary, or to W. KENDALL BURNETT, Chief Consul, Aberdeen.

RE "NOTES ON THE SHOWS."

Sir,—I have read Mr. C. W. Brown's notes on the Stanley Show with much pleasure, and hope most sincerely that he will give us a similar account of the National Show in the January number of the *Gazette*.

I think, however, that he makes a slight mistake with regard to side-slip, but here he is nearly right. It seems to me that, in turning a corner, a high or low machine would incline at the same angle, and that, therefore, the distance of the centre of the saddle from the perpendicular would vary with the height.

A machine is, of course, more inclined to slip when leaning over than when upright, and the more it leans over the more likely it is to slip.

Take, for example, two machines with heights respectively 33in. and 66in., then, if each slips one inch (which would hardly be felt) the lower machine is much more likely to continue slipping than the higher one.

Also, the nearer the pedals are to the ground the more does the thrust of the leg tend to make the wheel move sideways—the width of the tread being the same in each case. I find Bates's cover on the back wheel an excellent preventive against slipping and puncture, and it wears much better than saddler's webbing. W. H. J.

Sir,—In the very good description of the National Show in this month's *Gazette*, I regret to find that when Messrs. Humber's stand was described no mention was made of Messrs. Humber's method of fixing the detachable Carter Gear Case. As it appears to me as regards fitting to be unlike any other, I hoped to find some mention of it. I write this, as I ordered from Messrs. Humber a safety with the detachable Carter Case, which seemed to me to be a good thing as fitted by them. R. B. S.

Sir,—I notice in my copy of the *Gazette* for this month an unfavourable notice of my brake.

Mr. C. W. Brown expresses a doubt of the correctness of my statement that there is no jerk or shock when the brake is applied. I cannot say that the doubt is not justified, without a trial of the brake, as my chief fear when designing the attachment was that there would be a sudden and dangerous strain put on some parts of the machine, and I was almost as much surprised as any one to find that my fear was without foundation. My doubts were all the stronger from the fact that I have been accustomed to use the double-action band brake fitted to the front wheel of some of Humber's safeties, and it seemed probable that a band brake applied by the foot would be still more powerful, and therefore more dangerous to the machine. On discovering that my brake, even with the most vigorous back-peddalling, was no more powerful than the hand-applied band brake referred to, I investigated the question with the following results:—

The machines to which the brake has been fitted are geared to 60in., and the brake drum on crank-axle bracket is about half the diameter of pitch circle of the large gear wheel. Here, then, is the reason why the strain on the back wheel and on the chain is only one-fourth what at first sight it appears to be, for, assuming that the friction between strap and drum is such as to require a force represented by, say, 100 to overcome it, the sprocket wheel, being double the size, reduces that force to 50, while the fact that the cog on driving hub is only approximately half the size of sprocket wheel, again reduces the force to 25.

The parts, therefore, have such dimensions that the braking power, and consequently the strain on the machine, can in no case exceed that obtained with the double action band brake I have referred to.

The strain on the wheels may be left out of the question, for the back wheel, being stronger (if only for the purpose of driving) will safely bear the same amount of strain as is put on the front wheel by the usual hand brake. It is true that four times the strain is put on the crank axle bracket as compared with the hub of front wheel, but it cannot be doubted that this part can well bear such extra strain.

It appears to me, therefore, that the question resolves itself into this: Which is the part best calculated to bear the strain—the chain, or the front fork?

A fracture of the front fork would almost inevitably result in the rider having a dangerous fall, but an injury to the rider would not necessarily follow a breakage of the chain. If the chain is strong enough to drive the machine it is presumably strong enough to stop it, and in this connection

it should not be forgotten that the wear on the component parts of the chain brought about by the application of the brake is on the opposite side to that used in forward driving.

One of the machines fitted with the brake is a Beeston Humber Road Racer, of recent pattern, and therefore very light in the chain, as in other parts. I think I may say that the brake on this machine has been used as much as it would be, under ordinary circumstances, in twelve months' riding, but it appears to be in perfect condition to-day, with the exception that the leather shoe is worn, but even this, costing only a few coppers to renew, is preferable to a possible injury to a pneumatic tyre, costing £2 10s.

This machine is at present being put through a further test, and has moreover been promised to several other gentlemen, but when it is at liberty I shall be glad to afford you, or your representative, an opportunity of testing the brake in the only reliable way—by a practical trial.

