

THE MONTHLY

No. 6. VOL. XIII.

JUNE, 1894.

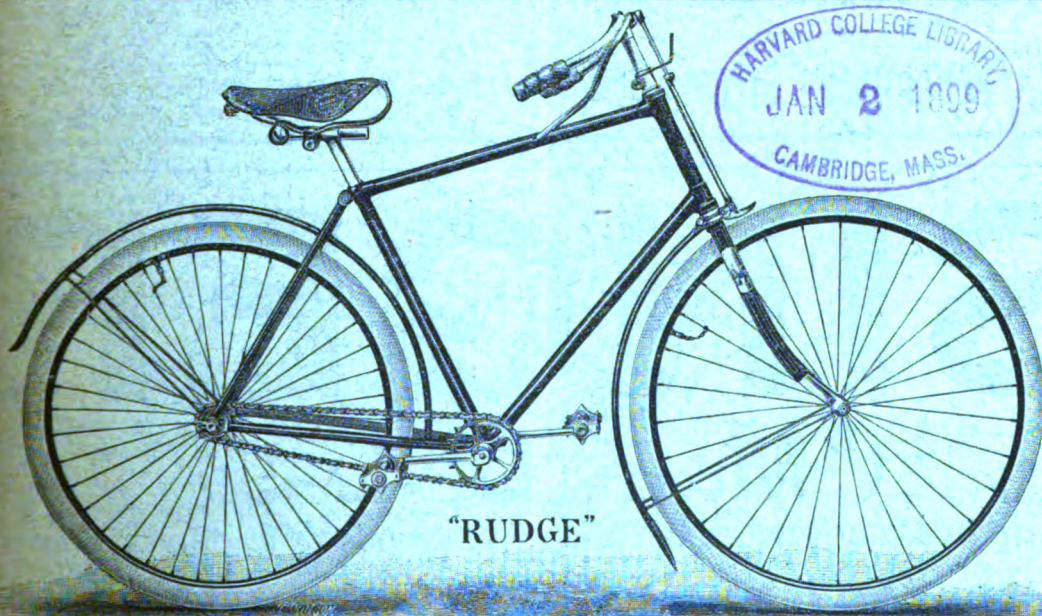
AND
OFFICIAL
RECORD

GAZETTE



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

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



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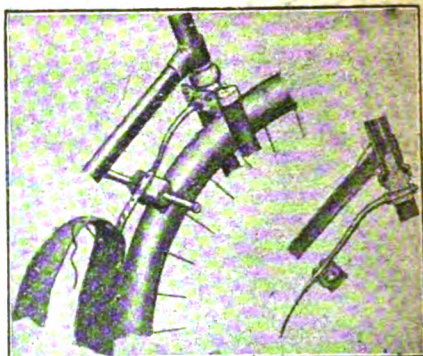
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WITH NUMEROUS SPECIALITIES. THE LIGHTEST MACHINES MADE.

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THE
MONTHLY GAZETTE
[FOUNDED 1878.] INCORPORATED 1887.]



And + Official + Record.

No. 6. Vol. XIII. [NEW SERIES.]

JUNE, 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.

SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING.

Notice is hereby given that an Extraordinary General Meeting of the Members of the Cyclists' Touring Club will be held at the "Imperial" Hotel, Edinburgh, on Saturday, the 16th day of June instant, at 1 p.m., for the purpose of confirming certain alterations in the Articles of Association made by the Special General Meeting held on the 17th May ultimo. The Agenda will be found upon page 151. Every Member is invited to attend.

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Editorial.

When the system of giving manuscript route information to prospective MEMBERS. tourists was inaugurated long years since, a very wholesome regulation was introduced to the effect that the members thus obliged should be required to return the route after their trip was over, and at the same time say whether or not they found it faulty in any particular. The object of this regulation was twofold—(1) it saved the Chief Consul the necessity of re-writing the route for each fresh applicant, and (2) it ensured that the information was not only correct, but up to date.

As a matter of fact, however, the regulation, like most voluntary regulations, was frequently more honoured in the breach than in the observance. And

so it would appear it continues, as witness the following from the Warwickshire Chief Consul:—

"I think it would be well once again to direct attention to the regulations dealing with applications for route information, and particularly the one which requires members to return 'routes' on completion of their tour. I may have had two returned to me this year but certainly not more, yet I sent some out two months ago. Just before Easter (on the Thursday afternoon before Good Friday) I received an application from a member who did not give his number, did not enclose an envelope or a stamp, and who wanted particulars *by return* of a route the greater part of which lay beyond the borders of Warwickshire. I sent him a rough and hurried sketch of the route and pointed out his omissions, but I never received any acknowledgment."

Now it seems to us the least that a member can do is to study the wishes and the convenience of those painstaking officers the Chief Consuls, without whose generous assistance the Cyclists' Touring Club must become a name only. We accordingly commend the regulations that apply to the procuring of manuscript route information to all who from time to time avail themselves of this privilege, and ask that they may be carefully observed.

* * *

THE ROAD RACING NUISANCE. There may have been a difference of opinion in the past as to what constitutes the height of impudence, but there will surely be complete unanimity in the future, for the answer is to be found in the recent action of a certain Scottish Road Club, which actually appealed to Sir Thomas Gibson Carmichael, Bart., in his capacity of Chairman of the

Peebles County Council, to intervene on its behalf, and veto the proceedings the County authorities proposed to take for the suppression of road racing. It is needless to say that Sir Thomas not only declined to interest himself in upholding a deliberate breach of the law, but, as was to be expected, he condemned in no measured terms the short-distance scrambles upon the highway which have done so much to render cycling and cyclists unpopular with the public generally. The *Scottish Leader* may well deliver itself thus :—

“To attempt to stop the law taking its legitimate course through impetration, or by the aid of some influential member of an administrative board, is not a means which would commend itself except to the most superficial mind. None less unworthy are these tactics than would it be on the part of a band of the bookmaking fraternity who obstruct the public thoroughfares, seeking to be exonerated from the ‘law’s demands’ by invoking the aid of a local magistrate who might clandestinely have a predilection for things pertaining to the turf. No one could respect the city dignitary who would use his official power in the interests of that class where a nuisance existed; and if road racing has been found to be a nuisance it would not be expedient on the part of a leading county councillor to champion its cause nor seek to maintain a custom which *pro bono publico* should be removed.”

“And so say all of us.”

The exposition of law the last issue of the *Gazette* contained has been in no sense shaken by anything which has transpired in the interval; indeed, confirmation of the reading therein made public has been forthcoming in more than one quarter. At the South-Western Police Court, for instance, the police, who summoned a cyclist for not keeping to the left or near side of the road, when the same was perfectly free and he was not shown to be causing any obstruction, were informed by the Stipendiary that “a person is at liberty to use any portion of the road provided that no obstruction is thereby occasioned,” and as a consequence the the summons was dismissed.

One of our correspondents has, however, written us *inter alia* as follows :—

“I see also considerable discussion about the right and wrong side of the road, and you recommend that in the event of another vehicle taking the wrong side of the road you should pass on the side that is left free. That may be all right legally, but any one with any experience at all will know that this is about the most risky thing that you can do. The man you are passing in all probability realises that he is wrong precisely at the moment that you are passing, and turns his horse’s head right across your way. A collision ensues, in which you are obviously in the wrong, as you were attempting to pass on the wrong side, and it will take a great deal of argument to persuade the judge that it was the other man’s fault for obstructing the road. I think every one will see the justice of this argument. If the law really stands as you say it does, it should be one of the items of the agenda for the C.T.C. to procure an alteration of it as soon as possible. Meanwhile the wise cyclist will be very careful about taking the wrong side of the road unless he is certain he can get past.”

Now we have not recommended, and we do not recommend, riders to ignore the recognised rules of the road. We only counsel them to take the wrong

side when through the negligence or the perverseness of other road users they are absolutely compelled to do so if they would avoid a collision.

As to attempting to procure an alteration in a custom which is older than the law itself, we conceive that the task is a hopeless one; beside, if the Highway Acts made provision whereby a hard and fast rule must under all circumstances and no matter what the emergency (*e.g.*, meeting a runaway horse) be observed at the rider’s peril, he would be infinitely worse off than he is at present. The law as it exists is based upon common-sense principles, and it is not likely to be altered for the supposed benefit of cyclists.

With a view of completing Vol. II. of this work before the opening of the next riding season the Map and Road Book Committee not long since obtained the sanction of the Council to the expenditure of a limited sum to be used for the purpose of defraying the travelling and hotel expenses of members who may volunteer to ride over the roads at present undescribed. During the month just ended the Committee have availed themselves of offers of assistance from members whom they believe to be specially qualified for the task, but as it is possible that further assistance may be needed, we shall be glad to hear from any member who will under similar conditions volunteer to place his services at the disposal of the Club. The districts which appear to be in the most backward state are North and South Wales, each of which forms an admirable touring ground, and one in which, given passable weather, a delightful holiday might thus be spent.

The Bill introduced by the C.T.C., and of which Mr. R. G. Webster has charge, failed of the second reading on the night of the 1st ultimo, as we feared would be the case. The honourable member was permitted by the courtesy of the Speaker and of the House to explain in a few sentences the object of the Bill—the chief provisions of which, as far as can be discovered, meet with the approval of all shades of political opinion but as one member out of the whole number present objected to the second reading, no progress could be made with the proposed measure. Mr. Webster will, however, try again at the first favourable opportunity. Meantime we have ascertained from Sir George Trevelyan, Bart., the Secretary for Scotland, that while he is in favour of the principle of Universal Lights, he is disinclined to introduce into the Local Government (Scotland) Act, of which he has charge, a clause embodying that principle. It would have been a good beginning if “Universal Lights” could have been made compulsory in Scotland, but by possessing our souls in patience we may yet witness the passing of a general enactment applicable to the whole Kingdom, which will of course be infinitely better.

In this connection we may say that the proposal to include cycles in the Bill where Ireland is concerned has met with much commendation, and as if to illustrate the necessity of this provision a fatal accident has just taken place in Dundalk, which

every one seems to admit might have been avoided had the cyclist who inadvertently caused the death of a foot passenger been provided with a light.

✦ ✦ ✦

The month just ended has witnessed a marvellous growth in the outcry against cycling and cyclists always noticeable during the riding season. It proceeds not from one district alone, but from all parts of the kingdom—London, Manchester, Preston, Huddersfield, Grant-ham, Bath, Kingston-on-Thames, Southampton, Dundee, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Ayr, Cork, Dublin, and Dundalk being a few places selected at random—and in common fairness we feel bound to say that in some cases there is every justification for the protests that are uttered and for the action that is taken. The "great unpaid," in common with our stipendiary magistrates, are administering the law with unmistakable severity; the Home Secretary is considering the advisableness of introducing more drastic measures; and taken all in all the lot of the cyclist is not a happy one. The wellwisher of the pastime—and it is as a pastime and not as a sport that cycling should be followed upon our highways—will, however, rejoice to know that the vagaries of the thoughtless and irresponsible section are being suppressed, now that liberty bids fair to degenerate into licence.

Official Notices.

SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING.

Notice is hereby given that an Extraordinary General Meeting of the Members of the Cyclists' Touring Club will be held at the "Imperial" Hotel, Edinburgh, on Saturday, the 16th day of June instant, at 1 p.m., for the purpose of confirming certain alterations in the Articles of Association made by the Special General Meeting held on the 17th May ultimo.

Every member is invited to attend.

The following is the

AGENDA.

To confirm the following resolutions:—

1.—"That the following Article, to be known as No. 8A, be added to the Articles of Association:—The Council shall have power to elect as Honorary Life Members (at such times and in such manner as they may determine) by a postal vote, in which not less than four-fifths of those voting shall record their assent, any members of the Club who have in the opinion of the Council rendered long and efficient or special service to the Club, either on its Council or otherwise. Such Honorary Life Members shall enjoy all the rights and privileges of ordinary members, but shall not be liable to contribute to the funds of the Club, except in so far as is provided in the seventh paragraph of the Memorandum of Association."

2.—"That the word 'fifty' in Article 47 be deleted, and 'twenty-five' substituted therefor."

(N.B.—The effect of this change will be to reduce the quorum required for a General Meeting to twenty-five members.)

THE REPRESENTATION.

COUNTY OF SURREY.

The candidature of Mr. Charles WIGAN, M.A., of 15, Ladbroke Square, Notting Hill Gate, London, W., was through a printer's error erroneously given as WIGGIN. Members will kindly note and make the required amendment.

THE C.T.C. ROAD BOOKS.

The Editor of the English Road Book is

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

The Editor of the Scottish,

Mr. ARTHUR T. POYSER,
18, East Claremont Street,
Edinburgh.

The Editor of the Irish,

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

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

CONSULAR VACANCIES.

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

HANTS.—(Chief Consul, E. C. Duchesne, Boys' High School, Westbourne Road, Bournemouth.)—Brockenhurst, Cosham, Eastleigh, Farnborough, Fordingbridge, Gosport, Havant, Hook, Hursley, Kingsclere, Liphook, Lymington, Lyndhurst, Petersfield, Portsmouth, Porchester, Southsea, Whitchurch, and Ventnor.

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

NOTTS.—(Acting Chief Consul, Joseph W. Wright, 9, College Street, Nottingham.)—Bawtry, Bingham, Blyth, Retford, Southwell, and Tuxford.

WORCESTERSHIRE.—(Chief Consul, Rev. C. E. Ranken, St. Roman's, Malvern.)—Bewdley, Droitwich, Dudley, and Kidderminster.

YORKSHIRE (East Riding).—(Chief Consul, A. E. Paulsen, 85, De Grey Street, Beverley Road, Hull.)—Filey or Hunmanby, Flamborough, Hedon or Skirlaugh, Hornsea, Market Weighton, Pocklington, Sledmere or Wetwang, and Withernsea.

COUNTY OF NOTTINGHAM.

Mr. Walter E. Evans, the Chief Consul, is about to resign office upon his removal to London. He has, however, appointed Mr. Joseph W. Wright, 9, College Street, Nottingham, to act as his deputy, and to this gentleman all communications relating to the county should be addressed.

COUNTY OF WILTS.

Annual North Wilts. meeting takes place on Saturday, June 9th, at Devizes, H.Q., Bear Hotel, 4.0 p.m., for a short excursion before tea at 5.30. Discussion on C.T.C. matters will be invited afterwards. Members wishing tea (price 2s.) ordered, must let the C.C. know by 7th inst. Consuls' meeting fixed for Pewsey last month abandoned, owing to bad weather.

F. W. MARILLIER, Chief Consul.

Swindon, Wilts.

THE BRITISH HANDBOOK.

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

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

THE CONTINENTAL HANDBOOK.

A complete list of the alterations and additions to the above work (the latest edition of which was published in 1891) is now procurable by all those who have already purchased copies of the book itself. A stamped envelope addressed to the Secretary will ensure receipt of the list in question.

CONTINENTAL AND FOREIGN TOURING.

By an arrangement recently entered into with the French Government members of the C.T.C., bona-fide on tour, may enter France free of duty upon their machines at Calais, Havre, Dieppe, Cherbourg, Boulogne, Granville, and St. Malo, provided they produce the current year's Certificate of Membership.

The text of the agreement made with the French Authorities may be obtained upon application to the Secretary.

Temporary membership in the "Touring Club de France" may be obtained by any member of the C.T.C. upon payment of a fee of 1s. 8d., and the Official Handbook of that body will be supplied to such member at the reduced price of 10d. Those who desire to avail themselves of these valuable concessions should remit to the Secretary of the C.T.C.

Members requiring information as to the Continent, and general hints as to the successful prosecution of a foreign tour, will do well to communicate, in the first instance, with the Chief Consul of the Foreign (General) Division (Mr. S. A. Stead, 30, St. George's Avenue, Holloway, London), when, in case the hints furnished require to be supplemented by local contributions, the Chief Consul of the country it is proposed to explore will gladly complete the needed details.

The C.T.C. Continental Road Book contains the fullest information of all the chief routes within the following areas:

- I. France.
- II. Germany and Austria-Hungary.
- III. Belgium, Denmark, Holland, Italy, Norway, Russia, Serbia, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, and Turkey.

The price of the three volumes is 10s. the set, or 3s. 6d. each (postage 3d. per volume extra).

The Continental Handbook, dealing with foreign countries in the manner that Britain is dealt with in the British Handbook, is sold by the Secretary at 1s. per copy.

HINTS TO THOSE WHO INTEND TOURING ON THE CONTINENT.

1.—As our hotels on the Continent are only recommended, it is useless to expect a reduction in the prices on showing a C.T.C. ticket.

2.—The C.T.C. Continental Road Book is a *sine quâ non* for those who cycle on the Continent, and intending tourists should first get the volumes of it that they will require, and then trace their trip with the aid of a good road map.

3.—It is no part of a Chief Consul's duty to furnish information which is contained in the books published by the Club.

4.—I have a stock of Continental maps, new and second-hand, also of guides (Badeker's, Murray's, etc.), books of Travel Talk and Dictionaries in French, German, Italian, and Spanish; also a few copies of Badeker's Conversation Dictionary in English, French, German, and Italian, quite new, at 1s. each (published at 3s.).

5.—The Foreign Handbook contains a vocabulary for cyclists that I compiled in English, French, German, and Italian, giving terms and phrases not found in any dictionary.

6.—Members living near London should, if possible, call on me by appointment, as I can answer questions faster verbally than by letter, and they can see the maps, guides, etc., that I have for sale. I am usually at home before 12.30 and after 5 p.m.

S. A. STEAD,

Chief Consul Foreign General Division.

30, St. George's Avenue, Holloway, London.

THE EDITOR'S ALBUM.

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

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

Messrs. G. S. Anderson, Portpatrick; M. Blyth, Ramsgate; and H. E. Knight, East Grinstead.

Prospective Tours.

Any member who is desirous of securing a companion for a journey is invited to insert under this heading a short detailed account of his requirements, gratis. It is advisable to enumerate the countries, or leading centres, through which the Tour is to extend, and to state whether the rider is a Bicyclist or a Tricyclist. Communications should be addressed to the Editor, and in case they are to be re-directed, must be enclosed in a second franked envelope, or they will not be forwarded.

Wanted, a Companion for a month's bicycle tour on the Continent, preferably in Germany. Start in August. Pace and expenses moderate. Advertiser has had experience of touring in Germany.—Address: Scholastic, c/o Editor.

Answers to Correspondents.

CYCLIST.—We have no room for such a discussion at present.

A. J. S. DODD (Egremont).—The invention you describe is not, we think, novel; at any rate, a similar machine rest was some time since described in these columns.

The Adjourned Annual General and the Special General Meeting.

[SPECIALLY REPORTED.]

The Adjourned Annual General Meeting of the Club was held at the Covent Garden Hotel, London, on the evening of Thursday, the 17th May. Some seventy odd members were present, the following places being represented:—Amersham, Anerley, Brixton, Bromley, Brondesbury, Chiswick, Clapham, Dufries, Ealing, E. Dulwich, Enfield, Farnborough (Kent), Fulham, Hampstead, Hertford, Highbury, Holloway, Hounslow, Kingston, Putney, Redhill, Shipley, Stepney, Stratford, Surbiton, Upper Norwood, Walthamstow, Walworth, Wandsworth, Weybridge and Wimbledon.

Mr. H. Croydon Roberts (C.C. of Middlesex and Herts.) in the unavoidable absence of Mr. W. Kendall Burnett, of Aberdeen, occupied the chair.

The CHAIRMAN called upon the Secretary (Mr. E. R. Shipton) to read the notice convening the meeting. This having been done the Secretary proceeded to read the minutes of the last Half-yearly General Meeting held at Newcastle-on-Tyne, on 20th October, 1893.

Mr. LENNOX moved, and Mr. ILLINGWORTH seconded, the adoption of the minutes as read. (Carried unanimously.)

The CHAIRMAN asked whether inasmuch as the Annual Report of the Council to the Membership had been fully set out in the March *Gazette*, the members present wished to have it read to them or whether they would take it as read (several voices: "Take it as read"). A formal motion was adopted to this effect.

Mr. W. B. TANNER moved, and Mr. LESLIE WILLIAMS seconded "That the Annual Report of the Council to the Membership as set out in the March *Gazette* be adopted." (Carried *nem. con.*)

The CHAIRMAN explained that the Hon. Treasurer (Mr. W. B. Gurney) was not with them that evening but they would find a full report of his remarks in the April *Gazette*. Two or three members of the Finance Committee were present to answer any question which might be raised upon the accounts.

Mr. W. COBENS moved, and Mr. LESLIE WILLIAMS seconded "That the Statement of Accounts and Balance Sheet for the year ending 31st December last, as set out in the March *Gazette*, be adopted." (Carried unanimously.)

The next business was the consideration of the notice of motion by Mr. Geo. Thompson (Birmingham), Chief Consul, Warwickshire, "That it is desirable that arrangements should be made at once, whereby members of the C.T.C. may purchase their machines on more advantageous terms than those offered to non-members; and that the Council is hereby requested to consider the matter, and if practicable to take the necessary steps for attaining this object at the earliest date possible."

The SECRETARY explained that Mr. Thompson had put down this notice of motion again, because it appeared to him that it had not been so fully considered at the informal Annual General Meeting held two months ago as it might be. Mr. Thompson, he believed, was quite as much in favour of the scheme which he advocated as he was before the appearance of the arguments which had been used against it at the Leeds meeting and elsewhere. Mr. Thompson's chief reason, however, for restoring the motion to the present Agenda, was that although he could not attend the meeting, in his absence there might be some who felt strongly upon the point and who would now have an opportunity of moving in the matter if they so desired.

The Rev. E. B. COOPER intimated his willingness to propose the resolution that was before them in Mr. Thompson's name. He could not help thinking it would do a great deal of good to the C.T.C. if their members could obtain their machines on cheaper terms by virtue of their membership.

Mr. LEWIS seconded. He thought that the proposition as stated on the Agenda paper carried its own conviction with it—it was self-evident. Therefore he contented himself with merely seconding the motion.

Col. LE MESURIER asked whether the Touring Club had obtained any assurance from makers that they would grant the suggested reduction to members of the Club.

The Rev. E. B. COOPER would like to call the last speaker's attention to the fact that the Council was merely requested to consider the matter, and that they would not think of taking any practical steps in the direction indicated by the motion until they had some definite assurance from makers that they would let the members have machines at a reduced charge.

Mr. LEWIS did not know whether his experience was singular, but one firm of makers had already offered to supply machines to members of the Club at a reduction of 50 per cent. off list prices. There had been several members in his district who had received that offer.

Mr. STURMEY: I do not think they are makers.

Mr. LEWIS: They may not be makers. They sell machines at any rate.

Mr. ALSEF considered that makers were now prepared to give heavy discounts.

Mr. ILLINGWORTH said that if the resolution were adopted it would then be for the consideration of the Council what arrangements they could make with the manufacturers and agents. He was present at Leeds, and what arguments were then used against the motion were of the flimsiest description. He asked what

was the C.T.C. established for? Was it not for the benefit of its members? (hear, hear). The Club had made arrangements with hotel proprietors whereby they could have a reduced tariff. Many of their members were not able to avail themselves of that in consequence of not touring, but every member would be able to avail himself of the privilege which it was now proposed should be brought into effect. The thing was a natural growth of the Club. If the Club did not advance with the times it would undoubtedly sink into obscurity. He did not think he could use a stronger argument in favour of the motion than that.

Mr. STURMEY said he opposed the motion at Leeds and he was going to oppose it again that evening. He thought that the C.T.C. would really be travelling out of its bounds if it did anything of the kind. Any arrangement which might be made by the C.T.C., seeing that the Club was a universal body, could only be done at the expense of the whole agency system of the country. Of course the gentlemen who advocated it would say that had nothing to do with them (hear, hear). He agreed with them to that extent, but he would ask each one who took that ground to look at home. What would he think if his own business were interfered with in a similar way? Would he like it? Now he was quite sure that with the exception of one or two manufacturers with whom arrangements might be made they would lay themselves open to the undying enmity of the entire cycling trade. He maintained, and he knew what he was saying, that the Club had in the past owed a very great deal of its success to the assistance and co-operation of the agency portion of the trade throughout the country. If they adopted the motion, instead of having some thousands of men, admirably, indeed exceptionally placed to assist them, they would have all these men leagued together against them. He contended that the Club would do itself a great deal more harm than good from that cause alone. Then so far as the actual terms which might be arranged were concerned he was quite certain that the majority of the members of the Club, at any rate if they were in the slightest degree conversant with cycling matters, could buy their machines quite as cheaply as they could by any such arrangement as that proposed. He was aware that in a few of the outlying districts it was possible that men might by this new scheme obtain some extra discount which they could not get under existing circumstances. A gentleman had mentioned the fact of an offer of over 50 per cent. having been made by a firm of makers. He happened to know the firm in question, and he could assure them that they were not makers, they were simply factors. The argument would be that if a factor could afford to take 50 per cent. off what could a manufacturer afford to take off? It would be all very well if the machines in question were of the character which was indicated by the prices at which they were listed. Every one of them who had ever seen a cycling newspaper knew that machines were listed to the public at prices ranging from five guineas upward. Most of them were also aware that there was between the five guinea and the twenty-five guinea article a medium article at about half the price which, although of reliable and fair quality, was not to be compared in any respect to a twenty-five guinea machine. There was nothing to prevent a firm doing as he asserted the firm in question were doing. There was nothing, moreover, to prevent a firm taking a machine which was listed at £10 or £12, or even less, and then issuing a fictitious price list. It had been done over and over again, and he could mention instances, if required, where machines properly listed at nine, ten, or fifteen guineas were quoted in lists at £24 or £25. The members present of course knew better than to be misled, but the members of the Club residing, say, in some distant part of the country, were the ones who would avail themselves of the kind of offer which was at present going about. They would only judge of the quality of the machine by the price at which it was listed. It was an easy thing for the agent or pseudo manufacturer to take off 40 or 50 per cent. under circumstances like that, but the men who bought were deceived. They were under the impression they were getting a twenty-five guinea machine for £12 10s. (A voice: "Oh no, we don't"). Mr. SturmeY repeated that it was so. If the purchaser did not think so, what did he think he was getting? If he thought he was only getting a £14 machine at 30s. reduction, what advantage would he suppose he was getting? He knew that he could get from any dealer more than that. If a man did not believe he was getting a high-quality machine there was no catch in it. That was an important point. They had and could have no guarantee that any firm of manufacturers would not supply a special class of machine for the benefit of the C.T.C. members, and in that way they might be asked to pay more for a machine than they would in the ordinary course. The Council or the Secretary could not undertake to inspect all the machines or to make periodical inspections or any other system of that kind. The ultimate result of it all would be that they would be landed in the same plight as they had been with regard to their uniform. The Club's arrangements would simply be cut out at once by an inferior article being put on the market. If the Council did undertake to go into the matter he had no doubt that the knowledge which they possessed would enable them to make arrangements with only first-class firms (hear, hear, and a voice: "That is what we want"), and as far as they were concerned they would make such arrangements as would ensure a supply of a first-class machine. The immediate result of a fixed discount being announced by the Club as the C.T.C. discount would result in dealers and some manufacturers under-cutting them in the way he had mentioned.

