

don't you bring a tea-kettle? There is a hole in ours, as you very well know!" Bruno thumped the floor with his tail, as much as to say, "Yes, a tea-kettle is what is wanted. I must keep my eye open for a kettle."

"There is our dog coming out of the Archdeacon's yard, with something in his mouth!" said Dot and Gert, rushing to the window.

"I am disgraced with that dog!" said Mrs. McCarthy; "I do wish he had been trained to behave. He is actually coming down the middle of the street, and, goodness, he has—a—a joint of meat in his jaws!"

Sure enough, on came Bruno, steering straight for the house and bearing a fine roast.

"He has taken it from an Archdeacon, too," cried Dot. "How scandalous! We will have to take it back and apologize."

"Not if he brought all the pots, kettles and pans from here to St. John's!" said Gert, crying. "People will think he is trained to—to—to——"

The children both burst into tears. Something fell on the porch floor with a thump. It was the Archdeacon's dinner.

Everything has an end, and Bruno's end came soon. The pound-man made his rounds, and poor Bruno had lost his tag; so away went Bruno, howling his grief at being tied up to a master he did not want. Dot and Gert cried bitterly when their shaggy friend was gone. "But," as their mamma said, "he was an untrained dog, and a nuisance to everybody."

Next morning, when the little girls arrived at school, they were perfectly astonished (and not a little overjoyed) to find Bruno sitting on the door-step, uttering welcoming yelps. He behaved so well the rest of the day that Dot and Gert both believed he had been taught a lesson by being sent to pound; and Bruno, being solemnly charged by his little mistresses to behave better in future, that exceedingly wise dog winked his eyes three times, wagged his tail vigorously twice, and barked once, which everybody knows means, "I will be good," in dog language. Another tag was bought for him, and he is still the children's pet.

This is the story of Bruno. The true story of a dog that went to school, to church, to visit, to picnics, and to pound. A story of the most troublesome dog that ever lived, but who became a well-behaved dog, through adversity and trouble, quite like real people do in the world.

MARGARET HELEN CONNELL.

*Winnipeg.*