

—to see things, and put them right. Into the flank of Gray Bird he drove a spur, and the Montana horse, quivering with the strain of his giant muscles, pushed past the white-faced chestnut that was running him neck and neck, and crept up until his long, sloping shoulder touched the huge thigh of the Winnipeg Cyclone.

Never had such a race been seen in Cargelly. The stand watchers rose to their feet—stood on their very toes in excitement. Would the mare last out—the gallant little Whirlwind? Surely she would, for her jockey, sitting with set face, riding with superb judgment, had not moved on her; not once had he raised his whip. Surely he knew that his mount had plenty in hand, or he would have urged her with whip and spur.

"Cyclone will win!" said a Winnipeg man, his voice tense with excitement.

"I'll lay you a thousand the mare beats him!" said Major Lance huskily.

"Done!" cried Winnipeg.

Cyclone's big nose was at Whirlwind's shoulder now, and they were a furlong from the finish.

"If my rider sits tight," murmured the mare, "that brute will never catch me."

The Dean sat tight—there was nothing else in it for him; a false move on the tiring mare, well he knew, might throw her under the feet of the galloping horses. All the evil that could come to him, all the disgrace, had materialized at the start; therefore he sat tight and waited.

The Padre pushed Gray Bird still farther up, fairly lifting him at every jump. He could not win, he felt convinced, but a little bustle at the side of Cyclone might juggle his stride a bit.

Ah! what a race it was home to the finish post! The big horse, strong galloping, lashed and cut with whip and spur, strained and far-stretched his strong muscles to overtake the smooth-gliding little brown mare but a neck in front. Even the neck lead shortened, and still the grim figure on her back swerved her not a hair's breadth from her stride. Now it was a head, just a small brown head in front. There was only silence in the grand-stand; no noise in the air at all—nothing but a muffled roar of hoofs pounding the turf, and the sharp crack of a quirt on Cyclone's ribs.

Only the Judge, sitting straight across the two finish posts, knew whether a bay or brown nose had caught his eye first. In the stand a babel of voices was yelling: "Cyclone wins! Whirlwind's got it!"

Then, after a little waiting hush, number five went up. That was Whirlwind's number.

The Padre galloped on and overtook the mare. He threw himself from Gray Bird's back. Back he led Whirlwind. "Sit here for a minute, father, and rest," he said, lifting the old man down; and in a trice he had the saddle on the back of the seat. It was the weighing scales. And the weight was sufficient—two pounds over the hundred and forty.

Eagerly the men who had amassed sudden wealth gathered about this new rider the Padre had unearthed from somewhere. What a clever trick of the Padre's it had been, to be sure. Nobody but Major Lance recognized the man in the corduroy coat. The Padre fought them off, and carried his father from the course, leaving the care of the horses and all the rest of it to the Major and others of the Council.

There was an aftermath of reproach and exhortation and remorse on the part of the Dean, and contrition on the part of the Padre, and the assurance of an undoubted reformation. Willingly he promised to race no more, and where are there fathers without forgiveness in their hearts? There was not one in Cargelly anyway, because, at the end of all things the Dean knew, because he performed the ceremony himself, that Marion, the Sunflower, would guard his son's moral interests as only a good wife can.

Mr. E. Dyonnet, R. C. A.