Several interruptions here took place, some members saying that the discount would not be announced, upon which Mr. SturmeY explained that it must be announced to the members of the Club themselves, and the information would very soon be generally spread. Mr. SturmeY then went on to speak of the uniform, which he considered was unsur-

passed for wearing quality. He was again interrupted by several members inquiring what this had to do with the question before the meeting.

Mr. STURMEY having at length obtained a hearing said he was only quoting the case of the uniform to show that this machine question would land the Club in the same difficulty (cries of "No, no"). He had already detained them long enough (loud cries of "Hear, hear" and laughter). He had had twenty years' experience of cycling, and of the C.T.C. from the fourth month of its existence, and he knew what he was talking about (laughter and applause).

Mr. MUDGE did not think that all the members would want a machine of a particular brand. Notice might be sent out early in the year asking members of the Club what sort of machines they would like, and the Secretary might receive intimations from 100 members that they would like one particular machine perhaps, say the Beeston Humber. He did not think that firms like that would for the sake of their own reputation give them a shoddy article, and by having 100 machines at one time he thought it was only natural to expect they would obtain a larger discount than if they applied singly. (A voice: "What about the agents?") Well, he could not see that any harm would accrue to the agents, or that the latter would be against the Club in the matter. He thought they ought to reap some advantages from the Club. He had been a member for two years now, and he could not see much advantage in belonging to it (cries of "Oh, oh!"), and there were more members like him. He thought that something ought to be done to enable members to get their machines more cheaply than they did at present. They knew that if £25 were charged for a machine there must be a lot of profit on it. In fact it was almost all profit (derisive laughter). The best bicycles could be turned out for less than half the money the makers listed their machines at. He hoped the Council would take the matter up. Even if the trade were against the Club it could not do them much harm. It would not matter to them. The last speaker had owned that he was a dealer.

Mr. STURMEY immediately rose for the purpose of correcting this statement, and explained that he had said that he was for the moment putting himself in the position of one merely for the purpose of illustration.

Mr. GOLDING did not feel very largely interested in the question. He was more concerned in making use of the machine he already possessed than in looking out for a new mount at the present time. He could not agree with the speaker who said there was not much advantage in joining the Club. He was doing his best to induce others to join in the benefits which he was deriving from his membership. With regard to cycles as well as other goods, manufacturers had their own reputation to support, and it was scarcely probable that they would endeavour to foist upon the Club inferior articles. They were not asked to give some particular discount, but simply whether they were prepared to give any at all. That being so, if the Council should make application to respectable makers of machines and ask them whether or not they would be willing to give such facilities, he doubted whether it could possibly do any harm, and it might do some good. If the Council found after communicating with some of the more respectable manufacturers that no such discount could fairly be obtained, then he apprehended the Council would say that they had tried to do this thing and had failed, that it was impracticable, and therefore they had dropped it. It seemed to him to be worth while to make the inquiry to see whether manufacturers of repute could fairly to their own business and to their agents, meet the Club in the way of discount. It might secure them a large number of orders which they would not otherwise get. If for the sake of the extra large order they would be willing to do this the object would be gained, but if it were discovered that, having regard to the quality of the article, no further discount could be obtained, the matter would drop of its own accord. All requirements would be met if the Council would undertake to inquire and see if the thing could be done.

Mr. ILLINGWORTH thought it was particularly unfair that any gentleman should make imputations that old-established makers of high-grade cycles would stoop to such practices as had been mentioned. He thought there was no likelihood of such a thing happening.

Mr. STURMEY: I made no imputation against any first-class maker of repute.

Mr. ILLINGWORTH considered that C.T.C. members fully understood the names of first-class makers, and could not possibly be deceived in the way which had been suggested. He thought it was hitting below the belt.

Mr. WILMOT thought there was one point which the meeting was losing sight of. A gentleman on the Council (Mr. SturmeY), who had given them a very interesting statement on the opposition side, seemed to throw out the idea that it would devolve upon the Council and Secretary to buy all their machines for them. He did not think that any of them wanted wet nursing (laughter). That was not the sort of scheme they would eventually adopt. If he had no machine, and the Council were able to make arrangements with a firm, all he would have to do would be to exhibit his ticket or have an authority from the Secretary stating that he was one of the persons to whom the arranged discount should be given. There was no need for a whole procession of machines and makers to come before the Secretary. As to prices, he had spoken to some one who knew something of the secrets of the trade, and he could definitely say that the prices which makers charged for their machines were very much more than they were worth. Somebody appeared to be doubtful whether the good makers could afford to give a discount that would be accepted by the Club. Many of them knew what discounts were. A machine might be listed at £30. They could probably buy it for £20. Only the other day a man told him that he

had bought a £25 machine for £14, and he thought that discount would satisfy the Club (hear, hear, and laughter). If they could make arrangements with first-class firms it was not to the interests of those firms to sell a £10 article for £25. The members of the C.T.C. were as sharp as most other people. If they had brown paper machines foisted on them the firm so doing would soon get such a reputation that they would be carefully avoided. Some persons were saying that there was a slight ebb in the Club. Now if they wanted the Club to go ahead why not offer the members some tangible advantage? If they could go before the public and tell them that any member of the Club could walk into the establishment of any first-class firm and simply on production of his ticket get five or ten per cent. more discount than outsiders it would be a great inducement for members to come in. It had been said that they had lost a few members by increasing the subscription to 3s. 6d., but the extra inducement of getting the discount would quite satisfy everybody, and ultimately their prosperity financially speaking would be assured. He should strongly support the motion.

Mr. W. COSENS had sufficient regard for the experience of Mr. SturmeY to think that his arguments, although considered flimsy by some people, carried a great deal of weight with them. That gentleman had an intimate knowledge of the inner workings of the trade. He was sure they could not afford to run the risk of inspiring a large number of makers and agents with feelings of enmity against the Club. In his opinion none of the members who had spoken up to the present had shown any real necessity for the proposed change. There was, he thought, nothing to be got out of it. Apart from this, they ought to take into consideration the effect of the motion if it were adopted. At the present time members joined the Club with the idea of gaining some advantage as tourists. Theirs was a touring club established for the benefit of tourists. He was himself satisfied, as one of the earliest members and a rider of more than twenty years' standing, that the effect of the suggested departure would not be to get into the Club ranks the class of members they wanted. His own efforts had been directed to enlisting members of a good class, who were likely to benefit the Club by adopting its system of using hotels and touring about the country. What would be the effect of the adoption of the scheme? Instead of enrolling the desirable specimens of cyclists there would be a great rush to their ranks of every rider who could sign himself as an amateur. Now they all knew that cyclists were composed of all classes of society. A large proportion of cyclists (good fellows no doubt) belonged to the army of the great unwashed (laughter and cries of "No, no"). He dreaded to think what would be the result of enrolling such members. Their behaviour generally would not, he thought, be likely to reflect credit on the Club. All the best hotels would break away from them and their last state would be worse than their first. As to their numerical strength he should be content to see the Club decrease if the calibre of each member were maintained. At present if he went to a maker or an agent for a machine with the cash in his pocket he could obtain as reasonable a discount as he required. The motion would meet with his uncompromising hostility.

Mr. LEWIS took it that if the motion were adopted the Secretary would write to some of the leading firms in England or elsewhere (laughter).

Mr. STURMEY: "Made in Germany," I suppose.

Mr. LEWIS proposed to draw the line at Germany. The object of the inquiry would be to ascertain what discount these firms would be prepared to give to members of the Club. If it were not undignified for the Club to arrange for the reduction in the tariff of hotels, what possible objection could be raised to extending the advantages to be gained by members to the purchase of machines at reduced prices? Machines were far more important to them as cyclists than their meals (laughter). He did not think it was quite clear that if the reduction were arranged the consequence would be that they would be inundated with riff-raff. If they could give some more solid advantages to their members he thought they might safely increase the subscription still further. If there was no objection to five or six members combining to purchase machines, what was there to prevent 20,000 combining?

Mr. PEARCE thought some difficulty was likely to arise in the way of getting rid of their old machines. At present a good many agents were willing to take machines in part exchange. Would the manufacturers and firms, of which mention had been made, be willing to do the same and still allow the discount?

Mr. STURMEY thought the last speaker had raised an important point. The agent now was very useful to a purchaser of a machine, inasmuch as in nearly every case he was prepared to take old machines and make a good allowance for them. In addition to this, the agent as a rule paid the carriage down, tried up the machine, and saw that it was in good running order. It was then handed over to the buyer in a state fit for riding without any further trouble on his part. All this was done for him at an infinitesimal profit to the agent. The competition between agents now was such that if members went into a depot with the cash in their pockets they could buy quite as cheaply as he was sure the Council would be able to arrange for them. Now they could buy right down on to the top of the agent's own price. Many agents throughout the country had gone under for the simple reason that they cut each other's throats in competition. He was sure they could not do much better (laughter, and a voice: "What! not do better than cut our throats?"). All he wanted to say was that if the Club could make arrangements with a first-class reputable manufacturer, well and good (a voice: "Let them try then"), but the arrangements it might be able to make would not be with a first-class manufacturer, for this reason. It would upset the whole agency system of the country. Every manufacturer of repute knew by this time that he had to look after the interests of his agents, and if any of the members were to write to a

really reputable manufacturer asking him for a quotation for a machine they would get a post card to the effect that "our agent in your district is so-and-so, please call upon him." If manufacturers did otherwise they would be flooded with complaints from their agents all over the country. The agents would throw up the agency, nobody else would take it, and there would be general confusion all round. They would make enemies of their present friends, and he felt sure they would not be able to get a reputable sound manufacturer to enter into such an agreement as was proposed (a voice: "Well, let us try!"). He said again they could not do it. It was only asking the Council to attempt useless work, as it could not be done.

Mr. PARRY said it was clear to him that if the Council were going to consider the matter with their minds dead against anything being done, nothing would be done.

Mr. COSENS thought the last gentleman was rather under a misapprehension if he thought the whole of the Council was present that evening. The Council consisted of nearly 120 members.

Mr. PARRY explained that he meant the members of the Council present.

Mr. LESLIE WILLIAMS thought there were pros and cons in this as in most other cases. He suggested that they should vote purely and simply upon the question whether the matter should or should not be referred to the Council.

The Rev. E. B. COOPER as the mover of the proposition then replied. He hoped that the members present would not have such a low opinion of the abilities of the Council as to think that their being empowered to consider the question could do any possible harm. If the collective wisdom of the Council came to the conclusion that it could not be done with advantage he thought they might trust them to decide it in that way, and after that they would hear nothing more of the matter. Mr. STURMEY seemed to think that the agents and manufacturers would be obliged to enter into a contract with them. (Mr. STURMEY: "No, no.") He (the speaker) agreed that all they should have to do would be to go with their tickets in their hands to the manufacturer or agent and say, "I am a member of the Club. I demand the same discount off my machine in the same way as when I go to stay a night at an hotel I want a reduction in the tariff." Mr. STURMEY also thought that manufacturers would supply inferior machines. (Mr. STURMEY: "Some of them might.") He (the Rev. E. B. Cooper) had a much higher opinion of manufacturers than that. He could not imagine for a moment that, say, Humber & Co., or Singers, or any other manufacturers of repute would, to serve some mean end, supply them with inferior machines. The machines should be supplied simply on the exhibition of the ticket. There would be no worrying the Secretary to go through the machines and see which was the best. As to the old machines, they might be disposed of in any way they thought fit. There was no difficulty about that. The chief argument against him was as to the possible rush of undesirable members. Well, he was prepared to give that all the weight it deserved, but he thought the advantages that would accrue to them as a Club by getting machines at reduced prices would far outweigh even that small possible drawback (loud applause).

The CHAIRMAN read the motion as set out above, and said it was now before the meeting for their decision.

In support of the Rev. E. B. Cooper's proposition forty-three votes were registered for and some five or six hands were held up against. It was therefore declared by the Chairman to have been carried by an overwhelming majority. Loud and continued applause greeted this decision.

The CHAIRMAN then announced that this finished the business of the Annual General Meeting, and he now asked the members to stop to transact the business on the Agenda for the Special General Meeting for the alteration of certain Articles of Association.

The Special General Meeting having been constituted with Mr. H. Croydon Roberts in the chair,

The Rev. E. B. COOPER moved—"That the following Article, to be known as No. 8A, be added to the Articles of Association:—The Council shall have power to elect as Honorary Life Members (at such times and in such manner as they may determine) by a postal vote, in which not less than four-fifths of those voting shall record their assent, any members of the Club who have in the opinion of the Council rendered long and efficient or special service to the Club, either on its Council or otherwise. Such Honorary Life Members shall enjoy all the rights and privileges of ordinary members, but shall not be liable to contribute to the funds of the Club, except in so far as is provided in the seventh paragraph of the Memorandum of Association." He said he had been a member of the Council now for nearly nine years. He would be one of the last to claim on that account any exemption from payments which an ordinary member would have to make. He thought the Council was wise in having put such a proposition on the Agenda. It would be an inducement to people to work their hardest for the Club, such as on the Road Book for instance. He hoped all the members would understand the last part of the proposition as to the Memorandum of Association, &c. That merely referred to the excessively remote possibility of their being called upon to pay the small sum of 10s. in the almost absolutely remote case of the Club getting into financial difficulties.

Mr. MURCE seconded.

Mr. CHURCHMAN would heartily support the resolution were it not possible for any member to become an honorary member of the institution by payment of the paltry sum of 10s.

Mr. COOPER: No, pardon me, sir, it is by payment of the paltry sum of five guineas.

Mr. CHURCHMAN: I understood it was 10s.

Mr. COOPER: The 10s. I referred to was the liability.

Mr. CHURCHMAN: Then I support it.

Dr. POWELL said he was opposed to the proposition before and would oppose it again. It was entirely uncalled for. He thought no one could object to pay 3s. 6d. a year. It was extremely unfair to some twenty members who had already paid £5 5s. for being life members, not honorary life members. He did not agree that what had been paid £5 5s. for should be given away for nothing. No one, he hoped, would suppose that he for one had paid £5 5s. in order to save his pocket. He had not. If it were necessary to have non-paying members he thought they should not have the title "honorary life members" conferred upon them. They might be dubbed by some other name—vice-presidents, for instance (loud laughter).

Mr. LESLIE WILLIAMS made a graceful allusion to the services rendered to the Club by the last speaker, and said if the motion was carried out no doubt they would have great pleasure in making Dr. Powell an honorary life member (laughter and hear, hear).

Mr. BEARD said most clubs had a rule by which they could make honorary members or honorary life members of those who had done good suit and service for their club. He had been surprised in looking through their Articles of Association to find that some sort of provision had not been made before. He supported the resolution because he thought it was a very right and proper one, and he hoped members would carry it unanimously.

Mr. W. B. TANNER, speaking as another life member, said it was quite true the life members of the past had paid their money, but that payment had been to a great extent made to assist the Club. It was also quite true that those who had acquired that distinction by payment could not possibly now look to obtain that which was suggested by the proposal. He thought nevertheless it was advisable in any club to give an opportunity whereby they could award distinctions to those who worked hard in its interests, and who might not perhaps care to become life members by payment. He thought the only question which could be raised on the proposition was the question of name. The term "Honorary" showed at once that some honour was intended to be conferred upon a member. He, for one, was anxious to see the proposal carried. It did not necessarily follow that the distinction would be conferred broadcast, but it gave an opportunity to the Council to confer distinction on those who might be worthy of it. As a life member at the present time he supported it.

Mr. DARGAN thought if the subscription to the Club were two guineas there might be some reason for the proposition, but inasmuch as it was only 3s. 6d. he did not see that it would give much honour to a man.

Mr. STURMEY thought the last speaker missed the point of the whole thing. It was a question of honour, not the amount of money which it saved a man's pocket (hear, hear).

The Rev. E. B. COOPER considered the only arguments against the proposition had fallen from Dr. Powell, and they had been answered by Dr. Tanner.

The CHAIRMAN having explained that a two-thirds majority would be required to legally pass the proposition, a show of hands was taken, with the result that forty-two votes were cast in favour of the motion and only one against it. It was therefore carried.

The Rev. E. B. COOPER then moved:—"That the word 'fifty' in Article 47 be deleted, and 'twenty-five' substituted therefor," the effect of this change being to reduce the quorum required for a General Meeting to twenty-five members. He said it would be within the recollection of most of them that the last meeting which was held at Leeds fell through for the want of a quorum. It seemed rather a pity that such a thing should be possible, that a club of their size should not be able to get fifty members together at a place like Leeds, but they must look facts in the face. Some way out of the difficulty must be found, and the proposition he thought would be considered reasonable.

Mr. STURMEY seconded, and referred to the occasions where after travelling one or two hundred miles he had been disappointed to find his time and trouble had been thrown away by reason of the non-attendance of members in sufficient numbers to form a quorum. It was discouraging. Of course they did not say that they only wanted twenty-five members to be present, they would be glad if 2500 turned up (hear, hear). They could not make their members come, but the business had to be done, and he thought the suggested reduction to twenty-five was a wise move. The whole of the business of the Club would remain at a standstill so long as a quorum could not be secured, and something would have to be done to alter that state of things.

The CHAIRMAN then pointed out that two-thirds majority would also be required for this proposition. The motion was then adopted by the meeting *mem. con.*

On the motion of the Rev. E. B. Cooper, seconded by Mr. Leslie Williams, a hearty vote of thanks was passed to the Chairman for his services during the evening.

WHO CAN OBLIGE?—Mr. W. King Wilkinson, jun., of Clitheroe—to whose requirements reference was made in a recent issue—desires to thank "No. 1219" for his kindness in supplying him with a copy of the 1890 Handbook. Mr. King Wilkinson is still in need of a copy of the Handbook for 1879, 1881, and 1887, as well as the Lists of Candidates for January, February, and March, 1880. For any and all of these, as well as for the first fifteen issues of the *Monthly Circular*—the forerunner of the *Monthly Gazette*—he is willing to pay any reasonable price.

The Ladies' Page.

Rational dress is certainly growing and increasing. Every day sees more of its disciples abroad in the saddle, and there is little doubt that before the summer riding season is over there will be such a recruiting to the new movement that it will be no longer a sight to attract public attention when a skirtless lady passes awheel.

In Paris the feminine cycle craze is at its height. I say craze advisedly, for when people rush headlong into any pursuit or pastime with the like impetuosity, their fancy for it is less likely to endure than if they took to it by more moderate degrees. Perhaps it is partly the fascinations of rational dress that have lured so many fair Parisiennes to mount the two-wheeler; but at all events cycling is the fashionable amusement of the hour for Frenchwomen, and many amusing stories are told in connection with it.

Those amongst them who have cast-off the skirt are as particular over the fit of their new costume as they used to be over their draperies. A Paris tailor, to suit their requirements, has thrown aside his old wire-work dummies, and has fitted up in his trying-on room a lady's safety mounted on a home trainer, just as a habit maker has his dummy horse and saddle for his customers. The walls of the room are of plate-glass, which reflect every movement and change of position of the fair rider in her rational garb, and by this means a more satisfactory cut and fit are obtained than would otherwise have been possible.

As for the Bois de Boulogne, it swarms with lady cyclists, in spite of the outcry made against feminine cycling not so long ago throughout the whole city. But the exercise proved too great a temptation to be resisted—and shall we also say, the costume?—and one society leader after another has taken to wheels, till it is prophesied that by June there won't be a fashionable woman in Paris who has not learned to ride.

Most of them began quietly in the country, or at the sea, last summer, but now that they have learnt, and are at home on their machines, they show no hesitation about exhibiting their new accomplishment before the eyes of all beholders. In the Champs Elysées there is a large cycle school, where lessons are given from morning till night—and it has become quite the fashion now to drop into Petit's about six o'clock,—and watch the progress of one's friends in their lessons, with an eye for any possible tumblers. It is universally voted that if women are to bicycle, they must have safe, convenient, and suitable garments to cycle in; and there is no question among the new converts to feminine cycling in Paris as to what these garments consist of.

This is all the more surprising, as the new fashion in wheeling has undoubtedly been introduced into Paris society by Americans; and rational dress is still looked upon across the Atlantic as an unholy thing. It remains to be seen whether Transatlantic opinion will not undergo a vital change, now that the city they look upon as their model in modes and manners has adopted the unholy thing for its own.

Petit declares himself to have fifteen hundred lady pupils, while a negro instructor, who gives open-air lessons to ladies in the Bois de Boulogne, has more applicants for his lessons than he knows what to do with. As for Redfern, he is driven half out of his wits by the orders for skirtless costumes, which he cannot execute in time to satisfy the demands of his clients.

In Ireland there is still a strong prejudice against rational dress. So strong is the feeling that the cycling press there expresses an opinion that it will be far better, for the present, not to urge the subject, since it might only harm the whole cause of cycling for women, and it will be wiser to trust to a gradual introduction of the inevitable reform.

I own I was somewhat surprised when I read in an American exchange that the representative of an English cycle company had assured an inquirer that more women

rode on the Coney Island Boulevard on a pleasant Sunday afternoon than in the length and breadth of Great Britain in a week; and my wonder was not altogether quenched when I went on to his further declaration that no Englishwoman of any social standing mounted a cycle, since she knew that if she did so she would be tabooed.

Still uncrushed by the assertion that we wheelwomen of England were devoid of social standing, I looked on further. But when I saw a recantation of the fact that he had anything to do with an English firm (as an indignant defender remarked, "he was really too good a fellow and too nice a one to have ever been connected with an *English* company!"), I was made aware that there was some excuse for his knowledge of English wheel matters being as small as his association with its trade.

A correspondent in a contemporary makes a suggestion about shoes that will be found a useful one. She has been much annoyed by shoe-strings that won't stay tied; and buttons that will burst off. She has found out for herself that the best thing is to lace the shoes with stout black elastic, stitching the ends together to the flap of the shoe. It can then be put on and off without unfastening, and the elastic gives slightly with the movement of the foot, preventing the feeling of tightness over the instep sometimes experienced when riding in hot weather.

A very useful little parcel carrier has lately been invented which is as simple as it is ingenious. It consists of a tiny leather strap, to which is attached a strong clip-hook. To the latter the parcel is hung in a moment, and carried without the least risk of being lost. The carrier was originally devised for attachment to an umbrella or walking-stick, thus leaving the hand free from the parcel. It is, however, quite as well adapted to the handle-bar of a cycle, and ladies who use their machines for shopping, for pleasure, or for business will find this delightful little addition a real boon. Its name is the "Securem," and its price is one shilling. I should add that, being lined with india-rubber, the strap cannot slip, and is stationary wherever attached.

A lady writes asking me to correct a statement she has seen somewhere, that constant cycling has a tendency to reduce weight. She says that her own experience has been quite the contrary.

"I was a slight creature," she says, "and never weighed over seven stone six or seven till I took to cycling. I was delicate and nervous, with very little appetite, and what food I took never seemed to do me any particular good. I was recommended to take up cycling, and from that time, alas! I have put on flesh at a terrible rate. I have developed an enormous appetite, and certainly I feel perfectly well; but I now weigh over ten stones, and seem to be still increasing. I don't like the result at all, and am seriously thinking of selling my wheel, and giving up the exercise that has brought this about."

I sympathise with her sorrows, but I don't advise her to give up riding, in spite of what she says. No doubt the exercise has done her a world of good, since what she tells me goes to prove it. I think she can afford not to mind the extra weight for the sake of the improved health. Were I in her place, I should keep on riding regularly, and abstain as far as possible from drinking anything while on a run. She should alter her diet, and I think there is little doubt she will soon find her weight becoming less, while if she gives up her exercise she will soon see results that are anything but beneficial in other ways.

LILLIAS CAMPBELL DAVIDSON.

THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.—A conveniently arranged little handbook descriptive of Jersey has reached us at the hands of the Chief Consul of the Channel Islands, from whom further copies may be procured on receipt of postage. A trip to this delightful locality will well repay the cyclist, as we can testify from a personal experience of some years since.

