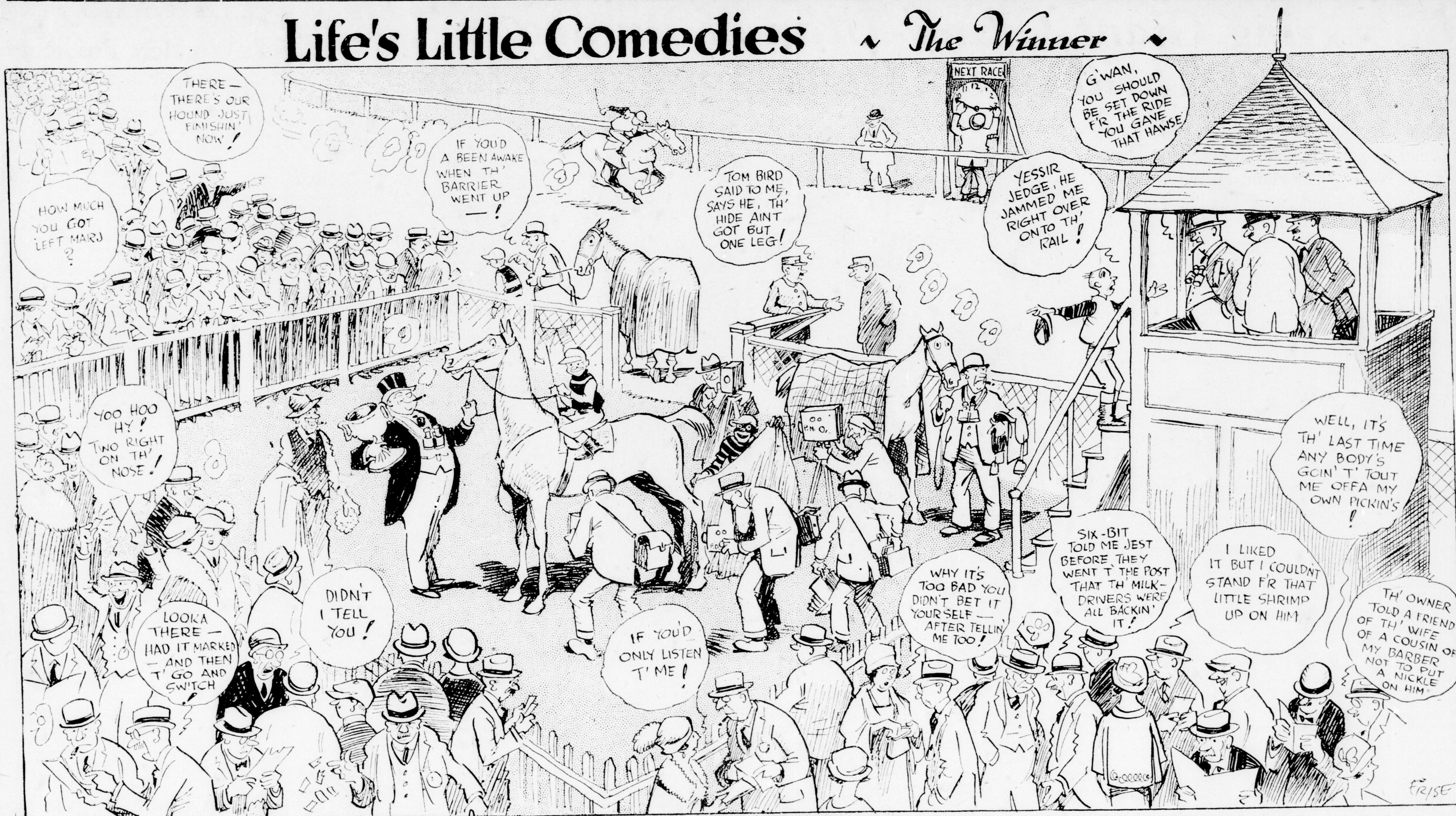


Life's Little Comedies ~ The Winner



Why Make a Fuss About a Dog? Has He Brains? Well, Read These Stories Dog Lovers Have to Tell

Saving Life By Gallantry, Riding Alone on Street Cars, Teaching Children, and Recognizing a General in the Dark—Canine Achievements Which Really Happened

THE dog controversy that is being waged in Toronto just now seems to turn on whether you have a dog or not.

We were trout fishing up beyond Caledon the other day, and evening found us, wet and chilled, begging a room of the inn at Caledon East.

Mr. Hooley, a retired farmer of Warton, who is now traveling for a lightning-rod manufacturer, offered us the double bed in his room, and a bank clerk doubled up with a colleague, giving Mr. Hooley the single bed in the same room.

