

HIGHLY IMPORTANT SALE

OF

80 Pure-bred Registered

HACKNEYS
and Hackney Ponies

THE PROPERTY OF ALEX. MORTON, J. P.

WILL BE CONDUCTED AT

Gowanbank Stud Farm, Darvel, Ayrshire, Scotland,

ON

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 25th, 1908

Gowanbank is one of the oldest and probably the largest Hackney and Pony stud in the United Kingdom, upwards of 300 head being always on hand. For over a quarter of a century it has supplied many of the most successful breeders in Great Britain with foundation stock, and Gowanbank Hackneys and Ponies are to be found in every civilized country under the sun. Over 100 first prizes have been won in Scotland this year by animals recently sold from Gowanbank—a record far exceeding that of any other stud.

The animals to be sold on September 25 are the result of a lifetime's experience in breeding. They are descended from the oldest and most famous strains in the Hackney Studbook, and very rarely indeed is such an opportunity presented for securing young stallions and mares of the best blood and highest individual merit. Lord Derby II., Danegelt, Rosador, Goldfinder VI., Polonius, Mathias, Matchless of Londesboro, Lord Ossington and Ruby are largely represented, while several of the first get of that sensational pony stallion, Little Ruby [bred at Gowanbank, champion London Hackney Show, champion Olympia, first New York (1907), and reckoned the finest actor ever seen] are included in the sale.

Commissions will be faithfully executed on behalf of those unable to attend the sale. Catalogues sent on application from the office of The Farmer's Advocate, London, Ont.

All particulars from the proprietor:

Alex. Morton, Gowanbank, Darvel, Ayrshire, Scot.

THE UNION STOCK-YARDS
Horse Exchange

WEST TORONTO, CANADA.

Auction sales of Horses, Carriages and Harness every Monday and Wednesday.
Private sales every day.
Come and see this new Horse Exchange. It will interest you. Also the quarter-mile track for showing and exercising.

HERBERT SMITH, Manager.
(Late Grand's Repository.)LARGEST IMPORTATION OF CLYDESDALES, HACKNEYS
AND PERCHERONS OF THE YEAR.

My latest importation has just arrived home. I have now on hand for sale: 20 Clydesdale stallions from 1 to 5 years of age; 25 Clydesdale fillies from 1 to 4 years of age; 12 Hackney stallions from 2 to 8 years of age; 12 Hackney fillies, all young, and 4 Percheron stallions 3 and 4 years of age. A total of 73 head, with size, quality and action, and bred in the purple. Largest selection in Canada. Will be sold right, and on terms to suit.

T. H. HASSARD, MILLBROOK, ONT.

OAK PARK STOCK FARM HACKNEYS

Four imported and home-bred stallions for sale. Ten imported and home-bred mares for sale. Among these are prizewinners at Toronto, Chicago and New York. Prices reasonable. Visitors always welcome to inspect stock.

JAS. J. BROWN, Manager, BRANTFORD, CAN.

IMP. CLYDESDALE STALLIONS AND FILLIES. Our new importation of stallions and fillies are the best we could select in Scotland, particularly well bred, with the size, smoothness and quality that Canadians admire. Show-ring stuff. Come and see them. Will sell on terms to suit. **JOHN A. BOAG & SON, Queensville P. O. Ont.; Newmarket Sta., G. T. R.** Telephone and telegraph one-half mile from farm. Metropolitan Street Ry. from Toronto crosses the farm.

IMPORTED CLYDESDALES, SHORTHORNS AND SHROPSHIRE!

I have on hand several Clydesdale stallions, as choice a lot as ever crossed the ocean. Missie, Stamford, Claret and Gem of Balesch Short-horns; up-to-date in type and quality. 50 imported Shropshires, 50 ewe and 30 ram lambs from imported stock. Look me up at Toronto Exhibition horse barns. **THOS. L. MERCER, MARKDALE, ONT. P. O. AND STA.**

ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE, TEMPERANCE STREET, TORONTO, CANADA.

Established 1862. Taken over by the Provincial Government of Ontario in 1906. Affiliated with the University of Toronto, under the control of the Department of Agriculture of Ontario. College opens early in October, 1908. Courses usually extend through three college years.

FEES, \$60 PER SESSION. CATALOGUE ON APPLICATION
E. A. A. GRANGE, V. S., M. S., Principal

Imported
Clydesdales

I have imported from Scotland, a young black, being 4 yrs., by Carthusian, a Toronto, Ontario, 1882, 2 yrs., by Brown's Pride, 1 using 2 yrs., by Danes, 1884, 4 yrs., a Toronto, Ontario, 1884, 2 yrs., and second prizewinner among the best of the breed in the world. An extra good animal, and the price and terms are right.

L. D. ELLIOTT, Bolton, Ont.

Clydesdales and Hackneys

best we ever brought out. For an extra choice fill, look up our stable on the grounds. **HODGKINSON & SONS, 100 BERTON, ONTARIO. G. T. R. and C. N. R.** Long-distance.

house and stood by the dim door, his heart as peaceful within him as it was sad and without hope.

Then he knocked and entered. The light, though only of a feeble oil lamp, appeared to dazzle him. He stood silent, as if dropped from the inter-lunar spaces, his wilted lilacs clasped in his hand.

Mary had just seated herself by the table to mend some garments of Bate's; she looked up as Rob entered with the habitual quick alarm of one who had learned to dread the return of her family from the flesh-pots of the River; there was a questioning sorrow, too, in her wide, dark eyes. It stung Rob, but now only to a great compassion for her.

