Insist upon having the best Tea and if your Grocer has your interests at heart he will give you Blue Ribbon.

The Unknown Bridegroom.

For a few days, after learning that Inez was going to Rome, he seemed rather depressed and absent-minded; but he made no comment regarding her movements, and exerted himself in every way to provide for her comfort on the trip, and was also most kind and attentive to Mrs. Clairemont

When he, with the two ladies, encountered Mr. Seaver's party, on the night of the reception, and he first caught a glimpse of Florence, a terrible shock had, for an instant, almost deprived him of the power to move or breathe.

Surely that fair flower-like face was the face of Monica—surely the girl he loved was not dead, as he had been told, but now stood before him in all her fresh young beauty. This was his first thought. But love, such as he entertained for his benefactor's daughter, is very keen, and some instinct discerned an unfamiliar air and movement on the part of Florence, although she was wonderfully like Monica, and convinced him that she was a stranger.

"Did you see her?" gasped Inez, laying a trembling hand upon his arm, just as they entered the building, while her startled eyes, in which there was a terrible fear, eagerly searched his face.

"Whom, senora?" quietly inquired August, who had now completely recovered his self-possession.

"That girl just crossed our path—Monica," returned Inez, with trembling lips.

"I saw the young lady who was with the Englishman—who used to visit you in Paris; I saw the resemblance, certainly; but she was not Senora Monica," August positively responded.

"I tell you she was," retorted Inez, passionately, "her face, eyes, hair, were the same, and——"

"But, senora, pardon—you have told me that the Senora Monica is—dead; that she died in London," the young man interposed in tones which he tried in vain to keep steady; "how, then, could she appear to you, here, in Rome?"

"Yes—yes—I know—that is, she was supposed to have died in that hospital; but—but—there may, possibly have been—some mistake," faltered the girl, in some confusion.

She realized, too late, that she had betrayed what for world she would not have done, if she had not lost command of herself.

"Ah, then you did not see her—dead. You did not attend her burial?" questioned August in low, repressed tones, and sweeping her blanched face with his burning eyes.

"I? Ah, no; papa wouldn't allow it, the doctor would not permit either of us because—because of the contagion, you know."

"Ah, then, you are not sure, from your own personal knowledge?" questioned August?

"Why, of course, we are sure," returned the girl, impatiently, "only that young lady, whom we passed just now, was so like her she gave me a fearful start. Did you get a full view of her face?"

"Yes, senora, and it is true that she is very like; but she is not the Senora Monica, all the same," August reiterated with an assurance which proved that he firmly believed what he said.

"Well, I sincerely hope I shall not meet her again, or I shall begin to think I am haunted by a ghost," Inez observed, and then dropped the subject.

But she was by no means convinced that she had not seen her cousin in the flesh.

The thought that Monica might possibly have escaped from Dr. Flint's sanitarium and tracked her her to Rome, haunted her continually, spoiling her pleasure in the reception. Even after her return to her hotel the possibility of her escape drove sleep from her pillow and kept her tossing restlessly upon her pillow the whole night.

Inez King's suspicions that Monica had followed her to Rome were confirmed a few days later. After having spent a couple of hours in St. Peters, with her chaperon, Mrs. Clairemont, on suddenly rounding one of the huge pillars which support the dome, she came in full view of her cousin, who was standing not a dozen feet from her, by the railing of St. Peter's tomb.

She was gazing down upon the kneeling figure, in trance, of Pope Pius the Sixth, and was wholly unconscious that anyone was observing her.

Inez saw her distinctly, and knew that the girl was Monica. Then, with a stifled moan of mingled pain and fear, she sank back out of sight, her face as white as her lace kerchief, and a gleam of wild fire in her eyes.

She immediately sought Mrs. Clairemont, who had lingered behind her to examine a fine mosaic, and, pleading weariness hurried her from the place, entered her carriage and ordered her coachman "home"

Few moments later arriving at her hotel she sent for her secretary, to send a cable message to her father, informing him that Monica had escaped, and was even then in Rome.

Mr. King was, of course, aware of Monica's flitting, for, after his encounter with Florence Richardson—whom he had taken to be his ward—in Regent street, he had posted off to Dr. Flint's sanitarium and demanded to be taken at once into the presence of Monica.

The startled doctor had tried to evade him by claiming that the girl was ill and not able to see anyone; but the man had insisted and threatened, until, seeing no alternative, he confessed that his patient had escaped.

