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EE SPEAKING FROM EE

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ter pack 'im a drink; an' give a little lift so 'e wouldn't 'ang so 'eavy on them cruel nails!"

Joey's hands clinched in indignation, and his curly head was buried in his arms, while his overflowing heart found relief in choking sobs and tears.

"An' only to think, Ginger, if I'd a gone to church last Sunday—or any Sunday 'cept this one that I did creep in on—stid o' selling 'P. I.'s' I might 'a seen Him, an' asked Him to give us a home with a dad wot likes boys an' dogs, an' a mother wot don't drink booze, but 'ud tuck a feller into a clean bed, an' love 'im."

"Coz He wuz here, the parson said; givin' blessin's to everybody wot asked 'im, and ble'ved in 'im—an' I'm here able 'vin' too late; coz He died on Friday, an' went up to Heaven yisterday. Jess one week sooner, an' I could 'av asked Him! But now,—well, 'tisn't likely He'd turn back jess to help a little tough like me."

Joey, seated on a big "trying-out" barrel, leaned back against the slaughter-house wall, and closed his eyes to the bright sunshine, the beauty of the white-capped purple mountains and the sparkle of the sun-kissed ripples of False Creek.

Joey loved the beauty of a bright spring day, but he was "squeezing the tears back."

Ginger, a shaggy yellow dog, sat patiently before him, listening politely as was his habit to Joey's conversation, and secretly longing for breakfast.

The "trying-out" barrel was their bed and room combined; a tin biscuit box on a shelf in the slaughter-house shed, their larder, and Ginger would be pleased to sample its contents.

But Joey was thinking only of the wonderful Easter tidings, which he scarcely understood, and which had come to him but yesterday on his visit to the Easter service at St. James church.

"The' must be heaps of folks wot loved Him too," continued Joey, "coz the church wuz just filled with flowers wot folks had sent, jess like they do to toney folk's funerals."

"But He wasn't toney, coz the parson said He was poor, an' had no place ter lay His head, jess like you an' me, Ginger. Lor', when I thought o' Him last night, I felt mighty thankful for our snug barrel; 'taint much, but it's a place to lay your head, an' it keeps the wind off snug under this shed. He didn't have no place ter lay 'is head—that's wot hurts me Ginger; an' us so comferble every night, en never knowin' how selfish we was. It seems like, the way I understand it, He was so busy doing things fer other folks, He didn't have no time ter look fer comforts fer himself."

Just here Ginger sat on his hind legs and "spoke" sharply and shortly for his neglected breakfast.

"So!" cried Joey, "that's your lay-out is it? You think I'm sorry coz its an off morning for breakfast, hey? That's all you understand 'bout what we've lost. An' yer fooled, too, this trip, coz we've got a bang-up breakfast."

Joey's tone was more natural and Ginger capered and barked joyously as the biscuit box was brought forth.

"Yer see, Ginger," said Joey, as he divided the bread and bologna, "I was only savin' it awhile, coz if you eats breakfast too early it won't last till another meal heaves in sight—specially Mondays, when they aint no papers to sell till 4 o'clock."

Joey divided the food evenly, share and share alike, just as he had done when there was food to share, for four long months. Joey had been wandering lonely one rainy night, his face more wet with tears than rain because of a more than usually cruel beating from his father, followed by his ejection from the house, because of his failure to bring home more dimes from his sale of papers. "Ginger" was homeless, too; and loving and sympathetic; so 'since that night they had chummed together, sharing hunger and cold, food and comfort, loving and helping each other, having none other on earth to love.

"Come on now, Ginger, let's go up China Creek fishin'!"

Ten minutes later, "Ginger" frisky and frolicsome, ran straight into the hands of the pound keeper.

Joey looked up to see a struggling

dog at the end of a rope, and to feel every drop of blood in his little body turn cold.

For one wild moment he fought, fought with fists and feet and teeth for his friend; but alas, the poundkeeper was more than a match for a ten-year-old boy.

Then Joey pleaded: "Do—oh, please do let Ginger go. He's all I've got in this whole, wide world."

"You run home, and fetch two dollars and you can have him again."

"Two dollars—home! I aint got a home—nothin' but Ginger; but I'll earn it for you and pay it jess as fast as I can," pleaded the boy.

"No, no, I don't trust boys once they're off with a dog."

"How long will you give me?"

"Twenty-four hours."

Till this time tomorrow. The evening papers, and tomorrow's "Tiser" to sell. He might make it if he spent nothing for himself for food. If there was a "special," of course he could.

