

second by Megson by a little over six inches, the Sydneyite giving one great kick on the mark after the two had been dead level for 50yds., and threatening to collide owing to the wobbling of the machines from their terrific efforts. On these two heats (says a Sydney exchange) the men were as nearly level on the night as it was possible to be. In the third and final contest it was recognised that one might as well toss up a coin as say who would win. What was the result? After the tandem left it was a waiting game. Megson, in front, sought to anticipate Walne's efforts at sprinting, as he did in the second race, but was caught napping. Walne gave the fatal 'jump' which always decides races of that sort, and shooting past had gained an advantage which no rider anywhere could concede in the distance. Walne won, but the question of supremacy is still undecided. Walne's tactics were successful as it happened, but it was only a lucky chance, which was just as likely to happen to Megson, and if it did Walne would have been just as surely beaten.

I never came across a cyclist yet (writes 'Philbuster' in the 'Australasian') who made use of the hollow of the top-piece of his saddle-pillar for stowing away the contents of a repair outfit, and yet the place is admirably suited for such a purpose. You may first push in a few rubber patches, then a tube of solution, and, at the other end, stow your circular box of chalk and sandpaper. Each end of the tube should then be corked up flush, and a neat job is effected, besides the satisfaction of knowing you have a repair outfit on hand, even though you may not require to use it for months to come. I might advise still further: the lower end of the saddle-pillar is capacious enough to hold a tube of velosee, or an oil-can; you might also stow there a yard of copper wire, a French nail, a small file, a spare link for your chain, and a lamp wick, and cork up the end. All these articles would not weigh more than an ounce or two, and yet some day, when touring, they might be of great service.

Racing cyclists, as well as boxers and other athletes, frequently introduce skipping into their training curriculum but barring one or two at the Democratic Club a few years ago no skipping competitions have ever been held. Michael and the late Arthur Linton have each records of over 3,000 skips, but one A. J. Sheen, an old Welsh racing man, claims to beat the world with 10,000.

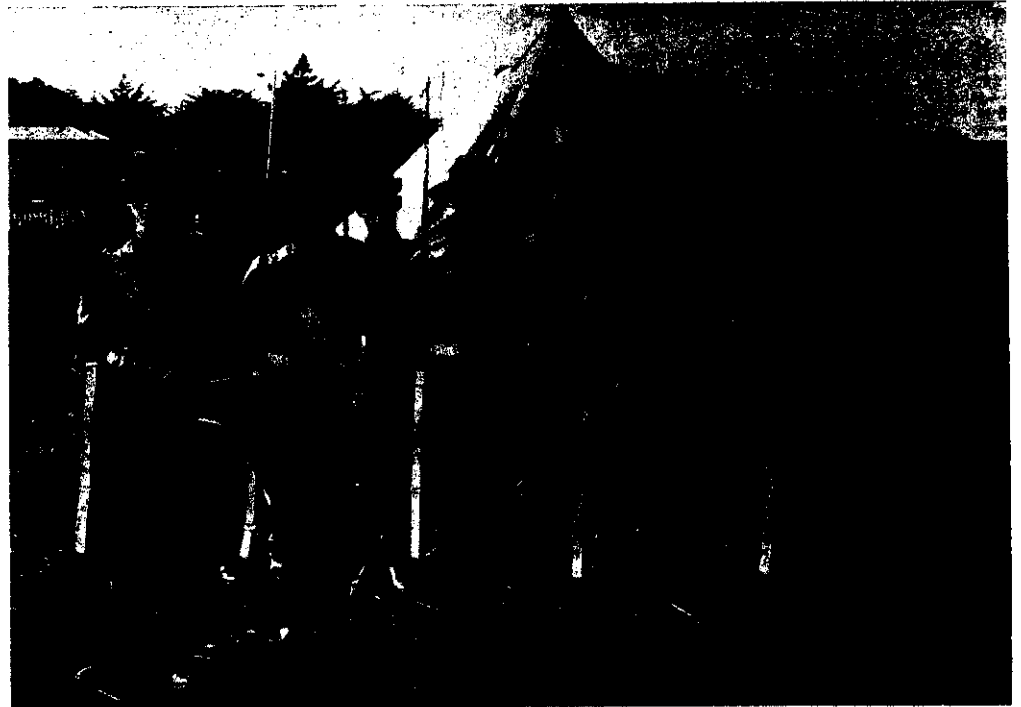
Elkes, the rising Yankee star, who was beaten by Martin, is a long, lanky, clean-shaven youth, with long hair like an American footballer. He is thin almost to woodiness, and the marvel is, as with many racing cyclists, where his strength comes from. He is trained by his father, an old-time ped., and has an hour record of 34 1/2 miles odd, equal to the best English.

An English contemporary relates a little cycling incident, in which H.R.H. the Prince of Wales figures prominently. While touring in the neighbourhood of Sandringham, a cyclist found his back tire punctured, with no prospect of immediate repair, as he had no repair outfit in his wallet. An elderly gentleman coming up on his bicycle and finding the cause of his brother wheelman's distress immediately dismounted, and placed his Dunlop outfit at his disposal, and then watched the operation of repairing with interest, remarking that he might require to do it himself some day. The tire was soon righted, and the young man returned the outfit, with the intimation that he would be pleased to meet his friend again, should he ever happen to be in town. The elderly gentleman replied that he was in town occasionally, and would be sure to call; then, with a quiet smile, handed his own card in return, bearing the simple inscription, 'The Prince of Wales.' When the young man reached home, he took the Prince's patch off his tire, and stuck it in his book of curiosities.

An American doctor has given a strong opinion against the bicycle. He declares that the idea that cycling is a wholesome exercise is a mistake, and says that it doesn't make girls healthy and pretty. On the contrary, it makes them ugly. 'The lady cyclist,' he says, 'may be identified by her squeaky voice, large, broad and flat hands, coarse skin, wrinkled face, and small, piercing, bloodshot eyes.'



AMONG THE TENTS.



THE COLLEGE RIFLES GUARD.



Photos by Paoley.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE ENCAMPMENT.

EASTER ENCAMPMENT OF THE AUCKLAND VOLUNTEERS.