

GEORGE H. HILL.

THE adjoining cut represents a new addition to the ranks of the professional fancy bicycle performers. Along with two or three others Mr. Hill is a specimen of "home production," being Canadian born. Montreal was the scene of his arrival on this particular planet on the 14th of August, 1866. For the last five years he has lived among wheels. He early entered the employ of Mr. A. T. Lane, of Montreal, and a year ago came to Toronto, and connected himself with the establishment of Chas. Robinson & Co., bicycle merchants, of Church st. The result of this constant work among wheels led to his trying his hand in 1883, when he won a 16-mile road race of the Montreal Bicycle Club, a 3-mile race at the games of the St. Patrick's Society, and several minor events. In 1884 he began to try his hand at fancy riding, and rode against Doolittle and Brunnell on one occasion at Montreal. He gave his first public exhibition of fancy riding in the fall of 1884 in Montreal. During the present season he has assiduously continued practising, being provided with a fine silver-plated 46-inch wheel, manufactured specially for him. He made his *debut* at the Toronto Princess Roller Rink recently, where he gave a very successful exhibition. His balancing feats are specially good. One of his best feats is the



placing of his wheel on a ladder raised several feet from the ground, horizontally, and then balancing on the bicycle in a variety of ways. He rides with a remarkable ease and grace, which, combined with courage and daring, gives him the necessary qualifications for being a successful fancy rider. Mr. Hill has now started on a regular tour of Ontario, under the management of Chas. Robinson & Co., 22 Church street, Toronto.

THE SECOND PRIZE WAS A BEAUTY.

When Whittaker was in Chicago at the October races he made many friends by his jolly ways, and they will relish the following from the *American Wheelman*:

When Whittaker was up at the Chicago races he had no intention to run in the Safety race, and a walk-over was generally conceded to Van Sicklen. Before the race, however, Van approached Whit and said:

"Why don't you enter? There's an elegant second prize."

"I haven't got a wheel," replied Whittaker.

"That's nothing; borrow one," said the Chicago champion. "We can take it easy, and that second prize is a beauty."

A little more talk ensued, and when Van saw that Whittaker was about to take him at his word, he did not appear half as anxious. The St. Louis man, however, with his usual rapidity of action, immediately proceeded to hustle for a wheel. He went to Al Spalding's and tried to get a Kangaroo, but met with no success, and he would have been compelled to stay out of the race had not Phil Hammil come to the front and volunteered the loan of his Rudge Safety, geared up to 54 inches.

Once in his hands, Whittaker borrowed a monkey wrench and proceeded to divest the machine of its superfluous "fixings," brake, dust-cap, etc., all coming off, one after another. Presently up came Van Sicklen.

"Ah, ha!" said he; "you're fixed, eh?"

"You bet yer," returned Whit, going for the nuts as though time were precious.

"What's it geared up to?"

"Sixty-four," replied the joking boy from St. Louis, with a grin that Van did not perceive.

"Whew!" ejaculated the Chicago champion, with a prolonged whistle, "three inches more than mine. You'll have a walk-over for second. It's an elegant prize."

"You bet yer," replied Whit, surveying the results of his labor.

"Say," returned Van, "there's no use in rushing ourselves. Let's take it easy and just spurt at the finish, eh?"

"Suits me all right," replied Whit.

"Sixty-four, I think you said?"

"Yes, sixty-four; but I expect it'll be hard pushing."

"Well, we'll take it easy. No use in rushing, you know; you're bound to get second prize, and it's a beauty."

Shortly afterwards the racers started from the scratch and ran along side by side for one or two laps, Van taking the opportunity to again impress upon Whittaker the needlessness of rushing, and alluding to the beauty of the second prize; but, after this distance had been traversed, Whittaker's blood became warm, and he suggested the propriety of a spurt, finally telling Van if he didn't spurt he (Whittaker) would, anyhow, and, true to his word, he did, and a lively race ensued; Whittaker finally crossing the line first with a lead of sixty yards on his opponent.

"Say, Va," said Whittaker, as the two champions entered the dressing-tent, "that second prize is a beauty!"

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At the dinner of the London (Eng.) Bicycle Club, Mr. Rucker read the following parody on a well-known song from the "Mikado":

I've seen a Canary (it was not a tomtit)

On a wheel oh! one wheel oh! one wheel oh!

And I said to him: Dicky-bird, how can you sit

On a wheel oh! one wheel oh! one wheel oh!

Is it balance or trickery, Birdie, I cried,

That enables you so your one wheel to bestride?

No notice he took, but continued to ride

Hix wheel oh! one wheel oh! one wheel oh!

I thought that I, too, would so much like to ride

On a wheel oh! one wheel oh! one wheel oh!

When I started the lookers-on cried: Get inside

Yer wheel oh! one wheel oh! one wheel oh!

I am covered with cuts, and have bruises a score;

I said: Botheration! Don't think that I swore;

But I'm darned if I ever will ride any more!

On a wheel oh! one wheel oh! one wheel oh!

BULL AND BICYCLE.

There is an old half-mile racing track on the Fry farm, two miles from Elkton, Pa. It has been used but little for several years, but last summer a number of young men who owned good road horses had the track put in order to exercise their horses on, the roads in the vicinity not being in good condition. During the past week Farmer Fry has had a three-year-old blooded bull tied in the lot where the track is situated. The bull had never manifested an ugly disposition, and never took any notice of the driving or noises around the track, although he stood near it. On Friday last a young man named Stephen Pickens, a nephew of Fry, who lived in a neighboring village, went to visit his uncle. He recently purchased a bicycle, and rode to Fry's on his machine. The same afternoon he went on the race track for a spin. He had gone but twice around the track when he heard the bull bellowing behind him. Looking back over his shoulder, he saw the bull following him at the top of his speed, and only a few feet behind him. Pickens ran his bicycle as fast as he could, supposing that he could easily distance the pursuing bull, but he had not yet become an expert on the wheel, and he found that the best he could do was to keep only just so far ahead of the animal. The bull kept his position until he had chased the bicyclist twice around the track, when he began to fall behind. Pickens had been shouting at the top of his lungs for help, but the farm-house was nearly a mile from the track, and no one heard him. When he saw the bull begin to weaken, as he supposed, he thought he had escaped all danger and could get far enough out of the way to permit his making his way out of the lot with safety. On looking back, however, he saw the bull bearing down on him by a cross-cut from the track, and the next moment the animal struck the bicycle with his head lowered, and machine, rider and all, were hurled into the grass at the side of the track. Pickens does not remember how he extricated himself from his wheel, but when he recovered himself he was on the opposite side of the fence, three rods from the track. The bull had evidently been dazed also by the shock, for he was turning around and around in a circle near the spot, and shaking his head in a curious manner. A few moments afterwards he seemed to recover himself, and walked slowly away as if nothing had happened. Pickens had received some bad bruises and scratches, but no serious injury. He hurried back to the farm-house, and his uncle went to the rescue of the bicycle, which was badly wrecked. The bull, which had never seen a bicycle before, had evidently become enraged at its strange appearance in his domain, and had broken the rope by which he was tied to a stake, and started in pursuit of it.—*Exchange*.

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FACT RECENTLY OVERHEARD.—Couple on a tandem tri. He: "Think, darling, you might stop pedalling for a while, if you like; we have now got over the worst bit of the hill." She (behind): "Thanks, dear, but I had stopped ever so long ago. There were so many people looking on, you know, and I thought you would like to look as gallant as possible."