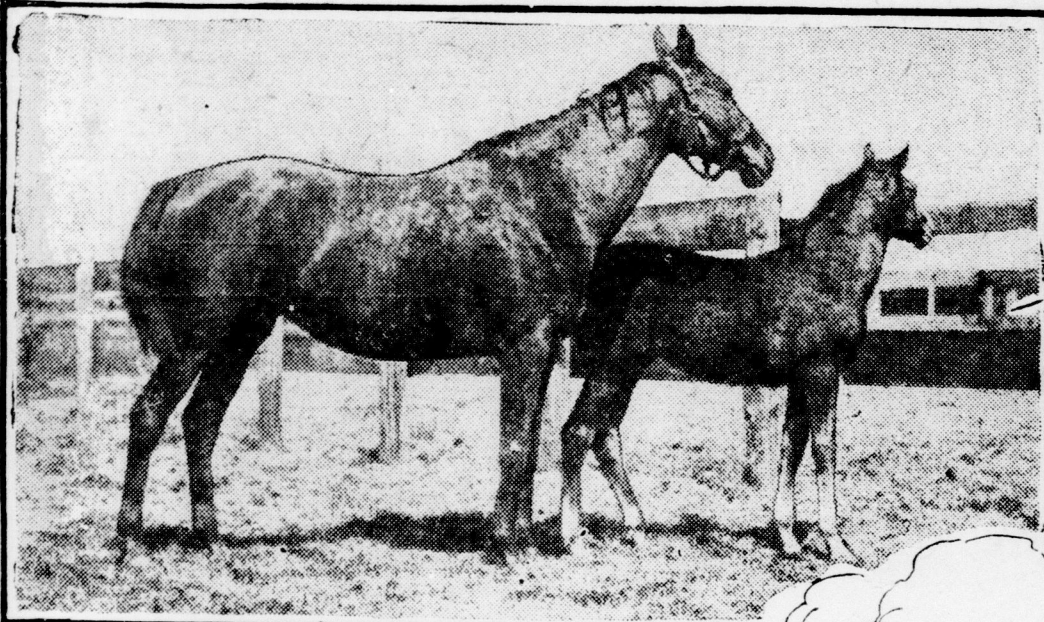
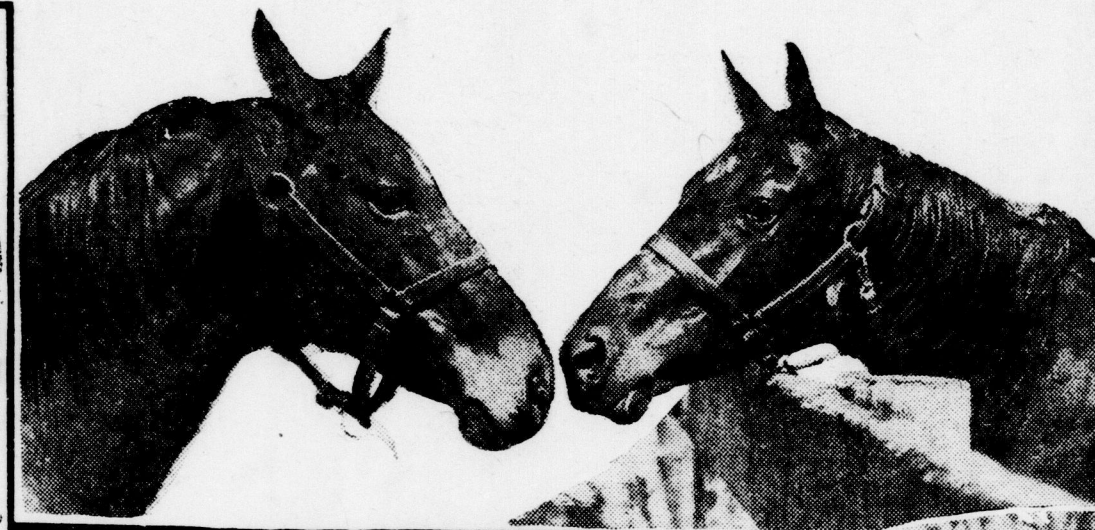


