

owner of a half-mile track, and we arranged to keep the affair a secret, get the use of the track some afternoon, and make up a purse between us.

But what of the preparations? Foster shut himself up in his own room with a small electric battery, Duncan was engrossed in the making of some mysterious machine which he refused to show us, and I borrowed a sulky and contentedly jogged around the track behind my promising colt.

August opened in a burst of glorious sunshine. I shall never forget the day of our race; the brilliance of the cloudless sky, the heated breeze, and the glare of the whitewashed fencing. I arrived the first and languidly trotted round; Duncan is the next, with the owner of the track, a boy, and the "Rattler"—hitched to the oldest vehicle (I should imagine) in Canada.

"He looks in good shape, doesn't he, Lancing?" said Duncan, pointing to the animal.

"Capital, old man; but what's the matter with his feet?"

"New kind o' shoes, I guess," put in the