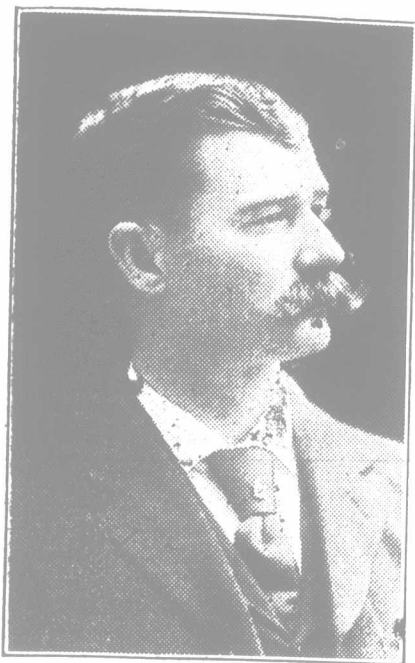


50 IMPORTED PERCHERON STALLIONS AND FILLIES 50



J. B. Hogate, Weston, Ont.

I have just arrived home from France with the best shipment of Percherons, 25 stallions and 25 fillies, that have ever been landed in Canada. I have colts that will make up to 2,400 pounds, and fillies that will make up to 2,000 pounds, with style, quality, bone, ankles and big, wide feet, that will compare with anything of any breed. I intend having 30 head at Toronto Exhibition, 15 head at London Exhibition, and 15 head at Ottawa Exhibition. A cordial invitation is extended to all interested in draft horses to visit my stables at the above Exhibitions and compare prices—equivalent with size, character and quality—with any other firm in the business handling Percherons or any other breed. I select all my own horses in France, thus dispensing with the services and judgment of an interpreter, which in all cases is not the best for the purchaser. I will not be undersold, and your terms are my terms.

J. B. Hogate, Weston, Ontario

Beating the Saloon in Alaska.

Miners' saloons offered the only amusement for the inhabitants of Cordova, a two-year-old town on the south-western coast of Alaska, until the "Red Dragon" started in to compete with them for patronage. The saloons wither up their welcome when the miner's money runs out, but the Red Dragon always keeps open house. It is a novel form of mission adopted and mainly supported by the Board of Missions of New York, after being founded by the Rev. Edward Pearson Newton, of the same city. The functions which this institution undertakes duplicate the saloons, except for the drinks. Religious services aim to supply the stimulus thus lacking. In Collier's we read this account:

"The conditions Mr. Newton found there were these: The town is the terminus of a new railroad, the Copper River and Northwestern, which is being pushed through a wild and uninhabited region to tap the great copper, coal, gold and grain fields of the interior. Cordova's population is therefore at present based on the labor that builds railroads, with a sprinkling of miners and prospectors. During the past summer there have been 3,000 men at work on the line. This winter there will be about 2,000, and to every man at work there will be one in town, idle and probably without money, just as there has been since the town started.

"The great need of these men, in from long, colorless days of hard labor, is amusement—and legitimately so. Yet there has been literally no place for them to go except to the saloons, where they are not wanted if they are not spending—excepting, of course, the Red Dragon.

"The building was designed to suit its many purposes, one big room with a large fireplace at one end. Here are warmth, comfort, companionship, free tobacco, music, magazines, books, and games, all for the accepting, and not a requirement except reasonably good behavior. No membership or fee is required. The mission is supported primarily by the Board of Missions of New

York. Its maintenance is aided by local contributions and by the proceeds of entertainments. A sort of honorary membership at a dollar a month is available to those who seek it. As a result of the working out of this plan the club-room is filled to its capacity of fifty from early morning till eleven at night through nine months of the year. During the other three months you may find from fifteen to thirty occupants at almost any time.

"When Sunday morning comes the billiard-table is moved into one corner, the reading-table into another, the boxing-gloves put away, the altar is dropped by sling and tackle from its resting-place in the rafters, and in a few minutes the club has become a church. The preparations for a dance are simpler but somewhat similar. In fact, it has become customary to hold weekly dances on Saturday nights, so that the two operations may be combined and the disturbance of its principal use minimized accordingly.

