## Our Toy Dogs

By R. F. Edmonds, D.D.S., in the Farm and Ranch Review.

We have been requested to write a little on the toy dog, and let me add that the writer takes a little extra pleasure in talking "Toys," for the reason that at present he has a couple of these small aristocrats in his family and is of the opinion that what these little "despots' don't know is hardly worth knowing. Let us go back a little and consider where they came from and something of their history, and then, coming down to the present day, we will easily understand that generations of culture under royal auspices have made them gentle dogs, and aristocrat in blood as well as in name.

Henry VIII. took a special delight in the Toy Spaniel. Previous to his time, though, we have no authentic information. It is generally believed that they were imported from Spain into England, and from Japan to Spain. The Japanese Spaniel and the English Spaniel show many identical points, such as color, size, weight and form, thus supporting this belief.

The different varieties of Toy dog, the

King Charles, Prince Charles, Ruby and Blenheim, have been favorites of royalty for generations. Hampton Court and York Palace were overrun by these small dogs during the time of Charles I., and history says had free access to the king on every state occasion. Queen Elizabeth made great friends with the Toy Spaniel, and Mary Queen of Scots was accompanied to the scaffold by her small spaniel. When King Charles was a prisoner, it is said he was always accompanied by his Toy dogs. Our present queen-mother, Queen Alexandra, is a great lover of the Toy dog, and many photos have been shown of her Majesty and her small spaniel. Thus you see how it is that the little aristocrat received his name—he acts it by his lordly manner and his despotic acts. Dogs may come and dogs may go, but the Toy dog never seems to lose his bearing. They are sensitive and observing, seeming to notice the difference between poorly dressed and wellto-do people. They are more at home on a pillow or a counterpane than in a kenn?

However, times have not always been kind to these little fellows, and from being companions to royalty and lords and ladies, some beautiful specimens have been found in the slums of London and other great English cities. How these delicate little creatures existed is a matter of wonder to lovers of the fancy. He has changed much, though, as time goes by and fancy changes. Formerly he had a long nose and small head and curly throat. Today he has a small nose set well back, large domed head and beautiful silky coat. He has lost his sense of smell and hunting abilities, and has received in return great gentleness, a

profuse coat, and lovely feather. The English King Charles is, perhaps, the oldest variety, and is indebted to King Charles for his name. During the time of Charles II. this variety seemed to have reached its zenith of popularity and fame. However, during the present day, Queen Alexandra shows a keen interest in this variety, and during the present year attended a show in the Agricultural Hall

and exhibited a keen interest in each little fellow. One of the largest and most successful breeders of this variety is Mrs. Raymond Mallock, of England. Mrs. Mallock is the author of a book on the raising and handling of the Toy dog, and is considered one of the best authorities on this breed. In fact, her dogs are to be found in the four corners of the earth today, and much money has been exchanged between admirers. It is reputed that one lady in England has made \$40,000 in breeding these little creatures, which goes to prove my con-tention that we who live here in Alberta are wasting time in remaining out of this business.

The Prince Charles sometimes called the Tricolor Spaniel, is identical with the King Charles in every respect except color. The color is black, white and tan. The black and white should be well broken over the body, the tan being distributed over the face as in the King Charles. The beauty of this breed cannot be surpassed by any or the canine race where the color spots are properly distributed. He is not quite so popular as formerly, which is a matter of great surprise to lovers of the variety, since it is al-

most impossible to get a prettier dog.

The Ruby Spaniel was almost unknown twenty years ago, but today is very popular.

It differs from the King Charles only in color, which is a bright golden tan. It is a difficult matter to get good specimens of this variety, and at the present time in Western Canada the writer is not aware of the existence of a single specimen, and is at present in negotiations with a party in Chicago for one.

The following story is told of a small Toy, who would never make a single friend of a stranger unless they were properly ensconced in the parlor; then he would put on a few airs, put his head on one side, and gracefully approach the guest and put out his paw to be shaken. However, if anyone came to the back door there would surely be trouble if this little chap could get his teeth into them. As a rule the majority of callers at this end of the house left a portion of their most important garments in his teeth. At every opportunity he would get into a railway train, and unless carefully watched would make a journey by train without taking the extra trouble of procuring a ticket. If one of his favorite dishes was to be removed from the table without first helping his lordship, he would simply sit against the door and dare the maid to pass; if she attempted such, her apron would be torn to pieces.