Companion to the Road Book.

BARNSTAPLE TO TAUNTON.



BARNSTAPLE TO EXETER.

Routes 356 and 376.

HAVING conveyed our readers, in the last four instalments of the "Companion to the Road Book," from Bath to Taunton, Minehead, Lynton, Ilfracombe, Barnstaple, and Clovelly—thus making a complete tour of North Devon and Somerset—it may now be acceptable if we deal with the best route for the return journey to Taunton, coupling with it the route from Barnstaple to Exeter, so that if members desire to prolong this particular tour by visiting South Devon, they may still have the

"Companion" for a guide.

Following the riverside road out of Barnstaple, past the clock tower, we soon reach the uninteresting suburb of Newport. Here the Exeter Road turns off on the right to ascend the valley of the Taw, but we keep to the left for Taunton, still ascending for about a mile. From the hill top, just before the second milestone, there is a good view of the town and estuary, looking back across a gate on the left. From here there is a fine run down, on an improving road surface, to Landkey, a long straggling village of thatched cottages. Though by no means as picturesque as the smart little homesteads, bowered in honeysuckle and roses, of which one sees so many in Devon, these ancient cottages have yet an interest of their own. With their thick one-storeyed walls, huge chimney stacks, and ragged thatch, they represent on the whole a much earlier type of dwelling, being more akin to the original "cabin" of massive wattled walls and reeded roof, such as we find still in Cornwall, Ireland, and parts of Wales. Apart from such considerations, however, Landkey is not prepossessing in appearance. The

original seat of the Aclands is here, and the church contains a fine canopied monument to one of them, dated 1610.

The road rises again and affords us a view over the village, an "impression" of grey, white, and green that in sunny weather is passable, but when the rain clouds are driving overhead is distinctly dreary. This monotony of grey, buff, white, and green is common to most Devonshire villages: in rainy weather one misses the rich, warm hues that one gets in tiled roofs, brick walls, and chimney stacks in Kent and parts of Sussex; a wonderful variety of tints in scarlet, crimson, sepia, umber, purple, and also many wonderful shades of yellow, for which the lichens are chiefly responsible.

But, "rain or shine"—as "Buffalo Bill's" programmes used to put it—there is nothing in the eastern counties to compare to the true Devon hedges and road-banks such as we find upon this road here and there—not so common, alas, as they were sixty years ago, when sometimes the passengers on the roof of the mail-coach could not see over the hedge-top for many a mile. Banks literally crammed with ferns and wild flowers, having a rugged basis of mossy rocks five or six feet high, and a luxuriant hedge of a similar height above. All the year through, from primrose time to the autumn, when they furnish blackberries as big as damsons, the true Devonshire hedges are a source of delight, and quite a revelation to one who is used only to the monotonous succession of thorn and bramble in counties further east.

Swimbridge, the next village, lies in a hollow, and has a picturesque church, whose spire rises among a rookery of tall elm trees. A humble thatched inn, the "Coach and Horses," stands at the end of the village on the left. Of Swimbridge, I believe, fine old Parson Russell was rector, or curate, for some years. There is a long rise out of the place, with a fern-filled bank some sixteen or eighteen feet high on the right, and a deep valley below on the left through which the railway runs in cuttings. From the top of this hill there is a fine view looking back on the left. Then there comes a capital run down amidst beautiful woodland scenery, passing no houses until Filleigh is reached. Here there is a little red-tiled church, and farther on a smithy and a school-house, practically all the hamlet. Below lies Earl Fortescue's beautiful park, with his mansion of Castle Hill. The house is white-walled, and of no architectural pretension, but it has a noble background of dark woods, and a great range of conservatories. All this you may take in while coasting rapidly down hill on a road that, just here, is as good as an old time racing cinderpath: would that all Devonshire roads were like it!

In the valley we cross the river Bray (an Exmoor stream which joins the Taw) amid some very charming scenery. At a hamlet just beyond, three miles from South Molton, there is a cluster of cottages which should call into play the camera or sketch-book. With their thatched roofs, and overhanging rooms above the porches, supported on black pillars formed of the natural tree trunk, their little gardens, and environment of trees and flowers, these houses are quite a "find" for the picture-makers. From here a smooth and undulating road leads down to South Molton. That thriving town is not a cyclist's paradise. Its market-place is paved with horrid cobbles: it has a lusty and very numerous juvenile population, and one also meets occasionally such items as a stray pack of hounds in its street. Lastly, there is a dangerously steep hill leading out of the place down to the river.

Nor has the town any particular attractions. The church has a fine tower, one of a trio famous in this district as "length, strength, and beauty." That of Bishops Nympton is "length," that of South Molton "strength," and that of Chittlehampton is known as "beauty." North Molton, which lies half-way towards the edge of the moor, is the ancient seat of the Bampfylde, a famous Devonshire family, some of whom, I think, figure in Mr. Blackmore's romance

"The Maid of Sker." The church contains a monument to a Sir Simon of that ilk, with a nice little family of wife and seventeen children!

Leaving South Molton we descend to the bridge over the river Mole, noticing how the valley has been disfigured by the hideous mill buildings, and then face a steep ascent between tall banks. A still steeper hill beyond leads down into the hamlet of Bish Mill, with its mill wheel and humble "New Inn," presided over by a pleasant-faced, blue-eyed landlady. How often one would like, in such a quiet place as this, to sit down and enjoy a cool tankard of cider. Yet, though a penny will buy you as many apples of fine flavour as you can carry, or eat, it is often impossible to get cider.

The road forks at the inn, that which we follow bearing to the left up a long ascent, the surface of which is usually abominable. In fact, between Bish Mill and Bampton lies the worst part of the road as regards surface, the method of "repair" being, apparently, that of shooting down a cart load of stones at any given spot, scattering them slightly, and trusting to the kindly operations of nature for the rest. However, the scenery is some compensation, and from the top of the hill there is a grand run along the ridge, with a superb view across a wide valley to the red hills of Exmoor: a rare prospect of smaller hill-ranges, combes, woodlands, and scattered hamlets intervening. The way is very lonely, and for the cyclist who is not a member of the C.T.C., and cannot, therefore, fall back upon his faithful Road Book, it must be a relief to find an old thatched toll-house at the fork of the road. The aged couple who dwell therein announce on a card that ginger beer, and other deadly drinks of a like nature, are to be obtained within, but they are both so deaf that the thirsty wayfarer can only come by his beverage after more labour in shouting than it is worth. The road surface from this point until the valley of the Exe is reached is of the kind described above—"only more so." The Road Book mentions it as "very rough and stony," which is a mild way of putting it! But we are coming to something better. Presently over the brow of our hill we get a delicious peep into a richly wooded valley, down which comes the Exe from Dulverton and the Moor. There is a steep descent to Stuckeridge Bridge, at which care should be taken to follow the directions contained in *Note (c)*, page 411, of the Road Book. Turning, as there indicated, we follow the downward course of the river, foaming over its rocky bed through a superbly wooded gorge, which, though of a far richer character, is not unlike that of the Surrey Wey at Moor Park and Waverley.

At one point, by a thatched lodge, a little grey suspension bridge crosses the rushing water, relieving, for a moment, the unbroken mass of green in woods, meadows, ferns, and

aquatic plants. So fair a valley, alas, has not been suffered to escape the disfigurement of railway "enterprise," for where the little river Batham comes down to join the Exe it brings with it the line of railway from Dulverton to Exeter, and thence downward to the cathedral city the valley of the Exe is considerably spoilt. We leave the Exe just here, turning off to Bampton opposite the "Exeter" Inn, and coming presently in sight of its square church tower and far from picturesque houses in the valley on the left. The place is not very attractive. It is notable for its old limestone quarries (fossiliferous), and for its great autumn pony fair. On the latter occasion huge droves of the wild, shaggy Exmoor ponies are brought into the town, straight off the moor, and a very lively place is Bampton then! The best ponies are said to be those bred by Sir Thomas Acland, who has taken pains to keep the stock pure. The horse-dealing fraternity are as wily here as elsewhere, though one does not meet quite such a gathering of rascals as on the Great North Road during

Barnet Fair. The *Devon and Somerset Weekly News* not long ago related an amusing dialect story of Bampton Fair. It appears that a certain farmer sold a horse for £8 and bought another (as he thought) for £20 on the same day. Next morning his farm servant came to him, and the following conversation occurred:—"Oi thought thee had sould thic ould mare, meeaster?" "So Oi did, an' made as much as Oi could of her—eight poun'." "Naw thee hasn't." "What ye mane?" said the master angrily; "Oi sould her, Oi tell 'ee, and bought another grand mare fur twenty poun', wi' a star on her head and hind leg." The man looked at his employer, and then said slowly, "Oi jist wiped thic white marks off thy ould mare!"

Passing through the small hamlet of Shillingford there is a

considerable ascent to Venn Cross Station, above which there is a fine view looking back from the cross-roads. Thence a good "coast" down, with another view across to the Black Down and other hills. Waterow lies in the bottom of a wooded gorge, whence, crossing the stream, we make a long ascent through the woods to the crest of the big hill overlooking Wiveliscombe. Here we get a grand view, extending towards the Quantocks and Taunton. Immediately below lies Wiveliscombe, with its tall red church tower, and thither the road plunges down the hill, by a very tortuous course between tall hedges; it should be ridden very carefully, with reliable brake power. "Wicked Wiveliscombe" the place is called, but why nobody seems to know; perhaps the alliterative title was too tempting for its originator to strictly regard the truth. The descent continues right through the town, and to the railway bridge beyond it. It is easily seen that we have now entered the red sandstone district again: it is proclaimed on all sides by the rich reddish hue of the



View
near
Stuckeridge
Bridge

ploughed land, of roads and roadside banks, and of the stone buildings, such as Wiveliscombe Church.

A narrow lane between tall hedges brings us down into Milverton, an ancient village with a fine church. A sloping bank, planted with beautiful shrubs and admirably kept, separates the churchyard from the road. At the bottom of the hill we have to turn sharply to the left: the direction post at this point, by the way, points to Nynehead, which has before now been confused with Minehead in the dark. There is another rise after turning to the right at the station, but beyond this there is a long easy run right into Taunton, being practically down-hill, or on the level, most of the way. Preston Bower is a pretty hamlet, to which we descend through a rocky cutting. Heathfield is quite the opposite—a long row of very ugly houses, with an uncivil population. Norton Fitzwarren is a straggling village of thatched cottages: it is not very pleasant to ride through, as the road is narrow and twists and turns in an aggravating fashion. Norton has been regarded as one of the intermediate Roman stations between the cities of Exeter and Caerleon; there is, at all events, a large earthwork, or "camp," about half a-mile from the village, which was either of Celtic or Roman origin, and probably was in the occupation of both races.

At the inn at Cross Keys we turn to the right, and reach Taunton *via* Staplegrove, on the same road by which we left that town for Minehead, as described in the *January Gazette*.

Route 376. Barnstaple to Exeter. This is an ascent of the Taw valley for some twenty-two or three miles, and, consequently, the scenery is very picturesque. Probably the number of cyclists who use this road is very small, as one finds that most of the horses are inclined to shy at sight of a machine, and require a good deal of judgment in passing. This refers especially to animals in farmers' traps and light carts. Any one who is well acquainted with Devonshire roads is used to this peculiarity of the horses, but the cyclist whose riding has been hitherto confined to the "home" counties will be not a little astonished at finding that his machine and himself are regarded as bogies by the primitive equine mind of these parts. It must be confessed that in some districts of Devonshire a cyclist is scarcely ever seen.

Lying as it does in the valley of the Taw, and, for much of its course, among thick woods, this road is apt to be muddy, and the mud takes the form of a stiff reddish clay in which there is some danger of side-slip.

Starting by the riverside at Barnstaple Bridge—from which, by the way, that most interesting of highwaymen, Tom Faggs, once leapt his horse, the famous "strawberry" mare, into the river—we follow the same road as for Route 356 to Newport, there turning to the right at the "Rose and Crown."

Bishop's Tawton, as far as which the river is tidal and navigable, is beautifully situated a little above the rich water meadows, with Coddon Hill (623ft.) at its back. It is supposed to have been the earliest seat of the Saxon Bishopric of Devon: this, according to John Hooker, was in 905, and the See was removed to Crediton in 910.

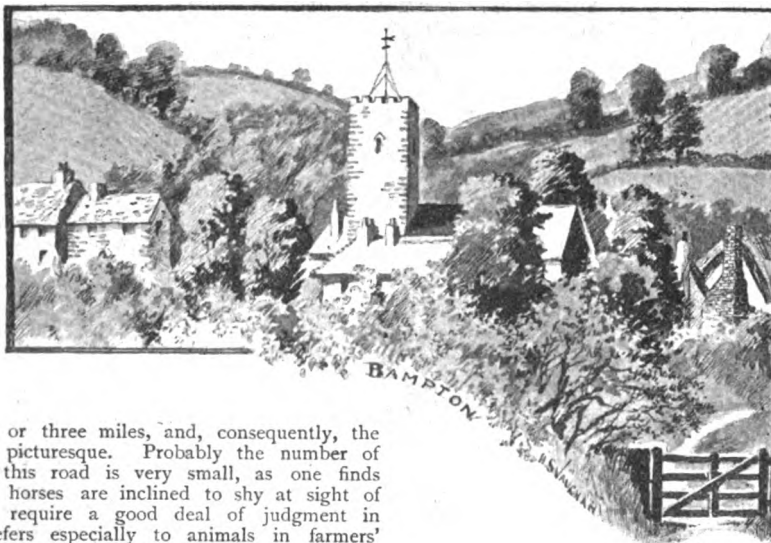
There was, at all events, a palace of the Bishop of Exeter here, and it was probably from this that the place took its name. The remains of this residence are still to be seen on the south side of the churchyard. The church has a short tower and a crocketed spire, and contains a beautiful painted and gilded screen of Perpendicular period, as well as a great deal of good stained glass.

Across the Taw is Tawstock Park, the seat of the Wreys. The only portion of the old house is a gateway built in 1574. The park is very lovely, and contains many grand old trees. The fine cruciform church of Tawstock stands in this park; here is another notable screen, of sixteenth century workmanship, together with tombs and monuments of the Bouchiers, Earls of Bath.

Through a very green and fertile valley the road brings us to Umberleigh Bridge, which, with its black posts and railings, can hardly be said to add to the beauty of the scene. On the hill above is Atherington Church, which, if time be no object, is well worth a climb to visit. It contains a rood screen which is said to be the finest in Devonshire. It is of the Perpendicular period, and its carving is of the most elaborate and delicate description.

In the church there is a mutilated and cross-legged figure in armour, which was brought from an ancient chapel at Umberleigh (pulled down in 1800), and is believed to represent the last Champernowne of Umberleigh, in the reign of Henry III.

Umberleigh is said to derive its name from *umbr*, and the shade of its lovely woodlands inclines one to support the idea. Beautiful as this part of the Taw Valley is, how-



ever, its scenery is even finer three miles higher up, where its sides contract, and the great hills, clothed in dense foliage from base to summit, have much of the appearance of a Welsh landscape. The Mole, an excellent trout stream, comes rushing down from Exmoor *via* South Molton, and makes a fine sweep among the wooded hills as it joins the Taw near South Molton Road Station. The railway, alas, follows each curve of the hills and each bend of the river, just as it does in the Exe Valley to which we referred above, destroying relentlessly the seclusion and peacefulness which should belong to such a romantic locality.

It is possible, perhaps, to find some consolation in the thought that if you meet with a puncture and have forgotten your repairing outfit you will find a railway station within a few minutes' walk at any part of the route on your way to Exeter. The river Mole, previously mentioned, "establishes the only physical connection between Exmoor and Dartmoor" (Ward).

By the bridge near South Molton Road Station stands the "Fortescue Arms" inn—or *hotel* I believe they call it now, as an attraction to the summer visitor. This inn, as far as I am aware, is the only good place of refreshment on the road

between Barnstaple and Crediton, some thirty-two miles, so it is advisable to "bait the nag" here.

About a mile to the left of our road lies Chumleigh (properly spelt Chulmleigh), with one of the largest churches in mid-Devon on its hill top. This church will hold 1500 people, though the inhabitants only number about 1400 all told. It was once collegiate and had seven prebends, whereby hangs a tale. According to Westcott it is as follows, although folk-lorists will recognise it as merely a local form of a legend common to other countries: "One inhabitant of this toun, being a poore man, had many children, and thought himselfe too much blest in that kinde, wherefore, to avoid the charge that was likely to grow that waye, he absented himselfe seven yeares from his wife, when, returning, she was within one yeare after delivered of seven male children at one byrth, whiche made the poore man think himselfe to be utterly undone, and, thereby despairing, put them into a baskett and hasteth to the river with intent to drowne; but Divine Providence following him, occasioned the lady of the land, coming at that instant in his waye, to demand him what he carried in his baskett, who replied that he had whelpes, which she desired to see, proposing to choose one of them, who, upon sight, discovering they were children, compelled him to acquaint her with the circumstance, whom, when she had sharply rebuked for such his inhumanity, forthwith commanded them to be taken from him and put to nurse; then to schole, and consequently, being come to man's estate, provided a prebendship for every of them in this parishe."

It appears that during the Civil War Chumleigh was held for a time by Col. Goring, the turncoat, and, to judge by the following letter, addressed by him to a neighbouring place on Christmas Day, 1645, he must have led the inhabitants a wretched life. "To the Constable of Withbridge these. By G—, if thou send me not a horse, or money to buy one, G— d— me I will come with my unsanctified troops, which shall not leave one stone upon another."

Returning to our road we cross the river Little Dart—which comes down to join the Taw in the midst of a ravine filled with trees—and go on our way to Eggesford Bridge.

The village of Eggesford—what there is of it—is most romantically situated. It consists in chief of Eggesford House, the seat of Lord Portsmouth, of a picturesque little church, an inn—called the "Fox and Hounds" (an appropriate name, seeing that Eggesford is the centre of a good fox-hunting district), and a railway station. The church contains a very elaborate monument to the two wives of Lord Chichester (1650), which has a number of effigies, including a life-size one of the earl in armour. The eulogies on the two wives are amusing; one lady was

"So angelicall
And rarely good that virtue might repine
In wanting stuffe to make one more divine;"

and the other

"The mirror of her sex, whose praise
Asks not a garland but a grove of Bayes!"

Happy man!

Before reaching Lapford we part from the river Taw, which here comes rushing straight down from Dartmoor.

We keep company with one of its tributaries for a little longer, crossing it at Lapford Station, but presently leave the river valley altogether for a country that gets less remarkable for its natural charms as we approach Exeter.

At Copplestone there is a monument of considerable interest, known as Copplestone Cross. The origin of this stone is of immense antiquity, and what it was first intended to commemorate is quite unknown. Although called a "cross" it is only an upright stone of granite, bearing traces of ornament. It was known as the Copelan stan, or stone, in Saxon times, and the estate on which it stood is mentioned in a charter of King Edgar, A.D. 974, having evidently derived its title from the stone. Probably, like the huge, mysterious erections of Stonehenge and other places, it dates from a period more remote than even Celtic times. The base consists of modern masonry. The ancient Saxon family of Copplestones derived their name from this estate, and an old Devonshire rhyme records that

"Crocker, Cruwys, and Copplestone,
When the Conqueror came were all at home."

The road hereabouts is at its worst for roughness: one has to be perpetually dodging loose stones, and dismounting for bad patches, in a manner that is very aggravating. There is some improvement, however, beyond Barnstaple Cross. From the latter point, which is thirty miles from Barnstaple, there are some grand views in the direction of Dartmoor, and over the intervening country.

Crediton (locally called Kirton) is a very ancient town, but one that will not greatly attract a cyclist who has just ridden through twenty-five miles of the most exquisite river scenery in Devon, and has lingered, perhaps, in remote and peaceful hamlets whose thatched and flower-embowered cottages are worthy of their sylvan surroundings. But one can hardly expect Crediton to look very rural, for a local verse tells us that it

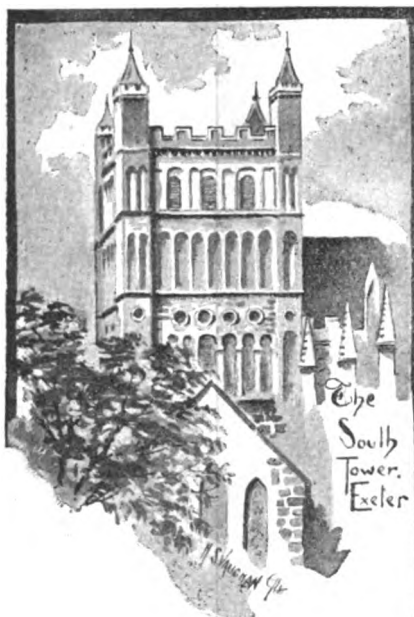
"was a borough town
When Exon was a vuzzy down."

At all events, as previously mentioned, it was the seat of the bishopric in 910, long before Exeter Cathedral was built. The town church, dedicated to the Holy Cross, is of Norman origin, but the present fabric is mainly Perpendicular in style. Among

other seats in the neighbourhood is Downes, the estate of the Bullers, now the property of General Sir Redvers Buller.

Close to Newton St. Cyres is the seat of another well-known man, Pynes, the property of the late Earl of Idlesleigh. From Newton into Exeter the road calls for little remark. The surface shows some improvement, and the scenery is of a pleasant park-like kind; the country well wooded, watered by the Exe, and sprinkled with mansions and villas.

Exeter, the capital of the West, has had an eventful and interesting history, and it remains to this day what it has been since Roman times, the centre of activity in the social, commercial, military, and ecclesiastical life of that part of England; a very prosperous and busy city, and a highly attractive one as well. For in picturesque quality its streets rank with those of such cities as Canterbury, and may be said to be not far behind those of Chester. The superb cathedral, with its massive Norman towers and famous west front; the ancient parish churches, which are quite a feature



in the streets (there are nine of them in the neighbourhood of Fore Street and High Street alone); the quaint Guild Hall, with its time-worn Elizabethan colonnade projecting into High Street; the Palace of the Bishops; the College of the Priest Vicars; and almshouses, shops, and private dwellings many and various, displaying the architecture of the Tudor, Elizabethan, Queen Anne, and Georgian epochs—these, among other things, lend beauty and quaintness to the city of Exeter, and make its streets most attractive and interesting to stroll about in. The little park or promenade of Northernhay, on the north slope of the Castle Hill, with its statues of the Earl of Idlesleigh and others, its many trees and pleasant views, is a quieter resting-place that one may turn to when tired of the streets. But better still is it to get down to the river, say at Mount Dinham, whence there is a fine view, or else to take a boat and row down the fine reach of the stream below the city—a favourite spot, this, for pleasure boats on summer evenings. It is the beauty of its river valley which gives half its charm to the vicinity of Exeter. The finest view of the city, it may be noted, is to be obtained from the direction of Pennsylvania, a suburb which may be reached by going up Longbrook Street. But, for a good central view, and one most charmingly diversified, you cannot do better than ascend one of the great towers of the cathedral. Looking southward from the summit of the north tower, part of our view is blocked by the massive yellow-tinted column of the south tower, shown in the smaller sketch. This tower rises, to our own level, against a richly-coloured background of parks, gardens, villas, streets, steeples, and meadows. Beyond all these, the grey windings of the Exe, as it flows on past Salmon Pool and Countess Weir, lead your eye through green lowlands to the distant hills and to the silver seashore at Exemouth.

There is at least one thing which strikes the observant eye on entering this cathedral. It is the colouring. The beautiful tints of blue and cream colour which predominate in the nave have a very soothing effect upon the eye: greyish blue in the stone of the pillars and a delicate shade of cream or salmon colour in that of the walls. The choir screen (built by Bishop Stapledon, 1326), with the huge organ above it, is a very prominent feature of the interior, and, as regards the organ itself, a very irritating one. The latter seems to me to be utterly out of place, and out of harmony with the rest of this noble medieval building, added to which it destroys the view of the choir. Without giving a full description of the cathedral, it may be of interest to learn that the bishop's throne, one of the most magnificent specimens of Early English carving extant, is 52ft. high, is put together entirely without nails, and cost the sum of £4 (!); that the windows of the cathedral (mostly Decorated) display a greater variety of tracing than is to be found in any other building in the kingdom; that the most remarkable feature of the nave is the Minstrels' Gallery; and that the unbroken vaulting of the roof is unrivalled either in England or on the Continent. The Transepts, Choir aisles, Lady Chapel, &c., contain many tombs and monuments of great interest.

Turning from the ancient to the modern institutions of the city, it should be noted that Exeter possesses a very excellent Museum, in Queen Street (*open daily, except Thursday, free. Catalogue 3d*). The local collections, for which alone such institutions are of interest to visitors, are good.

In concluding this short reference to the "ever faithful" city, it is of interest to recall the words of Mr. Freeman respecting it in his "English Towns and Districts":—"No city of England has a history which comes so near to the history of the great Continental cities. No city in England can boast of a longer unbroken existence. None has in all ages more steadily kept the character of a local capital, the undisputed head and centre of a great district."

Jetsam and Flotsam.

"WHEELMEN" AND THE COMMON-WEAL.

The executive of the Cyclists' Touring Club has just issued a manifesto, calling attention to the duties as well as the rights and privileges of those who use the public highways.

