

as we, or our machines were called. Going into the hotel, "White Eagle" gave the order "tea for six," although there were but four of us, yet we were hungry enough to finish a supply for eight. It took them half an hour to get supper, and the best sight we had seen since we left the city, was our friend John, bearing a large dinner bell out on the verandah ringing for the other two. It took a long time to convince him how matters stood, and when he did, he took the joke and charged "White Eagle" with the "other two." The tea was immense, and by the time we had torn ourselves away we were ditto. Proceeding out on the veranda, we found the crowd still examining our "ma-h-eens," and one old man explaining "how when he saw them coming down the hill he thought they were four of them city swells, as had broke down in their rig and were riding in on their carriage wheels." We gave the crowd an exhibition of our skill: "The Don" and "White Eagle" distinguishing themselves by running full tilt into each other and falling all in a heap. After a little more fancy riding we mounted again, and riding along seemed to go without the least effort. We found the next 5 miles about as good a road as we had ridden over. We reached the Rouge hill with Fitz leading. Starting down we found it very muddy, and about the centre of it, Fitz struck a stone and over he went. Don was second, and he ran over him and his machine and fell in a heap. "White Eagle" and myself ran into them simultaneously, and in less time than it takes to tell it we were all piled up on the road. There was an awful silence for a moment, and then we all seemed struck with the same idea, the question, "are you hurt?" came from us all in the same breath. Then the funny side struck us, and we all joined in the laugh. None of us were hurt, but our machines seemed like one mass in the road. To make matters worse it got as dark as pitch. On examination our bikes were found all right, except Fitz's handles which was broken short off at the head. We were in a bad fix, not knowing where or how far it was to the next hotel, where we intended to spend the night. However we started to walk down the hill over the bridge, and up the other side, it being too dark to see to ride. At the top we met a farmer, and on asking him where we were, he informed us that it was two miles to Secker's Hotel. Those two miles were the longest two I have ever walked. After we had gone about three quarters of a mile, (to us about 5,) we met a boy who informed us that Secker's was three miles from there. We did not kill that boy, but there was a strong inclination on the part of "White Eagle" to do so. Another twenty minutes walk brought us into Dumbarton. Here we were told that "Secker's" was



The Girl Don left behind him.



only half a mile. We started out again, and in about a quarter of an hour we saw a light which told us that it must be Secker's. Five minutes more we were standing at the door of a large brick hotel, Don knocked and Mrs. Secker came to the door, she opened it cautiously and looked out, but immediately closed it on sight of Don; she did well, for Don was a sight. In our fall he had managed to split his coat up the back, and it hung about him like a summer pea jacket. We were all more or less covered with mud, and perhaps resembled tramps. After a lot of parleying we managed to explain our plight to Mrs. S. and she immediately let us in. We were so tired that we ran our machines into the bar and went up-stairs to bed. Next morning we were up at nine, and after breakfast we settled our bill, oiled our machines and fixed Fitz's handle, we started. It was a fine sunny morning, and as we rolled along, we felt as if we were good for seventy-five miles that day. We reached Pickering in about twenty minutes, and taking the planks we whirled through that town at a great speed. At the other side of the town, Don who was turning around to get one last look at a Pickering young lady, struck a stone and took a "cropper" in great style. He was not hurt, and came up smiling as usual. It was here we started to coast down an immense hill, but about half way down we had to dismount to let a horse past, which had been getting up on its hind legs and trying to fall back into the buggy ever since it first sighted us. A little further on we met a minister who said he would undertake to lick "White Eagle" and myself for two cents, for scaring his horse with our "darn wheelbarrows" as he called them. We walked up the next hill which was a very long one indeed, and started off for "Whitby," which place we soon sighted; wheeling along we rushed through that town ringing our bells and surprising the natives quite a bit. We now struck the worst four miles of road yet experienced, the road between Whitby and Oshawa. We would walk up one hill and coast down the other, and so on till at last we coasted into Oshawa, at exactly 12 o'clock; we drew up in front of the hotel in fine style, entered and ordered dinner, which was got up regardless. At the table we formed the acquaintance of Messrs. Bongard, Reid and Dingle, of the Oshawa Bicycle Club, who made a bet that they could beat us to Bowmanville and back a total distance of 18 miles, they to ride in a horse and buggy. We started at one p. m., and the road

being very good we easily managed to beat their horse, which was occasionally taken with the "Back Stagers" on the way. We reached Bowmanville, and after having some refreshments at O. B. C.'s expense, we started for Oshawa, and after an hour's pleasant ride, we reached there about 5 p. m. After supper we had an extended walk through the town, in which we soon made a host of acquaintances, Fitz taking especially to a blind patent music dealer, (?) who, afterwards told Fitz that he thought his machine was the best, because it looked so bright. Don had left us early in the evening to go and see a "cousin." We retired about 9 p. m., Don joining us about eleven. In the morning at about 10, we started for home, after having said good bye to all our new acquaintances and the O. B. C., who are by the way about as jolly a crowd as could be found. Don having bid an affectionate farewell to his "cousin." We passed through Whitby and Pickering and drew up at Secker's at half past eleven, having done the run from Oshawa in an hour and a half, the distance being eighteen miles. Here we had dinner, and after bidding Mrs. S. good bye, we left for Toronto, passing through Dumbarton, and over the Rouge bridge, without once dismounting. Walking up the hill, we started along the stretch of road which is probably the best between Oshawa and Toronto. Passing over the Highland Creek hill, we made the Half-Way House, 8 miles from Toronto; here we took a rest of 5 minutes and refreshments, then mounting our machines, we made some fast time to Ben Lamond. It was here that White Eagle sighting a team, offered to race the man down the hill to the "Woodbine." They started down the hill, White Eagle coming in first by half a length, after a very close



FAREWELL TO OSHTAWA

and exciting race. Taking the sidewalk for the next three miles, we spun into the city after having one of the best and most enjoyable trips of the celebrated "BIG FOUR."

G. H. O.

TORONTO, Jan. 25th, 1883.

### After Picking Himself Up.

I'm a rather bicycle Young Man;  
A rut in the road Young Man;  
A battered and shattered  
And uniform tattered  
Thrown-over-the-handles Young Man.