

The Horseman

A GLANCE over the report of the recent session of the Board of Appeals shows that the leading cases in which violation of the code was charged, and generally proved, were ringing and suppression of time, and it is greatly to the credit of the officials of the association that so many cases were successfully investigated and the offender exposed. We have not much faith in the reforming powers of expulsion. Men who ring horses are guilty of a crime, punishable in many states and in every country in Europe. It is a noteworthy fact that a term in prison seldom cures a criminal, and a sentence of expulsion seldom cures the manipulator of a ring. The exposure does some good. The publicity given by the cases in the turf journals makes the task more difficult in the future, but unfortunately the stigma does not carry with it that social disgrace which follows the man who obtains money under false pretences, or the thief who is caught stealing a pocketbook, or tapping a cash drawer. Yet the offences are absolutely the same. The man who rings a horse is a thief of the meanest kind. He poses as an honest sportsman among horsemen and then robs them of purses which they would win but for him. However, as long as it can be made profitable it will always be indulged by that class of men who would sooner get a crooked sixpence than an honest shilling. Prison is the proper place for the manipulator of a ring, and he should get at least twelve months' retirement in which he could reflect and reform.

It generally takes an assumed name, and, of course, the innocent horse has to have a new name, is often disguised, and is given a new pedigree. In the case of *Idolone*, 2:17 1/2, owned by Merl M., it was shown that the mare was owned and driven by J. A. Timman, who was identical with J. A. Harold; when he changed her name to Merl M., he changed her name to Timman. This is a fair specimen case. Harold, alias Timman, in due time was expelled. His operations were in North Dakota. Next season he will probably go east. We would mildly suggest to him that he should then change his name to Steelman.

Women appear to have entered into this disreputable practice. At a meeting of the Board of Review in New York a woman was expelled for ringing her pacer at Timonium, Md. At the meeting of the American Board W. B. Snyder and Mrs. W. B. Snyder were expelled for ringing the bay gelding *Wanderer*, alias *Denver Dick*. This is to be deplored, as a woman is clearly less liable to suspicion, and many horsemen who would not hesitate to expose

trials of our own country which enables me to speak so confidently with respect to this phase of the subject.

"Those pessimists who talk so lightly of the limitations of Canada's wheat fields do so without a knowledge of the true facts. I suppose few even of the citizens of the Dominion are aware that arable land of the finest quality extends for 500 miles north of Edmonton, and that the total area of the three Prairie Provinces available for cultivation is over 250 millions of acres. As a conservative estimate it is, therefore, fair to assume that the Northwest has available for wheat production 100 millions of acres, of which there has so far been brought under cultivation seven millions only, which area last year produced over 115,000,000 bushels of wheat. On this basis, with the full wheat growing area under crop, the Northwest is capable of producing under normal conditions 1,600,000,000 bushels annually; a yield equal to half the present total production of the world, more than of the whole British Empire, and more than five times the requirements of that portion of the Empire at present dependent on outside sources for its bread supplies. In the face of such figures, does it not seem absurd to question the Empire's ability to supply its own needs when Canada alone has an area sufficient to supply them many times over?"

In one case tried it was shown that in a certain race the time of each heat was given as 2:19 1/4 in a 2:20 class, while the actual time was 2:17, 2:16 and 2:14. In this case the timers were the culprit, the starter and other officials giving their testimony as to correct time. What we cannot understand in this case is, and it does not appear in the report, why the wrong time was allowed to appear on record. The starter, knowing the correct time, should

have at once consulted with the judges and refused to announce the wrong time. While he is paid by the local association, he is responsible to the parent association, which gives him his license and can revoke it. We recollect a case well where the timers sent over a heat as 2:19 1/4 when it was nearly 2:07 3/4. The slip was at once sent back with another slip, which read: "The presiding judge and the starter make the time 2:07 3/4. A new slip was sent over and the time was announced 2:07 3/4."

The stupid error which the time suppressor makes is in thinking that few people know and they do not care whether the time is correct or not. It is safe to say that every driver in the race knows, and there are always a number of interested horsemen who clock every heat and can do it as accurately as the timer. These men lose their respect for the sport when they see the rules deliberately violated by the very officials who are in honor bound to enforce them. We hope at the next congresses of the parent associations the leading minds will draw special attention of the delegates to full application of the rules on time.

A DUTY ON WHEAT
MR. F. W. THOMPSON, vice-president and managing director of the Ogilvie Flour Mills Company, was asked by the *Montreal Gazette* whether he thought the United Kingdom would be justified in placing a duty on all foreign wheat and flour, and whether, should this be done, her overseas dominions could be depended upon in the near future to meet her full requirements.