"I've given up farming," said Mr. Hooley as we dried our lines and spread out our clothing by the stove-pipe in our room. "I was attacked by a bull, and I have to wear a brace ever since."

"Did it gore you?"

"No, it missed goring me and trampled me, and before it could make the second attack a bitch I had came and took the bull off me."

"A dog?"

"A collie bitch. She saved my life, all right."

"How could—"

"The bull—it was a scrub—got loose in the stable. I went in and closed the door and cornered it in a stall between two steers. When I went to put a rope over its head it turned and threw me. I must have shouted . . .

"The door was shut. That collie came through a window eight feet up, taking sash, glass and all, took the bull by the nose, and threw it."

"When I came to I was in one drain and the bull was in the other, the bitch holding him down by his nose."

"She saved my life. She did it of her own accord and out of her own sense."

"She was a great dog. She was a lady, all right, for she would drive cattle to market, but insisted on riding home in the buggy with me. We would send her out at milking time, and she would bring in only the milk cows out of a herd of milkers and steers and dry cows. For a year she used to come with me after supper while I put the hens in the pen—sorting the Rocks and the others into their proper pen. Then one night she figured she could handle the job herself. And for the rest of her life she put the hens to roost every night, and never got one wrong, out of a hundred hens."

"She's dead then?"

"She was poisoned," said Mr. Hooley, quietly.

waiting at the corner of Dundas and Bay for a Bay car the other night.

On the corner with him stood a stranger, a large, aloof Airedale. As he actually seemed to be waiting for a car, too, Raymond Hughes watched him.

Two Dundas cars came up. The Airedale stepped out and studied the cars intently, head on one side.

Then came a Bay, and the Airedale advanced out to the stopping place with the alert air of one about to board a car. Mr. Hughes followed. The door opened and the dog climbed aboard and went to the back, where he lay down quietly out of the way.

"That's not my dog," said Mr. Hughes to the conductor.

"I know," said the conductor. "He's all right. We know him. He's a regular passenger and quite a gentleman."

The Airedale lay unseen until the car approached Bloor street, when it rose, went and stood at the exit, looking up expectantly at the conductor, and when the door was opened descended with dignity.

"Does he know where he is?" asked Mr. Hughes.

"Sure he does," replied the conductor. "He's probably over across the corner, picking another Bay car out of the three lines that pass there, and is going for another ride downtown."

For years a resident on Russell Hill road had an Airedale which every day at three o'clock in the afternoon would take an Avenue road car down to the corner of King and Yonge, descend and enter the C. P. R. building, where his master's office was, take the elevator to the correct floor and accompany his master home by auto.

Bill Wallace told me:

"I had to get rid of my dog. A Boston. He had an absurd sense of humor. It is the habit,

in the district where I live, for the laundries to leave the laundry lying on the sidewalk steps. My dog would bring these parcels of laundry to me and wave his tail.

"He somehow thought this was a wonderful joke. I tried to show him it was a poor joke after the first time. And as he couldn't see it, we had to part."

My father has told me of being taken by his mother down to visit the Jack family in the township of Innisfil. After supper Mr. Jack would say:

"Now, boys, time to do your chores!"

The Children's Guardian

AND the two dogs would dash out, one down to the far pasture to fetch the cows for milking, the other to the wood pile, where he would seize a piece of split wood, carry it into the wood box, lay it in, and keep on until the wood-box was filled.

We had a black cocker spaniel when I was a child—spaniels are the gentlest of all dogs—that discovered I was not allowed out the side entrance, that out in the street was some menace, some danger.

When we were turned loose in the yard Bonnie would first make sure the side gate was closed. If it was not he lay in the alley. When I would, sooner or later, discover the gate open and make for the street, Bonnie stood across the narrow alley, blocking my way and barking patiently until my mother came out and shut the gate.

At the summer cottage, whenever the elders left the house, Bonnie would come in from whatever high adventure was engrossing him, and without orders lay himself down across the doorway to the bedroom where the children lay. If only for a moment, he assumed command of the house if it were left by the grown-ups.

Our battalion transport section had a dog that used to accompany the man on picket every night on the wagon lines. It was a sleepy and weary job, and the rare occasions when thieving drivers from neighboring regiments came snooping about

looking for a new set of chains or a bridle or a clean set of harness for to-morrow's inspection, the dog barked and roused the picket and all was well.

Yet whenever one of the boys of the unit moved about the wagon lines in the dark the dog paid no attention.

Except—an officer. If any officer drew near the dog made a terrible row and the picket was warned to be alert and very much on the job.

One afternoon this dog came racing into the wagon lines in a furious state, barking frantically, dashing about raving and howling, frantic over something. A few minutes later in rode a general and his staff to inspect the lines. It is recorded that the battalion received the worst hiding it ever got as the result of this snap inspection.