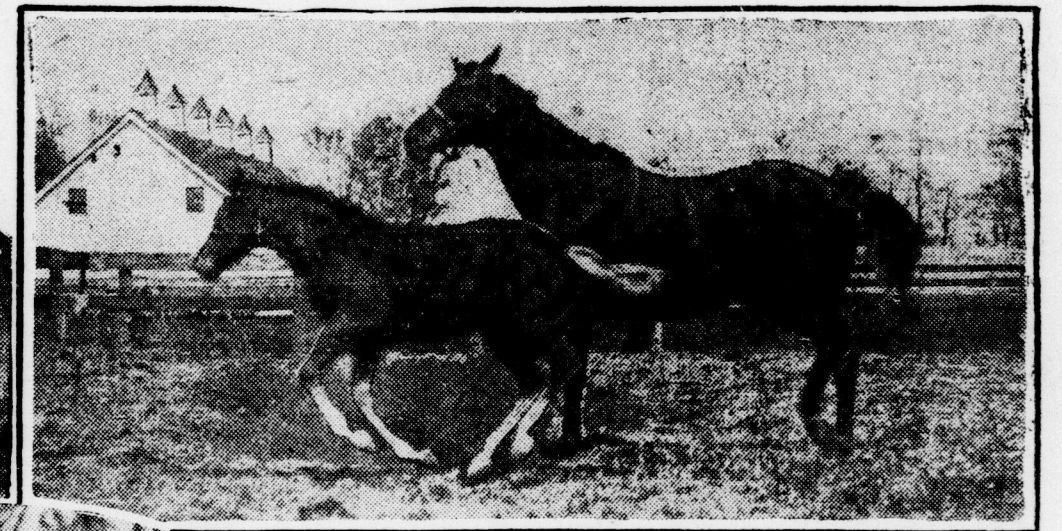
# Race Horse at Home is a Dweller in Arcady



THIS FOUR MONTHS OLD COLT IS WATCHING THE TRAINING OF HIS ELDER BROTHERS AND SISTERS WITH THE MOST INTENSE INTEREST



SOUTH SHORE, on the right, WHO WON THE KING'S PLATE IN 1922—LOST HER BABY WHEN IT WAS TWO DAYS OLD AND SHE IS ACCEPTING THE SYMPATHY OF A NEIGHBORING BROOD-MOTHER.



ALICE-IN-WONDERLAND AND HER BABY GO SCAMPERING—LOOK AT THE PRIDE OF ALICE!

No Champing and Stamping,  
No Rearing or Rushing,  
But All Peace and Calm  
On Super-Farm Where  
Thoroughbreds Are Bred  
and Trained.

By GREGORY CLARK

WHO would imagine a race horse is naturally a creature of peace and quiet and bucolic calm.

Race horses are synonymous with tense excitement and speed and fury, with disturbing colors and packed humanity, with bugles calling and thousands of human voices exclaiming harshly, with high strung nerves, with frenzy and exertion.

But the race horse at home is a dweller in Arcady.

Life on the farm is a fussy and strenuous thing compared with life on the super-farm where thoroughbreds are bred and trained.

Take the silence of one of those glassy Muskoka sunsets, the green beauty of the oldest and most tenderly husbanded farm in York, and you have Thorncliffe Farm, the great Davies estate, where Thorncliff, contender for the King's Plate, and thirty other thoroughbreds, have been bred and trained and brought to the perfection of horsemanship.

When Mr. Fred Schelke, trainer of the Thorncliffe establishment, drove us up the mountainous side roads that are the only approach to the heights on which the beautiful farm is perched, not even a dog was stirring in the midst of the white and emerald buildings, the deserted paddocks and the brilliant green pastures. As far as the eye could see, white fences and green fields, bordered at the far edges with birch trees just budding into a haze.

We had expected to see horses dashing madly about, jockeys and grooms sweating and cursing, clouds of dust, thunder of hoofs, gangs of unlookers hanging over fences.

But not a living thing save blackbirds moved in that five hundred acre vision of white and green.

"Where's everybody?" we asked.

"Well," said Mr. Schelke, in a Kentucky drawl, "my old dog will be around in a minute, I guess."

And sure enough, as we dismounted from the car, from the shade of a fence corner, up rose an ancient collie.

"Been in Havana, Los Angeles, Mexico, wherever horses run, this dog has," said Mr. Schelke, rubbing the old collie's head.

Quiet, Alert Aristocrats

"BUT where are the horses, the grooms, everything?"

"Oh, this is the siesta," said Mr. Schelke, horses and boys up at four in the morning like to snooze in the afternoon."