Then there followed a lively scene, for the physician had been receiving his pay regularly every month, and it was only upon his offering to refund every dollar that Carl King at last consented to settle the matter without reporting his methods to the authorities.

It may as well be said here, however, that Mr. Sidney had already set in motion a scheme for investigating Dr. Flint's sanitarium, and soon afterward the avaricious and heartless physician was obliged to close his hospital and take himself away to parts unknown with all possible dispatch.

Two days after Inez sent her message, she received an answer that caused an evil smile of satisfaction to wreath her red lips. It read thus:

"Spare nothing to get her safely lodged somewhere until I come," and she secretly resolved that Monica should be under lock and key again before another week was at an end, if she could by any means accomplish such a result.

That same evening she attended the Teatro Apolio, and if anything more had been needed to drive her to the utmost limits in her purpose, it was to find herself in a box directly opposite one occupied by the Seavers, and to see her recreant adoreant admirer, Sir Walter Leighton sitting beside her feared and hated cousin, as she supposed.

She tried to meet the party on leaving the theatre, to put herself in Florence's path, to see how she would appear on beholding her.

But she was a trifle late for this.

She came suddenly upon Leighton, however, who had Mrs. Seaton on his arm—Florence having purposely fastened upon her guardian to escape him, and thus they were somewhat in advance of the others.

The baronet paused and shook hands with Inez, introducing Mrs. Seaver, and remarking that his engagements had been so pressing since receiving her card, he had had no opportunity to call upon her; but would give himself that pleasure the next morning, if the arrangement would be agreeable to her.

Miss King was a trifle cool in her greeting, but courteously assented to his appointment; then, after vainly searching for her cousin's face in the crowd around them, she passed them with a lofty bow and sought her carriage.

The next morning she arrayed herself in a stunning house-dress gown, and sat down to await the coming of her visitor with no little impatience.

He came about a half an hour before lunch, and Inez thought she had never seen him look so well or so handsome.

Gradually and skillfully Inez turned the conversation upon the opera of the previous evening, and the companions she had seen with him.

Yes, he said, they were the friends of whom he had told her—Mr. and Mrs. Seaver, and their ward, Miss Richardson.

"Have you known this Miss Richardson long?" she inquired.

"I have known about her nearly all my life; but my personal acquaintance with her is not of very long standing," he replied.

Her heart sank at this answer, for it seemed to confirm her suspicions.

"Is she an English lady?" she demanded; and then the blood in her veins seemed turned to molten fire as he returned:

"Oh, no; she is an American."

She was sure now, and that this baronet, upon whom she had poured all the wealth of her fiery nature, was in league with these people to reinstate Monica and rob her—Inez—of her ill-gotten gains.

But she dropped the subject at this noticed and which she invited her companion to share with her.

Sir Walter excused himself, upon the plea of another engagement, but made an appointment for a drive with her for that evening.

The young baronet came almost every day, bringing her flowers and fruits, and showered flattery upon her to her heart's content.

Then he would go directly from her to Florence, and play the role of devoted lover, accompanying her and Mr. and Mrs. Seaver almost everywhere.

One day, while Inez King was making purchases in the Via Babuino shops, she came face to face with Monica.

Yes, she was sure now that the girl was Monica; for the look of fear in the girl's eyes as they encountered hers, and the deathly pallor that swept all the color from her beautiful face, told her that even before her almost rigid lips parted to give utterance to her name.

"Inez!—you here in Rome!" she breathed, in scarcely audible tones.

"Ha! Monica!" cried her treacherous cousin, a look of hate sweeping over her face and vibrating through her every tone. "Then I have not been mistaken—it was you whom I have seen several times, after all. Ah!—stop!—I——"

But the startled girl had recovered herself sufficiently to enable her to turn quickly and sweep out of the room, thus leaving her astonished cousin again alone.

Inez dashed after her, but Monica made straight for the outer door, crossed the pavement and sprang into a waiting carriage.

When Inez reached the entrance to the shop she saw a vehicle rolling rapidly down the street, but her cousin was nowhere in sight.

CHAPTER XX.

The next week would be carnival week, and many of the English and American residents had arranged to devote one evening of it to a fancy dress ball. Those invited were requested to act their own pleasure regarding wearing masks, but it would be obligatory for every one to appear in some character.

Inez learned that Sir Walter would attend this function, also that the Seavers and Miss Richardson would be present. This inspired her with a cunnig plot which she determined to carry out at any cost, and, procuring tickets for herself, her chaperon and August, she proceeded at once to set on foot measures to bring it to perfection.

