

OLD PLOW HORSE
A TROTTING SENSATION

That part of the sporting world which is interested in the light harness horse has been all what they call agog this summer over the remarkable performance of a trotting horse named Dan McKinney. There are scores of horses that have trotted faster than Dan in the campaign over the Grand Circuit, so it is not his phenomenal speed that has made his work so sensational. It is the fact that he is fourteen years old and, until a few months ago, was a farm horse. Most of his life he has spent tugging at a plow, and he may go back to the plow when his turf career is at an end. Now is it likely that his career can last very long. Few horses at fourteen go to the races at all. But the fact that Dan is entering late may make him last for a few seasons yet. His legs must be good. His speed and stamina have not been exhausted by long campaigns. He has trotted miles in better than 2.10 on the half-mile track in the Middle Western States. It is possible that he might go down the Grand Circuit next year there to revive for Kansas some of the glory that such horses as John R. Gentry, Joe Patchon and Robert McGregor won for the state in days gone by.

Sire a Failure

Dan McKinney is well, though not fashionably bred. His sire was Red McKinney, which was bought in 1909 by Judge Blackwell and some other racing enthusiasts of Oklahoma. He never proved of much account on the track and was retired to the stud where his opportunities of being mated with the best mares were restricted. Dan McKinney was one of his colts, and nobody ever expected anything much from him but a good day's work on the farm. He was used in the buggy occasionally, and as recently as last spring was so lightly regarded that he was sold to Bert Walters, a Winfield, Kansas, horseholder, for \$175. It was Walters who discovered that the old horse had speed. He handed him over to a local reinsman named Fay Rhodes for training, and early last month, Rhodes sent him to the wire for the first time. This was a trot for \$1,000. He had to be much the best of his field, for early in the race, he was caught in a pocket, and his driver had to take him back and go round the field to win. This he did in 2.11 1/2, a remarkable first performance for a horse. After that, Dan McKinney was put in the hands of a more experienced driver and trainer, and has been the sensation of the Middle Western Fair Circuit.

Smuggler a Plow Horse

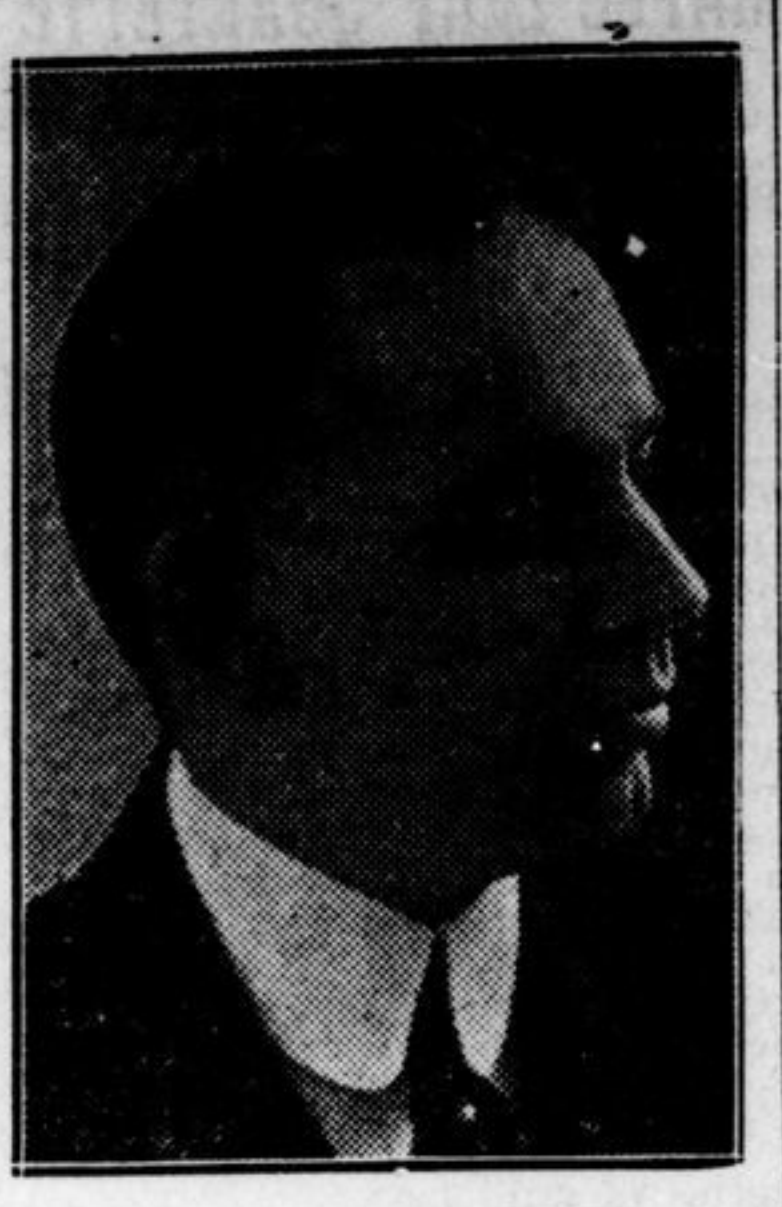
It is recalled that Dan McKinney is not the first nor the most illustrious of trotters to be taken from what might so easily and erroneously be called the shafts of a plow to win fame on the race track. That was the experience of one of the very greatest of old-time American trotters. Smuggler, a horse whose name will be remembered as long as the trotting horse is propagated. Smuggler was foaled in 1866 in Ohio, and on his sire's side went speedily back to the thoroughbred, while his dam was a pacing mare owned in turn by a cavalryman and a cattle drover. His owner, John Mason Morgan, moved to Kansas shortly after the colt was foaled, and his Kansas connection caused the Board of Agriculture of that state to issue a memoir of Smuggler in 1899. In that biography, it was remarked: "The young horse was strong, and as soon as he was able to wear the harness, he was compelled to do farm work, such as pulling the plow and the heavy wagon, and doing duty in holiday times as a saddle horse. As his ordinary gait was a single-footed rack, he was quite a favorite under the saddle, and it was under the saddle that he first gave indication of possessing high qualities of speed."