From a little room at the end of the great white stable came, as if in answer to the remark, a deep snore. And over under a budless birch-tree, on a grassy mound, lay sprawled a black boy, soaking in the sun, with a kitten on his chest.

There was no champing and stamping of horses. There was no snell of horses, even.

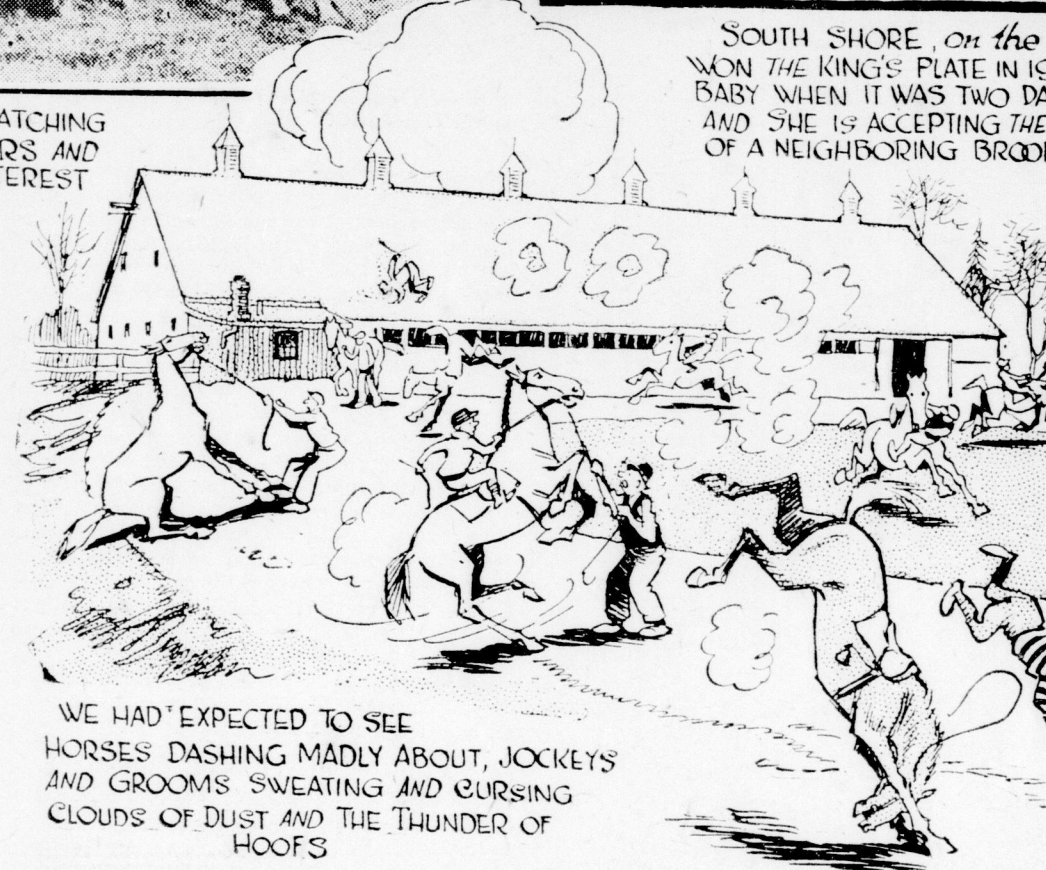
We entered the huge white stable.

And there was a horse. A tall, slender, beautiful beast with that indescribable elegance of build and carriage which belongs to the thoroughbred. He stood in the cool shadow of the first of many roomy stalls. When we entered, he turned quietly and looked at us. No nerves here. No sweat, no side stepping and rearing. The ordinary horse would have looked and turned away. This fellow, who happened to be the father of the whole stable, father of a score of mighty hunters, a stallion twenty-two years old, turned with the ease and elegance of a cat and came to speak to us at the wire grid of his stall. His eyes gleamed with interest in us. His fine nostrils took us in. He breathed heavily on us—a "how'd'ye do."

We left our cigars outside. Speaking quietly, walking on soft earth, we strolled down the length of the stable with its two aisles of stalls. In each stall a quiet and alert horse. They were blanketed. One had a leather bib as big as a football dangling below his chin.

"That's to keep him from biting hold of his blanket and pulling it off."