The intervening days were spent in diligent preparation for the event, and the all important evening finally arrived.

She had been chosen to represent Night, and had spared no expense to make the character most effective.

Her costume was of jet-black velvet, studded here and there with diamond stars, while her jewels—the necklace that encircled her perfect neck and the crown upon her midnight head, with its dazzling crescent, and all composed of pure white stones, were a marvel to every one who beheld them.

Over her face she wore a mask of black gauze, fringed with hold, while from her shoulders depended a magnificent train, borne by two pages, also clad in black and gold, who followed her as she slowly and with haughty mien paced around the great ball-room, in line with other characters of every description.

It was a brilliant scene, for there were hundreds of people present, in every variety of costume and color, while the display of costly jewels, rare laces and fabrics, was unprecedented; but conspicuous among them all was the goddess of Night in her dead-black velvet and diamonds.

While slowly promenading the ball-room, her keen eyes roving restlessly hither and thither, she suddenly espied a slight, stately figure in white satin, the corsage having been skillfully made to represent a calla lily; the short sleeves revealing a beautiful arm, almost to the shoulder, was fashioned in the form of the same flower, and one pure white waxen blossom arose from a coronet of golden hair that surmounted the small and shapely head.

Pearls, set with diamads, gleamed upon the marble-white neck and arms, and fastened the lily in place among the gleaming yellow coils of hair.

A white lace mask, embroidered and fringed, with pearls, concealed the features, but did not quite hide the dainty "pink ears" and the pretty dimpled chin.

The moment that Inez beheld this exquisitely unique figure, with its familiar proportions and bearing, she was sure she recognized her cousin.

"It is Monica!" she muttered, under her breath; "but who would ever believe that she could get herself up like that? Those people don't don't spare their money, either, for it must cost a pretty penny to deck her out as they do."

She followed the lily queen for a while, occasionally coming very near to her, and becoming more and more convinced that she was correct in her surmise that she was her cousin.

Once she paused and beckoned her pages to her.

"Behold the lily queen," she said, in a low cautious tone, and with a gesture whom she meant.

Two pairs of glittering black eyes were at one fastened upon the girl, and two raven black heads nodded a dumb assent.

"Watch when she unmasks," commanded Inez, in the same tone as before. "If I give you the signal, know that she is the signorina, and—do your work."

Again the pages nodded assent, and then the trio moved slowly on again.

As the hour drew near for unmasking, Inez managed to be near the lily queen again, and stationed herself where she could not fail to see her when she removed her own mask, when she was sure her cousin would betray some signs of repugnance or fear upon discovering her proximity.

At last the signal was given, and the Goddness of Night gave a low exclamation of satisfaction as that pearl embroidered face covering was removed, and she found herself looking directly into the face of the wronged Monica, as she supposed.

She loosened her own mask at the same moment and bent forward to attract the girl's attention.

Their eyes met, and a flush of anger went surging up to Inez King's brow as the calm, beautiful orbs gazed for an instant into hers with an expression of well-bred surprise, but without the slightest sign of recognition.

The treacherous girl drew haughtily back, an evil look flashing over her face.

"She plays it well," she murmured, with savage vehemence; "but—her day will be short."

She glanced back over her shoulder at her pages, and nodded significantly to them.

Then, unclasping the train from her shoulder, she let it fall into into their hands, and they bore it away, after bestowing another flashing glance at the lily queen.

Almost at the same instant, Mrs. Clairemont, regal in a Queen Elizabeth toilette of mauve satin and duchesse lace, and August Castaldi, in the character of a Spanish hidalgo, joined her, the latter presenting both ladies with an embossed and gilded dance order.

"August, look yonder," said Inez, calling the young man's attention to the radiant girl opposite them; "there is Monica again."

He turned quickly and glanced in the direction she indicated, all the color receding from his face.

A puzzled expression came into his eyes as they eagerly swept the countenance of the lovely lily queen, who was now conversing with Sir Walter Leighton.

He studied her closely for a minute or two, then turned back to Inez, a look of keen pain in his glance

"She is not the Senora Monica," he quietly, but positively observed.

"I tell you she is Monica," retorted Inez, impatiently. "I admit that she does not act quite like herself; but she is putting on airs; and I know what I am talking about, for I met her at Rainaldi's, in the Via Babuino, only last week."

"You met Senora Monica last week!" repeated August, with white lips.

"Yes, I saw her and spoke to her—she spoke to me and called me by name, and then she hurried from the store and was gone before I could detain her," Inez affirmed.

