

—so I decided I needed to go to church if 'C' did. After he had gone one Sunday, I went out to the kitchen and pranced about near my chain and ribbon until at last Minnie looked up and said:

'What on earth do you want, Dixie? You can't go by-by to-day,' but I just kept on dancing about until at last she reached up for my ribbon and tied a big bow on my collar, saying: 'There, if that's what you want, take it, and go! I've got my dinner to get!'

Of course it was what I wanted. 'C' always dresses up for church, so why shouldn't I. I always wear a pretty collar with my name and address on it, and my license tag, too, but I look more stylish when I have a bow on. It's usually a yellow bow—that suits my complexion best.

I knew just where to go—I sometimes meet 'C'—so I reached the church safely, and waited until the man at the doors stepped aside, then I slipped in just like a streak of lightning, and walked softly up the aisle from side to side, zigzagging, until I found our pew. I heard some people laugh and I looked around, but I didn't see anything funny, so I kept on.

As soon as I reached 'C' I said pleasantly, 'Woof! woof!' thinking how surprised he would be, but he just reached down and jerked me in rather rudely, I must confess, saying: 'Oh Dixie, you naughty doggie! Aren't you ashamed of yourself!' while missus leaned over and whispered, 'Take him out quietly, dear, during the next hymn.'

'I snuggled down in 'C's' arms—I'm of a good disposition, so I forgave him for his rudeness to me—and looked about. Just then some music began, very soft and low, the kind which makes me put my head up in the air and sing. ('C' calls it howling.) I was just preparing to accompany that music in my very best style, when suddenly a man walked down the aisle with a basket on the end of a long pole, and what do you think he did? He poked it right at 'C'!

I couldn't allow that to my own dear little master, so I jumped up and went 'Woof! woof! woof!' with all my might and my bark is

big, if I am small. I just wanted to let that man know that he couldn't poke sticks at my family when I'm about.

'C' wasn't a bit grateful—not a bit! He squeezed me up tight in his arms, and put his hand over my muzzle, and hurried right out of the church. He scolded me all the way home, and then made me stay in my box down in the laundry all the rest of that beautiful day. Now, what do you think of that? So if any little dogs you know of think of going to church, just tell them Dixie Doodle says 'Don't!'—'Brooklyn Eagle.'

The Fly.

A fly,
To my eye

Is a wonderful thing.

He buzzes about all the day on his wing—

A gossamer, fibberty, gibberty thing.

You wouldn't surmise

A thing of his size

Had strength for all of the tasks that he tries.

For instance, to-day

I was reading away

Of fairies and gnomes and the pranks that they play,

When a fly

Came by,

And then he began

On a horrible plan

Of worrying,

Flurrying,

Scurrying in,

And flicking the ends of my nose and my chin,

Until I'd

Like to died

With wrath and chagrin.

Now I'm a big thing—

The fly he was small,

He'd flop and he'd fling,

He'd buzz and he'd sing,

While I would do nothing at all

But whack at that fly

Each time he came by,

Deep wrath in my eye;

I never could hit however I'd try

I whacked for two hours

With all of my powers;

And when it was done

I sat weary

And teary—

While he was as fresh as when he had begun.

—John Kendrick Bangs.

The Story of an Apple.

Little Tommy and Peter and Archy and Bob

Were walking one day when they found

An apple; 'twas mellow and rosy and red,

And lying alone on the ground.

Said Tommy, 'I'll have it.' Said Peter, 'Tis mine.'

Said Archy, 'I've got it; so there!'

Said Robby, 'Now let us divide in four parts,

And each of us boys have a share.'

'No, no!' shouted Tommy; 'I'll have it myself.'

Said Peter, 'I want it, I say.'

Said Archy, 'I've got it, and I'll have it all;

I won't give a morsel away.'

Then Tommy he snatched it, and Peter he fought,

('Tis sad and distressing to tell!')

And Archy held on with his might and his main,

Till out of his fingers it fell.

Away from the quarrelsome urchins it flew,

And then down a green little hill

That apple it rolled, and it rolled, and it rolled,

As if it would never be still.

A lazy old brindle was nipping the grass,

And switching her tail at the flies,

When all of a sudden the apple rolled down

And stopped just in front of her eyes.

She gave but a bite and a swallow or two—

That apple was seen never more!

'I wish,' whimpered Archy and Peter and Tom,

'We'd kept it and cut it in four.'

—Early Days.

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