Mr. Thompson replied that this was a problem to which he had naturally given a great deal of careful thought and study, and after mature consideration he was convinced that Great Britain would be fully justified in taking such action.

"Take the actual conditions as they exist today," he said, "and we find that Canada, India and Australia, after providing for their own home consumption, will on this year's crops, have exported fully 150 million bushels in either wheat or flour, or more than fifty per cent. of the combined total requirements of the United Kingdom and those portions of the Empire which are dependent upon outside sources for their bread supplies."

"But, supposing we eliminate Australia and India as exporting factors, simply looking upon them as being self-supporting in this respect, would Canada alone be able to keep the Empire's wheat bins full? In my opinion, this question can be answered with an emphatic and unqualified 'Yes,' and it is the many years' experience of the country of our own country which enables me to speak so confidently with respect to this phase of the subject."

"And let me take this opportunity of adding that the assistance thus rendered by the colonies by Great Britain would, in fact, be a benefit to us in assuming our full share of responsibility in maintaining an Imperial navy such as would be adequate to safeguard our tremendous commercial interests. I mention this only because, as a result of this great work of empire-building we should be all prepared to give as well as take, and every citizen of our Dominion should remember that naval protection is necessary if our commercial supremacy is to be enduring."

Mr. Thompson concluded his observations by declaring: "Development of the Empire's resources is all that is needed to provide for the Empire's requirements in any judgment of British preference for Colonial products is the one great Imperial highway by which this long-dreamed-of Imperial success alone can be achieved."

These staggering statistics led the reporter to ask why, with such unlimited resources, the country was not developing faster, as at the present rate of increase it would be many years before Canada would begin to produce anything like such a crop.

"That," said Mr. Thompson, "is to my mind the really serious side of the problem. It is not so much a question as to the possibility, but the probability of Canada producing these enormous crops. But this is just where I believe a tax on foreign grain, with the free importation into the United Kingdom of the wheat and flour produced within the Empire, would give us the assistance we need—and what applies to Canada applies to all the colonies, so that herein lies the benefit to the Empire as a whole that would result from such action. Great Britain is undoubtedly the world's biggest buyer of wheat and flour, and those countries which had the means to produce it would possess a unique advantage over all other agricultural countries, naturally commanding the attention of farmers and settlers the world over and insuring increasing demand for their products within a short time you would see a wonderfully rapid development taking place in the different colonies far in excess of that of the past few years."

"I would also like to point out that such a tax would not in any way work against the British miller, or increase the cost of the loaf to the British public, inasmuch as the raw material can be laid down in England at a much cheaper cost than can the manufactured product, and this, together with their cheaper labor, would enable the millers of the United Kingdom to hold the bulk of the flour trade, but without affecting competition between the colonial and home millers to such an extent as to enable the latter to command higher prices than obtain under existing conditions."

"But what if there should be a crop failure in the colonies and Professor Mayor's predictions with regard to periodical droughts in our Northwest be proven to be true?"

"I have read Professor Mayor's report very carefully, and while his arguments seem theoretically logical they yet remain to be proven, and I do not think we should allow any one man's pessimism to shake our confidence in the country's resources. Had we listened to all the pessimistic reports of men who were supposed to know, Manitoba hard wheat would today be an unknown commercial quantity, and Minnesota and the two Dakotas would have yet to reap their first spring wheat. Facts are more potent than theories, and experience has shown that even under the worst conditions our crop has never approached the two hundred million bushels mark of their first spring wheat. Facts are more potent than theories, and experience has shown that even under the worst conditions our crop has never approached the two hundred million bushels mark of their first spring wheat. Facts are more potent than theories, and experience has shown that even under the worst conditions our crop has never approached the two hundred million bushels mark of their first spring wheat."

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THE CONGO CRIME

(By Sir A. Conan Doyle)

CRUELTY, torture, and oppression! A nation containing over sixteen millions of souls, whose circumstances are far more terrible than those of slaves, and among whom armless men and women and mutilated children are common, everyday sights! Such are the conditions of the Congo Free State which Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is attempting to ameliorate.

A few days ago Sir Arthur consented to give a personal account of the Congo Reform Movement. He is its most popular pioneer. He has brought the story of official torture and crime before a humane public, and is confident that through this means the reforms he urges will be brought about.

"We English," he said, "have plenty of faults of our own. No one can be faultless. But if there are weak spots in ourselves, they are separate matters, and must be dealt with separately. At our worst we have never had anything in our empire to compare with the atrocities which, at this very moment, are being perpetrated in the Congo Free State."

"But have we a right to interfere with the internal affairs of another nation?"