Then she turned away to greet an acquaintance.

August found a convenient place where he could watch the supposed Monica, without being himself observed.

But his sensitive, adoring heart could not be deceived.

He knew that the fair stranger was not the girl whom he had secretly idolized for so many years, and for whom he had been diligently searching for long months with the hope of being able to right the wrongs she had suffered.

(To be continued.)

BLOTCHY SKINS.

A Trouble Due to Improper Blood Easily Remedied.

Bad blood is the one great cause of bad complexions and blotchy skins. This is why you must attack the trouble through the blood with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. All blotches, boils, ulcers, pimples and paleness are the direct, unmistakable result of weak blood loaded with impurities. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills conquer the poison; they drive out all the impurities; they actually make new, rich, red blood; they strike right at the root of all complexion troubles; they are a positive and permanent cure for all virulent skin diseases like eczema, scrofula, pimples and erysipelas. They give you a clear, clean, soft skin, free from all blemish and full of rosy health. Mr. Matthew Cook, Lamerton, N. W. T., tells how Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured him of erysipelas after other medicines had failed. He says: "My skin was inflamed, my flesh tender and sore; my head ached; my tongue was coated; I had chills and thought I was taking fever. I tried several medicines, but nothing helped me until I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and drove the trouble from my system, and I am now in the best of health. I think these pills the best medicine in the world for blood troubles."

It is an every day record of cures like this that has given Dr. Williams' Pink Pills their world-wide prominence. They cure when other medicines fail, but you must get the genuine with the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People on the wrapper around every box. You can get these pills at all druggists, or by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

POTATO BLIGHT AND ROT

The Cause of Serious Loss—Some Preventive Measures.

Department of Agriculture,
Commisioner's Branch,

Reports from many districts indicate that potato blight and rot are again this season causing serious loss to the farmers of Canada. This disease has been quite prevalent in many parts of Ontario and Quebec, and although a good preventative is known in Bordeaux mixture, few growers seem to have sprayed their potatoes. Mr. L. H. Newman, of the Seed Division, who visited nearly every county in Ontario during the summer, confirms this statement and reports that in many cases he found that growers were sadly wanting in knowlege of the disease and methods of preventing it.

There are two known blights which affect the potato in America, the early blight, Alternaria Solani, and the late blight which causes the rot, Phytophthera Infestans. The early blight causes the spotting of the leaves in July. These spots increase in size, unite and form large masses of diseased tissue. This blight does not attack the tubers and it is not nearly as injurious as the other. If the leaves are punctured by the beetles or from some other cause the disease gets a foothold easier.

The late blight is the one which causes by far the greater loss, both by lessening the crop and by causing rot. According to Mr. W. T. Macoun, Horticulturist of the Central Experimental Farm, this disease passes the winter in the tubers, and in the spring when the vines begin to grow it starts to develop, growing up through the tissues of the potato stem. During the latter part of July it produces on the undersides of the leaves myriads of tiny spores, which in the mass have a frost-like apearance. These spores make the rust stage, which is caused by the leaf tissues drying up where the spores have been feeding on them and causing dark brown spots. It is from this stage that future infection takes place, as the spores are carried rapidly by the wind and alight on the foliage. They are also washed below the surface of the ground and reach the young tubers, and in time cause the rot. The potato rot itself is a dry rot; the wet rot comes through decay of the tubers. It is when the tubers begin to form that the blight begins to appear. This is just after the potato has passed the most vigorous stage, the stage when in a wild state it would be blossoming and producing seed. At this stage the constitution of the plant is weakened, which probably makes it more subject to disease at this time. In the Province of Ontario potato vines usually dry up during the latter part of August. Why should they die so soon when they do not produce seed? If the season is fairly favorable even the earliest varieties may be kept growing right on into September by thorough cultivation and spraying. The important point is to get them past the period when they are in a weakened condition, without injury from fungous diseases or insects.

