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BANITO 30077

Race Record 2.18 1-4

Holder of the Provincial race record for Stallions in 1904, 1905, and 1907 Banito is a horse of magnificent proportions, strong, at every point, deep through the heart, a good back, strong loin, wonderfully strong quarters, smooth clean limbs with the best of feet. He is a beautiful bay in color, stands 15 2 1-2 hands, weighs 1100 pounds and a horse of grand courage and style, altogether a model of strong masculine beauty and individuality with fine finish. As a race horse there are few his equal in the Province. Banito's opportunities in the stud up to the present time have been limited, as he has been in training every season except for a short time in the spring. His oldest foals are 2 year old last season. They are all of good size and the only two that were trained showed miles better than 2.50 on the trot.

The sire of Banito was Dunton Wilkes 7068, sire of Kassell 2.09 1-4, Vesta 2.09 1-4 and 15 other in 2.30 list, he by the great sire and founder of the Wilkes family, Geo Wilkes 519, he by Hambletonian 10.

Banitos dam is the great brood mare Doneta dam of four in the 2.20 list including Au Jerusha 2.10 3-4, Lulu D 2.14 1-4, Banito 2.19 1-4, Fonseca 2.18 1-4, she by Davenant 1095, second dam, Donna dam of two in the 2.30 list.

Banito will make the season of 1908 at Central Stables, Queen St, Ch'Town.

extended pedigree and terms address F. J. CAMERON
wdth tf

George Cresceus (2 yrs) 2.48 1-4

Something about the great Cresceus King of trotters and Sire of George Cresceus

In the first place there is the fact that Cresceus is Cresceus. His mere name, when flung in the balance, outweighs those of all the other trotting stallions "whose name the golden tongue of fame has uttered." His deeds, his achievements—they are household words wherever equine speed is known or prized. The gap that separates him from all others of his gait and sex is so wide that it is, in very truth, the case of "Eclipse first and the rest nowhere," over again. It is unnecessary to stop and enumerate his long list of world's records. Everybody knows them by heart. For one great thing that any other trotting stallion has ever done, he can show a dozen greater. His crown is thickly gemmed with stars, but one of which would be sufficient to confer celebrity on any other horse. With him they are only parts of a "stupendous whole"—a greatness so colossal as to be without precedent or parallel. He was—or is—not alone a speed marvel; but also a giant in strength, a lion in courage, a phenomenon in consistency and wearing power. In the sum of their attributes, some horses—as some men—seem to transcend the limits which nature, as we conceive it, has set. Of these is Cresceus. Every one readily admits this. It can not be denied. And out of it all stands this one important fact that he is a stallion—THE ONLY STALLION THAT EVER HAS HELD THE WORLD'S TROTTING RECORD.

George Cresceus 42246, whose 2—year—old cut appears above, is a handsome chestnut horse of splendid conformation, Sired by Cresceus and is gaited and looks like his noted Sire. He holds the Provincial 2 year old trotting record mile heats for 1907 which he won at Halifax after a few weeks training, thus proving that "blood will tell." Below are some remarks made by the Halifax papers about this fine colt when he raced there.

"The big share of the stake went to the chestnut colt from Charlottetown George Cresceus by Cresceus 2.02¼ the champion trotting stallion of the world, and George bears a MARKED RESEMBLANCE to his noted sire. "The Cresceus Colt had the speed of the quartette. The Cresceus colt's speed again gave him the lead. The Halifax Chronicle Oct 1907.

After the second heat there was nothing to it but the Fredricton mare and the son of the great Cresceus whose SUPERIOR BREEDING seemed to tell in the two final heats which he captured in rather easy style. The Halifax Herald Oct 1907.

At Charlottetown against a field of six Commodore trotters and pacers (half mile heats) he beat the whole field by many lengths, except the pacer Arena Bell which he forced to go to the wire in 1.20 in the half mile heat

For tabulated pedigree terms, etc, Apply to

dthrth3m F. J. CAMERON, or owner F. BEALES

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GUARDIAN SHORT STORY

Dan Cupid—Magician.

By HARRY HOUDINI.

Copyrighted, 1907, by C. H. Sutcliffe.

