

THE MONTHLY

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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.).

ANTWERP EXHIBITION

The *Cyclist Belge Illustre*, July 12th, says of our Stand:—"We can recommend cyclists to go and admire the produce of a firm whose reputation keeps spreading over the universe. This Stand alone is worth a visit to the Exhibition."

The *Newcastle Daily Leader*, July 19th, says that "This high praise is not accorded without merit. The following lists of Championships credited to the 'ELSWICK' will show:—

- "5 Miles N.C.U. Championship of England.
- "25 Miles N.C.U. Championship of England.
- "1 and 25 Miles National Championships of Scotland.
- "25 Miles National Championship of Ireland.
- "10,000 Metres Championship of Belgium.
- "1, 5, and 25 Miles Championship 'Centre,' South Durham.
- "5 Miles Championship of Essex.

"These have all been gained since June, 1894, with Challenge Cups, Records, and Handicaps innumerable, besides gaining the only Gold Medal given at Brussels International Exhibition, at Brussels, 1894."

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Both Burns and Lubricates better than any other Oil yet discovered.
Does not Crust the Wick or Clog the Bearings.

THE MONTHLY GAZETTE

[FOUNDED 1878.]

INCORPORATED 1887.]

And + Official + Record.

No. 8. Vol. XIII. [NEW SERIES.]

AUGUST, 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.

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Editorial.

We commented many months ago upon the intention of the Flint County and THE Council to promote in Parliament a DEE BRIDGE Bill authorising the construction of a new bridge over the Dee, and drew attention to the avowed resolve of the promoters to make cyclists pay the same toll as waggons, carts, and other vehicles, viz., sixpence per journey. For some time, however, nothing was heard of the proposed measure, and it was only comparatively recently that we learned of its acceptance in the House of Lords, through which it had just passed to the Commons without opposition. Immediately such a course was possible the Club took action whereby the Bill was blocked, and discussion of the objectionable impost assured.

It appears that the owners of the Queen's Ferry were years ago accorded the right to reclaim certain waste lands on the banks of the Dee, in return for which concession they undertook to maintain a free ferry over the river. This ferry is to be superseded by the new bridge, over which pedestrians will have free passage, and although it is probable that few cyclists would object to pay a small toll of say one penny per journey, it is simply monstrous to propose that they shall be mulct in the sum charged for a waggon and horses. The chances of the Bill passing into law this session are very doubtful, but it behoves every cyclist to communicate with his Parliamentary representatives, and get them to promise to vote against the unreasonable clause if opportunity be afforded for dividing upon it. Meantime the C.T.C. will leave no stone unturned in its endeavour to secure justice for cyclists.

Apart altogether from the fact that a cycle has been held by the Courts not to be amenable to a toll where no special provision for this kind of vehicle is made in the Act under which it is sought to be levied, the modern machine does even less damage to the road than does the pedestrian himself.

♦ ♦ ♦

It is with a sigh of relief that the THE CLUB Map and Road Book Committee ROAD BOOKS. announce that the work of obtaining original reports upon the roads included within the scope of Volume II. of the British Road Book is completed! The Club is greatly indebted to the many chief consuls, consuls, and members who

have contributed to this end, but great as is the value of the assistance thus rendered it has proved insufficient for the purpose, and it has been found necessary to defray the expenses of riders who have been good enough to visit the districts from which little information was forthcoming. The gentlemen who thus sacrificed their time and devoted their abilities to the service of the Club without fee or reward have traversed the majority of the main roads in Suffolk and Staffordshire and North and South Wales, and it now only remains to compile and check the "draft" prepared from the original reports before handing it to the printers. Simple as seems this process, however, it must be many months before any of the information can be set into type, and no effort must be spared if Vol. II. is to be upon the market by the commencement of the next riding season. Chief consuls, consuls, and members who wish well to this, the greatest of the undertakings of the Club, will therefore be conferring a favour upon all concerned if they will be so good as to respond promptly to the appeals of the editor when he presently asks them to carefully revise the "draft" he is now preparing.

Meantime the work in connection with Vol. III. (the North of England) and the Scottish and Irish books is being pushed forward with all speed. Here again, however, the earnest co-operation of the membership generally is indispensable if the various volumes are to make a speedy appearance. The editors of each upon another page invite assistance from all and sundry, and we commend their appeal to the kind attention of every reader.

♦ ♦ ♦

The chances of the Universal Lights
UNIVERSAL Bill introduced into the House of LIGHTS. Commons by the C.T.C. passing into law during the current Session are, we fear, practically hopeless. Nor does it appear that much is to be expected in some quarters where the making of bye-laws by County Councils is concerned—witness the following:—

EAST NORFOLK HIGHWAYS COMMITTEE.

The Clerk read a memorial from the Eastern Counties Centre of the National Cyclists' Union, praying the County Council to make the carrying of lights by all vehicles compulsory. The cyclists asked that all vehicles should be placed under the same regulations as regards the carrying of lights that they themselves are.—The Chairman: What do you recommend, Mr. Clerk?—The Clerk: I should do nothing myself. The world has gone on all this time without people being compelled to light their carriages, and I do not see any good cause for a change.—Colonel Hyde: Would it be within our power to make such a regulation?—The Clerk: I don't think it would.—The Surveyor said that other County Councils had done it already.—Sir Francis Boileau said that if the Legislature had thought it necessary that all vehicles should carry lights it would have said so long since.—Mr. Page said that bicyclists rode so carelessly that they ought really to carry lights both behind and in front. They knew no rules of the road either by night or by day.—Mr. Bugden moved that the memorial be laid on the table, and that the committee proceed to the next business.—This was adopted.

All the same, however, it will not do to lose heart, and our readers must be prepared for the re-opening of the campaign in the Session to follow.

It is with regret we give it as our opinion, for what it may be worth, that, next to the congested condition

of business in Parliament, the inconsiderate actions of certain sections of cyclists who are deservedly unpopular with the general public, form the chief obstacle to the passing of what would admittedly be a most useful measure.

♦ ♦ ♦

Whatever may be the facts as regards TOURING ON the suggested decrease of touring on THE British roads, there can be no question CONTINENT. that a vast increase has taken place in the number of wheelmen visiting Continental Europe, for not a day passes without our receiving applications from riders who are off to "the Continent" and who desire to avail themselves of the facilities afforded to members of the C.T.C., where the importation of their machines is concerned.

In this connection it is highly amusing to note that our contemporary, *Wheeling*, which not long since emphatically denied that membership of the C.T.C. brought with it the privilege of free entry to France, now recommends its correspondents to join the C.T.C. for this very purpose—this being in its opinion the *only* advantage that membership confers. "Consistency! thou art a jewel!"

♦ ♦ ♦

STEAMBOAT, A contemporary in a recent issue FERRY, AND says:—

CHARGES. "It is curious to note how very differently the various steamship companies treat cyclists. Take for example the General Steam Navigation Co., which conveys bicycles free of charge as passengers' luggage, and compare this with the grasping ways of the little boats plying between Portsmouth and Ryde. In this latter case a charge of sixpence each way is made for the cycle, the trip across occupying about twenty minutes, and the return fare for the owner of the machine being one shilling. Then the pier dues are equally exorbitant. The Clarence Pier Co., Southsea, charge fourpence each for machines going and coming, and the Ryde Co. twopence, so that the combined pier dues amount to one shilling. Hence it will be seen that the cost of conveying a bicycle to the Isle of Wight and back is just double the passenger's own fare. Surely the C.T.C. might endeavour to do something towards altering this ridiculous state of things."

We do not think that any pressure the C.T.C. can bring to bear will have the least effect upon the lessees of piers and landing stages, but all the same if members generally will kindly send us full particulars of any imposts of whatever kind in the Isle of Wight or elsewhere which may be regarded as excessive, we will go carefully into the matter with a view to seeing what can be done in connection therewith at the end of the current season.

♦ ♦ ♦

"THE WHEELMAN AND THE PUBLIC." The vagaries of the thoughtless and selfish section of wheelmen still continue. The past month has witnessed numberless prosecutions for riding without a lamp, trespassing upon the footpath, and kindred evils, but, worse

than all, the daily press in all parts of the country has been called upon to give utterance to many protests against the "cyclist demi-god," who has no thought for anything save his own selfish pleasure. Birmingham, Fleetwood, Manchester, Wilmslow, London, Ashford, Lowestoft, Leamington, Salisbury, Thetford, Aberdeen, Bolton, Nottingham, Bristol, Northwich, Long Sutton, Fife, Newark, Harrogate, Hereford,

Rotherham, Macclesfield, Cambridge, Stockport, Barrow, Lancaster, Edinburgh, Wigan, Liverpool, Cheltenham, Brentford, Forfar, Chester, Stone, and Penzance have during the past month contributed their quota to an indictment which is becoming more serious day by day, and unless some marked improvement be manifest the liberty the wheelman at present enjoys will be very seriously curtailed.

Members of the C.T.C. may do something to bring about a better condition of things if they will see to it that the manifesto recently issued by the C.T.C., and which is still procurable, is displayed in quarters where it is likely to come under the notice of those who at present are a law unto themselves only.

* * *

THE
ABERDEEN
AND
KINGSTON
PROSECUTIONS.

The batch of riders who were invited to appear at the Aberdeen City Police Court a week or two since to answer to a charge of having neglected to give sufficient and audible warning of their approach, when overtaking two policemen in mufti, were fined the regulation amount, and no notice of appeal was given. The case was watched by representatives of the S.C.U. and C.T.C., but as it could not be shown that the policemen were aware of the approach of the cyclists it was felt that an appeal must prove futile.

The Kingston case has also ended in a manner which cannot be regarded as either satisfactory or decisive. It will be recollected that a Mr. Taylor was summoned before the Kingston Bench for "riding a cycle without having an alarm attached, either bell, whistle, or other instrument." The case was fought by the N.C.U., counsel for which body seems to have waived all objection to the terms of the summons—although the same was hopelessly bad in law—and to have confined his arguments to the contention that when the Local Government Act says a cyclist must give warning of his approach "by bell, whistle, or otherwise," it means that in default of having a bell or whistle the rider may give warning by word of mouth. Upon this point the magistrates were against the advocate, and they decided to convict, but at the same time they agreed to state a case for the Divisional Court. The case thus stated the N.C.U. undertook to prosecute, but, for some reason best known to itself, it withdrew the appeal and the original conviction accordingly stands. It has been alleged that the N.C.U. was influenced in its decision by the fact that the defendant admitted in cross-examination that he had overtaken many foot-passengers on the road between London and Kingston and that he had not warned any of them by means of a bell or whistle, but with all deference we submit that the magistrate who elicited this information was wholly out of order in putting the question he did, and the reply had no bearing whatever upon the case. It was practically equivalent to his saying to a man arrested for theft, "You have not been proved to have robbed the complainant, but there is no doubt that you have robbed other people in years gone by, and consequently we shall convict you." Put briefly, the facts in the Kingston case are the cyclist was summoned for "riding a cycle without having an alarm attached, either bell, whistle, or other instrument." He was convicted and fined upon that summons, and

yet the summons embodied and recited no offence against the law. The question as to whether or not the cyclist omitted to give the sufficient and audible warning the law requires was altogether foreign to the case; he was not summoned for neglecting to give this warning, and the conviction seems to us wholly unwarranted.

It is of course too late in the day to move to set it aside, and we have good reason to believe that the Kingston police will not again take action upon a summons so stupidly and ignorantly worded, but should they do so we are authorised to say that the C.T.C. will defend the rider, and in the event of a conviction being recorded will prosecute at all hazards an appeal. In so deciding the Club will in no sense be countenancing riding without a bell or whistle; it has always advised riders to be upon the safe side in this respect; but while it sympathises to the full with "the powers that be" in the difficulties that attach to their obvious duty of protecting the interests of all classes of road users, it feels that both magistrates and police must play fair, and must be content to administer the law as they find it.

Official Notices.

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.

YORKSHIRE (North Riding).—(*Chief Consul, T. W. Stainthorpe, C.E., 2, Turner Street, Coatham, Redcar.*)—Richmond and Northallerton.

COUNTIES OF CARMARTHEN AND GLAMORGAN.

The Chief Consul for Carmarthen and Glamorgan will be away from home from July 11th to the third week in August. All communications should be addressed to Mr. G. T. FITT, Consul, 22, Uplands Crescent, Swansea.

COUNTY OF AYR.

Mr. David Caldwell, the present Chief Consul, is, through pressure of business and other private engagements, particularly anxious to be relieved of the Chief Consulship of this County. It is therefore earnestly requested that some member will volunteer to take up the work, or failing in this that he will nominate some suitable candidate upon the form obtainable gratis of the Secretary for that purpose.

COUNTY OF WILTS.

The South Wilts annual meet took place at Amesbury on Saturday 21st, members from Devizes, Marlborough, Trowbridge, and Swindon being present. After tea, at headquarters, George Hotel, the party rode to Stonehenge, some two miles away, where the meeting broke up. It was generally remarked that South Wilts was not represented by a single member. F. W. MARILLIER, Chief Consul.

EDINBURGH SECTION RUNS FOR AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER.

During the remainder of the season there will be only one Saturday afternoon run each month, and that on the first Saturday in the month.

August 4th Crighton Castle ... Mayfield ... 3.15
September 1st ... Romans Bridge ... Mayfield ... 3.15
Evening runs every Wednesday from Mayfield at 7.30.

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

"RIGHTS AND PRIVILEGES."

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

THE BRITISH ROAD BOOK.

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

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

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

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

ENGLISH ROAD BOOKS :—

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

SCOTTISH :—

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

IRISH :—

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

(or during the month of August :—Ossory Lodge,
Sandymount Strand, Dublin).

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

THE 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., 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.

THE CONTINENTAL ROAD BOOK.

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.

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, Servia, 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 quid 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 (Bædeker's, Murray's, etc.), books of Travel Talk and Dictionaries in French, German, Italian, and Spanish; also some copies of Bædeker's "Nord de la France," 1887, *new*, price 2s. 6d. post free, and of his Conversation Dictionary giving English, French, German, and Italian, price 1s. 2d., *new*, post free.
- 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.

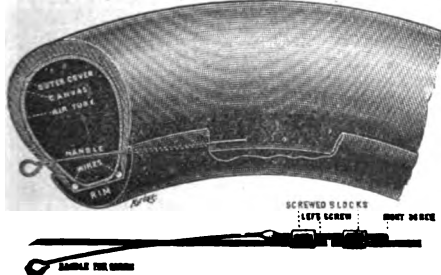
In addition to the 1400 contributions already acknowledged the needful donation has this month reached him from the following:—

Rev. R. Hutchison, Oxford; Rev. C. McGhee, Houston; and Mr. L. Brodstone, Liverpool.

The Tyres of To-day.

By G. DOUGLAS LEECHMAN.

Among the more recently introduced tyres is the "Scottish," invented by Mr. A. Black, and worked by him and Mr. J. S. Matthew as the Scottish Pneumatic Tyre Co., at 59, North Frederick Street, Glasgow. I have been using a light roadster Scottish on my front wheel for some time and am very pleased with the result. The construction is well shown in the illustration. The rim is similar to that



used for the Seddon tyre: the one I have is solid, and it has a channel along the centre to receive the spoke heads. The cover is beautifully supple, and the fastening is about as simple and easy as it can well be. A wire is enclosed in the usual sheath at each edge of the cover. As both are alike I need describe only one. The ends nearly meet, and each has a small block fixed to it; both blocks are bored through and are screwed internally, one with a right hand

thread and the other with a left. A short bar similarly threaded works in the two blocks and is provided with a wire handle at one end. When this handle is turned to the right the two blocks are drawn together and the circumference of the wire circle reduced; when it is turned to the left the circle is enlarged. It will be noticed that the fastening itself is enclosed within the body of the cover, part of the wire handle only projecting, and the end of this is turned with a hook-like curl which enables it to be hitched under the edge of the cover in the rim until wanted. No puncture has obliged so far, but I have not waited for one before taking down the tyre. After deflating (the Lucas valve is used) the cover should be pressed inwards away from the rim at the right place and the handle jumps up ready to be twisted; after a few turns the edge is sufficiently enlarged to come over the side of the rim, when the air-tube can be got at in the usual way. When the air-tube has been replaced and slightly inflated the cover can be put back again without trouble, and the edge tightened down by twisting the handle in the other direction. The curled end is then slipped under the edge of the cover at the bottom of the rim and the tyre is ready for full inflation. The tyre is guaranteed free from defects of construction for one season, and any members who are making a change of tyres will do well to take the Scottish into their consideration.

District Associations of the C.T.C. AN IMPORTANT DEPARTURE.

Some little time ago a meeting of the members of the C.T.C. in Northumberland and Durham was held at Newcastle, at which a district division of the giant club was formed, under the title of "The Northumberland and Durham District Association of the C.T.C." The sanction of the Council of the Club to the formation of this body was obtained at the recent meeting at Edinburgh, and the first meeting of the committee of the newly-formed Association was held at the Hôtel Metropole, Newcastle, on Monday evening, the 9th ultimo. This committee consists of the four local councillors, Messrs. J. A. Williamson, Geo. Bartram, J. Heslop, and G. Watson, and the following ten representatives from each county: NORTHUMBRLAND—Messrs. Phillipson, Robinson, Simpson, Cross, Wright, Gibson, Clark, Laws, Storey, and Dr. Day; DURHAM—Dr. Blacklock, Messrs. Barmingham, Barker, Brown, Caldcleugh, Hardy, Lang, Smith, Spink, and Wright. The meeting was most representative, members being present from Newcastle, Sunderland, South Shields, Tynemouth, Barnard Castle, and other centres.

Mr. Geo. Bartram (Sunderland) was appointed chairman, and Mr R. T. Lang, 27, Westoe Parade, South Shields, hon. sec. and treasurer.

It was decided that meetings should be held on the first Wednesday of each month, the next meeting being fixed for the Hôtel Metropole, Newcastle. An emergency Committee, to deal with urgent matters arising between such meetings, was appointed, consisting of Messrs Wright (Newcastle), Williamson, Bartram, and Lang. It was unanimously agreed that, as far as possible, the committee should co-operate with the local branches of the National Cyclists' Union, in their endeavour to promote the welfare of the pastime. The secretary was instructed to communicate with the proper authorities with respect to two cases affecting road-riding cyclists, one dealing with the placing of sewer gratings, the other with the condition of a particular road. It was also decided to urge on the compilation of Vol. III. of the Road Book, which deals with the Northern Counties of England. A quantity of routine business was disposed of, and several matters of importance were discussed and left over until the next meeting, pending further information thereon. A general meeting of the Association will be held late in the autumn, when there is every prospect of the Committee being able to render a good account of their stewardship.

Cycling Sketches.

BY HECTOR MALORY.

III.—THE YOUNG SQUIRE.

The young squire of fiction and melodrama is not an amiable youth. He makes love in volume one, plays the villain in volume two, and goes altogether to the bad in volume three. We know the type intimately; but it is a type seldom met with outside of Mudie's, or the Adelphi Theatre.

The reckless, dissolute young squire of fiction has receded before the march of modern improvement and given place to the genuine good fellow of fact. Like all other sensible fellows the young squire of to-day has mounted a cycle, and we meet him as frequently on the road as our Dunlop picks up the stray tack—which is rather often! He does not hang about inn bars as his predecessor of the last decade was wont to do; nor does he laze in stable-yards chewing a straw. He does not emit oaths in the approved fashion of a bygone time; nor does he invariably carry a horsewhip with which to correct his enemies.

But what would modern fiction be without its bad young squire? He is given to us in various ways, but always with something repellent in his nature. We have him served up, too, as a cycling *dilettante*. He knows not a spoke from a hub, and yet he "glides across the verdant land at twenty miles an hour, smoking a sweetly-scented cigarette, and hatching his evil schemes. . . ." We are asked, further, to believe that he covers his hundred-and-fifty in about eight hours, and goes to a garden party immediately afterwards! Next day he shares an ancient "sociable" (*vide* the illustrations) with the heroine. "They sail on the wings of the wind, their rubbered rims just skimming the marbled road." He hables of consuming love and rippling rivulets, "and the heroine blushes and sighs, and sweetly replies that her lover may read in her deep blue eyes (whose infinite depths bear no disguise), that her heart is his as his well-won prize"—and so on. We have ten pages of this maudlin twaddle, and then the eighteen-hundred-and-fast-asleep old "crock" comes in contact with a pebble and goes to unlimited pieces. And that is really the most sensible thing it could well do! The fair damsel is rescued from the ruin by her quasi-sentimental companion and carried home in her deliverer's arms. Her worthy "dad" showers blessings on her gallant knight, and we have the sudden evolution—if such a paradox be admitted—of a saint from a sentimental hypocrite! You know the sequel—that is, if you swallow novelettes.

Let us change the picture to look at the real young squire of to-day. He is a splendid fellow, thick set and stalwart, with a striking trace of shrewd commonsense in his features. He can carry off a scholarship at his college or ride his "century" in an eight-hours day with equal success. We come upon him as he sits in the old inn parlour puffing his well-earned pipe. He had ridden over from Wellwood, just fifty miles away. The roads were none of the best, and the sun was strong; but he is one of that grand old stock that could, with equal facility, urge a bicycle over scores of muddy miles without fatigue, or lead a company of our gallant red-coats across an arid stretch of eastern desert and win a battle at the end of the march. He abhors muddy sentiment and scented gush, and looks things straight in the face as every man should do.

In cycling he has chosen a sport and pastime and not an hour's plaything. He does not sneer at other users of the wheel and class them under the term "cads on castors." He does not shiver when he sees the pink pages of a cycling paper, and aver that they are full of betting matter. A type of the real young squire, he unconsciously plays his part like the young Briton that he is.

"Evenin', sir," exclaims mine host as he enters the parlour, "come far to-day?"

"Evening, Hiles. No, just the trip across from Wellwood."

"Wellwood! Why, that's near on fifty mile away, and roughish roads, I take it!"

"Well, Hiles, my honest fellow, what of that? I felt in splendid form, and simply reeled off those paltry miles you talk of!"

"It's a good day's work for any man to come in here from Barniston; but, to talk of Wellwood!"

"Ah, Hiles, I see you're still behind the times. Fifty miles in these days is what a man set on one of 'them velocipedes' calls a little quiet pleasure!"

And so they chat on the change of locomotion since cycling grew up in the land. Host Hiles, whose memory serves him as far back as the latter years of stage coaches on the main roads, scarce credits the tale of "speed captured and held in man's service" which the young squire expounds to him. As for the details of pneumatics, they are quite beyond his grasp! And after all has been told that there is to tell, mine host complains "that them cycling fellows are not too well liked in the neighbourhood since Parson Pengold's wife was knocked down by one of them bicycles on the Dale road."