Was this fine dog so good a soldier that it was trying to tip off the battalion to the approach of a general?

WHY IS GREEN LIGHT USED FOR SAFETY SIGN?

ORIGINALLY we had three railway signals, red for danger, green for caution, and white for safety. The last, however, was found to present difficulties. It could easily be confused with ordinary lights passed on the journey. Again, the breaking of the glass of a red danger signal was liable to show the white flame that stood for safety.

For these reasons, the white was on most railways abolished, and only the red and green retained.

From the earliest times, red has stood for danger, and green is its natural contrast. Indeed, excepting white (which, as we have seen, has drawbacks), no other color is possible but blue. And since blue is a color that does not "carry" well, only green was left.

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Current Wit and Wisdom

Sparkling Paragraphs From the Columns of Our Clever Contemporaries

No matter what ails a man, he thinks spring will cure it.—Kingston Standard.

He must be a very stalwart saint who does not find it easier to believe that God is good when the sun is shining.—London Observer.

If he had ever heard about the bank first the author would never have written Home Sweet Home.—Ottawa Journal.

One's opinion of church union depends on whether one would describe it as a wedding or as a funeral.—Goderich Signal.

Horses get their baled hay in the manger and humans get theirs in the magazines.—Manitoba Free Press.

There is one particular age at which a modern girl "comes out." It happens whenever a boy stops in front and honks.—Baltimore Sun.

An oil gusher has been drilled in Germany, just as though that country didn't have trouble enough already.—Portsmouth Daily Times.

An intoxicated man, knocked down by an automobile, was not injured and refused to give his name, says a news item. Maybe he didn't know it.—Hamilton Spectator.

Women may be slaves to fashion, but their burdens are light.—Orillia Packet.

A man was recently imprisoned for selling colored water as whiskey. Quite rightly. Genuine publicans have to pay a heavy license for this privilege.—Passing Show.

"The night has a thousand eyes": that's none too many considering all that's going on.—Kingston Standard.

Would be inclined to believe the report that a cure has been discovered for foot and mouth disease if the news hadn't come from Berlin.—Ottawa Journal.

The first stage of the war in Europe lasted from 1914 to 1918. The second stage has lasted ever since.—Manitoba Free Press.

One of our drug-stores lost a customer last Saturday. On being asked for hair tonic, the absent-minded clerk handed out a bottle of furniture polish.—Dundalk Herald.

As the staff clown might say, many a shingle bob covers a wooden head.—Buffalo Express.

What is the country coming to, when a bushel of wheat will not buy two golf balls?—Memphis Journal.

That Pine River man who is reported to be

bounty has a keen eye for business.—Peterboro Examiner.

If Germany were not so firm in her belief that it pays to hate, it would not so hate to pay.—Washington Post.

Inventor of the saxophone was born in 1794, so nothing can be done now but beat up his grandchildren.—Ottawa Journal.

Possibly the easiest way to settle the winner of the three world flight expeditions would be to count up the score in delays.—Chicago Post.

It might not be a bad idea to use some of that American moral support so freely offered to Europe right in Washington.—Syracuse, N.Y. Herald.

A Moscow correspondent says that Russia has a poet's union with 7,000 members. Some of the misery of Russia is accounted for.—Detroit Free Press.

A contemporary ventures the assertion that when the lady candidates toss their hats into the ring they will be of last year's vintage.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

WORLD'S TALLEST MAN

ONE of the tallest men alive to-day, possibly the tallest, is Armand Branner, who hails from the Jura Mountains. He is 7 ft. 5½ in. in height, and his stretch from fingertip to fingertip is close on 8 ft., while, as his boots are 17½ in. long his patronage is eagerly sought by the bootmakers in his locality.

Branner was born in 1890 and only ceased to grow when he was thirty years of age. It is a remarkable fact that he only weighed 4½ lbs. when born. His great height is not shared by any other member of his family the tallest being 5 ft. 9 in.

Unlike most giants who outgrow their strength, Branner is exceedingly strong, and can carry a weight of nearly half a ton with ease. His health is excellent, and so is his appetite. He eats little meat, but consumes a huge quantity of vegetables.

Food and clothing necessarily cost him about twice what an ordinary man would have to pay and his tailor, when fitting him, requires a step ladder to reach his shoulders. At present this giant is touring the continent, but he hopes shortly to visit this country.

Comes From Too Much Drink

A CLERGYMAN was being shaved by a barber who was addicted to occasional sprays. The razor manipulator cut the parson's face.

"You see, Jackson, that comes from takin' too much drink," said the parson.

"Yes, sah," replied Jackson; "it makes d