In breeding these Toy dogs, great care is taken to mate properly. For instance, it is always best to breed a King Charles and a Ruby together, but never a King Charles and a Prince Charles or Blenheim. By mating with a Ruby the deeper color markings are brought out. The Blenheim and Princes Charles are crossed with good results; this combination, as a rule, produces good specimens.

In selecting a puppy, it is usually best to pick the youngster with the largest head and the softest nose, which generally develops the shortest face, and dogs with the largest and darkest eyes, set wide apart, as a rule grow into a short face. When one considers the trouble and rarity of obtaining good specimens, it is not surprising that these cute little youngsters will bring from \$250 to \$650, and even up to \$1,000.

They are particular about their eating. My own King Charles will never refuse to eat from a plate on the table while she sits or stands on a chair, but will absolutely refuse to look at the same food on the floor. She has a very jealous nature, and will hastily gobble everything in sight if the cat is called or a child comes into the house. We have often been amused and disgusted to find bones, bread and biscuits hidden away under our bedroom pillow on retiring. Her ladyship had placed them there when she thought one of the children might want something she had previously refused. I think perhaps no dog is more affectionate, truer or cuter than these small pets.

#### HOW IT FEELS TO FLY

Mr. H. H. Willson, of Los Angeles, Cal. who has made a number of flights with M. Paulhan, the famous French aviator, gives a vivid description of the sensation experienced on his first flight. M. Paulhan gave the signal that all was working satisfactorily, and the actual flight was to begin. Mr. Willson waited intently for that instant, so impressive from below, when a machine begins to soar into the air, and was surprised to note that there was hardly a perceptible sensation of elevation. The wheels of the machine he found transmitted very little vibration to the frame of the machine, and it was only when the eye recorded the fact that he became aware that he had begun his ascent into space. Suspended between heaven and earth by a single fact of motion, he seemed to have taken a leap into a new and strange universe. They had lost their terrestrial identity. By one big jump they were off into space and free.

The swiftness of motion he thinks undoubtedly had something to do with this strange exhilaration. The sense of inertia in contact with things material was gone. In its place came a sense of being a part of that pheno-menon of motion, of which light waves, sound waves, molecular energy, everything that is known of the universe is a part.

With a conscious effort I brought myself back to observe some physical aspects of the journey. We had barely risen to flying height from the ground when a ravine opened before us. For a fraction of a second I looked to see Paulhan take some action, and then I remembered that the contour of the earth had no significance. A sense of the character of the earth's surface is one of the instinctive things always with us. In the air your pathway is as smooth as the courses of the stars.

As we lifted higher into the air and gained speed, I looked backward to see if I could not

tum allays all such impressions. It is one of the primal laws of the universe until motion is overcome by resistance. The resistance of the air which lifts you up does not reach the consciousness. For that reason you feel that you will fly forever, if you choose. In this there is no fear, but only blissful contemplation.

In the air I find a great distinction between the impression of motion and that of speed. Speed has a relation to the ground and means very little away from its surface. In this brief journey in air the only thing that gave an impression of speed was turning the head. The draft of air drawn away from the nostrils astonished me, and I quickly faced about to the front to get a full breath.

There is a temptation to try to right the ip as it swings on the turns of the course, and tilts its wings. I gathered from a little motion of M. Paulhan's head that he anticipated this action on my part, and wished me to sit as unconcernedly as any part of the machine. In a canoe or on a bicycle it would be natural to use the body. In an aeroplane there comes a new sense of security in catching the poise from the wings.

I wrenched my attention away from the fascination of flying to look across at the mountains, the city, and the sea, but that was only a matter of looking down from a high elevation. It was dizzying as it is to look from the top of Eiffel Tower or the Washington Monument. Motion dispels all that.