"My worthy fellow, Hiles, you don't call that reckless rider a cyclist? I heard of the affair at the time and it made my blood boil. There's a deal too much of that sort of thing goes on every day throughout the land, and we must put it down once for all. A man is *not* a cyclist who has not learned the simplest rules of road etiquette, and the mere possession of a machine does not entitle the owner to be called a member of a worthy body of sportsmen. I should call no man a cricketer until he knew how to handle a bat, nor a man an angler who could never catch a fish. Now, take my word for it, Hiles, we must root up this weed in our pastime before we can hope for greater progress. The scorn of public opinion cannot be borne with impunity. We must set our chosen sport on a better footing if we want it to give us better results. But as far as twenty men may be able to lift it forward, one man in his folly will kick it backward. Don't you listen to those soured folk who'll tell you it's a child's game and not a very safe one at that. It's a pastime that any man may be proud to participate in, rightly and justly used—not abused, mark you! We hear of the bad cases soon enough; but what is told us of the good qualities displayed every day on our roads? We hear very little of the man who, when he sees the child dash out and obstruct his path, turns his machine over and ruins it to save that child; perhaps breaks his own arm or worse; and yet he is not so much as thanked for it. If that child had suddenly run into danger of another kind—had fallen into a river or pond—and been saved therefrom by a passing stranger, the man would become a village hero from that date and his name be handed down in perpetual remembrance; but a cyclist can be no hero in some folks' eyes, no matter what his good deeds. He can become a very terrible monster, however, on the slightest provocation! Now there's something wrong in all this, as any man can see, and what we've got to do is to help to put things straighter. So you see, Hiles, we have our duties, as wheelmen, as much as any one has, and this transition time is a dangerous period in which to trifle. But, I say, Hiles, it's past ten and I want breakfast at six! I must to bed if I'm to rise with the lark—that is, if you've got any larks about here!"

"You won't want the lark, squire, there's a poultry yard just below your bedroom window!"

And so the young squire and mine host part for the night. At a few minutes before seven on the bright morning that follows, our hero is on his saddle, and singing out a parting greeting to mine host of the Blue Bell Inn.

As he is preparing to indulge in a luxurious "coast" of four miles on end, a pleasure that we all know how to appreciate, we will take leave of the young squire with the hope that on some future day we may meet so pleasant a companion again.

Reviews and Notices.

THE "SAFETY" CYCLING MAP OF SCOTLAND. GALL & INGLIS, EDINBURGH & LONDON.

The friend who was good enough to review for us the Scottish Map referred to in our last issue writes, relative to this new aspirant for public favour:—"This map is on the scale of ten miles to an inch, and the smallness of the scale is, in our opinion, its chief fault, but to some who do not want detail this will not be regarded as an objection.

Taken as a whole it reflects great credit on Mr. H. R. G. Inglis, its Editor. The method of description is by colouring the roads in brown and blue, in heavy, light, or dotted lines.

To the average touring cyclist this map will prove a great boon, as at a glance he will be able to choose the road of best quality, and thus save himself and his cycle many a rough ride.

In detail we can, as a matter of course, find some faults. Take the road common to Englishmen entering Scotland and going by the Land o'Scott for Edinburgh. As far as Hawick the correct colour is given, but we would suggest that between Hawick and Selkirk No. 2 colour should be used, and not No. 4. If we take the old road, Carlisle to Hawick, Canonbie to Hermitage should have been printed in No. 2, and from this to Robert's Linn Bridge No. 4, 5, or 6 should have been given in place of No. 2. We are glad to notice the Editor has not fallen into the common mistake of map makers and described roads which do not exist, or if they do are only footpaths. Some of the roads not coloured might have been, and we will be glad to see the second edition so coloured. The road between Bonar Bridge and the Morard is an important omission, as some men touring in the North prefer to ride the whole way, and not take advantage of the ferryboats, or are not fortunate enough to find their tyre makers in waiting with steam launches!

We have not room in the *Gazette* to refer to all the roads, and we give these as specimens of the errors, which are few and far between considering the amount of road covered.

This is certainly the best map of Scotland we have ever had the pleasure to examine. We trust this edition will soon be all sold, and that Mr. Inglis will be able to correct any errors which may have crept in, in some cases either in printing or in acting upon reports from some local cyclist, whose knowledge is so local that he could scarcely be depended upon for assistance."

THE CYCLISTS' GUIDE TO THE ROADS, &c., OF THE ENGLISH LAKES DISTRICT.

(MAYSON & Co., Keswick: 6d.)

This handy little pamphlet of forty-two pages, 4in. by 5in., is a reprint of a production by the Rev. N. F. Duncan, a former C.C. of the C.T.C., corrected and made "up to date" by Messrs. W. T. Atkinson and Jos. Hodgson, of Keswick, the former of whom was for many years consul. Fifty-six routes are given, with a fair map, on the scale of four miles to the inch, and short notes on the many places of interest in this delightful corner of the kingdom. The distances and descriptions are fairly correct, but in the Carlisle and outlying districts are not quite all that they should be. We think the compilers would have been well advised to have omitted all but purely "Lake District" routes and amplified these, as at present the particulars read very curtly, or if they desired a wider field to have obtained the assistance of some neighbouring riders, as for instance in Route 37 (Kendal to Ulverston), a journey of twenty-four miles is dismissed with the criticism "This road has fair surface and few hills." Route 29 has a curious mistake in the concluding lines, which we are unable to account for, unless a line has been dropped out by the printer. Generally speaking, however, the desired result has been attained, and the tourist will find that he has got a good sixpennyworth many a time during his journey.

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.*

In my June notes I briefly described the Peveril Driving Gear, invented by Mr. Boudard, of Nottingham. Since then it has been brought prominently forward by Messrs. Mills and Shorland using it on their record rides. No one, not even the inventor, has succeeded in pointing out to me where there is, or can be, any real mechanical gain; about the most that can be said for it is, that it reduces the jar on the feet in riding over rough roads. The Patent Specification states that weight is taken off the chain, but I am inclined to think that the "weight" is increased rather than decreased, as the total diameter of the chain wheels is decreased in the new gear, the length of crank remaining the same. The double bracket (for the two axles) is very rigid in itself, but this could be achieved with less weight. The strains may be better distributed over some of the parts concerned, but they could hardly be worse than they are at the second axle, which is pulled back at one end by the chain, and forward at the other by the internal sun-and-planet gear. I recently gladly availed myself of an opportunity for trying a machine fitted with the gear. It was a Humber road racer, weighing about 27½lb. and geared to about 82in. I adjusted the machine to fit me comfortably, and certainly did not feel the high gear as much as I expected. I timed myself over a certain stretch of road, and took almost exactly three minutes. On the next day I rode my own machine, weighing about 43¾lb. (I don't believe in featherweights for general use), and geared to about 60in., over the same course under similar conditions, the wind being perhaps a little more favourable, and accomplished the distance in seven seconds less. I was decidedly surprised at the result, as I fully expected the greater weight and lower gear would have made the time greater instead of less. It is only fair to say, that while some riders I know can find no more advantage in the gear than I can, others are much pleased with it, in particular one rider of exceptional power, but unless I am much mistaken it is the height of the gear and the slow pedalling that pleases them, and not the particular mechanism. But to arrive at a fair decision by riding, it would be necessary to test two identical machines, identical except that one should have the Boudard gear and the other the ordinary gear. Would Professor Boys and Mr. Gerald Stoney oblige with their opinions on the theory of the contrivance? The rides accomplished bear high testimony to the quality of the work of the makers.

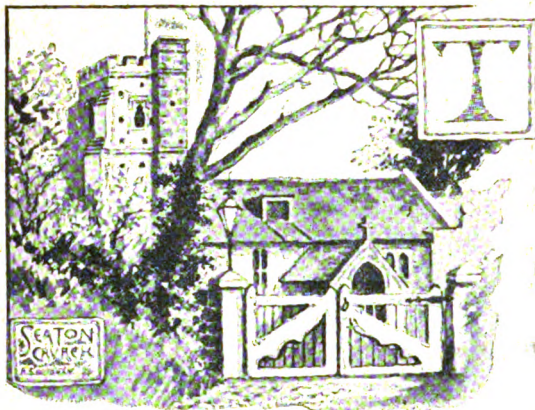
[We believe that Professor Boys' report upon the Boudard gear is the private property of Messrs. Humber & Co. We may add that through the courtesy of the firm in question we have had an opportunity of trying the invention, and as a result we in the main confirm Mr. Leechman's views.—ED.]

CONTINENTAL PASSENGER TRAFFIC.—A week or two since the fourth vessel built by Earle's Shipbuilding Company for the Great Eastern Railway Company's Continental Service was successfully launched at Hull; the christening ceremony being performed by Lady Frederick Seager Hunt. The vessel, named the *Vienna*, is a steel twin screw steamer, 302 feet long, 36 feet beam, and 16 feet depth of hold. She, with her sister vessels the *Amsterdam* and *Berlin* (which were placed on the Hook of Holland route in May last), are the three largest vessels running a daily service between England and the Continent. The *Vienna* is fitted with two entirely separate sets of triple compound engines, designed to develop 5000 horse-power, giving a speed of eighteen knots an hour. Her fittings will be of the most luxurious description, including the electric light and all the most recent improvements. Sleeping accommodation will be provided for over 200 first-class passengers.

Companion to the Road Book.

LONDON TO SEATON, SIDMOUTH, AND EXMOUTH.

Routes 188 and 252 : Routes 233 and 229.



HERE are two principal routes by which London cyclists may reach that lovely south-east corner of Devonshire the coast line of which is studded by the three towns mentioned in the heading. First, there is the combination of Routes 188 and 252, which takes the traveller *via* Salisbury and Blandford to Dorchester, and thence *via* Bridport and Lyme Regis to Colyford. The chief objection to this is the rough and lonely stretch of thirty-eight miles between Salisbury and Dorchester, which I described in the *Gazette* for July, 1893. It may be avoided, however, by adopting what is known as the "Wimborne Route" between Basingstoke and Dorchester (see Route 204); the extra length is only three miles. By making up the route in this patchwork fashion, a number of very remarkable old towns and a greater variety of scenery may be included, as will be seen from the following itinerary:—Staines, Basingstoke, Winchester, Ringwood (New Forest scenery), Wimborne (see *Gazette* for June, 1893), and Dorchester. Thence by Route 252 to Bridport, Lyme Regis, and Colyford, a village two miles north of Seaton. As regards the thirty miles between Dorchester and Colyford, the road is apt to be very rough in places and some of the hills are stiff, but there is grand compensation in the way of views, and from Bridport it is practically a coast-route, which always ensures an interesting journey.

In former issues of the *Gazette* I have dealt with various roads leading to Dorchester, that grand old town which devout "Hardy-ites" prefer to call "Casterbridge." Mr. Hardy himself lives here, and is, I believe, a local J.P., in which capacity his marvellous insight into and sympathy with the temperament of the native peasantry must be of considerable value. The fifteen miles between Dorchester and Bridport (Port Bredy, another "Hardy-ism") lie across a country that may still be described in the words of Gilpin, who travelled this way a century ago. "The features of it are broad and determined. Sweeping hills with harsh edges intersect each other. Here and there a bottom is cultivated, inclosed, and adorned with a farm-house and a few trees; but in general the whole country is an extended down."

At five miles from Dorchester we come to Winterbourne Abbas, where there is a very remarkable relic of prehistoric times. This is the so-called *Nine Stones*, which are to be found close to the road, on the left, about a quarter of a mile from the village. Hutchins calls the stones "a kind of Stonehenge in miniature," and concludes they formed a Keltic temple. The diameter of the circle in this case is twenty-eight feet, and the distance of the stones from each other about six feet. The whole of this neighbourhood abounds in barrows, cromlechs, and monoliths; and it is very probable that in prehistoric times it was, like Dartmoor, very thickly populated. About four miles south of our road—as the crow flies—is Abbotsbury, a delightful village near the Chesil Bank, with a ruined abbey, mariner's chapel, parish church, and a perhaps greater attraction for tourists in the beautiful Swannery and Decoy maintained here by the Earl of Ilchester. A description of this place will be found in the *Gazette* for July, 1893.

Continuing westward our road attains a height of 700 feet, resulting in some magnificent views, a further succession of which, ranging over Somerset and Devon, we get as we descend towards Bridport. That good old town, which, h



the way, is one and a-half miles from its port, or harbour, lies mainly between two streams, the Brit and the Asker. Its chief trade is still, as it was in Tudor times, the hemp manufacture. "To be stabbed with a Bridport dagger" was a west country euphemism for being hanged by a rope of Bridport make. The Parish Church is a fine cruciform building, in the Perpendicular style, with a central tower. There are two or three good examples of medieval domestic architecture in the town.

On the upper stream of the Brit the small town of Beaminster is very prettily situated. In Dorset speech it is:—

"Sweet Be'mi'ster, that bist a-boun'
By green an' woody hills al roun';
Wi hedges reachen up between
A thousan' v'ie's o' summer green,
Wher elem's lofty heads do drow
Ther shades var hāymakers below,
An' wild hedge-flow'rs do charm th' souls
O' maidens in ther evenen strolls."

The town possesses a fine minster-church, having a bold tower on which is some good carving, including a representation of the Crucifixion. There are also many monuments, and—what is more unusual—the tradition of a ghost attached to one of the galleries, which were abolished at the restoration of the church. The ghost was that of one John Daniel, and he, or rather it, "appeared" at the most unghostly hour of noonday, on June 22nd, 1728, to a school-class which was being held in the gallery. The corpse of the said John having been buried about three weeks before this apparition, the matter gave rise to an exhumation and subsequent inquest, when it was discovered that John had been strangled (possibly with a "Bridport dagger!"). What a pity there was no Psychological Society in those days!

Continuing by the Exeter Road from Bridport, we get a succession of charming views all the way to Lyme Regis. The road ascends for a couple of miles and we get a peep at Symondsburry, its church tower rising from among the trees in a valley on the right. Some distance left of the road is Eype Down; it was from this spot that Mr. Powell, M.P., the luckless aeronaut, was carried out to sea in his balloon, in December, 1881. Chideock, an attractive village, has an interesting and carefully restored church with a fine black marble tomb bearing the effigy of a knight in armour. Southwest of the village is the noble height of Golden Cap, below which there is a Dorsetshire Seaton, or rather *Seatown*, a mere fishing hamlet. Morecombelake possesses three inns, and is half way between Bridport and Lyme: a good place for a "refresher," evidently. A road leads from it northward to a village with a good old Dorset double-barrelled name, Whitchurch-Canonicorum. This place has a most interesting church, dedicated to St. Candyda: an altar-tomb within is said to be that of the Saint. There is also a fine Jacobean canopied tomb to Sir John Jeffery.

As the road descends from Morecombelake to Charmouth more lovely prospects open out, and on entering the valley of the Char some of the prettiest scenery is found. A most pleasant little town is Charmouth, famous chiefly by reason of the adventures of Charles II. here, on his attempted escape to the Continent after the battle of Worcester. The King himself has left a most interesting account of the affair, which was dictated to Samuel Pepys. Another story tells of the attempt made by a certain Puritan minister—one Bartholomew Westley, the "puny parson of the place"—to capture the king, and, failing in that, to insult the landlady of the "George," where Charles had spent the night. Said Westley, "Why, Margaret, you are a maid of honour now." "What mean you by that, Mr. Parson?" quoth she. "Why Charles Stuart lay last night at your house, and kissed you at his departure, so that you can't be but a maid of honour." The woman began then to be very angry, and told him he was a scurvy-conditioned man to go about and bring her and her house into trouble. "But," said she, "if I thought it was the king, as you say it was, I should think the better of my lips all the days of my life. And so, Mr.

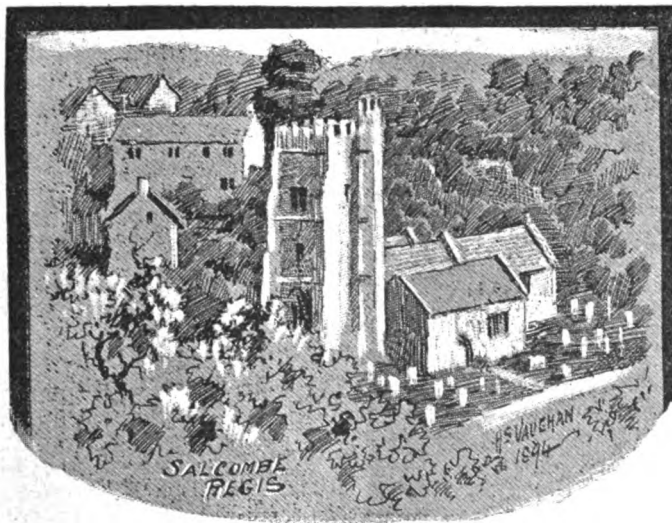
Parson, get you out of my house, or else I'll get those who shall kick you out."

The road to Lyme passes over the ridge that divides the valley of the Char from that of the Lym, by a cutting called the New Passage. As we descend to Lyme a grand view of the coast-line opens out, and the little town is seen "sette in the rootes of an high rouky hille down to the hard shore," as Leland described it. Its cobb or quay was built originally in 1347, and the place became a port of some reputation, sending four ships to the siege of Calais, and two to join the gallant little band that harried the

Armada. Its inhabitants seem ever to have been gallant fighters, for in 1644 they made a famous defence against Prince Maurice, on behalf of the Parliament—in which affair Blake first wetted his sword—while they eagerly flocked to join the standard of Monmouth when he landed here in the June of 1685, and many a lad from Lyme fell in the pitiful slaughter at Sedgemoor. Thereafter came Judge Jeffreys, and hung a dozen of the citizens.

The chief trade of the town is in stone, and it may be here remarked that this is a famous ground for the fossil-hunter. A good collection of the fossils of the Lias may be easily made, and although one can hardly carry the spoil away on one's machine, it may be readily shipped homewards by means of the parcel-post. Next to the Cobb the chief antiquity of Lyme is the quaint old church, which has a curious western porch, thought to have been part of the nave of an older church.

Leaving Lyme by the Exeter road we almost immediately enter Devonshire, and passing to the north of Sir Henry Peck's estate at Rousdon and the romantic district called the Landslip, we descend into the Axe valley and reach Colyford. Here we can either turn to the left by the post-office (Route 253A) and reach Seaton, or continue along the main road to Sidmouth and Exmouth.



The second route—of the two referred to in the opening words of this chapter—is that *via* the main Exeter road described in the July issue of the *Gazette*. Leave that road at the junction of the Axminster road, as detailed in Route 229A, and from Axminster follow Route 229 to Colyford, where the Bridport and Exeter road—described above—joins. At Axminster care should be taken to leave the church on the right, and the railway station also. There is a tempting-looking road which descends past the latter, leaving it on the left and crossing the river just beyond. This road also goes to Seaton, but in a less direct fashion, and its surface and gradients are not as good as that of the direct road through Musbury, which is as smooth and easy as can be desired.

Axminster is not a very lively place nowadays, although it must have been lively enough at the time when King Athelstan defeated a huge army of Danes, Irish, and Welsh, in the valley between here and Colyton. The direct Seaton road is said to pass through the centre of this battlefield of Brunenburg. The following quotation from an extract given by Leland out of the old Norman-French chronicle may be of interest: "This Athelstan fought against them" (*i.e.*, the foreigners who had landed at Seaton) "nobly, and killed nine score thousand of these enemies, of whom none escaped who were not either dead or wounded unto death. Among them thus killed were five kings, who are buried in the cemetery of Axminster. And of the host of the King of England were then killed eight of the most noble earls of this land, and were buried in the same cemetery of Axminster. Also the Bishop of Sherborne, with all his host, was slain in this battle. This battle began at Brunedown, near Colyton, and extended as far as Axminster, which was then called Bronebyri, and there was the great slaughter, and the day became night."

Axminster Church is the successor of a minster built by Athelstan to celebrate his victory: it is a large building, with a lofty but plain central tower. Its oldest feature is a Norman doorway. As I remarked, in describing Wilton, that enterprising Wiltshire town has usurped the trade of Axminster in carpets (the looms were removed in 1835), and the unpretentious but necessary tooth brush is said to be the only article now made at the latter town. Although almost devoid of antiquities, of trade, and of all but scenic attractions, the town, from its position on the "Silver Axe"—one of the most charming of Devonshire trout streams—is high in favour with what Leland calls "fisschermen." Though the river is quiet and gentle, and the fish run small, yet excellent sport is to be obtained in the Axe; far better, indeed, than that on certain more showy and more frequented streams in the north and west of the county, where anglers—chiefly from the Metropolis—throng as thickly as they do by the Thames side at Richmond on a fine Sunday morning. A rod and line licence for trout is to be obtained from the Axe Board of Conservators for 2s. 6d.

On the way to Musbury one gets a succession of pleasant views on the right across the river valley. In the village there are two sharp turns, on a descending road. The church, on the slope of the hill, contains some interesting monuments of the Drake family, of which the great Elizabethan sailor was a member. On the hill-top behind the church is the old Celtic earthwork or *bury* known as Musbury Castle.

As we turn to the right to cross Colyford bridge a pleasing view opens out down the valley. A range of lofty green hills—Hocksdon, or Hawksdown, chief among them—runs down towards the sea on the left, and the little decayed port of Axmouth nestles at the foot of them, its church tower and thatched roofs backed by the foliage of orchards and taller trees. The broad bottom of the valley is filled with pasture land among which the silver river winds: on the farther side are the hills above Seaton and Beer. Colyford is a hamlet of thatched cottages of no particular interest; by its post office we may turn to the left and follow a descending lane

down to Seaton, getting on the way a charming view of Axmouth across the valley.

The entrance to Seaton is unconventional and very pleasing. One does not have to pass through an area of unfinished streets, ugly chapels, and advertisement hoardings, such as constitute the "back" parts of too many seaside towns. The old grey church among the trees on the slope of the hill is the first building seen, standing sentinel-like outside the town. Beyond it you descend the old-fashioned Fore Street (almost every Devonshire town has a "Fore" Street, in place of the east-country "High" Street) which leads straight down to the sea; nearly at the bottom of it, on the left, is the "Lion"—the excellent C.T.C. quarters, kept by Mr. Brian Love. The sea-front at Seaton has none of the formal horrors of the same feature at many places further east: it cannot boast of "so many miles" of stone wall and cast-iron paling, such as delight the souls of local aldermen, American tourists, aged invalids, and young ladies who dare not go near the beach or the boats for fear of soiling elaborate frocks.* But it consists of a pleasant little esplanade which runs along the crest of the great bank of shingle, and this shingle bank is nothing more nor less than the ancient bar of the Axe, which, forming in the course of ages across the mouth of the estuary, has confined the river to its present narrow limits, silted up the valley bottom into rich marsh pasturage, and destroyed the trade of Axmouth, once a considerable port. From the account Leland gave of the matter in the days of Henry VIII. it will be seen that the bar must have formed centuries before his time, and perhaps the story of the greatness of Axmouth or Seaton has been handed down since almost pre-historic times. He says, "Ther have bene a very notable haven at Seaton. But now ther lyth between the two points of the olde haven a mightie rigge and barre of pible stones in the very mouth of it, and the river Ax is driven to the very est point of the haven, cauldil Whitcliff, and ther, at a very smaull gutt, goith into the se: ande ther cum in small fisschar boates for soccur. The town of Seton is now but a mene thinge, inhabited by fisschermen. It hath been far larger when the haven was good. . . . The men of Seton began of late to stake and make a walle within the haven, to have diverted the course of the Ax ryver, and ther, almost in the middle of the old haven, to have trenched through the Chiselle and to have let out Ax and receyved it in the main se. But this purpose came not to effect."[†]

If Leland be correct, the river in his day must have flowed into the sea at exactly the opposite side of the bay to what it does now; for Whitcliff, to which he alludes, is the cliff between Seaton and Beer, while the cliff at what is now the river mouth is called Haven Cliff. These cliffs, by the way, are the most westerly chalk cliffs in England. It is interesting to notice Leland's use of the word *Chiselle* for beach. This is, I believe, the Ang. Sax. *ceosel*—gravel or shingle (Danish, *kisel*). It is a word that seems to have quite dropped out of modern English; strictly, I suppose, one should say "the chesil" at Portland, and not "the chesil beach."