Well done, C.T.C. ! We most strongly approve,
For all Cycledom's sake, your most excellent move.
It was time to speak out on behalf of a sport
That is too much the subject of evil report ;
It was time to do all in your power to repress
Those excesses which spring from a too great success ;
Aye, 'twas time the vast army of cyclists to tell
That if they have rights they have duties as well.

With cycling *per se*, as these columns attest,
We have always a sympathy lively express'd.
We have welcomed a pastime which makes youths repair
From the city's close streets to the fresh country air ;
A pastime which opens eyes hitherto blind,
Which strengthens the muscles, enlarges the mind,
And amidst rural scenes, 'neath the bluest of skies,
New incentives for healthful exertion supplies.

We have welcomed a pastime which, growing more rife,
Has for thousands provided a new view of life ;
A pastime which makes its true votaries shrink
From the once potent rival attraction of drink.
We have welcomed it, yes, and we welcome again
A sport which avails to turn loafers to men ;
But we never have tried to excuse or condone
The abuses which out of this pastime have grown.

That there should be abuses is not very strange,
If we fairly consider the cycle's wide range ;
That very success which its status exalts
Into sharper relief brings its manifold faults.
Of the thousands of wheelmen our highways who use
Too many their privilege sadly abuse,
And 'tis these all true cyclists in country and town
Should loyally strive to reform or put down.

The type of the riders to which we refer
Will only too soon to our readers recur.
When upon his two feet he is apt, we confess,
To be far, far from perfect in form or address.
His method of talk and his mode of attire
Are assuredly not what good taste can admire,
But as soon as he's mounted on two cycle wheels
A capacity new for offence he reveals.

In language much louder he seems to rejoice,
A stridency new he imparts to his voice ;
His manners, at no time bespeaking repose,
Still rougher become as a-cycling he goes ;
And he makes to o'erflow an already brimm'd cup
By the horror untold of his *outré* get-up.
As though 'twere by magic new faults he has gleaned,
Which he promptly displays as the Bicycle Fiend !

All over the roadway he races at large,
He delights at odd women to recklessly charge ;
Both sides of the highway to him are alike,
He shaves by one's horse with a blatant "Chee-ike !"
For purposeless mischief intently agog,
He grazes one's carriage, and chases one's dog ;
No nuisance more trying was ever yet weaned
Than the rank, irresponsible Bicycle Fiend !

Not offensive alone, he's a danger as well,
For he rarely will use either whistle or bell ;
In his efforts some purposeless record to break,
Of the highway he's ready a race-track to make.
And, so surely as he is out riding at nights,
He ignores what the law has laid down about lights.
Helter-skelter he rides, spite of Council or code,
Presuming to make his own rule of the road.

Now, it surely is time that such riders should know
That we do not intend them unmuzzled to go ;
It is time that we dealt with this wide-spreading pest,
And such vexing vagaries with rigour repressed.
Not because we are anxious all cycling to end,
But rather because we the pastime defend,
And wish it, a healthful and popular sport,
To wholly live down its obnoxious report.

But if this desired consummation we'd see,
It is cyclists themselves their reformers must be ;
It is cyclists themselves such enactments must frame,
As shall scatter the prejudice marring their fame ;
It is cyclists must deal with the faults that abound,
And develop in cycling what's best and most sound ;
Never resting until their persistency stout
The Bicycle Fiend has completely stamped out.

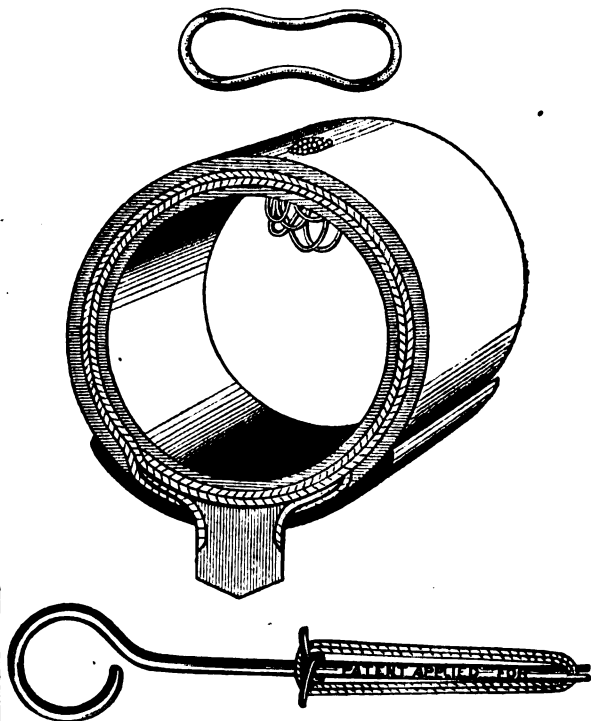
For if *they* do not act, why, they then must expect
That the public will manage themselves to protect ;
And this will imply, not indeed without cause,
The passing of new and more rigorous laws,
Which will not only press upon Cycling's black sheep
But will tend the whole sport in abeyance to keep,
Thus applying all round a restriction undue,
And coercing the many to punish the few.

The Tyres of To-day.

By G. DOUGLAS LEECHMAN.

The Preston Davies Tyre and Valve Co. Limited have now three strings to their bow, and are testing a fourth. The original Barb tyre is known to all. The Turret tyre was introduced at the National Show, but has been modified since then by dispensing with one of the turrets and thus simplifying the spoking of the wheels; only one of the wires is now made to overlap, and this is released as before in order to open the tyre; the other wire has its ends connected by a screw coupling, and this must be undone if it be desired to remove the tyre from the rim. The one turret is now put opposite the valve, and it certainly looks less bad than two, but it still appears to be unnecessarily clumsy. The new "sPeeD" tyre is certainly the neatest the company has turned out; it, also, made its first appearance at the National Show under the name of the "Aston." For those who do not remember its construction, I may mention that it is a wired-on tyre, having a three-coil endless wire in each edge of the cover. Each edge is alike; one coil lies completely within the edge, and so does half of each of the other coils; the two remaining half coils are opposite to each other, and lie outside the canvas, so that altogether there are two coils inside and one outside each edge. The wires are a little slack for the rim, and by pulling at one of the exposed parts when the tyre is deflated, it may be got over the edge of the rim. This slackens the remainder sufficiently to allow the edge of the tyre to be removed from its place in the concave face of the rim. The tyre is closed by reversing the process, the exposed parts of the wire going in last. When the tyre is inflated the edges of the cover must rise away from the bottom and move up the sides of the rim as far as the slackness will allow it, so that the enclosed parts of the wire take up all the slack, and the exposed parts bed down to the bottom of

the rim. My only fear is whether this bedding down will give sufficient grip on the rim to prevent creeping. The tyre is very fairly easy to get on and off. The rim has a flat bottom and nearly vertical sides, like a Seddon or Fleetwood.



Messrs. W. & A. Bates, of Leicester, have sent me a sample of their No. 2 repair set, which they are selling for the repair of their Non-creep and other single-tube tyres. It is an American improvement on the bodkin and cord repair, the improvement consisting mainly in substituting a bunch of elastic rings for the single cord. This avoids the necessity of boring the hole out to a circular form, as the rings adapt themselves to the shape of the hole as punctured. To repair a puncture a pointed nozzle is screwed on to the tube of solution, and a little solution is squeezed out; the nozzle is then thrust into the hole, some more solution squeezed out, and the nozzle withdrawn; a suitable number of rings are strung on the bodkin as shown in the illustration, well solutioned, and forced half way into the hole; they are then unslipped from the cross-bar, and left in place while the bodkin is withdrawn. The tyre may then be inflated and used. After the solution is set the projecting ends of the rings may be snipped off within an $\frac{1}{2}$ in. of the tyre by a pair of scissors, care being taken not to stretch the rings in so doing. The tyre should be deflated before inserting the nozzle in the puncture; enough rings should be used to well fill the hole, but not too many, or they will cut at the eye of the bodkin when one tries to force them in: more strands may be got in by passing each ring twice through the eye and over the bar. It is well to keep a needle or pin in the nozzle to prevent the dried solution choking it. The implements, tube of solution and about fifty rings are enclosed with a sheet of instructions in a neat tin box, and the whole sells for the popular shilling. I have mended several holes with the set, and they appear to be quite sound.

Those members who are cricketers may be interested to hear that Messrs. Bates are making some cricket balls which

only differ from the standard article in being made systematically, and in having the contents and the interior of the leather waterproofed. These differences should constitute real improvements.

It appears that the puncture-proof band I fitted to my back tyre was of an old pattern, and the company have very kindly replaced it with one that scales about half that of the old one, which weighed nearly half-a-pound. The present band is, I should imagine, equal to tackling any ordinary puncturing object, notwithstanding its extreme thinness, and yet it is difficult, even if at all possible, to detect any deadening effect in the running of the tyre. Probably the result in this direction is about equal to adding an extra ply of canvas. Time saved from puncture repairing quite possibly makes tyres fitted with the bands quicker in the end than those that are without them.

The Seddon Tyre Co. are bringing out a second grade pneumatic tyre. I had the pleasure of inspecting the first sample made. The cover is of the same gothic section as the original Seddon, but it is of grey rubber instead of red; the canvas is solutioned into it and has sheath edges, each of which contains a wire. Both wires are the same. The ends of the wire overlap a few inches; one lies inside the edge and carries two small studs about $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. apart; the other end passes through these studs and is screw threaded; on to it is screwed a long pipe-nut which bears against one of the studs and tightens or lets out the wire according as it is rotated to right or left. A thin metal handle is jointed loosely to the end of the pipe-nut and is used for rotating it. When the tyre is in use all the fixings lie within the rim, but after deflation the handle can be easily raised, the nut turned, wire slackened, and the edge of the cover lifted over the edge of the rim, thus rendering the air tube readily accessible. The rim and air tube are practically the same as those used in the red tyre. The fastening appears to be a good one, and the Company so far believe in it that they intend to fit it to their best tyre as well, in future, and I believe will substitute it gratis for those who have had trouble with the present fastening. Flaps protect the air-tube from the fastenings.

The Gormully & Jeffrey Co. have recently introduced a more flexible cover for their tyre, calling it a light roadster. It is certainly lighter than the roadster, and it is very much more flexible, which should have a very beneficial influence on its speed. The corrugations are modified into three triangular-sectioned ribs, which look effective. The edges also are now so flexible that the tyre may be replaced in the rim without using any tools. The lining of the cover appears to consist of a very open fabric of strong threads, which is thoroughly impregnated with rubber. The rim is now made with a curved exterior and beaded edges; the valve is provided with a hook, the jaws of which engage with flats on the valve stem and prevent the valve from twisting when tightened up.

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.

The British Xylonite Co. Ltd., of Homerton, London, E., are turning out some capital oilcans of transparent xylonite. The body is made of two discs as in a tin oiler, and the spout screws into a black socket secured to the body. The screw top is provided with a pin, and the whole article is well worth the modest sixpence that it sells at. It weighs less than half an ounce, and the advantage of being able to see inside is considerable, not only when the stock is getting low, but when one is refilling. When the screw cap of an oiler gets lost (they always go sooner or later), I have found it a good plan to get hold of a good-sized pin, give it a slight

bend and push it down the spout, the bend gives it enough grip to prevent its coming out accidentally, it keeps the passage clear, and is useful for clearing out holes; it can be stuck into something soft while one is injecting the oil.

For a long time I have condemned the ordinary tool bag, with its belching proclivities and other vices, but lately I have adopted a little plan that may bring comparative peace in this matter to my fellow-sufferers. For some years I have used a pair of Brook's handle-bar carriers. These I have now put the length of the tool bag apart, and have strapped the bag to their back ends, passing the straps through slots made in the thick leather ends near their upper edges. The bag is thus carried steadily and centrally, and its desires to discharge its contents or to dodge about when one tries to find anything at the bottom are overcome. A long bag separates the carriers rather widely, but parcels can often be best secured by crossing the straps one through the other something like a letter X; books and other square parcels should be placed diagonally, not parallel, to the handle if the straps are thus interlaced.

The detachable Carter gear case has been greatly improved since it was introduced at the Shows. The unnecessary complication of making the "half back" detachable has been done away with, and so have the straps and guides round the body of the case. The edges of the lower part of the case are "wired," and the edges of the upper part are double forming a groove, and this groove is widened out at the top to receive the wired edges of the lower part, so that when the two are fitted together a very good joint is made. A strong little bracket is secured to the back stay, and both parts of the case are bolted to this by screws passing right through both sides. The slides at the hub have been altered to prevent sticking, and the whole thing now appears to be a very practical article.

A recent number of *La Science Illustrée* contains an illustration and description of the Valéré safety. This is a rear driver with a hand gear added to the usual foot and chain gear. Two long levers are fulcrumed to the middle of the lower backbone; their lower ends are jointed by connecting rods to the pedal crank gearing and their upper ends are provided with handles. The ordinary handle-bar is dispensed with, and the steering is effected by turning one of the handles on the levers, which action is communicated through special gearing to the top of the head tube. The writer of the article appears to assume, as might be expected of a "scientific" writer, that the power of the arms is entirely wasted on the ordinary rear driver, and he descants on the advantages of causing the entire body to work in equality. The machine appears to be geared to a great height, and well it may be, for the effect of the handles going for one would be decidedly alarming if they moved at any pace. Providing the steering were practical, and it appears it is so, one might be able to get up a good speed or climb a stiff hill on such an instrument, but the arm movement would "wind" one in "no time."

The Albion Mills Co., of 44, Harford Street, Birmingham, have submitted one of their Rath saddles to me for trial. The special feature of the saddle consists in a layer of porous or cellular rubber, which is interposed between the two thin sheets of leather, constituting the seat or top of the saddle. The rubber is aerated somewhat like bread so that it contains an infinity of charged air cells, that render the material much softer and lighter than ordinary solid rubber. The material adapts itself to one's form without bulging up all round like an air saddle, and so far my experience is that no tenderness results from riding on it. The back of the saddle is only about $6\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide on the level, but the corners of the cantel are well padded with the cellular rubber and do not make their presence uncomfortably apparent. The front of the top is carried by a rubber buffer threaded on a hook which is hitched into the front of the spring and is provided with a tension nut. The spring I found too stiff for lumpy roads, but this is being remedied; those who like a fairly rigid

saddle for fast work on good roads should be satisfied with the present spring. The clip is simple, and adjustments for position and tilt are both fixed by one screw. The saddle is well worth trying, especially by those who find most seats painfully hard.

Visitors to the last Stanley Show may remember the Peveril gear in the Inventors' section. It consists, briefly, in attaching a comparatively small chain wheel to a secondary axle and gearing up this axle by toothed wheels from the crank axle instead of fitting a large chain wheel direct to the crank axle. It is claimed that stress is taken off the chain and consequently the gear runs more freely, but one would expect the additional axle, bearings, and toothed wheels to quite overbalance any possible advantage obtained in this way; still, report speaks favourably of the contrivance.

A speed indicator known as the "Velometer" is in considerable use in France, and is being introduced into this country, or at any rate Scotland. An endless cord runs over two pulleys, one on the front hub and the other connected with the indicator which is attached to the handle-bar. The indicating hand is worked by the movement of two fans or governors which are rotated by the cord and upper pulley. The dial is marked with kilometres and miles. An instrument indicating up to thirty-one miles an hour costs 34s.; up to fifty miles two guineas; they may be obtained from La Société Anonyme de l'Entraîneur Automatique, 194, rue de Belleville, Paris.

Cycling Sketches.

BY HECTOR MALORY.

II.—MISS GRACE.

"Up from the sea over the cornfields, through the green boughs of the forest, along the slope, comes a breath of wind, of honey-sweetened air, made more delicate by the fanning of a thousand wings." It is summer; warm, mellow, sun-lit summer, and the corn stands breast high, just ready to ripen. The long white road lies dusty through its over-arching roof of interlaced green leaves, and stretches like an irregular white tape across the distant moor.

The air is full of life and of pleasure; for even the insects are happy. Its sweetness is almost a tangible quantity. This is no ordinary air; there is the essence of every flower in it; it is the elixir of life. The wayside flowers are moving, but not with the wind. A succession of honey bees, in their glossy, respectable, well-brushed coats, are giving the slender flower-stems no rest. Touching them for a moment, gripping them with a momentary earnestness, tasting their sweetness, they are away with a careless jerk.

Does the bee kiss the flower, or the flower the bee? Ah! we shall never know though we sat for weeks and months—aye, years—on the warm sun-bathed bank. You can show me the far-distant stars, and point out Capella, or Sirius, or Aldebaran—you have your technical name for each—but for all that you can't answer my question. The stars are poised in illimitable space, and the bees and flowers are at your feet! The learning of all our books stands abashed before nature's A B C!

But on this summer morn what need we care for questions, and answers, and all the like dusty machinery of a college class-room? They are not for the fragrant air and the sunshine of such a day as this. We have laid aside our text-books and come out into the sunlight. Watch that butterfly. It is falling to that patch of golden blossom like a lost snowflake in December. For a few short moments it seems glued to the flower and has raised its wings—many-hued—till their tips almost touch above its slender body. It is surely whispering to that flower all the gossip of the country side! It has gone; a puff of that same honey-laden

wind—no, not wind, summer air—has carried it over the hedge to the bigger blossoms in the cottage garden. It is becoming hotter now, and the far-off sea, much too lazy to bestir itself, has settled down to a leaden stillness.

We, like the tired ocean, are also too lazy to move much on such a hot, heavy noon, and we sit down in the shade to watch the flowers and the bees. But the prospect is not limited to that. The eye may roam over miles of quiet, sleeping country, and trace the strip of dusty road as far as the clump of brownish-green trees that keep the Parish Church cool. Not a human being is in sight. This surely can't be England, overcrowded England!

Yes, there *is* somebody or something. What is that speck on the road moving this way from the church trees? How it glides along! It cannot be some one on horseback, for there is no galloping movement. And yet there is no visible power of locomotion. It is white now that the sun has struck it as it leaves the shadow. The dust is rising up, too, and blurring a little bit of the view behind. It is coming this way, certainly, and at some speed. The speck grows larger and larger till it is no longer a speck, and there are lines of black between it and the road. A strange phenomenon surely! Ah! there it is lost: dipped down with the road to the little bridge at the beck. All is still again, and the landscape once more is without a glimpse of human life.

A soft rustling sound as of something approaching through the dust; in a moment a bright young woman—surely one of England's loveliest daughters—admirably mounted on an air-tyred safety bicycle—as graceful in build as she is in form—glides round the sharp curve at the hill-top, not two hundred yards away. Erect, well-seated, dressed in white with charming simplicity, and bowling along the smooth white road with the grace and ease born of skill and confidence. Features suffused with the glow of health and wonderfully lit up with a smile of happiness and pleasure. A puff of heated air, a low, curling cloud of white dust, a cruel all-effacing corner, and the vision is gone; the flash of beauty passed!

Why, what is the matter with the bees and the flowers? What makes the landscape seem uninteresting and the sunlight seem dimmer? How commonplace seems that distant church tower, and how browned and faded its near group of trees! Why, the sky that was an unobscured depth of whitish-blue is becoming hidden in parts by heavy clouds. The air is not sweet now, but humid, suffocating, unbearable. The sea is turning black and —

A dull, distant growl of thunder told of a coming storm. Streaks and threads of rain stand out plainly against the bluish-blackness over the sea. There are angry clouds sulkily floating from the hills out to sea to meet others of like kind. A spot of rain as large as a shilling! This is no time for sitting on clover banks. We must run for it.

Her name was Grace. She was the Rector's daughter, the sun of his household, and the pride of his life. She was the fairest bud in that village of flowers and scented blossoms. Her praises were spoken for miles around the Rectory. All the cottage dames had a warm word for "Miss Grace," and the lasses would die for her, I believe. As for the lads—well! she was the only "lady" who could coax them out of their sheepishness. She carried light and love to every sorrow-darkened cot, and would read page after page of Gospel to the greedy ears of a dying man. The bag of provisions for her father's poorer parishioners was always dangling from the handle-bar of that well-favoured safety. She rode miles round the parish every day and always on her cycle. She was most passionately fond of the exercise, and the "glide" lent to the motion by the air-tyre gave the daily ride an added zest.

Her name was not misapplied. The very personification of grace and of healthy beauty was she at all times and everywhere; but never more so than when on her errands of mercy and awheel. Her father was a zealous cyclist also,

but Grace could outrun him without the slightest exertion. Her cycle had become part of her own being, one might say, and as a fish feels happy only when in its proper element in the water, so did Grace feel when on the saddle of her cycle.

She could cycle for cycling's sake, too; and be the life and soul of a little party on a day's tour on wheels. But even then thoughts of her "old folk" and their wants, their joys, and their griefs would not entirely forsake her, and she returned with fresh zeal to her parish duties. She was a rector's daughter indeed.

Every field, every roadside bank, and every five-barred gate in the neighbourhood were known to her as more than inanimate things; for she passed them all every working day. The hills, woods, streams, and open wolds were as familiar to her as the rectory garden, and amidst all these friends she never felt alone.

Her happy loving heart had room and to spare for all people and all things. She saw virtues in everybody and in everything. And she possessed a wonderful power of sympathy. One could see that in her sweet blue eyes, and in her noble face.

Her never-failing buoyancy of spirits was due in a very great measure to her active out-of-door life, and in her rational and most exemplary use of one of the greatest boons of this great century—the pastime to which we all of us also owe so much.

Go down to a certain natty village in Yorkshire, not far from the great North Road, and you will see "Miss Grace," either in her garden or on the white, hard highways and byways of "her parish"—always busy and always happy.

After all, prose is clumsy and cold—a poor medium for description of one so fair. Herself, she is all poetry, poetry of motion, of thought; and of aspect—a living poem.

Oh! happy, happy Maiden Grace!
No sorrow ever clouds your face;
And as you wander o'er the fields
Each flower to you its fragrance yields:
The trees bow down their heads and say:—
"We wish you welcome every day!
Oh, winsome Grace!
Sweet Maiden Grace!
With fields and woods as dwelling-place,
Be ours for ever, dearest Grace!"

Multum in Parvo.

OUR ROADS.—*The Northern Whig* has opened its columns to a discussion upon the state of the roads in County Antrim, in which our old friend Professor Everitt takes part. This veteran rider testifies of his own knowledge to the marked deterioration which has of late years set in.

DOWN UNDER.—The cyclists of Melbourne are so incensed at the duty charged their machines (which duty amounts to about £5 on a modern mount) that to the number of 300 they recently "demonstrated" and "protested" in protest.

A CYCLIST COMPENSATED.—At the Surrey Quarter Sessions at Kingston this morning, John Tyler, formerly landlord of the Bear Hotel, Maidenhead, and Arthur George Kemp, formerly landlord of the King's Head, Richmond, were convicted at the last Kingston Sessions of furious driving in Portsmouth Road, Kingston, whilst returning from Sandown Park races, and doing bodily injury to a cyclist named Saunders, of Walthamstow. Sentence was deferred to give the men an opportunity of compensating the injured man. Mr. Horace Avory, at the Sessions to-day, said that £125 had been paid to Tyler, with which he was satisfied. The magistrates fined the two men £5 each.—*The Sun*.

THE SOUTHERN COUNTIES CAMP.—The *locale* of the camp for the current year is, we are informed, a spot just off the Bath Road just before entering Slough. The hon. sec., Mr. Albert Bonsor, 17, Holborn Viaduct, will be pleased to send further particulars to inquiring applicants.

GAINSBOROUGH.—Mr. W. A. Fullalove, the hon. sec. of the Onward Cycling Club, writes that he has been successful in inducing the proprietors of the Gainsborough bridge to allow all cyclists to cross as foot passengers upon payment of one halfpenny each way instead of three half-pence as hitherto.

CYCLING MAPS.—Messrs. Gall & Inglis, of Edinburgh and London, have just issued strip maps for the Bath and the Holyhead roads. For those who confine their riding to the trunk roads out of London, this series of maps will be found convenient.

THAT PLATING COMPOSITION.—Mr. C. W. Hartung writes:—"No. 3963 asks for information *re* a Plating Composition, on page 148 of the current *Gazette*. The firm he requires to find is A. Gordon & Co., 139, Brayard Road, S.E." Other members send similar information, for which they are hereby thanked.

THE SCOTTISH MEET.—This time-honoured gathering will take place in Edinburgh, on Saturday, the 16th inst. The usual meet and procession will be followed by a series of races at Powderhall Grounds. The Council Meeting of the C.T.C. will be held at the Imperial Hotel during the forenoon, and a Special General Meeting of members is called for the same place at 1 p.m., when a large attendance is requested.

OUTDOOR LIFE FOR WOMEN.—From an address recently given by Lady Henry Somerset at the annual council of the British Women's Temperance Association we cull the following:—"If we are to do the work that is crowding into women's hands in these days, we must be students of the physical basis of life and character. Whoever chooses to ignore the laws of God written in our members is flying in the face of unescapable penalties. It is wonderful to see how the emancipation of woman is coming almost without observation in the new freedom granted her by public opinion to share all the harmless, healthful, open-air amusements of her brother. There is nothing that weighs upon our spirits more or is fitted to arouse more gloomy forebodings for the future of our country than the stooping, narrow-chested, anæmic-looking girls who crowd the offices, factories, and shops of all our cities. An outing into the pure country air once a year has hitherto been the summit of their hopes; but a revolution is being slowly wrought that will entirely change the aspect of life for working girls. The country with all its recreative charms will soon be at their doors. The privilege hitherto belonging only to the rich—a Saturday to Monday in the country when the sultry air makes town intolerable—is fast becoming possible to them, and the new friend that brings with it these fresh hopes is none other than that swift steed of steel, the bicycle. In France its use is now classed among those pleasures within the charmed circle of 'good form.' The most fashionable Parisian shops vie with each other in their display of costumes that unite taste, hygiene, and convenience for feminine riders of the wheel, and we are all painfully aware that yesterday's fashions in Paris will be adopted in London to-morrow; for once, however, we welcome the 'mode' of the gay city, and I hope we may in our practical English fashion turn the new dispensation to good account for working girls by arranging to receive members of bicycling clubs either in some little cottage adjoining our own homes or by now and then inviting a party of bicyclists to our gardens in the neighbourhood of our cities and large towns, and thus sharing with others the country delights that we have too long enjoyed alone."