I expected to descend at the end of the second lap, but was surprised at the plunge we took just before we reached the grandstand. It was like a rude awakening from sleep to find that we were shooting toward the earth at an angle of forty-five degrees. I had often watched the descent, and marvelled at its ease and grace. M. Paulhan sometimes glides from an titude of several hundred feet, and at an angle of forty-five degrees until within a few feet of the earth. He often seems to be coming too encourage a little sense of fear or danger It straight down when you are below, but from was not there. The sense of motion or momen- above it seems straighter still. It was with was the only blot on his 'scutcheon.

genuine regret and a new and discouraging sense of impotence that I climbed down from the seat—regret that the trip was over and had seemed so short, impotence in having to depend on any other method of locomotion.

It did not seem as simple to grasp the art of aviation, in spite of that sense of security as it had before I went up. If my hands had been on the controlling lever and the throttle, I should have felt like a blind man running at top speed along the extreme edge of a preci-pice. One feels this way up and down and balances himself on the turns without touching anything. This feeling one's way, with nothing to touch, is uncanny.

No one can tell how soon flying may become a common experience. It will hardly be for some time yet, although present develop-ments are startlingly rapid. As the human mind becomes accustomed to the idea, the intensity of the impressions on a first flight may be lessened. For my first flight I can say without exaggeration that it ran quite beyond the range of limitations which seem to have been fixedly imposed by the principles of time, space, and cause and effect. When you feel these things vanishing into unrealities and yourself still confident and secure of independent being, you take a long look over into the realm of immortality. These pictures of angels on wings may, after all, be more literally symbolic of future existence than we have realized.

#### STRANGE WILD TRIBES OF INDIA

After having spent eighteen years among the wild tribes of the northwest frontier of India, Dr. Theodore L. Pennell, a medical missionary of the Church Missionary Society, has arrived in London on a visit. He has a wealth of remarkable stories to tell, and some of these he related in an interview with a newspaper representative.

"On the Afghan frontier a husband is very jealous of his wife's honor," he said, "and if he has a suspicion that anything is wrong he just cuts off her nose. Some time ago a husband who had shown his displeasure in this barbaric manner brought his wife to our hospital at Bannu, and said he was very sorry. There was very little of the nose left, and there was, therefore, nothing that we could do.

"I told him that if he would pay the money we would get his wife an artificial nose from England. He asked me how much it would cost, and I said £2. He began to hesitate, and I asked him the reason. 'Well,' he said, 'I could get another wife for £5 6s 8d.' Eventually he agreed to buy the nose, and his old wife was

Dr. Pennell gave another illustration of matrimonial jealousy. "One day," he said, "an Afghan chief who had been across the border came back, and saw his wife speaking to a man over the wall in his compound. He at once drew his sword, cut off his wife's head and threw it to the man, saying: 'If you want

to speak to her now, you can.".

Many of the patients at the hospital are the victims of frontier raids. One man who was admitted there for treatment had been shot by his uncle. The bullet had gone through his lung, and when he was brought in there seemed little hope of recovery. However, by dint of careful nursing they pulled him

through.
"When he was convalescent," said Dr. Pennell, "he called me one day to his bedside and explained that he had a petition to make. I asked him what it was. He said: 'Oh, sahib, want you to give me some cartridges.' said, 'What do you want the cartridges for?' Pointing to his chest, he replied: 'I have this score to pay off.' I said: 'I am very sorry to hear that. We have had a difficult task to cure you, and now very shortly we shall have the same trouble with your uncle.' He said: 'Oh, no, you need not be afraid of that, sahib. I am a better shot than he is.' We did not get the uncle in, and we heard eventually that he

#### KING EDWARD'S DOG

Everyone knows now who Caesar is. No more human touch was ever given to any event, great or small, than the presence of the dog walking with his late Majesty's charger in the funeral procession. For many years everywhere that King Ed-

ward went Caesar journeyed too, and when his Majesty went abroad he enjoyed the distinction of returning with him without going into quarantine. Thus he was often seen by visitors to the palace ensconced in the most comfortable armchair in the King's study, and a warning growl or a friendly wag of the tail indicated the exact relationship which visitors might be permitted to take up in the royal Silk-upholstered chairs had no terror for Caesar. At private meals, too, Caesar invariably occupied a place at his master's feet, where his otherwise frugal fare of biscuits was, needless to say, frequently supplemented with the choicest dainties. Failing notice for any period longer than a few minutes, he would sit up and beg or give his master a decided tap on the leg. "What is it, Caesar?" the King would say, and, as plain as barking could make it, the dog would indicate his de-sire to sample the fresh course on the menu. When the King went on a railway journey, Caesar always occupied the royal saloon and sat on or near to the assortment of newspapers and books until his Majesty was seated.

