

## THE DISPERSION AUCTION SALE

OF THE

# Hillhurst Shorthorn Herd

WILL BE HELD ON

Friday, September 7th, 1906,

AT ONE P. M.,

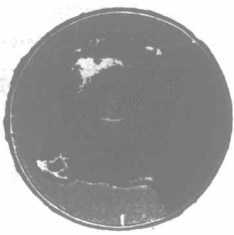
ON THE EXHIBITION GROUNDS, SHERBROOKE, P. Q.  
WEEK OF FAIR.

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 &amp; 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. am

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  
sire a few young cows bred to imp. Old Lan-  
caster.

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

## Pine Grove Stock Farm.

Breeder of

High-class Scotch Shorthorns.

Choice Shropshire Sheep, Clydesdale and Hack-  
ney Horses.

Herd catalogue on application. Address:

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

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

Breeder 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.)  
18857, at head of stud. Farms 3 1/2 miles from  
Weston, G. T. R. and C. P. R., and electric cars  
from Toronto. o

## BEILMAR PARK 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

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

S. DYMENT, Barrie, Ontario.

## Clover 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 gentle-  
man 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, pock-  
et-flaps and button-holes, but lament-  
ably 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 neigh-  
bors said that this rich garment be-  
longed to the Black Man's wardrobe,  
and that he kept it at Mother Rig-  
by'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 bright  
golden as the maple leaves in Oc-  
tober, but which had now quite van-  
ished out of the substance of the  
velvet. Next came a pair of scarlet  
breeches, once worn by the French  
Governor of Louisbourg, 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 show-  
ed 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 surmount-  
ed 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 sem-  
blance 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 Rig-  
by, in admiration at her own handi-  
work. "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 wo-  
man 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 under-  
stood itself to be a jest at man-  
kind. The more Mother Rigby look-  
ed, the better she was pleased."Dickon," cried she, sharply, "an-  
other 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 win-  
dow. 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 mes-  
senger seemed to respond to the name  
of Dickon—I cannot tell."That puppet yonder," thought  
Mother Rigby, still with her eyesfixed 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 hap-  
pened 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 breth-  
ren at every street corner!" con-  
tinued she. "Well, I didn't mean  
to dabble in witchcraft to-day, fur-  
ther than the lighting of my pipe;  
but a witch I am, and a witch I'm  
likely to be, and there's no use try-  
ing 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, un-  
doubtedly, 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 care-  
fully 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 re-  
markable incidents of our story. In-  
deed, 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 preced-  
ing 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 mysteri-  
ously 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 sun-  
shine. 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, shift-  
ing 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 al-  
ways 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.)