The railway station at Seaton is in an isolated position down by the river mouth. Here is also a curious and rather picturesque bridge, built entirely of concrete, which connects Seaton with Axmouth. The latter village, beautifully situated at the foot of green Hocksdon, its church-tower and tall elms mirrored in the quiet river, is a very ancient place, with an interesting church, largely of Norman date, and two inns whose titles smack of departed maritime greatness—the "Ship" and the "Harbour." The church contains some ancient frescoes, discovered at the restoration in 1889, and an altar tomb with effigy of a priest and of an animal, which some people say is a dog, and others a lion.

* I believe "frocks" is the correct term at present, but if not there are doubtless many good critical souls among my readers who will be only too glad of a chance of writing up to the Editor and correcting me!

[†] Possibly, however, he erred in using the name Whitcliff, for he also uses the term *est*, which is surely intended to mean *est*.

The parish church of Seaton, referred to above, is of no great interest; its architecture is chiefly early English and Perpendicular. The low square tower is studded with small black holes which give it an odd appearance.

Altogether, Seaton is just the place for a *restful* holiday; it has sufficient conveniences for any reasonable visitor, the charm of very lovely surroundings, and the attractions of good fishing, boating, bathing, and the means of pursuing nearly every hobby and sport. Long may it be before the ambition of its Local Board causes them to introduce more doubtful "attractions" which will lure the cheap tripper and the "promenade swell," but will as surely drive away the seeker after rest and the lover of nature.

To reach Sidmouth from Seaton two routes are available. Either return to Colyford and pursue the Exeter Road to the fort of Trow Hill, where take up Route 254, or proceed *via* Beer as in Route 253A. I have ridden the latter twice, but cannot recommend it. However, as Beer is distinctly a place to be seen, it is better perhaps to walk there by the cliff path over White Cliff. Beer is a quaint fishing and lace-making village in a windingcombe among the cliffs; its women-folk had the honour of making Queen Victoria's bridal dress, but the lace-trade, as everywhere else, has much decayed during recent years. It is said that the inhabitants have a trace of Spanish blood in their veins, due to the fact that the crew of a Spanish vessel, cast ashore here in the seventeenth century, settled in the place and married native wives; this at a time when the plague had swept away three-fourths of the inhabitants. One can well imagine that only the loss of its population would permit of a band of Spaniards settling at any place on the coast of Devon, for those were times when the Fight of the Armada was still fresh in the memory, and scarcely any mariner of the west country but had sailed with Drake or some other hero, and had left his mark upon the hated Dons.

There is a handsome modern Church at Beer, erected by the Hon. Mark Rolle. It contains an inscription, removed from the previous Church, which runs:—

"John, the fifth Son of William Starr, of Bere, Gent; ande Dorothy, his Wife, which died in the Plauge, was here buried, 1646."

In the hills above Beer there is an ancient quarry of fine white freestone, the workings and galleries of which are very extensive (and dangerous to explore without a guide); a great deal of the old stone in Exeter Cathedral and in other Devonshire churches, was taken from this quarry.

Bovey House, which the Road Book mentions, was in the seventeenth century the seat of the Walronds, from whom it came to its present owners, the Rolles. It has a remarkable well, thirty feet down which there is a hiding place in the shape of a recessed chamber. Recesses of a similar nature are often found in the chimneys of old Cornish and Devon-

shire manor-houses, and an example of one is, or was, to be seen in a chimney at Bovey.

There is a lane which ascends from Beer past the quarries, and at the head of it, after a stiff climb, stands a direction post: Right to Bovey Cross: Left to Sidmouth. This left-hand lane has an excellent sandy surface: it passes an inn called the "Three Horse Shoes," and eventually arrives at Trow Hill. Before descending the latter there is a superb view over the valley,—such a view as one can only get in Devonshire,—a vast bird's-eye prospect of green meadows, orchards, arable fields of the rich red Devon soil, scattered hamlets of cob and thatch, woods, copses, and heather-crowned hills. Trow Hill is a most awkward and dangerous descent: the road drops through a screen of woodland and then twists to the right at a stiff gradient: surface very rough indeed.

At the foot of the hill the direction post points to the left to Sidmouth, and a quick run down the valley, passing on the way many picturesque thatched houses and barns, brings us to that pleasant little town. Sheltered in its fertile valley between the Salcombe and Peak Hills, Sidmouth has one of

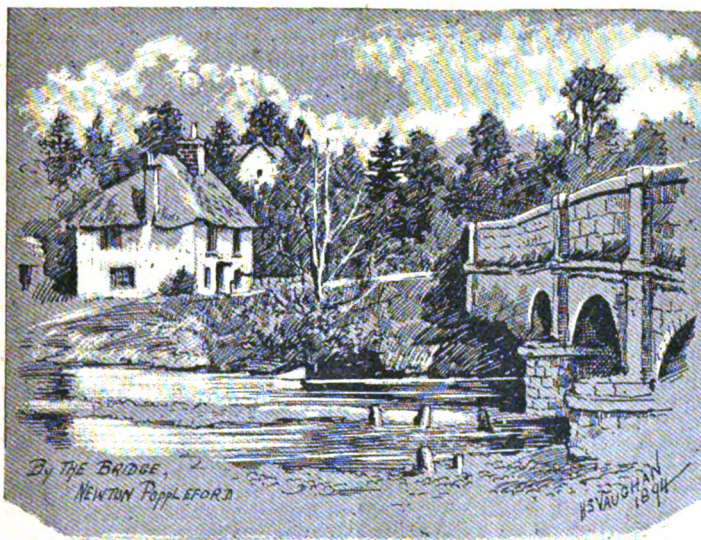
the mildest climates in England. It is no mushroom place, for sixty and seventy years ago it was the most aristocratic of all Devonian watering-places. Queen Victoria lived here as a child, and her father, the Duke of Kent, died here in 1820; the Queen's window in the parish church is to his memory.

The country round the town, like that round Seaton, is extremely picturesque, rich especially in colour. The little village of Salcombe Regis may be reached in a short walk over Salcombe Hill (497ft.); it had the honour of being the last Royalist town in the county to surrender to the

Roundheads.* To the south-west, along the coast, is Ladram Bay, where the sandstone cliffs have been worn into curious promontories and arches; this spot is usually reached by boat from Sidmouth, except at very low tides, when one can go by the beach.

Having seen Sidmouth, many riders may wish to proceed direct to Exeter, leaving Exmouth for a future visit, to be made, perhaps, by boat from the Ever Faithful City. Route 255 will give them the *direct* road, and a most pleasant road it is, quite worth travelling for its own sake alone. Newton Poppleford, the next place to Bowde, is one of the prettiest old-world villages it is possible to imagine. It is by no means a small place, but almost every cottage forms a picture, and there is enough material in the way of quaint architecture and rich colour to fill more than one good-sized sketch-book. The tints of new thatch and old and the whitewashed cottage walls contrasted vividly with those of crimson (the redness of the local "cob," or clay and straw building

* Hence the addition of *Regis* to the name, by which it is distinguished from the more important Salcombe on the Kingsbridge Estuary.



material, is, of course, due to the rich red soil of the Otter valley) will at once gladden the heart of any colourist. That curse of the modern agriculturist—iron corrugated roofing—has as yet hardly entered into Newton Poppleford. The curious latter part of the name of the village, by the way, was originally, according to Mr. Page—in his “Rivers of Devon”—spelt *Pebbleford*, being taken from the oval pebbles washed up by the Otter. Do not leave the village without a glance at the venerable “Cannon” Inn, with its projecting porch, and the church close by, which wears a still more venerable and “unrestored” aspect. My sketch shows one of the outlying cottages of the village, adjoining the stone bridge which here crosses the shallow Otter.

If you turn up-stream by this cottage, a charming little lane, muddy but of very fair surface, it will lead you up past Harpford church, and on between banks crammed with ferns and wild flowers, to the old town of Ottery St. Mary. The first glimpse you get of the magnificent church—a small cathedral in its way—rising above the roofs of the town, and framed between the foliage and steep rocky banks of the gorge through which the road goes down to the town—that first view is, I think, the best of all. I alluded to Ottery St. Mary in the last chapter, in connection with the poet Coleridge. The late Dr. Cornish, in his “Notes on the Parish and Church of Ottery St. Mary,” says:—“He (the poet) was born at the School-house, October 21st, 1772, about eleven o’clock in the forenoon, and had the misfortune to lose his father when he was but nine years of age. Just before the old place was pulled down I stood in the room where he was born. The ivy had overgrown the window, almost obscuring the light; but the leaves, wafted by the breeze, flickered the sunlight across the room, and between them, to the south-east in the distance, I saw Sidmouth Gap, with the town of Ottery lying, as it were, in the palm of a mighty hand. The river Otter, a silver streak, was babbling on, and Coleridge’s sonnet to it came across my mind.”

The sonnet referred to, which those of my readers who go to Ottery will no doubt turn to for themselves, is the one commencing:—

“Dear native brook! wild streamlet of the west!”

Both Coleridge’s birthplace and the house in Mill Street, once occupied by Sir Walter Raleigh, seem to have been sacrificed through the usual indifference and want of public spirit of the townspeople. The Coleridge estate at Ottery has just passed, by the recent death of the late Lord Chief Justice, to his son, formerly the Hon. Bernard Coleridge, M.P., whose application for the Chiltern Hundreds has created an amusing Parliamentary turmoil which is as yet uncalmed.

The noble church of St. Mary, of which Samuel’s father was “Vicar and Chaplain-Priest,” was modelled on Exeter Cathedral, though local report, I believe, hath it that the converse was the case. The Cathedral, however, was the earlier building. This church has two transeptal towers, a feature which is only to be found here and in the Cathedral. The principal monuments are the tombs of Otho, brother of Bishop Grandisson, and his wife, Beatrice. The conspicuous granite cross in the churchyard is one of the Coleridge monuments.

Rejoining the main road at Newton Poppleford we have a stiff climb up Aylesbear Hill, and through a belt of beech and pine-woods on to a breezy moorland, whence there are sweeping views of a kind quite unlike those we have just left in the richly fertile Otter valley. In a thick grove of pines we come to the “Half-way House;” from there the road into Exeter calls for little description. It traverses a green and comparatively level country, and passes no places of importance until it joins the main London road and reaches Heavitree.

In continuing the coast route from Sidmouth westward, so as to include the seaside towns of Budleigh-Salterton, and Exmouth, Route 254 should be followed. In this case

c’est le premier pas qui coûte, for we must begin by ascending from sea-level to the summit of Peak Hill, and though that is a mere matter of 500ft. or so it “takes doing.” As one rides towards it along the smooth parade the hill looks pretty enough, with the cluster of thatched houses at its foot, just where the narrow road begins to ascend. By the time the lovely view of Sidmouth and its valley begins to open out, however, one has had enough of it; it is, of course, quite unrideable.

From the top there is a steep and awkward descent, with a nasty twist at the bottom and a bad road surface. Thereafter the road is nothing but a narrow lane between hedges; it is of fair surface, but should be ridden with great caution owing to the large numbers of farm carts that are sure to be met with: they are invariably on the wrong side of the way, they usually contain unsavoury cargoes, it is almost impossible to foresee their approach owing to the tall hedges and the windings of the lane, and, added to all this the very last thing their drivers (or horses) expect to meet is a bicycle. I am glad to admit, however, that the good fellows, like all the Devonshire peasantry, are as a rule civil enough, and try to give one all the room they can if there happens to be time enough to avoid a collision,—which is a vast deal more than one can say for many of the sulky brutes and “road-hogs” one meets around London, although these latter, with the advantages (!) of a metropolitan education, are supposed to be higher in the scale of civilisation than the much-sneered-at farm-hand.

Otterton is a long, straggling village, but has many picturesque features: the stream that flows down the street, crossed by little bridges leading to the thatched and whitewashed cottages, the grove of old chestnut trees down by the bridge, the bridge itself that spans the “lovely Otter, sleep persuading stream,” and the fine church that overtops the village on the low cliff by the riverside. This church has a tall red tower with a short spire or cap, but the big body of the fabric (it is a large and handsome one) is of gray limestone: it was rebuilt by Lady Rolle in 1870. Across the river, up-stream a little, is Bicton, the lovely seat of the Hon. Mark Rolle, celebrated for its collection of rare trees and shrubs.

At East Budleigh, another hamlet of thatch and cob, bear to the left opposite the “Rolle Arms”: the lane leading thence to Budleigh-Salterton is narrow, but has a good reddish surface. There is a steep, twisting descent into the latter town, among some quaint old houses, and this mode of entry hardly prepares one for the rather sophisticated place which Salterton is. I must here explain myself, for fear of being indignantly taken to task by some local patriot! By “sophisticated” I mean that the villa element is a little too much in evidence, and trim and pretty though it is, it is an element that reminds one too much of a smart London suburb. But the place itself is charming, even if inclined to be a trifle “select” and fashionable; it is at least remote from the railway, and hence from a good many disadvantages—perhaps the local patriot would not agree with me there!

It is interesting to remember that Hawley Smart died here early in 1893, breathing his last in one of the villas overlooking the sea. He was buried in the graveyard at East Budleigh, and a recumbent marble cross, with the following inscription, has recently been put there to his memory:—“In affectionate and most fond remembrance of Henry Hawley Smart, novelist, late captain the Royal and 17th Regiments; born in the county of Kent, 3rd June, 1833; died at Budleigh-Salterton, 8th January, 1893.”

There are beautiful pebbles of many colours to be picked up on the shore at Budleigh-Salterton in the space between the Otter mouth and the Beacon. These pebbles are of quartzite, and come from a bed seventy feet thick in the cliffs. They have attracted much attention owing to the investigations of Mr. Vicary, F.G.S., who first pointed out their peculiar palaeontological features. “Of the contained fossils, some are Silurian, though the majority are Devonian.”

We enter Exmouth, as we leave Budleigh-Salterton, by a long street of rather commonplace-looking villas. By keeping straight forward, instead of turning as directed in the Road Book, the sea front is reached, and this is the best feature of Exmouth (though a very formal one), for in beauty of surroundings it cannot compete with the other seaside towns described in this chapter. The views across the estuary, however, are delightful, and Exmouth is particularly noted for the sunset effects it gets. The views, at any rate, from the Beacon are lovely, and of the panoramic kind—the sea, the broad estuary spotted with vessels of all rigs making their way up and down, the shore and houses of Starcross, Powderham Castle, and the Haldon Hills behind, and close below, the beach, parade, and rather formal-looking houses on the sea front, with the rest of Exmouth behind. Mr. Page remarks in his “Rivers of Devon”—“There can be no doubt that the scenery about Exmouth is infinitely more taking than the town itself. As Bishop Temple said, gazing at the view from the steps of the vicarage, ‘Exmouth is a place to look from.’”

At the end of the parade is a small pier and quay where a few coasting vessels,—collier brigs and such like—lie, and close by is the railway station; I think few visitors will be tempted to investigate this part of Exmouth further. There are no buildings of any interest in the town. One of the prettiest excursions from Exmouth is to Withycombe Raleigh, with its ruined church of St. John-in-the-Wilderness; in the graveyard lies buried Danby, the artist, whose paintings record so many beauties of the river-valley which he loved.

The journey from Exmouth to the city of Exeter is by no means tedious: the country is well wooded, and the cottages of red cob and thatch are at least more picturesque and interesting than the monotonous streets of Exmouth. The trade and glory of Topsham have departed, but the town still preserves some old houses that have witnessed the coming and going of many a fine vessel in the Newfoundland trade, and not a few smuggling adventures. One of the prettiest spots near Topsham is that where our road crosses the Clyst, by the weir and water-mill. From Topsham a broad and fairly smooth road leads to Exeter, passing the barracks, outside the city, and entering High Street at right angles.

Cycling in the Gay City.

By Mrs. F. W. MATTOX, of Paris.

Cycling is fast becoming as much of a national sport in France as cricket and football are national amusements in England.

It of course comes within that category at the present time, but I purposely placed cricket and football first, as they were national sports before cycling ever attained to the immense proportion it has of late years.

But remarkable as has been its progress in England, even more remarkable has been its progress in this country, as the presence of different “Manèges Velocipédiques” in this capital abundantly testify. I remember, only two years ago,—aye, even one year ago—noticing a great many cyclists about Paris, but to-day the streets fairly swarm with them, and you have to look out for the pedallist quite as much as for the cabby in crossing the streets.

Paris is such an accessible place, and so many people just run over here if only for a few hours' change of air and scene, that it may be of interest to the English cycling world to know something about the various facilities that exist in this delightful city for the enthusiastic cyclist, and which enable him in rain or sunshine to have his daily spin on his faithful iron steed.

“First come, first served,” so I will begin with the Manège Petit, to which firm belongs the honour of having inaugurated the first Velodrome that existed in France, as its amiable manager informed me this morning.

It happened this way; the owners of the present manège, which consisted simply of a bicycle store, were frequently asked to give lessons, which they did to oblige their particular friends and clients, but not wishing to turn themselves into teachers, *pro bono publico*, they finally got one of their employés to give instruction to their customers, and supplied him with a requisite number of cycles for the purpose.

Finding that a great many people came to learn, and scenting “une bonne affaire” in the distance, the management accordingly decided to make the capital arrangements they now have for the comfort of their numerous and without doubt very fashionable and select *clientèle*, and according to the figures given me this morning as to the number of subscribers, etc., it is not difficult to believe that, as the manager informs me is the case, they have made a financial success of their enterprise.

The Manège Petit is situated in the Champs Elysées, just above the Rond Point (a capital situation, being not far from the Bois). On entering you are greeted by the sight of every possible make of bicycle to choose from should you be an intending purchaser. If you are not, you simply walk through to the second door which leads into an inner room, stacked full of private bicycles. At the end of this room is a third door which leads into a larger room, where those beginners who are afraid to venture for the first few times in public take their lessons.

Coming back we turn to the staircase on our right and arrive at the first floor, where there is also a large room divided into two sections for beginners, and where professors are always in attendance. On this floor will be found the various dressing-rooms and lavatories, replete with every comfort devisable both for ladies and gentlemen. For the gentlemen there are valets, and for the ladies, maids to look after their clothes, help them dress, etc. There are also numbered lockers which are spacious enough to contain articles of apparel which it is desirable to leave there. Going up another flight of stairs we come to the last hall of all, which is devoted to those clients who can ride properly. This room has a track of 120 metres, is thoroughly airy and well-lighted; needless to say, there is electric light everywhere on the premises, and all parts are heated by hot-air pipes in the winter. Adjoining this track is a nice little buffet, where you can get afternoon tea or coffee, etc., or can lunch off sherry and sandwiches. Indeed, it has become quite the fashion to drop in at Petit's about five o'clock for tea, and to note your friends' progress.

Not only have the management considered the comfort of their clients in this direction, but I noticed to-day, beyond the buffet, that another room was being fitted up. On inquiring what this was for, I was told that many cycling clubs wished to have a place where they could meet in the evenings in a social way, and it was with this object that the room was being arranged, and it would ultimately be fitted up in such a way that if any of the members desired to read the papers, write letters, or receive their friends, they could do so here privately.

Even if this establishment were not as well patronised as it is, it would deserve to be, for nothing is lacking that could conduce to comfort, and one most important point, to my mind at least, is, that it is absolutely select, no one being admitted as a member who cannot show that he or she has a right to be such; so that this is probably the only place of the kind in gay Paris where a man can take his wife or sister at any time of the day or evening and be sure that she is not elbowing members of the *demi-monde*. The number of pupils up to to-day amounts to 6366, of which 2700 are ladies; and 300 doctors with their wives and children come to this manège. Five hundred new subscribers have already been refused this year, on account of there being no room for storing cycles, etc.

Subscribers pay thirty francs per month, or seventy-five for three months, 120 for six, or 180 for one year's membership. This gives them the right to leave their machines at the

manège, have them looked after and cleaned, to the use of a locker for their clothes, to the storage, if desired, of the machine at branch shops at the entrance to the Bois,—many ladies not liking to ride up the Champs Elysées, and preferring to begin their morning ride at once in the Bois.

Lessons cost twenty francs, the learner to have a professor till he can ride; five francs extra must be paid for beginners learning in the private room. For non-subscribers there are tickets of three francs apiece, including the use of the machine, or ten tickets can be had for twenty-five francs, or twenty-five for fifty francs. Subscribers of course get the best of it—that is, the yearly ones do, as the subscription only amounts to fifty centimes per diem for them. Last but not least, let me mention that every make of bicycle is kept in this establishment, so that it is simply a matter of trying which machine suits you best, and then purchasing. All the machines are bought for cash by this firm, and whatever discount is allowed them by the makers is *halved* with the purchaser.

A great proportion of the best-known names in Parisian society figures on the list of subscribers, and since the Manège Petit was opened January 15th, 1892, for instance, it has been patronised by the following:—Duc de Morny, Duc de Mirepoix, Marquis d'Ardmon, Marquis de St. Belin, Marquis de la Redorte, Comte de Moustiers, Comte and Comtesse de Bryas, Princesse de Sagan, Princesse Amédée de Broglie, Marquise de Gallifet, Marquise de Morés, Madame de Bury, Madame de Samson, Madame de Parseval, Madame Séverine, Mademoiselle de Galvez, Madame Waddington, Monsieur and Madame Camille Blanc, Prince de Sagan, Prince de Monaco, Prince Henri d'Orléans, Prince de Caraman-Chimay, Prince de Saxe-Cobourg, Comte, Comtesse, and Mademoiselle de Montebello, and so on *ad infinitum*. I mention these as a proof that even the *haute volée* here do not consider it *infra dig.* to cycle, and because, considering what an altogether delightful and health-giving sport cycling practised in moderation is, it is curious that it has not been taken up so universally in England among ladies in the upper classes as it has been here. Prejudices, unfortunately, in conservative England, are hard to root out, and many men, I know, do not like the idea of seeing their womenkind on a cycle, but, *appropriately* dressed, a woman looks as graceful and womanly there as anywhere.