As became a dog in his position, he had a boy to look after him and generally was bathed and brushed twice a week. As also became his position, he never went out to exercise alone, and when he did take a walk displayed an exclusiveness toward other dogs which was really highly commendable. On the Riviera recently, however, he interpreted the laxity of holidays rather too freely and threatened to demolish, for no apparent reason, a French poodle nearly twice his own size. That

# Last Words at Death

A peculiar importance attaches to the words of a dying man, for then all self-consciousness drops away and the innermost feelings are laid bare; there is no further need for the concealment of what a man may be justly proud, and the ideal of a lifetime, hidden away just because it was so sacred, so entirely the man's own self, is brought unreservedly to the light of day.

Not soon shall we forget King Edward's last words, disclosing the ideal set before him during his reign. And we shall the more easily remember them because they recall the words repeated over and over again in the cock-pit of the Victory by another man who conferred a lasting service on his country. The final words of Nelson, however, were different, though in terms rather than in meaning. Like Wolfe, he had lived to hear the result of the battle, and then with a sigh of "God and my country!" he passed away.

The same two thoughts filled the mind of Haydn in his last illness. Filled with fears for his country when the French guns began to bombard Vienna, and being unable to assist in any other way, he dragged himself to the piano, sat down, and sang three times over his hymn, "Gott Erhalte." It seems a strange dispensation of fate that a man who had endowed the world with an ever-springing fountain of sweetness and harmony should be tormented in his last hours on earth. But so it often is. The very sensitiveness that makes these "immortal servants of mankind" what they are makes them also keenly alive to fears begotten of their life's work. "I cannot bear to leave the world with all the misery in cried Lord Shaftesbury, the champion of the miserable and oppressed,

It is not given, by the way, to every man to make audible his thoughts at the great crisis. Some die, as Thackeray did, in utter loneliness, not a soul near to catch the last outpouring of their spirit. On others the stroke falls so swiftly the mind is immediately benumbed, the tongue rendered powerless. Such was the end of Dickens, of Stevenson, and Sir Henry Irving. Others, again, though they meet their end "without comfort of sister or of daughter, without stay of brother or of son," have their last words carried in one way or another back to the living world. That little fragment of Dr. Jameson's army which per-ished in the Matabele forest, standing back to back in the middle of a ring of savages, sang in chorus, said their conquerors afterwards, something which make them bare their heads from which England learnt that they had spent their last breath in singing "God Save the Queen.'

#### Napoleon III.

Full of regret as Lord Shaftsbury's last murmur was, yet does his lot seem enviable, because no shadow of doubt crossed his mind as to the high value of his work. Others who have followed a steep and rugged path are sometimes tormented by doubt at the end whether the path was the right one to take. In that last cry of Joan of Arc, as she stood bound to the stake in Rouen market place, and the flames began to roar in the faggots, an element of doubt mingles with the general note of triumph: "Yes, my voices were of God! They have never deceived me."

But the greatest pity must be reserved for the man whose heart has been broken by a tragedy, and whose mind naturally recurs in the last hour to that tragedy, forcing the poor, crushed heart once more to go through the torture. Few men have had a more painful time, physically and mentally, than Napoleon III. had at Sedan. The victim of a disease which made any riding an agony, he was forced to spend hours on horseback during that day. The army, at all costs, must not know that its Emperor was ill, or the slender chance of retrieving the fortunes of the campaign would be gone in a moment. No wonder he insisted on remaining in exposed positions, where he became a mark for the Prussian gunners, His escort was shattered; a cruel fate refused to relieve him from his sufferings. Three years afterwards, as he lay in Camden House, his mind inevitably reverted to that inferno, and, turning for some gleam of comfort and sympathy to his doctor, he whispered, "Conneau, you were at Sedan?"