In agony of apprehension Williams started to arrange his modest conjuring apparatus. A few hours earlier his debut as a parlor entertainer had been a matter of joyous and ambitious anticipation. Now the brocaded walls of Senator Morgan's music room fairly threatened to close in and choke him, while the fragrance of hothouse flowers oppressed him strangely. He wondered how he had ever dared to ask the vaudeville agent who supplied Mrs. Morgan and other fashionable hostesses with talent to let him substitute for Thorley, the eminent magician who had fallen a victim to la grippe. Of course he would fail, Mrs. Morgan would be furious, the agent would never give him another engagement, and his career would come to an ignominious end. The laughter and chatter of the children, dancing on the other side of the folding doors, sounded like the deathknell of his long cherished hopes.

"Can I help you in any way? I am Miss Morgan. The servants are all busy with supper—and I thought—perhaps"—

Young Williams had never thought of needing help, but as he faced the clear eyed, flower-like girl and the echo of her well modulated voice rang in his ears he felt that his one hope of succeeding lay in her presence. Men and women wiser in the social world than Frank Williams had fallen under the spell of Helen Morgan's rare sympathy and charm and wondered how this girl of high ideals and gentle manners could be the daughter of Senator Morgan, ponderous with the arrogance of newly acquired wealth, and Mrs. Morgan, who radiated commonplace attributes as her recently purchased diamonds scintillated light.

At Frank's faltering thanks Helen Morgan began quietly, but deftly, to carry out his instructions, placing a light gilt table here, a taboret there, and where it would be within reach of the conjurer's hand a candle or a gleaming revolver. And, though afterward, Frank Williams could not tell how it had happened, before the settings for his act were prepared the girl had drawn out his tale of half tragic struggle, the prosaic, hard headed father storming over the visionary, inexplicable nature of his youngest son, the loyal mother secretly brooding over and abetting this odd chick of her little flock, his constant endeavor to learn the secrets of magic and then to secure a hearing, even the rented dress suit and the gold watch which had been pawned that very afternoon to buy bonbons and gilded trinkets to distribute among his youthful auditors. And as he finished it seemed to Helen Morgan that she stood in the presence of a struggling genius. She had read such stories of poets, musicians and inventors. The tawdriness of the conjuring world faded, and tenderly her hand rested on the white satin cover of the young man's servante. It was a bit of his mother's wedding dress, sacrificed gladly to her son's art, a rich fabric yellowed with age and finished with strips of rare old lace.

The performance was a great success. The children were duly mystified and more than delighted with the showers of trinkets and bonbons which apparently came from an inexhaustible source. Mrs. Morgan had condescended to express her appreciation, a footman had served a supper of such rare delicacies that Frank had longed to pack them all up with his paraphernalia and take them to his mother, and now as he walked down the broad avenue leading from the house he felt as if the house behind him was fairyland indeed and Helen Morgan its princess.

But he was roused from his dream by a grim faced butler, who came hurrying after him.

"You're to come back to the house," was the brusque order, and, re-entering his fairyland, Williams faced Senator Morgan, a glowering figure, in the foreground and Mrs. Morgan, a hysterical one, in the background. But in the eyes of the third he read pity, the same tender pity which he had seen in her eyes when Helen Morgan had stooped to pick up his trick rabbit as the frightened animal, escaping from his pocket and trembling at the shouts of the children, had run to the girl for protection.

"It's jail for you, young man, unless you produce my wife's rings. She left them behind the rock crystal vase in the music room, and we don't propose to have them 'disappeared' as you do handkerchiefs and rabbits."

The scene which followed was a horrible nightmare to the young magician—his own protestations of innocence drowned in Mrs. Morgan's hysterics, Senator Morgan's orders for an officer, Helen's pleading for time to search and finally the discovery of the rings by a maid in Mrs. Morgan's dressing room. And when it was all over Williams was thrust out in the night through a side entrance, feeling more like a thief than an acquitted man. Then suddenly a gentle hand fell upon his arm, and a gentler voice murmured in his ear:

"Just a minute, please. I want to tell you how sorry I am. I hoped this would be the greatest night of your life"—

For one long minute the young man who had his own way to make and the girl whose future had been assured so far as wealth could accomplish this feat looked into each other's eyes. And the soul of the man, suddenly born, went out to the divine tenderness of innate womanliness which is a greater power than mere physical beauty. He spoke quietly, but with new found confidence.

"It has been a wonderful, wonderful night to me, and some day I am coming back to tell you why."

