

WILLIAMS New Scale PIANOS



THE example of the late Queen Victoria in selecting the Williams New Scale Piano has been followed by many of the world's most renowned musicians. This fact has caused it to be known as the Choice of the Great artists.

Louis XV Model, \$600.00
THE WILLIAMS PIANO CO., LIMITED, OSHAWA ONT.
Canada's Oldest and Largest Piano Makers

How I Make Big Money Out of "Ornery" Horses

By J. A. BUTLER

ABOUT two years ago I witnessed up in New York State an exhibition of horse-training that opened my eyes. A man by the name of Mackley took a devil of a mean, vicious mare that hadn't been harnessed for seven months and in a few days had her gentle enough for a school girl to drive. Mackley had taken the mare off the owner's hands for \$50 and just ten days after sold her for \$175.00. A clear profit of \$125.00 in ten days!

That started me investigating. I learned that Mackley had simply used the methods introduced by the famous horse trainer, Jesse Beery. Beery, I learned, used to go about the country giving wonderful exhibitions in colt-breaking and horse-training; but realizing that he could accomplish more by teaching his methods by mail, had given up his exhibition work to spread his horse-training secrets by mail-instruction. Mackley had studied Beery's Course in his spare time and in a few months was able to accomplish magical results with green colts and horses with bad habits.

Other Successes

Mackley's work showed me a way to make some nice money and I determined to take Prof. Beery's Course in horse-training—but before doing so I made further inquiries. Here are what a few of Beery's students said. I'll let them tell of their success in their own words.

Mr. S. L. Arant writes: "Just to test Beery's methods, I bought the worst balky, kicking, fighting horse I could find. Paid \$65.00 for him. After handling him only a few hours according to Beery's system I sold him for \$135.00."

Mr. Dell Nicholson, Portland, Mich., writes: I have trained a four year old mare that was given up by everybody. Bought her for \$35.00, and now have her so gentle, my little boy handles her. Wouldn't take \$200.00 for her.

Dean L. Smith, Findley, Ohio, writes: By following Beery's instructions have changed a worthless, dangerous balker into a horse worth \$225.00.

Everett McBlock, Elkhart, Ill., writes: Have just broken a pony to drive and taught it some tricks. Owner bought it for \$17.50. Paid me \$40 to train it. He just sold it to a show company for \$150.00.

How I Work

The big source of my income is in buying up

"ornery" colts and horses at bargain prices, and after training the animals, selling them at a good profit. However, I also pick up good money handling colts and training horses for others on a fee basis. For instance, a farmer had a beautiful driving bay that had the bad habit of shying. A piece of paper blowing across the road would set the horse crazy. The owner thought a great deal of the animal, but couldn't take chances on the shying habit. A friend of his for whom I had done some work put this man in touch with me and in a few hours I had the horse completely cured of the habit—for which job I received \$50.



Curing Bad Habits

You can see from this that my work consists not only in breaking colts and "gentling" vicious horses, but in curing the various bad habits a horse can have—such as shying, balking, fear of automobiles, etc., pulling at hitching strap, pawing in the stall, etc. etc., Beery's methods of colt breaking are particularly amazing. Under the old way of handling green colts one usually had to half kill the horse as well as himself to accomplish anything—and then the colt was usually spoiled or hurt in some way or other. But, when you apply Beery's principles, there is no hard, long work or injury to the colt.

No one should have a biting, kicking or balky horse when it is so easy to cure these vicious habits. No one should attempt to break in a colt the old fashioned way when Beery's methods make the task so easy. To every horse owner, to every lover of horseflesh, my advice is to get acquainted with the Beery principles. You can not only make money for yourself, but you can do a world of good, particularly at this day when war-demands have placed a premium on horses.

Wonderful Book Free

I have been requested to state that Prof. Jesse Beery will send his remarkable booklet, "How to Break and Train Horses" free to those interested. It is a booklet well worth having as it reveals some startling information on horse-training. I have heard men who considered themselves expert horsemen say that the booklet was a revelation to them. There is no use in my going into details on the booklet when you can get it free for the asking.

