

city know that it has arrived. The horses come from the States and from as far west in Ontario as there is good ice in winter. The men with them are of a type which would be recognisable if there was not a trotting horse within a thousand miles. They all look "horse," they talk nothing but "horse," and they say it loud and clear. It is seldom that you see among them a man whom you could call a young man. They look so much alike to the outsider that the wonder is that they can tell each other apart. When they enter a caravansary they simply fill it; the regular guests simply cling on to the edges. They are profuse spenders and apparently never go on foot anywhere a cab-sleigh can carry them. Apparently they stay up all night, but they are always at breakfast and they make a loud noise all the time.

Down at the track, as an incident to the races themselves, there is ample provision for their creature comfort which they never for a moment neglect. The big sheds, vastly overheated, offer food and drink in abundance and dinky little wheels of fortune serve to while away the tedium between races. The track is on the no man's land between the two provinces.

Outside, where the game is played strictly according to rules, a business-like method under-runs all the boisterous excitement of the course, and if every race is not decided on its merits it is because some one manages to escape the eyes of the starter and the judges.

It is a great game, for all its peculiarities, and seems to have come to Ottawa to stay.

Ralph Connor in a New Role

A NEW NAME ADDED TO THE LIST OF MUSICAL DIRECTORS.

By W. M. JOHNSON

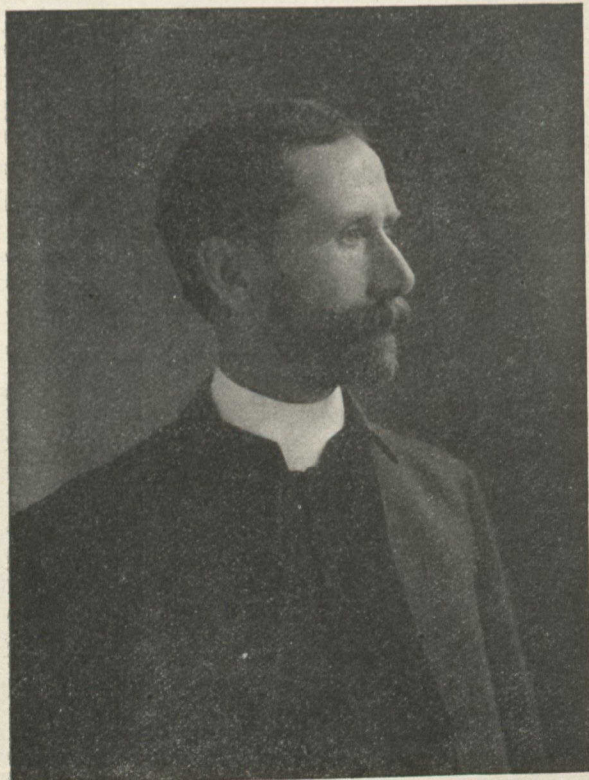
RALPH CONNOR is known everywhere to be a versatile man. Not only is he an author, but he is a preacher and a lecturer as well. Under his own name of Rev. C. W. Gordon, D.D., he ministers to the congregation of St. Stephens' in Winnipeg, and, in that city and elsewhere he often appears upon the public platform.

It was given, however, to the members of Knox Church Brotherhood, Regina, to see the celebrated Canadian in a new role, that of music teacher! Ralph Connor was invited to be present as the guest of honour at a banquet which was given to organise a men's club in Knox Church. He was to speak on the convention which was recently held in Indianapolis in connection with the formation of a wide Brotherhood movement. Before the lecture, the speaker announced that he was going to teach the guests a new hymn—and he did! Connor has all the tricks and motions of the professional musical instructor. He swung his arms, clapped his hands to beat time, called for repeats, requested that certain notes be held "just a little longer," sang a few lines himself "to show you how it goes," and carried on in general exactly like a director of a "National Chorus." And he succeeded! The result was that a

new hymn was introduced into Regina by Ralph Connor!

During the lesson it was noticed that some men were not singing. The apparent reason was that they had not the gift, but the real explanation of their conduct was probably that they were too deep in thought to sing. They were letting their imaginations rule. Here was one of the greatest living Canadians, one who has made Canada and the healthy type of Canadian known all over the English-speaking world, one who has advertised his country in a practical manner, because, although we do not intend to enter into an argument as to whether Ralph Connor's books are inspired novels, and whether they shall live in the history of literature, or whether, from a literary standpoint they are of an inferior class, it is admitted at any rate that this author has a hold on the public which is remarkable. Here, then, was a famous author, whose works are read in every section of Great Britain, the United States and Canada, throwing his arms around and asking that a certain note in a hymn be given two beats. No wonder that some men did not sing!

This very incident reveals, however, the secret of Ralph Connor's success as a writer. He is no haughty, reserved minister or famous author. He is a man, mingling with men, and acting as a man. His freedom is very marked. Before the lecture he remarked that he was going to the kitchen to get a glass of water—and he did go to the kitchen and he did get a drink! It is such instances as these which explain his popularity, and explain how he can make the barn raising, the dance and the fight scenes in "The Doctor" stand out so vividly. Who knows but that, in his next book, Ralph Connor may have a brilliant chapter on the description of a Western banquet, and the antics of a musical instructor?



Ralph Connor, the Novelist

Winter Sunrise

The English novelist, Mr. Eden Philpotts, does not often turn from the gloomier aspects of his beloved Devonshire to write anything so dainty as his latest bit of verse in which he describes a winter dawn:

"There's a shadow on the starlight far away, far away;
There's a pearl hid in the mist so cold and gray,
Where young Morning silver-eyed,
Steals along the steep hillside
For to seek another little new-born day,
For to find and love a little new-born day."