Another great, spirited creature, with eyes



WE HAD EXPECTED TO SEE HORSES DASHING MADLY ABOUT, JOCKEYS AND GROOMS SWEATING AND CURSING CLOUDS OF DUST AND THE THUNDER OF HOOF

more dancing, more filled with mischief than most, had a contrivance of sticks and leather around his neck, like an Elizabethan collar which held his head firmly erect.

"That," said Mr. Schelke, "is a cradle. He can't be kept from tearing off his blanket with a bib, so he has to wear a cradle."

"Why do they want to undress?"

"Oh, mischief, want of something to do."

In all this stable filled with horses that were on the eve of competing in famous races, to run for purses of money and for honor and fame, there was no hint of nerves, excitement or exertion. There was absolute peace and quiet.

"I never saw a more peaceful scene."

"No," said the trainer. "It is peaceful. Thoroughbreds are brought up in peace."

Early Morning Training

WE walked across the paddocks to a large brick stable where the brood mares and their colts are kept.

Here was another sample of quiet. Fine mothers, all winners of races in their day, now devoted to the business of rearing children worthy of their parents, each with a little light brown colt in the stall with her. The mothers with the same alert interest in visitors. The colts jumpy and curious and shy all at once. Shaggy little creatures, without any promise, to the uninitiated eye, of the proud elegance they would show in another ten months.

"What do these people do?" we asked.

"They eat and sleep and play and eat and sleep and play," said the trainer.

"No work? No routine?"

"All they got to do is be," remarked Mr. Schelke.

It was four o'clock, and there were signs of life around the broad farm. The black boy under the imaginary shade of the birch tree crawled heavily to his feet and set the kitten on the ground. From the little room where the snores were emerged a couple of men in breeches and horse caps.

"At four o'clock, they come and clean out stables, do up bandages and tend their horses generally," said the trainer.

"When is the work done?"

"It starts at 4 a.m. At that hour, the night watchman feeds the horses, calls the grooms and the day's begun. The boys clean out the stalls, groom the horses, and get them ready for the day's work. At about 6.30 the horses come out. They are exercised, walked around that small sand track—it cost four thousand dollars alone, that ring of sand; hence, the sport of kings—or taken over to the Thorncliffe race track over the fields, there, and run. The training starts a little later in the morning. Some horses are for schooling. They are taken to the barrier and taught to break, taught to leap when the barrier goes up. Others are just taught to do what they are told. Others are just exercised, run short distances and then cooled out. Others do regular distance runs and are timed."

"Are they all trained alike?"

"Dear, no! Every thoroughbred is an individual. You see, most thoroughbreds are born between January and May. When they are a year old, to wit, the following spring, their life begins. They are broken when they are a year

old. That is, they are broken to saddle and to handling. Up to that time, they are wild creatures, as free as deer.

Thoroughbreds Gently Handled

"BUT, of course, these colts have been living in this atmosphere from the start. They get to know the grooms and the trainers. There are no strangers about to confuse them. They are seeing their elder brothers and sisters ridden and training right along.

"They aren't broken roughly. Patience is the secret of success with thoroughbreds. Those yearlings are broken, and by the fall of the year, when they are just short of two years old, they are commenced training for racing. We can usually tell whether it is worth while going ahead with a horse when he is still a yearling."

"What indicates that?"

"Disposition."

"You want a high spirited, fiery disposition. I suppose?"

"On the contrary. The best thoroughbreds are those with fine dispositions, with understanding and kindness. You want fire, too. But most you want a fine disposition. The greatest running horses are ladies and gentlemen. They break quickly. They take readily to training. They remember what they are taught under all circumstances. They have, in other words, 'savvy.' They know what is expected of them."

"In winter, the horses are just kept in good condition. Thoroughbreds are delicate beasts. When the second year comes spring, the training at the barrier commences. This consists of just patience and repetition. We do it over and over

again, until the horse understands exactly what is expected of him. There is no roughness, no brutality. Roughness will ruin a good horse. Bad-mannered horses at the barrier are horses that have been trained quickly and roughly. Patience is the secret. Over and over, gently, kindly, until they see it.

"Then they are run, exercised, run, timed, raced, raced with pacemakers, and just before the public races they are trained under circumstances as like those they will meet at the race track as can be contrived.

"From then on, as they grow older, it is just a matter of constant exercise, good health, training to keep them fit and willing, and happy."