Experiments conducted at the Vermont Experiment Station proved that over half the crop of marketable potatoes was produced after August 22nd. In Ontario the potato vines are usually dead shortly after that date. The great gain in keeping potatoes growing until late in September is here very apparent. Very marked results in spraying with Bordeaux mixture for blight have been obtained by the Vermont Station, the Irish Department of Agriculture, and the Dominion and Provincial Experimental farms. In 1901 experiments by Mr. Macoun with eight varieties showed an average difference in favor of spraying of 100 bushels of marketable potatoes, and in 1902 with eleven varieties the average difference was 120 bushels per acre. With the Empire State variety there was a difference of 165 bushels per acre. In 1902 the vines were sprayed four times, on July 10th, July 22nd, July 30th and August 13th, the formula used being 6 lbs. bluestone, 4 lbs. lime, 40 gallons water. While the Colorado beetles were active eight ounces of Paris green were added to each forty gallons of the mixture. For large areas the expense for bluestone would be in the neighborhood of $6 per acre, and the total expense probably not more than $8 or $9. Even at $10 per acre the result of the above experiment for 1902 would show a profit of $38 per acre, potatoes selling at 40 cents a bushel.

These results should convince potato growers of the importance of spraying their potatoes for the prevention of blight and rot. The work must be thoroughly done. Spraying should be begun by the middle of July and the vines kept covered with the mixture until the close of the season.

It is generally recognised that some varieties of potatoes have greater power than others to resist this disease, and it is safer to cultivate only varieties which are superior in this respect. All diseased refuse from an affected field should be burned. It is also advisable to avoid using for seed purposes potatoes from a diseased crop, even though the tubers appear healthy.

W. A. CLEMONS.
Publication Clerk.

HEALTH FOR BABY.

Babies that are well, sleep well, eat well, and play well. A child that is not playful needs immediate attention, or the results may be serious. Give an unwell child Baby's Own Tablets and you will be astonished how soon he will be bright and playful. For diarrhoea, constipation, simple fever, indigestion, colic, and teething irritation, these tablets have absolutely no equal. They do not stupefy the child as poisonous "soothing" medicines do—they go to the seat of the trouble and cure him. Mrs. E. Bancroft, Deerwood, Man., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for stomach and bowel troubles, for simple fevers and teething, and I think them the best medicine in the world." You can get these Tablets at any drug store, or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Wise mothers always keep the Tablets in the house to guard against a sudden illness of little ones.

THE HORSE'S MEMORY.

Some Remarkable Instances of the Animal's Mental Power.

Before "Hans" made his debut a contemporary largely concerned with the breeding and training of horses opened its columns for some months to the discussions of their mental powers, and though various estimates were given by different correspondents, they all agree that a horse is wonderfully observant and that it has an extraordinary memory, says the London Spectator. "With a memory like a horse's" is a common Scotch saying. Instinctive power of observation and natural memory are the most valuable raw material which a trainer could desire if he wished to teach an animal "performances." But it is scarcely credible that these would enable a horse to understand an idea such as "Tuesday," "Wednesday" or "Thursday," or a fraction, or a "remainder" in a subtraction. On the other hand, we think it could very possibly be taught to comprehend the idea of the addition of a few units. We can quite understand, too, that a horse could learn to associate and recognize words like "oats," "saddle," "whip," and the name of a friendly cog or of its groom. But as horses are not in the habit of expressing many ideas by sounds, as monkeys undoubtedly do, it is not conceivable that they could understand the meaning of many sounds, much less one connecting an abstract idea like that of a particular day in the week.

The way in which a horse will find its way home if it has ever travelled the journey before, even once, is the best evidence of its wonderful power of observation. Horses which have led a fairly free life sometimes equal the elephant in this respect, though many people forget that the long life of the elephant endows it with a range of experience which no other animal can equal. The gift is by no means absent even in horses kept in artificial surroundings. "T. F. D.," writing in The Live Stock Journal, says:

"In 1894 I took a house in a country quite new to me. The house was in rather a difficult labyrinth of lanes, and the horses lately imported. After we had been but a short time hunting I fell into a good run and left off at some distance from home. The horse I rode was one of my Irish mares, and in and out of the stable the most intelligent. She was going along quite merrily till in the dark she tried to turn down a lane. I checked her, believing the road we were on to be the right one. She obeyed the rein, but instantly her cheery trot became a weary jog. I doubted, but held on. Not being very sure of the way myself, I was made more doubtful by the way the jog became a walk. Still obstinate, I thought the mare was really tired, and dismounted and walked; she began to drag on the rein. I may say that I often walk up hills after a long day's hunting, and always teach the horse to come along with a slack rein. Now, this mare had learned this lesson. When I dismounted she usually trotted along by my side like a dog; now she hung back, I remounted, and feeling certain that she thought I was wrong, and not feeling certain sure myself, I let her have her own way. She wheeled round, broke into a sharp trot and darted down the side lane she tried before. We reached home, though I never felt certain about the road till I saw the gates of the yard."