J. GARDNER.

Sir,—The notes on the National Show in last month's *Gazette* are in some instances very misleading. Mr. Brown speaks of Gardner's Brake as "the fad of the Show," and it is quite evident that he did not try the machine and does not understand the brake. I have been using a light Roadster fitted with this brake, and it can be applied either lightly or heavily at will, and there is no jerk to the pedals. Mr. McCredy wrote of this brake some time ago in the *Irish Cyclist*, and said that when pedalling down one of the steepest hills round Dublin at his top speed he was "able to bring the machine up without the slightest jar in less than ten yards."

So much for Mr. Brown. And now let me direct your attention to the "Ladies' Page," which is supposed to contain a criticism of the machines at the Show interesting to ladies. The writer of the page speaks of "the wide space between handle bar and brake handle," whereas the merest tyro knows that this space is only a matter of adjustment. The maker who told the writer of the article that a drop frame was stronger than a V frame must have known that he was talking sheer nonsense, as all riders of the drop frame know how easily the frame is twisted with a fall or by sudden slipping of the driving wheel. It is surely not too much to ask that our critics should have some knowledge of cycle engineering and construction, and women of both sexes should keep to describing "rational costume," where they are more at home.

J. D. SUTCLIFFE.

Sir,—I am extremely obliged to your correspondent "W. H. J.," whose letter appears in this issue, for drawing attention to a statement in my Stanley Show Notes which, perhaps, if taken in its literal sense may not have been perfectly accurate.

I have lately made some experiments as to the angle at which a safety and a high machine of the "Giraffe" type lean under various conditions, and I am indebted to Messrs. Starley Bros. for the loan of one of their tall machines for the carrying out of my object. It is obvious that in taking a curve of a given radius at a given speed with the weight of the machines *plus* that of the rider identical, the angle of inclination of both cycles will be the same, and I only took a protracted curve as an extreme case, as I had in my mind the fact that a high machine does not incline so much out of the vertical in the ordinary action of balancing as a smaller one. Perhaps my argument may have been a little misleading, and I will now endeavour to make the matter plain.

A rider of a bicycle is constantly falling either to one side or the other, owing to the power of gravity, and he counteracts this power by turning his steering wheel to the side towards which he is falling, thereby deflecting his course from the straight line, and thus bringing centrifugal force

(moving bodies always tending to travel in a straight line) to his aid. Now no cyclist is so sensitive that he can tell instantly when his equilibrium is lost; his weight has to move a certain distance from the vertical before he becomes aware of the circumstance. Say for the sake of argument that a distance of one inch is necessary to give him warning; with a saddle 33in. from the ground it is obvious that the machine will then be leaning exactly double the amount of one 66in. high. To lean the same as the 33in. the saddle of the 66in. would have to move two inches, but as we admit that the one inch warning was sufficient, then we see that the rider would have corrected his balance by his steering wheel at that warning, when the inclination of the high machine would only be half that of the smaller one. The same remarks apply to taking corners, for although the angle of safety would be the same on both cycles, yet the warning that the rider is exceeding that angle, or *vice versa*, would be given sooner on the tall machine, and consequently the lean beyond the angle of safety will not be so much. Therefore, a low machine does at times lean more at corners than a high one owing to the rider not being able to detect the movement from the angle of safety so soon, which illustrates my meaning, and accounts for the comparative absence of side-slip on machines of the "Giraffe" pattern.

"W. H. J." is perfectly correct in his statement that a low machine which has slipped say an inch is more likely to continue slipping than a high one, and this again is caused by the greater lean imparted by the movement of an inch at the point of road contact to the low machine than to the high one, for it must be remembered that the weight does not follow the wheel but tends to fall in a straight line. Very low pedals and wide treads also, as your correspondent points out, tend towards side-slipping, especially where the rider does not ankle properly.

With reference to the letter from R. B. S. respecting Messrs. Humber & Co.'s method of fixing the "Carter" detachable gear-case, I may say I do not think that the plan adopted will be perfectly oil-tight at the part where the case is clamped round the back horizontal fork, although very long sleeves are employed. This defect in the oil-holding capacity is one which is found in most of the detachable cases, and Messrs. Humber & Co.'s is certainly as good as any, and can be removed by simply unscrewing three bolts. I like the case myself, and it is of course identical in many respects with Mr. Carter's, but I reiterate my conviction that a fixed case, *properly fitted*, will be more satisfactory.