English women too, perhaps, consider their dignity more than French women, but I suspect one of the main causes of non-riding among ladies is the point of costume, for I am confident the idea of wearing the requisite costume deters many would-be learners among the fair sex.

It *should* not, however, and *would* not, if only women knew the blessed health-giving benefits that attend on moderate riding, and on which I could write pages did time and space permit.

At a future date I shall hope to describe some of the moderate, practical, and pretty costumes adopted by our French sisters, costumes which might most appropriately be worn in England, and yet not offend the eye of the most fastidious.

The new Velodrome, which was opened on January 1st, at the Boulevard Pereire, exactly opposite the Porte Maillot entrance to the Bois de Boulogne, and under the management of the well-known firm of Guyenet & Cie, is also a success. On the ground floor, where there is a fine large track, the beginner can take his first lessons, and after becoming expert he is allowed to go to the upper track, which consists of an immense room 1200 metres square. The charm about this particular track is that the upper end consists of an open balcony, from which you get a beautiful view of the Bois, and the track is thus kept as airy and delightfully cool as possible. I should mention that to get to this upper floor an evenly-boarded sloping passage has been made, up which you can push your machine from the ground floor without the least difficulty. With your own

machine you can amuse yourself at this manège all day if you like for the small entrance fee of one franc. Pneumatic and cushion-tired cycles can be hired respectively at 1'50 francs and one franc per hour. The lessons too are not dear—3 francs apiece, or 15 francs until you have mastered the art of riding.

Machines can be taken care of and cleaned for 10 francs per month, and it is a boon to many cyclists who know the benefits to be derived from a good sponging or bath after a long run, or training exercise, to find that this firm have fitted up rooms where hot and cold douches are to be had for a very small sum, and where there are also proper attendants for massage. The toilette rooms are most convenient and well furnished, and the inner man as well as the outer has been looked after in this establishment, for there is a first-class buffet where you can lunch for from 2 francs 50 centimes, dine for 3 francs, or *à la carte*. On a wet day, even though cycling in the necessarily limited space that a velodrome, however fine and spacious, must present, there is no need to complain of monotony, for capital games have been instituted to relieve the tedium. One consists of an immense target, in which there are ten bull's eyes of different colours; each player is provided with a certain number of arrows corresponding in colour to one of the bull's eyes; a barrier is erected between the cyclist and the target, and the game is to see who can plant the most arrows in his own particular bull's eye. This makes a pleasant amusement, and is a capital plan for inspiring confidence in timorous riders.

The three other velodromes, all in the centre of Paris, are exceedingly convenient for business men, and also for men about town who have nothing in particular to do. The little manège at the Rue d'Edimbourg, or Velodrome de l'Europe as it is grandiosely styled, is particularly patronised by this class of men, though there are workers too who belong to it, among whom is Emile Zola, who took his first cycling lessons there. It is a pretty place. Although the track is small it does not seem to matter, as the surroundings are so pleasing, for it is really a combined floral and cycling establishment, and the entrance to the track, where you can purchase anything in the shape of flowers or plants, is charming.

Another small but well-patronised establishment is that managed by the Terront Bros., a name very well known in the cycling world; it is called the "Velodrome de la Madeleine," being in fact at a stone's-throw only from that famous church. The track is 110 metres, with banked-up ends, the floor is of wood, and very well laid. It seems hard to realise that there is such a place as this right in the heart of the city, but that its existence is well known is testified to by the crowds that gather at this establishment, on Thursdays and Sundays especially, when children of all ages ride there. I was shown the loveliest little machine I had ever seen, designed and built expressly for a four-year-old child, and I am told it is simply remarkable how quickly these tiny youngsters learn.

The latest institution in the cycling world over here was opened quite a short time ago.

The Eden Theatre, which has seen so many ups and downs, is now no more, but what were once the stalls and stage have been converted into a very good track with banked-up ends, 23 metres long by 15 metres wide. This is especially designed to meet the wants of business men, who find it very central, and who can leave their machines here for 50 centimes per day. One of the attractions is a little theatre, which has been fitted up just off the main hall, and where trick-riding, etc., is done. Of course all the dressing-room arrangements are perfect, and electricity prevails throughout the establishment.

I have purposely given all these details to show how thoroughly the French enter into the spirit of a thing when once it is set going; and how the comfort of their clients is studied. Why, oh why, are there not these many conveniences in London? In going over these

various manœges it made me sigh when I thought of my own experiences with a lady friend, and how we both learned to cycle in the basement of the business premises of a large firm of cycle manufacturers in London! It is true that since then I have read in one or two of the cycling papers of the existence of a place where ladies are taught cycling by a competent lady teacher; there may exist two or three such places for all I know to the contrary, but it seems incomprehensible that in the matter of these fine establishments to meet the requirements of the cycling world, the French capital should be so far ahead of the English one, for after all the English were the pioneers of cycling. It is a pity that some enterprising London firm does not make the excellent arrangements for the public convenience in this line that are to be found in Paris. It would be a perfect boon to many business men to have a place where, going to and from business, they could leave their machines for a small sum, and enjoy at the same time the social advantages, or rather the sociability, which being a member of such an establishment brings along with it. Men who cannot always accompany their wives or children cycling would be glad to know of a place where members of their family could get daily exercise, or, may be, get into training for a trip, without having to go out of London and into quiet parts.

In short, the advantages would be enormous, and the disadvantages *nil*, except that if such an establishment were opened it would probably soon be so crowded that disadvantage would arise in that way.

For the foregoing details I am indebted to the courtesy of the managers of the various establishments I have described.

And now, having already taken up too much of the valuable space of the *Gazette*, I must close, but not without a tribute to the C.T.C.

My husband and I went throughout Switzerland and the Black Forest last summer on our machines, and as members of the C.T.C. we met with invariable courtesy everywhere.

Jetsam and Flotsam.

"AS ITHERS SEE US."

SUNDAY ON THE BRIGHTON ROAD.

The cyclists on Sunday on the Brighton road are a strange and wonderful sight. Times have changed since the Wooden Age of Wheeling, when hickory frames and metal tyres ruled the road. First the Iron Age supervened, and the "Spider" machine whirled about the country until folk thought that the type had reached its ultimate development. But the Iron Age had to give place to the Air and Rubber Age. And now the Pneumatic seems to all of us, wise or otherwise, the crystallised perfection of the wheel. Yet, after all, invention may still have something in hand, so that another ten years may see "twenty miles an hour easy" changed to a facile thirty.

The variations of the machine have been only co-extensive with altered types of riders. The few enthusiasts of the Hickory Age, who shook themselves along the roads in hard vibrations at six miles an hour, were lost in the larger crowd of those who availed themselves of the "Spider," which ousted its wooden forefather from the road; but even then the pastime of bicycle-riding—for it was but a pastime—was confined to persons with cranks in their minds. The lofty front wheel on which the rider perched, uncertain alike of his stay and destination, was a serious drawback to serious people. The question was often asked, "Why do bicyclists look fools?" And the question was not answered, though the contention was felt to be just. We know now the answer. It is that persons in unstable equilibrium lose dignity. And it was not until the two wheels were equalised that the rider regained the respect of his fellow-men. The high front

wheel which beetled amid the traffic, proclaiming by its loftiness the peril of the balanced rider, scared away the sedate and middle-aged; and prevented "commerce" from using the velocipede for gain. Hence the bicycle was to the road what the canoe is to the river—an engine for the reckless, but not a device for the serious. The riders felt their separation from the multitude; but, curiously enough, emphasised a position, already undignified, by wearing habiliments tending to make it even more ridiculous. Attired in quasi-military garb, with froggings on the breast and abortive epaulettes on the shoulder—often as not they had bugles slung across their backs—they scoured the country in bands, and gained for themselves no consideration from the public, which looked on their tomfoolery with a scornful eye.

It was at this psychological moment, when the fate of the bicycle was in the balance, that the "Safety" type of thing was introduced. Pulling down the front wheel from its altitude, and equalising the two in height and importance (for, after all, the smaller wheel of the "Ordinary" is a mere appendage), the invention of the Safety at once opened up to the middle-aged and serious a means of enjoyment and, indeed, of employment, which filled a long-felt want. On the top of this improvement the discovery of the means of keeping the tyre full of air not only abolished vibration, but quickened the pace. And now the man who shall ride a cycle in the road is taken at much the same value as he who foots the side-walks; being no longer regarded as a special kind of Pariah of Sport, subject to the ribaldry of cabmen and to any indignity which the pavement cad may think fit to lavish on him. For the sober and respectable is still sober and respectable, though suspended on a combination of steel, rubber, and air. The mock-military rider is becoming extinct as the Dodo, and the bicycle has been saved to the more worthy of the community by being made available for commercial purposes.

While, however, the future of the cycle is assured by its genuine utility, it may well be that public opinion will be roused against the machine, sooner or later, by some great disaster, on account of the habits of the "scorcher."

To those who only know this being by hearsay, it would be of interest and of revelation to sit at his ease at the bottom of any hill between London and Brighton on a Sunday, and watch the crowd of cyclists who hurry from the one to the other and back in the day. They are principally of the "scorching" type, as indeed they must be if they wish to clear their hundred miles between light and dark. Let us sit on the London side of the great hill which defends Brighton from the North. Here we can watch the cyclists as they fly. We shall see the same parties working up the hill to Brighton, and before two hours are passed they will be coming down in real scorching style, bound for London. If you look towards Brighton the road meets the sky, while towards London it curves somewhat sharply to the left, round a labourer's cottage. Dangerous, you would think, to run full tilt adown this hill. But wait and see. The flights of cyclists rushing up the steep incline on their journey to the sea will be shortly on the way back. They have mounted the hill, heads down and backs bent, faster than you could have imagined possible, this bevy of some twenty, headed by a lady in knickerbockers on a tandem "bike"—as the jargon goes—leading the gang, which has as rearguard a lady in knickerbockers. They will soon return, and then they will be going faster. In twos and threes and tens they come; and now there is a lull. But at three o'clock the ebb will set in. We will wait: it is worth seeing.

The wind, which has gained in strength, is now blowing northwards, raising little eddies of dust which whirl along, snatching up the dried leaves and flotsam of the road and carrying them towards town. Let us remember that the mile has been run on the flat without the advantage of a favouring breeze at the pace of nearly thirty miles an hour—we can then judge better the speed of the wheel when rush-

ing down hill with a gale behind it. A few solitary cyclists begin to climb over the brow. The tide has turned: there are three and a-half hours before sunset, and fifty milestones must be passed by them if these people are to get back in the light. Here they come. You will notice they have no brakes on the machines, for the most part; for putting the feet up on the rests and "coasting" means loss of time. However steep the hill is it must be "worked" down. The dust raised by the machines is the reason that the riders wear those goggled spectacles—else their eyes would be full of the grit and road-wear raised by the fore-front scorchers. They are truly scorchers. The hum of their many wheels sounds like the noise of bees among the lime-trees in early summer. Look, at the top of the hill! Here is the lady-led crowd coming back. They are racing down the hill, feet and pedals revolving like buzz-saws. They cannot slacken their pace if a vehicle should be toiling up, unseen round that corner below us. But there lies the excitement of the game, and the risk is taken. They must be going at the rate of some twenty-five miles an hour at least; but who is this that comes to the front on a higher machine? He is not one of the party, but he rides a new "patent," and he is testing its capacity for speed against the others. We can see him coming down as if shot from a bow. The riders, heads bent over the handles and staring on the ground, are as yet unaware of their rival. But as he passes them, at the rate of "a mile in two," they see his back wheel shoot ahead—a kind of angry grunt soughs through the crowd, and away go the larger gang swinging on with an added two miles to their pace. They will cut him down at the next hill! And now they are round the corner, "on the road to London town."

Let us go. Some day sooner or later, sooner for choice of probabilities, there will be a hideous smash. As, however, Bishops (unhappily) do not ride on bicycles on Sundays, things will go on as of yore. But it is worth while to spend an hour on the Brighton Road some Sabbath day if you want to know what "scorching" means in all its untaxed hideousness.—*Vanity Fair*.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF THE CYCLE.

What a pathetic image does the cyclist present to our questioning and bewildered gaze! We have learnt to smile at the chimerical labours of the dark ages when poor hapless beings gave the golden days of life to heart-breaking searches for the Philosopher's Stone, and for crucibles that changed base substances into precious metals; but here, in our midst, is the cyclist, the late survivor of a deluded past, seeking to find the secret of perpetual motion! He never quite succeeds, but hope spurs him on. He labours at it all his days. Dawn sends him spinning into the arms of noon, and evening lays him panting and exhausted on the bosom of night! It is strange that this idolatrous worship of the wheel does not bring down upon his head such punishment as befell the Wandering Jew, and send him rolling off into night to race through the centuries on spectral cycles over impossible tracks, deathless and incapable of rest, on ghostly tyres that will not stay.

The priesthood of the wheel has its sacred costume, which is as distinguishable to the profane as the Jew's phylactery. It is a shrinking, modest dress, that tries to hide itself from public gaze by rigid self-repression. The timorous cap eludes the embrace of the burning temples and shrouds itself in tangled hair; the coat seeks out the sinuous outline of the body, and clings to it with passionate pressure; the breeches shun the warm advances of the boots, and over a wide stretch of stocking scarce peep at them beyond the knee. The dress is starved to a mere sombre phantom of a suit—an airy semblance that eludes the sight. The one adornment is a tin disc upon the cap with a strange illegible inscription usually proclaiming—so we are told—that the happy owner has done his 100 miles, and has thereby earned the right for ever to wear this noble decoration to the envy and despair of

all beholders. Thus girt, the cyclist mounts his deity, and whirls himself forth along familiar roads, and worships much as do the praying Dervishes, by rotary motion!

Just as singular is his speech. It is all of tyres, and spokes, and gradients, and pedals, and tyres, and inflators. There is a clank of spanners in his tongue. His words reek of oil and the blowing out of tubes. Art and science may cast over him their latest charm; it is in vain. In vain, too, literature and politics; in vain philosophy and music. Amid the jar of whirring systems the cyclist alone maintains an equal course. His one pursuit is to him as a "thought threading a dream."

Sad is the fate of the wife who finds a rival in a bicycle. Alas! the charms of some frail damsel far more fair will have their day; hope cheers the aching heart, but a cycle binds fast its victim in an endless bondage. Life becomes an episode, business a breathing time, love a memory, home a bicycle shed. There was one I knew who moved his household goods to a dearer and dingier house at great expense. There was nothing to be said for the place; the wife hated it. "But," he explained, "there's a back entrance, and such a jolly little shanty for the machine!" The passion blots out all. As soon as the bare business of life permits he sallies forth. Not I admit, to see Nature. He never does. He will return from a lovely pastoral scene with a confused notion of milestones, and dips, and hostelry. Let nature hold forth her amorous arms and breathe her odorous fragrance around his way, and he will not so much as sniff! Landscapes may stretch over swelling meadowland and grove umbrageous, summer may lightly rest upon the hills, and robe the scene with all its sensuous charm—to no purpose at all! The cyclist cares for nothing but the narrow strip of road over which his inflated tyre flies with ceaseless motion. He heeds not the "manner of his going," but simply goes.

Ah! but he has a tender love for his art, the genuine cyclist. It is no mere brute passion, which begins and ends with the excitement of the chase. He loves his cycle with a love surpassing woman's. He yearns to have it near him; he would place it at table when he dines, and put it under his pillow at night, were it only possible. If you ever see a cyclist walking through the town with a masterful step and a proud arrogance that scorns his fellows, you may easily guess the cause—his machine is a quarter of an ounce less in weight than any one else's! That fact will sprinkle his path with roses, and make his life one long, rich, voluptuous dream. How ardently, then, will he shower his embraces on his comely treasure! Talk not of the Arab and his steed! This love is too celestial for such a coarse comparison. He fondles it with a gentle affectionate touch, which dreads so much as to dim for a moment one inch of its shining frame. He rushes to it after breakfast, and pats it, and calls it endearing names. He wonders why a pianoforte should lumber the drawing-room, whilst his darling shivers in the hall. He envies the kitchen maid who has the loving office of washing up the countless tracks of mud it leaves on the linoleum, and wishes he might join her in so pious an office. If you ever burst in upon him unawares you will find him holding up the backbone and whirling the little wheel round with a shining face; or he will be steering it round the room with one foot on the ground and the other over the cushion. His bicycle never bores him; the innocent prattle of its spokes, or the sweet sighing of the treadles as they revolve at his bidding, or the snake-like, scarce audible roll as it moves with velvety softness over the carpet, are to him the dearest converse in the world. He can interpret this mysterious language; not a rumble or a whirr but becomes voluminous in its pleading passion or delirious triumph as he spells it out with a lover's quickness into the language of the heart! To his quick ear it

"Doth with its eternal motion make

A sound like thunder everlasting!"

Happy cyclist! Unhappy public! —*Edgbastonia*.

DINING BY ROAD AND RIVER.

Sad and loud is the wail of the disconsolate over the degeneracy of modern travelling. Steam is an atrocious tyrant—to them, that is—hurrying the traveller over God's beautiful world, veiling from him its loveliness, lending him no time to see and delight in the works of man's hand scattered by the way, ever driving and hurrying him, and filling him with the fever of unrest. And were they quite honest, were their lamentations uttered in all sincerity and not chiefly for effect, over the dining by steam would these Jeremiahs wax most eloquent—over the hurry and flurry and thoughtlessness with which man's most important pleasure is by him taken, when, in this "low-toned" age, he goes on pilgrimage.

Listen to their lamentations and then turn in pity and sympathy to their own experience and that which their fathers have told us. Who that has read has forgotten Mr. Ruskin's journeys to Switzerland, by Abbeville, Amiens, and the Jura? Follow Gautier to Spain; or, for that matter, follow any one anywhere when diligence took the place of railway carriage, postillion of guard, the highway of the railroad. Slaves, abject slaves, were each and all, even jubilant, self-plauding Mr. Ruskin himself: slaves to horses and posting stations and couriers and drivers, their speed regulated by men who should have been their servants; their halts ordered beforehand, their every movement hampered and fettered by laws and customs as inexorable as if of the Medes and Persians. In the posting inn, now sleeping and decaying in many a silent village, on many a lonely pass, were their dinners and breakfasts eaten as surely as those of the traveller by steam are bolted at the railway buffet. There was no freedom, no independence, no gaiety for the light-hearted who travel, as they live, to eat and drink, unless they, like a Borrow or a gipsy, broke away from accepted conventions, and journeyed at their own free will, hither and thither over the face of the earth.

And with the coming of steam, these independent travellers, formerly so rare, have multiplied a hundredfold; and within their power is it to give dignity to the wanderer's dinner, charm to his luncheon. It is the cyclist, despised by Mr. Ruskin, who is the free man—free to eat when and how and where he will. If he like not the hotel, where he has spent the night, he may go forth into the town—if he be on the Continent—and drink his coffee at the door of a café, looking leisurely at the cathedral façade opposite, or to the castle towers past which Mr. Ruskin's coachman, with thought only for his horses, would have driven him, perhaps, in relentless haste to reach the next station on the route. And later, the same cyclist, wheeling joyfully along the good hard road, if he spurt gleefully over the endless monotonous stretches, may linger long as he will in the wayside village all unknown, but rich in architectural treasures and picturesque surprises, through which, the chances are, the traveller by post dashed at full speed, that he might alight at the correct inn at the correct hour for the correct meal—how often worth the trouble? But the cyclist, his own master, will instead saunter into the little *auberge*—no harm is done by fancying his road leads through France; he knows that if there be no pretentious *table d'hôte*, no vast array of courses to be galloped through, his watchful eye ever on the clock, an omelette, golden and juicy, will be made for him in a minute. And who will dare deny that the perfect omelette is not to be prized far beyond the lengthy breakfast of but indifferent merit? Oh, the tiny *auberge* on the banks of the Loire or in the heart of the Cevennes! Oh, the well-turned omelettes washed down with good, pure wine of the country, while the white-capped patronne busied herself among her shining pots and pans, and the chickens strayed in from the garden without! And oh, the cigarette from one's own private stock smoked afterwards on the old seat by the door, the village midday silence broken by never a sound save the low grunt-

ing of distant pigs, the clucking of near hens, and the rustling of the wind in the trees! These are memories good to cherish, when the dinner by steam or post has long been forgotten. Is not the wise man he who keeps his Theocritus ever at hand, though his Euclid may, for years past, have been banished to the dusthole?

And again, in the late afternoon, contrast the fate of the modern cyclist and of the old traveller by diligence, approved by Mr. Ruskin. On his wheel, with none to interfere, the former may pass from inn to inn, thoughtfully studying and observing as he goes. For unless he be the veriest novice or the manufacturer's scorcher, by certain signs will he know into which to enter, boldly and gaily, that he may eat a dinner fit to end his long, blessed day in the open air. And here, memories fall thick and fast as autumn leaves in Vallombrosa; memories of the little dinners, ushered in by *maccheroni al burro* and finished by *insalate d'orto*, of the Italian *albergo*; of the enormous dinners, beginning with melons and ending with peaches, of the French *auberge*; of the late suppers, overflowing with beer and exulting in sausage, of the German *Gasthaus*. And always is variety at the cyclist's command; if one day he dines on frugal fare with the peasant, the next he may feast on dainties with the prince. Never need he be restricted to the one inevitable dining-hall commanded by the guide-book. If food and drink be the great solace of our daily lives, why should they not seem the main consideration of our holidays? The traveller who worships at gastronomical shrines will turn his back upon the railroad, and spring gaily into the saddle of his pneumatic-tired safety.

For him who walks, that dusty road may be deserted for cool lane and soft footpath, similar joys are in waiting. But he, the unfortunate, goes forth, like Christian, with a pack upon his back, and it is with aching shoulders and faltering feet that he steps across the threshold of the prettiest wayside inn, that he sits down to the most fragrant omelette. And, less happy than Christian, the pack stays with him to his journey's end, save when he becomes bondsman to postmasters and expressmen, and his second state will then be worse than the first; or when, like Mr. Stevenson, he buys a donkey, and must go armed with a good and a hard heart. The pedestrian, poor soul, is ever forced to take his pleasures sadly, and if, smilingly, he denies it, it is with the smile of the martyr led to the stake.

In his own yacht, with his own cook, the traveller is, or should be, at home. From genial Mrs. Glasse to the mighty Dumas, all his prophets may find space in his cabin, and his fault it will be, and none other, if every day's breakfast and dinner prove not masterpieces. But cast the traveller adrift in canoe or skiff, let him explore unknown rivers with Mr. Hammerton, send him down the Thames from Oxford to Richmond, and woe unto him should he decide to play his own caterer. The useful tin can do much, but not everything. *Delicatessen* are no more *delicatessen* when served as constantly as one's daily bread. There are times when the sardine may lose its flavour and the anchovy its excellence. Nor will fresh meats avail much better if trusted to the mercies of the inexperienced.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"COVENTRY NOTES."—Mr. G. D. Leechman asks us to notify members that he has removed next door, to No. 18, Hertford Street, though "Coventry" will find him. And will they be so kind as to enclose stamped envelopes when writing him for advice?

