

SUNBEAM

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DOMINION DAY NUMBER.

In this Dominion Day number of Sunbeam we give a number of patriotic poems and a picture of our great Northwest country. Our cut shows the process of haying on the boundless prairies. It is something wonderful to ride for scores of miles and not see a fence, these broad prairies being almost as boundless as the sea.

The lower part of the cut shows the temporary homes of the first settlers—sometimes a rude house of logs, sometimes a mere tent, sometimes a house made of sods; but this soon gives place to comfortable homesteads, cultivated farms, and cheerful villages and towns. There are a large number of Mennonites in Southern Manitoba. Some of their towns are very comfortable indeed. One such is shown in our central picture.

ROLLO AND RED PEGGY.

Rollo was a big mastiff puppy. He lived in the city with Mr. and Mrs. James and their little daughter Bessie.

Mr. and Mrs. James thought a great deal of Rollo, or they could never have had patience with him; for young Rollo was as mischievous as any puppy could be. He seemed determined to try his teeth on everything; but at last Mrs. James hit upon a funny plan for managing him.

It happened that a new doll for little Bessie had just arrived, and her old fa-

vourite—a doll made of red flannel, and named "Red Peggy"—generally lay neglected in a corner.

As Rollo was settling himself one day to chew a little stocking, Mrs. James tossed Red Peggy toward him, telling him to bite that if he must bite something!

From that hour Red Peggy was adopted

by the young mastiff. He carried her with him about the house, even took her sometimes to call on the neighbours, and would carry her down town if not watched. He seemed to like to play with his doll as if he were a little girl instead of a dog.

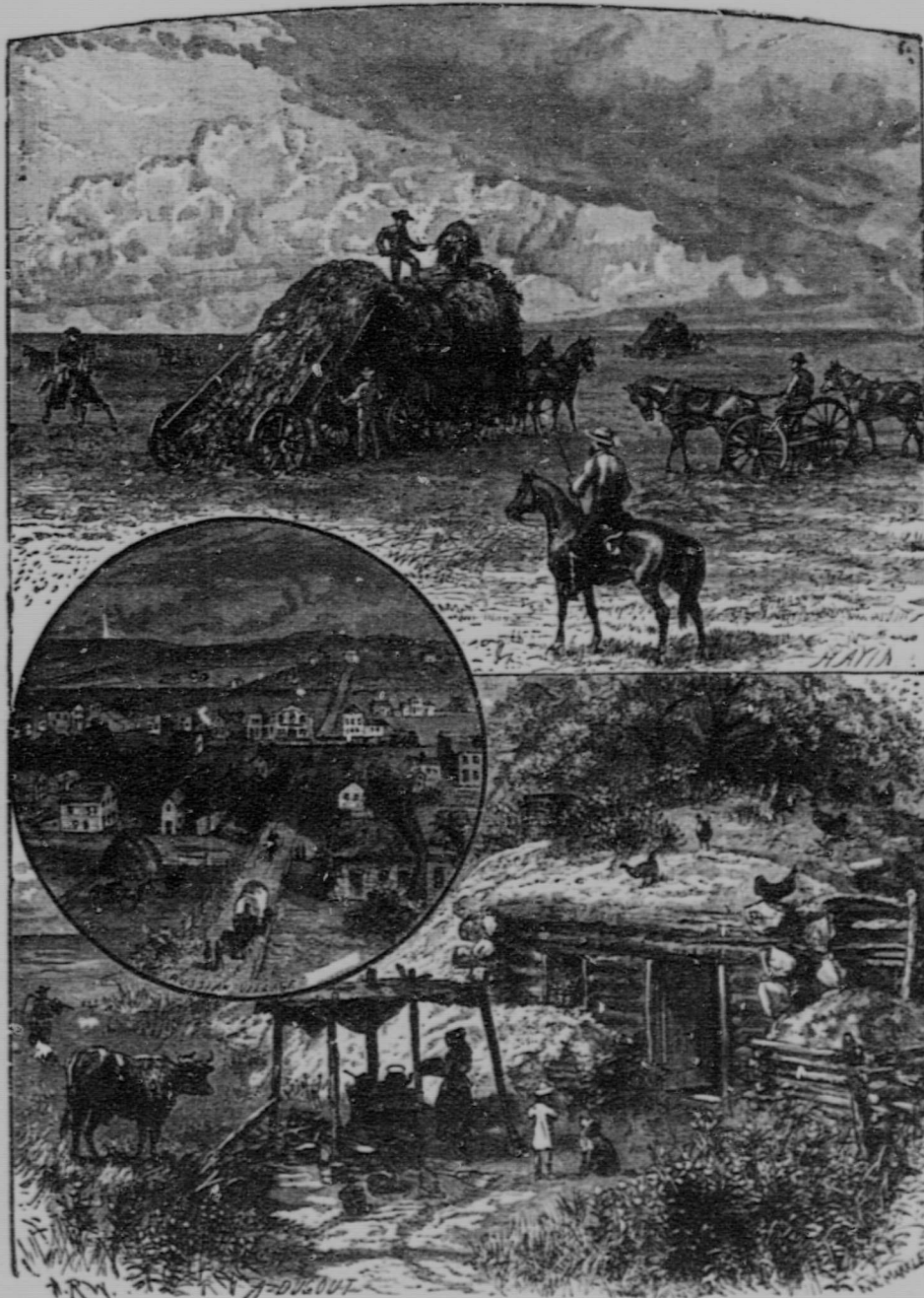
One day Rollo trotted over to visit a neighbour across the street. Of course Red Peggy went, too. The man whom he was paying the visit wished to send a paper over to Mr. James, and thought he would have Rollo carry it. So he took Red Peggy away from the mastiff, laid her on the step, putting the paper instead in Rollo's mouth, and and told him to carry it home.

Rollo gave a dignified wag of his tail and trotted to the gate, where he stopped and thought a minute; then he laid down the paper and went straight back for Red Peggy.

Several attempts ended in the same way. At last the doll was carefully rolled in the paper, which was then given to Rollo with the sharp order, "Go home!"

Rollo trotted away quickly; but when he reached the middle of the road he deliberately laid down his bundle, poked his nose into it till he found his beloved Red Peggy, lifted her out, and then ran triumphantly home with her, leaving the paper in the road.

In fact, so long as I knew Rollo, he never would obey any command which forced him to leave his dear Red Peggy.



BITS IN NORTH-WESTERN CANADA.