Best Stallion Record

When he was six years old, the horse was offered to Charles Marvin later to become one of the greatest trainers and drivers in light harness history. He was trained as a pacer, Marvin refused but offered to make him a trotter. It took him months to convert Smuggler, and the first mile he went at the new gait was in 4.20. After that he made rapid improvement, and Marvin had him trotting in around 2.20 which was extremely fast for those days of old-fashioned tracks, and ninety-pound high-wheel sulkies. He was sold well by Mr. Morgan, and a short time later, though Smuggler had never been to a race, he again changed hands, and this time for \$30,000. His first race was at Buffalo, when he was eight years old, and though he was beaten by Thomas Jefferson, he made two miles in 2.20 1/2, beating the stallion record. Six weeks later, he won the \$10,000 championship stallion stakes at Mystic Park, Boston, beating five of the leading trotters of the day including Mambrino Gift which had trotted a mile in 2.20 a few days earlier, setting a record for stallions. This speed was equalled by Smuggler in the third heat. It was two years before he engaged in another great race, this time against Judge Fullerton. Smuggler won again and once more reduced the stallion record, his third mile being in 2.17.

Goldsmith Maid

The horse was now a national figure and had only one outstanding rival. This was the great Goldsmith Maid, with the world's record of 2.14, and perhaps the most remarkable trotter in the history of the breed. They met in July, 1875, when the mare was eighteen years old, in a race which attracted all the fastest trotters of the time. The



HON. WALTER FOSTER

Formerly premier of New Brunswick, who, it is believed, will replace Hon. A. B. Copp as Secretary of State in the Federal Cabinet.

Maid won the first heat in record time, but finished tired, and the Smuggler, after throwing a shoe at the head of the stretch, was close up. In the second heat, he broke badly, and Marvin just got him inside the distance flag. The third heat was a desperate one. The mare was tiring, while the Smuggler was strong, but Green, the driver of Lucille, and Bud Dioble, the driver of Goldsmith Maid, appeared to understand each other. They pocketed Marvin, and he had to take back and drive around, but he won the heat. The next heat showed again that Marvin and his horse were in a minority, but despite the efforts of the others, he got the bay horse down in front. The next heat he won more easily and also the race. This is considered one of the hardest trotting races in the history of the light harness breed. Later on he again met Goldsmith Maid and was defeated twice by that wonder horse. He lowered the stallion record to 2.15 1/2, and died in 1890.

THE BEAR TRAGEDY AT
RIVERSDALE RECALLED

Recent Death of Mrs. Charles Symon Recalls the Death of Her Young Son Several Years Ago.

