

# LION, THE MASTIFF.

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## CHAPTER I.

### I AWAKE TO LIFE AND TASTE OF THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

I FIRST knew I was alive by blinking my brown eyes in the face of that great ball of heat and light men call the sun, as he stared me out of countenance while I sat in his beams at the door of my mother's snug kennel.

Our house was raised up on bricks lest the floor be damp in the commodious, well-ventilated stable of our master, Mr. Boston, a kind man who cared for the comfort of his animals as only a humane man will.

My mother Nellie had left me to take my sun-bath, while she stretched her limbs in a run through the wooded slopes of beauteous Scarboro', which lay in their cool depths just across the Kingston Road—for this my earliest home was at East Toronto.

After my mother's duties as night-guardian were over with, she felt that a run did her good; and besides she got a mouthful of couch grass, which she said contained a vegetable acid very wholesome for dogs. After her run she would guard the door of our