Just drop a line to Prof. Jesse Beery, Dept. 481 Pleasant Hill, Ohio, and the booklet will be sent free by return mail. A postcard will do as well as a letter.

Clipped Army Horses

Veterinarians of the Allied Armies ordered regular clipping of the horses and mules in all branches of the service. They were clipped with the Stewart No. 1 machine. YOUR horses also will do better work if clipped. Get a Stewart Ball Bearing Machine from your dealer. If he can't supply you send us his name. Write for 1919 catalogue.

CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT COMPANY
Dept. 161, 12th St. and Central Ave., Chicago

DO YOU NEED
FURNITURE
Write for our large, photo illustrated Catalogue No. 7—It's free to you.
THE ADAMS FURNITURE CO., Limited
Toronto, Ontario

"Oh, she's happy as a canary-bird singin' all the time. Hannah's not one o' them kind that's afraid of the bush, or minds bein' alone now an' again. She's took hold back there like as she'd been there all her life, an' never a bit run out o' the gab, either.—She's a great woman, Hannah is."

Jimmie didn't come out again until it was time to do the "astin'," and then he asked everybody in the settlement, finishing up by buying a great load of stuff for the supper.

Hank told me afterwards that it was rare fun to see him poring over Hannah's list, and trying to make out the words, so that between his perplexity and Hannah's spelling Hank had a sore time to keep a straight face.

"S-u-g-e-r," he spelled out, pushing his hat back and scratching his head, with his face all screwed up with the effort, "S-u-g-deuce take it, what does that spell, Hank? Oh, yes, 'sugar.'—Why didn't she put an 'h' in?—S-h-u-g-e-r spells sugar if I know anything. But mebbe Hannah has the new fashion of it. An' what in the Sam Hill is this?" going down the page with his finger, "m-u-s-k-i-v-a-d-e-r"—now what do ye make o' that?"

"Maybe its 'Muscovado,'" said Hank, "Muscovado sugar, you know," whereupon Jimmie thumped his breeches ecstatically. "I'll be blowed! Sure that's it! Now who'd have thought Hannah could have spelled 'muskivader'?" "F-l-o-w-e-r," That's plain. Gimme 50 pounds of it, Hank.—But what in the devil is this? "I-n-g-i-n-m-e-l-e." Kin ye make that, Hank?"

"Perhaps it's two words, 'Indian meal,'" suggested Hank, and Jimmie spat on the floor with glee.

"Of course it is, an' I'm one great thickhead!" Now here's 'p-a-r-e'—'p-a'—'pair,' with great decision, "Oh yes; Hannah told me to ast if yer mother 'ud loan her a pair of bakin' pans until after the raisin'."

—So on through a long list, until finally, all loaded up, Jimmie set out, proud as Punch, remarking that he'd "jist git a few bottles an' some tobacco to top it off."

When he reached our place he was whistling with all his might, and waved his hand at me to come down to the road. "It's awkward turnin' in with a load," he said, excusing himself.

"Why, you have a load, Jimmie," I said, "what are you going to do with all that stuff?"

"Oh, there'll be none too much," he replied, in a very off-hand manner. "Seein' as Hannah an' me didn't have a weddin' we want to have a sort o' blow-out now, sort of a weddin' supper an' house warmin' at onst, ye know; an' the vittles'll be jist as good as they'd ha' been at the saremony. There's to be a hoe-down after.—Ye'll be sure to come, Alan?"

"I'll be there."
"Hank's comin', an' I've ast The Schoolmaster,"—with conscious pride,— "I've ast 'em all, in fact."
And so he had.

When I got to the "clearin'" on Friday, almost at the turn of the afternoon, there was a big crowd, fellows chaffing and laughing and tugging the timbers about, and the place fairly fluttering with women and girls in their best calicoes and winceys, with Hannah going in and out everywhere, laughing and joking, and very gay in her wedding gown of purple and green.

At first opportunity I looked about to see if Barry was there. She was not, and I was disappointed in spite of my pique, but not surprised, for it is seldom that she attends the gatherings in the settlement, and so brings down some criticism of her. Neither was Dimple there, having sent word with Hank that she feared the bush road might be too much for her.