Referring to the tragedy at Riversdale in which the late Mrs. Charles Symon's six-year-old son lost his life when attacked by a bear in the early days of that settlement, a Mrs. McMillen of Teoswater, who was at Riversdale at the time the incident happened, gives her version of the affair as follows:

A neighbor had been visiting Mrs. Symon that afternoon, and instead of going home by Riversdale, she walked back to the river, accompanied by Mrs. Symon who carried her baby in her arms, and the six-year-old boy was also with them and said he would bring the cow home. Suddenly as they stood on the bank, the bear appeared as if from nowhere, and seemed to want to get the baby out of her arms. Mrs. Symon kept kicking at the brute and calling for help, when the bear suddenly turned and grabbing the six-year-old boy in his mouth, walked off into the swamp.

The men of the neighborhood were soon notified, and searching parties hurried to the woods with guns, pitchforks or whatever weapons they could command. It was just at dusk when the boy was taken, and it was not until 11 o'clock that he was found in the swamp, with lacerations on his back and on his head where the bear had grabbed him. His first entreaty to his father who was the first to find him still conscious, was "Daddy, don't let the bear get me again." He was taken home and a doctor sent for, but he passed away about midnight.

Mr. Collinson put out a poisoned chicken near where the boy was found, and had the satisfaction of getting the bear a few days later, and it was on exhibition in Riversdale.—Bruce Herald and Times.

HERE'S A GOOD FOX STORY

A contributor to The Youth's Companion who knows well the fox hunting country of Virginia, especially in the neighborhood of Gravel Hill, passes on to us a story that he has often heard his grandfather tell. We have heard many extraordinary stories of vulpine cleverness, but we must admit that this beats them all. My grandfather used to tell of a fox that gave the hunters much trouble. They never had any difficulty in getting up a chase. When the dogs "jumped" the fox and he had given them a good run, he invariably made for a hollow tree which lay on the ground. The tree had an opening at both ends. By inserting a pole in one end, the hunters could easily drive him out at the other. The dogs, of course, would give chase, but after giving them another good run, the fox would come back to the hollow log, and the same manoeuvre would be repeated. After two, or at most three such runs, the dogs were completely tired out.

The next time the hunters visited that region they found that some farm hands had split the log open, for they had suspected a trick. Sure enough, when the log was opened, they found several foxes inside. It appears that the first fox chased entered at one end of the log and lay quiet, and the fox that issued at the other was fresh. Running thus by relays, they could have broken down all the dogs in the country.

PARABLE FOR TOWN-PLANNING WORKERS

The Man From Mars Interviews One Woman Who Sees the Light in a Few Matters.

The man from Mars was asking us how we made our town.

"First all the houses are built just anywhere the owners like, then we make streets between the houses."

"But nearly all your streets are straight and of a good width," said the man from Mars.

"Oh, we make them wider and straighten them afterwards."

"Doesn't that cost a good deal more?" he asked, in surprise, for in Mars the wise expenditure of money is taught in schools.

"Oh, yes! It costs more. But then different people pay it, and they don't notice it much."

"These roads seem very rough, now. Are they just made?" asked the man from Mars.

"Oh, no, they were made years ago, but we have just been pulling them up to lay water mains, and that makes them a bit rough."

"Are you going to improve them now?"

"No, we will spend a few thousands on them, but next year, we may put in sewage pipes, so that will be wasted."

"Would it not cost less to plan the streets and lay the trenches before making the roads?"

"Oh, yes, it would cost less, but we prefer to do it this way."

"How do you make your parks?"

"Well, we don't need parks till the town is closely built up, and the land is expensive. Then we buy some piece of land that we think desirable, pull down the buildings and plant trees. In ten years, it makes quite a nice park, with some fountains and so on."

"Don't you think it would be wiser to buy land as the town grows, when it is cheap, and before the fine old trees were cut down? A park like that is so much prettier."

"Oh, yes, it would be cheaper and better, but people here don't expect to live very long, and of course, they don't care how things are after they die."

"All these factories seem to make a good deal of smoke," said the man from Mars.

"Oh, yes, but we like them. We scatter them all over the town, and then they're not noticed so much. Everybody gets some smoke, and so we get used to it."

"Why don't you put them all together and keep the dust and smog out of your homes?"

"Dear me, that would take a lot of planning ahead, and we don't bother to do that here."

"What are these strange wild things that come roaring down the streets at 60 miles an hour?" asked the man from Mars.

"Those are steam engines."

"Is it not rather dangerous to have them at large on your streets?"

"Oh, we make them stick to their own street. They are not allowed to run on our roads. We made a plan about that," we said, complacently.

"I saw a child run right in front of one just now. How was that?"

"Well, you see, after we gave them the road it wasn't long before our roads needed to cross their road, so we get in their way quite often and get killed."

