



A Military Review of Indian Troops by Their Excellencies, Lord and Lady Minto. The Hereditary Princes of Oude are passing the Viceroy, who from the top of the Famous Elephant Ram Bahadur acknowledges the Salute.

The Question of the Dog

A CASE of child-worrying by a mean dog is engaging public attention in Toronto. Much discussion has arisen concerning dogs in general and, more particularly, permitting them to run the streets at large. Wholesale condemnation of the unleashed canine has been handed out by his enemies, a staunch defence entered by his friends. In the particular case in question it appears that the child-worrying dog can not legally be executed for the reason that a previous conviction is not recorded against him. His owner, if he is so minded, may permit the animal to roam the streets at will unmuzzled and unled. Surely here is something very rotten in our boasted civilisation. A sheep-worrying dog, taken red-handed in the act in a suburban field, may be slaughtered on the spot ruthlessly and without prejudice. A kindergarten devastator goes free on the city street unless previously adjudged guilty of a similar offence. This state of affairs sadly needs disinfection. Is a child worth less than a sheep?

But a dog is not a mean dog simply because he is a dog and will bite. Trite though the statement may appear, there are dogs and dogs—and all dogs bite. It would be useless to try to repeat the eulogy of the dog pronounced by the Missouri senator in his salad days in justice court—it may be summed up in the statement that the dog is a benefit to humanity. When a man has seen his forty pounds of dog flesh launch itself as from a catapult at the throat of a hobo offering an insult to a girl, he thinks a good deal of that dog. Such a canine hero is, however, not a safe one to parade the streets alone. Like the great force of electricity he must be properly controlled, which incidentally is true of heroes in general. He is one kind of a dog worth keeping. The other is that manner of brute which, for some tortuous reason evolved in the convolutions of his canine brain, worries children merely because he does not like the looks of them. Such a one should be controlled by a shotgun. Is a child worth less than a sheep? Are we still in that mediaeval stage of civilisation in which property is preferred to human life?