The Brownings Fortunate are they the mainspring of whose life has been one deep, lasting affection, which asserts itself triumphantly as the bodily strength evaporates, which thrusts all other considerations into the background. Nothing perhaps in all the lives of our poets is so beautiful as the account of the last hour spent together by the Brownings, when the author of the "Portuguese Sonnets" "talked and jested" with the inspirer of those exquisite poems "and gave expression of her love

him in the tenderest words." for Also is their detachment of mind to be envied who can without affectation turn their thoughts to other things as the crisis approaches, can indulge themselves in a last ook at their hobby, like that nobleman who had his Highland cattle paraded before his window, or can turn to a favorite author, after the manner of Mark Twain asking with his latest breath almost for his glasses in order to read "Carlyle's French Revolution," or can emulate Canon Liddon in having the first scene in "Redgauntlet" read aloud in his room the night before his death. Most enviable of all, however, is the man who has steadfastly "followed the gleam," and at his latter end sees, as Longfellow did, the gleam broaden and deepen until "it is daylight everywhere."

#### HOW WE RAISE 30,000 DUCKS AN-NUALLY AT A PROFIT

(Continued from Page Five) if they have a narrow breast, we put them out. We want broad, flat breasts clear through to the keel and as broad as you can get them across the back

It is the same in ducks as in chickens. You are growing meat; and if you can grow an extra pound it just means that much more profit, and the larger the duck, the more money you make.

We sort out a good-sized duck, and we have never had one too large so that it would not breed. We breed from a pullet, we never breed from a yearling duck. Ducks will take on fat very easily, and if you keep them over the second year they get too fat, and they will not lay as early, and the eggs are not fertile, and we cannot get good results. We always sell them off; we never keep old ducks unless somebody wants to exhibit them. Some people want a large heavy duck exhibit, but when you take that duck home and try to breed from it, the eggs will not hatch, and then they blame the man from whom they bought the duck; and if you ship them a duck in breeding condition, then they will

blame you for not sending them a fat duck. We feed these ducks on a light feed. We simply have a pail of water in the pen, but it is a great deal larger than the pail we use for hens, it is small at the bottom and flares out at the top, so that the most of the most of the water is in the top of the pail. We set it in the top of the bedding so that they will not tip it over. If you have any trouble with the pail tipping over, drive two or three stakes around it.

We run the ducks in flocks of twenty to twenty-five. In the winter time we have one house where we run four flocks of forty in the pen, another house where we run sixteen flocks of twenty in the pen, and we can see no difference in the way these ducks lay, or in the fertility of the eggs. It is simply a mat-ter of convenience, and I believe I can run a flock of ducks at one hundred in the pen.

When you go to feed ducks they will all pile up, and that is one reason why we keep them penned off in the winter time. As soon as the spring comes we take these pens down and let them run in a flock, and we have as high as 300 in a flock running over a three or acre field of rye. At night they have to be kept in, and each flock knows its own stall, and if they do not we drive them, and we find it easier than having so many yards or gates to open

### KAISER SELLS OPERA HOUSE

At an audience which the Kaiser gave in his sick room at the New Castle in Potsdam to Burgomaster Kirschner and City Architect Hoffman the fate of the historic Royal Opera House was finally decided. The Kaiser agreed to sell it to the municipality. The price was not fixed, but it is known that it approximated \$2,000,000.

The property thus passes out of the hands of the Hohenzollerns. It has been in their possession since the days of Frederick the Great. The house will not be pulled down, but will be altered. The ugly emergency staircases outside, which were hurriedly run up after the Iroquois Theatre disaster in Chicago, will be removed and the interior staircases widened.

The house will hereafter serve as a concert hall and a place for civic entertainment. Structural alterations have already been begun. The new opera house will be in the l'iergarten.

#### A NEGLECTED PAST

Sir Thomas Lipton tells a story about a Scotsman who went to a horserace for the

I ought to say that he told it to a company of guests on Shamrock III. one evening when he was lamenting the long odds against his ever winning the American Cup because of the hard rules imposed.