"Could you not have planned to avoid this?"

"Oh yes, we could have. Some towns do. But we don't like thinking about the future, and planning is hard work."

"What is that man doing over there?" asked the man from Mars.

"He's building a house for himself and his wife," we replied.

"What's he got in his hand?"

"That is an architect's plan. He will build the house according to that."

"Let us look at it," said the man from Mars, and taking the plan, he continued:

"It is very warm today, yet this man is putting a furnace in his house."

"It is cold here in the winter," we answered.

"He is building quite a large house, with more rooms than he will need."

"His family will grow, of course."

"He is putting in sewers and water connections."

"He knows the town will soon install both."

"His house is to be brick, when wood would surely be cheaper!"

"Lasts longer, burns less coal, lower rate of insurance," we murmured.

"The man from Mars thought a while. 'Is not this wise man a councillor? He would show you how to plan your town.'"

"No. But we choose five men as wise as he. Over there is one of their wisely laid out houses, and we ask them to plan for us, but they don't plan."

"Let us go to his house, and ask him why," said the man from Mars, and we approached the councillor's house.

"The councillor was digging in the garden."

"You are planning your garden for months ahead," said the man from Mars; "can't you plan a little for the town? It seems to be a helplessness middle."

"I thought I could when I was elected," said the councillor, "but the voters won't stand for any expenditure but what is absolutely necessary at the moment. They can't think ahead."

"Isn't the man building the house a voter?"

"Oh, yes; he's a voter."

"I might not get elected again if I tried that, and he went on digging his garden, while the man from Mars walked thoughtfully away.—Bertha Dawson in Canadian Courier.

ASSISTING THE TEACHERS

Educational processes and teachers of the young suffer a continuous stream of advice from amateurs on what to do or what not to do in the training of our young. Perhaps it is a good thing to have so many interested in school problems. Public attention is a great stimulant to the best public service. Sometimes instead of teaching teachers there will be bodies of parent-teachers who also see both sides of the question in school problems. For instance, parents should:

Arrange the breakfast and lunch-hours so that there is no rushing at home or at school.

Encourage punctuality and regular attendance, not permitting trifles to interfere.

See that the children are dressed simply, neatly, modestly and suitably in accordance with the weather.

Find out how much time should be devoted to home study, with good light and ventilation. Prevent interruption as far as possible.

Show an interest in the children's work, athletics and other activities.

Do not criticize the teachers or the school within the children's hearing. Always hear both sides of every question, and ask the teacher about it.

Instill into the children habits of obedience and respect for authority.

Picture the school as a happy, desirable place, rather than one that the children should dread.

Keep in mind that the school offers unlimited opportunities to those who take advantage of them.

Mothers should arouse the interest of fathers in the school activities.

One contribution all parents can make towards the education of their children without sacrifice or expense is to see to it that they get regular and adequate hours of sleep. Physicians and neurologists agree that dullness among school children is very often sleepiness or under-development because of insufficient hours of sleep. The parent is as much acquainted as the medical world with the nervous disorders and physical ills which follow too little rest in the adolescent period.

Every mother knows that a sleepless baby is a sick baby.

A trend towards nervousness among school children is attributed to irregular and insufficient hours of sleep. Accurate information would probably disclose that the men and women as well as the children of this community average eight or more hours of sleep nightly, and it cannot be charged that our school children are dull or underdeveloped. Every adult knows the value of sleep and the amount he or she, individually requires for health and maximum mental and physical efficiency. Children can not be expected to ascertain this for themselves, so it is incumbent upon their parents to learn what is required and to provide for it.

A man may be captain of his soul and yet have a mate who charts his course.

THE WASHERWOMAN'S FRIEND

In a very humble cot, In a rather quiet spot, In the suds and in the soap, Worked a woman full of hope, Working, singing all alone, In a sort of undertone— "With a Saviour for a friend, He will keep me to the end."

Sometimes happening along, I had heard the semi-song, And I often used to smile More in sympathy than grieve; But I never said a word In regard to what I heard, As she sang about her friend, Who would keep her to the end.

Not in sorrow nor in glee, Working all day long was she, As her children, three or four, Played around her on the floor; But in monotonous song She was humming all day long. "With a Saviour for a friend, He will keep me to the end."

Just a trifle lonesome she, Just as poor as poor could be; But her spirits always rose, Like the bubbles in the clothes. And though widowed and alone, Cheered her with the monotone Of a Saviour and a friend, Who would keep her to the end.

