

THE DISPERSION AUCTION SALE

OF THE

Hillhurst Shorthorn Herd

WILL BE HELD ON

Friday, September 7th, 1906,

AT ONE P. M.,

ON THE EXHIBITION GROUNDS, SHERBROOKE, P. Q.
WEEK OF FAIR.

34 Cows and Heifers, 9 Bulls and Bull Calves.

Straight Scotch and Scotch-topped. Imported English and Canadian milking families. Some prize show animals included. Catalogue ready Aug. 15th.

Jas. A. Cochrane, Compton, P. Q.

Capt. T. E. Robson, Auctioneer.



SCOTCH SHORTHORNS

9 heifers, yearlings. 4 bulls, yearlings.
29 heifers, calves. 27 bulls, calves.All out of imported sires and dams.
Prices easy. Catalogue.JOHN CLANCY,
Manager.H. CARGILL & SON,
Cargill, Ont.

Maple Shade Shropshires AND CRUICKSHANK SHORTHORNS.

We offer about thirty extra good yearling rams of our own breeding, among them some ideal flock headers; also a few home-bred yearling ewes. Twenty imported yearling rams and thirty imported ewes the same age. Bred by Buttar, Farmer and other breeders of note in England. All are for sale at moderate prices.

JOHN DRYDEN & SON, Brooklin, Ont.
Stations: Brooklin, G.T.R. Myrtle, C.P.R. Long-distance telephone.

Westside Shorthorn Herd and Border Leicester Flock.

All Registered in the Herd and Flock Books of Great Britain.

We invite all interested to inspect the cattle and sheep on this farm. The Shorthorns are long tried families, tracing to the pioneer herds of Scotland through channels of repute. The Border Leicester flock is one of the oldest in Scotland, and embraces blood of the highest breeding. Selections for Sale. Visitors from the States and Canada will be cordially welcomed.

A. Cameron & Sons, Westside Farm, Brechin, Scotland.

CEDARDALE SHORTHORNS



For immediate sale: Four young bulls and a few heifers, a nice thick, well-put-up lot, and bred on heavy-milking lines. Will be sold cheap.

DR. T. S. SPROULE, M.P.
Markdale, Ont.

Shorthorn Cattle and Lincoln Sheep

Shorthorn bulls, cows and heifers for sale at greatly reduced prices for the next 60 days. em

J. T. GIBSON, Denfield, Ont

PLEASANT VALLEY

SHORTHORNS

Herd headed by imp. Old Lancaster -50068- Grand champion, Toronto, 1905, and consisting of females of the leading Scotch families; one spare a few young cows bred to imp. Old Lancaster.

GEO. AMOS & SON, Moffat Stn. and P.O., C.P.R.

Pine Grove Stock Farm.

Breeders of

High-class Scotch Shorthorns.

Choice Shropshire Sheep, Clydesdale and Hackney Horses.

Herd catalogue on application. Address:

JAMES SMITH, Supt. Rockland, Ont.
W. C. EDWARDS & Co., Limited Props. em

JOHN GARDHOUSE & SONS, Highfield P.O., Ont.

Breeders of

Scotch and Scotch-topped Shorthorns, Lincoln and Leicester Sheep and Shire Horses.

A good selection of young stock of both sexes always on hand for sale. Scottish Prince (imp.) Vol. 49, at head of herd. Royal Albert (imp.) 22557, at head of stud. Farms 3 1/2 miles from Weston, G. T. R. and C. P. R., and electric cars from Toronto.

BELMAR PARC SHORTHORNS

10 bull calves.
16 heifers under two years.

All of the choicest breeding and practically all of show-yard quality. You can buy anything in the herd at a reasonable figure.

JOHN DOUGLAS, PETER WHITE, JR.,
Manager. Pembroke, Ont.

SHORTHORN BULLS and HEIFERS

Bred by the Scotch bull, Scottish Lad 45061
FOR SALE.

S. DYMENT, Barrie, Ontario.

Glover Lea Stock Farm SHORTHORNS

FOR SALE: Choice bull calves by Golden Cross (imp.). All dark roans. Some from imported sire and dam. Visitors met at Ripley station.

R. H. REID, PINE RIVER, ONT.
Ripley Station, G. T. R.

in the middle to pass for the nose. It was really quite a respectable face.

"I've seen worse ones on human shoulders, at any rate," said Mother Rigby. "And many a fine gentleman has a pumpkin head, as well as my scarecrow."

But the clothes, in this case, were to be the making of the man. So the good old woman took down from a peg an ancient, plum-colored coat of London make, and with relics of embroidery on its seams, cuffs, pocket-flaps and button-holes, but lamentably worn and faded, patched at the elbows, tattered at the skirts, and threadbare all over. On the left breast was a round hole, whence either a star of nobility had been rent away, or else the hot heart of some former wearer had scorched it through and through. The neighbors said that this rich garment belonged to the Black Man's wardrobe, and that he kept it at Mother Rigby's cottage for the convenience of slipping it on whenever he wished to make a grand appearance at the governor's table. To match the coat there was a velvet waistcoat, of very ample size, and formerly embroidered with foliage that had been as brightly golden as the maple leaves in October, but which had now quite vanished out of the substance of the velvet. Next came a pair of scarlet breeches, once worn by the French Governor of Louisiana, and the knees of which had touched the lower step of the throne of Louis le Grand. The Frenchman had given these small clothes to an Indian pow-wow, who had parted with them to the old witch for a gill of strong waters, at one of their dances in the forest. Furthermore, Mother Rigby produced a pair of silk stockings and put them on the figure's legs, where they showed as unsubstantial as a dream, with the wooden reality of the two sticks making itself miserably apparent through the holes. Lastly, she put her dead husband's wig on the bare scalp of the pumpkin, and surmounted the whole with a dusty, three-cornered hat, in which was stuck the longest tail-feather of a rooster.