"Certainly!" replied Sir Arthur. "They are not the affairs of that nation alone. The Congo Free State was established on certain international conditions which have never been adhered to. The condition which granted free trade to all countries has been broken. This alone gives us our right to interfere. But the condition guaranteeing good treatment of the natives has also been violated, which converts that right into a duty. We, and all the Powers who believe in the Belgian rule, must feel ourselves responsible for the welfare of the natives, and England has always taken the lead in humanitarian steps of this kind. She did so in the slave trade, for instance. She is far better informed, on the subject of the Congo than other nations. The Belgian Press Bureau has been able to corrupt our Press comparatively little. On the Continent, where facts have been systematically suppressed, the existing conditions are hardly known at all."

"What are the existing conditions?"

"Conditions of oppression and cruelty, of agents working for their own lust

and advancement under the Belgian Government. I will tell you precisely what takes place. The natives are forced to produce so many balls of rubber every month, for which, under pretence of taxation, they are usually not paid at all. When they are paid it is not in money, but in various goods and objects generally of little use to them. They are allowed no choice in the matter. If anyone raises an objection the stuff is thrown down at his door, and he has to accept it or leave it as he pleases."

"Now, you will wonder how these natives stand this kind of treatment. Here comes in the working of the system. About two thousand white agents—most of them degenerates and men of very low morale—are scattered throughout the state. An inquiry into the past of a group of agents showed that in Europe one had been a squire, one a cabman, one a gardener, etc. Each agent has charge of a district, and is responsible for the gathering of the rubber. He is, so to speak, the official Belgian tax collector. His salary is so small that he endeavors to supplement it by the commission he is allowed to receive on all the rubber he collects. This, naturally, leads him to adopt every possible method of squeezing the natives to the utmost. And he does it in the following manner:

"He engages the dreaded 'capitas.' His district is too large for him to supervise it all personally. The 'capitas,' who are armed savages drawn from the wild tribes of the interior, look after his interests in each of the numerous villages, terrorizing the inhabitants day and night, forcing them to work, beating them, mutilating them, and even drawing them down at their pleasure. Occasionally, the natives rise and kill their tormentors; but they are, for the most part, cowed into obedience, and the white agents, who depend upon the 'capitas' for full pockets and the approval to beat the natives with, it is trimmed like a corkscrew. Its edges are as sharp as knife-blades. Despite the tough skin of the Africans, only a few blows will draw blood. According to Mr. Graves, a young Englishman who saw many of these atrocities—twenty-five blows, such as are given on the simplest provocation, are often sufficient to render a native unconscious. At the first blow, to use his words, the poor man yells abominably. Then he quiets down, and is a mere groaning, quivering body till the operation is over. Men, women, and children are treated alike. A hundred blows can either kill a man or break his spirit for life."

"Occasionally, the agents themselves have confessed to their own crimes. One of them said: 'I have killed 150 men, cut off 60 hands, and crucified many women.' It is only fair to say that these grosser physical outrages, though they still exist, are far less frequent than hitherto. The natives are so broken that they do the will of their tormentors."

"Important interests in Italy decided some time ago, in view of the death of an old and reliable clerk, who, of all in the establishment, was the only one to have a good knowledge of the Italian tongue, that his own son, also a member of the staff, ought to take up the study of that language. Recently a friend met the young man. 'I understand,' said he, 'that you're actually studying Italian.' 'Why, yes,' said the other, 'I've been at it for several months under a teacher just from the other side.' 'What progress?' 'Good,' was the answer. 'He's beginning to speak English remarkably well.'

"How do you suggest bringing about your reforms?"

"By a conference of the Powers, I hope, when all the evidence will be laid before them. Popular indignation is becoming so general that the matter cannot possibly be dropped. My intention is to continue agitating and spreading the facts till the public sympathies have been so awakened that the reforms will actually take place, and this demoralizing blot on civilization will be irretrievably removed."

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Storyettes

MR. MEAKIN (who is boarding out for a few days): "By the way, Mrs. Perkins, I must confess the mutton we had for dinner today is not the kind of meat to which I have been accustomed."

Mrs. Perkins: "Werry likely not, sir. I alwiz gits the best."

SWEET CHILD: "Say, pa, you must be a pretty strong man!"

Pa: "Fairly so, my dear boy."

Sweet Child: "Cause uncle said when he went out with you the other night you carried the biggest load of any man he ever saw without showing it!"

EXASPERATED purchaser: "Didn't you guarantee that this parrot would repeat every word he heard?"

Bird-Dealer: "Certainly I did."

"But he don't repeat a single word."

"He repeats every word he hears, but he never hears any. He is as deaf as a post."

THE electrical study craze is now bearing fruit.

"Are you a conductor?" asked a lad of a street-car attendant.