ANOTHER FREE PORT.—To the list of French ports at which free ingress is allowed to the machines of members of the C.T.C. *bonâ-fide* on tour, Granville must now be added. We are largely indebted for this concession to Mons. Jouault, the agent for the L. & S. W. Railway Co. at the port in question.

ON THE GREAT NORTH ROAD.—The Rev. James Consterdine, vicar of Little Heath, one mile north of Potter's Bar, notifies us that he will be glad to welcome cyclists at his Sunday services at eleven a.m. and 6.30 p.m. Arrangements have been made whereby their machines will be taken care of.

UNIVERSAL LIGHTS.—The County Council for Stirlingshire has adopted bye-laws which will require all vehicles on springs to carry lights at night. The Sheriff must, however, approve them before they become law. The County Council for Hereford on the other hand have resolved to do nothing in the matter, one sapient opponent of the suggested regulations remarking "Young horses will not stand lights!"

THE ESSEX HANDBOOK.—The twelfth edition of the Official Handbook of the Cricket, Cycling, Football, Athletic, and Lawn Tennis Clubs of Essex has just made its appearance. It is a marvellous twopenny worth, and is as indispensable to the Essex athlete as is Whittaker to the business man. We congratulate Mr. Robert Cook, the compiler and editor, upon the thoroughness with which he has done his work.

ON THE BANKS OF THE THAMES.—Arrangements have just been made by the "Proprietors of River Tours," 6, Duke street, Charing Cross, London, W.C., to establish camps for the summer months at Shepperton, Henley, and Iffley, for the benefit of all gamers. Cyclists may journey down by road or by the Oxford steamers from Kingston-on-Thames, and will be accommodated with bed, breakfast, luncheon, dinner, use of boats, and attendance for 10s. 6d. per day. Those who are fond of up-river life and of camping out under canvas may do worse than give the venture a trial.

A SAD DEMISE.—We regret to have to record the premature death from typhoid fever of Mr. T. B. Browne, the well-known advertisement agent, of 163, Queen Victoria Street, E.C. Mr. Browne's firm are, as is well known, the advertisement agents for the C.T.C. Gazette, and Mr. Browne himself was a practical cyclist and an old member of the Club. We tender his family our sincere condolences upon the heavy bereavement they have been called upon to suffer.

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

TO MEMBERS GENERALLY.—We shall be glad if any member who has no further use for Volume I. of the Continental Road Book (the volume relating to France) will kindly return the same to us without delay, when, if it be in good condition, we will remit him half-price therefor. The first edition is out of print, and the new one will not be ready until next year, but by the valued co-operation of our readers we hope to be able to meet the demand that has arisen and still continues.

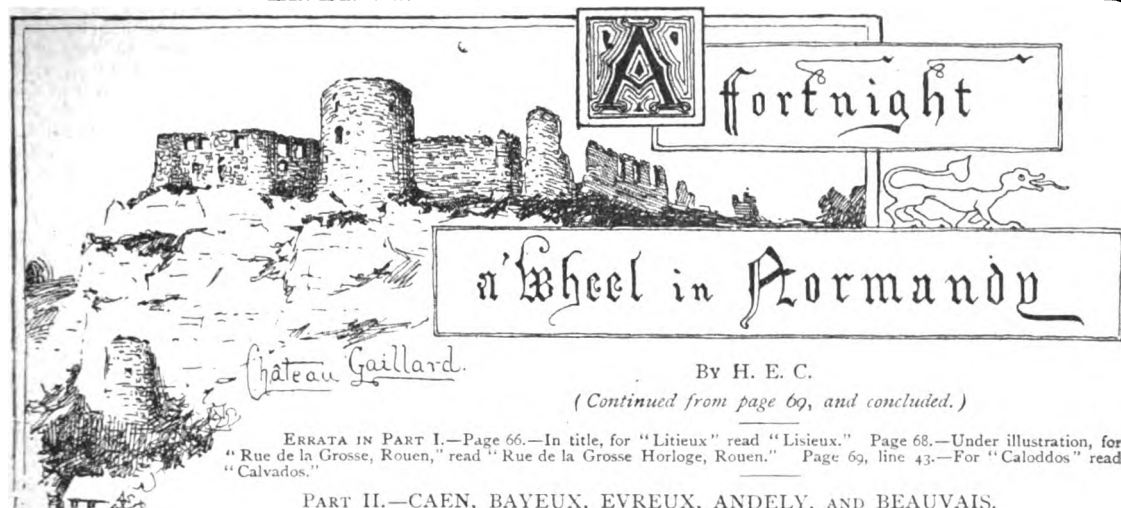
THE SCOTTISH TYRE.—A specimen of the rim and tyre turned out by the Scottish Pneumatic Tyre Co. has duly reached us. A description of the article has already appeared in the Gazette so that it will suffice if we say that it is of the double-tubed wired-on variety, the wires being capable of expansion by the turning of a screw. The tyre appears to be made of good materials, and we can vouch that it is easily detached, but we have had no opportunity of putting it to practical test upon the road.

THE PUNCTURE-PROOF BANDS.—The Puncture-proof Pneumatic Tyre Co., Ltd., to whose invention disparaging reference was made by a correspondent in the last Gazette, desire to state that to secure the best results the outer covers of the tyres should be sent to them to be fitted. Furthermore they would draw attention to the unsolicited testimonial appearing in their advertisement, and ask us to state that they have now perfected an automatic attachment which will still further improve their invention.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.—The *Fortnightly Review* for the month of May contained a very readable article on "Cycling and Cycles," by Creston, and the *Review of Reviews* for the same month made public the views of Mr. Stead, the editor, upon "Co-operative Camps for Cyclists." The former writer traces in fairly accurate terms the growth of cycling as a pastime and as a sport, and summarises the present position: the latter asserts that the cycle is "a dumb apostle of the fundamental doctrine of the Christian Church," "a worker for Christ," &c., &c. Furthermore, he advocates the co-operative purchase of cycles by the employés of large City establishments and the throwing open by the well-to-do of their parks and pleasure grounds, as well as the provision of cycle camps for those who are less liberally blessed with this world's goods,—all of which is very pretty in theory, but none of which is ever likely to be realised in practice.

TO ANGLO-INDIANS: A NEW DEPARTURE.—A movement has recently been set on foot whereby Indian Volunteers of all corps at present at home on furlough may meet in friendly companionship early in the month of July, and by permission of the authorities meet and view the dockyards, the naval and military defences, etc., etc., of the old country. For this purpose cycles only are to be employed, and membership in the C.T.C. is to be a *sine quâ non*. The itinerary embraces Kingston-on-Thames, Guildford, Portsmouth, Southampton, Salisbury, Aldershot, Croydon, Woolwich, and London—some eight days being devoted to the trip. All old Indian Volunteers, whether retired or otherwise, are invited to take part in the tour, full particulars of which may be obtained of Commander E. W. Petley, President Calcutta Naval Volunteers Athletic Club, c/o Messrs. Burnett & Co., bankers, 123, Pall Mall, London, S.W.

RAILWAY CHARGES.—An announcement having recently been made in the columns of one of our contemporaries that the charge for the conveyance of a tricycle by passenger train was only threepence in advance of that payable upon the two-wheeler, we communicated with the Editor with a view to discovering his authority for the assertion. In reply to our inquiry we were told that the statement was "made by Mr. S. T. Brown at a meeting of the London Local Centre of the N.C.U., and in making it Mr. Brown said he had been in communication with the railway companies over the matter." Upon our reiterating our doubt as to the correctness of the statement, our contemporary unconditionally withdraws it, but without explaining how the misunderstanding arose. As a matter of fact, the rates as appearing in the current C.T.C. Handbook are correct, nor is this to be wondered at when we say that before the list is compiled each year every railway company in the kingdom is communicated with by a special letter.



By H. E. C.

(Continued from page 69, and concluded.)

ERRATA IN PART I.—Page 66.—In title, for "Litieux" read "Lisieux." Page 68.—Under illustration, for "Rue de la Grosse, Rouen," read "Rue de la Grosse Horloge, Rouen." Page 69, line 43.—For "Calodoss" read "Calvados."

PART II.—CAEN, BAYEUX, EVREUX, ANDELY, AND BEAUVAIS.

Sunday, June 18. Caen, the chief town of Calvados, is a city of 40,000 people, and lies ten miles from the sea on a muddy tidal river called the Orne. It is celebrated for the hand manufacture of black lace, and in another way for its two great churches on opposite sides of the town, the Abbaye aux Hommes (or St. Etienne) and the Abbaye aux Dames, founded respectively by William the Conqueror and his Queen Mathilda.

As early as half-past five that Sunday morning the bells were going for service; there is a certain luxury in lying in bed and sleepily listening to them—that is, if they are far enough away. After breakfast we started for morning service at the Abbaye aux Hommes, a long mile distant. The way was by the Hippodrome and the Prairie de Caen, through a fine shady avenue, reminding one of the Broad Walk at Oxford. Unlike that, however, there were several cafés adjoining, and a Punch and Judy show and circus preparing for the evening's entertainment. In the streets most of the shops were open, and the sun beat down relentlessly. Running water had a curiously grateful sound, and one felt an almost irresistible attraction to the bubbling street hydrants, or even the horse-troughs.

The contrast was great entering from the outside glare and turmoil into the cool Abbey church, with its sturdy Norman columns and circular arches, like some great cavern hollowed out in the solid rock. It was still early, but already there was assembling a large congregation of white-capped women, sedate burghers, nuns, and children. The service was High Mass, beginning with a long procession, the men's voices chanting plain song in unison without accompaniment. The Suisse led the way clad in resplendent uniform, including a sword, and wearing his cocked hat. The priests in their green chasubles brought up the rear. The boy choristers were the most brilliantly attired—scarlet cassocks under white lace surplices, with scarlet capes and skull-caps. They were present all the service, but did not sing a note. I thought we were going to have no organ either, but presently there was a triumphant burst, and after that it was hardly ever silent. Although in a gallery over the west door, as in all French churches, it kept strict time with the singers in the choir. There was a sermon of which parts here and there were intelligible to us; the collection afterwards was made by the preacher himself, the Suisse stalking in front with the cry, "Pour les pauvres, s'il vous plait," and striking his silver-headed wand on the pavement at intervals.

The service itself is of course conducted in Latin; sung as it is with the French mode of pronunciation we could hardly distinguish a single word. On the other hand, nothing is wanting which can appeal to the senses—the

superb vestments, the grand music with the smoking censers rising and falling in perfect rhythm, and the blaze of light on the high altar as the ministering priest exhibits the Host to the adoring people. But the unaccustomed eye and ear are only distracted, and the mind oppressed by a seeming multiplication of divinities and objects of worship. The people have little part in the service, yet for an hour and a-half all preserved great decorum, kneeling, sitting, and standing, apparently as it suited each one's fancy.

When all was over we walked up into the choir and saw the tomb whereon rested "Gulielmus, Conqueror Angliæ," the founder of the church. The gruesome tale told about his burial is too long to repeat; many centuries later his remains were not left in peace, for the Huguenots dispersed all but the thigh bone, and the Revolutionists the rest. One of the acolytes, a bright little lad, took us into the sacristy, where there is a portrait of the Conqueror in fifteenth century dress.

As we sat after déjeuner on our terrace over the river, getting what air there was as the tide flowed up, we had time to study the surroundings. Just over the river were large barracks with military garments airing from the top windows. Soldiers galore are to be seen here, and indeed in every town; the majority wore a uniform consisting of a high-crowned hat with a poke in front, a blue frock coat with red epaulettes, red trousers, and white spats. Opposite the barracks was a perpetual incentive to national ill-feeling in the shape of a large bronze statue of a dying soldier, a memorial of comrades killed in the Franco-Prussian war; there were touching inscriptions at the base, and bas-reliefs of battle scenes around the pedestal.

J. tried to find an English Church service, but there seemed to be none, so he went to vespers at St. Pierre, a fine church with a spire. The Suisse there noticing his clerical dress asked if he were a Protestant pastor; no, said my cousin, he was "un prêtre anglicain," adding "ils différent un peu"; the man repeated "un peu," putting his hand before his face to hide a smile. I went off to vespers at St. Etienne, which was again crowded. Coming back in the heat my nose began to bleed copiously, a wholesome but unpleasant tonic, as there was a mile to walk. At that time, perhaps owing to the drought, it was hardly safe to go into the back streets of the town, the smells there were so noisome. Indeed what with the incense in the churches, and the drains in the streets, one never seemed free from smells in Caen.

The evening was pleasantly spent in loitering up the river bank, where there were some shady walks with pretty glimpses of the town and its spires against the sunset.

Monday, June 19. We left early for Bayeux, passing

just outside Caen the lunatic asylum where Beau Brummel ended his days. The country was now flat, and the roads ruddy in colour. Eight miles on was the village of Bretteville, of which there is not much to be recorded except the discovery that the Caen jam pot which I had strung on behind was slowly emptying its sticky contents over the back wheel of my bicycle; also that the local charge for two lemons was one shilling. More interesting and creditable to the neighbourhood is Norrey Church, a mile off on a branch road to the left. The beautiful open belfry with its lofty lancet arches and high-pitched steeple roof of the tower are conspicuous for some distance peeping over a clump of trees. The church is a gem of pure 13th century work, adorned with rich and delicate carving in capital and choir arcade. The children playing round the village school outside showed much interest in our bicycles, and rang the bells with great delight under J.'s supervision. That the population of France is decreasing is quite credible when one compares the small number of sedately behaved children to be seen there with the swarms of virile and mischievous urchins in our own land.

We reached Bayeux by 3.30 p.m., after a ride of only twenty miles. After tea at the Hôtel de Luxembourg, where J. broke the teapot lid and the proprietor wouldn't charge for it, we sallied forth in quest of the Musée where the Tapestry is preserved, and after a little difficulty found it. The Tapestry in shape is like a magnificent ribbon, seventy yards long and twenty inches wide, and is exhibited on edge in a glass case occupying the middle of a large room. It was embroidered by Mathilda, Queen of William the Conqueror, and represents in a series of shifting scenes her husband's conquest of England and the events preceding it, from a Norman standpoint. The colours are still quite bright and the Latin inscriptions easily decipherable. Is it hypocritical to remark on the pleasing variation in the colour of the horses at that epoch, some being red and others blue? Murray tells us that "when Napoleon was meditating the invasion of England, he caused this tapestry to be transported from town to town, and exhibited on the stage of the playhouses between the acts, to stimulate the spectators to a second conquest."

Bayeux Cathedral is mostly in the pointed style of the twelfth and thirteenth century, with a central tower and western spires, which show up well from the low-lying meadows around. The interior has diapered stonework in

the spandrels of the nave arches and high lancet windows in the clerestory, giving a rich and graceful effect. The building of the crypt is ascribed to Odo, half-brother of the Conqueror, and himself a warrior, who for fifty years occupied the episcopal see of Bayeux.

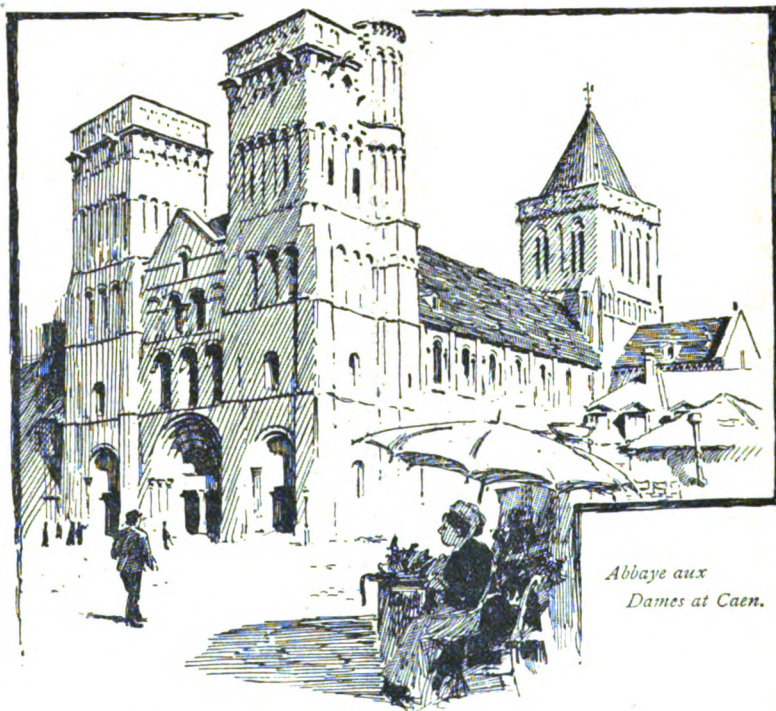
Tuesday, June 20. We had now reached the most western point of our tour. Leaving the attractions of Coutances, St. Lo, and Mont St. Michel for a future year, our programme to-day was to return to Lisieux, and so on twenty miles further to Bernay by rail, and bicycle thence to Evreux. After an unsatisfactory bathe in the torpid stream, garnished with water lilies, which meanders through the meadows outside Bayeux, we made our way to the Gare.

The platform at French railway stations is only a foot or so above the rails, so there is always a climb into the train. Bicycles, on being registered at the cost of one penny each, are invariably taken as passengers' luggage, a privilege which might well be copied at home. Our train was an express,

containing only first and second class carriages; all three windows on either side of the compartment would let down, which was a great advantage on that hot day. On entering or leaving either a railway carriage or a restaurant it is the custom to make a salute to the general public assembled there, and an omission of this courtesy would probably mark one as a boor or a foreigner, terms I fear which are sometimes synonymous in the French mind. In many ways they are much more ceremonious than we are;

even male acquaintances in passing bow and lift their hats to each other, and we noticed that soldiers and peasants would generally shake hands with their friends when they chanced to meet.

Our train rattled safely down into Bernay about two o'clock, but the bicycle start from there was an unhappy one. We were thrown out of our bearings geographically by the railway journey, and went quite a mile down a wrong road before discovering the mistake. The heat was tremendous, but the wind now that we were travelling to the north-east was in our favour. The road, after ascending the plateau, was fairly level, and ran between great fields of waving corn, which in this district was already ripe and in process of being cut. After ten miles or so it descends rapidly into the Rille valley at a pretty village called Ferrière-sur-Rille. It was the same river we had bathed in near its mouth at Pont-audemer, and we found it none the less refreshing here in a secluded spot behind a mill. Our only fear was that



*Abbaye aux
Dames at Caen.*

a gentleman who was fishing near might warn us off, in anticipation of which we prepared an exculpatory phrase or two. Sure enough he came up just as we left the water, but he only doffed his hat politely, a salutation which it was impossible under the circumstances to return, for, as readers of Sartor Resartus will have learnt, courtesies require clothes. After resuming these conventionalities we went to one of the village cafés, and were entertained to a cheerful tea. The proprietor and his wife were both young people, and evidently had not set up in business long. J.'s soft clerical hat interested our host immensely: it was such, he said, as folks wore in Brittany, and it gave J. the "air bretagne." J. replied that they were worn also in "Grande Bretagne," whereupon the young fellow laughed, and even tried on the hat himself, much to his own and his wife's amusement. Meanwhile, if either of us stopped eating for a minute he would push forward a plate, crying "Mangez." Before leaving, he showed us his pneumatic safety, probably an unique specimen of its kind, for, according to its owner, it never punctured. Happy couple! riches were coming to them gradually,—very gradually, for our bill was only sixpence each!

Leaving Ferrière, with the wind still behind us, we went flying on through forest and past railway to Conches; after that a long down-hill and we were in the valley of the Iton. Then the veritably bonny village of Bonneville, a tedious five miles of bad road on level ground, some suburban pavé of a particularly vicious kind, and at last Evreux. We were soon comfortably housed in the Hôtel du Rocher de Cancale. The rock of Cancale, by the bye, is a choice bed of oysters near St. Malo, but we saw none of its productions here.

Wednesday, June 21. The railway station at Evreux, to which we repaired in quest of luggage, is on high ground above the city. Just below are some exceedingly pretty public gardens, laid out with trees and shrubbery, and a fountain-grotto. The Cathedral, situated near the centre of the town, is an oddly assorted pile; its west front is pseudo-Italian of a late and debased type, and is "flanked by two ill-looking towers," as Murray judiciously observed. Of the whole interior it was not possible to form an opinion; the Chancel arch was blocked up, and the Choir and Lady Chapel were under repair. When we entered the nave a service for children was being held, in preparation for Confirmation and First Communion on the morrow. They were singing to the tune of one of our best-known mission hymns, and it was interesting to see the complete discipline observed in their movements. Their director held a small clapper; he gave a clap, they all knelt down; presently he clapped again, and they all rose up; another clap, and they fled off.

We found it expedient to go to the C.T.C. repairer in Evreux, as J.'s pedal was still rather "cranky," and the pavé had loosened or lost some of our nuts. He was not aware of his official appointment, and seemed quite pleased when J. showed him his name in the Handbook, and moreover in finding that a man at Beauvais, whom he had been recommending, was also included. The repairs were properly done at a moderate charge, and we took the road at 2.30 for Les Andelys, where we purposed to spend the night. After leaving the town the road climbed for a long distance up a valley; as soon as the summit was attained, this was followed by an equally long descent into the Eure valley at Autheuil. The river here, though not very deep, is wide, and afforded us a pleasant swim at a secluded spot just below a mill.

When we left Autheuil after tea that evening we never expected to return, but in this we were out in our reckoning, as the sequel will show. The watershed had now to be crossed between the Eure and the Seine. It entailed a three-mile hill to begin with, followed speedily by a superb descent into Gaillon by a winding road, giving occasional glimpses of the broad Seine, and the majestic towers of Château Gaillard in the distance, just above our destination.

The latter sight acted as a loadstone, and beguiled the wearisomeness of the remaining six miles of loose dusty road. The great chalk cliff on which the castle stands allows just sufficient room between its base and the river for the road and the adjoining houses forming the long village street of Petit Andely. We put up here at the Hôtel Belle Vue—true to its name—which was close to the Seine. In the evening we went out for a stroll and crossed the river, which is 300 yards wide perhaps, by the great stone bridge on the road to Louvier; under the first arch there is a remarkable echo, giving six or seven distinct repetitions of a cry. The scene, as we saw it that evening by moonlight from the opposite bank, was one not easily to be forgotten. In the foreground was the placidly flowing river, reflecting the spire of Petit Andely and the lighted windows of the village; far aloft in grim loneliness towered the deserted fortress, its huge buttresses of chalk cliff made whiter by the moon. What fine photographs I planned for the morrow! *Sed Dis aliter*; they were not to be earned without much labour. However, the illusion was not dispelled that night, and meantime we slept peacefully, lulled by the monotonous sound of a neighbouring mill wheel.

Thursday, June 22. We had arranged overnight for an early morning bathe, with a photograph or two on the way. But, lo and behold, the camera was nowhere to be found. My last recollection of it was picking it up on the bank after the bathe in the Eure on the previous day; it was hardly credible that it could have been overlooked in the mill yard at Autheuil, or in the café near, where we had tea. Still, the question now was whether to give up our programme, and go back to search for it, or to lose a four-guinea camera and the best views of the tour. We chose the former.

I wanted J. to wait quietly for me at Petit Andely, but out of good fellowship he insisted on coming too, and accordingly we set out for Autheuil directly after breakfast. The bad road to Gaillon looked all the worse in broad daylight, and the great hill beyond bore quite a different aspect on the reverse journey. We reached the café at last, but the good folk there seemed quite hurt at the idea of any property being lost in their house. So it behoved us to try the more forlorn hope in the mill yard. Arriving there we anxiously searched the place where our bicycles had stood the afternoon before, but still with no result. Subsequent inquiries brought us into the presence of the mistress of the mill, who with very few words produced at once the missing camera, which had been no doubt found on the premises and brought to her. She did not receive our thanks very graciously, considering, in all probability, that we had been trespassing the day before. Most of the entrances we saw on the public roads are jealously guarded by formidable gates with locks and spars, and the free and easy habits of an English hunting district, which acknowledges no obstacles, would be by no means encouraged in France. Our toil, however, was rewarded, and, after an *omelette déjeuner* at the café, where they were very pleased at the recovery of the missing camera, we left Autheuil once more, and this time for good.

Near Gaillon there is an immense bend of the Seine, the river forming, in fact, a horse-shoe having Les Andelys at the summit of the circuit. As we returned we attempted a new route from Gaillon which started fairly enough, but soon turned straight up the steep peninsular hill round which the river curves. The only recompense for this perverseness was the discovery of a vineyard on the sunny hillside, with the vines and their half-formed clusters supported on short poles, like a miniature hop garden. It was a rough hilly road; after getting nearly to Louvier we turned sharp to the right, and eventually re-entered Petit Andely by the bridge, about 2.30 p.m. After a short rest and a "gouter" of cherries and milk we prepared to climb up to the castle.

