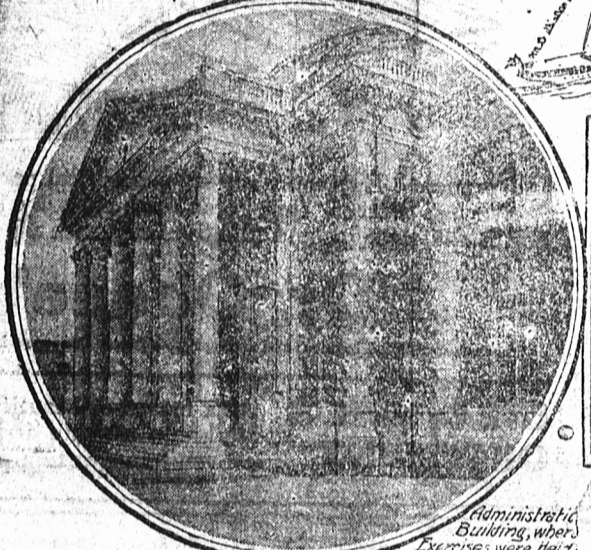


THE FARMER'S AND HORSEMEN'S SECTION



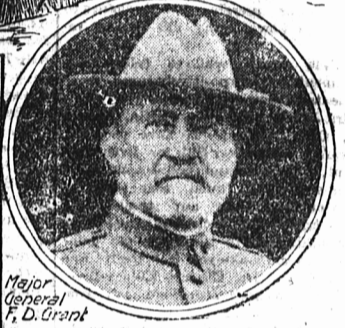
President Roosevelt in Characteristic Speechmaking Attitude



Administrative Building, where Exercises were held.



Rear Admiral P. F. Harrington



Major General F. D. Grant

Interest In The Great Exhibition

Some Idea of the Undertaking and What is to be Seen—Feed for British Tars Also a Grand Minstrel Show

NORFOLK, Va., May 1.—Ow! I've been to Chinese watters. An' I've called the Yang-tze-ki. Been bak'd at bloomin' Aden. An' I've balled at Pangoe. I've shelled the blasted Mahdi. Played hell on Iri-waddy. For that's my game—l's all the same. For a first class turret man—Oh, ho, a first class turret man. That's the song they sang, those

Roxburgh Britishers, while they were being tow'd back to their ships along about 11 o'clock tonight. The rookies of the Missouri stood up on the turret top forward and along the rails by the anchor chains and roared pirating hails to them through the darkness and the rain. For that was the end of the great feed; that feed where the Lion and the Eagle out into the beef and punished the

entertainment. The Virginia was to take on the God Hope; the Missouri boys were to be the hosts to the Roxburgh crew; the Illinois jacks were to make glad the night for Rom's Germans. As soon as the glad tidings passed around those of the battleships began to make mysterious preparations and there were hurried consultations up back of the starboard eight inch turret.

Some of the rookies opened a chest and silver and greenbacks began to fill the box—this for extra frills which could not be covered by the government's \$20. On the wharf at Old Point Comfort boxes and crates and long cases marked with the magic beer mark of St. Louis began to pile up alluringly as far back as Sunday last. All day yesterday and up to late this afternoon the long

white launches were taking in tow barges of bulky freight and hurrying them into the galley hoists on the big steel ships. The Missourians decided to blow off the first gun ahead of the Virginia, the Illinois and the other crews, who are to do the handsome tomorrow night. When the Virginians heard those Britishers shouting on the way back to their ship after the big gorge was over they would know that tomorrow night they would have to go to touch the handout from the Missouri.

Through the murk and the drizzle came the longboats from the Roxburgh to the Missouri, a side just after colors sounded. They snorted about under the big ship's quarter and pulled up against the forward ladder crotch-block with hungry, grinning British tars. It took many trips before all the Roxburgh's jacks were aboard and nobody was left on the cruiser but the poor devils serving extra duty for jumping shore leave. Bill Humphrey, chief commissary aboard of the Missouri, and the man who had the running of the entertainment by virtue of his grip on the money sack, had delegated Ferdie Green and James Augustus (Augie) Trefethan, and two Boston men, to act as a

reception committee. Ferdie and Augie took their places at the companion head and handed out delicate salutations to the Roxburgh's men as they came up the ladder. "How's your zut, boys? You know we've got dried apples in the pie and they're awful swelling." "Hey there, are you a member of the Band of Hope? Well, we'll convert you if you ain't." "I say," spoke up one of the Britishers, "if you've got brandy in the pudding why strike me stiff if I don't call for a die finger." The tables stretched all the way up the gun deck from the rear hoist to the forward eight inch of the port battery. They bore all the dishes in the cook's outfit and some of the pottery looked as if it had been borrowed for the night from a neighboring ship. There was clery there, stacked into festoons, with American flags and the British Jack standing up over the yellow heads of the stalks. Each oyster plate had gorgeous paper frills about the edge. Down the middle of the tables in places of honor stood at attention long rows of bottles, tin foil and wired up to the cork and foam headed inside. "Pipe the swagger junk they've blowed themselves to," whispered a red faced boy from the Roxburgh. "I ain't used to drinking me beer out of fancy steins." "Slow it, you puppy; can't you see they's handin' us out the regular pintle." And the feed that there was! Oysters to start her, beef with brown gravy, vegetables until you wouldn't dare to look a carrot in the eye again. "All with fancy frills like a regular Hotel Cecil after theatre two pun blowout," as a Roxburgh man said.

