

and the appealing look he gave us as we harnessed the youngster behind him was truly laughable.

Though at first keen and anxious to do well the puppy soon lost interest in the proceedings, and every hundred yards or so would suddenly lie down to gnaw the ice from between his toes. Old Dagoe stood it as long as he could, but eventually he turned upon the youngster and gave him a hiding which, as my companion put it, "learnt that pup once and for all what he was up against."

In spite of his fierce breeding, D goes affection towards my partner's children was truly pathetic. If on our return home the children were out he would sniff the little boy's coat and wag his tail jubilantly, then lying beside the stove would listen for hours for the sound of footsteps along the trail. We always knew by old Dagoe when the children were coming long before we ourselves could hear them.

Old Dagoe died in harness after five years of faithful service. My partner was travelling the Cripple Creek at a time of the year when the ice of that rapidly moving river is unsafe for a heavy outfit. Suddenly there was a deep booming sound; old Dagoe sat down and whimpered as though aware that there was no escape. The heavily laden sled reared on end and crashed through the ice, dragging the team with it. The dogs were sucked under, and ere they could be recovered the poor brutes were so chilled that a revolver bullet was the only merciful proceeding.

Many dreadful things have happened on the lonely trails of the north through disagreement between driver and team. Not very far from Winnipeg, there lived, a few years ago, a dog driver who was known to be particularly merciless and cruel. One day he set out intent on making a long journey and when he did not appear at the other end his employers became anxious, and at length a party set out to look for him.

They found only his remains, while the marks in the snow told the whole terrible story. While asleep the driver had been set upon by his dogs, and as though aware that there was a price upon their heads the animals never returned to civilization.

Though it is difficult to believe many of the stories that have been told about the north west sled dogs, anyone who has had much to do with these animals will agree that they possess marvellous memories. They never forget an old enemy or an old friend, and some time ago a curious story was told to me by one of the Hudson's Bay Co.'s officers.

This gentleman had in his employ a half breed musher who was fond of boasting that he could lick any dog into submission. At length, however, the half breed met his match in a huge huskie—so fierce and intrepid that the half breed's lash failed to break its spirit. Determined not to be beaten the musher exercised all manner of cruelties, till at length the officer himself was compelled to interfere.

In due course the dog was taken into the heart of Labrador, over two thousand miles from its original home, and under the influence of gentle handling the animal became a passable sled dog.

Seven years later the half breed too drifted into the Labrador, and one night chanced to be in the settlement where the dog was living, and paused in the main street to speak to its master.

Suddenly he turned, and to his alarm saw his companion's dog approaching him with lowered head. For a moment they stared into each other's eyes, each instantly recognizing the other. Then, without a sound, the huskie leapt at the half breed's throat, dragging him to the ground. The man struggled and screamed, vainly trying to reach the knife at his belt, but it was not until the brute had been knocked senseless that it abandoned the attack.

So much for a huskie's hatred, but that

these fierce dogs of the northland are capable of affection just as great, the following narrative goes to prove. In the early days of Nome a child one winter evening was brought in on a sled, frozen stiff. No one knew the man who brought it, and having given the little one a Christian burial he returned to the woods with an empty sled.

But a day or two later the leader of the team—a large malamute—was back in the settlement—alone, and appeared to be looking for someone. Men saw it restlessly pacing the streets, day in, day out—examining every outfit that came in by the waterway, but heeding no one who tried to make friends with it. The animal grew gaunt and thin, and sometimes was seen searching in the forest many miles from the settlement, but only to return again as night came on.

For weeks the poor brute haunted the city, a lonely dejected figure amidst the bustle and life, seeking for something that was dearer to it than all else on earth—something it could never find.

Frivolous Definitions

Luxury—That which makes the poor discontented and bores the rich.

Gossip—Social vivisection.

Consistency—The one jewel that does not arouse a woman's envy.

Popularity—The price of self-respect.

Diet—Denying yourself the indigestible food you like and eating the digestible things you don't like.

Bear—An optimistic dealer in pessimism.

Actor—One who pays more attention to the bill-board than the board-bill.

Caution—The brake that stops a career from running up-hill to success.

Curiosity—Paying a thousand dollars to see your appendix.

Good Judgment—Finding out what

kind of advice a man wants and giving it to him.

Pull—The resource of those who have no push.

Conscience—The internal whisper that says: "Don't do it; you might get caught."

Vanity—The food of fools.

Appreciation—Envy in sheep's clothing.

A Compromise—An amicable understanding by which you and your wife agree to let her have her own way.

Alimony—The grass widow's pension.

High Finance—Making two millions grow where none grew before.

What a Court Really is

Magistrate Robert Cornell, of New York, has acquired a new and valuable legal definition. An aged but robust negro witness who testified before him the other day wouldn't stop talking when council objected, but kept on roaring his testimony.

"Stop!" the magistrate commanded.

"Don't you know you're in court?"

"Ya-a-as'r," replied the negro.

"Well, don't you know what a court is?"

"Oh-h-h, ya-as'r," said the old fellow with a low bow. "Ya-as'r; a co't is a place whah dey dispenses with justice!"

Never in the Same Place

There are but few who would not appear a trifle bored if compelled to listen a second time to a sermon. This weariness might be somewhat alleviated, however, if repeaters of sermons would bear in mind the remark of a little girl who was asked the question:

"Does your father ever preach the same sermon twice?"

After a moment's contemplation she replied:

"Yes, but I think he hollers in different places."

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