I have seen her rub and scrub On the washboard in the tub, While the baby, sopped in suds, Rolled and tumbled in the duds; Or was paddling in the pools With old scissors stuck in spoils— She still humming of her friend, Who would keep her to the end.

Human hopes and human creeds Have their root in human needs; And I would not wish to strip From that washerwoman's lip Any song that she can sing, Any hope that songs can bring; For the woman has a friend, Who will keep her to the end.

—Eugene F. Ware.

Henry Ford has taken a sudden interest in dancing. Well, it would make him more of a benefactor to the human race than ever if he would do something to standardize the steps.—New York Sun.

YOUTH—PAST AND PRESENT

Judge Scott of Perth has been delivering himself on the question of lack of parental control and home training. In age there is wisdom, but with many there is a lack of understanding.

Back in the days of King Solomon, the home training question received attention, for wisest of all wise men said, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it." This, however, does not mean there was, or is, a lack of parental control.

When Judge Scott was a boy, there was no movie show to go to and cigarettes were unknown. Neither was it the jazz age. But we warrant that when as much talk of lack of parental control as there is today, and if the Judge did not go to movies and dances and smoke cigarettes, he did things that in the eyes of his and other parents were just as bad.

We really think there is altogether too much of wholesale condemnation of the youths of today and not enough guiding, and at least trying to understand the present age. It is a very different world today to what it was thirty and forty years ago, and on the whole, we think, a much better world, had and all as some people think it is.—Winchester Press.

The first store was kept by late William Purdy in 1854 down at the foot of near the old bridge on the ham Road. A Highland Scotchman, by the name of Arch. McMillan, a sort of log dwelling in a Frank Reilly's blacksmith shop, but Mr. McDonald moved to Toronto in a year or two. There was another hotel, shop, about the year 1885. Presbyterian manse is a change was not predicted, patronizing the whisky that in future years, a building would be substituted the residence of the good the Presbyterian church.

The first school was kept in the old log house on the Old Road in 1855. The first to a Mr. Arch. McMillan, no certificate, but was so the late Ferguson Wright a first-class certificate of time. The old log school soon replaced by a frame of the main street, and as a monument of olden the year 1882, the present building was erected by Alex. Webster as contractor.

Going back again to the in the year 1857, Mr. John aid put up a saw and grist with the first grist ground all the citizens to a flour. Mr. McDonald was of Mrs. J. H. Hunter and Ghent of Priceville.

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From a half mile west ville and up the Old Road to the Toronto Line was cupied by colored people of that race are now for vicinity.

The late J. H. Yeomans on the Old Durham Road the Saugeen River in the and in 1860-61. The log later on occupied as a Pt manse, and a few years burned. The old frame stands as a monument of was put up by the late erage in the latter part, and was bought by the James in the year 1865, carried on a good lumber a highly respected property is now owned by daughters who faithful to their father during his

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There were no less than six shoemakers in the of the 60's; viz., John Mc gald McLean, Duncan, Matthew, William and Conkey, and Thomas, none are their now. blacksmith was a co Then came the late Frey the late Michael Redway, Rae, the late James W McLean, Herman McLean wagon makers were the McArthur, Alex. Wats Evans, William Wats The tailors were Mr. Gray, Mr. Ross and a for a short time, Postm D. A. Ghent, 50 years ago, Mr. Brown, the Misses B Mrs. Muir, the late Neil Mrs. McCabe, and now R key. Early storekeepers Bros., 50 to 55 years ago, 60 years ago.

There were no less churches in the late 50's, viz., the Roman Cath on the hill, east on the a Methodist church, ov loss street, the Disciple and two Presbyterians, of the above, owing to union, now remain, the the Presbyterian, the

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PRICEVILLE S... By JC

Mr. Editor, if you were Priceville 75 years ago, of a couple of score years before you were born, you would find ing but tall and small tree ferent kinds. If the 200 or or less, which were set a town 75 years ago had all uable timber which was of then, it would buy the to over. The future town w after the surveyor, who was Price, and putting y made it Priceville. The ident was Mr. McAuley, in the Ghent side were Da Lean and John McCalhou kept a hotel, or whisky sh early part of the 50's. W cheap then, selling at 25 t a gallon, and some of the sometimes indulged freely cheap and palatable stuff t at two pennies a glass. S the effect of it went to and made them feel as ric negie, but when it affecte sometimes they would be ing in the gutter.

But with the passing of change took place, as d generation didn't follow th of their forefathers by i in stronger drink than the pure streams along th Road to Durham.

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