"Oh, you must not worry about me," he said earnestly, simply. "I have not touched a drop. I had not even thought of such a possibility until I saw your look. How we have tried you—oh, my God. But I do not crave it any more, I do not want it. Miss Stingaree, can't you trust me? You must not worry any more."

Mary looked into his clear eyes, heard his steady, impassioned speech, saw above all his thin, kind, weary face bending over her. A compunction seized her that was like the surging of many waters in her soul. She—Mary Stingaree—wanted in that moment even to put her arm round the poor fellow's neck and tell him that she was glad he had come home—to see the great light that would waken on his patient, quiet face—he, who was made for joy.

She only smiled; and Rob only thought her beautiful, and that her smile seemed to answer him; he dreamed of nothing more.

"Your flowers," she murmured, "are rather dejected. Shall we put them in some water?"

"I carried them all through the auction," said Rob. "Mrs. Skipper gave them to me, and somehow, you know, I couldn't bear to throw them away."

Mary brought a vase of water and arranged them. "She gave you some of the very choicest from her garden, too," she mused, setting them off to advantage with deft touches of her fingers. "She must be—very fond of you."

"No more than I am of her," Rob smiled back sweetly, and struggled politely and desperately to repress a yawn, for he had been so long wandering in the bright air, and the wind that makes sleep had risen wild with the clouds at sunset.

Mary bit her lip, and Rob concluded that she was in some way amused at his stupidity. He did not mind. The stars were not for him; if he furnished them amusement, so much the better. It must be weary to be stuck up on high always in such brilliancy and aloofness. He took his own small lamp from the shelf and lit it.

"I'm so dead sleepy, if you'll excuse me," he said, "I think I'll turn in. Good-night, Miss Stingaree. Pleasant dreams."

"Good-night, Rob," said Mary, resuming her sordid mending under the fragrance of the beloved Mrs. Skipper's flowers.

Rob had long since ceased to pass any censures on his mattress; it was the best constructed and most sensible mattress in the world. He lay down upon it, with the events of the day, good, bad, and indifferent, all tending to lull him, and a comparatively insignificant item forming the hazy nucleus of his sinking-off.

Dose Ellery's battered incubator—Rob seemed still to follow it, without effort of his own, along the winding road, till it merged into the quilt-woman's presence, and her voice was distinct, though far away—"and writ it down, that the 's nothin' like a old hen to raise chickens."

Ah, she was right, Rob had it now, without effort, from the black velvet days, the long curls, and the nurse taking him to Sunday School. "Even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing." There was old Speckled Top, for instance, Rob had watched her recently—a faithful and much-en-

during parent, clucking with thrilling anxiety while the whole brood beat in under her patient feathers; even the sad of the flock, the rickety one, the lame one, and, most lamentable of all, the weak, gay, smart one who tottered off alone with ridiculous airs and flourishes, gazing ever with the same idiotic complacency into the maw of destruction; but coming back, like the rest; like the rest, all creeping in under the big, hushed wings at night time.

CHAPTER XIX.

Jacob Trawles Breaks Away.

The bleak spaces, the heights and depths, that had been to Rob as an enemy when he first gazed upon them, were now the strange unspoken solace of his soul. Everywhere he turned God smote him in the face—not with fear, but with that greatness which absorbed his petty griefs and challenged him from his place in the arena to fight the fight out, and, in all simplicity, to make a man of himself before he died.

The first and hardest task was to arrange for Cuby's home on the hills.

"You are not even so smart-rt as I thought you was, Rob," she murmured; "you been loafin' 'round' Ma'y Sting'ree until you are dees'greeable an' solemn lak a owl lak she is."

"If I thought I was like her—"

"Why don't you go to marry her, then? Or has the ol' doc-tor made loaf to her? Me—I let you have her—willin'."

"Thank you, Cuby, but I'm married to you, I believe, and I'm going to stand by it. A Hilton knows how to support his wife, and how to treat her, too. You need not be afraid. I've earned money besides my board, working out, and my potato crop is as fine as anybody's. I'm going over with Jim to Waldeck before long to sell them."

"Mind you this what I tell you: I shall not go to stand' any preachin' from you nor Ma'y Sting'ree. Me—I boss-a my own house."

"And welcome, Cuby."

"An' I lak not to live 'round' with so long a face on them, neither."

"I do not blame you," said Rob, smiling. "But honestly, I laugh more up there on the hills. The River, down here, takes me down, somehow. I've got so used to living up there, I suppose—and I'm laughing half the time, Cuby. It's in me. I couldn't help it if I tried."

Cuby appeared neither flattered nor pleased by this promising confession.

"I would rather—me—to live down here," she said; "it is not so stupefied daid an' alive. But I s'pose I must to go where it laks you to live."

"Yes," said Rob quietly, "that you must do."

In spite of Cuby's reluctant and much-qualified wifely admission, Rob had a thought that she, in some degree, with her father and Bate as principals, were in some league of unappeasable resentment toward him, that they were gulling him on, as their phrase was; that they would even willingly work harm to him if they could do so unapprehended.

Nevertheless he believed, too, that when he brought Cuby to the hills and set up his forlorn home there, like the other forlorn homes at Power Lot, God Help Us, his domestic affairs would run on as smoothly as familiar toil and drudgery could make them. Cuby was a strikingly pretty and attractive girl, and she had a right he reasoned, to hold a grudge against him, who had compromised her by his promises and attentions, and who now approached the realization of the marriage-tie so half heartedly.

Would Caroline Treet marry old man Trawles and rent her house to Rob? It was the general opinion that she would do so, though—endowed as she was with the very genius of circumlocution—she had never yet committed herself. The