

Wire Fence

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BREDGE.

Being Sufficiently Ad-... Use It Goes to

New Westminster ap-... the minister of public

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...st. at 108 Pandora

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...st. at East Lansley,

...at Nanaimo, on... At a banquet, Wm.

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DEWEY-A YELLOW DOG.



Now, you have been told at some time about dogs in Steenth street and their ways and habits, and you think you know much about dogs in general. But you never knew of this dog or of his narrow escape from a dreadful fate.

He was just a plain dog, and there was not a suspicion of pedigree about him. You could not even pretend that he had any kind of blood in him save our blood.

Some few bantering remarks, and when they parted again Pete's hair was relieved by the red tie and Frank carried the yellow wriggly pup joyously home.

Frank's first months were rather uneventful ones in a doggy way. He had homeliness and color, and he yelped and longed for the maternal bosom.

He was named Dewey at once. What decent, self-respecting pup at that time would have been called by any other name? But though his title was one of a connoisseur, there was none of the connoising hero in Dewey's homecoming.

Frank had precipitated down stairs, and the last thing he heard was the violent swish of the broom on the hall floor, and his mother's parting admonition, "Dewey dat dawg, an' don't you come back till you do."

When he came in to supper his face beamed and he sat down with a joyous light in his eyes and a dear doggy smell on his hands.

"Where's dat dawg?" demanded the maternal voice. "He's gone," said Frank, equivocally. He did not say where. Down in the cellar there was a soap box, with a bed of newspapers, and in it, whining at the rope collar which bound him to his unlovely quarters, was Dewey.



He was a hot dog possessed Frank. If the place was too good for Dewey it was too good for him. He went out, stumbling over the little girl's feet, because his eyes were dim and misty.

He heard a shrill cry from the boys' bench and a single from the girls, and he felt strong within him a desire to leap upon them all, singly and in a body, and vanquish them. Chilly did he wish to slay Mrs. Morton and all the teachers of the Sunday school.

When he reached the street he walked aimlessly away from the houses, and had no objective point in his wanderings, save that he wanted to get away from the scene of his humiliation.

He stalked back home, and schemes as yet unformed swarmed about his head. He barked loudly at the changing car, and when it passed he again. Frank's mind was over a hundred schemes how to get the requisite money, but none seemed in the least feasible.

He might have gone to Gus or to Abe Powers for help or advice; but always knew things, but he had heard sneaking from the boys' bench and he had fruitfully decided that never more would any of them share with him in the glad possession of Dewey.

They stared at each other vaguely. Where was Dewey? He had not been long that hapless Sunday when he had tried to join the Bible class at the Sunday school.

"Here's some'n' up," reiterated Dobson. The delicatessen man was in the secret, and it was her pennies and dimes that were going to fill Frank's baking powder can, hid in his mother's cupboard, until he had errands and did chores. Dewey spent his twilight in the cellar, because it was not possible for him to be running about so much. Those were dreary, lonely days for him, and he whined and curled himself up in his box, and slept much. He knew that brighter days were coming, and that was all that rendered his solitude bearable.

FRANK SMOTE THE PEBBLED BOY FERRELL.

THE WAY THE FAMILY DOES.

Went to town the other day, me and brother Ted, save up all our pennies for to get a bran new sled.



Skatin' pond down our way froze the other night. I was bully, fine and smooth, but wouldn't get my skates an' shined 'em up, sharpened 'em that night.

THESE CHILDREN ALL HAVE SPENT THEIR MONEY ON CAKES AND CANDY, PIES AND HONEY. FOR THESE MISDEEDS THE SAINTS BE THANKED, THEY SOON WILL ALL BE SOUNDLY SPANKED!!!

TAKEN AT EBERY WORD.

Her Girl Friend (sneerly)—What did John get you for a birthday present?

Handy Boy. Mr. Nuritch—Yes, sir, that boy of mine is a regular mechanical genius.

LOSS OF APPETITE AND GENERAL DEBILITY

DEBILITY are quickly overcome by the use of a few boxes of the D. & L. Food

A QUEER PROPOSAL.

"Are you not a bit?" he asked. "I? Not a bit," laughed the dear girl.

DRY WATER; A PARTY TRICK.

Here is one more trick which is just the thing for amping an entertainment at a party.

RUB YOUR HANDS OVER THE GLASS.

Just as you would if you could jump into this glass tumbler. (Here you should have several of your friends put their fingers into the glass to prove that you would get wet. Then go on with your story.)



Now is the time to arouse the interest of your audience. Ask them if they have ever heard how it happened that ducks could get into the water without getting wet. You know that was a trick, just as Mr. Fox was about to grab her. She swam clear across with- berry-silk dress, for it would be soaking wet.

Miss Duck could start to a Sunday school picnic, wearing a crumpled straw-bermy silk dress, and she was just sure that she was going to look finer than anyone else there.

Mr. Fox was almost over the fence, and Miss Duck did not know what to do when a little, thin voice spoke right at her feet. It was Mr. Turtle, who had been trying to swim that Miss Duck had thought he was a stone.

You can conclude by saying that all ducks learned that trick, and they did it so much that at last the water got quite used to not wetting them, and although they do not bother to say, "Quack, quack, quack," and rub her feet together now, still they never get wet at all.