"I am," replied the courteous official.

"What is your name?"

"My name is Wood."

"Oh, that can't be," said the boy, "for wood is a non-conductor!"

THEY were jollying the man about his enormous appetite, but he kept "putting away," undisturbed by the taunts. Finally he said in defence:

"Well, you see, I take after both my father and my mother. One ate a long while and the other ate a great deal."

AMONG the patients in a certain hospital of Harrisburg there was recently one disposed to take a dark view of his chances for recovery. "Cheer up, old man!" admonished the youthful medic attached to the ward wherein the patient lay. "Your symptoms are identical with those of my own case four years ago. I was just as sick as you are. Look at me now!" The patient ran his eyes over the physician's stalwart frame. "What doctor did you have?" he finally asked, feebly.

THE head of a New York firm having important interests in Italy decided some time ago, in view of the death of an old and reliable clerk, who, of all in the establishment, was the only one to have a good knowledge of the Italian tongue, that his own son, also a member of the staff, ought to take up the study of that language. Recently a friend met the young man. "I understand," said he, "that you're actually studying Italian." "Why, yes," said the other, "I've been at it for several months under a teacher just from the other side." "What progress?" "Good," was the answer. "He's beginning to speak English remarkably well."

LAWYER: "What is your occupation?"

Witness: "I'm a piano finisher."

Lawyer: "Be a little more definite. Do you polish them or move them?"

PROSPECTIVE GUEST: "How much do you charge here by the month?"

Clerk: "Hum—ha—well, really, sir, I don't know, but I'll ask the manager."

Prospective Guest: "Don't know! What do you mean?"

"Well, sir, you see, nobody has ever stayed here over a week yet."

A WELL-KNOWN judge often received his judicial wisdom with a touch of humor. One day, during the trial of a case, Mr. Gunn was a witness in the box, and as he hesitated a good deal, and seemed unwilling, after much persistent questioning, to tell what he knew, the judge said to him: "Come, Mr. Gunn, don't hang fire."

After examination had closed, the Bar was convulsed by the judge adding: "Mr. Gunn you can go off; you are discharged."

DINING as honored guest with the governors was Private John Allen of Mississippi, whose very whimsical way of saying things makes people smile. He told himself what happened when he was once called on to speak. "I got up and said," exclaimed Private Allen, "that I came with the understanding that I was not to speak during this trip. Then some one cried from the other end of the room, 'Yes, and I came with the same understanding.'"

A COLORED woman in Virginia was on trial before a magistrate charged with inhuman treatment of her offspring. Evidence was clear that the woman had severely beaten the youngster, aged ten years, who was in court to exhibit his battered condition. Before imposing sentence, his honor asked the woman whether she had anything to say.

"Kin I ask yo' honah a question?" inquired the prisoner.

The judge gave permission.

"Well, then, yo' honah, I'd like to ask yo' whether yo' was ever the parent of a perfectly wuthless cullud chile?"

It was at a dinner party. The bright young man sat next to the young woman with beautiful arms and neck. The fair companion suddenly exhibited signs of nervousness. Two of his best jokes passed unnoticed. Her face wore a look of alarm. "I am in misery!" she said. "In misery!" echoed the man. "Yes, I was vaccinated the other day, and it has taken beautifully. I can almost scream, it hurts so." The young man looked at the beautiful arms; no signs there. "Why, where were you vaccinated?" he asked surprisedly. "In Boston," she said, the smile chasing away the look of pain.

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THE BUCK-EYE

VOL. 1 WEEKLY EDITION NO. 15

IT SOMETIMES PAYS TO KICK

There lived two frogs, so I've been told,
In a quiet wayside pool;
And one of these frogs was a blamed bright frog,
But the other frog was a fool.

Now a farmer man with a big milk can
Was wont to pass that way;
And he used to stop and add a drop
Of the aqua pura, they say.

And it chanced one morn, in the early dawn
When the farmer's sight was dim,
He scooped those frogs in the water he dipped—
Which same was a joke on him.

The fool frog sank in the swashing tank,
As the farmer bumped to town,
But the smart frog flew like a tugboat screw,
And he swore he'd not go down.

So he kicked and splashed, and he slammed and thrashed
And he kept on top through all;
And he churned that milk in first class shape
In a great big butter ball.

Now when the milkman got to town
And opened the can, there lay
The fool frog drowned; but hale and sound
The kicker, he hopped away.

Moral:
Don't fret your life with needless strife
Yet let this teaching stick;
You'll find, old man, in the world's big can,
It sometimes pays to kick.

And the best time to start kicking is when you find your dealers cannot supply you with the BUCK-EYE, the Best Cigar in the World for Ten Cents.