

the quarter. Never was a greater surprise. The laugh was on the other side with a vengeance, and the parting words of the old man to Charles Gates as he left the track: "You got a pretty smartish kind of mare, Mr. Gates, but she ain't quite good enough to tote around in a peddler's wagon," was anything but soothing to an irascible temper like that of Gates. Many were the dollars captured by the peddler and his associates, and for years afterwards the Georgetown track was a sore reminder with the veteran Canadian horseman.