Château Gaillard was built 700 years ago by Richard Cœur de Lion in defiance of the French King Philip, and of

the meaning if not the letter of his own treaty not to fortify Andely. From its impregnable position above the Seine, with its former stupendous strength of wall and rampart guarded on the one side by an immense fosse across a narrow peninsula of land, and on every other by 300ft. of precipitous rock falling sheer towards the river, it has been called by the historian Green "first among the fortresses of the Middle Ages," and the key to the possession of Normandy. The winding path up which we toiled that hot afternoon was doubtless the same which in ancient days had been trodden by kings and armed knights, by Cœur de Lion himself, and by one in our own time who would have been despicable in their estimation, yet was greater than any—I mean the artist Turner, who has left us two noble pictures of this very spot in his series of the "Rivers of France."

The outside facing of some of the remaining walls has lateral bands of different-coloured stone, but beyond this the absence of all ornament shows that Richard intended his "Saucy Castle" for a stern purpose only. The broken gaps in the Keep, however, give lovely views of the valley, where—to quote Green's picturesque description—"the Seine, broken with green islets, and dappled with the grey and blue of the sky, flashes like a silver bow on its way to Rouen."

After coming down we hired a boat and combined a row and a bathe; all the rowing boats seemed to have an arrangement by which the oars swing on a pivot fixed in the gunwale, which makes feathering an impossibility. At our hotel there was an artist staying with his wife and little boy; it brought a vivid reminiscence of nursery days to see little Jacques required by mamma to hold out his hands and finger nails for inspection before being permitted to sit down to dinner.

Friday, June 23. The road to Beauvais starts through Grand Andely, the birthplace of Nicolas Poussin, and winds slowly up the valley of the Gambon, until at the summit of the hill it joins the great road from Rouen to Paris. Flying along this before a strong wind we might have been in Paris by nightfall, but three miles on, at Les Thilliers, our way turned to the left, and after a long descent brought us to Gisors. There are several houses here with carved oak fronts, black with age, and the church, though late, has many points of interest; e.g., a sculptured Tree of Jesse, 8ft. high, a twisted pillar, and an emaciated stone effigy in one of the windows, with the warning legend,

"Fay maintenant ce que voudras
Avoir fait quant tu te mourras."

The castle grounds through which we hastily walked are well laid out, and make a delightful recreation ground. The castle itself, with its octagonal keep and outworks now in ruins, was built by our Henry II. One of the dungeon walls, it is said, has been carved with a nail in a wonderful manner by some unfortunate prisoner, forming the subject of a well-known picture called "The Prisoner of Gisors."

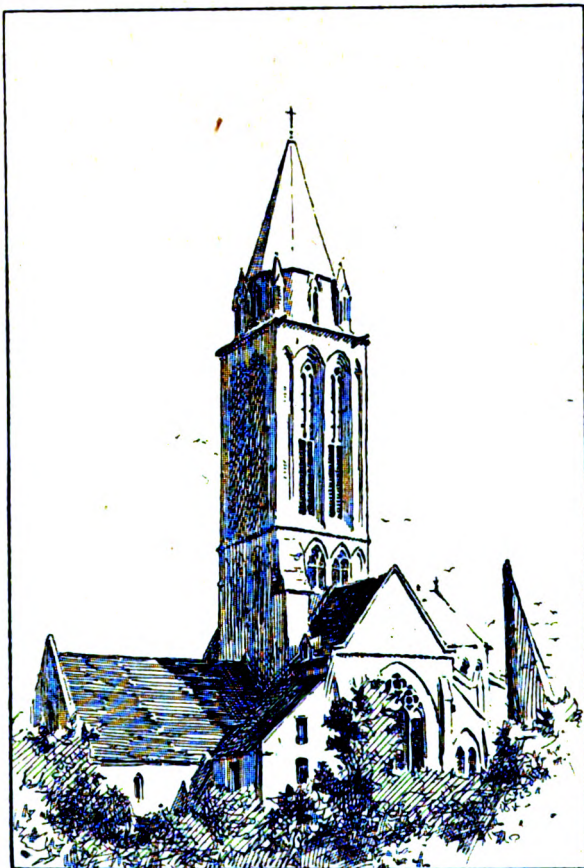
The Beauvais road in leaving Gisors passes under an old street arch, something like our Temple Bar on a small scale. After a steep down hill through Trie-Château (partly pavé), and crossing the Aunette, there is a turn to the left, and the road settles into an eight-mile stretch of straight line. It was all up hill, but luckily the wind was in our favour. Soon

after reaching the summit we emerged on the north-east escarpment of the Mont des Fourches, 750ft. above sea level, and dismounted to enjoy the prospect, both of the landscape and the hill in anticipation. Right and left there is an immense extent of wooded and hilly country, stretching away in front into Picardy over the city of Beauvais hidden away in its valley. On remounting we had a splendid run, the road being admirably engineered, and following the contour of the hillside so as to give an even gradient the whole distance. There were still five or six miles further before entering the winding valley leading down into Beauvais. Well-nigh interminable it seemed, but at last a huge and apparently shapeless mass of building loomed in front, which proved to be the unfinished west end of the Cathedral. Then heavy drops of rain began to fall, and hurrying through the streets, we were glad to get under shelter at the Hôtel d'Angleterre.

After tea—worthy of an hotel called "of England"—the weather had cleared, and we sallied out again to see the city. Beauvais has 17,000 inhabitants, and is the seat of the national manufacture of

tapestry; it possesses a very fine central square, called the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, with a statue of Jeanne Hachette, who, with her women, bravely defended the city against the Burgundians, and raised the siege, when the men, worn out and in desperation, were for capitulating.

It is a pity the Cathedral does not front this great open space instead of being, like many another in populous cities, hemmed in by puny houses. Beauvais Cathedral consists of a colossal choir and transepts, said to be unsurpassed in height throughout the world. But there is no nave, no west front, and no tower, not even a flèche. Mr. Ruskin says that "the outside of a French cathedral, except for its sculpture, is always to be thought of as the wrong side of



Norrey. Church and Spired Dovecote.

the stuff, in which you find how the threads go that produce the inside or right-side pattern." This observation finds a striking example here. The sublime loftiness of the interior, and the magnificent corona of closely-set clerestory windows circling round the apse, the roof, as it were, resting on long shafts of delicate tracery and elongated mullion, all this marvellous effect, as viewed from within, is not obtained without unparalleled labour and makeshift outside. There the main wall is nearly hidden behind flying buttresses, and buttress is supported by buttress, the whole being welded and laced together laterally with a network of iron stanchions.

The clergy and officials were very busy decorating the interior with flowers and long scarlet banners, in preparation I suppose for the Festival of Ste. Angadrème on the following Sunday, to commemorate the relief of the town four hundred years ago, as above related. I asked a young priest who was very active in the decorations for permission to take a photograph, but when he heard that it couldn't be done instantaneously he confined my efforts to a part where no one was passing. I managed, however, to get a fair view of the altar and part of the fresco in the Chapel of Ste. Angadrème.

Evidence of the antiquity of the local art appears in a series of old tapestries hung round the walls, one set reproducing in rich colour the cartoons of Raphael at Hampton Court. There was also displayed a most curious old map of Western Europe. Near the latter stood a screened modern monument, undisputed except on payment of a franc. This is a monstrous clock which is said to have cost (O foolish Beauvoisiens!) £100,000; in addition to a most elaborate timepiece one may see, as the hour strikes, how the condemned appear in the flames of hell. We kept our francs and are still in ignorance.

Late that night the moon was shining so clearly that I walked down again to see how buttress and pinnacle appeared under the conditions Scott laid down for seeing "fair Melrose a-right." Then to bed.

Saturday, June 24. At 7 a.m. I was out again trying to photograph the cathedral, but its enormous height and confined situation baffled me. Presently J. joined me, and we went to see the church of St. Etienne, where there is a curious wheel of fortune window and some old stained glass. The brightness of the early morning turned to rain at breakfast-time, and this continued while we loitered about the post-office until ten o'clock, when it suddenly cleared again. In half an-hour's time the roads were perfectly dry.

When we had climbed on to the table-land again there was a boisterous wind which literally heaved us over the ground. On reaching the village of Froissy, not without an occasional shower, we stopped and had déjeuner at the inn. There were the usual number of dishes ready at a few minutes' notice, one of which, I remember, was pigs' feet fried in bread-crumbs. The village possesses a very deep draw-well, so deep that I asked an old man standing near how many kilomètres it was to the bottom; he smiled, and, pointing to a white house about sixty yards away, said the rope would reach as far as that.

A few miles further on, at Breteuil, the wind shifted slightly, and our road also turning to windward, we had a hard struggle for some distance. About this time a soldier in uniform overtook us on his bicycle, fighting gallantly forward, for his machine was not laden like ours. As we turned more northward after mounting a stiff hill, the wind favoured us once more. We were now on the high chalk down between Normandy and Picardy, the road mostly lined for miles together with poplars—very tremulous in the breeze to-day—or again with a beautiful double avenue of beeches. At Fliers we passed our soldier again, refreshing the inner man at a café, and a little further on, coming to an inn styled the local headquarters of the Amiens Bicycle Club, we were glad to do the same. It was rough accommodation, relieved by some black-currant jelly which I went to get at the village shop, and obtained for one franc, not without

much barter as to the value of the glass jar, which it seemed was not included. When I returned triumphant with the "confiture," the landlady, who with another old crone was drinking spirits when we first entered, had drawn off some coffee to boil, and was holding friendly converse with J. meantime over an English composition or copy written by her soldier son. She hovered over us continually, and even deigned to taste the jelly, which she pronounced to be made from a fruit sounding like "caissis." We were as wise as before, whereupon the old dame trotted off to the garden, and brought in some black currants as a practical translation.

A few more miles of shady road, and at length a tapering spire, rising above the brow of the hill, announced that we were close to Amiens and its Cathedral. So down the hill we went over a bumpy road into the wide basin of the many channelled Somme. Passing the Boulevards, where the largest fair I ever saw was going on in connection with an agricultural and aquatic fête, we entered the town and were soon accommodated *en pension* at the Hôtel de la Croix Blanche. It being Saturday night our first inquiry was for the swimming baths; upon which the landlord, assuring us we couldn't find the way alone, sent a pale-faced garçon nothing loth to act as guide. On the way we suddenly came upon the glorious west front of the cathedral, with its "cavernous porches," and wealth of figure sculpture. I still remember my resentment at J.'s calmly asking our guide if this was the cathedral, but then his notions of local geography were always rather vague—a deficiency which he made up by a greater fluency in the French language than mine. After a mile or so, and crossing several branches of the Somme (there are eleven all told), we reached the baths, and were rewarded with an invigorating bathe in water greenly clear and cold.

At the railway station afterwards we claimed our luggage, and found the bicycle lantern forwarded here by the honest repairer at Evreux. A restaurant near provided us with a modest though dear supper, after which we paraded the crowded town for a while, and then retired gladly to take our ease at our inn.

Sunday and Monday, June 25th and 26th. Amiens being in the province of Picardy, it would be a work of a supererogation and make the title of this article a misnomer to attempt here a description of the city and its wonderful cathedral. Suffice it to say that to any who feel interested in the history and art of this the metropolis of northern Christendom, I heartily recommend Mr. Ruskin's "Bible of Amiens," confident that if they have not already read it there is a totally new pleasure in store for them. The eloquence and wonderful style of the book are Mr. Ruskin's own, showing both in manner and matter what enthusiasm and imagination can do to make dry history a living power, and even again a reality to our eyes, through its most palpable exponents—the buildings bequeathed to us by the past.

With regard to ourselves; after spending two clear days in Amiens we left by rail for Dieppe at a very early hour on Tuesday morning. Our journey by land and sea and again by land was uneventful, and we reached dusky London the same evening. It was quite a pleasure to hold conversation with the porters, and find oneself understood without difficulty. Eight o'clock found us at Gravesend, whence a short and final bicycle ride brought us once more to the hospitable house from which we had started, thinner, browner, and, let us hope, wiser men.

Prospective tourists may care to learn that our expenses for the sixteen days, even including all railway and steamboat fares, were less than ten shillings a day. For a map we used the Carte du Dépôt des Fortifications obtained from Mr. Stead, the Chief Consul General for the Continent, and found it, with Murray's town plans, answer every purpose. To any member of the C.T.C. who wants a pleasant and economical summer trip in a delightful country I will say in conclusion: "Get a congenial companion, and go to Normandy."

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."

(*The letters marked with an asterisk were crowded out of previous issues—ED.)

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

WHAT IS A FOOTPATH?

*Sir,—By Act of Parliament cyclists are forbidden to ride on footpaths. But I feel sure that many cyclists besides myself do not know what constitutes a footpath within the meaning of the Act. For instance, a small house by the roadside, with a still smaller lawn and garden in front, has (for appearance sake, I presume) a patch of gravel the length of the front wall, which said wall is in a line with the grass edge of the road, and further, has no kerb stone, but is simply a patch of roadway of a little better description than the middle or other side. Now, is this a footpath or not? I contend that it is not, and that a cyclist would not be breaking the law by riding on it. And here let me remark that, being an all-the-year-round rider, I often in the winter use such pieces of the "road." Again, is a path marked off from the road by a strip of grass a footpath? It has been originally taken from the road, and in many cases encroaches too far into it, by reason of lazy road men, who do not cut back the grass sufficiently when cleaning the roads.

I presume that the roadway ends or joins the footpath with the gutter. If you or any of your readers could enlighten me on this subject, I should feel greatly obliged.

HENRY G. CARPENTER,
Consul for Axbridge and District.

[Our reply to Mr. Carpenter was to the effect that in our opinion he was rendering himself liable to prosecution each time he rode over the "patch of gravel" referred to in his letter, but as since the date of the correspondence we have been favoured with the opinion of Mr. P. Edward Dove, a barrister, and one of the R.C.'s for Middlesex, we make both the query and the answer public:—"There is no reported case on the point you mention, nor should I expect to find one. The question whether any portion of a road is a footpath 'made or set apart for the use or accommodation of foot passengers' is purely a question of fact for the jury. I have not the least doubt that, in the cases referred to by Mr. Carpenter, a jury would declare these 'pieces of the road' to be footpaths. The absence of a kerb and gutter can by no possibility make any difference. In how many country roads do you find a kerb at all? If having a kerb is the differentia, there must be very few footpaths in England save in towns."]

COTTON v. WOOL.

*Sir,—No. 1914 asks for information on this subject. My experience is this:—When I began cycling I wore the shirt of the period—linen, I fancy. Then came up the netted undervest with meshes about the third of an inch square. I wore them only to find that after a good sweating, every separate knot struck a separate chill. Then I took to flannel (Jaeger). After a time the cellular clothing was so strongly recommended as better than flannel that I got some shirts. I soon found that they retained animal smells and were decidedly unpleasant: they also remained damp. I wrote to the C.T.C. Gazette against them. Now I wear and shall continue to wear flannel.

No. 1065.

Sir,—Your correspondent No. 1914 has missed the point of my allusion to the tropics in my previous letter. It is that, when cycling, the body is frequently bathed in perspiration, which is the normal condition of affairs in the tropics. Further, the sanction (to use a legal term) following an indiscretion in the matter of clothing is much severer there than here. I would thence infer, *ceteris paribus*, that the style of clothing which has been found by long experience most suitable in the tropics for the body when in a state of perspiration would be that most suitable for cyclists. As regards the cellular clothing, the great point about it is that it brings the minimum of cotton into contact with the body, the perspiration evaporating in the air cells. In so far as any of the cotton touches the body, it is, I think, bad, and personally I prefer flannel to it. At the same time, cellular material has the enormous advantage of wearing long and not shrinking, and the principle of allowing the perspiration to evaporate in air seems at least as good as absorbing it in wool.

Your correspondent's reference to respectable tourists wearing coats is rather obscure. It is to be hoped they all do; at any rate, I have seen none without. A coat, even with a waistcoat added, will not, however, prevent a strong cold wind from reaching the skin unless there is something thicker than cellular clothing underneath.

EXPERIENTIA DOCKET.

THE F.D. SAFETY.

*Sir,—Kindly afford me a little space in your next issue to reply to your correspondent, Mr. J. Cory Withers, No. 585. The above gentleman takes me to task for urging my fellow members of the C.T.C. to test for themselves the claims of the F.D. rather than be guided exclusively by the opinions of those who, in too many cases, know absolutely nothing of the machine in question, whilst those of many others cannot well be said to be entirely free from self interest. I beg to remind Mr. Withers the advantages claimed on behalf of the F.D. have been again and again reiterated by leading authorities, such as Mr. George Lacy-Hillier and others, apparently to no purpose, as the great majority of the cycling fraternity have turned a deaf ear to their assertions, and have shown themselves not open to conviction. Such being the case, I endeavoured to approach the subject in a somewhat different manner to that usually employed, and in so doing have unfortunately exposed myself to the pseudo sarcasm of Mr. Withers, whose patience seems to have been sorely tried by my exhortation to accord the F.D. a fair and impartial practical trial before condemning or approving it.

If any proof of the entire reasonableness of my contention is wanting, the letter of Mr. Withers supplies it in profuse abundance, as I will briefly show.

1. Mr. W. is evidently unfamiliar with the form and construction of the F.D., otherwise he would not so rashly identify it with the Kangaroo bicycle, seeing that it is dissimilar to that machine in almost every vital particular, the only chief point of similarity being that both are driven by the front wheel.

2. Mr. W.'s assertion that the position of rider of F.D. is bad and uncomfortable is distinctly opposed to actual fact, and it is very unfortunate that he should have chosen to attack the F.D. on such a point, seeing its greatest detractors even have generally allowed the position of rider to be all that could be desired.

As regards the relative position of saddle and handle-bar Mr. W. is again rather unhappy in his condemnation, seeing the Crypto Cycle Co. have for many months past fitted to order a form of handle-bar which will enable the greatest admirer of the trussed fowl position (so dear to the average safety rider) to gratify his "penchant" to the height of absurdity if desired.

3. Mr. W.'s remarks anent the weight of rider being too much upon the front wheel are not borne out in practice to the slightest extent. On the contrary the skidding propensity

of the driver of F.D. is solely brought about (as any F.D. rider well knows) by the tendency of the rider who has previously ridden a rear-driver to place his saddle too far behind the axle, whereby the weight upon the driving-wheel is insufficient to allow of it gripping, hence the skidding for half a revolution.

4. It is gratifying indeed to find Mr. Withers does not defend the flying of steep hills at more than thirty miles an hour, though it makes one shudder to think what he considers a safe pace for hills which are not steep but pleasantly undulating! How many of our members would care to accompany Mr. W. when pedalling his trusty safety down a steep hill at thirty miles an hour; and again, how many could do it? Mr. W. writes nonchalantly and jauntily of applying the brake suddenly and forcibly when travelling down hill at express speed, but does he contend for one moment the light, fragile rear-driver—so beloved of the up-to-date road rider—would in any one instance bear the strain of a sudden and violent application of the brake; if so, I should indeed compassionate the deluded C.T.C.ite who should be prompted to act upon his contention. Again, I would remind Mr. W. the up-to-date rear-driver road scorchers does not usually cumber his machine with such a "senseless" adjunct as it is becoming the fashion to consider a brake. In our hilly district of Yorkshire we are occasionally allowed to be fairly-good judges of hills and minor undulations, and all cyclists hereabouts who have any knowledge of touring in the Yorkshire dales are careful to provide themselves with an adequate brake, otherwise much walking is absolutely necessary.

I have explored every dale in the county upon the F.D. and R.D., and in no single instance have I ever experienced the slightest tendency to a header through the application of the brake on the F.D., but I try to exercise common sense in the application of it rather than invite disaster by jamming it on when even running down hill at a modest twenty miles per hour. In conclusion, I beg respectfully to remind Mr. W. of the old adage, "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing." Also to refer him to the statement recently reported to have been made by Mr. Frank Shorland in regard to his own estimate of his various magnificent performances. He is said to have remarked that his best performance was undoubtedly that of his ride from London to York in a little over twelve hours, which ride, if my memory serves me aright, was accomplished with comparative ease upon that much-abused and grossly underrated machine, the front-driver, not a racing machine of 25lb. or 26lb. weight, but a type of front-driver which was as different in weight, elegance, and comfort from the machines now being made by at least two firms—the Crypto Company, of London, and Robinson & Price Limited, of Liverpool—as is the latest rear-driver from the earlier cross-frame safety. I commend the above to those who prefer to be guided by facts rather than idle and prejudiced fancies.

Holland Mount, Bramhope.

JOHN APPLEBY.

N.B.—It may possibly interest Mr. Withers to know that in my immediate neighbourhood there is a narrow, winding hill which falls some 380ft. in the mile, down which I have frequently to ride. I find this can be negotiated upon the F.D. with far greater comfort than was ever possible when mounted upon the rear-driver, and I have occasionally ridden up this same hill without undue strain, though my present F.D. has a crank throw of only $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches. *Verb. sap.*

Sir,—Having through your courtesy received proofs of several letters respecting one you published for me in the *Gazette* for April, I have read them carefully and also re-read my own, but do not see any cause whatever to alter anything which I said. Of course, "many men many minds." Some may like a position which I and others consider cramped by having the handle too far back, and a few may prefer to crawl down a hill back

pedalling, with the risk of an occasional "header"—but I have no hesitation in saying that the great majority of cyclists will prefer a machine that is really *safe*, and safe too at a high speed provided only that the road be clear and reasonably straight. Indeed the great safety of the rear driver at high speed in the hands of reckless rider, has been the cause of many accidents and several deaths. Knowing themselves to be safe, selfish persons care not whom they endanger. About two years ago a reckless cyclist killed a man on Pensford Hill near here. The man was hurled forward several yards and injured as if he had been struck by a locomotive, yet the cyclist and his rear-driver were quite unhurt. He was tried for manslaughter, but the jury took a merciful view of matters and acquitted him. In years gone by, when we rode the "good old ordinary," it was a common trick for the roughs to lie down in the road at dusk to upset us, but since the rear driver has come in vogue, which it is next to impossible to upset, that "game has not been worth the candle," as the rough lying down comes off second best, and generally a very bad second too. A short time since I unfortunately ran over a good-sized dog through his suddenly altering his course. I felt sorry for the animal, but although the fault was not mine, I did not dismount to interview his owner. Had I been on a G.O.O. or a front driver of any kind, I should certainly have been on the road.

As some correspondents have sneered at my going down hill thirty miles an hour (I have done very nearly five furlongs in the minute), yet, as I never lose control of the machine, there has been no risk to myself or to others. All depends upon the circumstances of the case. To descend a hill at that speed by daylight on a good rear driver with a brake which can be applied without fear, and where one is sure of a clear road, is far safer than five miles an hour back pedalling in the dark with people and coal carts wandering about the road, as is their custom in these parts.

I do not like the unscientific practice of back pedalling. I do not care to work down hill, neither do I like to use a brake without real occasion, but when I do want a brake, like the Yankee his revolver, I want it badly, and to use it without fear of anything worse than damage to the hind tyre by stopping the wheel.

I do not deny the F.D. its advantages, among which are its lightness, cleanliness, ease of cleaning when dirty, absence of that nuisance the chain, &c. I leave others to tell of these things, the one fault I have to find, and it is a great one, is that about three-fifths to three-quarters of the weight is on the front wheel instead of as much being on the hind wheel, when the machine is on level ground; thus when descending a steep hill the weight is thrown almost entirely on the front wheel, so that if it is checked from any cause "over goes the show," and stopping suddenly is quite out of the question—consequently if the cyclist ventured to run at high speed the machine would be quite out of control.

Respecting the position of the rider, which is similar to the "ordinary" now generally considered played out, it is the natural consequence of the weight being too far forward. The handles and the saddle are obliged to be kept further back than is convenient to the generality of riders in order to maintain any weight whatever on the rear wheel when going down hill, and whatever some may think, handles four or five inches in advance of the crank axle are generally esteemed right, and are of great advantage when climbing hills.

In conclusion, I am pleased to see that the "monkey on stick" position, caused by the saddle being placed far back and low down, is now being generally abandoned, except by a few scorchers, for the high saddle well over the work, which gives the nearly upright position favourable to the health and good appearance of the rider.

JOHN CORY WITHERS, No. 585.

Cotham, May 17, 1894.

P.S.—Front wheel brakes are objectionable not only from their liability to produce "headers," but they also

cause a dangerous strain on the front fork of the machine, while the rear wheel brake puts no strain on the frame whatever.

[Other letters upon the "F.D." have been set into type, but lack of space will prevent them appearing, and as only a very limited number are interested in the matter, this discussion must now cease.—Ed.]

THE "GARDNER" BRAKE.

Sir,—In the last issue of the *Gazette* your correspondent Mr. John Gardner makes a remarkable mistake in calculating the strain the front fork will bear. To get the "strain" at B, he multiplies the assumed pull at C (1200lb.) by the length B C (17in.) and says the "strain" at B is 20,400lb., or over 9 tons.

Now, if Mr. Gardner had used the decimal system and expressed the length B C in millimetres, he would find it measured 425 millimetres; and applying his method of calculation he would say the strain at B is equal to $1200 \times 425 = 510,000$ lb., i.e. over 220 tons. Expressing the length B C in yards (a little less than half-a-yard) and again multiplying, the strain at B would be equal to $1200 \times \frac{1}{2} = 600$ lb.

Of course the "strain" cannot have all these different values at the same instant. The fact is, the strain at the section B is produced by a bending moment, the unit of which is of quite a different nature to the unit of direct pull. The one cannot be compared or compounded with the other; just as we cannot add together, say, 20 inches, 20 shillings, 20 gallons, and 20 ounces.