Goat as Sedative

THE trainer let Alice in Wonderland and her colt out to have their picture taken. This was an unexpected pleasure for both mother and colt. They romped and galloped around the paddock. Alice leaped and snorted with delight. Then she lay down and rolled in the dirt. Her groom cursed heavily. We got into the paddock to take the picture. The colt took a turn close to us to see what come thing this big press camera was. Alice came, too, to make sure all was well.

Alice used to race and have her picture taken, and she seemed to know what it was all about, for she very proudly brought her colt around for us three or four times, her colt closest to the camera, for all the world like a human mother.

In the next paddock, very forlorn, was South Shore, who had lost her baby the day or so before, when it was only two days old. She paced along her paddock fence, abreast of Alice and her

baby, a pitiful sight, half angry, half pleading, at the sight of the other mother romping with her colt. Then they had a friendly nose rub across the fence. But Alice was too full of fun to waste time repining.

As we walked back to the racing stable, Bill the goat, who had been having a sleep, too, came sauntering along looking for excitement.

"Every racing stable seems to have a goat," we said.

"Well, a goat," said Mr. Schelke, "is the coolest animal in the world. Nothing excites him. And if you put a goat in with a horse that has got excited, it seems as if Bill's imperturbability is contagious, and the horse catches it. A goat is the greatest sedative in the world. Nervous people ought to try goats for companions."

It was the evening hour. The horses were getting their last grooming, their final attentions for the day. But still there was peace, perfect peace brooding over the glimmering green and white acres of Thorncliffe and its girdling birches budding into a haze of palest green.

It isn't race horses that are creatures of unrest and fury and excitement.

It is men.

Learn English Anew if  
You Go Over to England

They Call Familiar Things by Names  
Never Heard in Canada or the  
United States

ALTHOUGH every self-respecting guidebook to England finds it necessary to print a list of the words which differ in meaning in England and in Canada or the United States, a still more elaborate special glossary of parallel terms is being compiled for the benefit of those who are to visit the advertising convention to be held at Wembley during the British Empire Exhibition. On the list are such words as:

American Bureau	English Chest of Drawers
Campaign	Canvass
Candy	Sweets
City Editor	Chief Reporter
Clipping	Cutting
Commission merchant	Factor
Cracker	Biscuit
Gasoline	Petrol
Trrolley car	Friendly Society
Truck	Tram-car
Wood alcohol	Methylated spirit
Ash can	Dust-bin
Coal oil	Paraffin

The Westminster Gazette thinks that the American who habitually walks on a "side-walk" should be reminded that in England he will tread the "pavement," and vociferously demands an English equivalent for the pure and untranslatable Americanism "Attaboy."

Miser Left Fortune  
To Queen Victoria

Royal Family May Inherit Sir Edward Cassel's London Residence Some Day

NOT many men have chosen to leave their fortunes to members of the royal family in the manner of the late Lord Farquhar. Under the terms of his will, Prince George receives \$10,000 and Princess Maud or Lord Carnegie \$250,000, while other royal beneficiaries are the King and Queen, Queen Alexandra, the Princess Royal and Princess Arthur of Connaught.

The largest gift ever willed by a subject to a British sovereign was that of half a million pounds, which fell to Queen Victoria on the death of one John Camden Neild, who died in 1852.

The son of a London goldsmith, Neild succeeded to a quarter of a million pounds on his father's death, but being of a miserly disposition, he lived in poverty. After his death he was found to have left the whole of his property, with the exception of a few legacies, to "Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, begging her Majesty's most gracious acceptance of the same for her sole use and benefit."

Another man who remembered the sovereign in his will was Sir Ernest Cassel, who, on his death in 1921, left property to the value of six million pounds. His London residence, Brook House, Park lane, may one day become a home of the royal family, for Sir Ernest directed that in the event of the death without issue of his daughter, the house and its contents should be offered as a gift to the then reigning sovereign.

A NEAR-ARGUMENT is one in which nobody gets angry.

## Canadians at Wembley Stick Out Chests Can't Look at Our Exhibit and Remain Modest

By R. E. KNOWLES

BEcoming it may be, to boast, let the justification be what it may, of one's own land as compared with others of the great family of nations that comprise the British Empire.

