

SUBURBAN & COUNTRY LIFE SUPPLEMENT

Sir William Mulock's Country Home

A Beautiful Estate Which Has Many Interesting Features

By A. HELEN PEARSON

EVERYBODY who goes to Lake Simcoe on the Metropolitan trolley line knows that cars meeting between Aurora and Newmarket must pass on the switch at "Mulock's Corners"; everybody who motors up Yonge Street knows that the plain, magnificent house at the north-west angle of the cross-roads is the country home and experimental farm of Sir William Mulock.

Most people glance an eye of admiration over the columnar fascade; an eye of delight over the extensive, well-trimmed lawns, and rising terraces; and an eye of—but by then the several hundred yards of rain-bow flower-beds that wind around the house on the lowest level have whirled past, and they go home and tell what a beautiful place Sir William's is.

They are perfectly right, although they don't know it.

They don't know that while the world and his go-ahead wife are cycloning up and down Yonge Street some of their more leisurely relatives are exploring on the side-roads, and are discovering that not only the environment of the farm possesses qualities of exceptional delight to the scenic epicure and lover of sylvan glory, but that the farm itself holds a score of intelligent and practical interests for as many spheres of life.

To get some idea of the "depth of background" that lies behind the picture one sees from Yonge Street, it is necessary to realize, when climbing over Pinnacle Hill—the high one just south of Aurora—that one is crossing the height of land between Lakes Ontario and Simcoe; and that this height of land, known as The Ridges, swings east and west across the entire county, the westward arc following a northerly course across King township, and into that of Simcoe.

The north-westerly trend to these fine old hills permits the loftiest rise to which they attain in York county to outcrop some two and a half miles due west of Sir William's farm, and between the second and third concessions of the township.

APPROACHING Yonge Street from the third concession, then over the Mulock side-road, one passes through scenes of varied and romantic loveliness, part of the way being known as The Old Gamble Road. The south side of the big hill dips down into a stretch of pastoral excellence, while the north side is covered with scraggling pines and underbrush of the most abandoned nature. From the top of this hill on a bright day one may descry some twenty miles of gently undulating country, and afar, like a gleaming blade, the narrow waters of the Holland River, where they pierce "the steel-blue breast-plate" of Lake Simcoe's distant bosk. "Scallyhooting" down the hill past sloping fields of stumps and stones and a few deserted-looking dwellings, one winds through woods of majestic grandeur, where

"Woven boughs shut out the moon's bright ray," and where, in spring, the air is rife with many woodland melodies.

Emerging once more into the open, one finds oneself bowling along a green-swarded avenue that stretches through the three hundred and twenty-four acres of the Mulock farm.

Suppose we turn onto the farm from this most appropriate rear.

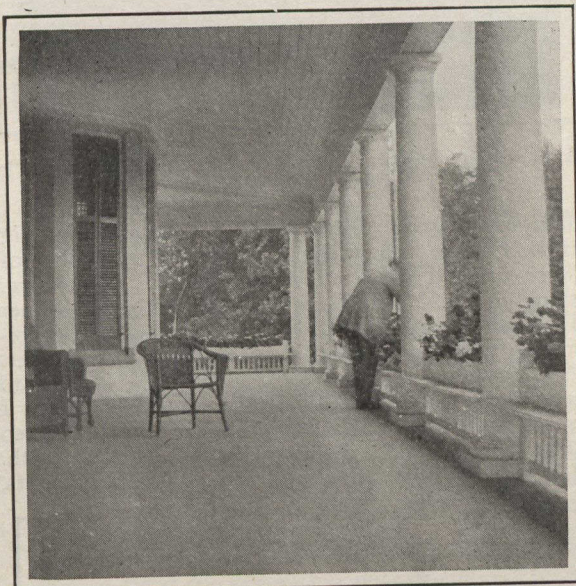
Sir William himself, with characteristic kindness, comes forward to greet us.

We walk about a bit to get a comprehensive idea of the "layout" of the farm.

On the western horizon rises the wooded hills of the Gamble district, forty acres of which belong

to the Mulock farm, and all of which woods give place suddenly to the cultivated precision of apple orchards and hay fields.

The apple orchards cover one hundred and thirty



Sir William Mulock on his Verandah.

acres, flanking both sides of the road we have just travelled on. The trees bear entirely winter fruit, of which three-fourths are northern spies. The other fourth are apples that blossom at the same time as the spies, and are planted among them for pollination purposes.

"As a rule," Sir William explains, "apple trees of one species require pollination by those of another species, but authorities differ as to whether the northern spy requires that mode of pollination."

Scientists maintain that it does. Leading apple growers take the other view, but without accurate data to guide them. It is safer, I think, to accept the opinions of scientists."

To reach the enormous stables, with their reputation of being the largest and best in Ontario, we walk eastward through neatly laid out vegetable, fruit, and flower gardens, and past the conservatories, with their suggestions of humus odours, frondy greens, and gay groups of colour, where we turn sharply to the north.

To enter the pony-paddock, we cross a lane-road, and a stile, beneath the spreading grandeur of a black-walnut grove. The dainty ponies spying Sir William, started toward us from out a cave-like embankment under an old house, where they find shelter from the weather.

They gathered about us with the utmost confidence.

"The darling creatures," we exclaimed, rubbing their noses, and petting them. "But how much larger some are than others."

"There are two varieties. The larger ones are Exmoors, and the little ones, Shetlands."

"But that tiny one with a halter on—surely that is a colt?"

"That is Dandy, the sire of the Shetland herd. I have fourteen Shetland ponies, most of which I selected and purchased from the Ladies Hope, daughters of the late Marquis Linlithgow, who carry on large breeding establishments of Shetland ponies in the south of England. Their Shetlands are all registered thoroughbreds, and first prize winners in practically all of the United Kingdom. Dandy there is a perfect type of Shetland pony and a first prize winner in competition with all England."

"The Shetland colts, then, judging from Dandy, must be a marvel of littleness."

"Come and see. On the eighth of August, a filly colt was born, not much larger than a Cocker spaniel, and could easily be carried by a 6-year-old."

It certainly was a fascination of smallness, as it



Sir William Mulock's Country Residence and Farm at Mulock's Corners on Yonge Street, a Few Miles North of Toronto.