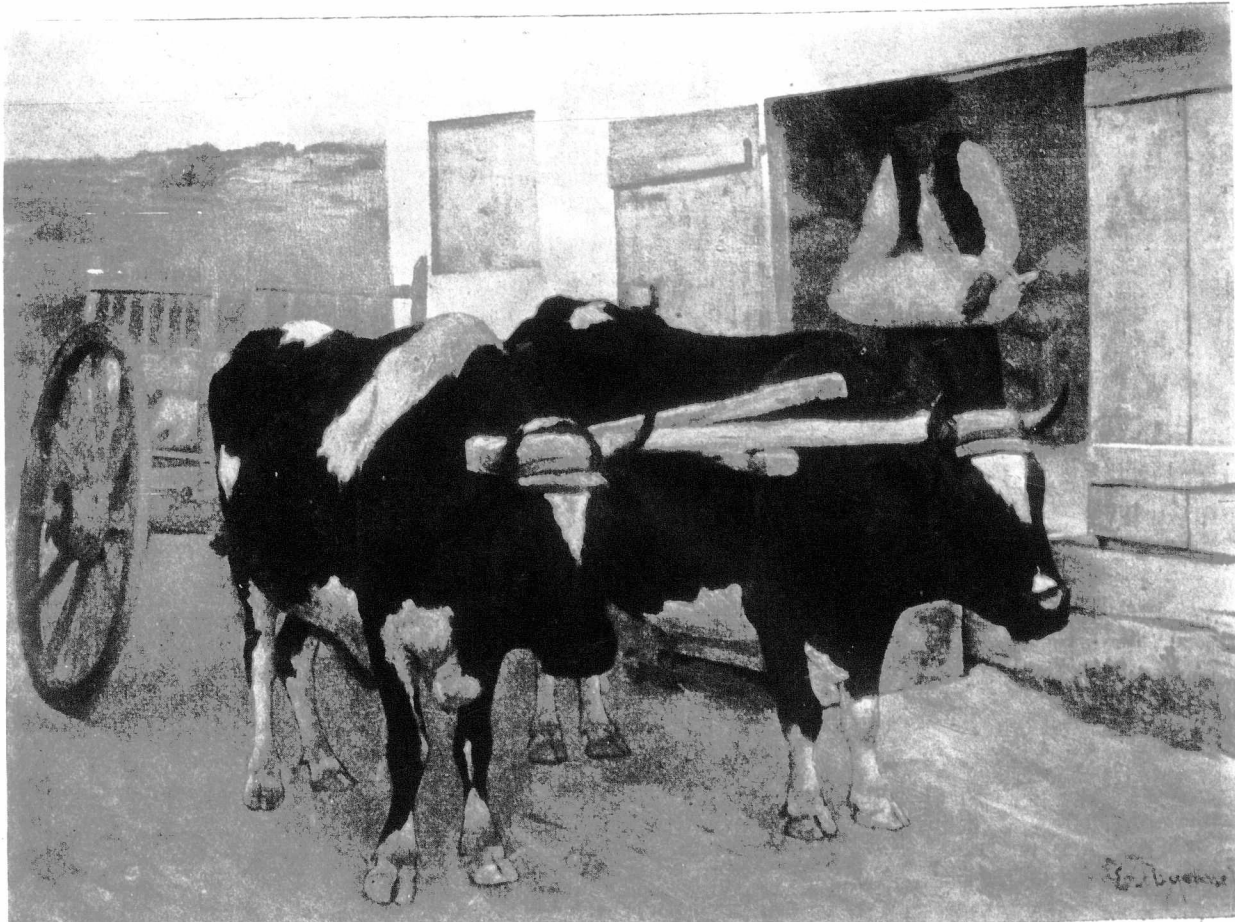
The reproduction of the pair of cattle and cart by the barn-door which we give in this issue is a typical illustration of what the French habitant of the Lower St. Lawrence does with his oxen,

which are of a small breed, but remarkably hardy and useful. The picture discloses how close a study the painter has made of his subject. Mr. E. Dyonnet, of Montreal, was born in France, but came to Canada when quite young. He studied art four years in Italy, principally in Turin, Florence, Rome and Naples. Before returning to Canada, he exhibited a few pictures at the International Exposition, Rome, where he has exhibited



E. DYONNET.

annually ever since. In 1892 he was elected an Associate of the Royal Canadian Academy, and last spring was raised to full membership. He exhibited some portraits at Buffalo, which were awarded a silver medal.



From a painting by E. Dyonnet.

"WHAT THE QUEBEC HABITANT DOES WITH HIS OXEN."

The Trend of Beef Breeding.

BY D. E. SMITH, CHICAGO STOCK-YARDS.

This is an age of progress, and in order to obtain the best results we must read aright lessons from the past. The past casts the searchlight of experience on the rocks of failure upon which many an unwary person has been wrecked, as well as on the broad, open sea where, with perseverance and diligence, one may reach the haven of success. The present is ours to develop, whilst the future beckons us on to possibilities that lie hidden within the spacious fields of scientific breeding.

Let us cast a glance back over one or two de-

and careless. Farmers, as a rule, would not go to the expense of buying pure-bred males, but contented themselves with using common and inferior grades. The breeders of pedigreed stock found trouble in disposing of their cattle at remunerative prices, and gradually interest waned, and, as a result, the quality of stock deteriorated. Some, rather than go to the expense of purchasing new bulls to keep up the standard of their herds, resorted to the hazardous expedient of in-and-in-breeding.