Regarding Mr. Gardner's courteous letter I may say that if he thinks it desirable, I shall have much pleasure in experimenting with his brake, but in spite of his theory of the reduction of his nominal force, represented by 100, to 25, he cannot get away from the fact that the brake is applied through the chain, and that the strain upon that part will be represented by the speed at which the machine is travelling, and the space in which it is to be stopped. A chain may well stand the steady power of driving, but it would snap at an even less force, if suddenly applied. I do not defend the front wheel brake, mechanically, for I think that that position is one of the worst places in which we can have a brake, but what is to be done? The rear hub is the correct place for a band brake, but look at the complication it necessitates! Mr. Gardner's brake is ingenious, but I do not think it will ever become popular. I may be mistaken, but time has been very kind in the matter of many of my previous criticisms which, when they appeared, were resented by the respective inventors.

Mr. Gardner's letter is indeed a great contrast to the discourteous epistle from Mr. Sutcliffe. Mr. Gardner does not say that I do not understand his brake, and my description should prove that I do. The *Irish Cyclist* may be an authority, but I do not think that even an Irishman would rush down a very steep hill at "top speed."

But even Mr. Sutcliffe is not immaculate, as witness his absurd attack on Miss Davidson. That lady will no doubt

be well able to defend herself, but I may point out that the fulcrum of the brake lever of some machines is placed so close to the centre of the handle-bar, that if the lever be adjusted sufficiently close to the handle to be within easy grasp, the movement of the spoon is not enough.

Your correspondent evidently thinks that it is a shame that anybody should be allowed to air his views in the *Gazette*. Well, perhaps from the point of view of people who either are themselves, or have friends, in the trade, critics are objectionable beings.

C. W. BROWN.

Cycling Sketches.

BY HECTOR MALORY.

I.—THE SQUIRE.

I have no doubt you have met "The Squire" on some of your rambles awheel. I do not mean the man, but the type. He is surely a familiarity to all genuine ramblers who keep their eyes fairly open.

The Squire is not an old man; neither is he a young one. In his youth he looked upon a gallop across country behind the hounds, with the scent breast high, as his chiefest delight. He still keeps the saddle, but his horse is shod with inflated tyres, and it runs but never gallops. I have said the Squire is not an old man. Swept back from his fresh healthy features is a wealth of steel-grey hair which belies his age. He has discarded the hunting hat of former days, as well as the whip; and instead of the latter—for no reputable English squire is ever pictured *sans* the whip—he carries a tyre inflator! The change is rather a startling one, and withal annoying to those estimable people who contrast such *fin-de-siècle* ways with the good old times.

Upright and broad-shouldered, square and well set, the Squire is an admirable type of robust English manhood. Since he took to the wheel we find him at all the noted beauty spots with a Kodak or other hand-camera peeping out somewhere. When restricted to his own district and to the use of his equine steed he travelled the roads and lanes in the vicinage of the manor house without an eye for the immediate surroundings. He had other matters to think of—the housing of his poor; the welfare of his horses, dogs, sheep, game; the prospects of his crops; the success or failure of his charitable schemes in the village, and, in conjunction with other philanthropists, in the nearest town; the ninety-nine little details that worry and irritate—all these absorbed his thoughts. He brooded over them in his country drives or walks, for, like the fine old gentleman that he is, he worries no one else with such things.

His relaxation used to be a run to Paris in August, and a scamper over Switzerland. He spent hot days and nights in stuffy hotels and in crowded crawling trains. He did in a month what one might consider enough for half a year, and he made a *business* of his holiday. Those *coupons* cast a magic spell over the otherwise sane, solid English gentleman, and he would plan out his day in accordance with the guide-book recommendations. He was surfeited with the abodes of foreign celebrities, misty cathedrals, picturesque slums, and gigantic picture galleries. But the celebrities he had never heard of before; the cathedrals were somewhat too Popish for his Anglican ideas; the slums were not exactly odourless; and the picture galleries occasioned head and neck aches, and he returned to his home in Yorkshire, Berkshire, or Wiltshire—it matters little which—with confused ideas and an unmistakable suspicion of exhaustion. It took several weeks in which to recover from his *holiday*.

But those times are gone. When the summer recess brings his sons home from their chambers, or their college, he dons his C.T.C. dress, pins on his badge, stuffs a volume of the Road Book into his pocket (and it requires some dexterity to perform this!), straps on his M.I.P. and his camera case,

inspects his tyres, tests every screw and oils every bearing, looks at the barometer, takes a final walk round his stables, fondles his horses, gives some parting instructions to his men, bids affectionate "*Au revoir*" to his wife and handsome daughters, and is off with his boys—awheel!