Then the old dame stood the figure up in a corner of her cottage, and chuckled to behold its yellow semblance of a visage, with its nobby little nose thrust into the air. It had a strangely self-satisfied aspect, and seemed to say, "Come, look at me!"

"And you are well worth looking at, that's a fact!" quoth Mother Rigby, in admiration at her own handiwork. "I've made many a puppet since I've been a witch, but methinks this is the finest of them all. 'Tis almost too good for a scarecrow. And, by the by, I'll just fill a fresh pipe of tobacco, and then take him out to the corn-patch."

While filling her pipe, the old woman continued to gaze with almost motherly affection at the figure in the corner. To say the truth, whether it were chance, or skill, or downright witchcraft, there was something wonderfully human in this ridiculous shape, bedizened with its tattered finery; and, as for the countenance, it appeared to shrivel its yellow surface into a grin—a funny kind of expression betwixt scorn and merriment, as if it understood itself to be a jest at mankind. The more Mother Rigby looked, the better she was pleased.

"Dickon," cried she, sharply, "another coal for my pipe!"

Hardly had she spoken, than, just as before, there was a red-glowing coal on top of the tobacco. She drew in a long whiff and puffed it forth again into the bar of morning sunshine which struggled through the one dusty pane of her cottage window. Mother Rigby always liked to flavor her pipe with a coal of fire from the particular chimney-corner whence this had been brought. But where that chimney-corner might be, or who brought the coal from it—further than that the invisible messenger seemed to respond to the name of Dickon—I cannot tell.

"That puppet yonder," thought Mother Rigby, still with her eyes fixed on the scarecrow, "is too good a piece of work to stand all summer in a corn-patch frightening away the crows and blackbirds. He's capable of better things. Why, I've danced with a worse one, when partners happened to be scarce, at our witch meetings in the forest! What if I should let him take his chance among the other men of straw and empty fellows who go bustling about the world?"

The old witch took three or four more whiffs of her pipe and smiled. "He'll meet plenty of his brethren at every street corner!" continued she. "Well, I didn't mean to dabble in witchcraft to-day, further than the lighting of my pipe; but a witch I am, and a witch I'm likely to be, and there's no use trying to shirk it. I'll make a man of my scarecrow, were it only for the joke's sake!"

While muttering these words, Mother Rigby took the pipe from her own mouth and thrust it into the crevice which represented the same feature in the pumpkin visage of the scarecrow. "Puff, darling, puff!" said she. "Puff away, my fine fellow! your life depends on it!"

This was a strange exhortation, undoubtedly, to be addressed to a mere nothing of sticks, straw and old clothes, with nothing better than a shrivelled pumpkin for a head, as we know to have been the scarecrow's case. Nevertheless, as we must carefully hold in remembrance, Mother Rigby was a witch of singular power and dexterity, and, keeping this fact duly before our minds, we shall see nothing beyond credibility in the remarkable incidents of our story. Indeed, the great difficulty will be at once got over, if we can only bring ourselves to believe that, as soon as the old dame bade him puff, there came a whiff of smoke from the scarecrow's mouth. It was the very feeblest of whiffs, to be sure, but it was followed by another and another, each more decided than the preceding one.

"Puff away, my pet! puff away, my pretty one!" Mother Rigby kept repeating with her pleasantest smile. "It is the breath of life to ye, and that you may take my word for."

Beyond all question the pipe was bewitched. There must have been a spell either in the tobacco or in the fiercely-glowing coal that so mysteriously burned on the top of it, or in the pungently-aromatic smoke which exhaled from the kindled weed. The figure, after a few doubtful attempts, at length blew forth a volley of smoke extending all the way from the obscure corner into the bar of sunshine. There it eddied and melted away among the motes of dust. It seemed a convulsive effort, for the two or three next whiffs were fainter, although the coal still glowed and threw a gleam over the scarecrow's visage. The old witch clapped her skinny hands together, and smiled encouragingly upon her handiwork. She saw that the charm worked well. The shrivelled, yellow face, which heretofore had been no face at all, had already a thin, fantastic haze, as it were, of human likeness, shifting to and fro across it, sometimes vanishing entirely, but growing more perceptible than ever with the next whiff from the pipe. The whole figure, in like manner, assumed a show of life, such as we impart to ill-defined shapes among the clouds, and half deceive ourselves with the pastime of our own fancy.

If we must needs pry closely into the matter, it may be doubted whether there was any real change, after all, in the sordid, wornout, worthless and ill-jointed substance of the scarecrow, but merely a spectral illusion, and a cunning effect of light and shade, so colored and contrived as to delude the eyes of most men. The miracles of witchcraft seem always to have had a very shallow subtlety, and, at least, if the above explanations do not hit the truth of the process, I can suggest no better. "Well puffed, my pretty lad!"

(Continued on next page.)