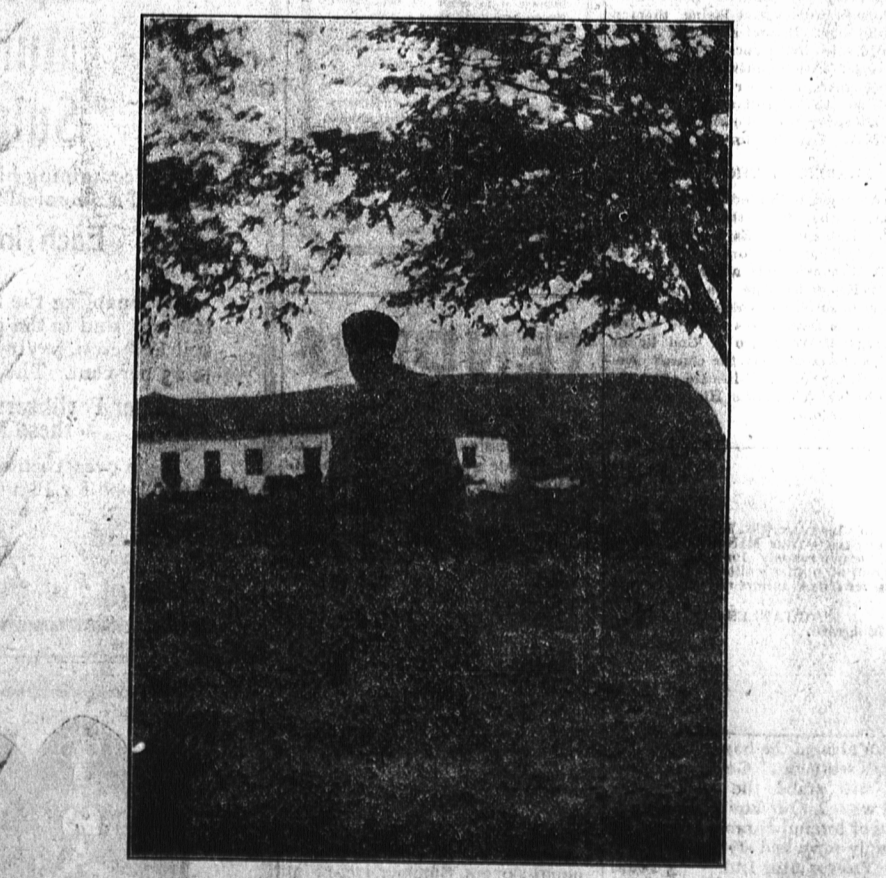
HAY AND OATS FOR SHOW HORSES

At the recent Ontario Horse Breeders' Exhibition two of Ontario's leading horsemen were discussing the problem of feeding horses. Old timers, both of them, with a practical working experience of all the tricks of the trade, their remarks on the problem of feeding and caring for draft stallions and show ring horses could well be considered with some significance. "Do you remember the time when we bought expensive feed cookers, and boiled and scalded whole and crushed grain, and steamed and hay?" remarked one of them to the other. "Well, in those days we were always bothered with colic horses; colic, distemper, indigestion and colic was the round of the clock. My old cooker is lying in the

scrap pile now, and I feed nothing but the best of hay and oats. I seldom have a sick horse on my hand now, and I know that you have thrown your cooker, too, for you are never troubled with sick horses now, either." "That's been my experience, too," replied the other. "My outfit was a more elaborate affair than yours, and cost two hundred and fifty dollars. But it is piled up in an old outouse now, and I feed plain hay and oats, with an odd carrot and turnip, and I not only have little or no sickness, but I have far better success with breeding stock. Oats and hay, roots and bran, are the only kinds of balanced rations on the bill of fare at our stables, and 'Lige' seems to get them inside the money pretty often all right." They are two of Canada's leading horsemen, connected with two of Canada's biggest and leading firms of importers and breeders, and this is their dictum in the matter of feeding horses.



A market cart, Bucharest, Roumania.

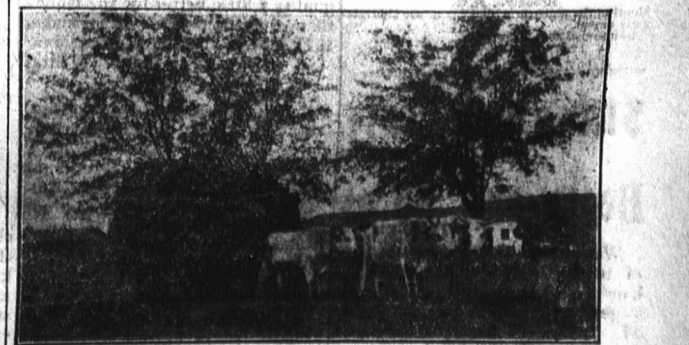


A Roumanian Peasant in sheep-skin costume, used winter and summer. See article on first section.

PROMISED WITCH SENT RELATIVE

BRANTFORD, Ont., May 8.—An Indian by the name of A. Garlow is in the bad graces of the reserve because of a joke he is said to have played on a fellow Indian S. C. Hill. Mrs. Hill had fits. Garlow treated her. One afternoon, so the story goes, he informed his patient that the fits were caused by a witch. He left a bottle of medicine, telling her that it would bring the witch to her door at 8 p. m. Then, if all his true that's said he went to Peter Hill's and told Peter to call on the sick woman about eight o'clock, as she wished to know if the Christian Aid Society could render her any assistance. Peter obeyed. He was met at the door by the husband and a big stick. Now he knows what it feels like to be a witch. The whole household joined in the attack and the visitor was badly beaten.

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A Roumanian harvest scene. See article on first section.

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