What is his holiday now? A sensation of delicious freedom takes possession of him ere he has passed the Vicarage gate, and shouted a passing "Good-bye" to the Rector among his flowers. The road loses its familiarity, old objects bear new faces, he sees them now for the first time; his vigorous health—the outcome of judicious practice for weeks in advance—renders his mind free of all absorbing thoughts and cares.

The common day-to-day prospects assume new forms and reveal fresh interest. The very act of gliding noiselessly between the strips of shaggy turf on either side, with a cool, pure breeze bathing his face and invigorating his lungs, is in itself unspeakably exhilarating. By nightfall there are forty full miles between the Squire and his home. He enters a snug little hostel at dusk—a place of much importance and assertion in the coaching days—and chats with the worthy host about those romantic times—the times of his youth.

He is out rambling in the early sunshine before the morning meal. He comes in to breakfast full of activity and youthful enthusiasm. His ruddy, clear-cut features are lit up with a happy smile that tells of some success. It is soon explained.

He has been four miles down the cross-road, through the woods and over the common, in search of "bits." Nothing arrests his attention until a group of creeper-covered cots by the roadside demands a dismount. This is what he terms "a gem" well worth the finding.

He follows a variety of by-paths with an artistic zeal that he dreamt not that he possessed, and he is not unrewarded. An old Roman bridge brings him off the saddle again, and out comes the camera once more. When he reaches the inn he boasts of six such "bits" captured and held in perpetuity. Then he must know their names, and something of their history, if they have any.

Machines are dusted and tested, and the new day's journey commenced. And so day succeeds day, and the sun sets in a cloudless sky at evening, to rise again in an unobscured heaven on the morrow. He returns home a new man.

How often do we meet the Squire and his lads on our rambles? Why, we see them every day. There he is, the amiable, warm-hearted old boy, who passes us on the highway with a courteous word and a smile; who dismounts to assist us if we have passed over the upright nail the cyclist sees in his dreams; who chats with us in the inn-parlour about the big cricket matches, the cycling records, the new books, the beauties of England, the education question, the roads, the latest tyres, the possibilities of cycling, the news from Africa—about any subject, in fact, that the conversation may drift to.

If we find him alone, in the most comfortable easy chair in the hostelry, he is reading, with broad-rimmed glasses on his nose, a copy of the "*Rural Almanac*," or, mayhap, the Badminton volume of "*Cycling*."

Do we not know him? Do we not revere him? Is he not an honour to our pastime? Do we not wish him many happy days awheel? And has he not said in return, with a warm hand-shake, that "there is no such sport as cycling under the sun"? Where is the Addison who will immortalise this new Sir Roger?

FINCHLEY.—Strenuous efforts are being made to resuscitate the Finchley Cycling Club—at one time well known as the Finchley T.C. Mr. C. W. Brown, of 2, Oak Villas, Friern Park, North Finchley, is the new hon. secretary, and he asks us to say that if any members of the C.T.C. resident in his neighbourhood would care to join he will be glad to hear from them.

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.

Members and Official Tailors are requested to note that the New Brown Cloth will not be obtainable until after the 1st March.