* * * * * * *

Under the chaperonage of a dowager duchess who knew how to turn her title to financial account Helen Morgan was "doing" the London season. In a Mayfair drawing room she sat, and beside her was a man with a monocle, an English accent above reproach and a patronizing air. Of course the Morgan millions would mean the remantling of his ancestral but crumbling castles, but then the utter indifference of this girl irritated him even while it commanded his admiration.

"I suppose you saw Erskine in Paris. He's been the go over there—made by the American set, I understand. They say it's his manners as much as his art that got the women all going. He never speaks during his performance and has the most inscrutable eyes. Never could understand why women went in so heavily for eyes. Conjurers bore me, as a rule, but I'm curious to see this man."

Helen Morgan hardly heard what the man with the monocle was saying.

"Erskine!"

In a secret drawer of her jewel case there lay a card, "Frank Erskine Williams," the card of the man who had never come back, never sent her a message in five years, the man who had forgotten! But, no; this could not be he, for the man who had promised had a ready tongue—yes, a ready tongue, as all men had—who promised.

A flutter of fans and a murmur of subdued interest announced that the lion of the evening had arrived. A quick inclination of the head, a snapping of long, slender fingers, and the performance was under way. With lightning rapidity and wonderful deftness the conjurer worked, and the breathless audience watched, not so much the tricks as the unsmiling lips, the inscrutable eyes, which seemed not to see either the sea of faces upraised to his nor even the assistant who did his unspoken bidding.

Only one person in the fashionable audience saw something more, and that a quivering, blue eyed girl who for one brief second had met and held the magician's glance and seen burning in those inscrutable eyes a fire which had burned there on a night five years before, a fire lit centuries agone in the eyes of the world's first man—Adam.

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If you find your health failing, your food apparently doing you no good, your heart beating irregularly—now slow, now fast—skipping a beat now and then, palpitations or throbbings on the slightest excitement or exertion, pain in the region of the heart, face pale, dizzy and faint spells, these all point to heart weakness, to nerve derangement, to a state of health consequent upon these, which, if not corrected and cured by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, will surely end in utter prostration and hopeless invalidism.

From the depths many have been raised by this remarkable remedy, as its power is beyond all question most marvellous; but, why wait until you have gone so far? Taking these pills now will turn you from the perilous path of sickness and put you on the highway to health.

Miss Mary Wilson, Toronto, Ont., writes: "It is with the greatest of pleasure that I recommend Millburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. Ever since I was nine years of age I have been afflicted with palpitation of the heart, pain in my side and nervousness. As I grew older it kept increasing. After having tried numerous doctors medicines, but to no avail, I was induced to try your pills, and after using several boxes I began to improve, so kept on taking them for some time until now I can truthfully say I am in perfect health."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50 cts. per box or three for $1.25, at all dealers or The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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Brazilian 20214

Race Record 21

This well known Sire, is a double Great Grand son of Hambletonian 10, he is therefore one of the best bred horses in America.

Brazilian is a sure Sire of speed and prize ring winners as has already been demonstrated. He has to his credit "Lottie P. 2 14 1-4 Lina Belle 2. 19 1-2 Virginia J. 2. 25 1-2 Brazilian Jr 2.25 1-2 Israel Tarts (3) 2.36 1-4, and Ozen D (3) 2.37. Pacing King of the East, the last two colts holding the champion 3 yr old records of the Maritime Provinces. No further commendation need be given as this horse's bull-dog racing career and speed sire reputation is known to every one.

Brazilian will be found for the seacon 1908 at the following places on dates as below.

Birtram L a's Vernon River } Noon till Noon { May 6, May 20 June. 3, June 17 July, 1. / May 7, May 21, June 4, June 18 July 2

G. A Essery's Stables Grafton Street } Evening May 7 May 21 June 4 June 18 July 2 till Evening May 12 May 26 June 9 June 23 July 7

Richard Carver's Pownal } Evening May 12 May 26 June 9 June 23 July 7 till Noon May 13 May 27 June 10 June 24 July 8

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Owner's Stables Montague } Evening May 14, May 28, June 11, June 25, July 9 till Morning May 20, June 3, June 3, June 17, July 1, July 9.

Don't forget gentlemen Brazilian is a horse of pefect style gait, color, and conformation and like begets like.

The first horse here to produce Maritime colt champions, and he has many more fast colts that expect to be put in the list this season.

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