But the Canadian who would not thus vaingloriously err should turn aside from the shop-window of the dominion which is known as the Canada Pavilion at the great Exposition of Empires, that has just been opened in the London suburb, Wembley, to be known to all future generations as the site of the greatest exhibition yet devised by man. For to see it, or to compare it with the rival handiworks of other overseas colonies or dominions, will assuredly compel a sense of pride impossible to be repressed. And, further, the Canadian who would cultivate a due humility should discourage all converse with others who, having seen them all, voices his comparative opinion. Almost all such, Londoners, whom I have met over here, ungrudgingly award the palm to the fair daughter of empire of the western hemisphere.

Twice already have I visited the great show, and increasing scrutiny of Canada's presentation of her case only increases my pride and wonder. The pavilion itself is a whole structure, substantial enough looking to give promise of a life co-eval with that of the dominion whose resources and achievements it so abundantly reveals. Every department of Canadian possession and product and performance seems to stand out by itself in convincing splendor. I need to

Canada's Big, Beautiful Building With Its Display of Dominion's Resources and Achievements is Outstanding at Great Empire Exhibition in Britain—A Credit to Our Representatives.

pause to point out the array of manufactured articles, especially in wood and iron, that are to be seen there—suffice it to say the number and variety of these are a credit to the enterprise and public spiritedness of the manufacturers of Canada. While names cannot be mentioned in any general way, I can not refrain from the expression of my admiration for the wonderful contribution of the T. Eaton Company, worthy to rank beside the finest of the manufacturing exhibits.

But how could one begin to give even a bird's-eye view of this assembled evidence of the wealth and industry of Great Britain's greatest dominion beyond the bounds of ocean? The mineral display, to begin with, is an eye-opener even to the most sophisticated Canadian, to say nothing of the stranger and foreigner. The titanic silver nugget, from the Cobalt Keeley mine, two and one half tons in weight and valued at \$16,800, bids fair, from what I hear, to become one of the most notable exhibits in all this oceanic collection from every quarter of the globe. The great smelter at Trail, B. C., blazes forth the might of a kindred industry. The universities, from Halifax to Vancouver (to leap swiftly from one department to another)

are set forth after a fashion, significant of number and efficiency, that will revise the opinions of thousands as to the intellectual enterprise of our land, so imperfectly known as that laudable spirit is at present. Turn yourself about for a moment—and splendid panoramic painting recite the story and the development of our so youthful land. Prairie wheat fields, vast and rustling and clamant, stand in color before you; the same mural method reveals the glories of our fruit orchards and eastern farms. A little further on, the fisheries of Canada, attested by the finest trophies of the great industry, are disclosed in a manner befitting their extent and variety. The Rocky Mountains—Jasper Park in particular, I recall—gleam in kaleidoscopic vividness, the very animals prowling about to quicken the pulse of the English big-game hunter, his thoughts hitherto concentrated exclusively in India or Africa. Real cascades, by the way, with real water, play their part in the convincing whole.

Montreal harbor, outlined in the largest photograph ever taken, 48 feet in length, is alone worth a trip to see. The lumbering industry, too, is fittingly and pictorially presented, sections of the giant denizens of the forest having been brought over to bewilder unaccustomed eyes. A

miniature of Niagara Falls, especially when electrically illuminated, startles by its vivid verisimilitude. The Prince of Wales' prairie home smiles at you, like its royal master, with quiet charm. Of butter—yes, real butter—is it modelled. The native grown and manufactured tobacco exhibit is worthy of its fragrant theme. The world's greatest annual exhibition, Canada's pride, tells forth its wondrous tale. Pictures of live stock, grazing and otherwise; the cold storage activities of various packing companies; the salmon-canning of British Columbia; the complete furnishing of a home, ingeniously set off in contrast to an Indian wig-wam; the gigantic elevator and milling industries, the latter contributed to by every flour firm in Canada; the motor cars of our own manufacture; the array of safes and engines; the serried specimens of priceless furs—all these and hundreds of other salient features which cannot now be cited, conspire to make this unique assembling one of which every Canadian will be justly proud and which will tell the story of Canada's greatness with accents of indubitable truth and romantic fullness.

It was impossible to close without one word of tribute to the manager of this great enterprise, Mr. A. W. Toimie, whose unwearied zeal, whose taste and skill, through ten long weary preliminary months, have assembled and coordinated this Window of the West to such effective purpose that it will do more to "draw the wondering eyes" (as the old Scotch phrase has it) of all the world toward Canada than has any kindred effort in the last hundred years.