THE LATEST IDIOT.—"Mrs. Annie Kapchowsky recently started from Boston on a bicycle tour round the world without a cent in her pocket-book. The terms of the wager on which she started were that she should start with only one suit of clothes, not a penny, do the trip in fifteen months, pay her own way, and bring back £3000."—*The Lady*.

Wheel Wanderings.

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

A FORTNIGHT IN NORMANDY AND BRITTANY.

By R.C.P.

To supplement Mr. Pennell's excellent article in the September *Gazette*, I send a few notes on Normandy and Brittany, made during a ride of fourteen days last spring by "H. E. H." and myself. Normandy is certainly an ideal country for cycling. The roads are very good, and the grades easy: no customs dues are payable, and cycles are taken free by rail, one penny only being paid for registration. The porters take charge of them, and never expect a tip, and as a rule they do their work well; but it is best to keep an eye on them, as on one occasion our machines were left behind, after being duly registered and labelled. We started our tour on April 20th, when there had been no rain for more than fifty days, but, in spite of this, the surface of the roads was hard and free from dust, except for a few miles in the valley of the Seine.

The scenery is very pleasing—more like England than one would expect: well wooded fertile country, and the fields often enclosed by English banks and hedges. Hedge-row trees and small woods are plentiful, the timber being mainly black poplar, beech, and oak, and less often plane, fir, and Lombardy poplar. Mistletoe is very common, and forms the "bush" hanging outside every little wineshop. Hedges of hornbeam and fir are common, and are well kept and more ornamental than our quickset. Birds are much scarcer than in England: we saw very few, magpies alone being numerous. The dry season was unfavourable for flowers, but, nevertheless, the country was ablaze with gorse and broom. In Brittany the roads are not quite so good as in Normandy, but are about equal to the average of English roads. The country is less fertile, and reminds one of Wales, without the mountains. Uncemented stone walls, high grass banks, and stretches of gorse and ling are often met with, and also fine Druidic remains. The people are good-humoured and quick-witted, and answer a question as to locality, even when addressed by a foreigner, more readily than the English rustic. The head-dress of the Norman women and the costume of the Breton men are peculiar and picturesque. The salient feature of the Norman towns is the superb churches. Every town has one or more churches, suggestive of our best cathedrals, especially in the grandeur and severe simplicity of the interiors, a welcome change from the tawdry Swiss and German interiors, which remind one of a town hall decorated for a civic banquet. The Norman Churches are seldom free from worshippers, many or few, and visitors will therefore find noiseless shoes a great comfort and convenience. Every town and village, too, is rich in picturesque tumble-down old houses of all sorts: gabled houses with wide eaves, and queer dormer and oriel windows, and pepperpot and other excrescences which have evidently been added in a casual way as an after-thought: high-pitched tiled roofs of dark brown, and thatched roofs with clumps of ferns and lilies planted on them. The charge for board and lodging is reasonable, and the beds are invariably clean. As regards meals, the inn-keepers are conservative and slow to receive new ideas. A vegetarian cannot order an evening meal of tea or coffee and bread and butter: he must have the *diner*, the whole *diner*, and nothing but the *diner*. We even found a difficulty in getting a solid breakfast of coffee, eggs, &c., at eight or nine a.m., the custom being to take an early snack of black coffee with a roll dipped in it, to be followed by the *dejeuner*

à la fourchette, or meat lunch, at 10-30 or 11. Our practice, which I can confidently recommend to either cyclists or walkers, on the score of health, enjoyment, economy, and locomotion, was as follows. We started about six a.m., and did from one to two hours work before eating. (The keen edge which two hours in the morning air gives to one's appetite cannot be realised by those feeble creatures who go straight from bed to table). We then astonished the natives by the numerous encores with which we assailed the coffee, eggs, and bread and butter. For lunch we usually bought a yard of bread, and ate it out of doors, and were thus quite fresh for the afternoon ride, and able to go through the heavy *table d'hôte* and come out smiling on the other side, to the envy of the less athletic natives. On this plan board and lodging costs about seven francs a day.

I append the itinerary of twelve days' ride of 557 miles. Among so many objects of beauty and interest it is difficult to make a selection, but memory dwells fondly on the Seine valley at Duclair, the ancient buildings (and smells) of Lisieux, the beautiful road with wide turf margins through the forest of Biard between Bayeux and St. Lo, the wooded slopes of Vire, the wide-wooded plain commanded by Domfront, the view towards St. Michel from Avranches, the brilliant colours of land and sea at St. Malo under a clear sky, the view seawards at Yffiniac, the sloping environs of Morlaix, and the road thence to Roscoff by an inlet of the sea, and the bird's-eye view of Dinan from the tower.

Miles.	Date.	Itinerary.
62	April 21.	Dieppe, St. Valéry, Fécamp, Montivilliers (Hotel de Normandie—good).
41	" 22.	Montivilliers, Harfleur, Lillebonne, Caudebec, Duclair (Hotel de Rouen—good and cheap).
12	" 23.	Duclair, Rouen (train to), Pont Audemer (Hotel Lion d'Or—rough, but friendly).
53	" 24.	Pont Audemer, Honfleur, Pont L'Eveque, Lisieux, St. Pierre sur Dives (Hotel du Dauphin—fair).
48	" 25.	St. Pierre, Falaise, Quilly, Condé, St. Laurent (poor inn).
51	" 26.	St. Laurent, Caen, Bayeux, St. Lo (Hotel Cheval Blanc—good and kindly).
36	" 27.	St. Lo, Coutances, Granville (train), Vire (Hotel St. Pierre—crowded and not comfortable).
49	" 28.	Vire (train), Flers (ride), Domfront, Mortain, Avranches (Hotel d'Angleterre—good).
40	" 29.	Avranches, Pontorson, St. Michel, Dol de Bretagne (Hotel de la Grande Maison—good and cheap).
38	" 30.	Dol, St. Malo, Dinan (Hotel d'Angleterre—fairish).
57	May 1.	Dinan, Lamballe, St. Brieuc, Yffiniac, Guingamp (Hotel de l'Ouest—fair).
52	" 2.	Guingamp, Belle Isle, Morlaix, Pol de Lion, Roscoff (Hotel des Bains—good).
18	" 3.	Roscoff, Pol de Lion, Morlaix (train), Dinard, and steamer from St. Malo to Southampton.

557 P.S.—Any one possessing a camera should take it: the photographs commercially procurable in Normandy and Brittany are few and poor.

TO TOURING MEMBERS. — All members who may be touring in the North of England, in Scotland, or in Ireland during the next few weeks should make it a point to inquire of the editors of the respective road books whether or not they can render assistance by sending in reports of the roads they intend to traverse. Schedules of routes required and blank reporting forms will be gladly supplied by the editors whose names appear upon another page.

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.

THE IRISH ROAD BOOK.

Sir,—With your permission I beg to call the attention of members of the C.T.C. and their friends, who will, perhaps, tour in Ireland in this and the ensuing months, to the great necessity of assisting in the completion of the *Irish Road Book* of the Club by furnishing to me reports, on the well-known forms, of all the roads they may traverse during their tour. I am prepared to receive and acknowledge all letters in whatever form, from members, containing any information on any roads ridden over by them. I trust I may be favoured with many. It is no matter in what form, or to what extent, writers may favour me.

(2). Chief consuls in Ireland, Irish members of C.T.C., and their friends of other organisations should please remember that time is limited, and much has to be done, and I pray they may quicken up and urge their cycling friends to assist. The schedule of routes, now perfected, would have been printed off ere this, but for the diffidence shown by too many C.C.'s and others, in returning the draft schedules, sent them for correction. They were apparently under the impression I required full reports at once. That is not so. I merely wanted the distances corrected and routes omitted supplied.

All applicants will have detailed routes supplied by return of post with forms and stamped envelope for return, on application to me.

G. E. DAGG, Editor.

Leraw House, Lisnaskea, Co. Fermanagh.

TOURING IN BELGIUM; A WORD OF THANKS.

Sir,—Through the medium of the *Gazette* I desire to express my warm thanks to the Club Consul of Brussels, Mr. E. F. Ipperseel, for his services to me while touring recently in Belgium. Not the least of many such kindnesses was that of enabling me to escape payment of duty.

FREDK. WESTBROOK.

A COMBINED RUN—TO BIRMINGHAM MEMBERS.

Sir,—It has been suggested to me that the members of the C.T.C., resident in or near Birmingham, would like to form a party for the purpose of touring from Birmingham to the district whence the new water supply of Birmingham is to be obtained.

I am afraid that there would be no possibility of my joining the party, but if I can give any assistance in arranging the tour I shall be pleased, and to that end now invite all members who would like to take part in such a tour to communicate with me either by letter or personally.

It is thought that some time in the month of August would be a suitable time.

GEO. THOMPSON,

C.C. for Warwickshire.

Bathurst, Chantry Road, Moseley, near Birmingham.

HEAVING THE LOG.

Sir,—The following rough and ready method of ascertaining the speed at which the cyclist is travelling may be of use to your readers:—

Rule :—The number of complete revolutions of the pedal crank in 9 seconds for wheels geared 48 to 50 inches

in 10	"	"	"	51 to 56	"
in 11	"	"	"	57 to 62	"
in 12	"	"	"	63 to 67	"

will give the rate in miles per hour.

The result is practically accurate, except in case of very high rates of speed, when the annexed table may be used.

An arrangement could, I think, easily be devised, actuated by a spring, which could be wound by pressing home or turning a button, to strike a bell every nine or ten seconds; or, a small spring bell may easily be devised to strike two or three times at the required interval on pressing a button.

Gear of wheel in inches.	Circumference of wheel.	Revolutions in one mile.	Number of seconds required.
48	151	420	8.5
49	154	412	8.7
50	157	404	8.9
51	160	396	9.1
52	163	388	9.2
53	166	381	9.4
54	169	374	9.6
55	172	367	9.8
56	175	360	10.0
57	179	354	10.1
58	182	348	10.3
59	185	342	10.5
60	188	336	10.7
61	191	330	10.8
62	194	325	11.0
63	198	320	11.2
64	201	315	11.4
65	204	310	11.6
66	207	305	11.8
67	210	301	12.0

Method of working out table:—

Let x = number of seconds: a = revolutions of wheel in one mile:

y = miles an hour, rate of travelling:

Then ay = number of revolutions in one hour:

And $\frac{ayx}{3600}$ = revolutions in x seconds,

= y (ex hypothesi).

Then $x = \frac{3600}{a}$

F. B. TAYLOR, No. 9229.

Sir,—I have just compiled a table for my own amusement, and if it has not been published before it may be of interest to some of the members of the Club. It gives the revolutions of the crank-axle per mile for all gears from 50 to 80, and also the revolutions of the crank-axle per minute for speeds of 10, 15, 20, and 25 miles per hour. It shows almost at a glance the extraordinary number of revolutions that must be made by the crank-axle on long-distance rides, and it illustrates what a perfect piece of mechanism the knee-joint must be.

Take, for example, a machine geared 60—the crank-axle revolves 336 times per mile run, or 33,600 times per 100 miles; and taking the distance from Land's End to John o' Groats to be 880 miles (I don't know the exact measurement), the number of revolutions of the crank of a 60-geared machine will be $336 \times 880 = 295,680$, a good deal over a quarter of a million. Again, a machine geared 60 would require the

crank-axle to be revolved at 140 revolutions per minute to make a speed of 25 miles per hour. I should think this speed quite impossible on a 60-gear machine.

With a machine geared 80 the crank-axle must be revolved at 105 revolutions per minute to make 25 miles per hour.

This shows that racing men must pedal at an extraordinary rate and must also ride very high-geared machines.

The following is a simple formula for obtaining the revolutions of the crank-axle per mile for any other gear. The number 20,165 divided by the gear = the revolutions per mile. Thus a machine geared 60,

$$\frac{20,165}{60} = 336 \text{ revolutions of the cranks per mile.}$$

The number $\frac{336 \times 14}{\text{gear}}$ = revolutions of crank-axle per minute when running at a speed of 10 miles per hour.

$\frac{504 \times 1}{\text{gear}}$ = the same for 15 miles per hour.

$\frac{672 \times 8}{\text{gear}}$ = the same for 20 miles per hour.

$\frac{840 \times 5}{\text{gear}}$ = the same for 25 miles per hour.

Machine Geared to	Revs. of Crank axle per mile.	Revolutions of Crank-Axle per minute.			
		10 miles per hour.	15 miles per hour.	20 miles per hour.	25 miles per hour.
50 ...	403 ...	67½ ...	100½ ...	134½ ...	168½ ...
51 ...	395 ...	66 ...	99 ...	132 ...	165 ...
52 ...	388 ...	64½ ...	96½ ...	129 ...	161½ ...
53 ...	380 ...	63½ ...	95½ ...	127 ...	158½ ...
54 ...	373 ...	62½ ...	93½ ...	124½ ...	155½ ...
55 ...	367 ...	61½ ...	91½ ...	122½ ...	152½ ...
56 ...	360 ...	60 ...	90 ...	120 ...	150 ...
57 ...	354 ...	58½ ...	88½ ...	117½ ...	147½ ...
58 ...	348 ...	57½ ...	86½ ...	115½ ...	144½ ...
59 ...	342 ...	56½ ...	85½ ...	113½ ...	142½ ...
60 ...	336 ...	56 ...	84 ...	112 ...	140 ...
61 ...	330 ...	55½ ...	82½ ...	110½ ...	137½ ...
62 ...	325 ...	54½ ...	81½ ...	108½ ...	135½ ...
63 ...	320 ...	53½ ...	80 ...	106½ ...	133½ ...
64 ...	315 ...	52½ ...	78½ ...	105 ...	131½ ...
65 ...	310 ...	51½ ...	77½ ...	103½ ...	129 ...
66 ...	305 ...	51 ...	76½ ...	102 ...	127½ ...
67 ...	301 ...	50½ ...	75½ ...	100½ ...	125½ ...
68 ...	296 ...	49½ ...	74½ ...	99 ...	123½ ...
69 ...	292 ...	48½ ...	73½ ...	97½ ...	121½ ...
70 ...	288 ...	48 ...	72 ...	96 ...	120 ...
71 ...	284 ...	47½ ...	70½ ...	94½ ...	118½ ...
72 ...	280 ...	46½ ...	69½ ...	93½ ...	116½ ...
73 ...	276½ ...	46 ...	69 ...	92 ...	115 ...
74 ...	272½ ...	45½ ...	68½ ...	91 ...	113½ ...
75 ...	268½ ...	45 ...	67½ ...	90 ...	112½ ...
76 ...	265½ ...	44½ ...	66½ ...	88½ ...	110½ ...
77 ...	261½ ...	43½ ...	65½ ...	87 ...	108½ ...
78 ...	258½ ...	43 ...	64½ ...	86 ...	107½ ...
79 ...	255½ ...	42½ ...	63½ ...	85 ...	106½ ...
80 ...	252½ ...	42 ...	63 ...	84 ...	105 ...

No. 1322.

CYCLING AND BRONCHIAL TROUBLES.

Sir,—My experience is different from that of some of your correspondents. I believe that cycling has helped to remove my liability to bronchitis. Some years ago my first severe attack was brought on by sleeping in a damp bed, and each winter afterward saw me liable to the complaint. However, the severity of the attacks lessened and I am now free from them. This improvement I attribute mainly to two causes, (1) the practice of cycling and (2) the wearing of warm woollen clothing nearly all the year round. I now never have bronchitis, while I am able to take regular cycling

exercise. If by chance a cold is caught a piece of ordinary cotton wool or wadding about a foot square worn next the skin on the chest wards off bronchitis, but I never catch cold in cycling. The most frequent cause of taking cold I find is putting on damp clothing. In severe weather a square of cotton wool protects the chest; it should be plucked away in pieces gradually when the weather moderates. If much heated on returning from a ride a cold bath followed by vigorous rubbing with a hard rough towel and the putting on of dry underclothing takes away all fear of a chill and removes almost all feeling of fatigue. Very few towels are really hard and rough or retain their roughness after being wetted. After many trials I have found some which answer their purpose admirably, although they have been in use for some time. When running against a head wind the mouth should be kept closed. Every rider should attend to these details, but very many ignore them.

As to cycling being injurious to the voice, this is directly contrary to my experience. I know of nothing to equal cycling for clearing and strengthening the voice for public speaking. My voice is never so free from huskiness or wheeziness, as after a good hard ride. There is no doubt whatever in my mind on this point. If cycling has done nothing else for me it has done wonders in clearing and strengthening my voice.

I may add also that to it I attribute the cure of a rheumatic knee contracted by a habit of thoughtlessly kneeling on damp ground when focussing a camera. If the cure is not altogether due to cycling, the exercise of the knee in pedalling has undoubtedly contributed to the cure. For bronchitis, rheumatism, and huskiness of the voice, try cycling—at least, so say I.

W. HAY FEA (Rev.) No. 1875.

Sir,—Mr. Garrett Johnson rather discourages singers who are cyclists when he says that "cycling induces throat affections." In following up his remarks, however, I am not questioning his accuracy with regard to his own experience. I have good opportunities of judging of the effect of cycling upon singers. The *New York Vocalist* has lately given some enthusiastic testimonies in articles on the effect of cycling as a means of health and training for singers. My own experience is that in the summer when I cycle a good deal my voice is in its best form; the tone is full, and voice-fatigue absent. The bodily vigour is improved by cycling, and the susceptibility to chills and throat ailments nil. In winter scarcely a week passes without some vocal deterioration or slight cold in the head; the voice is easily tired and the quality often thin; the breathing capacity is lowered and the enjoyment of singing lessened. When commencing to ride in the spring I have noticed that the muscles of the chest are comparatively unyielding, but after a few rides they are free for any exercise. Now, the art of breathing is the essence of good singing, and anything is good that will give free play to the lungs. I am confident that cycling and singing act beneficially together in the best way. Singing is a gentle exercise that cultivates the fine art of breathing. Cycling is a more vigorous exercise that strengthens the organs of breathing. Both exercises are mutually assisted. The competent singer is likely to be a good hill-climber, because he has learnt how to breathe deeply and regularly. The cyclist is helped in his singing by his enlarged and freer breathing. On the other hand some singers, as Mr. Johnson points out, are liable to catch cold while cycling; for the educated singer's habit is to breathe through the nose, while the cyclist's impulse is to breathe through the mouth. On this account I ride slowly in cold weather and breathe through the nose, so that the air may be warmed before reaching the lungs.

Does Mr. Johnson find the upper part of the body cooler when riding than when walking or at rest? His experience is not a usual one if I understand him.

My advice to "No. 1500," the first querist, is to give cycling a fair trial at this favourable season of the year. Medical opinions are sometimes over-cautious, and I fancy A.S.G. is of this order. Some doctors, I know, don't encourage cycling, and mine warned me against it when I suffered from hæmorrhoids. I ventured, however, on cycling out of sheer desperation, and am glad to say that for some years my old trouble has scarcely ever appeared. But my main point is that cycling exercise gives tone to the system, and the vocal organs benefit by it quite as much as any other part of the human frame.

J. GRAHAM.

THE WHEELMAN AND THE PUBLIC.

Sir,—I do not myself think that cyclists have any just reason to complain of the action of the magistrates and police in the cases referred to in last month's *Gazette*. They are bound to see that the law is obeyed and public safety secured, and though the methods they adopt in any particular case may not be such as commend themselves to us, they are entitled to all the support and consideration that we cyclists can give them in the exercise of their duties.

The decision of the magistrates in the case alluded to was clearly calculated to bring about a doubtful point of law being made clear; and we should give them credit for having been influenced in their decision by that consideration, and not by unreasonable prejudice against cycling and cyclists.

The gong is the only certain sound that announces a coming cyclist, especially in and about a town where all sorts of noises, vocal and otherwise, prevail. Its possession and use should therefore be made imperative upon all cyclists and on all occasions. As it is, both its possession and use are greatly exceptional. Gongs are cheap enough, and it would be no hardship to the humblest cyclist to compel him to have a gong. That the police in the case referred to were supposed to be cognizant of the approach of the cyclists was no excuse for neglecting to ring the gong. The omission to do so was a gross infraction of a law made expressly for the public safety, and they should rather be commended than blamed for their action in the matter. No deception was practised—all was open and above board. They only did their duty.

The footpath question is one that it would be well to have set at rest by statutory enactment. Until that is done there will be no certainty as to what is at law a footpath and what not. In one sense any part of a highway where people are in the habit of walking and so make a track is a footpath. In another it will be only such part of the highway as is clearly and distinctly set apart for foot passengers only.

And why should cyclists be debarred from the privilege awarded to drivers of wheel-barrows, wheel-chairs, perambulators, and such like vehicles, so long as they do not cause obstruction? Cyclists ought to be allowed to push, though not to ride, their machines on the footpath. I would venture to suggest that the Bill for Universal Lights should be made to include provisions for settling these footpath and gong questions, and other matters that may need settling fairly as between cyclists and the public.

C.T.C. No. 552.

"THE COMPANION TO THE ROAD BOOK."

Sir,—In the interesting description of the route from London to Exeter, in the last issue of the *Gazette*, the writer says that the finest view of the beautiful city of Salisbury is to be had from the railway. I was of the same opinion till last September, when, on a tour across England, I was riding on the very pretty road between Romsey and Salisbury. About two miles beyond the village of Whitebar the road enters a short defile. This suddenly ends, and there, about four miles off and right in the middle of the plain, lies the city, with its prominent cathedral spire, which has a most striking effect when viewed from here. You get a perfectly uninterrupted view of the city, with the plain surrounding it and rising up

from it. I scarcely think the writer of the article can have viewed Salisbury from this point. I also found out, when at Stonehenge, that you can just see the top of Salisbury spire from the stones. I could scarcely believe it, until it was pointed out to me by the photographer who is supposed to act as "care-taker" in summer.

D. A. FOX, No. 7519.

THE HOTEL SYSTEM.

Sir,—As I am a considerable portion of my time in hotels, principally C.T.C. Headquarters, any question concerning the Club's hotel system interests me.

The C.T.C. hotel system is radically wrong for two reasons.

1st. It divides hotels into classes. Classes do not exist, as there is every gradation from the best to the worst.

2nd. Its attempt to exclude non-members from the benefits is both wrong on principle and puts us members to great trouble and inconvenience.

The following system would both benefit the members and in the end prove to the advantage of the Club.

Sketch out half-a-dozen or more scales of charges and letter them *a*, *b*, *c*, &c.; let *a* be over the H. Q. tariff, *b* or *c* that tariff and *e* or *f* the Q tariff.

Show in the Handbook every hotel in the town which would in the C.C.'s opinion give cyclists (not only members of the C.T.C.) suitable accommodation for the tariff they agreed to charge, and show that tariff by placing its letter after the name of the house.

