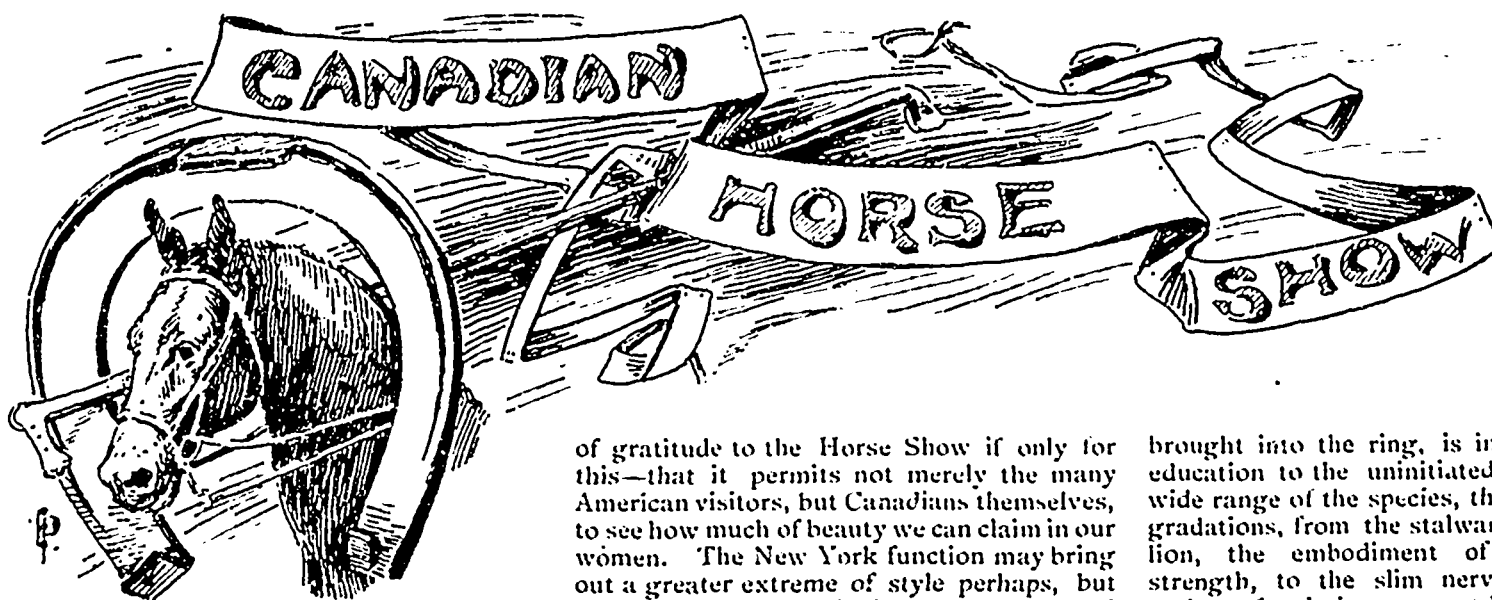




animals lifted their shapely legs as though all the joyous restlessness of the springtime were imprisoned in them.

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To attend the Horse Show and study the various classes of animals

of gratitude to the Horse Show if only for this—that it permits not merely the many American visitors, but Canadians themselves, to see how much of beauty we can claim in our women. The New York function may bring out a greater extreme of style perhaps, but in delicacy of colour, in freshness, in natural charm, and dainty adaptation of prevailing fashions, the Canadian women rival their sisters across the line; and it was the comment of those who had attended the N. Y.

brought into the ring, is in itself a liberal education to the uninitiated. We note the wide range of the species, through a score of gradations, from the stalwart roadster stallion, the embodiment of sinewy brute strength, to the slim nerve-strung racer, each perfect in its type, yet how wide apart; and noting, there comes to us some perception of the power of nature in evolution.

We see also what careful grooming can do in outward appearance; what freedom from

burdens and kindness accomplishes. We discover a world of difference in riders and drivers—and observe how quickly rapport is established. We invent a few new proverbs: "A nervous man makes a nervous beast." "He who is fretful makes his beast also fretful," and so on *ad libitum*.