It seems probable that the horse not only knew the way, but slackened its speed when its master went astray, because it did not know how much further it might have to travel in its tired condition, while if it were going home by the nearest road it had plenty of reserve strength to trot. That a horse could be taught to understand and act in a very great variety of practical matters is almost doubtful. There is very little doubt that if properly treated it is wonderfully capable of understanding what is going on and of being made to comprehend what it is wanted to do. Add to this the fact that the properly domesticated horse is almost as naturally obedient as the cat is disobedient, and it is difficult to set a limit to its capacity for training. The only stumbling blocks are, first, its natural nervousness; and, second, the preference which its human employers have that it should be a machine, and not to think. This is not the caes everywhere. In Australia, for example, the "bush horse" is a very clever animal. During the drought, when grass was not to be had, some horses were noticed standing deep in a water hole, and occasionally ducking their heads under water. It was then seen that they were bringing up in their mouths weeds which were growing at the bottom of the water.

Captain Hayes, whose recent death has left an irreparable loss in the ranks of those whose acquaintance with horses is as practical as it is sympathetic, but whose books still remain for consultation, believed most emphatically in the quality of equine memory. But it did not confuse memory with reasoning power when quoting the French writer, Le Bon, who held that "if horses were only able to read and write they would win in every competitive examination, so retentive was their memory of what they had once seen." That equine recollection of places and incidents is quicker and more precise than that of civilized man seems probable from their feats of 'homing." The feats which horse will accomplish in return for sugar have never been properly investigated. We have seen them jump gates, forward and backward, walk up planks, enter shops and call regularly at certain houses in a terrace where this dainty was in prospect. Their frequent understanding of the objects of polo and of the "dodges" used in the game is known. The horse seems meant by nature to be a fellow-laborer with man, and shines most where it is aiding him in the chase, or in herding cattle, dragging trucks on a railway excavation, tipping earth over a bank, or moving timber. The intelligence of the timber-movers' horses in the use of the rolling-chain shifting logs or dragging them on to the "timber jim" almost equals that of the elephant in a teak yard. Part of their work is due to discipline and obedience. But it is impossible to watch them at work without seeing that they understand all the details of the business.

Change After Marriage.

(Boston Transcript.)

Howes—Talk about men being changed by matrimony! The women are just as bad, if not worse.

Barnes—Think so, eh?

Howes—Yer I do. There's my wife, for example. When I was courting her she believed everything I told her, now she won't believe a word I say.

Market for Territorial Horses

Last year an attempt was made to organize an annual Territorial auction sale of horses along the lines of the pure-bred cattle sale, held annually at Calgary, which has proven so successful. After consulting the majority of the large breeders throughout the Territories, it was found that some objection existed to putting their horses up to public sale. The opinion seemed to prevail that while selling pure-bred cattle by public sale might be entirely feasible, owing to the fact that an inspection of the animal, coupled with the reading of the pedigree in the published catalogue, would generally convey all the information the average buyer would require, the case is entirely different with horses. The amount of labor that has been devoted to handling and educating a horse is an important item and can best be explained by the owner himself. Certainly an auctioneer could not within reasonably limited time do justice to the subject as convincingly as the owner himself could. Other objections exist against the auction sale system for horses on a large scale at the present time which it is not necessary to go fully into.

It is, however, conceded on all sides that the breeding of horses ought to be one of the leading industries of the Territories, and also that the difficulty in obtaining a satisfactory cash market, at least for the lighter classes of horses, is one of the most serious obstacles under which the industry is at present laboring. Under the circumstances the directors of the Territorial Horse Breeders' Association, at a meeting recently held, had another plan under consideration, which it is believed will fully meet the case. Arrangements have been completed for the holding at Calgary in the third week of March, 1905, a three days' "Horse Fair" under the auspices of the association and the Dominion and Territorial Departments of Agriculture. The event will be thoroughly advertised in Eastern Canada, Manitoba and the Territories, and not the slightest difficulty is anticipated in gathering buyers enough to absorb all the horses entered for the fair. Over one hundred horses are already in sight, and every effort will be made to have at least three hundred on the grounds.

The object of the fair is to bring buyer and seller together, and all deals will be made privately in the same manner as at all the large live stock centres in the United States. Outside buyers are generally deterred from purchasing in the west owing to the lack of knowledge of the country, and the time, trouble and expense involved in visiting individual ranchers to make up carloads. The annual horse fair will solve this difficulty effectively and is, therefore, with the support of the breeders, bound to be a success.

ONTARIO ARCHIVES
TORONTO