A C.T.C. member would by this means be able to see by referring to the Handbook whether a town he proposed to stop at had an hotel which would probably suit him, and also be saved the annoyance of having to send back his bill because it was a few pence over the tariff; showing the ticket when entering (unless it is asked for) is impossible.

The present Temperance Hotel system (where the houses are not classed as Headquarters) is worthless, as it does not show whether it is a coffee tavern or a first-class hotel.

The scheme I have suggested would benefit the hotels by giving them a far better advertisement. It would benefit the members by giving them more choice of houses—doing away with the anomaly of one set of charges for most varying accommodation—and it would benefit the Club by answering the taunt of "What does the C.T.C. do for cyclists?"

It would also be an advantage to all concerned if each tariff stated at the foot the fees to be paid, as for the Headquarters 3d. per night to the waitress, and 6d. per night to the boots (this to include his putting up the machine).

No. 4772.

[We are we believe revealing no secret when we say that the Committee at present sitting upon the Hotel Tariff Question will recommend the adoption of a sliding scale instead of a fixed tariff such as that at present in force at all Headquarters. We do not however imagine for a moment that they will advocate the extension to outsiders of the special tariff arrangement made at each house for members of the C.T.C. He who desires to benefit by his membership must not begrudge the little labour the production of his ticket involves.—ED.]

DEFECTS IN CONSTRUCTION.

Dear Sir,—Will you kindly allow me a little space in the *Gazette* in order that I may warn intending purchasers of machines about one or two serious defects in the construction of some of the modern cycles. I am fully aware that the cycling press have from time to time criticised the various parts of a cycle, but it is very seldom that a practical man like myself, who handles all makes and kinds of cycles in his daily work, speaks up to give the public the benefit of his experience, and after all the repairer is the only man who can give a fair and unbiased verdict. Having taken to pieces and repaired almost every known make, I purpose in these

few lines to caution cyclists what to avoid in a new machine. I don't recommend any make, nor do I condemn any makers, though some are richly deserving of the strictest censure.

In the first place let us take the hubs of a machine. Some prefer the direct spoke that screws into the hub, others like the tangent wheel where the spokes are attached to the hub by a rivet head and the other end is screwed into a nipple held in the rim. Some makers use steel flanges to their hubs, into which the spoke is screwed; this is one of the most serious mistakes that a cycle maker is responsible for. The steel hub causes the life of the spoke to be shortened (this does not refer to tangent wheels) by killing the nature of the metal with undue vibration; a steel spoke should be screwed into a gun-metal-flanged hub in the centre of which at each end should be a hard steel cup for the balls to run in. The cyclist sees his spokes coming out one by one and does not imagine that the steel hub is doing the mischief. My advice, after many years' experience, is this: if you want a good direct-spoked wheel and one that will last, do not let an agent talk you into believing that malleable iron or steel hubs are better than gun metal, for it is not so. Do not have anything to do with wheels built thus, or you will undoubtedly be a sadder and a wiser cyclist. There is only one kind of hub which is worse than the iron or soft steel hub, and that is the flint-hard steel hub. About this I feel that I must say a few words.

A hardened steel hub causes more misery and expense to the riders than any other part of a machine. I am pleased to see that a great many riders are aware of this, and shun the makers who will blindly persist in putting them in. What has been the result to them? Loss of trade (some of the largest firms are guilty of this offence); falling off in dividends; loss of the cycling public's confidence, for it is well known that those firms who are suffering most are those that use flint-hard hubs, or soft steel hubs. I have heard cyclists on the road using unparliamentary language as they gazed on the broken spokes that had been chopped off by hard steel hubs. One firm makes a most ridiculous hub, the spindle being too small for the bore through the hub, the consequence being that when the average cyclist tries to put the balls in the cups they slip down between the hub and the spindle, causing a loss of temper and an excess of language against the makers of such a senseless piece of workmanship.

I strongly recommend those who go in for tangent wheels to see that the nipples in the rim are brass or gun metal and not steel, as the former metals act as a waterproof cushion for the thread of the spoke, while the latter forms a hard, unyielding, and rust-producing sheath for the thread of the spoke. I maintain that the life of a spoke bedded in a gun-metal nipple or hub is twice that of one screwed into iron or steel. Another thing which I would strongly urge cyclists to avoid is the crank or chain wheel which is keyed on to the axle with a steel wedge. This method of fastening wheels and cranks is, I am happy to say, rapidly dying out, and giving place to the superior cotter pin. In the case of a barrel crank bracket the best way is to have the chain wheel and crank, all in one piece, fastened to the axle by one cotter pin—like the Eadie Company use—this is the only proper method which has yet been introduced.

In the case of the ordinary crank bracket the best way to fasten the chain wheel to the axle is by brazing. This plan was adopted by a large Birmingham firm some years ago, with very satisfactory results. This cannot be done though in the case of a barrel bracket, as the spindle should be hard from end to end; thus the only way to do is either to fasten the chain wheel to the crank and secure both to the axle by one cotter pin, or to adopt the most unsatisfactory method of keying the chain wheel on the axle with a small steel wedge that is never to be relied upon.

I should like to say a few words about gear-cases, brazing, etc., in some future number, but fear that I have already trespassed too much upon the space in the *Gazette*.

D. L. KEANEY, No. 5301.

COTTON v. WOOL.

*Sir,—Referring to the letters in your June number on this subject, it is admitted that when cycling, no matter in what season or whether in warm or cold weather, the nature of the exercise is such as to cause perspiration, and it is my experience that whether riding in February or July the perspiration will make its way out.

Several inventions have of late been brought out with the intention of making things a little more comfortable for the cyclist, and after going the round and trying most of them, I have had to come to the conclusion that a good wool shirt, made out of natural or white stockinette fabric, well shrunk before making up, is by far the best article to wear next the skin—that is, for ordinary riding. Anything approaching "air cells" is nothing but a farce, as when the air gets through on to the skin, especially when there is a stiff breeze on and the body is heated from the exercise, it has a very bad effect, and a cough or cold on the chest follows, and when these chills are taken time after time even the strongest constitution must suffer. If it is convenient to have a change after a good stiff ride, then, instead of a shirt, a sweater made out of ordinary fingering or wheeling yarn is very useful, care, however, should here again be exercised to select only what is thoroughly absorbent, as low-priced articles are on the market and the yarn used is of necessity coarse and common, and is not only non-absorbent but is irritating to the skin. A good sweater is always a most useful article to the cyclist. Of course, if of good quality, both the shirt and sweater can be worn without a vest underneath, and if a flannel jacket is used as an outer covering the ordinary waistcoat is not required, though perhaps it would be advisable to make it up in a small parcel and carry it so that if a rest of an hour or so is made for lunch or any other purpose it can be put on and a chill prevented.

After all the changing and trying of new goods, which for the most part are brought out for the purpose of making money on the strength of gulling the poor cyclist, who is anxious to make himself as comfortable as possible, I have found that the old experience is by far preferable. Cotton, or anything approaching it, next the skin should be avoided by cyclists as their greatest enemy. "All wool" goods have the objection of being liable to shrink, but this in many cases is more due to bad washing than to perspiration, and if proper care is taken in the washing much of the shrinkage will be avoided. The comfort and protection, however, afforded by wearing "all wool" goods more than compensate for the objection raised, and if, as before stated, good qualities are selected, the necessity of wearing under garments is avoided, and this is a saving that will go towards buying a good article. "NEMO."

*Sir,—In the numerous discussions which have taken place on this topic it is generally assumed that the difference between the two fabrics is, that flannel absorbs the perspiration, while cotton cloth (or linen) does not. This is not the truth, in fact the direct opposite is the truth, which can easily be demonstrated thus. Throw a piece of flannel, gin. square, and a piece of cotton cloth same size on the surface of water in a bucket; the cotton, or linen, will quickly absorb water and sink, while the flannel will continue to float for a long time, absorbing water very slowly indeed. Also, if one wished to wipe dry quickly after a bath, a towel of pure wool would be about the most inefficient one could have; a cotton towel would do better, and a linen one better still.

The reason why one feels a cotton shirt so cold after perspiring freely is that the cotton fabric is saturated with moisture, and evaporation from the outer surface of the saturated shirt has taken place so quickly as to lower the temperature of the moisture still remaining in the shirt and on the skin. A woollen shirt, on the other hand, being so much more effective as a non-conductor of heat, prevents that loss of heat taking place so quickly; also, having absorbed so very much less of the watery vapour from the

sweat there is very much less evaporation going on from the outer surface, thus affording two good reasons why one is less apt to get chilled by wearing a woollen shirt. After a good sweating with a cotton shirt on one finds that the shirt is saturated, and it clings to the skin while the skin is not much over-heated, and if one rests will soon become quite cool, or unpleasantly cold, according to circumstances. With the same amount of sweating under a woollen shirt one will find the shirt only moist, and not clinging to the skin, while the space between the shirt and skin is steaming, and there is much sweat on the surface of the skin, perhaps running down in drops.

From my own experience I should say that for cycling or active games, such as lawn tennis, in hot weather or in the tropics, a cotton shirt is infinitely more comfortable and more healthy than a flannel one, providing you are able to change the saturated garment for a dry one as soon as the exercise is over; this is extremely important. If one is unfortunately restricted to a single shirt for riding during the heat of the day, and loitering about in the cool of the evening, then I concede the palm to the soft woollen shirt.

Father Kneipp, of whom some of your readers may have heard, in his system insists on having a coarse linen garment next to the skin, and all the woollen clothing, which is necessary for warmth, outside this. I am inclined to agree with him that this is the ideal system of clothing. The experience of untold generations has taught us that the best method of clothing newly-born babies is to have a linen shirt next the skin, and the woollen clothes outside it. I did not intend to trespass on your space so much, my chief desire was to point out the mistake so often made (by members of the medical profession too sometimes) in saying that wool should be worn next the skin *because* it absorbs the secretions. Such is not the case. Linen is the best for this purpose.

JOHN T. FAULKNER, M.D. (Lond.).

THE BICYCLE HUMP.

Sir,—In relation to the above I have given much time and thought, as well as a considerable amount of experimental work in connection with designing bicycles whereby the bicycle hump is prevented, and for some years past I have exhibited at the Stanley Show both drop frame and diamond frame bicycles built on the anti-hump principle.

There is no doubt that fashion has something to do with it, but not all; the difficulty is there is no data to go by in designing a bicycle.

A certain number of well-known riders win some big events by riding in the present hump-backed style. Therefore the general public are led to believe that that class of machine is the best to have. The standard patterns are built to that shape, and sell. Lugs and fittings are so designed that it is almost impossible to build to any other pattern. Finding it impossible for me to vary my designs by using the usual lugs to connect the tubes to the ball head, I adopted the lap joint connection, which I find stronger by far than the usual malleable iron lugs so commonly used, and it also allows me to build the bicycle to any design, and to give the front steering any rake required. No mere alteration of one part of the present make of bicycles will turn them into an anti-hump, but every detail must be worked out, and setting the saddle more forward is, I consider, a step in the wrong direction.

Taking the centre of the bottom bracket as the starting point in designing, I find that the saddle well set back is the best position, the length of chains being in diamond frame fifty to fifty-one links, in ladies' drop frame fifty-two links, the back of saddle to be in a vertical line with the back hub spindle. The backward position of saddle is especially useful in ladies' bicycles, as for the same relative length of thrust the saddle is nearer the ground, and so easier to mount besides allowing a seat form of saddle to be used. A

seat can only be used with comfort by setting it well back from the crank spindle.

The next point is the handles; having set the seat well back, the handles must come considerably further backward than is usual. This part requires very careful designing, but by giving more rake to the steering post, the handles can then be so placed that the elbows are in a line with the hip and shoulder. Then should the rider bend over against a head wind, his back will be straight and his chest still expanded. A bicycle so designed will make a round-shouldered person lose his hump, and several riders who were given that way have lost the hump through riding a properly-constructed machine.

With regard to a springless saddle being one of the causes of the hump, it is somewhat dubious. I cannot find a suitable saddle yet, so ride a drop frame with seat in preference.

With regard to the fallacy of pulling at the handle bars giving additional power, the pulling simply acts as a tie or fulcrum for the motive power of the legs to act against, but not one additional ounce of power is added.

In conclusion, the majority of ladies' bicycles have the handle bars much too forward; the effect being as though they had to claw at the handles to keep the machine from running away from them, similar to a bad rider on horseback. In these days of the hand camera, if both ladies and gentlemen could get their friends to take a few snap shots at them when riding, it would be such a revelation to them that they would either give up riding or select more suitable mounts.

Birchington, Kent.

GEO. COUSINS.

[We do not endorse the contention of our correspondent that the use of the safety bicycle obtainable to order of any of the leading makers necessarily involves a hump-backed position on the part of the rider, nor do we think that any radical alteration of the lines at present in use is necessary or even desirable. Straight handle bars brought well to the rear, and T saddle pins will, as a general rule, provide all reasonable latitude of position, and admit of a man riding with a perfectly straight back.—ED.]

GLASGOW DISTRICT C.T.C. MEET.

On account of this being holiday time it has been impossible to get a meeting of Committee to make further arrangements for the above meet previous to your August issue, but a meeting will be held early in August, when final arrangements will be concluded, and notice given in the September *Gazette*, as also in the local cycling papers.

As mentioned last month it has been proposed to ride to some interesting district convenient to Glasgow, sections starting from several centres in the city, and also from towns on the route to the destination, each marshalled by an official of the Club.

Several places have been suggested as a destination, such as Bothwell, Hamilton, Fenwick, Bridge of Weir, and Erskine Ferry, but none have yet been decided upon, and the Committee are exceedingly desirous that members would assist by sending them their suggestions, as this part of the arrangements is most important to the success of the meeting.

The programme thought to be most enjoyable would be to have an hour in Games, Tea, and thereafter about an hour or so in "Song and Sentiment," interspersed with a few short speeches from some of the gentlemen on matters of CLUB affairs.

Three o'clock is mentioned as the hour of starting from the Glasgow rendezvous.

Of course the above is only suggestive of what may be finally arranged, but it is here noticed to give members opportunity of proposing something more practicable, which they might kindly do to the undernoted address not later than 12th August.—For Committee,

Fernbank, Keith.

JOHN R. BALFOUR.

Multum in Parvo.

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

THE RAILWAY RATES QUESTION.—The author of the article "A Tour in the Auvergne and the Riviera," which appeared in the last *Gazette*, has sent copies of the same to the officials of the leading railways, in the hope that his remarks upon the unreasonableness of the charges made for the conveyance of cycles in England will be taken to heart.

TO THE WEST! TO THE WEST!—Cyclists who have the time to spare and who have no definite programme arranged may do worse than attend the Annual Race Meeting of the Plymouth Cycling Club, to be held on Bank Holiday. Full particulars of the attractions offered may be obtained of the Hon. Sec., Mr. A. E. Marshall, Hoe Garden House, Plymouth.

THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.—The arrangement recently entered into by the C.T.C. with the French Government, whereby its members are admitted at all the chief French ports free of duty on their machines, has given great satisfaction to our subscribers in the Channel Islands, and they make frequent use of the privilege—Granville and St. Malo being naturally the ports they favour.

THAT "NEW DEPARTURE."—Anent the discussion which recently took place in our columns as to the merits or demerits of the New Quadrant tricycle, a Canonbury member writes:—"The '94 pattern Quadrant has given the greatest satisfaction during my rides, which total over 1000 miles up to the present." This, of course, is not conclusive, but it bears out the opinion we have personally expressed.

INTERESTING CYCLING CASE—A PECULIAR POINT OF LAW.—A case which brought out a peculiarity in the Local Government (Scotland) Act of special interest to cyclists came up at Lanark Court on Monday. The charge was that James M'Allister, miner, Swinehill Rows, Dalsersf, did, on 29th May, when riding on a bicycle along the public road or highway, near the house, Lair's Bridge End, Lesmahagow, occupied by William Graham, miner, overtake Annie Ritchie, daughter of Christina Ritchie, widow, Lair's Bridge End, and did fail to sound a bell or whistle, or otherwise give warning of his approach, to permit her to get out of his way, and did run against said Annie Ritchie, knock her down, and break her collar bone, contrary to the Local Government (Scotland) Act, 1889, section 58, whereby he rendered himself liable to a penalty of 40s. with expenses. He pleaded not guilty, and was defended by Mr. Rough, writer, Lanark, who contended that the girl, who is twelve years of age, ran into the cyclist, and was to blame for the accident. It appeared from the evidence that the girl was in the act of re-crossing the road to return to some girls she was playing with when the cyclist ran into her and knocked her down. Mr. Tennant, P.F., attempted to prove that the girl was crossing the road at an angle, with her back to the cyclist, and that, therefore, he overtook her, but the witnesses stated that the girl ran straight across the road. Sheriff Davidson stopped the case after the second witness had been examined, and pointed out that, according to the Act, a cyclist could not be prosecuted unless he *overtook*, and failed to sufficiently warn the party knocked down. In this case accused did not overtake the girl, and, as the Act must be strictly interpreted, he acquitted the accused.—*Hamilton Advertiser*.

LONDON TO CONSTANTINOPLE.—Another of the many "tours" which serve no good purpose, and which are invariably undertaken for a consideration, has just been completed by a well-known rider who journeyed by—or rather with—bicycle from London to Constantinople. A detailed narrative of his experiences has already appeared in *The Cycle*, for which paper the ride was undertaken, but the unconscious satire of the concluding sentence in the column contributed to the pages of *Answers*, here reproduced, is, when read in conjunction with the earlier portions of the narrative, too rich for words!—"I arrived on my bicycle at Brieg late in the afternoon, after a long and dusty ride up the Rhône Valley, just in time for dinner, and to learn that it had been snowing heavily on the pass. The prospective passengers by the morrow's diligence scouted the idea of my attempting to ride a bicycle over the Simplon in March, and urged me to take the diligence, but I was obdurate. The diligence had gone some two hours when I left Brieg, and commenced the ascent. The pass rises immediately from the little town, and I soon found that the gradient was quite steep enough to render riding all but impracticable. I started slowly and with frequent rests, but after passing the first refuge, a black and dreary wooden building devoid of life, it became obvious that I could not ride much further. The surface of the road was cut up by the braked wheels of the descending vehicles, while in the narrow pass, with the sun beating down, the heat was terrific. Alternately walking and riding, I mounted up and up. Two hours from the start and I have reached the snow line, patches of white lining the road, while the great gaunt mountains rise on all hands and blot out the valley. I was enabled to get a two mile spin just before I reached the Ganter bridge, the slender viaduct which spans a wild and rocky gorge, and which is credited with being the most dangerous spot in the pass; but it was all collar work therefrom to Berisal, which I reached at two o'clock. I found the village was covered in snow, and the proprietor of the Hotel de la Poste informed me that it was impossible to cross the pass in such weather with a bicycle. At Berisal the diligence passengers change to sledges, for beyond right away to Simplon, on the Italian side, the road bed is frost-bound. I pushed on, however, over the snow, through savage passes and over grim precipices, while the road went ever up and up. The famous Kaltwasser glacier, the waters from which poured over the gallery crossing the road, is sighted late in the afternoon. From this point the pass opens out, and everywhere snow-capped peaks rise from a tumbled mass of minor hills, from which the black fir trees occasionally peeped. I found it was impossible to get to Simplon as I had hoped, and so I decided to stay at the Hospice, a cold, dreary-looking building, standing in a wilderness of snow. The monks received me very kindly, stared solemnly at my bicycle, and gave me a hearty dinner and a good bed for the night. It snowed heavily all night, and in the morning there was virgin snow two or three feet thick on the pass. A band of Italian peasants *en route* on foot to Switzerland were clamouring in the great hall when I went down to prepare my bicycle for a fresh start. The monks implored me not to leave, as the snow was blinding, but seeing that I was obstinate, they rigged me up with jack-boots, shawl, and thick gloves. Riding was, of course, out of the question. The descending snow was simply blinding, but worse than all was the awful whiteness of everything around. All traces of the road had disappeared, and I knew that a foot or so to the right of the telegraph posts, which stood up gaunt and melancholy out of the snow, a sheer precipice shelved away for several thousand feet. Riding was for the time impossible, and I found my best plan was to stick as closely as possible to the telegraph, sliding and stumbling from one post to another, with my bicycle on my shoulder. It was slow and exhausting work—and I was wet through to my hips—but fortunately the hard work kept away the cold, though my nose and ear-tips were frozen. Copious

pulls at my brandy-flask I felt necessary, and so, seven hours and a half from the time I left the Hospice, I reached the village of Simplon. *I had crossed the Alps on my bicycle!*"

COOL! VERY!—We were favoured with a visit some few days since from a young gentleman connected with a house in the cycle trade who wanted to borrow the office copy of Vol. I. of the C.T.C. Road Book, to extract particulars of the intermediate measurements, etc., of the road to Portsmouth. The applicant was not a member of the Club, nor did he propose to become one, and the best of it was he wanted the information for the purpose of getting up a road race! It is needless to say that his quest was a fruitless one.

"OUR NUMERICAL STRENGTH."—The appeal we addressed to the membership generally in the August *Gazette* has been so far responded to that the number of candidates for the current month exceeds by at least 150 that for the corresponding month of last year! How true is it that "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether" is the right motto. We hope it may be acted up to during what remains of the recruiting season.

TO CYCLE PHOTOGRAPHERS.—Through the courtesy of Mr. A. H. Baird, of 75, Lothian Street, Edinburgh, we have recently had an opportunity of inspecting the "Lothian" Camera, which in the quarter-plate size has been introduced for the special use of cyclists. The instrument in question embodies several very good features, such as a swing back, a double extension of bellows, collapsible hood attached to the focussing screen, etc. It is very compact, and as it is excellently made, we advise those of our readers who are on the look out for a really good portable landscape camera—which may also be used in the hand—to pay heed to the claims of "the Lothian."

CYCLING FOR WOMEN.—The death of the lady cyclist from syncope after a bicycle ride is, of course, the text for many fraternal warnings, and advice to lady bicyclists to give up the enjoyment of an exercise in which it is feared they may indulge to excess. They are, of course, told by some that bicycling is unladylike if not unwomanly, and that women do not know how to practise the careful restraint in such matters to which men are accustomed. They may very well afford, however, to treat all this sage advice as at least superfluous. So far from being unsuited for women, bicycling is an exercise in which they may indulge with perfect security, and generally with much advantage. We are persuaded that they are as little prone to excess in athletics as are the generality of men, and within reasonable bounds we should like to see cycling as generally practised by women as by men, and it would be greatly to the advantage of many cycling clubs and cycling resorts that the ladylike element should be more largely introduced.—*British Medical Journal*.