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.
 ACKINGTON—J. W. Foster, 25, Blackburn Road.
 Ayr—Curtis, Rae & Co., Ailsa Buildings.
 ALE (Switzerland)—V. Settelen.
 BANBURY—W. Walton, 62, High Street.
 BARNLEY—
 BARNSTAPLE—J. N. Brewer, Cross Street.
 BATH—*Gould & Son, 23, Millsom Street, and 1 & 2, George Street.
 BEDFORD—J. Beagley, 5, High Street.
 BELFAST—J. Stringer, 47, Donegal Place.
 BERLIN (Germany)—W. Köpsel, W 8, Mohrenstrasse 50.
 BERWICK-ON-TWEED—Paxton & Purves.
 BIRMINGHAM—*Husband Bros., 21, Paradise Street.
 BLACKBURN—Tomlinson & Co., 17, Aspsden's Buildings.
 BOLTON—J. Boyd & Co., 21, Fold Street.
 BOURNEMOUTH—W. Rogers & Sons, 1, Albany Terrace.
 BRADFORD—Macvean Bros., 17, Darley Street.
 BRIDGNORTH—W. Jones & Co., Waterloo House.
 BRIGHTON—R. Needham & Son, Castle Sq., Old Steine, and Palace Place.
 " F. Willard & Son, 2, Western Road.
 BRISTOL—Randall & Walls, 50, Park Street.
 " *B. Thomas & Co., 54, Park Street.
 BURNLEY—J. Leedam, 5, Red Lion Street.
 BURTON-ON-TRENT—W. Brown, 184 and 185, Station Street.
 BURY—J. Burrow, Silver Street.
 CAMBRIDGE—J. Gilling, 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.
 CHELSEA—J. P. Green.
 CHELTENHAM—S. King & Son, 35, Winchcomb Street.
 CHESTER—J. T. Davis, The Cross.
 CHICHESTER—W. Long & Son, Southgate.
 CIRENCESTER—G. Fraser & Son.
 COKE—J. Drew, 34, Princes Street.
 COVENTRY—B. Riley, King's Head Buildings.
 CREWE—Vickers & Son, High Street.
 DARLINGTON—W. G. Wallis, 4, North Gate.
 DERRY—*Gamble & Cunningham, 54, Sadler Gate.
 DEVIZES—Parsons Bros., 3, St. John Street.
 DONCASTER—G. Goldthorpe & Son, St. 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.
 " *Pim 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.
 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.
 HEREFORD—C. Witts.
 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.
 LEDBURY—C. Witts.
 LEEDS—L. W. Rowland, 36, Albion Street.
 LEICESTER—*F. Brett, Peterboro' House, Granby Street.
 LEOMINSTER—C. M. Binyon, 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, 171, Fenchurch Street, 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, 47, 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 style for those members who do not object to pay an increase of the usual tariff.)
 MAIDENHEAD—R. Whitaker & Sons, 12, Queen Street.
 MANCHESTER—*Meggitt & Co., 22, Cross Street.
 MARLBOROUGH—J. Russell & Sons, High Street.
 MIDDLESBOROUGH—W. Sherwin, 15, Corporation Road.
 MULHOUSE (Alsace)—H. Dusserre.
 NEWBURY—A. Smith, 88, Northbrook Street.
 NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE—W. Caldwell & Co., 43, Grainger Street.
 " J. Turnbull, 43, Pilgrim Street.
 NEWPORT (Isle of Wight)—G. B. Purkis, 51, High Street
 " (Mon.)—Wildings, Limited, Bon Marché.
 " (Salop)—H. Harper, Market Place.
 NEWTON ABBOT—C. Pope, 42, Courtenay Street.
 NORTHAMPTON—Blacklee 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, 46, High Street.
 PORTSMOUTH—See 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.
 RHYL—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, 20, Hanover Buildings.
 SOUTHPORT—*E. Trounson, 213, Lord Street.
 SOUTHSEA 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, 15, High Street.
 TAUNTON—Josiah Lewis, 11, North Street.
 TORQUAY—Montgomery & Dolbear, 49, Fleet Street.
 TRALEE—B. Smith & Co., 4, Denny Street.
 TROWBRIDGE—W. Beaven.
 TUNBRIDGE WELLS—J. Pickett & Son, 25, Grosvenor Road.
 " *E. C. Jenkinson, 28, Mount Pleasant.
 UTRECHT (Holland)—J. de Gooijer, jr., 304, Kromme Neuve Gracht.
 UXBRIDGE—Carrick & Coles, Waterloo House.
 VIENNA I—F. Kadzick, Rothernstrasse 31.
 WALSALL—Barrett & Forrester, Park Street.
 WARMINGSTON—Foreman & Son, 23, Market Place.
 WATFORD—*J. P. Taylor, 95, High Street.
 WELLS (Somerset)—
 WESTON-SUPER-MARE—*Tytherleigh & Son, Church Road, and 20, Regent Street.
 WIGAN—Coop & Co., 23, 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. Millborne, 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, February, 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.

