

Children's Department.

BIZZY.

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

Bizzy, or more familiarly Biz, was a dog, only a dog; on the whole like ten thousand other dogs trotting up and down the country roads and town streets, all over Europe. He leaped and barked and did all those other things which by instinct dogs love to do, and carried a child on his back. He had done this ever since that child could remember.

He was strong, though one could scarcely say that he was good looking. There were certainly handsomer dogs, but few dogs had stronger limbs and none had a better heart. If "handsome is that handsome does," as the common saying has it, no wonder that his little master found him at least good to look at, even though people less acquainted with his ways might not.

He had, as I have said, carried on his back his little master ever since the boy was a tiny mite of a thing, and had to be held on at each side by his father's and mother's hand, and the boy still rode him, grown as he was to a merry, chubby boy of four years old, so heavy that the old dog's legs sometimes gave way under him, and he had to rest often.

Indeed his little master's love was in many ways rather a tyrannical affair. The boy adored his dog and was often in ecstasy over him, and in his raptures he quite forgot the dog's claims to consideration, and was of course unintentionally, but, for all that, really hard and cruel and exacting with him. People who did not love the dog were never the painful trouble to him that at times his little master could be. He hugged him, throwing both his arms around his neck far too tightly, almost throttling him; he pinched one of his "dear old ears" in a kind of a passion of love; or made him stand in some unnatural position out of passionate admiration of



Mr. J. W. Dykeman

St. George, New Brunswick.

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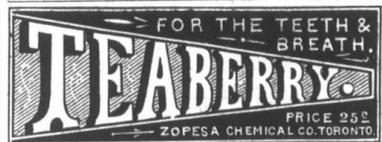
"About a year ago I was taken with a severe attack of sciatic rheumatism and was laid off most of the summer. I went from here to St. John, N. B., in my packet schooner, and was so helpless and in such suffering that I could not get out of the cabin. The captain of another schooner came on board to see me, and wanted me to get Hood's Sarsaparilla; he said it had

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla CURES

cured him when he was so bad that his wife had to feed him. I sent to Boston for two bottles, which did for me all I had been told Hood's Sarsaparilla would do. I gained rapidly and when I had taken the two bottles I was able to work. A great many people here have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla since it cured me, and all speak highly of it." CAPT. S. MCGRANAHAN, Margaretville, Nova Scotia.

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his great abilities. Then, at times, the dog yelped; for things went quite too far. And then the boy would tremble a little in slight terror and penitence. But both soon forgot the affair; for they genuinely loved one another and stood high in mutual estimation.

It was only the cruelty of affection—very thoughtless affection, but still affection. And the brave dog knew it and endured it all.

Affection may be more cruel than indifference, but cruel as at times it may be, by generous hearts at least, it is always liked. At its worst, it makes life happier; the flesh may wince a little, but the heart swells fuller with joy. The dog, poor brute, was very happy; full of the pleasure of fortune, of kindness and success. He would not have changed his situation and merry little master for any other lot in the world. He lived in sunshine, and wisely forgot all the little hurts and mistakes, as we all should. So, what with his own good sense and his little master's true love, Bizzy had all the joy a dog can look for in a world like this, and with it he was well contented.

Perhaps some of my youthful readers might learn a lesson from this good-tempered, humble creature. It would not be so difficult to get on with one another in nurseries and in playgrounds as it sometimes is, if we just treated one another's pinches and knocks, not according to the pain they give us, but according to the evident intention of the heart. That is the spirit of all that is noble and true. That, at least, is how Bizzy felt; and he went through life easier by it. And his little master felt all that, and rained kisses upon him; and when he had pennies to spend on eatables, he always bought something Bizzy would like too, and he loved to cram a good handful into his big mouth.

In the summer time they scampered and loitered through the fields or sauntered round the grounds about the house; and when the days were very warm, they lay upon the lawn and on one another. And everybody liked to see them.

At night, when the child went to bed, the dog went to his kennel. Nobody was the light to Bizzy's eyes which his little master was. His night began with the child's bedtime.

Bizzy's ancestors had had no such good fortune as he; perhaps because they had not been an English boy's dog. For the most part, they had belonged to travelling tinkers in Belgium, and had dragged their master's carts about all day, having to put up with little food and a rough bed for their pains. They worked hard, but they never got loved. He himself had been brought to England and his present quarters from Antwerp, while he was a little curly thing that would go into a top-coat pocket. And he had belonged to his little master's parents before their baby-boy was born. Indeed, he was full-grown while his master was still such a mite of a thing that he could not be held up upon Bizzy's back.

Bizzy, I may say, was a diminutive of Bismarck, the German statesman. He was most frequently spoken of as Bizzy and addressed as Biz.

From the first all children had found him a tender, true, and gentle creature; but now he seemed to care only for his joyous, tyrannical little master.

But there came a day when his eyes saw what he could never forget. That

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