"Well," said Sir Thomas, "this Scotsman was a feeble-minded old man and his companions who took him to the race meeting presently persuaded him to stake sixpence in the third race on a 40 to 1 shot. "By some amazing miracle this outsider

"When the bookmaker gave old Sandy a golden sovereign and his saxpence, the winner could not believe his eyes. "'Do you mean to tell me,' he said, 'that

I get a' this for ma saxpence?' "'You do,' said the bookmaker. "'Ma Conscience!' muttered Sandy. "Tell me, mon, how long has this thing been going

#### EXPERT OPINION

on?"-M. A. P.

"Yes," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I am sure our garden is going to be a success."
"So soon?"

"Yes; the chickens have tasted everything and they are perfectly enthusiastic."—Wash-

#### PASSING COMM

By Richard L. I is impossible to please ainly looks as if those re arrangement of the open seas this year have done their ve at the most satisfactory concl terest of the present-day spor interest of the game and its the benefit of the sportsman We have had an excellent bree year for the birds, and reliab port that they have done well known good game districts. have profited enormously by the opening day until October seasons, and everyone who ha in their usual haunts during months seems to be agreed the far now from being a scarce l so that it seems reasonable it is not against the best interes to allow them to be shot this middle of September when t but the weaklings, which are b way) be quite ready for the gu limit might perhaps have been even though hard to thorough it is to be hoped that no enormo bags will be made now that the has been advanced again half a

It certainly is a great pity grouse should be decreasing seems to be the case, this being ing bird we have, and, if it we help them back to their strength would certainly be worth a sac ways. I know from personal of they are still what I-should call I tain districts where I used to sh ten years or so ago; I cannot cla of conditions before this time, theory that where pheasants ar bers the willow grouse are never found very plentiful again. Mr ant is an aggressive gentleman in season, and is likely to make him come intruder on the domestic and Mrs. Ruffed Grouse. My th be correct, but in support of it I I know of one island in the gulf ly willow grouse were "thick' ': were unknown. Then the pheas trip across the water, found the i sanctuary from the mainland she plied there amazingly, and the w vanished as rapidly, until now, if there, you chalk it up in the diary of unusual interest.

It is interesting news to hear tion of the authorities to introdu stock in considerable quantity, congratulate ourselves on the inte ing taken by them in the preserva provement of our small game sho is the paramount consideration of resident sportsman, instead of co efforts entirely to the big game, chief attraction of tourist hunter collectors.

It is often a matter of wonder more advantage is not taken at th the year of the really splendid sea to be had all round the shores of I and and the Mainland. I have of entering into any scientific con to what is or is not a sea trout; I be self to be the cut-throat well known anglers, but I would rather catch argue about him. One sure thing the summer months, before the salmon comes, he is to be found pr all the little and big sheltered bays the estuaries of the coast, that he large average size, gives magnificen is an excellent fish in every way. days when the rivers are high fro snow and the fly fisherman comes tales of disappointment, the latel salmon fry are descending to the sa great numbers, and the trout are a whether they follow them from the of the rivers and lakes, or whether in from the sea, is another bone of I have no intention of picking, but w proved by experience at very many places on this coast is that these bi trout are to be caught in May, June and sometimes well into August in reaches and out in the estuaries of a rivers, and give most excellent sport when the middle and upper reaches ers are deserted by our migratory

In many of these places they w large fly well, and when and where not, which I think means when and small fry on which they feed for very plentiful, as at the mouths of salmon rivers, there they give what less sport rather inferior to fly-fishir nevertheless, sport which is some of best known to fishermen, fished fo mall spoon or artificial minnow or trace and without any lead to spoil and handicap this fighting fish in the with the angler, which by no means is ends in the latter's favor.

There are several of these place reached by Victoria fishermen, and of them seem to take advantage of the certainly seems matter of surprise to anglers will journey many miles to s and row about energetically all day, half and quarter-pounders on a wor hook behind a big salmon spoon deep be surface, when, with less trouble in jo there, they could be catching two an pounders on light tackle without the