

(continued from 2nd page.)

place but and all the wood near  
 ring on that a borrowed washt  
 was not just the thing to boil clams  
 You see he was absent-minded.  
 his perplexity he called us ashore.  
 held a consultation and concluded  
 at the only thing we could do was to  
 row a pot from the people nearest  
 fire-place, and gather more wood.  
 ent for the pot, while Joe and Harry  
 ed for wood. I had never borrowed  
 pot, but I knew I could. About one  
 of a mile away our nearest neigh-  
 lived, thither I directed my steps.  
 en I reached the gate, leading to  
 house, a dog lying on the door-step,  
 menced barking at me most feroci-  
 ly. I stood awhile and listened. I  
 ted to get acquainted with his bark.  
 e dogs don't mean anything by  
 r bark, while others, oit n mean  
 than you are calculating on.  
 s as a general thing, like to bark.  
 ing pleases them better than bark-  
 at strangers. The common say-  
 that "a dog's bark is worse than  
 bite" is an absolute lie. I hate to  
 arked at, it is very humiliating,  
 always makes me feel as if I had  
 ht a bottle of silver-wash or a  
 age of dry goods from a "shoddy  
 lar" or was a woman that had left  
 husband's "bed and board" without  
 just or reasonable cause, but not-  
 standing I would rather be barked  
 an bitten. Barking is noisy, but  
 not half so terrifying as biting.  
 ing to me is the outward and hear-  
 sign of a good solid bite. I can  
 barking, although I dislike it, but  
 g takes away all the heroieness of  
 disposition. It is the barking that  
 ts, but it is the biting that bites.  
 I thought he was joking. He  
 a good countenanced dog, and his  
 was as amiable a bark as I ever  
 ed to, but his bite—well if you  
 to see what his bite looks like after  
 ears, call and I will show you my  
 b. Ever since I have been sus-  
 as of dogs.  
 ter listening as long as I thought  
 ary I opened the gate and walk-  
 I had hardly got the gate clos-  
 hind me, when the animal came  
 ing down the walk at me, as if I  
 plate of gravy. When I saw  
 oming I made up my mind to put  
 f on the other side of the gate,  
 my hurry I could not get the  
 open. You can't open a gate  
 a dog is after you any quicker  
 you can get into your pants wrong  
 in the dark. When I found  
 dn't open the gate, I concluded  
 e the dog. Concluding to face  
 are not exactly alike. I  
 rather conclude than face. As  
 g drew near, my early craving  
 other side of the gate returned.  
 og was just the width of his bite  
 out I did not get bitten. I have  
 a but it was the dog's intent on  
 but the timely appearance of a  
 and a broom-handle kind of dis-  
 ed his plans and caused him to  
 y a different route from the one  
 e. I shall love that woman and  
 handle as long as I live; for I  
 hat if it hadn't been for them I  
 have been badly chewed and  
 y died next dog-days. I said  
 disrespectful to the woman

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about the dog I know as a general thing they don't like to hear anything said about them. They become attached to them. In fact there is nothing in the house-keeping line, from a piano to a hat-rack, that a woman will not become attached to, and it is as much as a man's reputation and often his life is worth to say anything against them. I at once made known my errand, and got the pot. She was the best woman to borrow pots from I ever saw. She just coaxed me to take two, but I thought more about carrying them than she did. I have heard since that there is nothing about a house, unless it is the clock or the pattern of a new sacque that a woman hates to lend as much as she does her pots. But this woman would have lent me every pot she had, she was so kind. I made up my mind to make her a three or four weeks visit next summer to repay her kindness. I bid her good morning, and she bid me good morning and I left. When I got back to our fire-place the boys had got home with the wood and we soon had our clams boiled.

The clam is a fish. I have always thought it was intended for an insect and that Adam made a mistake when he classified it. The clam is a very popular fish. Most every person likes them. Those that don't, like the butter, vinegar and pepper that is eaten in them which is just the same thing. They taste very much like an ink craser, but are a little easier chewed. They are the only fish you can't choke yourself to death with bones while eating them, and the only ones that don't call for water afterwards. After we had eaten—I will not say how many—suffice it to say that we found ourselves to be as large internally, as any five gallon keg in the neighborhood, we filled our wash-tub to take home, as we calculated there was enough human nature in us to want clams more next day than we did this. We sent Joe home with the borrowed pot. Joe had spoken in a very sarcastic manner to me when I brought the pot; "that he forgot to tell me when I left if they hadn't any pots made not to wait till they made one, but as long as I did it was all right," so I felt glad to see him take the pot home. The dog did not bite him, but frightened him nicely—which made him mad, at the dog, and then at me for not telling him about him,—just as if I was going to run down that woman's dog to strangers. We now started for home. Joe continued his madness until I asked him to sing. He can't sing, but it always pleases him to ask him. When he got done singing we had reached home feeling much recruited in health and pretty well saturated with clams.

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