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.		Findlay, J. T.	56, John street, Sunderland
Cohen, G. A.	24, Langley street, Luton	Hardy, G. (Stockton C.C.)	33, Balacava street, Stockton-on-Tees
CAMBRIDGESHIRE.		Macfarlane, A.	18, John street, Sunderland
Foot, W.	5, Market street, Wisbech	Pearson, G. F.	31, Azalea Terrace south, Sunderland
Poyser, A. W., M.A. (Wisbech C.C.)	Grammar School, Wisbech	Salmon, P.	5, The Oaks, Sunderland
Smith, F. H.	Coldham Hall, nr. Wisbech	ESSEX.	
CHESHIRE.		Davis, H. J.	6, Forest place, Leytonstone
Evans, J. Parry	Crewe road, Alsager	GLOUCESTERSHIRE.	
Halsall, F.	1, Union crescent, Egremont	Brown, Mrs. C. E.	Tuffley avenue, Gloucester
Harrison, T. H.	Acton, Knowsley road, Rock Ferry	Brown, Miss L. K.	Saintbridge House, Gloucester
Roberts, S.	Puddington, Neston, nr. Chester	Brown, Miss A. E.	
Weaver, J.	Little Heath, Christleton, Chester	Evans, E. F.	2, Naunton Park villas, Cheltenham
Wallace, O.	105, Victoria road, New Brighton	Fox, Miss F. M.	Kingsholm square, Gloucester
CUMBERLAND.		Grimes, Mrs. H. W.	Barnwood Cottage, Gloucester
Atkinson, H.	9, Lonsdale street, Carlisle	Milburn, T. C.	56, Lower Redland road, Bristol
Birmingham, P. J.	Blaithwaite, Carlisle	Parker, E. R.	"Tresco," Hewlett road, Cheltenham
Parkin, T.		Kobson, Mrs. W.	74, Hampton park, Redland, Bristol
DERBYSHIRE.		Stow, M. Kenyon	Sneyd Lodge, Bristol
Bond, D. L.	Holland Lodge, Borrowash	Welch, W. B.	Carlisle Villa, Sydenham road, Cheltenham
Darley, G. W.	Mount St. Mary's College, Chesterfield	White, F.	Zetland Chambers, Clarence street, Gloucester
Potts, E. R.	Market Place, Ripley	HAMPSHIRE.	
Westlake, S.	Barrow hill, Chesterfield	Glasspell, C.	Grove Cottage, Tower road, East Cowes, Isle of Wight
DEVONSHIRE.		Leah, H., Commander R.N.	Bury road, Gosport
Milton, A.	Clifford Arms Hotel, Chudleigh	Levinge, Sir W. H., Baronet	St. John's Park, Ryde, Isle of Wight
DORSETSHIRE.		Robinson, W. H.	Dunelm, Winchester
Lillington, A.	Post Office, Winfrith	Scarth, L.	Keeverstone, Manor road, Bournemouth
DURHAM.		Williams, T. S.	Elvetham, Winchfield
Crawford, J. P.	1, St. Vincent, Sunderland	HEREFORDSHIRE.	
Copeland, T. E.	21, Victoria street, Bishop Auckland	Bray, J. T.	Homend, Ledbury
		HERTFORDSHIRE.	
		Cartledge, G.	9, Market place, Hertford
		Miller, W. V.	The Laurels, Bengoe
		Odell, R., M.R.C.S.	Castle street, Hertford

KENT.

Ball, Rev. E., A.K.C. Vicarage, St. Mary Cray
Bond, T. 9, The Common, Woolwich
Bond, H. 5, Manor road, Forest Hill
Elliott, E. F. Travellers' Home, Prospect place, Woolwich
Fenton, C. K. Oakleigh, Southend road, Beckenham
Lawrence, G. H. Railway hotel, Blackheath
Taylor, J. 20, Eltham road, Lee
Talbot, J. 21, Elderton road, Lower Sydenham
Weller, A. 5, St. Mark's terrace,
Warcham, J. H., Qr.-Mstr. Sergt. R.E. New Brompton

LANCASHIRE.

Appleton, I. 5, Teviot street, Longsight, Manchester
Ashworth, W. H. (Southport C.C.) 7, Seabank road, Southport
Bayless, E. 88, London road, Liverpool
Bewes, Rev. W. 3, Westmoreland terrace, Addison road, Preston
Bryson, J. T. 187, Bedford road, Bootle
Creswell, F. O. (Y.M.C.A. C.C.) 73, Stuart road, Walton, Liverpool
Cooke, T. W. Aughton Springs, Aughton, near Ormskirk
Davies, T. P. Heatherfield, Darwen
Edmondson, J. A. 221, Manchester road, Burnley
Faulkner, J. T., M.D. Apsley House, Streftford
Gardner, J. 34, Lloyd street, Greenheys, Manchester
Holman, H. Scarsbrick Hall, near Ormskirk
Jones, E. (Waterloo Ramblers' C.C.) 58, Waterloo road, Waterloo
Lalieu, A. 27, Ashton street, Pembroke place, Liverpool
Mathias, H. D. (Y.M.C.A. C.C.) 117, Arundel avenue,
Needham, A. Wavertree, Liverpool
Smith, C., M.R. and C.M. 8, Tariff street, Dale street, Manchester
Taylor, E. M. The Glen, Heaton, Bolton
Whitaker, J. 163, Edge lane, Liverpool
Williams, H. 22 North Lonsdale road, Ulverston
Wilkie, J.