Why do we watch the pretty curveting creatures with so much of sympathy? Is it untamed life or the perfection of training that gives the poise, the proud stepping?

These slim racers and strong stallions have never been broken to endure harness, bear heavy burdens and fulfil a prisoned round. Is this their attraction to poor humanity, who would be free and cannot? Or is it the perfect training of the thoroughbred that is the highest condition of freedom?

Such philosophies come to us as we sit watching the pretty animals come and go in the ring afleck with 'ate sunlight, while the fragrant bark odour comes up to greet us.

* * *

Of course the grave business of judging is not allowed sole monopoly of the hours. There are effective spectacles for our pleasure in the entry of the Hunt Club with its lady riders, its scarlet coats and close following hounds. There are the mounted police in clever evolutions; pony carts, four-in-hands, tandems, and always the excitements of the jumpers, who invariably fail to take the double fence. We learn to recognise our favourites quickly—Royalty, Earl, and slim little Ladybird, bonnie Prince Charlie and Queen.

It is our delight to make selections among the many; choosing the horse that takes our fancy—then waiting eagerly to see whether judges confirm our choice by attaching that desirable bit of scarlet emblem.

And the surprising thing is how often the critical judges and uncritical on-looker are at one.



ALL things, both in business circles and social functions, yield to the royal blue and yellow of the Horse Show. Already it has become an autocrat in our midst, whose days we keep, and whose mandates we observe even to bow-knot and blossom.

With the business aspect of the Horse Show we have nothing whatever to do; that belongs to the sporting papers, the stock farms and ranches. Ours is rather the lighter gossip of gowns, mayhap, or the entertainment within the ring. For we may remark, in passing, that in the combination of business and recreation which the Horse Show provides, lies the earnest of its permanence and prosperity.

The Canadian Horse Show has come to stay as an annual event; business inclines toward it, society smiles on it—and the royal blue and yellow reign for a week triumphant.

* * *

Fair weather favoured the glossy thoroughbreds this season. The city basked in a sun-break of mid-April days, the Armoury looked its cheeriest beneath the potency of a summer foretaste.

At night, under the brilliant lighting, a gayer scene could not well be devised than that of the great airy auditorium with its parterre of bedecked boxes filled with pretty women in dainty spring gowns. The rainbow hues of silks, ribbon and blossom—the mass of tinting and iridescence—the surprise and freshness of this sudden unfolding from the sombreness of furs and velvets into spring blossom-and-leaf effects, was charming.

For background was the graver attire of the men and the flag-draped walls; for centre, the big ring-oval with its covering of fresh tanbark, its little mid-way platform, where the judges sat in consultation, its perpetual prancing of pretty glossy animals in the hands of rider or owner. The arrangements were excellent;—the results, in comfort and effectiveness, worthy of all congratulation.

Pretty women we have said,—and we owe a debt

to some of us who preferred softer light and quieter ways, the afternoons proved most attractive. When the sun shone through the long western window, setting its flag drappings all aflame, lighting the spacious centre, flecking alike the tracery of the high room and the dark tan flooring of the ring; when the air was cool and sweet with the fragrance of fresh-laid bark; when scarlet-coated band played and the judges moved about, it was pleasant to sit at easy leisure watching the pretty creatures curvet and prance in all the sheen and gloss of perfect grooming.

And whether in harness or unlettered, drawing dainty drags or free, the spirited

York show, that the young Toronto function more than held its own in this respect. How much of pretty and attractive womanhood Toronto and its environing towns possess is not conceived until we see it thus massed in all its dainty attire at the Horse Show;—then, well as we know fair Canada, it comes to us as a revelation.

The evenings were brilliant; yet, possibly to some of us who preferred softer light and quieter ways, the afternoons proved most attractive. When the sun shone through the long western window, setting its flag drappings all aflame, lighting the spacious centre, flecking alike the tracery of the high room and the dark tan flooring of the ring; when the air was cool and sweet with the fragrance of fresh-laid bark; when scarlet-coated band played and the judges moved about, it was pleasant to sit at easy leisure watching the pretty creatures curvet and prance in all the sheen and gloss of perfect grooming.



MISS EDNA LEE, ON 'SWEETHEART.'