The bending moment at B is 9 inch-tons, or 220 millimetre-tons, or 600 yard-lbs.; the unit being a compound one, into which the units of length and force enter.

The bending moment produces stresses of varying intensity on the section at B. The fibres in the front half of the section are subjected to tension, those in the back half to compression, the greatest stresses occurring on the extreme fibres. The greatest stress is calculated by dividing the bending moment on the section by the modulus of the section. If d_1 and d_2 be the outer and inner diameters of the tube at B, the modulus of the section is $\frac{3 \cdot 14 (d_1^4 - d_2^4)}{32 d_1}$.

For a tube $1\frac{1}{2}$ " and $1\frac{1}{8}$ " outer and inner diameters this amounts to .066 inch units. The greatest stress on the tube would therefore be $\frac{9}{.066} = 136$ tons per square inch.

If the bending moment in millimetre-tons be taken the modulus must be expressed in millimetre units; the greatest stress will then be given in tons per square millimetre.

I need hardly say that a tube of these dimensions could not endure anything like a load of 1200lb. applied as described by Mr. Gardner, but would probably give way with a pull of 200lb.; the corresponding greatest stress on the tube at B being about 23 tons per square inch.

ARCHD. SHARP.

Sir,—I saw and admired Mr. Gardner's brake at the National Show, but in his proposed test of the best way to apply a brake he unduly handicaps the front forks. He appears to assume that because a chain will stand 1200lb. tension that that is the stopping power which the chain will apply to the machine by back pedalling with his brake; but if we take a machine with 28in. back wheel and eight teeth on its chain wheel (the diameter of the pitch line of which will be 2'6in.), it is at once clear that the chain is at a disadvantage of almost exactly nine to one; so that, instead of a stopping power of 1200lb., it can only arrest the progress of the machine with a force of $133\frac{1}{3}$ lb.

If we apply this correction to the proposed experiment, we must either use a chain only one-ninth as strong or else apply it eight-ninths nearer to the fulcrum—that is, only about 2in.

from the nearest bearing—in which case the forks at B will only have to support a strain of 2400lb.—that is, $21\frac{1}{2}$ cwt.—instead of the 20,400lb. (9 tons) with which he frightens us.

I do not express any opinion on the point: I am only anxious that any test shall be a true one, and fairly representative of the usual conditions.

FRANK BOWER.

Sir,—I have read with interest Mr. Gardner's letter in last month's *Gazette*, and I think that it contains one or two fallacies. To begin with, he states that all cycle chains are tested up to 1200lb., and forthwith proceeds to base his calculations accordingly. Does Mr. Gardner really think that every chain is tested to that weight? Heavy roadsters may be, but are the light chains now used in gear-cases? But I would point out that even if the 1200lb. test is adopted, it is one which is evenly applied; it is not a sudden jerk, and this is a great consideration. Many chains will snap at a far less weight than 1200lb. if the strain be applied suddenly. In this connection I would draw attention to the fact that the momentum of a body in motion is represented, in applied mechanics, as a quantity composed of the mass multiplied by the velocity, and when a moving body has to be stopped the momentum is practically the same as weight. It is all very well for Mr. Gardner to say that it will take no more brake power to stop a machine travelling at 15 miles an hour than it will if the pace be only 10, but anybody must see this cannot be. Will Mr. Gardner argue that no more power is required to pull up a train running at 60 miles an hour than would be necessary to stop it if moving at 10 miles an hour, both effects to be produced in say 400 yards? Surely he will not. Yet the same law applies to a cycle. Now assuming the weight of the rider to be 160lb. and that of the machine 40lb. we have a total of 200lb. Will Mr. Gardner maintain that this weight travelling down hill at say 15 miles an hour is not getting very near his 1200lb.? Let us suppose that the chain is slack: then it follows that when the brake is applied we have this weight put upon the chain to a great extent suddenly. The chain may stand it: I do not say it will not, but the strength of a chain is represented by its weakest link, and the risk is great, for if it breaks the rider has no means of stopping the machine, even if he is lucky enough to escape the broken chain getting in the wheel and so causing a fall. A broken chain is always dangerous, and on machines fitted with gear-cases (and no R.D. safety is first-class unless so fitted) it is most serious.

Turning to Mr. Gardner's demonstration of the dangers of a front wheel brake I may draw attention to another slight error. Assuming that the brake be applied suddenly, and with sufficient force to stop the front wheel dead at a time when the weight of the machine and rider plus velocity equals 1200lb.; then it must be remembered that although in the ordinary course the only connection the front wheel has with the machine is through the total length of the front fork from the bearing pin, it has, when the brake is applied as above, another rigid connection, namely, at the rim and close to the crown of the front fork, so that Mr. Gardner's 17in. of extra leverage which gives him the alarming strain of nine tons does not exist. To be fair, the piece of chain shown in his diagram as connecting with the bottom of the fork C should be carried to the crown B, when we have a very different state of affairs. Even when the brake is only partially applied the stopping force is exerted between the spoon and the tyre, and is at the top of the fork. That this is correct may easily be proved by the number of machines in use which are fitted with front wheel spoon brakes and yet do not collapse, though it is evident that no ordinary front fork would stand a cross strain of nine tons.

Once more I say that I do not defend the front wheel brake *per se*, and I freely admit that the rear wheel is the correct position, but that place involves such an amount of complication that *le jeu n'en vaut pas la chandelle*.

C. W. BROWN.

CUCA TABLETS.

Sir,—Last year we made a special offer to members of the C.T.C. only of our Cuca-Fluide at half price for a month. As the above offer was much appreciated, we should be glad to offer our two new preparations, "Cuca Tablets" (prepared with calf's foot jelly) and Compressed Cuca Pellets, upon the same terms, viz., value of not less than 2s. nor more than 6s. post free at half price to members only during the month of June.

HENSON & Co.

20, Beulah Hill, S.E.

CYCLING AND BRONCHIAL TROUBLES.

Sir,—I should be glad if any of your readers can favour me with reliable information as to the effects of cycling on persons subject to slight attacks of bronchitis. For several years I have ridden a tricycle, and, though over fifty years of age, perspire readily. For the last year or two I have suffered from occasional attacks of bronchitis, particularly during the last few months, and I should be glad to know whether cycling is injurious or beneficial to one who suffers in this way. I am intending to take a tour of about 400 miles this summer unless answers to this letter deter me.

No. 1500.

THE BICYCLE HUMP.

Sir,—Bicycle hump as a habit is bad form. What are the conditions of cycles and cycling that have led to and promoted bicycle hump as a habit and made it seem advantageous to many riders?

No allusion is here made to those bicyclists who ride machines that fit them, and who then stoop when riding in order (1) to minimise windage when racing against the wind, and (2) to "open" the chest for full breathing when pulling hard at the handles for leverage in pedalling fast whilst racing. Such stooping on these special occasions is legitimate and is good form.

There seem to be three main casual reasons leading to bicycle hump as a habit—fashion, "stock patterns" of bicycles so designed that they cannot be adjusted to "fit" a majority of riders, and bad bicycle saddles.

As to fashion, very many cyclists take to riding at an age when they are apt to "fancy" themselves over much. They have scarcely reached manhood, either in body or mind, so they can hardly help copying their sisters' ways. The Alexandra limp, or the latest hat or colour, quite regardless of its suitability to them personally, *must* be adopted.

Expert riders are seen on the racing track stooping more or less legitimately, and certainly travelling fast, perhaps making a record. So the bicycle stoop is the fashion.

This bicycle stoop, then, develops into the bicycle hump as a habit. A certain division adopt it at all times, whether riding with or against the wind, whether travelling slowly or fast, as the fashion.

Then the machine gets adjusted for the hump attitude. The saddle set well back, the handles set well forward and kept low—both these adjustments induce the hump attitude.

Then this fashion influences the makers and they increase the distance between handles and saddles, and lighten machines by shortening their adjustable parts.

This leads us to consider "stock patterns." They are like "slop" clothing, made to fit all; but they really fit few persons. The range of adjustment between saddle and handles is with most stock machines seldom large enough to "fit" a majority of riders. That is to say, most stock machines can only be ridden by a majority of riders in the bicycle hump attitude.

The extra trouble, extra time, and extra expense needed to get a bicycle built to order, not on a stock pattern, is so great, that most cyclists buy stock machines that do not "fit" them, in preference. Before bicycle hump became so general a habit, the saddle was set back in order to increase

the load on the driving wheel of the rear-driven safety (about which type of machine this is written), the rider then being supposed to sit nearly upright upon the saddle. Much of any advantage so to be gained is now quite lost by the habitual bicycle hump attitude, as it tends to relieve the saddle of weight.

As to bad cycle saddles. When saddles are not set on efficient "free" springs or their equivalent, the hump attitude tends to minimise the discomfort and risk of shake and concussion to the spine and head. When saddles are short, the peaks are apt to be pronounced and the peak ridge to rise above the general plane of the seat; in this case the hump attitude tends to minimise perineal pressure and its discomforts.

Both these conditions (inefficient saddle springs and prominent peaks and ridges) thus tend to the setting well back of the saddle, and to the resulting hump attitude, as a habit.

To recapitulate. The seven main causes of bicycle stoop and of bicycle hump as a habit are:—1. Windage. 2. Releasing the lungs from cramped position when arms are used for leverage whilst racing. 3. Setting saddle too far behind pedal crank axle to allow of an upright attitude. 4. Fixing handles too far forward of saddle to allow of an upright attitude. 5. Inefficient saddle springs. 6. Trouble from saddle peak and ridge. 7. Fashion.

The legitimate bicycle stoop needs no further comment beyond emphasising the points that bringing both arms forwards to firmly grip bicycle handles tends to cramp the lungs, and that in order to "open" the chest for full breathing the chest must be brought forwards so that the elbows and shoulders regain their free relative positions at the sides of the body.

To achieve perfect freedom of breathing in cycling with an upright seat attitude, the handles must be so placed that when gripped both elbows, both shoulders, and the spine shall all be situated in one vertical plane.

Most stock pattern bicycles do not admit of sufficient adjustment rearwards of the handles to admit of this free-chested upright attitude for a majority of riders.

Similarly most stock pattern bicycles do not admit of sufficient adjustment forwards of the saddle to admit of an upright seat attitude for a majority of riders.

As to saddle springs, the old Arab seems to have still no rival. Most of the usually fitted saddle springs are abominations. And the like phrase may well be applied to most saddles, more especially to the shorter ones.

One saddle alone of those on view at the late cycle exhibitions shows any intelligent advance in design. That one is Henson's. If Henson's saddle be put upon the market in a matured form with a good strong free spring, most of the troubles arising from the peak ridge pattern saddles will be heard of no more. Henson's saddle also yields no tendency to bicycle hump.

The last point, fashion, needs no comment. It must take care of its own votaries. FRED. W. FOSTER, 1572.

THAT CYCLE TAX.—That usually well-informed paper the *Scottish Leader* through its cycling "notes" not long since committed itself to the fallacy that if a cycle tax were imposed the status of the wheelman in the eye of the law would be improved, that he would then be able to assert his right to a free use of the highway, that he would also possess a legal claim upon the road authorities, and that street scorching would be speedily extirpated. It was, however, speedily met by the most trenchant of rejoinders at the hands of C.T.C. No. 2070, who, if we mistake not, was not many years since well to the front in agitating for the statute law which eventually superseded the vexatious and conflicting bye-laws formerly in force in Scotland. Those who are in doubt how to answer the advocates of a cycle tax are recommended to get the *Scottish Leader* of the 28th April and file it for future reference.

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 terms.

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

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

LIST OF OFFICIAL TAILORS HOLDING APPOINTMENTS.

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

ABERDEEN—K. Maclean & Son, 17, Bridge Street.
 ACCRINGTON—J. W. Foster, 25, Blackburn Road.
 Ayr—Currie, Rae & Co., Ailsa Buildings.
 BAILE (Switzerland)—V. Settelin.
 BANBURY—W. Walton, 62, High Street.
 BARNLEY—
 BARNSTAPLE—J. N. Brewer, Cross Street.
 BATH—*Gould & Son, 23, Milsom Street, and 1 & 2, George Street.
 BEDFORD—J. Beagley, 5, High Street.
 BELFAST—J. Striuger, 47, Donegal Place.
 BERLIN (Germany)—W. Köpse, W. 8, Mohrenstrasse 50.
 BIRKBECK—TWEED—Paxton & Purves.
 BIRMINGHAM—*Husband Bros., 21, Paradise Street.
 BLACKBURN—Tomlinson & Co., 17, Aspend's Buildings.
 BOLTON—J. Boyd & Co., 21, Fold Street.
 BOURNEMOUTH—W. Rogers & Sons, 1, Albany Terrace.
 BRADFORD—Macvane Bros., 17, Darley Street.
 BRIDGORTH—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. Leedman, 5, Red Lion Street.
 BURTON-ON-TRENT—W. Brown, 184 and 185, Station Street.
 BURY—J. Burrow, Silver Street.
 CAMBORNE—J. Vivian & Brother.
 CAMBRIDGE—J. Gillings, 14, Alexandra Street.
 CANNOCK—C. H. Cope.
 CANTERBURY—J. G. Jackman, 6, Parade.
 CARDIFF—E. J. Baker, 33, Queen Street.
 CARLISLE—Clark & Son, 35, Bank Street.
 CHATHAM—J. W. Taylor, 191, High Street.
 CHELMSFORD—J. P. Green.
 CHELTENHAM—S. King & Son, 35, Winchcomb Street.
 CHESTER—J. T. Davis, The Cross.
 CHICHESTER—W. Long & Son, Southgate.
 CIRENCESTER—G. Fraser & Son.
 CORK—J. Drew, 34, Princes Street.
 COVENTRY—B. Riley, King's Head Buildings.
 CREWE—Vickers & Son, High Street.
 DARLINGTON—W. G. Wallis, 4, North Gate.
 DERBY—*Gamble & Cunningham, 54, Sadler Gate.
 DEVIZES—Parsons Bros., 3, St. John Street.
 DONCASTER—G. Goldthorpe & Son, 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.
 FARNHAM—W. Surman, 4, 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. Wits.
 HULL—C. H. Capes & Son, 20, Savile Street.
 ILFRACOMBE—R. Jewell, 123, High Street.
 INVERNESS—H. Fraser, 23, Bridge Street.
 IPSWICH—W. Damant, 13, Butter Market.
 JERSEY—E. P. Falle, 10, Beresford Street.

KIDDERMINSTER—Thos. Bennett, 6, Oxford Street.
 LEAMINGTON—T. Claxton, 106, The Parade.
 LEEDS—C. Wits.
 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.
 LLANELLANY—Davies & Parry, Compton House.
 LONDON—H. Brinkman, 253, Oxford Street, W.
 " Clare & Son, 102, Fenchurch Street, E.C.
 " T. H. Holding, 7, Maddox Street, W.
 " W. J. Pile, 22, Philpot Lane, E.C., and 71 and 73, Park Street, Camden Town.
 " The West End Clothiers Co., 37, Ludgate Hill, E.C.
 " FOR LADIES ONLY.—John T. W. Goodman, 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 are willing to pay the following prices:—Lounge jacket—Brown cloth, 48/-; Grey cloth, 50/-; Norfolk jacket—Brown cloth, 53/-; Grey cloth, 55/-; Breeches or Knickerbockers—Brown cloth, 18/6; Grey cloth, 19/6; Trousers—Brown cloth, 21/-; Grey cloth, 22/-; Waistcoat—Brown or Grey cloth, 15/6.)
 MAIDENHEAD—R. Whitaker & Sons, 12, Queen Street.
 MAIDSTONE—H. Taylor, 25, Gabriel's Hill.
 MANCHESTER—*Meggit & Co., 22, Cross Street.
 MARLBOROUGH—J. Russell & Sons, High Street.
 MIDDLEBROUGH—J. Newhouse & Co., Albert Road.
 MILHOUSE (Alsace)—H. Dussere.
 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, 57, 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., 20, London Street.
 NOTTINGHAM—W. Gabbatins, 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, 56, 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.
 " B. C. Jenkinson, 28, Mount Pleasant.
 UTRECHT (Holland)—J. de Gooijer, jr., 304, Kromme Nieuwe Gracht.
 UXBRIDGE—Carrick & Coles, Waterloo House.
 VIENNA I—F. Kadlecik, Rothenturmstrasse 31.
 WALSALL—Barrett & Forrester, Park Street.
 WARMINSTER—Foreman & Son, 23, Market Place.
 WATFORD—*J. P. Taylor, 95, High Street.
 WELLS (Somerset)—
 WESTON-SUPER-MARE—*Tytherleigh & Son, Church Road.
 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. Millorne, 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, June, 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.

Alston, R. C. Harrold Hall, Bedford
Clack, B. W. 10, Britannia road, Bedford
Grafton, A. 14, Cardington road, Bedford

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

Massey, Rev. E. R. M.A. March Gibbon Rectory, nr. Bicester

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

Dennant, C. H. 32, Lynewode road, Cambridge
Elliott, F. L. D. Trinity College, Cambridge
Girling, W. R. Twyford House, Wisbech
Ladell, H. S. Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge
Shearme, J. S. Trinity College, Cambridge
Tregoning, A. L. " "

CHANNEL ISLANDS.

Gellender, E. J. 15, Halkett place, Jersey

CHESHIRE.

Baker, Rev. E. G., B.A., B.Sc. The Grammar School, Nantwich
Dowson, A. O. Gee Cross, Hyde
Field, N. (South Manchester C.C.) Clova, St. John's road, Knutsford
Hansford, E. C. Addison villas, Timperley
Holgate, N. Highfield, Wardle road, Sale
Parker, C. 82, Brighton street, Seacombe
Price, J. F. Glenora, Marsland road, Sale

CORNWALL.

Dawe, J. N. Bank House, Wadebridge
Tonkin, T. H. (Bodmin C.C.) Mountfolly square, Bodmin

DERBYSHIRE.

Massey, Rev. Canon Risley Rectory, Derby
Parker, A. P. H. 77, Burton road, Derby
Wadsworth, E. S. St. Michael's House, Derby

DEVONSHIRE.

Brown, S. W. M. (Plymouth C.C.) 18, Clarendon place, Citadel road, Plymouth
Keays, Lieut. R. Woodside, Ilfracombe
Newman, W. A., B.A. 5, Myrtles terrace, Sidmouth
Turner, C. S. Kelbine, Budleigh Salterton
Webb, G. W. (Plymouth C.C.) 27, Bedford street, Plymouth

DORSETSHIRE.

Filliter, G. C. St. Martin's House, Wareham

DURHAM.

Chesters, Rev. L. M., M.A. Stanley R.S.O.
Ede, W. E. Moore. Rectory, Gateshead
Harrison, W. 9, Belford terrace, Sunderland
Johnson, Rev. B., B.A. 2, Cross terrace, Ryton-on-Tyne
Mushens, R. H. 4, Herrington street, Sunderland
Nelson, J. E. 1, Kensington terrace, Sunderland
Richardson, Rev. C. S., B.A. Rock House, St. Aidan's road, South Shields
Smith, D. 23, Azalea Terrace South, Sunderland
Tomlinson, H. S. 5, Victoria terrace, Durham
Usher, A. E. 22, Belle Vue park, Sunderland
Usher, W. H. 12, Salem hill, Sunderland
Warne, C. Old Post Office Hotel, Stockton-on-Tees
Wright, Rev. A., B.A. Union place, Chester-le-Street

ESSEX.

Bedwell, E. C. (Brentwood C.C.) 13, Westbury road, Brentwood
Done, L. J. 30, Church street, West Ham
Gingell, G. F. (Brentwood C.C.) Westbury road, Brentwood
Ryomon, J. R. J. South street, Romford
Wyles, T. P. Odessa Road School, Forest Gate

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Brewer, F. J. C. 8, College court, Gloucester
Browne, A. 51, Waverley road, Redland, Bristol
Burge, A. H. 22, Cotham road, Bristol
Dyson, C. W. (Tewkesbury C.C.) Rudgeway, Tewkesbury

Fry, C. High street, Thornbury
 Halstead, G. E. Beaufort Villa, Shaftesbury avenue, Bristol
 Hodges, G. A. Market place, Coleford
 Martin, F. Manchester House, Coleford
 Myles, G. T., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. 3, Portland square, Bristol
 Pethybridge, J. 1, Belle Vue terrace, Totterdown, Bristol
 Provis, F. J. Coleford
 Smith, S. D. 29, Upper Belgrave road, Clifton
 Taylor, F. T. High street, Coleford
 Vowles, J. 14, Victoria road, Cotham, Bristol
 Walker, T. G., M.R.C.S. 115, Clarence road, Redcliffe, Bristol
 Wiles, A. H. 55, Belvoir road, Montpelier, Bristol

HAMPSHIRE.

Bozell, W. R. Grayshott
 Bull, A. T. 42, Albert grove, Southsea
 Burnell, T. C. Egmont, Winchester
 Greenleaves, E. Priory Mansions, Bath road, Bournemouth
 Harman, W. M. B.A., M.D. 15, Christchurch road, Winchester
 Leavins, Miss M. E. *Shelley House, Freshwater Bay, I. of W.*
 Noble, Miss E. *The Cottage, Knowle road, Bournemouth*
 Shakespear, W. P. (Com. R.N.) St. Alban's, Compton road, Winchester
 Stanley, J. H. 13, Pine avenue, Poole road, Bournemouth
 Surman, W. C. H. 4, High street, Fareham
 Thomas, H. G. 37, Above Bar street, Southampton

HEREFORDSHIRE.

Mitchell, T. H. The Bridge, Kington

HERTFORDSHIRE.

Garrett, G. (Hertford C.C.) 5, Maidenhead street, Hertford
 Inglis, A. Norcott court, Berkhamstead

KENT.

Clifford, W. H. 38, High street, Strood, Rochester
 Filmer, R. H. Rocklands, Bromley
 Filmer, F. H. O. Woodchurch road, Tenterden
 Finch, G. (Tenterden C.C.) 5, Connaught road, Folkestone
 Golder, T. Lily grove, Ullington road, Ramsgate
 Harris, C. M.A., F.R.G.S. Thornden, Burnt Ash hill, Lee
 Haslehurst, E. W. 26, Ethelbert road, Margate
 Hewlett, J. The Wilderness, Tunbridge Wells
 Lacheur, W. J. Le 15, West Cliff road, Ramsgate
 Lanchester, L. 11, Westbourne gardens, Folkestone
 Lawes, J. B. (Folkestone C.C.) Dunearn, Crescent Wood road, Sydenham
 Lord, C. D., M.A. Little Barton, Tenterden
 Mace, J. M. (Tenterden C.C.) Engadine, Park road, Sidcup
 Mackintosh, A. F. 13, North Kent terrace, Woolwich
 Mackintosh, J. E. D. Aberdent House, Ramsgate
 Morphew, G. 33, High street, Ashford
 Simmers, G. W.
 Trewella, M.

LANCASHIRE.

Alexander, W., M.D., F.R.C.S. 100, Bedford street, Liverpool
 Alexander, D. M. 46, Brown street, Manchester
 Allott, H. N. Oakenrod, Rochdale
 Booth, J. M. 24, Heaton road, Withington
 Carter, J. S. (Manchester Southern C.C.) 44, Cross lane, Radcliffe
 Davenport, W. 40, Grosvenor street, Radcliffe
 Davenport, J. 16, Brook road, Heaton Chapel
 Deacon, J. G. 9, Richmond terrace, Blackburn
 Duckworth, R. 38, Lancaster place, Blackburn
 Edmondson, J. 24, Chatham grove, Withington
 Elton, O., B.A. 13, Clifton avenue, Fallowfield, Manchester
 Fiddes, E., M.A. 14, Kinross road, Waterloo
 Float, P. L. Wrenbury, Oak avenue, Talbot road, Old Trafford
 Gibbons, W. 384, Bury road, Rochdale
 Guild, Miss E. 27, Chester street, Werneth, Oldham
 Harker, J. H. *Lady-Barn House, Fallowfield, Manchester*
 Herford, Miss C. 6, Old Hall street, Bolton
 Horner, L. 12, Chorley Old road, Bolton
 Hutton, Rev. F. R. C., M.A. Collegiate School, St. Annes-on-the-Sea
 Irving, R. H., M.R.C.P. Town Surveyor, Ormskirk
 Ivy, R. C. (Ormskirk C.C.) 350, Manchester street, Werneth, Oldham
 Lees, J. E. 3, Wilmslow road, Fallowfield, Manchester
 Leys, R. 328, Cheetham Hill road, Manchester
 Macalpine, Rev. C. S., B.D. 19, Tenneriffe street, Broughton
 Mawson, A. 16, Kennedy street, Manchester
 Miller, H. (N. Manchester C.C.) 3, Hamerton street, Burnley
 Morton, A. T. 26, Heaton road, Withington
 Nicholson, H. 17, Oozebooth terrace, Blackburn
 Pearson, J. H. 106, Sandstone road, Green lane, Liverpool
 Potter, A. A. G. 11, Windsor bridge, Salford
 Robinson, J. 31, Princes avenue, Liverpool
 Steele, E. W. Wyresdale, Green lane, Mossley Hill, Liverpool
 Taylor, W. A.

Whitehurst, H. (Nomads C.C.) 100, Chorley New road, Bolton
 Whitham, C. (E. & W. Oldham C.C.) 146, Pitt street, Oldham
 Williams, J. D. Town Hall, Southport
 Williamson, L. Howick, Albert road, Southport
 Worrall, J. W. (Ramsbottom C.C.) Uplands, Holcombe Brook,
 nr. Ramsbottom

LEICESTERSHIRE.