LEICESTERSHIRE.

Fox, Miss K. St. Katherine's, Northampton road,
Leeson, W. Market Harborough
Milne, J. W. Springfield road, Knighton, Leicester
Parkside Villa, Aylestone park, Leicester

LINCOLNSHIRE.

O'Shea, C. Balmoral Villas, Cleethorpes

MIDDLESEX.

Atkins, A. 18, Narcissus road, West Hampstead, N.W.
Bloxham, T. H. 35, Arundel gardens, Notting Hill, W.
Cockerell, F. S. 109, Hammersmith road, West Kensington, W.
Francis, A. A. City and Guilds of London Central Institution,
Exhibition road, South Kensington, S.W.
Gardiner, A. J. Vicarage road, Sunbury
Gardiner, Mrs. A. J. 29, Margaretta terrace, Oakley street, Chelsea, S.W.
Genter, P. 101, Highbury quadrant, N.
Gowing, L. F. 46, Chesilton road, Munster Park, S.W.
Holding, F. London road, Enfield
Humphreys, C. M. 33, Thurloe square, S.W.
Naudsday, G. A. 14, Northwick terrace, N.W.
Matesdorf, T. 117, Mildmay road, Islington, N.
Mallinson, J. E. 102, St. George's square, Pimlico, S.W.
Page, A. Flood 1, New Inn, Strand, W.C.
Rodgers, R. 57, Holland park, W.
Smith, C. 4, Perryn road, Acton, W.
Sargeant, A. St. G. 11, Goldsmith gardens, Acton, W.
Sinclair, H. V. 122, Pall Mall, S.W.
Wilson, T. V. 36, Bernard Street, W.C.
Walker, J. H. B. 240, Tufnell Park road, N.
Warner, W. H. Oak Hill House, Hampstead, N.W.
Wigram, L. E. " " "
Wigram, M. E. " " "

NORFOLK.

Cash, T. W. Market Place, Thetford
Steele, C. Stoke Ferry

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

Connolly, R. E. 193, Midland road, Wellingborough

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Hawthorn, R. C. Wreighburn House, Rothbury
Laverick, R. 41, Grove street, Newcastle-on-Tyne

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

Gregg, G. A. Elm Tree avenue, West Bridgford
Johnson, J. E. Spring St. Schoolhouse, Hucknall Torkard

OXFORDSHIRE.

Davies, Rev. G. J. The Elms, Benson
Green, A. 32, Little Clarendon street, Oxford
Green, Mrs. A. E'kaya, Polstead' road, Oxford
Kerry, Mrs. A. F. 37, Broad street, Oxford
Morgan, Mrs. W. L. Witney
Rose, S. J.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

Capewell, H. (Burton B.C.) 95, Station street, Burton-on-Trent
Collins, A. 80, Wolverhampton road, Stafford
Cope, F. W. S. Stanley House, Livingstone road, Handsworth
Dams, C. High street, Uttoxeter
Knowles, B. C. Caldwell House, Wednesbury
Knowles, G. R. The Hollies, Wood Green, Wednesbury
Loxton, C. A., LL.B. Cannock

SUFFOLK.

Cooper, Mrs. C. N. 50, London road, Lowestoft

SURREY.

Andrews, E. J. (Dulwich B.C.) 2, Templar street, Camberwell, S.E.
Burnett, H. W. The Glebe, Brighton road, Sutton
Buttmer, Rev. A., M.A. St. Mary's, near Godalming
Collier, G. C. Lyndhurst, Chestnut Grove, New Malden
Creswick, Mrs. J. F. Pelham Cottage, East Molesey
Castell, C. S., F.S.I. The Rowans, Worpole road, Wimbledon
Criss, A. W. 4, Jamaica road, Bermondsey, S.E.
Dearling, H. F. Quill Tavern, Charlwood road, Putney, S.W.
Goodwin, T. 18, Culling road, Rotherhithe, S.E.
Glen, R. A. Charterhouse, Godalming
Grant, A. 9, Montserrat road, Putney, S.W.
Gwynne, A. G. Pond Hotel, Frensham, nr. Farnham
Halley, W. 178, Livingstone road, Thornton Heath
Hamblin, A. Lynton, Ennerdale road, Kew
Inderwick, H. J. 44, Disraeli road, Putney, S.W.
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ALUMINIUM.—In the reliance that a germ of truth lies enshrined in the axiom, "In a multitude of counsellors there is wisdom," a contributor took advantage of an invitation extended to us by the Phoenix Metal Die and Engineering Co., Limited, to see the progress made by this well known firm of die sinkers in the working of aluminium. As the courteous secretary of the company expressed views on the future use of aluminium in cycle construction which run counter to those at times promulgated in the *Gazette*, the interview provided food for reflection. The opinion often put forward in these pages that pure aluminium is comparatively valueless for cycle work was fully borne out by this gentleman, and he endorsed the contention that the alloys containing a small percentage of other metals are those to which manufacturers must direct their attention. Especially did he consider small quantities of titanium and tungsten—both previously commended in the *Gazette*—to effect a marked improvement in the properties of the metal, and to enable it to be freely worked in the lathe. The firm use a special alloy, the composition of which did not transpire, but which can contain but a small amount of foreign metal, since it has the low specific gravity of 2.7, only a trifle higher than that of commercial aluminium. This alloy is found to be perfectly homogeneous throughout after two remeltings, and gives castings free from honeycomings. It may be joined by means of a special solder, but the junctions did not seem so perfect as could be wished, nor equal to