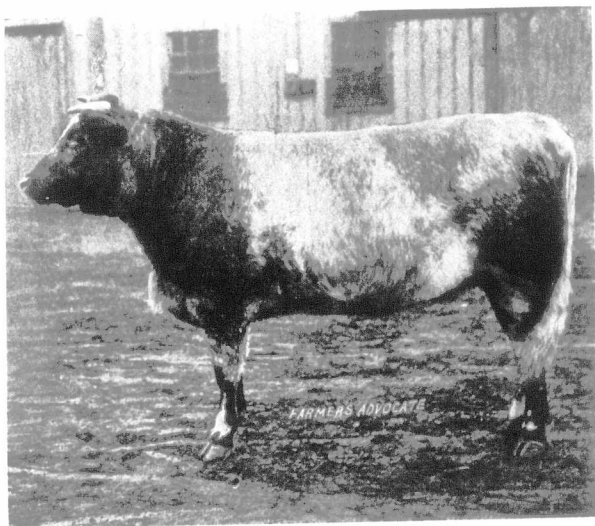
The craze for fashionable pedigreed stock, without due regard to quality, gained a foothold in many localities, and inferior animals were sold at high figures. Those who purchased such stock did not obtain satisfactory results, and a prejudice against pedigreed stock became widespread, and led to the death-blow of fashionable pedigrees unless accompanied with individual merit.

These causes, together with others of less importance, led to a widespread deterioration of cattle, which is still very noticeable in many localities.

Well along in the nineties the impression became quite general that the breeders and farmers had made a serious and costly mistake along the lines of breeding, and steps were at once taken to rectify the errors that had been so thoughtlessly committed. Urgent means were necessary, and stockmen turned their attention at once to a higher and better system of breeding. Inferior breeding animals were discarded and better ones were substituted. The agricultural press emphasized this spirit of progress, and the Farmers' Institutes, Agricultural Colleges, Experiment Stations, exhibitions, etc., all directed their influence in the same direction. These, each in its own way, showed forth the trend of recent thought in breeding and feeding.

It may also be remarked that the ideal bullocks of the breeder, the feeder and the butcher have become quite similar in recent years, and to-day their ideas of a perfect beef animal are the same.

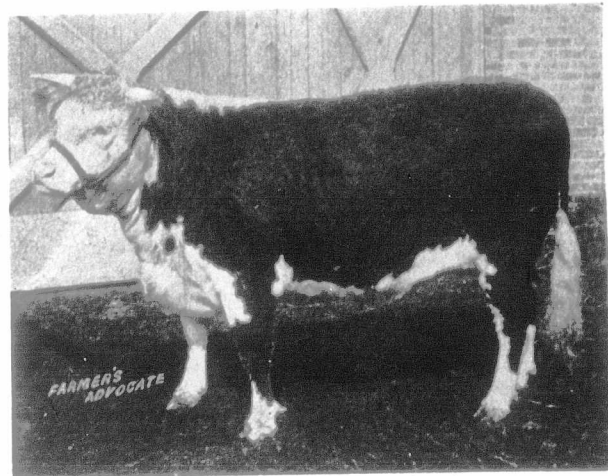
The aim of the breeder is to produce a bullock that has a strong constitution, a good digestive system, strong heart and lung power, is compact and symmetrical in form, deep fleshed and with



YEARLING SHORTHORN HEIFER.

cadres and see the changes that have taken place and also learn lessons from the causes and effects produced. "Like begets like" has ever been the law of breeding, and ever will be. Intelligent selection, together with painstaking care, always bring merited reward in quality as well as financial gain.

Early in the eighties, steers were fed until they were three, four or even five years old. No doubt there were many excellent cattle at that time, but there were also a goodly number of coarse, ox-like steers, and many also showed a tendency to lurch the fat. During this same period a smart spirit of rivalry spread among the breeders, and progressive feeders soon saw the folly of feeding steers such a long time. Accordingly, the feeding age was changed from four to three, and from three to two. Trustworthy experiments have demonstrated that beef can be produced at much greater profit at the latter age than with older animals. The transition was gradual, and practical men soon saw that it was a step in the right direction. With this change came more compactness in build and symmetry in form. Improvement thus continued well along in the eighties—in fact, until the price of cattle had dropped very low. Then came, as it were, a reaction. Breeders and farmers became indifferent



YEARLING HEREFORD HEIFER.