But there was no special, and at midnight there lay on Joey's palm as he counted them under the electric light, four dimes and five nickels.

Supperless, he crept to the pound, and lying close where Ginger was tied, he trust his hand through a hole in the high board fence; and was rejoiced to find that Ginger's nose could reach his fingers.

In the early morning he set off once more. But though there was a ring of heartache in his eager cry: "Buy a paper, sir?—Tiser, sir?—only a nickel, sir!" Still the time limit was reached and Joey was far short of Ginger's ransom. He hastened back to the pound, to his old position by the fence. He would have gone over and attempted a rescue, only for the huge mastiff kept there to prevent such attempts.

Already he fancied he could see poor Ginger receive the death blow, saw his poor body thrown into the incinerator flames, and Joey felt all the agony and more as he lay on the ground sobbing.

Inside the pound Ginger lay with his nose in a dirty hand which was thrust through the fence, and beside him stood a young rancher whose cowboy hat proclaimed him from the "upper country"—the country of grass lands and ranges. He was looking for a "cattle dog", or black collie. It was not Ginger's good points which held him as he signed the pound keeper to keep silence, but the sight of the little hand which reached the yellow nose; and the sound of the low sobbing voice on the other side of the old fence.

"An' please, Mr. Jesus, if you'll jess turn back long 'nough ter help me an' Ginger out o' this scrape I'll never ask yer fer a home, nor to give me a mother, nor bother yer fer nothin' only jess this. En I won't never swipe fruit from the front o' stores no more, never; en if a feller gives me a dime fer the paper, I won't cut en run 'thout givin' 'im the change. I won't do nothin' wot the cops says yer mustn't do. Honest, cross my heart to die, I won't, if only you won't let em kill Ginger. But you'll have to come back mighty quick if yer save Ginger, coz it's mos' nine o'clock now."

"There, Ginger, I've been an asked Him, coz the parson said if yer asked, He'd give yer his help, an' I guess we sure need help now. An' the parson said as how you must bl'ave too; so I'm bl'evin' hard's ever I can; but I don't spose He'll turn back when He's just gone home, just fer a little tough an' a dog wot never did nothin' fer Him." And here the low sobs were uninterrupted by speech for a little time.

Then a hand was laid on Joey's half buried head, and he raised it suddenly to see bending over him a square jawed yet kindly face shaded by a "cow-boy" hat.

"Be you Jesus?" he asked, eagerly.

"Well—hardly—but I've come to save "Ginger" for you, because you love him so much, and because once, a long time ago, my heart ached when a little yellow dog was taken from me. I know what it's like."

"Did He send you coz He couldn't come hisself?" questioned Joey, ignoring the implied story in his unknown friend's remarks.

"M—well I truly do believe He did, now, come to think, because you want a mother and a home, and Ginger; you

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Note what the "Philosopher of Metal Town" says on page 519 of this issue.

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said so when you prayed "Prayed! Wot's tha no prayed fer Ginger. I Mr. Jesus like the pars "Yes, just so, you to I've got the sweetest mo are all grown up, and sl boy so much, and you a dog; so I'm going to and, if you will agree, yo with me and be my mo and we'll take Ginger al The two o'clock trai Vancouver that afte yellow collie in the b Joey in new clothes s rancher in the passeng way "home."

Once in a while, as long on the face of his would say: "I think yo else you must be awful As his new mother t bed that night she said



AN INTERESTING

Dear Cousin D very pleased to s print, so I thought again. I will be s age on the 19th of I have to drop out Wigwam again. I long visit, is it? B make up for lost tim Now, I will tell y life, though there is to tell.

I was born at Fai My father was a mis for quite a number of a very nice place. few white people dians.

We lived along Fairford River. I pretty place, and w good time on the ri to cross every morn when we were going the winter time we times tobogganning

When I was eight came out here, and railway station v about one hundred from Fairford. We that way in a sleigh cross Lake Manitob cold some times, but were houses all alor people were mostly they were very kind

My father was a for about four yea died about a yea here. My brother school at Swan La drive five miles eve evening. We went but as we have mile away now, school more regular

I have four brotl ters. My eldest si and my brother-in-l England clergyman, ary at Shoal R Lillie, is staying now. She used Children's Corner. my sister for ove had some fine t dear little daughter of age.

I think I told yo ter that I was s and bookkeeping. work in an office. like it better than ment.

Well, dear Cousin