

ways in the money with their home-bred stock, while pitted against celebrated imported animals which had been purchased at a figure running into many thousands of dollars.

From the attitude of the transportation companies to this incident in their offer of free conveyance of the grand champion to any point of Canada for exhibition purposes, it can be fairly assumed that when there is some solid evidence that men are raising quality stock, stock that is really worth carrying to the most distant market, the railways will not prove a stumbling block either in rates, delay or suitable accommodation in transit. They cannot help themselves. The country is behind this business of agriculture and whatever laws or by-laws exist to its prejudice and to the sole advantage of the carrying companies must give way to the will of the people.

But candidly, so far an alarming percentage of the beef and dairy cattle that is to be seen in process of shipment has been of a character to freeze the warmest blood of a constitutionally tropical enthusiast. Breeding and feeding have been a matter of the purest accident. Anything within sight from Stink-weed to Sow-thistle and Burdock, has been considered good enough for "the beasts," but to the man who knows a well bred and a well fed animal when he sees it, much of the "live stock industry" one sees on the farms and in the stock yards is of an indescribable type. It reminds one of Sam Sadler's pup.

(Sam was never an expert in any matter of selection, and of all that concerned the dog world he was "highly and hopelessly ignorant." Some friend desiring to get rid of a mongrel without actually shooting it, took advantage of Sam's ignorance and foisted on him this squirming mixture of legs and tail that never had the promise of a tyke. Sam took it in good faith and in

the belief that he had acquired a dog. Asking a friend who dropped in one day what he thought of it, the candid one replied: "Well Sam, to tell you the gawd's truth, it's just the very sort of a dog that I would have expected you to take an interest in!")

This exactly illustrates the attitude of many "mixed-farmers" with regard to the live stock end of their business.

The pleasantries of this memorable occasion were sustained by every speaker — the various "clans" represented at the gathering furnishing a convenient rallying point for much of the shafts of wit that were fired off with an utter disregard to any "tenderness" that might afflict the object

of those predatory times had been conceived and executed; that while his (The Cameron) clan had usually been satisfied with a few humble sheep, it was only the fattest herds of cattle that Rob and his following thought it worth while to transport across the border and drive into the security of their mountain eyrie.

The old records, however, have made a verbal distinction here which possibly Mr. McGregor did not know of, otherwise he might have been glad to take advantage of it. In the old "Black Books" of the several counties which describe the penalties that were meted out to those fellows who had the ill luck to be caught red-handed, the text invariably

may take comfort from the fact that probably every man or woman he speaks to in these better regulated times has at least to carry the memory of some such bar-sinister bequeathed to the family by the left-handed operations of some scion of the house. There is a legend to the effect that a worthy daughter of the Frazer Clan (who was being assiduously courted by a not less worthy Cameron) felt it her duty to tell her "Joe" before it had gone too far that one of her uncles so far forgot himself that he was ultimately hanged for sheep stealing. "Let not that distress you, my lass," said the honest fellow, "if I hadn't an uncle who was hanged for sheep stealing—I had five who ocht to have been!"

The climax of the evening's fun was the introduction to the banquet of the youngest calf of the celebrated herd. It was most tastefully decorated with the "family honors" captured at Chicago and elsewhere and wheeled in by the herdsman and his assistant on a diminutive truck. The incident was a surprise to most of the guests and needless to say evoked tremendous enthusiasm.

This was possibly the "Wee McGregor" that will be fed and nursed into condition for the great show of 1914, and it may be the "Grand Champion" for the third time in succession. Who can tell? Mr. McGregor is certainly not going to make a soft bed of his laurels. He contemplates going on after still finer achievements. He and his "men behind the gun," to whom he never fails to give the fullest credit, will go on to still greater conquests, and if they should go down in 1914 at Chicago or in any contest, they will go down fighting still.

There is a hoary old saw which not only Mr. McGregor but the humblest seeker after success should never lose sight of in any effort made:

"Tis not in mortals to command success; we will do more — deserve it."



Four distinct types of paying guests who with fair treatment are never in arrears. Cattle, sheep, hogs and poultry on the farm of John Corr.

aimed at. This recklessness was more than justified, for every man knew his mark. The very atmosphere was charged with perfect understanding and complete accord that night. It did, however, look at one time as if there was going to be a general resurrection of those deadly differences that separated the McGregors from the Cameron Clan, and the Frazers from both in the old marauding days; when Rob Roy and his horde of caterans held by

"The good old rule, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

His Honor D. C. Cameron cheerfully reminded his neighbor that around the name of the McGregor the greatest deprivations

reads "cattle lifting" and "sheep stealing."

Mr. A. C. Frazer did his best to whitewash the record of his own ancestors of the '45, and as he proceeded, it became a study in human expression to look around the tables. It is at any time a perilous business to examine too minutely the out-croppings of one's family tree, but there was scarcely a physiognomy among those two or three hundred gourmands that just about this time did not begin to take on the gloomy foreboding of guilt; not only of a "guilty" ancestry but the still more humiliating fact that they had been found out.

But these kindly apologists of a long-buried line of forefathers



A corner of J. D. McGregor's alfalfa hay crop, near Brandon.