Since there were so many on hand to do the work, the logs were shot up in no time, with Big Bill "yo-heaving" so you could have heard him at the cross-roads, and Dick Jones and two or three more running about on top and knocking the corners into shape. Afterwards it took but short time to put on the roof and to hammer down the floor. Jimmie hadn't tried to get clap-boards, because of the long hauling, and so the roof is a "trough" one of basswood logs hollowed out, with the grooves interlocking to catch the drip, as is the fashion in the farther back bush houses. A very good

and strong covering it is, too, if not so fine as when made of the clap-boards.

As for me I did very little but sit on the grass with some of the other fellows, for so many of us were there that there was nothing for the most of us to do.

"That's all right," Jimmie said, when someone apologized. "We jist ast ye fer the eatin' an' the dance."

It was when the last nails were being driven that The Schoolmaster arrived, and I heard Jimmie welcoming him very respectfully:

"Indeed it's proud I am to see this day,"—to which the Master replied "Tut! Tut!"

Afterwards I heard him offering to help Jimmie plaster up the chinks and put the finishing to the fire-place. "I'm more'n obliged, sir," said Jimmie, quite overpowered.

All this time the women had been spreading tables on the ground, running in and out of the shanty and carrying cakes and pies, so that there was presently a great array, which soon enough began to disappear when we all set to; and a pretty enough sight it was, with the sky all pink above from the sunset, and the great forest all ringed about the little clearing, which is round as an apple.

Before it was quite dark Ned Burns began tuning up his fiddle, and that was a signal for the girls to come running in with lanterns to hang on the wall, while the boys stamped about on the new floor testing it for the dancing. Then Big Bill took his place in the doorway and in a moment they were all at it, Big Bill beating time with his foot and calling off the changes at the top of his voice.

"Ladies chain!"
"Swing yer partner roun' an' roun', an' hoe it down in the corner!"
"Do see do!"

"Alaman left an' away ye go!"

—The words, in a long singsong, came out to The Schoolmaster and Hank and me as we stood outdoors, a little way from the house, while the edge of a big, red harvest moon was appearing above the quiet trees to the southeast.

"Where the deuce did those words come from—'do see do' and 'alaman' left?" Hank asked The Schoolmaster.

"Why 'dos a dos', and 'a la main left,'" said he. "They puzzled me, too, at my first bush dance in this country. Then I watched what the dancers did and discovered that the movements had kept on better than the words, which, I suppose, are a survival of past elegancies in the old country. . . . Come on, boys! There's Ned scraping up for a quadrille. Get your partners, and I'll take Hannah."

We had a turn at the quadrille, and then an eight-hand reel and a schottische and polka, too, which were somewhat difficult because of the newness of the floor. But some zest was taken out of the frolicking for Hank and me because our lady-loves were not there.

As the night wore on the married folk began to leave, so that lanterns were taken down from the wall and went off down the road into the bush, twinkling like fireflies. In the house the light grew dimmer and dimmer, but the dancing went on merrily as ever, and no doubt right into the daybreak, though Hank and The Schoolmaster and I left at about two of the clock.

As we went out, following the narrow dark road with its walls of trees, stepping over the poles and logs and avoiding as well as we could the holes and mud where water from the swampy places had run across, the Master spoke of the loneliness of the little bush home we had left.

"They'd need stout hearts, Jim and Hannah," he said. "It's well enough now, but wait until the fall and winter set in.—If only Jimmie had waited a while and gone somewhere else!"

"But you know he was in love," suggested Hank.

"Oh, yes. It's the way with you young fellows," returned The Schoolmaster, "And Hannah wouldn't go too far from the aunt." Then he stood still and looked into the bush, raising his lantern so that the light flashed on the nearest tree-trunks and upon a thicket of swamp brush and weeds that grew over dark water.

"It's a downright shame," he said, "that they couldn't have had a bit of land off this Block, out near the front where they'd have been in some sort of civilization."

That gave him his opening to rail at the whole system of land distribution in this country, and other grievances of which I have already written, dilating much upon the Family Compact, and