

I took this to the river and set it in a shallow pond. In a very short time many fish were in the tin, attracted there by the dough. This meant another game at diving and feasting for my ducks. The wily birds knew when they saw me going to the river with the bread tin that a treat was in store for them, and lost no time in reaching me, tumbling down the hill pell-mell, and tripping one another up in their clumsy speed.

While feeding the ducks one day down by the river, I saw a flock of lambs in the next field. I had always read of lambs being such gentle creatures that I at once thought here were new friends for me. My ideas of lambs had all been gained from picture-book stories, especially the story of Mary's little lamb that waited so patiently and lovingly outside the school for her. I was indeed delighted to see real lambs.

I lost not a moment in climbing the fence to pet the lambs. As I was getting over the fence I saw one very friendly lamb coming to meet me. It was larger than the others. I was thrilled. It was really coming to meet me.

My first impulse was to throw my arms around the lamb's neck. It came towards me slowly and enquiringly as though to say, "Would you like to pet me, little girl?" In a flash I found myself on the ground. I could not imagine what had happened. I looked up and saw the lamb looking over me. His eyes seemed to dare me to move.

But I refused to think ill of a lamb. I ventured to move but was promptly flattened out again. By this time Watch saw my plight. He bounded over the fence and gave battle to my assailant.

I picked myself up, climbed back over the fence and thought the matter out deeply. I decided that there was some mistake, it could not possibly be true that a lamb would hurt me. I determined to try it all over again. I would try another lamb this time. But no sooner had I clambered over the fence than the same lamb attacked me again. Watch was quickly on the scene and saved me from the ram once more. I came to the conclusion that real lambs were not as gentle as picture-book lambs. This made me feel very sad.

Watch and I often took walks out together to the bush and to the vegetable garden near it. I made a waggon out of a box with round pieces of wood for wheels, with broom handles through them. Then I harnessed Watch to my rickety vehicle which to my imagination was a golden chariot. I filled the waggon with turnips, potatoes, beets, and beans. Then I ran beside my steed with great pride as he hauled the rich freight to the door.

The only time that Watch and I disagreed was when churning was to be done. It was a great novelty to me to see a dog-churn. It fell to my lot to persuade Watch to do the churning as he was fondest of me. He was not

fond of churning, though, and I had many difficulties in persuading him to do his work. When Watch saw the churn being brought from the milk-house he skulked away to the barn and hid. It was my duty to find him.

"Come along now, Watch, good doggie, come along old boy. You'll have a nice bowl of bread and milk when it's all over."

"Gr-r-r-r!"

"O Watch! You wouldn't swear at me would you?"

"Gr-r-r-r!" But he licked my face and drooped his head dejectedly. His tail thumped pleadingly against the wall.

At last Watch came with me and I persuaded him to jump on the tread-wheel. Then I fastened his leather collar to an attachment at the edge of the wheel. I gave the disk a gentle send-off and Watch had to keep on the move till the butter was churned. Then I stopped the wheel.

When the ordeal was over Watch was very pleased with himself. As I stooped over him, stroking him while he ate his well-earned supper, I said, "Dear old Watch, you snarled at me but I know you didn't mean it. You know I love you and Auntie best of all."

"Hard work often makes both dogs and people cross," said Aunt Amelia, who just came into the kitchen. Her eyes were not jetting out fire any more but were filled with a soft, beautiful light.

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