Cooke, F. A. 195, Charnwood street, Leicester
 Driver, F. Willoughby House, Errington street, Leicester
 Eggleton, R. Glyngarth, St. Stephen's road, Leicester
 Gardner, F. 41, Hinckley road, Leicester
 Goodacre, J. E. (Melton Mowbray C.C.) 59, King street,
 Melton Mowbray
 Keene, F. C. (Peregrine C.C.) 21, Stretton road, Fosse road, Leicester
 Smith, W. E. 16, Dane Street avenue, Leicester

LINCOLNSHIRE.

Buttler, E. 13, Market place, Sleaford
 Smith, W. 61, London road, Grantham
 Wilkinson, H. T. Chestnut House, Reephan, near Lincoln
 Wright, H. 12, Spring gardens, Gainsborough

MIDDLESEX.

Ainsley, F. M. (Crouch Hill C.C.) 6, Dagmar road, Stroud Green, N.
 Ball, C. D. W. C. The Briers, St. Margaret's, Twickenham
 Beattie, J. H. 46, Messina Avenue, Kilburn, N.W.
 Benger, W. J., jun. 116, Abbey road, West Hampstead, N.W.
 Clark, D. 46, Chepstow villas, Bayswater, W.
 Cox, P. S. The Hermitage, Harrow
 Davies, W. (Calcutta N.V.A.C.C.) Stamford Brook Lodge,
 Ravenscourt Park, W.
 Daw, J., jun., C.E. Brooklands, Rosemont road, Acton, W.
 Drayton, E. 45, Broadhurst gardens, N. W.
 Drysdale, T. 55, Parliament street, S.W.
 Eugster, A. 21, Albert road, Stroud Green, N.
 Flotron, A. 21, Huntley street, Bedford square, W.C.
 Freeston, Rev. F. K. Essex Manse, The Mall, Kensington, W.
 Graham, A. M. (Chelsea B. & T.C.) 35, Duke street, St. James, S.W.
 Griffin, M. 272, Dalston lane, N.E.
 Helder, R. 15, Howley place, Paddington, W.
 Hopkins, H. E. 22, Connaught road, Stroud Green, N.
 Hutton, W. A. 83, Grosvenor street, New Bond street, W.
 Jackson, H. (Chelsea B. & T.C.) 12, Margaretta terrace, Oakley
 street, Chelsea, S.W.
 Lacoek, J. T. 211, Copenhagen street, N.
 Lambert, A. F. (Leyton C.C.) Dalston House, Dalston, N.E.
 Macdonald, S. 76, Jermyn street, S.W.
 Meyer, H. 27, Lombard street, E.C.
 Oakes, Lieut. G. R. Winchester House, Old Broad street, E.C.
 Petley, E. W., R.N. (Calcutta N.V.C.C.) Weston Lodge,
 Hampton Wick
 Pope, E. L. 5, Phene street, Chelsea, S.W.
 Prescott, F. W. Probate Registry, Somerset House, W.C.
 Robinson, R. H. 437, High road, Chiswick, W.
 Smith, G. W. 7, Doughty street, W.C.
 Snow, A. The Green, Southgate, N.
 Spiers, Prof. V., M.A. 75, Lancaster road, North Kensington, W.
 Symes, C. H. 111, St. Clement's road, Notting Hill, W.
 Voysey, H. A. St. Valery, Finchley road, Hampstead, N.W.
 Wickes, G. B. Oakdene, Northwood
 Wickes, T. H. 29, Birchington road, Kilburn, N.W.
 Willis, W. F. 52, Cromwell avenue, Highgate, N.
 Wright, R. S.

NORFOLK.

Cawston, G. H. (King's Lynn C.C.) 11, St. James street, King's Lynn
 Watson, A. Q. 20, Bridge street, Thetford
 Winkley, W. D. (King's Lynn C.C.) 115, High street, King's Lynn

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

Maistre, Rev. A. P. Le 1, Long Causeway, Peterborough
 Marriott, J., M.B. 45, Abington street, Northampton
 Page, G. Headlands, Kettering
 Page, Mrs. G. Richardson, Rev. G. L., M.A. 5, St. George's terrace, Peterborough

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Hannay, G. (Tyne Amateur C.C.) 3, Rectory terrace, Gosforth
 Hewitt, B. 11, South Preston terrace, North Shields

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

Hamilton, W. R. (Beeston C.C.) 4, Bridlesmith gate, Nottingham
 Snook, J. B. Glenholme, Gregory Boulevard, Nottingham

OXFORDSHIRE.

Andrews, F. J., F.I.S. 24, Walton Well road, Oxford
 Bradley, F. H., M.A., LL.D. Merton College, Oxford
 Brucker, W. T. 8, St. John's road, Oxford
 Coombes, T. H. 94, High street, Oxford
 Crofts, J. F., M.A. Summer Fields, Summertown, Oxford
 Curry, Rev. W. D. B., M.A. New Hinksey, Vicarage, Oxford
 Haskell, T. J. F., B.A. Summer Fields, Oxford
 Hildyard, Rev. L. D'A., M.A. Christ Church, Oxford
 Neate, Rev. W. The Rectory, Alvecot, S.O.
 Rogerson, T. C. Exeter College, Oxford
 Scudder, F. R. (Banbury C.C.) 55, Broad street, Banbury
 Sing, J. M., M.A. St. Edward's School, Summertown, Oxford
 Stanley, H. B. (Banbury C.C.) 32, High street, Banbury
 Watson, H. W. 39, Beaumont street, Oxford
 Wilks, F. J. W. (Banbury C.C.) 18, North Bar, Banbury

SOMERSETSHIRE.

Nicholls, A. R., L.R.C.P. Ivy Cottage, Martock
 Norris, S. 5, Elm place, Bath
 Sproule, A. A., M.D. 63, Stackpool road, Southville, near Bristol
 Wilgress, J. H. F. Westover, Clevedon

STAFFORDSHIRE.

Austin, A. T. (Arab C.C.) 73, Clarence road, Harborne
 Byron, C. 12, Bath road, Wolverhampton
 Cottrell, C. L. 42, Thynne street, West Bromwich
 Cumming, R. C. 40, Greengate, Stafford
 Heap, I. H., A.S.A. Fern Bank, Aynsley road, Hanley
 Lewis, W. L. 68, Lichfield street, Walsall
 Lewis, Mrs. W. L. Ingestre Hall, Stafford
 Mynors, W. T.

SUFFOLK.

Barrow, F. Boyce (Newmarket C.C.) The Terrace, Newmarket

SURREY.

Bailey, J. R. 11, Lothian road, N. Brixton, S.W.
 Basley, H. P. 9, Gipsy Hill, Upper Norwood, S.E.
 Bliss, A. W. Fernleigh, Tremaine road, Annerley, S.E.
 Booty, D. W. 95, Kimberley road, Clapham, S.W.
 Clarkson, E. 78, Paulet road, Camberwell, S.E.
 Donald, A. A. 5, Redcliffe villas, Maple road, Surbiton
 Duncombe, W. P. Helmsley, Anerley, S.E.
 Daly, N. Guy's Hospital, S.E.
 Elliott, E. 105, Jamaica road, Bermondsey, S.E.
 Gillham, J. W. (Redhill C.C.) 40, Brighton road, Redhill
 Goble, A. 34, Hill road, Wimbledon
 Henderson, H. 22, Newington Butts, S.E.
 Hewitt, J. H. (Mid Surrey C.C.) 11, Wilna road, Wandsworth, S.W.
 Jackson, F. Denmark House, King's road, Richmond
 Odell, J. Warwick House, Loats road, Clapham Park, S.W.
 Pargeter, F. 359, Clapham road, S.W.
 Power, T. H. Southwold, Cobham road, Walton-on-Thames
 Power, W. High street, Walton-on-Thames
 Riddell, T. 12, Lucretia road, Kennington road, S.E.
 Smith, F. F. London and Midland Bank, Rotherhithe, S.E.

SUSSEX.

Alton, F. D' 23, Dorset gardens, St. James' street, Brighton
 Barr, W. R. Pound Hill, Crawley
 Blaber, S. Broad street, Cuckfield
 Best, Captain H. C., R.N. Overton, Meads, Eastbourne
 Coventon, C. A., M.R.C.S. "Indore," Pevensey Road West,
 St. Leonards
 Northmann, V. Arlington House, Kemp Town, Brighton
 Winter, L. B. 28, Montpelier road, Brighton

WARWICKSHIRE.

Carslake, H. B. 30, Westfield road, Edgbaston
 Cavendish, H. S. H. The Camp, Shottery, Stratford-on-Avon
 Guest, B. M. 90, Bristol street, Birmingham
 Mapplebeck, E. P. W. Ellersley, Augustus road, Birmingham
 Richards, F. W. 27, Paradise street, Birmingham
 Riley, H. W. 87, New street, Birmingham
 Winder, W. A. Four Oaks, Sutton Coldfield
 Winder, Mrs. W. A. " " "
 Winder, W. J. " " "

WESTMORLAND.

Walker, B. M.D. (Kirkby Stephen C.C.) The Grotto, Kirkby Stephen

WILTSHIRE.

Bayley, W. T. S. 1, Market place, Warminster
 Lawrence, W. H. (Swindon Amateur C.C.) Coate Reservoir, nr.
 Swindon
 Lawrence, A. H. (Swindon Amateur C.C.) The Bridge, Chippenham
 Mills, E. P. Theological College, Salisbury
 Prodgers, C. Rectory, Marlborough
 Whythead, Rev. H. R., M.A. St. Boniface College, Warminster
 Wilson, R. H., B.A.

WORCESTERSHIRE.

Freeman, J. Bankwood, Church road, Moseley
 Freeman, Mrs. J. The Bull's Head, High street, Worcester
 Prosser, W. Woodstock road, Moseley
 Reece, E. O. (Speedwell C.C.)

YORKSHIRE.

Allison, W. A. 10, Arnold street, Hull
 Baty, D. 5, St. Saviour's place, York
 Bickerton, R. G. (Goole C.C.) 66, Parliament street, Goole
 Birch, H. Savile Town, Dewsbury
 Campbell, A. M., C.E. (Sedbergh C.C.) The Leyes, Sedbergh
 Craft, F. (Hull C.C.) 25, Grove street, Beverley road, Hull
 Dawson, E., J.P. Southfield villas, Middlesbro'
 Dent, A. 5, St. John's terrace, Belle Vue road, Leeds
 Jackson, G. E. 51, Esplanade road, Scarborough
 Maddison, R. 18, Albert terrace, Middlesbro'
 Maddison, Mrs. R. Grove House, Spring Mill, Huddersfield
 Marshall, H. C. Birstal, near Leeds
 McCreath, D. 16, Scot Gate terrace, Pateley Bridge
 Mitchell, M. (Nidderdale C.C.) 22, Alfred street, Hessele road, Hull
 Newton, J. (Hull C.C.)
 Newton, Mrs. J. (Hull C.C.)
 Pearce, T. 11, Parliament street, Hull
 Rawnsley, E. (Idle C.C.) 58, Cavendish road, Idle
 Sharp, W. H. (West Bowling C.C.) 237, Rooley lane, Bradford
 Shaw, J. 11, Lennox street, Middlesbro'
 Thompson, W. D. 73, Grange road East, Middlesbro'
 White, J. W. School House, Netherton, near Huddersfield

CARMARTHENSHIRE.

Brown, H. J. Pen-y-Bank, Burry Port, R.S.O.
 Charles, G. H. 1, Pemberton avenue, Burry Port, R.S.O.
 Griffiths, W. Pemberton Cottage, Burry Port, R.S.O.
 John, L. Pantglas, Felinfoel, Llanelly
 Prickett, J. B. 1, Park terrace, Burry Port, R.S.O.
 White, J. W. 3, Park-y-Minos street, Burry Port, R.S.O.
 Williams, D. J. Gelly Cottages, Burry Port, R.S.O.
 Williams, J. T. London and Provincial Bank, Llanelly
 Withey, W. S. 5, Sea View terrace, Burry Port, R.S.O.

CARNARVONSHIRE.

Craig, J., M.D. 13, Mostyn crescent, Llandudno
 Johnson, R. V. Finsbury House, Llandudno

DENBIGHSHIRE.

Davies, H. C. Bodhowel, Chester road, Wrexham
 Francis, J. Nythva, Wrexham
 Hawkins, F. H., LL.B. Eversley, Wrexham

GLAMORGANSHIRE.

Merlin, Miss A. P. de 49, Carlton terrace, Swansea
 Mortimer, A. J. Paris House, Navigation
 Reed, T. A. Bute Docks, Cardiff
 Stacey, A. O. 50, Gordon road, Cardiff
 Woodliffe, H. D. 2, Gwydr terrace, Swansea

PEMBROKESHIRE.

Brigstocke, L. (Haverfordwest C.C.) Wyon House, Haverfordwest
 Greenish, F. R., Mus. Doc. " Summerville House, Haverfordwest
 Lawrence, G. H. Tower Hill, Fishguard
 Lewis, D. T. High street, Narberth
 Morgan, W. V., B.M., &c. Narberth
 Morgan, E. S. High street, Narberth
 Williams, J. L. H. Market square, Narberth

ABERDEENSHIRE.

Cruickshank, Rev. R., M.A. 44, Bon Accord street, Aberdeen
 Wilson, J. A., M.A., B.Sc. 71, Abergeldie road, Aberdeen

BERWICKSHIRE.

Lockhead, D. (Earlston C.C.) Earlston

CLACKMANNANSHIRE.

Gill, G. P. Balnagowan, Alva

EDINBURGSHIRE.

Douglas, C. 1, Suffolk road, Edinburgh
 Myles, G. 15, East Restalrig terrace, Leith
 Robinson, H. G. (Edinburgh Abstiners C.C.) 57, Newington road, Edinburgh

FORFARSHIRE.

Turner, R. H., M.A., Mus. Bac. 37, High street, Dundee

KINCARDINESHIRE.

Eries, F. C. Munross, Stonehaven

LANARKSHIRE.

Ferguson, J. T. 7, Park terrace, Crosshill, Glasgow
 Fifield, H. O. 2, Beechwood terrace, Albert road, Langside
 Hamilton, A. 131, Bishop street, Anderston, Glasgow
 Stiphout, Rev. H. van St. Margaret's, Airdrie
 Steen, J. 305, Crown street, South side, Glasgow

PERTHSHIRE.

Crawford, J. K. (Crieff C.C.) Turret Bank, Crieff
 Hunter, J. R. Waterybutts, Errol
 McDonald, Miss M. R. Queen's Hotel, Blairgowrie

RENFREWSHIRE.

Edgar, J. G. 6, Hamden terrace, Mount Florida, Glasgow

WIGTOWNSHIRE.

McGill, J. National Bank of Scotland, Newton Stewart

ANTRIM.

Finnigan, J. 56, Donegall Pass, Belfast

CLARE.

Lowndes, Rev. J. S., B.A. Tulla, Limerick

DOWN.

Dougan, T. W., M.A. Palmerston terrace, Sydenham, Belfast
 Wellwood, J. E. Tubberkyle, Knock

DUBLIN.

Eason, F. T. 30, Kenilworth square, Rathgar
 Grierson, J. A. Baldonnell House, Clondalkin

Mason, S. R., M.B. 22, Merrion square, N., Dublin
 Snayly, W., M.D. Rotunda Hospital, Dublin
 Tweedy, J. 71, Lower Baggot street, Dublin

TYRONE.

Beck, J. W. (Omagh C.C.) Ulster Bank, Omagh

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Fister, Rev. H. F. 47, Broadway, Arlington, Mass.
 Hall, Rev. E. O. 63, Nichols street, Lowell, Mass.
 Hammalt, Rev. A. Brockton, Mass.
 Johnson, H. Box 246, Brunswick, Maine
 Joseph, T. H. 32E, 74th street, N.Y. City
 Nelson, E. A. Springfield, Mass.
 Powers, Rev. L. M. Flint street, Somerville, Mass.
 Vowles, H. E. 228, Chestnut street, Chelsea, Mass.
 Whiting, G. 25E, 75th street, N.Y. City

FOREIGN GENERAL.

Andreeff, A. Pensa, Russia
 Crichton, A. Kirochnaia 14, St. Petersburg, Russia
 Kudelski, Z. Marsatowska str. 90, Warsaw, Russia

FRANCE.

Richardson, W. S. 4, Rue Scribe, Paris

HOLLAND.

Metman, Miss J. G. Verhagen Ryswyk, near The Hague
 Wilbrennick, J. G. " "

AUSTRIA.

Bryce, B. Villa Freeland, 88, via Scorcola, Trieste
 Bryce, J. " " "

CANADA.

Wickham, H. J. 688, Spadina avenue, Toronto

SWITZERLAND.

Fraser, A. M. La Collini, Chailly-sur-Clarens

ITALY.

Caico, E. Villino Hamilton, Bordighera

ALTERATIONS AND ADDITIONS

TO THE

BRITISH AND IRISH HANDBOOK, JUNE, 1894.

REPRESENTATIVE COUNCILLORS.

Page 7.—Northumberland—G. Watson's address is now Kelvinhoe, Monkseaton.

OFFICIAL TAILORS.

Page 40.—Erase Banbury—W. Walton, 62, High Street.
 Insert Fareham—W. Surman, 4, High Street.

TABULATED LIST.

Page 98.—Insert Stevenon—Q. Railway.
 Page 103.—Congleton—The Railway is a H.Q.
 Page 114.—Lydford—Erase Q. Manor.
 Page 115.—Torquay—Erase T.H. Pavilion, and insert Q. Pavilion (Temperance).
 Page 117.—Swanage—Insert H.Q. Railway.
 Page 123.—Stratford—The Consul's address is now 179, Harold road.
 Upton Park—The Consul's address is now 179, Harold road.
 Page 126.—Newent—Erase C.T. Broad street.
 Newnham-on-Severn—Insert C.T. Pyart's, High street (B).
 Wotton-under-Edge—The Falcon is a Q.
 Page 130.—Titchfield—The Bugle is a Q.
 Wickham—Erase † Start as Repairer.
 Page 131.—Bromyard—Insert Q. Hop Pole.
 Page 134.—Insert New Bushey—Q. Wheatshaf.
 Page 136.—Insert Bembridge—H.Q. Bembridge.
 Cowes (East)—The Prince of Wales is a H.Q.

Page 138.—Bromley—Insert E. J. Parry, Northolt, Blyth road, as Consul.

Page 139.—Faversham—Insert C. T. White's, 10, East street.

Page 140.—Maldstone—Insert C. Adams, Blue Coat School, as Consul.

Page 160.—Whittingham—The Bridge of Aln Inn is now a H.Q.

Page 162.—Chipping Norton—Insert J. H. Pettipfer, West street, as Consul.

Page 169.—Cheadle—The Royal Oak is a Q.

Page 177.—Sutton—Erase H.Q. Cock.

Page 182.—Coventry—Erase T.H. Thompson's.

Page 187.—Bromsgrove—Erase T. Elias & Sons as Repairers, and insert + p C. Cound, 24, High street, as Repairer.

Page 188.—Holt Fleet—Erase Q. Holt Fleet.

Page 191.—Flamborough—Insert H.Q. Thornwick.

Page 193.—Malton—Erase Q. George.

Page 195.—Holmfirth—The Victoria is a H.Q.

Page 196.—Pateley Bridge—Insert M. Mitchell, 16, Scotgate terrace, as Consul.

Thornton (Ingleton)—The Marton Arms is a Q.

Page 198.—Aberystwith—Erase Wheatley & Co. as Repairers, and insert Connah & Rowland, Pier street, as Repairers.

Cardigan—Erase Thomas & Co. as Repairers, and insert Cardigan Engineering Co. as Repairers.

Page 212.—Caithness-shire—Insert Latheronwheel—H.Q. Latheronwheel.

Page 229.—Portrush—The Osborne is a H.Q.

AFFILIATED CLUBS.

Insert Plymouth C.C.—H.Q. Globe Hotel. Hon. Sec., Edgcombe Stevens, 15, Harwell Street. Number of members, fifty-five. Joined C.T.C. 1886. Club runs—Wednesday and Saturday from Portland Square, 2.45 p.m.

INDEX.

Amend in accordance with the foregoing.

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

The New Puncture-Proof Speed Band

(WEIGHT 3½ OUNCES)

With LEE'S AUTOMATIC ATTACHMENT.

The Bands may be fixed to any Detachable Tyre, without solution, by the rider himself.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

PUNCTURE-PROOF BANDS.

Owing to the defective fitting of the Bands by those inexperienced in dealing with Pneumatic Tyres, it is important that members of the Club ordering Bands should request that their tyre covers be sent to the Company, who do the fitting without charge. The Company having now adopted LEE'S NEW AUTOMATIC ATTACHMENT, which will enable the Bands to be fixed within the tyre, without solution or other material, recommend customers to order with this Attachment.

It has been said by some, who have been unfortunate in having their Bands fitted carelessly, that the Bands deaden the tyre. We draw attention to the following quite unsolicited testimonials from experienced riders, who have had Bands fitted by the Company, also to the records that have been performed when the Band has been used :—

The Puncture-Proof Pneumatic Tyre Co. Ltd., Dublin.

May 2nd, 1894.

DEAR SIRS,—The Puncture-Proof Band which you put on my machine is giving me the greatest possible satisfaction. I am not afraid now to go out at night and enjoy a ride free from the anxiety of puncture. The most curious thing, however, and, at the same time, the most pleasing thing about it is, that I can neither see nor feel, nor yet experience in riding any evidence of its existence. Yet it is there on the faith of your firm. I am greatly pleased with it, and find I can ride my tyre much softer now, not having to pump it up so hard as heretofore, thanks to your band.—Yours truly,

(Signed) THOMAS M'GOVERN, Hon. Sec. Irish Industrial League.

128, Holborn, London, E.C.

GENTLEMEN,—After having given your Patent Puncture-Proof Band a good trial, I think you would like to know my opinion of it; I have ridden it fitted to my driving wheel, and must now congratulate you on your splendid invention, as from my own experience I cannot detect any difference whatever either in the speed or resiliency of the tyre, whilst the comfort of riding a tyre proof against puncture is sufficient to convince any one of their value. In my opinion cycling with your pads fitted is rendered a much more enjoyable pastime than ever since the introduction of the pneumatic tyre. Wishing you a successful season in 1894.—I remain, yours faithfully,

T. GIBBONS BROOKS, Polytechnic C.C.

DEAR SIRS,—For some time past I have been using one of your Puncture-Proof Bands, and think you would like to hear my opinion of them. Doubtless, hundreds of other cyclists think as I did, that the life and buoyancy of the tyre must be materially affected; but having demonstrated to my own satisfaction that such is not the case, I shall strongly advise my numerous friends to insist upon having them fitted to their tyres. After riding over all kinds of sharp surfaces, I rode over a newly-laid piece of granite road, which was a severe test both for machine and band, and have come to the conclusion that the band is, as you say, absolutely unpuncturable. What surprises me most is that no reduction is made in the resiliency of the tyre. My machine was fitted with Preston Davies '94 tyres.—Faithfully yours,

J. MASON, London Manager New Howe Machine Co.

Mr. ALLAN had Puncture-Proof Bands fitted to his tyres on his 100 Miles Scottish Record Ride.

Mr. C. HOPKINS won the Swansea Harriers' 100 Miles Road Race on a "Parfrey" Racer fitted with Puncture-Proof Bands.

Puncture-Proof Bands were fitted to Mr. HEALY'S tyres when he won the 50 Miles Handicap of the United Clubs of Cork.

Price 15s. per Band, of all Agents. No extra charge for fitting to Detachable Tyres.

The Puncture-Proof Pneumatic Tyre Co. Ltd.

LONDON: 9, FURNIVAL ST., E.C.

DUBLIN: NORTH PRINCES ST.

PARIS: RUE ST. FERDINAND, 47.

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

The SUCCESSES of the "NEW HOWE" ARE WORLD-WIDE.

At Wishaw, on May 10th, Mr. J. BROWNLIE won the Ten Miles Scratch, lapping the field on a "NEW HOWE."

At Graz, on May 15th, Messrs. LUGERT and LURION broke the World's Record for Two Kilometres on a "NEW HOWE" TANDEM.

At Southampton, on May 14th, Mr. J. FROST, of Winchester, won the Five Miles Scratch on a "NEW HOWE."

WHAT HAPPENS THE "NEW HOWE" IN A MIX UP.

At Southampton, on May 14th, a bad spill occurred in the mile handicap—Frost, of Winchester, being pitched clean over the railings. Curious to say his machine was none the worse, as on it he afterwards placed the five miles scratch to his credit.

THE NEW HOWE MACHINE CO. LTD., GLASGOW.

LONDON: 48, Farringdon Street.

PALMER TYRES

HOLD WORLD'S RECORDS at all distances from $\frac{1}{8}$ to 28 miles, and from 51 to 410 miles.

CHARLES TERRONT rode PALMER'S in his great RIDE from ROME TO PARIS (over the Alps), doing 1300 miles in 6 days 16 hours.

He never had to even once pump up his tyres, thereby proving them to be the most reliable in the World.

THE FASTEST AND EASIEST TO REPAIR.

The Palmer Tyre Ltd. 15, MARTINEAU STREET, Birmingham.

Saracen's Head Buildings, Snow Hill, London, E.C., and 7, Rue Brunel, Paris.