"On winter days the boxing-gloves are in frequent use, and several of the Red Dragon boys have become more than locally celebrated for clean, clever sparring as a result. There is frequently music in the evenings, for one finds surprising outcroppings of ability in odd corners in Alaska, and talented visitors find a pleasing quality of real appreciation at the Red Dragon that makes them especially willing to contribute to the pleasure of these wanderers."

One rainy Sunday last fall a young man tramped into the Red Dragon about nine o'clock from a surveyor's camp fifty miles inland. "I couldn't stand it any longer," he said. "I just had to get a piano." Then:

"He played—and played well—with the eagerness and delight of a very hungry man at a good dinner—till midnight, when the place was closed. Next morning he was sitting on the step when they came to open the doors. He played till noon without stopping. Then rising, he put on his slicker and sou'wester, and, waving a laughing good-by to the roomful of listeners, started on his long tramp back to camp.

"The Red Dragon is in charge of E. P. Zeigler, a young divinity student, formerly of Detroit, Mr. Newton making periodical visits. Mr. Zeigler is as peculiarly suited to his unique post as the club is suited to the town. He is familiar with several hundred of the English-speaking laborers on the line, and has the rare faculty of meeting them on such a footing of equality as to gain their unreserved friendship.

"His costume on week days smacks not in the least of the clerical, consisting usually, in fact, of corduroys, gray flannel shirt, and the high boots of the country, a fitting enough costume, since all of his spare time is spent musing over the mountains with a few choice spirits, probably some Alaskan soundings, on a prospecting trip."—Literary Digest.

An Exemplary Farmer.

The successful farmer is pretty sure to be a friend of the birds. This is nowhere more conspicuous than in the case of a prosperous market gardener of Cook County, Illinois.

"This farmer," says J. L. Graff in the Farm Journal, "has a trait that has made him known to a great portion of this country. It is his unusual and persistent friendship for birds,—birds that cheer a farmer in his home and follow him in the furrow, eating up destructive worms and insects. In this matter he not only has benefited his own home and farm, but the farms of the entire community.

"The name of this farmer is James McGawn, and his friendship for birds, and known knowledge on the subject, have spread to many of the other States of this country. His files show correspondence about birds, particularly the robin, from the Audubon Society and from farmer friends of birds in New York, Michigan, California, Texas, North Dakota, South Dakota, and other States.

"When Mr. McGawn moved to his present home boys and men openly shot birds and robbed their nests. His inter-

est and argument in favor of sparing bird life turned the whole community into an army of bird friends, and to-day no one hears of a songster or any kind of a bird being shot, or of a nesting-place being invaded. The teachers in the schools drill the principle into the minds of their pupils, along with the other lessons of a useful life.

"It is interesting to know that Mr. McGawn has an eight-year-old boy who has in full strength the bird fervor of his worthy parent."

Not long ago a pair of rooks built their nest in one of a cluster of trees in a gentleman's grounds. The owner was delighted at the prospect of having a rookery practically at his back door, but the farmer who owned the surrounding land didn't look at the matter in the same light.

The farmer was no great lover of rooks, and he gave his sons orders to "pot 'em" at the first opportunity. One morning the farmer received this note from his neighbor:

Sir,—I wish your boys would let my rooks alone. I'm trying to make a rookery.

The farmer altered three words and returned the note:

Sir,—I wish your rooks would let my crops alone. I'm trying to make a living.

Sacrifice.

By Ada Foster Murray.

When apple-boughs are dim with bloom
And lilacs blossom by the door,
How sweetly poignant the perfume
From springs that are no more!

Strange how that faint, familiar scent
Of early lilacs after rain
By subtle alchemy is blent
With childhood's tenderest joy and pain.

Back through the long mists of the way
Are weary mothers seen through tears!
They broke their lives from day to day
To pour this fragrance down the years.