LADIES who ride bicycles will welcome the champion who takes up their cause in a contemporary medical paper. The recent case of a woman who succumbed after a ride will naturally be used as an argument against the practice, feeble and unreasonable as such an argument is, as persons possessing weak hearts are liable to expire after no more exertion than a long walk entails. For the healthy, cycling is a health-giving mode of exercise, which must be admitted by those who have witnessed the marked improvement in those who have sought refuge from London atmosphere and noise, by mounting a bicycle and frequenting country lanes. It remains for the ladies to make their riding as graceful as possible, and to choose between health and pleasure on the one hand, and the general, though negative, approval which abstinence secures, from the majority of society.—*The Hospital*.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.—Cyclists are now excluded from Lister Park, Bradford, because of the shameful manner in which the privilege of free ingress has been abused by the thoughtless section of wheelodom.

STEERING-LOCKS.—There can be no two opinions as to the value of some simple attachment whereby the steering of the rear-driver can be locked when the machine is at rest. Nor can there be any doubt as to who was the first to apply a device of this character to the modern and popular mount. All the same, however, Singer & Co.—to whom belongs this credit—have failed to establish a monopoly of the principle in their action against the Rudge Cycle Co.—and we confess we are not sorry. It will now be open to other makers to employ some one of the many means at their command for securing the desired result.

TOO OLD TO RIDE.—Renew your youth awheel. Cycling on a good wheel is the keenest pleasure among all healthful sports, says a smartly-worded Columbia advertisement. A man is only as old as he feels, and you may attain a youthful old age by plenty of outdoor exercise on the bicycle. When white roads are running underneath your wheel like a swift river and the sun streams in checkered light through leafy trees along your way, the clear blue air gets into your head like wine, and the glory of cycling fills your soul to the very brim. Youth returns, cares are forgotten, sleep is sweet, and health is sure.—*The Wheel*.

TO FRENCH LINGUISTS.—The member who under the head of Prospective Tours advertises that he is willing to pay the expenses of some fellow member who can speak French, and who is capable of riding eighty miles a day upon a six weeks tour through France, Switzerland, and Italy, is a personal friend of our own, and we can vouch for his *bond fides*. He has toured extensively in almost every country under the sun, and has written more than one narrative of his experiences, added to which he is a most genial companion. Any member possessing the required qualifications will oblige by communicating with our friend without delay.

"HARD LINES."—The action taken by the police in various parts of the country in summoning cyclists for neglecting to give warning of their approach when overtaking other traffic seems to have encouraged Mr. Thomas Clarke, a road surveyor, of Truro, to take the law into his own hands. From the published particulars it would appear that Clarke was driving in his trap in the neighbourhood of Truro when he was overtaken by a cyclist named Salmon, who alleges—and in this he was supported by two independent witnesses—that he duly rang his bell. No sooner, however, had the cyclist passed him than Clarke whipped his pony into a gallop, and threatening to drive the wheelman down, proceeded to abuse and lecture him as to his duty when using the road. A summons was subsequently issued against Clarke, but in spite of the fact that the wheelman's version was corroborated in every particular, the magistrates dismissed the case. — In Ireland another miscarriage of justice has also to be recorded. It seems that a cyclist was summoned for colliding with an old lady, and although it was proved that the rider was not to blame and the woman alone was at fault, the police magistrate, Mr. Byrne, fined the defendant no less than £5 and costs, and at the same time proceeded to improve the occasion by animadverting upon cyclists as a body, and exhibiting his ignorance of the facts and his unreasoning prejudice against the pastime, by declaring that in America cycling is not permitted in cities, and if he had his way a similar law should apply in Ireland.

DISTRICT RUNS AND MEETINGS.—The new Chief Consul for Nottingham, Mr. Joseph W. Wright, is so far in sympathy with the movement set on foot in Newcastle and Edinburgh that he has called a district meeting for the Ram Hotel, Newark, on Thursday the 2nd instant. Tea will be served at 4.30 p.m. and a business meeting will follow. All members are cordially invited to attend.

ANOTHER CROSS-COUNTRY FREAK.—Boyd Gray, a pleasant appearing, young coloured man, is in town on his way from New York to 'Frisco a wheel. He has a two-fold object in view, to polish the shoes of the Mayor and other distinguished officials in each place he stops, and to raise money with which to pay a troublesome mortgage. He rides an old-fashioned cushion-tyred wheel, but is promised a modern one by a cycle firm in Chicago when he reaches there. He has been on the road about fifty days.—*The Wheel*.

THE CYCLING PARIAS.—The restraint which is now being exercised over cyclists by the authorities all over the kingdom will meet with little objection from the sedate and steady tourist. It will probably be hailed with a considerable amount of satisfaction by that class of rider, for he has nothing to fear. His pace is seldom unlawful, and it is no hardship to him to carry a lamp and a bell. Although cases of undue harshness and miscarriage of justice are daily arising, it is the fiery, untamed scorcher who must be blamed for causing the general hostility from which the pastime is now suffering. From time to time the press has raised a warning voice, as the present state of affairs was easily foreseen, but it was of little avail. Young blood will not be cured by mere advice. Around London there is a state of police activity almost as great as recently existed in Aberdeenshire. Clubs holding races on the Brighton and other south roads have been hunted from one course to another till they are now at their wits' end to find a fifty miles stretch which is free from police patrol. It is a pity that such supervision was rendered necessary, but having become so, no reasonable-minded person has just cause to grumble.—*Scottish Sport*.

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 counties, or leading centres, through which the Tourists 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.

Advertiser (age 37, abstainer) would be glad to join one or two gentlemen in a nine days' cycle tour from South London. He rides pneumatic safety; fifty to one hundred miles daily; expenses moderate; route and date to be mutually arranged; little or no Sunday riding.—C.T.C. 4590. Felix, 113, Westminster Bridge Road, Lambeth.

Wanted, companion for a short bicycle tour in France, starting from London by steamboat to Boulogne, Sept. 2nd; thence to Paris, Rouen, and back to Boulogne; fifty to sixty miles daily; expenses moderate. Advertiser has no experience of foreign travel.—Address No. 7042, c/o Editor.

Wanted, companion (twenty to twenty-five) for ten days' tour in France and seven days in Channel Islands. "Sketchist" or "snazz-shottist" if possible; start on 10th August; expenses moderate.—Write "FRONT DRIVE", 229, Upper Street, Islington, E.C.

FRANCE, SWITZERLAND, ITALY, ETC.—An Australian member now on a visit to England will be glad of a companion for a six weeks' tour through the above-named countries; said companion must speak French, and be capable of eighty miles a day. Hotel expenses will be paid; start 20th August. Apply immediately to "B," c/o EDITOR C.T.C. Gazette, 140, Fleet Street, E.C.

Answers to Correspondents.

No. 1035.—We have never tried the brush brake, but it is theoretically right, and we do not for a moment doubt its efficiency. Your good opinion of the Gazette is much appreciated.

"CYCLIST."—We do not reply to anonymous queries.

ALTERATIONS AND ADDITIONS

TO THE

BRITISH AND IRISH HANDBOOK, AUGUST, 1894.

CHIEF CONSULS.

Page 9.—*Erase* W. E. Evans, Nottingham.

Page 10.—*Erase* R. Stumpf, Trieste.

OFFICIAL TAILORS.

Page 40.—*Belfast*—*Erase* J. Stringer.

Page 41.—*Insert* Nancy (France)—J. Galilé Fils & Grandmaitre, 23, rue St. Dizier.

TABULATED LIST.

Page 97.—*Luton*—*Insert* Q. Exchange.

Page 104.—*Hyde*—*Erase* A. E. Mottram as Consul and *insert* A. H. Hall, Acres House, as Consul.

Page 107.—*Trafford*—*Erase* Q. Nag's Head.

Page 108.—*Helston*—*Insert* Q. Star.

Page 116.—*Insert* Compton Abbas—R. Temperance.

Gillingham—*Insert* E. R. Stickland as Repairer.

Page 127.—*Andover*—*Erase* H. Q. White Hart and *insert* H. Q. Star and Garter.

Page 130.—*Romsey*—*Insert* H. Townsend as Repairer.

Page 138.—*Bromley Common*—*Erase* C. T. Baker's.

Page 140.—*Insert* Lydd—Q. Dolphin.

Maldstone—*Insert* Q. Bridge House.

Page 143.—*Ashton-in-Makerfield*—*Erase* T. H. Abbey street.

Page 145.—*Manchester*—*Insert* North Western Cycle Co., Stockport road, as Repairers.

Page 153.—*Newport*—*Insert* A. H. Townsend, 113, Commercial street, as Consul.

Raglan—*Insert* Q. Crown D.R.

Page 161.—*Insert* Colwick—tp Humber, Cripps & Goddard (C.S.) as Repairers.

Erase W. Hinde as Repairer, and *insert* Rev. Canon Ebsworth, East Retford, as Consul.

Tuxford—*Insert* H. Q. The Hotel, and Rev. S. Bentley, Markham Clinton, as Consul.

Page 168.—*Taunton*—*Insert* Q. Nag's Head.

Page 175.—*Kingston*—*Erase* C. J. Phillips as Consul.

Page 178.—*Weybridge*—*Erase* H. Q. Ship.

Page 179.—*Insert* Findon—C. F. Williams as Consul.

Page 183.—*Kentilworth*—*Insert* C. T. Castle Restaurant, near Castle (B.).

Page 186.—*Devizes*—*Erase* T. H. Star.

Page 190.—*Bridlington (Old)*—*Erase* Q. Black Lion, and *insert* H. Q. Black Lion.

Page 191.—*Flamborough*—*Erase* Q. Ship.

Page 192.—*Hawes*—*Insert* H. Q. White Hart.

Page 201.—*Holywell*—*Insert* T. J. Hayes, King's Head Hotel, as Consul.

Page 202.—*Merthyr*—*Insert* T. H. Bentley's Central.

Page 207.—*New Radnor*—*Insert* Rev. A. G. Williams, The Rectory, as Consul.

Page 213.—*Helensburgh*—*Insert* J. Mitchell, jun., The Mains, as Consul.

Page 217.—*Dundee*—The Consul's address is 118, Perth road.

Page 225.—*Insert* Barrhead—J. Mackinlay, jun., Meadow Bank, as Consul.

Insert Blishton—Dr. A. C. Munro, as Consul.

Insert Houston—Rev. C. McGhee, St. Fillan's, as Consul.

Insert Kilmaclcolm—J. Caldwell, Tandlehill, as Consul.

Page 233.—*Rostrevor*—*Erase* H. Q. Mourne, and *insert* H. Q. Rostrevor.

INDEX.

Amend in accordance with foregoing.



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

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

INSTRUCTIONS AS TO OBTAINING AND ERECTING THE DANGER BOARDS.

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

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

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

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

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

Painting. The painting of the post should be arranged as follows:—Two coats of good paint to be given

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

Situation of Board.

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

Protection of Boards.

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

Cost of Erection.

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

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

APPLICATION FOR DANGER BOARD.

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

* Here give name of the nearest Village or other well known place.

† Here give names of Towns or Villages between which the hill is situate, and in the event of the hill being one described in the published Road Books of the Club, add "See Route" of C.T.C. Road Book.

‡ Here give full description of hill as regards surface, gradient, sharp turns (if any), etc., and say whether or not any accidents to cyclists have happened thereon.

The Club Uniform.

SPECIAL AND IMPORTANT NOTICE.

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

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

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

LIST OF OFFICIAL TAILORS HOLDING APPOINTMENTS.

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

- ABERDEEN—K. Maclean & Son, 17, Bridge Street.
 ACCRINGTON—J. W. Foster, 25, Blackburn Road.
 Ayr—Currie, Rae & Co., Ailsa Buildings.
 BALE (Switzerland)—V. Settelen.
 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. Stringer, 47, Donegal Place.
 BERLIN (Germany)—W. Köpse, W. 8, Mohrenstrasse 50.
 BERNICK-ON-TWEED—Paxton & Purves.
 BIRMINGHAM—*Husband Bros., 21, Paradise Street.
 BLACKBURN—Tomlinson & Co., 17, Aspsden's Buildings.
 BOLTON—J. Boyd & Co., 21, Fold Street.
 BOURNEMOUTH—W. Rogers & Sons, 1, Albany Terrace.
 BRADFORD—Macvean Bros., 17, Darley Street.
 BRIDGNORTH—W. Jones & Co., Waterloo House.
 BRIGHTON—R. Needham & Son, Castle Sq., Old Steine, and Palace Place.
 " F. Willard & Son, 2, Western Road.
 BRISTOL—Randall & Wallis, 50, Park Street.
 " *B. Thomas & Co., 54, Park Street.
 BURNLEY—J. Leedam, 5, Red Lion Street.
 BURTON-ON-TRENT—W. Brown, 184 and 185, Station Street.
 BURY—J. Burrow, Silver Street.
 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, 91, 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, 64, Sadler Gate.
 DEVIZES—Parsons Bros., 3, St. John Street.
 DONCASTER—C. 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, High Street.
 DUNDEE—Tocher & Henry, 63, Reform Street.
 EASTBOURNE—
 EDINBURGH—*Gulland & Kennedy, 55, North Hanover Street.
 ELY—H. Kempton & Co., High Street.
 EXETER—*J. & G. Ross, 227, High Street.
 FAREHAM—W. Surman, 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.
 LEBURRY—C. Wits.
 LEEDS—L. W. Rowland, 36, Albion Street.
 LEICESTER—*F. Brett, Peterboro' House, Granby Street.
 LICHMINSTER—C. M. Binyon, 1, Corn Square.
 LIMERICK—Cannock & Co., Limited.
 LINCOLN—J. W. Martin, 2, Silver Street.
 LIVERPOOL—*G. E. Young & Co., 49, Dale Street.
 LLANELLY—Davies & Parry, Compton House.
 LONDON—H. Brinkman, 253, Oxford Street, W.
 " Clare & Son, 102, Fenchurch Street, E.C.
 " T. H. Holding, 7, Maddox Street, W.
 " W. J. Pile, 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 6d. Breeches or Knickerbockers—Brown cloth, 18/6; Grey cloth, 19 6d. 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—*Meggett & Co., 22, Cross Street.
 MARLBOROUGH—J. Russell & Sons, High Street.
 MIDDLESBROUGH—J. Newhouse & Co., Albert Road.
 MULHOUSE (Alsace)—H. Dussere.
 NANCY (France)—J. Galilé Filis et Grandmaitre, 23, rue St. Dixier.
 NEWBURY—A. Smith, 28, Northbrook Street.
 NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE—W. Caldwell & Co., 43, Grainger Street.
 " J. Turnbull, 43, Pilgrim Street.
 NEWPORT (Isle of Wight)—G. B. Purkis, 51, High Street.
 " (Mon.)—Wildings, Limited, Bon Marché.
 " (Salop)—H. Harper, Market Place.
 NEWTON ABBOT—C. Pope, 42, Courtenay Street.
 NORTHAMPTON—Blacklee Bros., Gold Street.
 NORTH SHIELDS—*D. Hill & Co., Howard and Union Streets.
 NORWICH—Downes Bros., 29, London Street.
 NOTTINGHAM—W. Gabbattiss, 20, Market Street.
 OXFORD—Arthur Shepherd, 6, Corn Market Street.
 PARIS—J. Drouart, 9, Rue de l'Ecluse.
 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.
 RHVL—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, 218, Lord Street.
 SOUTHSEA AND PORTSMOUTH—*Chase & Tighe, 82, Palmerston Road, Southsea.
 " John Malby, 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.
 SUNDEKLAND—*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.
 " *E. C. Jenkinson, 28, Mount Pleasant.
 UTRECHT (Holland)—J. de Gooijer, jr., 394, Kromme Nieuwe Gracht.
 UXBRIDGE—Carrick & Coles, Waterloo House.
 VIENNA I—F. Kadczik, Rothenthurmstrasse 31.
 WALSALL—Barrett & Forrester, Park Street.
 WARMINSTER—Foreman & Son, 23, Market Place.
 WATERFORD—*J. P. Taylor, 95, High Street.
 WESTON-SUPER-MARE—*Tytherleigh & Son, Church Road.
 WIGAN—Coop & Co., 23, Valgate.
 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—I. A. Milborne, 21, Prince's Street and Church Street.
 YORK—W. R. Beckwith & Son, 30, Colliergate.
 ZURICH—A. Whittlinger, Bahnhofstrasse.
 " T. A. Harrison, Anglo-American.

List of Candidates, August, 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.

Alexander, J. T. Burton, The Bury, Pavenham
Blow, G. D. 17, Clarendon road, Bedford
Dunstall, P. J. 1, Cardington road, Bedford
Owen, L. B. 6, Goldington avenue, Bedford

BERKSHIRE.

Browne, Lt.-Col. H. R. Y. Moor Close, Binfield
Carter, G. E. 1, Dorchester villas, Lorne street, Reading
Elder, A. L. Yew Gate, Remenham Hill, near Henley
Howard, W. H. (Wokingham C.C.) 42, Broad street, Wokingham
Howard, Miss M. " " "
Moorey, H. J. 24, Barkham road, Wokingham
Moorey, Mrs. H. J. " " "
Plum, H. V., M.A. The School, Reading

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

Hipwell, H. G. Emberton Manor, Newport Pagnell
Johnson, Rev. A. T., M.A. Priory Avenue, High Wycombe

CHANNEL ISLANDS.

Aubin, P. A. 29, St. James' street, St. Heliers, Jersey
Benson, Mrs. G. H. Holly Lodge, Jersey
Blanche, B. G. J. Rochebois, St. Aubin, Jersey
Voisin, A. B., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., (Jersey C.C.) 56, Bath street, St. Heliers
Voisin, Mrs. A. B. 56, Bath street, St. Heliers
Voisin, F. A. E. 13, Royal square, Jersey
Withnall, S. 13, Bath street, Jersey

CHESHIRE.

Calthrop, Rev. C. G., M.A. 58, Churchgate, Stockport
Gordon, Rev. R. W., M.A. " " "
Hall, S. 1, Church road, Lower Bebington
Hick, G. P. 6, Carlton mount, Tranmere
Jenkins, J. A. Brighton Terrace, Nantwich Road, Crewe
Jennings, Rev. J. H. St. Mary's, Crewe
Lewis, E. Thorburn Villa, The Park, New Ferry
Livingstone, J. E. B., B.A. Sandway, Cloughton, Birkenhead
Pearson, I. (Stockport C.C.) 94, Beech road, Cale Green Park, Stockport

CORNWALL.

Carrington, Miss B. *Esperance, Green Bank, Falmouth*
Drinkwater, A. F. " " "
Drinkwater, Miss E. G. " " "
Martin, J. B. Market Place, Helston
Putt, Mrs. D. F. *Esperance, Green Bank, Falmouth*
Thomas, A. R. (Helston C.C.) Helston
Wakeham, A. W. Tresorriam, St. Teath, Camelford

CUMBERLAND.

Bell, E. T. Eden Bank, Lazonby

DERBYSHIRE.

Basford, F. T. 36, Victoria street, Derby
Carruthers, J. Long Eaton
Higgins, H. B. Smedley's Hydro, Matlock Bridge
Huddleston, J. S. 17, Full street, Derby
Little, R. A., M.A., LL.D. The College, Buxton
Parker, Mrs. A. H. 77, Burton road, Derby
Sanders, A. 35, Holmes street, Derby
Turton, S. T. Matlock Bridge, Matlock

DEVONSHIRE.

Adair, Lieut. D. Bank of England, Plymouth
Bewes, L. Beaumont Lodge, Newton Abbot
Carlyle, C. B. Campana, Newton Abbot
Carr, B. H. Broadparkes, Pithoe, near Exeter
Hammick, M. Rialton, Asheldon road, Torquay
Howard, S. Sheddencote, Warren Hill, Torquay
Johnson, A. R., M.A., F.R.A.S. 13, Victoria terrace, Mount Radford, Exeter
Lawrence, Lieut.-Col. H. J. Church Hill, Honiton
Wadmore, A. H. T. Meriden, Exmouth
Wadmore, J. M. Minden, Louisa terrace, Exmouth

DURHAM.

Bagley, T. Hartburn, Stockton-on-Tees
Browne, Rev. W. G. (St. Hilda's C.C.) St. Hilda's Clergy House, Darlington
Coates, W. F. 13, Salem Hill South, Sunderland
Crosby, J. V. 12, Dixon terrace, Darlington
Ramsey, J. H. 37, Gladstone street, Crook, R.S.O.
Robinson, Rev. A. G. (St. Hilda's C.C.) St. Hilda's Clergy House, Darlington
Rogers, J. H. (Blaydon C.C.) 53, Tyne street, Blaydon-on-Tyne
Savory, Rev. F. W. Mayfield House, West Hartlepool

ESSEX.

Bodimeade, C. W. W. 61, Tavistock road, Romford road
Noel, C. E. 1, Carlton terrace, Leyton

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Crocker, C. Tutshill, near Chepstow
Evans, G. F. 20, Upper Belgrave road, Clifton
Hill, H., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. 1, Redcliffe hill, Bristol
Jesse, W. 23, Lansdown terrace, Cheltenham
Pleasance, F. 7, Belgrave villas, Cotham grove, Bristol
Prideaux, F. G. 21, Weston road, Gloucester
Stabbins, A. G. Blakeney

HAMPSHIRE.

Addison, Major A. C. 14, Cromwell houses, Southsea
Blatchford, H. Stebenheath, Southcote road, Bournemouth
Eastwood, H. I. 43, Pelham road, Southsea
Emanuel, A. H. 11, High street, Southampton
Griffin, H. W. 4, Church street, Ryde, Isle of Wight
Hamilton, Major J. F. C. (Vectis C.C.) Spencer Lodge, Ryde
Haskins, Mrs. C. E. East Fisted Rectory, Alton
Hoare, W. Victoria Works, Bournemouth
Hoare, J. (Christchurch C.C.) Encombe, Wellington road, Bournemouth
Hoare, H. 28, Clarence square, Gosport
Lilly, C. F. M. Rossmore, Shirley
Lomer, C. W. Thornfield House, Gosport
Mumby, C. C. 2, Rockleigh, St. Paul's road, Bournemouth
Speed, J. E. 2, Beaufort road, Winchester
Twemlow, Col. E., R.E.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

Innes, H. G., B.A. School House, Bromyard
Woodhouse, Miss M. G. Burghill Court, Hereford

HERTFORDSHIRE.

Carr, O. J. 68, Marlowes, Hemel Hempstead
Clarke, J. 83, High street, Watford
McIlwraith, J. C. Campbelfield, St. Albans
McIlwraith, C. H. C. High street, Berkhamstead
Morgan, E. Codicote, near Welwyn
Overell, P. Northchurch, Berkhamstead
Pope, Rev. R. H., M.A.

HUNTINGDONSHIRE.

Carpenter, E. F. George Hotel, Huntingdon

KENT.