some few samples of soldering exhibited at the National Cycle Show last year. The Phoenix company, though doing work for some large cycle makers, do not recommend the use of aluminium in cycles so extensively as many have advocated. For instance, they consider that it cannot, presumably for lack of elasticity, advantageously replace steel tube for the frames of machines. But it is eminently suited for the more solid parts, such as hubs and for mudguards, and such addenda to the machine proper. A neat method of inserting a steel lining for the ball race, which entirely obviated the necessity for soldering, was explained. The steel, made a shade larger in diameter than the cavity in the hub, is forced in by hydraulic pressure, and the aluminium is then beaten down to fill serrations in the outer edge of the steel lining. The toughness of the alloy fits it expressly for hubs, as it is virtually impossible to wrench out a spoke. German competition is keenly felt by the aluminium workers in this country, and combined with the bad odour into which aluminium has fallen through the misrepresentations of unscrupulous and ignorant adventurers, has depressed native trade in it. The need for alloying aluminium with one of the expensive metals, silver, titanium, or tungsten, was spoken of regretfully, and as inevitably raising the price of the alloy, but titanium and tungsten are widely diffused on the earth's surface, and improved methods of extraction from the ores would doubtless quickly be devised to cheapen the cost of production were a considerable demand for these metals created by the aluminium workers.

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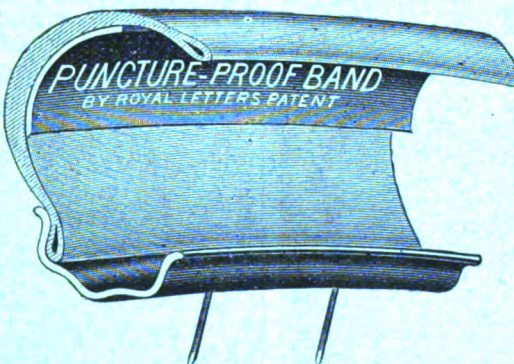
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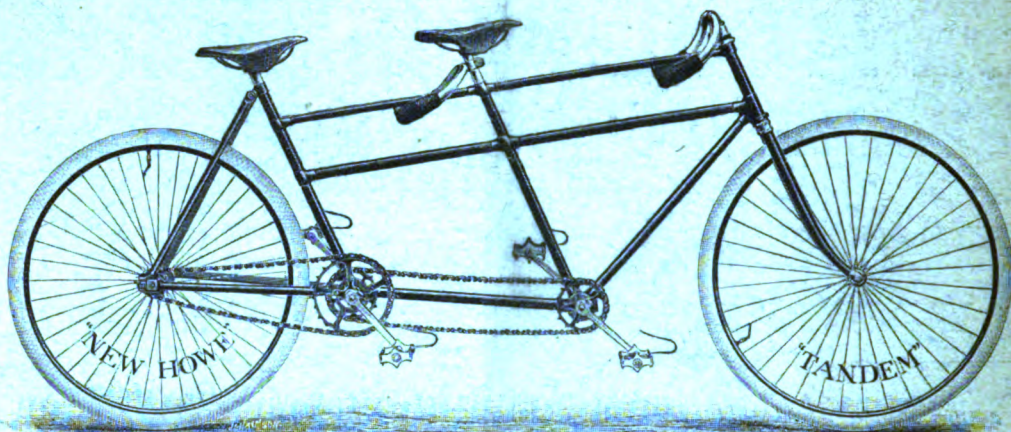
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