Bing, W. (North Kent C.C.) Meopham, Gravesend
Butler, T. Beaufort House, Hollingbourne
Carter, J. H. The Cottage, Bexley
Dean, H. C. (St. John's C.C.) 1, Wickham road, St. John's
Evans, J., B.A. King's School, Canterbury
Gill, G. J. 3, Gravel hill, Bexley Heath
Gray, A. C. 85, Blackheath hill, Greenwich
Gray, M. (Goldsmith's Institute C.C.) 12, Silverdale, Sydenham
Hicks, A. M. Metropolitan Asylum, Darenth, Dartford
Jenkins, Rev. C. M. 79, Royal hill, Greenwich
Lorimer, G. (Catford C.C.) 15, Zion place, Cliftonville, Margate
Moore, J. W. (Margate C.C.) Manor House, Capel-le-Ferne
Morris, C. (Folkestone C.C.) Waldenshaw House, Manor road, Forest Hill
Pearce, J. The Gardens, Linton Park, Maidstone
Pratt, C. R. Normandy Lodge, Blackheath
Sugden, A. Downe, Farnborough
Tomkins, F. King's School, Canterbury
Tomkins, G.
Tripp, G. D., B.A.

LANCASHIRE.

Alexander, S., M.A. The Owens College, Manchester
Bachelot, E. 24, Jubilee drive, Kensington, Liverpool
Baume, F. A. (Cheadle C.C.) Park Hill, Bury Old road, Manchester
Blason, C. H. 174, Stratford road, Manchester
Bouth, R. F. D. Woodfields, Leigh
Briggs, C. Rawdon Clarence Lodge, Victoria Park, Manchester
Brown, C. T. Southfield, Lostock Junction, Bolton
Byrne, E., L.R.C.P. 177, Duke street, Liverpool
Carter, E. W. Park terrace, Greenodd, Ulverston
Chadwick, W. (Blackpool Imperial C.C.) Talbot square, Blackpool
Collinge, W. Woodfield, Birkdale, Southport
Collinge, J. Fernholme, Werneth, Oldham
Cross, A. J. 16, Mount street, Albert square, Manchester
Cure, Major G. C. 65, Keys road, Rochdale
Denham, H. 115, West Worsley street, Regent road, Salford
Dobson, F. M. 15, Swinley road, Wigan
Edwards, R., M.R.C.S., L.D.S. 10, Oxford street, Liverpool
Eller, W. 20, Lloyd's House, Albert square, Manchester
Entwhistle, W. A. 26, Cyprus street, Stretford
Entwistle, Mrs. W. A. 6, Mauldeth road West, Fallowfield, Manchester
Gilbert, W. A., F.R.C.O.

Harris, E. 33, Tarlton, Liverpool
Harrison, T., jun., M.A. Belle Vale Hall, Gateacre, Liverpool
Hick, G. H. 7, Liver street, Liverpool
Hindle, R. H. Franklin 13, Regent road, Birkdale, Southport
Hughes, Rev. J. St. Patrick's, Wigan
Jones, J. W. 129, Chorlton road, Manchester
Jones, Mrs. J. W. 50, Belmont road, Anfield, Liverpool
Jones, G. H. Victoria terrace, Audenshaw, near Manchester
Jones, R. Cycle Depot, Morecambe
Lloyd, W. 48, Royal Exchange, Manchester
Madders, J. W. 34, Rodney street, Liverpool
Mapplebeck, W., L.D.S. Lynedoch Mount, Flinton road, Urmoston
Miller, R. T. 45, Fern grove, Liverpool
Miller, Mrs. R. T. 7, Prospect terrace, Abbey Hey lane, Gorton
O'Brien, C. 105, Withington road, Whalley Range
Parker, W. R. 254, Oxford road, Manchester
Pascoe, W. R. K26, Exchange buildings, Liverpool
Pennington, J. D., B.A. 83, Ashton road, Oldham
Purgold, L. (Huyton B.C.) 59, Dunluce street, Walton
Shorrocks, E. (East Oldham C.C.)
Simpson, H. S. Woodside, Croslands Park, Barrow-in-Furness
Simpson, Mrs. H. S. 19, Hill street, Oldham
Spencer, R., F.C.S. Taylor, S. E.
Taylor, S. E. Thompson, E. A. (Blackpool Imperial C.C.) 13, Wellington terrace, Blackpool

Walker, A. Southfield, Bolton
Watson, A. (Cheadle C.C.) Elm Lodge, Halliwell lane, Cheadham
White, C. 13, Jubilee drive, Liverpool
Whitehead, O. J. 2, Glynwood, Crescent road, Cheadham Hill, Manchester
Williamson, Rev. F. J., M.A. Padham, near Burnley
Willis, P. 63, Church street, Manchester
Worthington, Mrs. W. B. 2, Wilton Polygon, Cheadham Hill, Manchester

LINCOLNSHIRE.

Haslehurst, G. L. 24, Newland, Lincoln

MIDDLESEX.

Anderton, W. (Eastbourne B.C.) 35, Portland place, W.
Argles, R. L. 82, Oxford terrace, Hyde park, W.
Barnett, A. H. 89, Brondesbury road, Kilburn, N.W.
Bayley, J. (Holborn C.C.) 28, Pembridge road, Notting Hill gate, W.
Beck, Miss E. Worton Cottage, Worton road, Isleworth
Blangy, L. A. 26, Langham street, Portland place, W.
Brentville, A. 14, King street, Cheapside, E.C.
Bryning, A. H. 18, Spring gardens, S.W.
Bygrave, E. G. 313, Mansion House chambers, E.C.
Cannell, A. A. Naval and Military Club, Piccadilly, W.
Chamier, D. 50, Cheyne court, Chelsea, S.W.
Cheadle, H. W. 19, Portman street, Portman square, W.
Chettle, H. 76, Ridge road, Hornsey, N.
Clissold, A. H. 85, Gracechurch street, E.C.
Cook, G. E. H. (Cambridge U.B.C.) 29, Highbury hill, N.
Cramp, C. S. 61, Nightingale road, Willesden Junction, N.W.
Delécluse, E. 2, Gresham buildings, Guildhall, E.C.
Dommersen, F. E. 7, Duke street, Portland place, W.
Elves, W. H. 2, Upper Woburn place, Tavistock square, W.C.
Fairbank, H. A. T. Sunnycroft, Madeley road, Ealing, W.
Förtye, H. 20, Manor mansions, Belsize Park gardens, N.W.
Fowler, D. A. 7, Collingham gardens, South Kensington, S.W.
Garriek, D. 64, Old Broad street, E.C.
Glanville, F. J. R. 4A, Beamish road, Lower Edmonton, W.
Goodchild, C. 40, Hill street, Berkeley square, W.
Handley, H. G. (Argosy C.C.) 24, St. Bride street, E.C.
Harrison, G. H., J.P. "Norcott," Hampton Wick
Hart, L. M. 77, St. Quintinus avenue, North Kensington, W.
Hopkins, E. 7, Pembroke road, Kensington, W.
Humphrey, W. H. 112, Camden street, Camden Town, N.W.
Huntsman, H. W. T. (Belsize B.C.) 11, Ormonde terrace, Regent's Park, N.W.

Irvine, C. A. Fernlea, Roxborough Park, Harrow
Isaacs, Miss E. 176, Great Cumberland place, W.
Jameson, T. The Government Laboratory, Somerset House, W.C.
Jones, H. J. 229, Upper street, Islington, N.
Kidner, P. C. 13, Randolph road, Maida Vale, W.
Langdon, H. (Holborn C.C.) 27, Gordon place, Kensington, W.
Langdon, J. (Holborn C.C.)
Liburne, J. The Government Laboratory, Somerset House, W.C.
MacGregor, W. W. 84, Cromwell road, S.W.
Mackew, S., M.D. 16, Piccadilly, W.
Minns, C. D. The Firs, Hampton road, Upper Teddington
Pattison, C. (Mildray C.C.) 6, Sybil terrace, Green lanes, Finsbury Park, N.
Pearce, J. W. E., M.A. 60, Blomfield road, W.
Raphael, H. H., LL.B. 24, Berkeley square, W.
Regnier, G. 41, St. Paul's road, Canonbury, N.
Revis, C. (Central Technical College C.C.) 15, Dewhurst road, W.
Revis, L. H. 15, Dewhurst road, West Kensington, W.
Russell, H. C. The Workhouse, Hampstead, N.W.
Scott, A. T., M.R.C.S. (Stanley C.C.) 8, Parkhurst road, Holloway, N.
Scott, Mrs. W. V. 2, Claude villas, Staines road, Hounslow

Sillen, W. 194, Cromwell road, S.W.
 Stables, H. L., Royal Colonial Institute, Northumberland Avenue, W.C.
 Stephens, Y. 7, North bank, Regent's Park, N.W.
 Stewart, W. (Central Technical College C.C.) 1, Girdler's road, Kensington, W.
 Symmons, A. (Empire C.C.) 21, Denbigh street, Pimlico, S.W.
 Thomson, C. R., B.A. Spelthorne, Upper Teddington
 Thrower, W. S. 2, Chalcot gardens, Hampstead, N.W.
 Thrower, H. S. " " " " " "
 Wade, A. (Holborn C.C.) 29, Gracechurch street, E.C.
 Watson, H. 360, Holloway road, N.
 Wieting, C. 107, South Hill park, Hampstead, N.W.
 Wise, S. G. (Abingdon C.C.) 22, Earl's Court road, Kensington, W.
 Wydenbruck, Count C. 18, Belgrave square, S.W.

MONMOUTHSHIRE.

Daker, H. H. Woodlands, Blaina
 Daker, J. E. S. " " " "
 Davies, E. Union Workhouse, Chepstow
 Seager, J. George street, Pontnewynydd, Pontypool
 Townsend, A. H. (Newport C.C.) Commercial street, Newport
 Townsend, Mrs. A. H. (Newport Ladies' C.C.) " " " "

NORFOLK.

Rond, C. E. 12, Royal terrace, Yarmouth
 Clissold, Rev. C. H., B.A. (Yarmouth Wheelers' C.C.) 111, Regent road, Yarmouth
 Cockrill, J. W., A.R.I. B.A. Municipal buildings, Yarmouth
 Gurney, H. Sprowston Hall, Norwich

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

Smith, G. E. (Raunds D.C.C.) Thorpe street, Raunds, Thrapston

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Carmichael, J. Blyth
 Forgie, J. 5, Station road, Whitley
 Fox, J. 18, Church street, Howdon-on-Tyne
 Haig, Major H. de H., R.E. Westfield, Benwell, Newcastle-on-Tyne
 Nesbit, H. Glanton, R.S.O.
 Patterson, R. J. 5, Clayton Park square, Jesmond
 Senhouse, H. Minton, J.P. 39, Grosvenor place, Newcastle-on-Tyne
 Shaw, S. 29, Devonshire place, Jesmond

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

Bentley, S. F. (Argosy B.C.) Markham Clinton, Tuxford
 Bentley, Miss A. M. " " " "
 Cartwright, Miss F. 14, Birkland avenue, Nottingham
 Gamble, T. (Boulevard C.C.) Raleigh Works, Raleigh street, Nottingham
 Goddard, J. (Beeston C.C.) Nelson Villa, Queen's road, Beeston
 Hull, H. M. Cromwell, Newark-on-Trent
 Hull, Mrs. H. M. " " " "
 Judge, C. W. 27, Lower Parliament street, Nottingham
 Judge, Mrs. C. W. " " " "
 Loewenstein, M. 14, The Ropewalk, Nottingham
 Laughton, W. Southwell
 McLaughlin, Mrs. A. H. Bothamsall Vicarage, Ollerton, Newark
 White, F. H. 44, Church street, Mansfield

OXFORDSHIRE.

Allen, Rev. W. C., M.A. Exeter College, Oxford
 Arden, Rev. L. E., M.A. 51, Queen street, Banbury
 Bailey, H. A. (Banbury Star C.C.) 23, Cornhill, Banbury
 Bowerman, Miss A. High street, Witney
 Dormor, J. M. Melcombe, Ilfley road, Oxford
 Eldridge, J. Sedlescombe, Lake street, Oxford
 Freeborn, J. C. R., M.A. 38, Broad street, Oxford
 Gamlen, W. B., M.A. North Grove, Oxford
 Martin, T. M. Cuddesdon School, Oxford
 O'Regan, J. Balliol College, Oxford
 Wakeling, G. H., M.A. Trinity College, Oxford

RUTLANDSHIRE.

Royce, D. N. Jermyn terrace, Oakham

SHROPSHIRE.

Atkins, J., Mus. Bac. (Ludlow C.C.) 5, Old street, Ludlow
 Colvill, J. C., M.A. 3, High street, Shrewsbury
 Herr, J. (Oswestry C.C.) Croes Wyllan Villa, Oswestry
 Lamb, A. W. Cleobury Mortimer
 Randall, A. E. F. Coalbrookdale
 Rose, W., jun. The Hurst, Cleobury Mortimer
 Southwell, W. L. (Bridgnorth C.C.) Astbury Hall, Bridgnorth

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 Dave, W. J. The Boro, Yeovil
 Zealand, L. W. Benington, Oldfield Park, Bath

Gough, E. S. A.
 Harden, F.
 Kemble, C. A.
 Warren, H. G.

Clarence House, Congresbury, near Bristol
 Bridgewater
 Timsbury, Bath
 2, Lyn Vale villas, Lyncombe Hill, Bath

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Atkins, T. E. 7, Havelock road, Birchfields
 Chapman, F. A. Glebe, Lightwood, Longton
 Kent, W. J. Park House, Longton
 Nunn, H., B.A. Lawton Rectory, Stoke-on-Trent
 Scrivener, E. D. M. The Cedars, Newcastle-under-Lyme
 Sharp, J. T. (Burton B.C.) The Cedars, Tatenhill, Burton-on-Trent

SUFFOLK.

Harvey, W. W., F.R.C.O. Norfolk House, Beccles
 Johnson, D., B.A. The Red House, Seckford street, Woodbridge
 King, E. A. Desning Hall, Higham, Bury St. Edmunds
 King, W. H. Denham Castle, Bury St. Edmunds

SURREY.

Ashby, F. P. Ockford Mills, Godalming
 Burton, E. P. Homefield, The Park, East Molesey
 Burton, C. " " " "
 Burton, K. McR. " " " "
 Clark, Miss L. " " " "
 Fearon, H. Stanhope Lodge, Norwood road, Herne Hill, S.E.
 Fletcher, Miss B. F. St. Ann's Head, Virginia Water
 Holdron, H. 115, Rye lane, Peckham, S.E.
 Horby, W. 6, Osborne terrace, Clapham road, S.W.
 Lauder, F. 62, Church road, Croydon
 Leighton, A. E. " " " "
 Lettis, C. J. 98, Palace road, Tulse Hill, S.W.
 Mathers, M. J. Oakhurst, South Norwood, S.E.
 Moore, E. E. (Redriff C.C.) 165, Eardley road, Streatham, S.W.
 Osborn, Miss M. 12, Lower road, Rothenhithe, S.E.
 Osborn, Miss M. 5, Natal road, Streatham, S.W.
 Reavell, G. J. T. 42, Narbonne avenue, Clapham Common, S.W.
 Riggs, J. S. Durrington Lodge, The Crescent, Surbiton
 Robertson, J. J. St. Ann's Heath, Virginia Water
 Robertson, Mrs. J. J. " " " "
 Strange, W. 17, Lancaster road, West Norwood, S.E.
 Taylor, J. C. Beech Bank, Avondale road, South Croydon
 Wright, H. T. York Lodge, Kew Gardens road, Kew

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 Campbell, A. St. C. Sheffield Park, Uckfield
 Cobb, R. E. Lewes
 Detmold, H. E. Sunny Bank, St. Helen's Down, Hastings
 Franklin, A. E. Hadlow House, Buxted
 Junor, H. 72, Queen's road, Brighton
 Langham, E. O., L.L.M. 46, Carlisle road, Eastbourne
 Maggs, F. W. 4, Cloudeley road, St. Leonards
 Maitre, A. G. Le, M.A. Rottingdean, Brighton
 Margrie, F. (Hova C.C.) 32, Brooker street, Hove
 Montgomerie, F. D. Lodsworth, Petworth
 Roberts, R. 25, St. Mary's terrace, West Hill, Hastings
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 Williams, T. D., F.G.S. Egremont, The Ridge, Hastings

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 Powning, T. P. M. Fairview, Maidenhead road, Stratford-on-Avon
 Smith, J. S. 121, Golden Hillock road, Small Heath, Birmingham
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 Hill, G. The Hawthorns, Trowbridge
 Trollope, H. W. (Warminster C.C.) 2, Boreham terrace, Warminster

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 Browne, B. S. (Cathedral School Club C.C.) College Green, Worcester
 Grindrod, C. F., L.R.C.P. (Malvern C.C.) Wyche-Side, Malvern
 Hicks, R. M. M. Beach (Vigornian C.C.) Rothsay Villa, St. John's, Worcester
 Penistan, J. B. 67, High street, Worcester

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 Adamson, Miss E. 2, Chelmsford place, Fulsford road, York
 Baldwin, T. Briggate, Brighouse
 Barber, A. D. 10, Claremont crescent, Northumberland
 Bushell, C. W. road, Sheffield
 Cape, T., R.N. Cliffe Cottage, Wharfedale street, Rotherham
 Chorley, R. (Leeds A. & C.C.) Highfield House, Aine, Easinghold
 Freeman, H. A. (York Friendly C.C.) Cardigan road, Headingley, Leeds
 Gardiner, Mrs. C. H. 26, Colliergate, York
 Glaser, W. H. 24, Grosvenor terrace, York
 2, Walmer villas, Manningham, Bradford

Goodaire, B. Firth street, Rastrick, Brighouse
 Hewison, A. E. (York City C.C.) St. Dennis's Rectory, Walmgate, York
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 Kerr, J. Gasholder road, Hunslet, Leeds
 Limpson, R. V. Moor Top House, Ackworth, Pontefract
 Middleton, H. B. 18, Stanley street, Harby road, York
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 Pimlott, Mrs. W. B. " " " " " "
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 Rendall, A. P. (Bradford C.C.) Stanley House, Horton lane, Bradford
 Tomlinson, A. J. 28, Middle street, Driffield
 Thompson, Rev. G. D. Henry street, Brighouse
 Woodley, G. T. B. St. Mary's crescent, Doncaster

Griffith, G. W., R. BRECKNOCKSHIRE. Aberannell, Garth

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Crawford, W., B.A. Ardwyn School, Aberystwyth

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 Griffith, J. 1, Taliesin street, Llandudno
 Parkes, H. A. 2, Queen's buildings, Mostyn street, Llandudno
 Peek, W. Dol-Gethin, Bettws-y-coed
 Peek, Mrs. W. " " " "

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Jones, J. W. Board School, Cerrig-y-Druidion

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 Hughes, T., F.I.C. 31, Loudoun square, Cardiff
 Jones, J. 7, Cross Morlais street, Dowlais
 Lewis, J. (Pontardawe C.C.) Tramroad side, Alltwen, Pontardawe
 Thackeray, A. Lyndhurst, Cathedral road, Cardiff

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Williams, H. W. Solva

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 Macfarlane, D. 28, Lauriston place, Edinburgh

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Sutherland, J. Anderson's Institution, Forres

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 Tyrie, W. C. (Half-holiday C.C.) 9, Westfield lane, Dundee

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 Thompson, O. Inverness
 Thompson, E. A. " "

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 McCallum, J. 224, Pollokshaws road, Glasgow
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 Murray, R. A., Erskine, B.Sc., 40, Montgomerie drive, Kelvin-side, Glasgow

Murray, J. R. Erskine " " " "
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 Short, J., M.A. 40, Blantyre street, Glasgow

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 Watson, A. Greenfield, Eagles-ham

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 O'Donnell, H. " " " "
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O'Connor, G. Church street, Maryborough

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Wallace, W. P. Athlone

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 Hiatt, Rev. C. W., M.A. Peoria, Ill.
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 Porter, E. H. Beloit, Wis.
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 Prouty, L. I. Cherry street, Spencer, Mass.
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 Robertson, R. K. Beloit, Wis.
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 Taylor, Mrs. H. L. " " " "
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 Weld, Rev. C. R., LL.D. Baltimore, Md.
 Wheeler, S. Bryn Mawr, Pa.
 Whiffen, T. H. 473, Fourth avenue, New York, N. Y.
 Williams, J. L., B.A. 3945, Delmar avenue, St. Louis, Mo.
 Wright, Prof. T. L. Beloit, Wis.
 Wright, O. H. 357, Stephenson street, Freeport, Ill.
 Wrightington, C. N. 94, Francis street, Brookline, Mass.
 Wrightington, S. " " " "

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 Witt, L. Credit Lyonnais, Moscow, Russia

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 Burt, E. 6, rue Mogador, Paris
 Galilé, J. 23, rue St. Didier, Nancy
 Naish, P. L. Hotel de Paris, S/Lunair
 Thornton, G. Fontanelle, Candebec-en-Caux

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Hug, E. rue du Mairé, Mulhouse, Alsace
 Schmerber, M. Magolsheim, par Illfurth, Alsace

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Besme, M. 34, rue Jourdan, Brussels

HOLLAND.

Holte, A. H. Middleburg, Nederland

AUSTRO-HUNGARY.

Jordan, C. Budapest

SWITZERLAND.

Page, C. D. Cham
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 Warden, R. Chateau d'Oex, Bulle (Vaud)

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Thew, W. B. British Consulate, Rome

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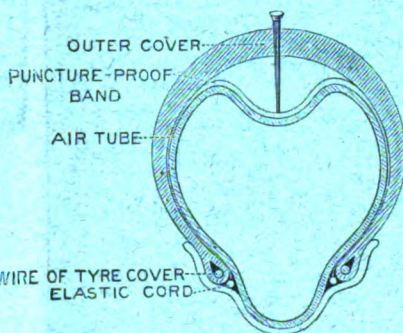
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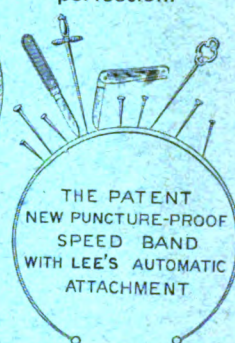
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RESILIENT, SPEEDY, LIGHT.



The latest addition
rendering it
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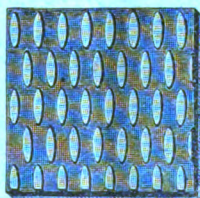
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THOMAS KEY,

Holder of the 24 Hours' Yorkshire Road Record.

SLIP-PROOF SPEED BANDS,

Manufactured of
PURE PARA RUBBER,
without Canvas,
thus retaining the
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At Vienna, May 24th, Messrs. LUGERT and LURION reduced the World's Records for 500 and 1000 Metres to 34secs. and 1min. '53secs. on a **NEW HOWE TANDEM.**

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Liverpool Wheelers' 20 Miles Path Race.....	1st	NEW HOWE.
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12 Hours' Northern Tandem Record lowered, June 8th, on a **NEW HOWE.**

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"4, Frankfort Street, Plymouth, July 2nd, 1894.

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"The Palmer Tyre Ltd., Birmingham."

R. RUGG MONK,

"Chief Consul C.T.C., Devonshire.

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